ROSE CULTURE.

HOW TO SECURE THEIR GREATEST PERFECTION.

Suggestions as to Varieties—The Proper Method of Planting and Their Subsequent Care.

In the first place, let me say that this article is only intended for those who love their flowers, and, loving them, have patience to give them care. Roses, like children, cannot be put off with a slight amount of attention once in a while, but need a constant daily watching and overseeing to insure fine blooms and healthy plants. Everybody admires flowers; few love them well enough to do the work necessary to produce them, and a great many who say "How I do love roses?" do not love the care necessary to grow them. There are a great many, too, who say to me, "How beautifully your roses bloom. How do you get such fine, large ones? I am always fussing over mine, yet they come small and imperfect." It is those who are willing to "fuss all the time," but who, through ignorance of what is needed, fail to make their roses do well, to whom I write. There are a few kinds which seem to grow vigorously or bloom through every sort of disadvantage in the shape of poor soil and neglect, but they are a few. As a rule, roses will not do well unless thoroughly cultivated, judiciously watered and carefully watched to prevent attacks from aphis, mildew and the like.

PLANTING.

If you are about to plant roses, be careful to dig the soil deep and thoroughly soft before putting them in; then give them a thorough soaking, so that the ground is saturated for a foot deep. Then cover with dry earth to keep the ground from packing in the hot sun. It is best to do your planting at night, in order to give the plants the long, cool hours in which to revive. The same rule holds good in watering; always, if possible, water at night, as when done in the day time the sun packs the earth around the plants, often so hard as to make the task of softening it no small one. Besides this, if the plant is small, in trying to break up the caked surface the roots are very often disturbed, retarding the growth, if not killing the plant. A great many hold, too, that the chill of the cold water on the plant, which is heated by the sun, has a damaging effect, though of this I am not so sure.

WATERING.

Do not sprinkle your plants with a mere spray from a rose nozzle—that is time wasted. Give them a thorough soaking down once a week, it does them more good than a dozen sprinklings. If you have young rose plants come by mail, soak them in lukewarm water for a short time before planting, soften and wet down the earth well, and shade them for a few days. Water freely for a short time, but do not keep them muddy. After their roots have taken a hold in the ground, save all the tea and coffee left in the table urns, all the grounds left in the cups, even the children's "white tea" added helps, and put around them. I have found this the most delicate fertilizer for tender roses of anything I have tried. Little plants on which it is used, if they are not kept too wet, will bud out and grow amazingly in a few weeks. For older and stronger plants use soapsuds. If you have your washing done at home, keep all the washing suds and soapy water for them. Instead of throwing out your greasy dish-water, take it out and put it around your roses. The grease and dirt only add to the value and do no harm. The trouble is slight in comparison with the benefit to the plants, for soapsuds seem to contain the very essence of roses, so to speak, and the increase of brilliancy in foliage and flower, the rankness of growth and profusion of bloom, will quickly convince you of the truth of the statement if you will try it. Wood ashes and pounded charcoal are also excellent if dug in around their roots, but care must be taken that the ashes are not too fresh, or they will burn the plants, making the leaves shrivel and dry on the edges and the buds come imperfect.

PRUNING.

Prune vigorously, and never be afraid of hurting a rose by too much cutting. You may cut it so close that it will take a good while for it to come into bloom again, but when it does it will astonish you by the profusion and persistence of its flower buds. Not only does cutting back throw the strength into the remaining shoots, but it forces the plant to rest for a time from the exhausting process of flowering. In a small garden where there are but few bushes, it is advisable to thin out all the old wood every fall (though in addition to this I should advise frequent cutting at the tips as well), but in a large place, where the number of roses is too great to admit of this, a severe cutting back on all sides with a pair of garden shears does quite well enough. This is the method, I understand, which is pursued at Mountain View Cemetery, the vast number of plants precluding the possibility of much individual attention.

I would especially impress on amateurs the necessity for this severe cutting back every few months. Without it your roses will give you but few or poor blooms. If a bush has blossomed steadily for a good while and begins to give imperfect or small and scattering buds, take the shears and clip off the ends of the shoots for some six or eight inches. This will rest and strengthen it for fresh efforts in a short time. If your yard is very small and you need to crowd your plants, it may, perhaps, be better to trim them to a tree-shape with a single stalk, but where you have plenty of room it is preferable to let them grow bushy and thick, as it saves staking and they are more apt to be thrifty and vigorous.

FERTILIZATION AND CARE.

