For the Farmer.

SEPTEMBER NOTES FOR ALL CLASSES.

PACKING BUTTER FOR WINTER.—To pack butter for winter, begin when the weather is cool, and the butter can be kept hard. Free the butter from milk by repeated washing with cold spring water. Salt at the rate of one ounce to the pound, and set the butter away for 24 hours. Then rework, getting all the milky brine away, and add one-fourth as much salt as before to replace the waste. Then pack closely in layers two inches thick in clean, new, white oak tubs or pails, which have been scalded and soaked in brine. When the tub is full to the top, cover the butter with a piece of muslin dipped in cold water, and cover with salt. Fasten the cover, and put away in a dry, cool cellar.

THE COLORADO BEETLE.—Experience shows that we have this enemy in our power, if we only make use of the simple means at hand for putting an end to him. In many localities the beetles and larvæ are but few in number, and the potato vines are strong and vigorous. For these reasons we hear farmers say, "the beetle is doing no harm, it is not worth while to bother with him." So the pest is left to gather force for another year. If every one possible were destroyed, but few would go into winter quarters, to appear next season. While the beetles are thus reduced in numbers, we may effectually prevent them from doing much harm next season, by poisoning all the late brood wherever they may be found. This is a duty every man owes the community, and no one should be so selfish or unmindful of other's rights, or convenience as to neglect it.

WHEAT AND RYE.—Sowing the small crops is the principal work of this month. It is useless to expect a good harvest unless the sowing of the seed is well done. There are several points to be studied.

THE FITTING OF THE SOIL, is of the greatest importance. Wheat requires a fine, mellow soil for the seed, and a light soil to be well compacted about the sowed grains. If any vacant places are left, as would be were the soil cloddy, the rootlets being exposed to the air will dry and perish. Therefore, after plowing, cultivate or harrow repeatedly until all the clods are made fine.

THE SURFACE SOIL may be lumpy and somewhat rough, but the lumps should not be so large as to prevent the spires of wheat reaching the surface.

THE ROLLER SHOULD BE USED immediately after the plow, to break up the lumps; then the cultivator and harrow will finish the work. This is the proper use of the roller. Its misuse is to roll the ground after the seed has been sown, thus leaving the surface packed down close and solid, in which state it will crust over after the first shower.

NEW LAWNS may be made, grass sown this month, or, in the warmer States next month, usually gives good results; and where the season is favorable for it to get well established before growth ceases, fall sowing is to be preferred to spring.

HERBACEOUS PERENNIALS.—For many of these, fall is the best season for transplanting; a few, like the Peony, will not bloom the same year if moved in the spring, hence these must always be transplanted now, unless we would lose a season of bloom. All the early blooms, if set in the fall, will be well established and flower well next spring.

BEDDING PLANTS.—Geraniums and such plants should now be at their best. If a stock is to be kept over winter, make cuttings for the purpose.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.—Those wanted to flower indoors, should be potted when the buds show, and shaded for a few days until they recover. Provide the tall growers with stakes, and keep them tied up, else they will be broken by storms.

CANNAS.—Some of these are as desirable for their flowers as for their foliage; prolong the bloom by cutting away the stalks as soon as the flowers fade, unless seeds are wanted.

DAHLIAS need careful tying, and the larger branches may need separate stakes; the stem breaks readily; the flowers are heavy, especially when wet, and unless well cared for, they will be wrecked just when they should be most showy.

ORNAMENTAL TREES and shrubs may often be advantageously transplanted in autumn. Many prefer this season for the removal of evergreens; success with these depends quite as much upon how as upon when it is done. the greatest care to prevent drying of the roots being essential at any season.

GREENHOUSE.—All plants in pots should be in the condition of an army waiting orders—ready for a move at any minute. If houses and all their belongings are not in readiness, there is now no time to be lost.

SOILS, POTS, and whatever other materials are likely to be needed, should be at hand and under cover.

IN BRINGING IN PLANTS it is best to do it before a cool spell makes it necessary, as they can be examined and cleaned of insects, if need be. Begin with the most tender, and bring them in gradually. House plants should not go to their quarters in the living room at once, but be placed in a room where the windows can be left open all night, if need be, and thus gradually accustom them to confinement.

SEEDS OF ANNUALS for winter bloom may be sown now, and other sowings later; Candytuft, Sweet Alyssum and Mignonette, are always in demand for cut flowers.

HANGING BASKETS may be filled and furnished, and kept on the veranda until time to take them in.

SWEET POTATOES.—Prevent the vines from taking root by moving them occasionally.

TURNIPS.—The first kind may be sown; Red-top Strap-leaved is best, and will usually make a good crop, if sown as late as the middle of the month.

MELONS.—Remove all that are not likely to ripen; the small Musk Melons can be used for "Mangoes," or stuffed pickles, if desired.

SHALLOTS.—A hardy onion, which is ready for use in early spring, may be set, using the small bulbs.

SEEDS.—If seeds are saved, they should never be from the leavings of a crop, but the finest and earliest plants or fruits selected in advance, and so marked that they will not be taken for use. If several varieties of melons, squashes, and others of the family, of corn, etc., are grown in a small garden, it is of little use to save their seeds, as they will be so mixed that only mongrels will result.

PROPAGATING.—Budding may be continued so long as the stocks are in growing condition; cut the ties of those buds that have taken. Collect peach and plum stones, and keep in sand until sown.

BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES Push their growth so early in spring, that fall planting is especially desirable for them. If not already shortened as directed last month, do it now. If it is desired to propagate *Black Caps*, and other varieties that root from the tips, branches should be left uncut for the purpose; while they often take root without help, it is well to make sure by placing earth on the ends of the canes, to hold them in place.

LOOK AFTER MACHINERY.—All the harvesting implements and machines should be cleaned and oiled—both woodwork and iron—and stored in a dry covered place. To remove rust, use crude petroleum, then brush over linseed oil. Petroleum is a good preserver of wood. Chicken coops and other "traps" put away until next season, in an outhouse, or shed. Clean up all rubbish about yard and buildings, and remove to manure heaps—having all possible materials for compost gathered and utilized. The sum of the small things which may be done with economy, now that leisure offers opportunity, will be considerable. Do not overlook the fairs, and make a business of attending as many as possible, with observant eyes to things of interest and utility.

SEEDING SEED.—When it is inconvenient to attend to the selection of good seed, it is profitable to pay double or treble the market price for grain to a farmer, who will take pains to grow nice, clean seed of the best varieties, than for a farmer to go to his own bin and take the seed as it comes, good and poor, with many foul seeds in it. A farmer who sows poor seed may save a dollar per acre, but he will lose ten for every one saved.

HARROWING DISTURBS THE HESSIAN FLY.—Doubtless this is because the wheat is pushed forward by the stirring of the soil, and many maggots are certainly destroyed.

Disease Among the Tomatoes.

A mysterious disease is playing havoc with the tomato crops of New Jersey and Delaware. It has made its appearance on a more limited scale in this State and in Maryland. Over in Jersey the farmers are loudly bewailing their misfortune. Some of the largest growers find that from one-half to two-thirds of their crops are entirely unfit for the market, and in consequence several of the largest canneries in Burlington County have stopped making cans, in the belief that there will be a great shortage in the crop. It is just possible that the second and third cuttings may be free from the disease, but unless this hope is realized there will be a corner in the canned tomato market during the coming winter. Bad luck seems to have attended the vegetable for several years past. Last year those destructive creatures, the tomato bugs, went gunning for the vines and left destruction in their path. In the year before the tomato worm was the invader, and recently, when the growers were congratulating themselves upon the fact that neither of these pests had so far put in an appearance there came a third menace to the crops, which now threatens to prove more destructive than the other two combined. In the first stage a slight discoloration appears on the skin underneath the blossom stem. In the next stage this is more pronounced, and a sinking is apparent. In the third stage a general decay has extended over the entire blossom stem side. From this outward the decay extends through the vegetable until it is nothing but an nuplesant mass of rottenness. This disease is a new one, and its origin is a mystery. Sometimes the vegetables are attacked when in a green state; at other times they are almost ready to be gathered when it makes its appearance.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Harvesting Potatoes.