Sometimes a rosebush will seem to be healthy, and yet keep putting out blighted flowers, which rot before they are fully open. It is not always possible to tell what is the matter, and therefore the only thing to do is to have patience and keep trying different remedies. As a general rule however healthy they may appear, there is some defect, for healthy bushes should produce perfect flowers. Cultivate thoroughly, give them a good wetting-down at intervals, put a little well-rotted manure around them if you have it, prune unsparingly, and wait. When it gets into a healthy condition the bush will bloom in an orthodox fashion, and not before. Some varieties of roses, too, do not bloom perfectly until they attain a certain maturity, therefore if a bush absolutely refuses to give good results after careful attention paid it for some time, do not destroy it, for it may, if you persist in your attention, all at once astonish you by lovely blooms.

Another thing essential to the production of fine roses is the removal of all dead or dying ones as they appear. It is not necessary to set apart a certain day on which to spend hours for this purpose, but when walking among your bushes or picking from them, get into a habit of pulling off the wilted flowers and half-formed seed pods as you see them. The process of forming seeds is a very exhausting one, and should be prevented as much as possible.

INSECTS AND DISEASES.

There are many insect enemies of the rose, all of which will generally yield easily to the right treatment if persisted in. Sometimes the young shoots will be perfectly swarming with the small green aphis, causing great alarm in the inexperienced breast, though in reality doing no great harm. These may be gotten rid of by syringing with water in which a little whale-oil soap has been dissolved, or lacking this, strong soapsuds will do very well. If very strong, the plant should be rinsed with clear water. Slugs may be done away with by the same remedies if thoroughly applied. The red spider often attacks roses indoors, though I have never seen him on those outside. In any case, moisture and cold are fatal to him, and a thorough drenching with cold water several times (taking care that the under sides of the leaves are wetted), generally does the business. The mealy bug is seldom very troublesome, but may be killed by the application of a drop of alcohol at the base of the leaf where he nestles. Red roses seem to be more liable to disease than any other kind, judging from my own experience. As a rule, always plant crimson or red roses in the hottest sun for best results. When planted in a shady or partially shady spot, they are apt to be attacked by mildew—a whitish blight which curls the leaves and retards the growth of the plant. This, however, by careful attention in the way of digging around them, and maybe a little pruning, can generally be overcome or outgrown. Some recommend powdering with sulphur as an antidote for the disease.

Scale is sometimes found on roses which grow near fruit trees and takes a more powerful remedy ... the kerosene mixture recommended for fruit-tree pests, and the scale will quickly disappear. This kerosene mixture is a remedy for all rose parasites where in severe cases other remedies fail, and used judiciously will not injure even tender plants. It is made as follows, though this recipe will make a large amount, and should be proportionately decreased: Kerosene oil, 1 gallon; milk (fresh or sour), 6 pints; water, 6 pints; add 4 pints of milk and four pints of water to the oil and when the mixture begins to thicken by churning or beating, add the balance. By churning from 15 to 45 minutes the whole turns to a creamy, butter-like substance, which may then be diluted in water as much as is desired. It will sour or curdle, but may be stirred up again. One pint of the kerosene butter to six quarts of water is the proportion used on badly affected fruit trees. For roses, 1 pint in about 8 or 9 quarts would be the right proportion. This kills every sort of parasite so far as I have tried it, though its making takes some trouble.

VARIETIES.

The best kinds of roses for the average small garden are those which bloom constantly and take the least care. The more delicate varieties are very beautiful, but if few can be grown it is more satisfactory to have those few bloom constantly and prettily the year around. The Madame Bezanque of pretty, pale peach color and perfect shape; the Hermosa, a deep rose color, always a good bloomer; the old Cels Multiflora, loaded with blush buds; the Safrano, rich salmon yellow, a vigorous grower and constant bloomer; the White Daily, as its name implies, a daily bloomer; and the sweet-scented, vigorous Jules Margottin, with big, deep crimson buds—these are all satisfactory. Besides these there are a great many which do well with a slight amount of care, and under favorable circumstances bloom beautifully and constantly. Of these I will mention the Devoniensis, Niphetos and La Marque of the white, the Bon Silene, Catharine Mermet, La France and Arch Duke Charles of the pink shades, the Jacqueminot, the Empress of India and the Andre Schwartz in red, the Solfaterre, William Allen Richardson, Chromatella, Isabella Sprunt and Perle des Jardin in the yellow tints.

The number of fine roses amounts to thousands, so that in a small article it would be impossible even to mention them. Those I have named are, however, good, and will in a small garden make a fine showing with quite a variety. Hundreds of varieties may be found in the lists published by rose-growers. I am therefore not attempting to take up the subject of variety in full.

By using the simple precautions I have named, by keeping the bushes well dug around and giving them plenty of sun, by pruning severely and judiciously and watching and studying the causes of sickness in individual plants, there is no reason why those who love roses should not grow them to as great perfection in their own gardens as do the professional florists.—*By a Gardener, in the Rural Press.*

A CREOLE SLAVE SONG.

(AH, HO ZO-ZO CHAN' DAN' BRANCHE!)

What bird is that, with voice so sweet,
Sings to the sun from yonder tree?
What girl is that so slim and fleet,
Comes through the cane her love to meet?
*Joli zo-zo**, sing merrily!
The pretty girl, she comes to me!

I cannot cut the cane to-day—
O zo zo, *moqueur*†, come and sing!
O, warm wind through the cane-field stray!
Wave the long moss so soft and gray!
I have no heart for anything;
But life was heaven and work was play
When my love loved me every day!

White man, how I worked for you,
When I was young and blithe and strong!
The earth was green, the sky was blue,
My love's eyes were as bright as dew;
And life was like the zo-zo's song!
But you—you sold my love away—
I cannot cut the cane to-day!

I did not dream a slave could be
A man, and right a grievous wrong;
I writhed and bore your cruelty;
I felt the soul go out of me;
And yet, I was so lion-strong
I could have torn your heart away
I cannot cut the cane to-day!

Freedom! I feel it when too late—
Like spring-wind on a blasted tree—
A waft of mockery and hate!
Bring back my chains, O cruel Fate!
Bring youth and slavery back to me—
Bring back the lash, the hound, the pain—
So that my own love come again!

But hark! a gentle voice afar
Calls me to go, I know not where—
Yes, past the sun and past the star,
Into God's land. A golden car
And milk-white horses‡—*she* is there
So sweet—I dream—I float away—
I cannot cut the cane to day!

* *Joli zo-zo*—pretty bird. *Zo-zo* is, in the negro patois, a corruption of the French *oiseau*.

† *Moqueur*—the mocking bird. Some of the old French (or Creole) negroes pronounce this word as if it were spelt *muckee*, while others give it nearly the true French sounds.

‡ A chariot with white horses is a part of almost every vision of death and future glory indulged in by negroes.

—*Maurice Thompson in The Independent*

FERTILIZE TO CURE PEACH YELLOWS.—A contributor claims that the want of fertility is the principal cause of yellows in peaches; arguing that when the country was new good crops were readily secured, but gradually, as the fertility decreased, the crops diminished and disappeared. He applied, as a remedy, potash, phosphoric acid, salet kainet, at the rate of five or ten pounds per tree. Bone dust was used to get the phosphoric acid. The best form in which we can apply potash to the soil is in the shape of wood ashes. If they cannot be obtained conveniently, use kainet. He says: "My trees have lived to a greater age than those around me, and I have secured good crops of fruit when others failed, which I ascribe to fertilizers used. I had about 100 trees that were getting very yellow. I cleared off the ground clean, and to all except two trees I applied kainet, and, later on, about 700 pounds of fertilizer to the acre. In a month I could notice a change in the trees, and I secured a full crop of fruit, the credit of which was given to the phosphoric acid and potash. I am confident that to prune well, cultivate well and manure well will always bring good crops of fruit."

A NEW KIND OF A FENCE.—A new industry is springing up in Kern county and bids fair to be of value and importance to farmers. Our readers will remember an article in these columns some time ago on the growth of bamboo for fencing. Acting on that idea, C. A. Maul has planted out 200 roots of this plant and expects to raise his own fencing. The growth of this variety of bamboo reaches a highth of from thirty to forty feet each year, is very straight, and when dry is very hard and strong. The stalks will be cut into suitable lengths for pickets, and woven with wire into a neat, strong, durable, rabbit-proof and stock-proof fence. Parties who have been raising it for some time assert that an acre, well set to roots, will produce pickets enough each year to make six miles of fence. Allowing one-half for enthusiasm and there is still something in it. The roots can be obtained from Fresno county at $5 per hundred. Bamboo is a perennial plant and a few roots will soon spread over quite an area.—*Bakersfield Echo.*

TOMATO SUPPORTS.—How to support our tomato vines is a question of interest to all farmers. There are various ways of growing this vegetable. It can be grown upon the ground, it can be held up by trellises, fastened to stakes, or trailed like a grapevine. It is claimed that by training to good stakes, keeping the fruit clear from the ground, will give the sweetest fruit and the vines will remain in bearing the longest. But where size and quantity are desired they should be grown on the level ground. Good common soil will give the best results. Extra rich soil gives too much growth of vine at the expense of the fruit. One of the worst enemies of the tomato is the rot. If the fruit commences to rot when green it is usually due to a parasitic fungi, generally of more than one kind. It usually commences on the outside of the apex. It can be stayed to some extent by using some poison, such as white hellebore, paris green or slug shot. Too heavy foliage, especially in a damp season, sometimes aids the growth of the fungi or rot.

PROFIT IN PRUNES.—There is a large profit in the growing of French prunes. Storey Bros., from a little patch of less than two acres of prune trees, on their place in town, gathered last year sufficient prunes to make, when dried, three tons, or 6,000 pounds. These sold at 7 cents, making $420, or about $250 gross per acre. The expense attending their cultivation and curing is light, not exceeding $50 per acre. And the trees referred to are not yet in full bearing. The wise farmer should try to have a greater diversity of products in the future, and not rely on one particular thing, which is liable to be overdone.—*St. Helena Star.*

BACKACHE, stitches in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowels, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

A small boy and a gun are perfectly harmless apart, but together they form a terrific combination.

WORSHIP OF THE MOON.

SUPERSTITIONS REMAINING FROM MEDIEVAL DAYS.

Reverence for the Horned Ashtoreth—Trivial Ideas Concerning the Cross—Other Notions.

How startled many of us would be if we were forbidden the rites of the Christian church on the plea that we were still heathen, worshiping at the shrine of false idols—we who go with our neighbors to offer prayer and praise and hear the doctrine expounded weekly by the clergyman of the parish, who belongs to the General Charitable, the Dorcas and the Old Ladies' societies, who sacrifice our dime to the offertory and subscribe to the African mission, to the new lectern and the church music! Yet that such is indeed the fact we should not be surprised to hear if we are people who are at all particular about seeing the new moon over our right shoulder; if we turn a piece of silver in our pockets for luck at first beholding it; if we close our eyes rather than see it through the window, and grope our way out doors in that condition; if we regard it as fortunate and a portent of fine weather to see the new moon in the old moon's arms, or with its horns turned upward; if we consider it a sure sign of a month's bad weather when the new moon falls on Saturday; if we bow to it when we first see it, expecting the consequence either of a gift or the fulfillment of a wish expressed while bowing; if we refuse to have our pigs killed when the moon is on the wane, lest the pork shrink in the pot; if we are careful as to the especial phase of the moon with regard to the time of felling our lumber—in short, if we follow any of the customs or hold any of the notions which the Greek girls followed or held concerning Diana, or the Persian women felt obligatory in their reverence for the honored ashtoreth.

It is with a different sort of worship—a superstition remaining over from medieval days, but yet a Christian one, if we can call any superstition a Christian one—that, when a fire of soft coal refuses to burn, we stand the poker up before it, thus making the sign of the cross with the poker and the top of the grate, and by that means commanding the evil powers of fire to obey, the fire really obeying the law that creates draught through the heating of the poker and the consequent upward passage of the air. There is, however, no such philosophical explanation of the habit of making the sign of the cross over the foot that goes "to sleep," as the phrase runs.

The cross is the subject of many a trivial notion that should spare it, remembering its terrible and sacred history. In one legend of the sort it is said that lightning never strikes the elder, because the cross was made of it, and in another that the aspen always shivers in recollection of having given its wood to make the cross, showing on its face that one or the other statement must be incorrect and, therefore, objectionable, as trifling with things outside the pale of trifles. With as much reason do people speak of the red bud as the Judas tree, the tree on which the wretch hanged himself, or declare that the willow weeps because it furnished rods for the scourge of our Savior.

In themselves, of course, these fancies are no worse than a thousand others, such as those which assure you that you should not for the first time go into your new house by the back door, unless you would invite disaster to enter with you; that it is unlucky to have a swarm of bees come to you; and that your bees will not thrive anyway if once made the subject of the least dispute; and that they will cease to gather honey if they are not told of the death that occurs in the house, and given their bit of crape for mourning. Any one, moreover, is as certainly engaged in the practice of the black art and in offering obedience to unknown powers as if invoking the countenance of the minor deities that used to be supposed to rule the days of the week, who regards the old sayings concerning the days on which one's nails should be cut: "Monday, for health; Tuesday, for wealth; Wednesday, for news; Thursday, new shoes; Friday, for sorrow; Saturday, show your true love to-morrow"—Sunday, being omitted, probably as a day not to be played with in this connection, or possibly with the idea that the utterance of a sacred word scares away spirits and undoes the whole spell, although another notion regarding the same necessary act of toilette forbids you to cut your nails on Sunday least you do something you are ashamed of before the week is over, which you are pretty sure, being human, to do at all events.

Other notions of this nature, such as that mushrooms do not grow after having once been seen, that when angling if you count your fish you will catch no more, that if rain drops linger on the pane there will be no further rain, are hardly matters of invocation or incantation, but indicate an effort to observe nature closely, even if also indicative of a partial failure in the effort, or a too speedy generalization on the observation made, as in the weather-wise saying that there never was a Saturday on which the sun did not shine during some part of the day, which is not to be claimed certainly as a superstition, but as a not sufficiently careful note of the operation of the weather. Of the same character is the idea that rats will not live in Aberdeenshire, or in Sutherlandshire, or in certain portions of Argyleshire in Great Britain, and that they desert ships about to sink and houses about to fall, probably because these are all ascertained facts, the air or soil of certain districts proving unpleasant or unwholesome to the vermin, and the state of the timbers of precarious constructions being such as to attract the attention of these extremely intelligent little beasts. Yet, again, calling dark agencies into play is belief in the story that the old Irish used to know how to rhyme a rat to death, or that rats could be induced to leave one's premises by means of a letter written and addressed to them, and sealed with butter. Were the seal made visible by means of phosphorous there might be a trifle more of reason in the business.

That there is something not a little degrading to the human intellect in the encouragement and pursuance of these and similar notions needs no reiteration; and it is assuredly better to order life within the limits of hard, bold fact than to leave in it a margin for the rude imaginings of the ignorant or degenerated worship of the pagan, however unconsciously it may be followed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

PREPARATION OF WHITEWASH.—Whitewash is one of the most valuable articles in the world when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but conduces greatly to the healthfulness of all buildings, whether of wood or stone. Outbuildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water-tight barrel or other suitable cask, and put into it half a bushel of lime. Slake it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and in sufficient quantity to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slaked. When the slaking has been thoroughly effected dissolve in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and one of common salt; these will cause the wash to harden and prevent its cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable a beautiful cream color may be communicated to the above wash by adding three pounds of yellow ochre, or a good pear or lead color by the addition of lamp, vine or ivory black. For fawn color, add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American (the latter is the cheapest), one pound of common lamp-black. For common stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lamp-black. This wash may be applied with a common whitewash brush, and will be found much superior, both in appearance and durability, to the common whitewash.

FAMOUS RECIPE FOR CURING HAMS.—The following is the famous recipe used by Mrs. Henry Clay for curing hams, several hogshead of which were annually sent to Boston, where, under the name of "Ashland hams," they commanded the highest of prices, especially among the wealthy Whigs of that city: For every ten hams of moderate size she took three and one-half pounds of fine salt, one pound of saltpeter, and two pounds of brown sugar, and after mixing these thoroughly together, rubbed the hams therewith on either side. They were then packed in a tight box and placed in a cool outhouse for about three weeks, when the hams were taken out and put in a pickling tub or hogshead and covered with brine strong enough to swim an egg. After remaining in the pickle for about three weeks they were taken out, thoroughly rubbed with fresh salt and hung up in a well-ventilated house for a few days to dry. Next they were transferred to the smoke-house, where they were hung up and smoked with green hickory or walnut wood until they acquired the color of bright mahogany. This accomplished, each ham was sewed up in a canvas, the coverings whitewashed, and hung up to dry, after which they were whitewashed again and packed away in hogsheads with hickory ashes until wanted for either home use or sending to Boston.

CLEANING CARPETS.—Carpet-cleaning, as ordinarily performed, is literally carpet-beating, and does much toward destroying the carpet. The proper way, if one is in the country, is to get a branch of a tree or a young sapling as thick as the butt of an ax handle, and which terminates in a good number of light, whip-like shoots. A beech branch will sometimes be found which will answer the purpose. It must be trimmed up, and every twig, knot or roughness be removed which could catch in the threads and tear the carpet. Of course the flatter the upper part is the better, as more of the whips will strike at the same time. To clean the carpet, hang it over a line placed so high that the lower edge will clear the ground. Take the big whip in both hands and strike a strong, quick blow. A cloud of dust will fly from the whole space struck, yet the blow will not appear to make very much impression on the carpet itself. The ends of the branch have divided the force of the blow among themselves, and each one has made a sharp, quick stroke like that of a riding whip. A carpet can be mended by cutting a piece like the carpet a little larger than the hole. Put paste around the edge of the patch, then slip it under the carpet and rub it well with a warm iron until dry. If the figure be matched it makes a very neat job, as well as a quick one.

MEXICAN CHOCOLATE.—Take one quart of milk to four small squares of chocolate, grate the chocolate into a half-pint of cold water and stir over the fire until it softens, then add the milk. While this is heating beat the yolks of two or three eggs to a cream and the whites to a broth. Remove the chocolate from the fire after it has boiled five minutes; pour some out into the bowl that contains the yolks, quickly returning it to the chocolate pot. If you have a metal pot, with the useful "chocolate stick" in it, ready for stirring, you can add the whites as it goes to table and twirl the stick well. If not, dip from your dish of frothing white a spoonful for the top of each cup as you pour it out. Serve whipped cream in the same way on the top of the cup. Do not purchase sweetened chocolate for boiling; the plain is stronger.

FOR THE LUNCH BASKET.—An orange will keep cut bread or biscuit fresh when put up in the same package, and the same orange will serve for several days for different supplies of sandwiches. Do not select a rusty-skin orange, as you want the freshness to permeate through its skin, and the brown and black rust keeps all this freshness in the inside of the orange. Any clear-skinned, light-colored orange will do.

HAM TOAST.—Stir together over the fire until it becomes thick a quarter of a pound of lean ham, finely chopped; the yolk of three eggs, well beaten; half ounce butter, two tablespoonfuls cream and a small quantity red pepper. Then spread upon hot toast and garnish with parsley.

ROE TOAST.—Boil some soft-roed herring, split them, and lay half a roe on each piece of toast, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve quickly, garnished with parsley and lemon quartered. They should be served very hot, either on toast or delicately fried bread.

[For the RECORD-UNION.]

THE EVE AFTER DECORATION.

I.

Tenderly, peacefully slumbering together,
Foeman to foeman, and brother to brother;
Strewn o'er their graves are the garlands of white,
Wafting their bloom on the odorous night.
The moon in the heavens, sweet lamp of the sky,
Did halo the earth with the glory on high,
And through the calm evening swift fled the gray hours,
As the footfalls of Time tread softly on flowers.

II.

List! 'Twas a sound like a drum's muffled rolling,
Or echoing chime to the midnight-bell's tolling,
Lo! from the sod rose a shadowy throng
Spectral and wierd in the moonlight along.
On aerial chargers their pale leaders pass,
Scarce bending the blades of the tremulous grass,
The Gray of Virginia and the Blue ranks of Maine,
All marshaled are fighting their battles again.

III.

Where the dark Chicamauga streams deadly and drear,
The conflict of war but the sad pines can hear;
Where to-night men of Vicksburg are sleeping in peace,
O, wildly o'er head bursts the bomb-shell's release.
On Gettysburg field and on cold Malvern Hill,
'Neath Shiloh's dark shades and by lonely Gaines Mill,
The phantoms of battle are fighting once more,
Their spirits subdued from the rage of before.

IV.

But, hark! o'er the fields sounds the clear reveille,
While a hushed silence falls on the surging affray,
And the Angel of Peace hovers over the sod;
The Blue and the Gray pass under the rod.
As a shadow doth flee from the glance of the light,
Let our anger dissolve in our knowledge of right.
Let Freedom and Justice and Heaven have sway,
And the discords of earth shall have melted away.

— C. A. NORCROSS.

BUTTER-MAKING.

A Treatise upon the Subject by "Hon." Bill Nye.

Butter is the mature fruit of a full-blown cow. It is the greatest effort of her life. The cow toils not, neither does she spin; yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory could not beat her on hand-made, or rather milk-maid, butter. This subtle joke I have repaired and newly-upholstered for use during the winter.

Butter comes from the cow in a liquid state. It is quite a trick to win her confidence so that she will yield it up to a total stranger. I once sought to woo the lacteal fluid from the milk retort of a large speckled cow to whom I was a comparative stranger. She wasn't one of those blooded cows that looked as though they had been cut out of a sheet of paper with a pair of scissors. She was a low cow with coarse instincts, born in obscurity.

Her brow was low, but she wore her tail high, and she was haughty—oh, so haughty! The young man who had hitherto acquired the milk from this cow desired one evening to hie him away to a neighboring village, where he might trip the light bombastic toe till the "wee sma' hours ayont the twa." (Quotation from a poet who was a poor speller.) He wanted me to milk his large speckled, plebian cow, and I said I would. The movement was certainly ill-advised. I undertook to do as I agreed, but failed. From the moment I entered her stall, and made a common-place remark to her, I knew our acquaintance would not lead to a warm attachment. Somehow, I felt contrained and uneasy in her society from the moment we met until loving friends pulled me out through the stable window and brought me back to consciousness. I shall never undertake to milk a strange cow again until the sign is right. So far the sign has not been right.

I might be sent on a polar expedition and get stranded on an iceberg, with no other alternative than to milk a cow or eat an old friend; but I should hate to tackle the cow unless the friend was a very old friend indeed.

Butter is produced by expunging the juice from a rare and costly chemical known as cream. Cream is the bead of the milk. Milk is known as dry or extra dry. A good milkman will always ask you whether you want your milk wet or otherwise.

An old well-digger named Grady told me about going over into Southern Indiana at one time to dig a well for a man named Withum. Withum was said to be very close. He was the most contiguous man in Indiana. His wife used to skim the milk on one side and then turn it over and skim the bubbles off. It was a constant struggle between Withum and his wife to see which would be the meaner.

The first day that Grady was there, they had a round ball of butter, about as big as a lemon and as hard as Pharaoh's heart. The butter knife had a handle that would turn every time any one tried to get a lick at the butter, and the little round ball would flop over on the other side and smile. Now and then a hired man would reach over his own knife and make a slash at it, but the butter, confident of its own strength, would tip over with a dull thud and the man would heave a sigh and give it up. Then another farm-hand would make a wild dash at it, but burst into tears and quit. Finally, Grady, who had watched this performance several days, jabbed his fork down through the middle of the yellow chunk and successfully cut it in two. In the center was a small solid wooden top. "There," says Grady, "I've found out what the blamed thing's wound on, anyhow."

SUNDAY EASY-CHAIR.

THE NEW-FASHIONED BIBLE.

It may have softer words and smoother phrases,
It may flash modern light upon our way;
Have other thought than that of revelation,
And give new rules to preach by and to pray.
It may be read lighter, pleasanter and easier
Than words put down by an inspired Hand,
Which hold their place in my old-fashioned Bible,
That lay—and lies—wide open on its stand.

Let those who will crave man-made modern Versions,
Give me the Book my mother daily read,
And told me the story of its well-worn pages
When pillowing at night my weary head.
"Old-fashioned Bible," full of love and lesson,
To follow closely through life's full day—
Of golden words, traced out in living letters,
To guide earth's pilgrims safely on their way.

Why need we change those words of Life Eternal—
Old words of deep import, yet ever new?
God's Promises, why bring them into question?
God's words to man, plain, steadfast, sure and true;
Give me, then, henceforth, through life's forever,
The Bible—as it was—to hold and keep;
To-day New Versions—why not, then, to-morrow?
To-morrow, ah! the morrow when we sleep—

The everlasting sleep that knows no waking,
Save at the call of Him who gave His Word,
That the dead may hear and walk uprightly,
May hail with joy the coming of the Lord.
Touch not the Bible, then, with hands irreverent;
Change not a passage, not a verse or line;
The Bible written out by inspiration,
The Bible—and that only shall be mine.

—*Clark W. Bryan in Good Housekeeping.*

The Americans are not thrifty but spendthrifty.—*Longfellow.*

We do not ride the sea of life safely until we are above the freaks of feeling.

The moment which has been neglected
No eternity gives back.—*Schiller.*

To the heart that lays hold upon the promise, the darkest cloud has a "silver lining."

I take it to be a maxim of the greatest utility in life—not to do anything too much. *Terence.*

There are few who conceive how instrumental the tongue is to salvation or condemnation.—*Quesnel.*

Our grand business is not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what clearly lies at hand.—*Carlyle.*

To an honest mind, the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.—*Addison.*

All mankind acknowledge themselves able and sufficient to do many things which actually they never do.—*South.*

Be pleasant and kind to those around you. The man who stirs his cup with an icicle spoils the tea and chills his own fingers.

I am weak by nature and very timorous, unless where a strong sense of duty holdeth and supporteth me. There God acteth, and not His creature.—*Lady Jane Grey.*

It may be said that the hardest thing in the world is to do just right one's self; and that the easiest thing in the world is to see where others fall short of doing just right. *S. S. Times.*

To be content is not to be satisfied. No one ought to be satisfied with the imperfect. It is God's will that we should bear, and contentedly, because in hope of the redemption of the body.—*Thos. Wingfold.*

It was the policy of a good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent can bestow.—*Washington Irving.*

One will confer the greatest benefits on his town, not by raising its roofs, but by exalting its souls; for it is better that great souls shall live in small habitations than that abject slaves should burrow in great houses.—*Epictetus.*

CALIFORNIA CORK.

Its Value as an Additional Product and Its Adaptability.

The *Rural Press* has the following: The growth of cork oak in California is not a matter of experiment, its success was demonstrated long ago. The distribution of cork acorns by the Patent Office about twenty-five years ago may not have accomplished much in other parts of the country, but it gave us a start, and there are now trees yielding cork and bearing acorns at a number of different places in the State.

There are trees growing on Mr. Richardson's place at San Gabriel, Los Angeles county. There were samples of cork and acorns shown at the Sacramento Citrus Fair by H. A. Messenger, of Calaveras county. There are trees of similar age in Sonoma, Santa Barbara and Tulare, and perhaps other counties.

The State University is growing seedlings from California cork acorns, and will be likely to have the trees for distribution next year. There is no doubt about the adaptation of the tree to the State, as the widely-separated counties named above all furnish proper conditions for its growth. It is of course a crop which one has to wait some time to gather, and therefore needs patience in the planter.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* gives the following interesting items about cork: All the cork wood of commerce comes from the Spanish peninsula, where the trees abound, not only in cultivated forests, but also grow wild on the mountains. The tree is like an American oak, with leaves similar to the oak and acorns. It takes ten years for the bark to become a proper thickness to be manufactured into bottle-stoppers, life-preservers and seine corks. When stripped from the tree, it is boiled for two hours, cured in the sun for a week and pressed into flat pieces for baling and shipping. The denuded trunk, like a hen robbed of her eggs, does not sulk and quit the business, but throws out a fresh covering for a fresh spoliation. One tree has been known to yield half a ton of corkwood. One pound of cork can be manufactured into 144 champagne corks. The baled cork bark is sold to cork manufacturing centers. The most extensive manufactory in America is at Pittsburg. Besides the ordinary demands for corkbark, a good supply of the buoyant material, after being worked into stoppers, is shipped to Canada and New England, where it is made into seine corks.

The average annual importation of corkwood into this country, entirely at the port of New York, is 70,000 bales a year. A bale weighs 160 pounds, and is worth at the place of shipment to us about $20, making a total value of the yearly importation of $1,400,000. It comes in duty free.

FALSE CHINCH BUGS.—This insect, which is a small grayish-brown bug, feeding on the foliage of the grape vine, has made its appearance in several parts of the State. When disturbed, the false chinch bug quickly drops to the ground and hides beneath particles of earth. In fact, the surface earth sometimes becomes so filled with them as to be very annoying to the proprietor. To destroy them, this peculiarity may be made useful by putting some fine straw about the base of the vine, into which they will seek hiding places. The straw may be afterwards raked up and burned. To otherwise stop their damage to the foliage the vine may be sprayed with a solution of one pound of Paris green to 150 or 180 gallons of water. This applied to the vine at or before the time of blossoming will not prevent its setting fruit. If done later, the fruit, to avoid any danger, may be removed when gathered. They are not as yet in serious damage, as they have been sufficient in one place ... a few vines in spots, from which they have spread but little.—*S. F. Merchant.*

THE CLERGYMAN'S MISTAKE.—"You have daughters, have you not, sir?" said a minister to an old gentleman with whom he had formed a casual acquaintance as a fellow passenger. The old gentleman essayed to answer, but his emotion seemingly affected him. "I beg your pardon," said the minister gently, "if I have thoughtlessly awakened in your mind recollections of a painful nature. The world is full of sorrow, sir, and perhaps my question revisits to your memory a fair, beautiful girl whose blossoming young life withered in bloom. Am I not right, sir?" "No, not exactly," replied the old gentleman, sadly. "I have five unmarried daughters, mister, and the youngest of the lot is 28 years old."

A BLOOD NAVEL ORANGE.—We were handed an orange this week by A. Wilkins, grown on the place of D. Houser, which is something new under the sun. The tree upon which this orange grew was planted as a Washington Navel, pure and simple. The fruit has the peculiar mark of the Navel, but some of the segments have the unmistakable coloring of the Malta Blood. What will be an appropriate name for this hybrid orange? is the question we propose to this people. The fruit is as fine as any we have ever sampled.—*Gladstone Exponent.*

Robby, aged 3, complained that his tea, the regulation milk-and-water article, was not to his taste. His mother asked him what was the matter, "Why, Robby, my tea is very good." "Suppose we change teas," suggested Robby.—*Babyhood.*

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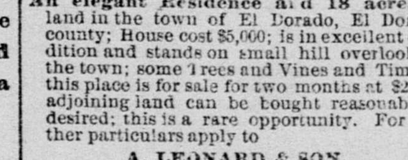

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