Early potatoes will be ripe this month, and had better be dug than left in the ground; but if to be stored for winter use, they should be handled somewhat carefully, and cooled off well before they are piled in large heaps or bins. Braised potatoes carried into the cellar and dumped into large heaps, or put into tight barrels in the middle of the day, while they are hot, will be very apt to spoil in the pile. They are so long in cooling that the heat takes hold of the bruised spots and begins to decompose the tubers, and soon the farmer will find a smoking pile of rotting potatoes; but handle them carefully and bin them when cool, and they will keep till this time next year. After digging, let the ground be plowed or worked up with the disc harrow, and after manuring, put to some good use. There will be from sixty to ninety days more of growing weather which we cannot afford to lose.—*N. E. Farmer.*

HOGS that run in the orchard picking up the windfalls and occasionally good apples, never have the hog cholera, which is another proof of the value of a fruit diet.

The Fun of the Thing.

THE KANSAS MAN.

One sweltering day in hot July,
A beer saloon he wandered by;

And seeing that he was not seen,
He entered at the swinging screen;

And to rebuke the drinking men
Whom he observed around him then,

He ordered, as he knew he'd ought to,
A glass of pure, clear, crystal water.

He sat down; "Ah, ha," said he,
"Cold water is the drink for me."

And so, to make it cold and nice,
He pounded in a little ice.

Healthful and good, sliced very thin,
He dropped a little lemon in.

And then he said, "Sweets to the sweet."
And stirred some sugar in the treat.

To kind of brace the mixture up,
He dashed some bitters in the cup;

Then just a le-tle whiskey—well,
Say twenty lines of nonpareil.

And while he stirred it with a spoon,
He sang, in gleeful tones, this tune:

"Water, cold water, pure and free,
Water is the drink for me,"

He raised his head; loud, loud he laughed,
And to the dregs the goblet quaffed.

"This is the new amendment plan,"
Remarked the temperate Kansas man.

Then set his course, and held that day,
Due west, his calm, imperial way.

DE WATERMELLYON.

Oblong an' luscious,
Black seeds or white,
Lemme devour you
Outer my sight.

Mottled or speckled,
Thick rind or thin,
Devoid of all cramps,
Colic, an' sin.

Georgia or Jersey,
Speckled or spotted,
Dose who doan't like 'em,
Orter be shotted.

Scratch My Back.

Says a correspondent: A youthful wife is one of the wonders of Saratoga at present; not so much because she is only seventeen, as that her husband is sixty. The difference in their ages is fully apparent, for he looks all of his years, while her face, manners and dress are extremely girlish. More than that, she has a baby—a doll of a thing only three months old. It seems like a doll in its girl mother's arms, and she is mightily fond of displaying it. When the nurse brings it to her in the midst of a party of young fellows, and she demurely walks off to her room to give it nourishment, they get mad with envy at the veteran husband. That makes the young women jealous of her, and altogether she is a highly aggravating little creature. The most affecting thing she has done yet was at a big hotel hop. She wore a dress quite low in the back, and was ravishingly pretty. While she danced, her venerable spouse sat out on the veranda smoking and chatting with a circle of men—old and young. Suddenly she ran out to him, put her hands on his knees, bent her head into his lap, and said, in a tone of a child to a parent:

"Please scratch my back."

The old fellow thrust his hand down the back of her dress a little, clawing her soft skin with his brown, wrinkled fingers.

"A little to the other side," she murmured: "there, that's the spot. Thank you."

And she ran back to her waltz partner, totally unconscious (!) of the tingling she had caused among the male spectators.

The Czar's Evening Order.

"Saltokoss Skupschiroisky," said the Czar to the captain of the guard, "have the guards been doubled at the palace gate?"

"They have, my liege," replied S. S., "and the man with the telescope sweeps the horizon so that not even a solitary horseman can approach thy imperial dwelling."

"And the lightning rod man?"

"He sleeps beneath the Neva, so please your majesty."

"The man with the subscriptions to the life of Sergeant Bates?"

"He speedeth to Siberia on a special train."

"And the ladder and tree protector men?"

"Ask the vipers in the palace dungeons."

"The man who continues, at this late day, to say, 'What, never?'"

"Thy imperial headsman wears his watch chain."

"Tis well. Telegraph to Europe that another conspiracy has been baffled; keep the gum drop and corn ball boys, who spread sedition on the railroad trains, under thy vigilant eye, and may St. Isaac, of Kownow, bless thee."

And the Czar, putting on his cast iron night shirt, retired to his princely couch.—*Boston Transcript.*

She Loved Her Mother.

"I don't see how I'd get along without Mary, nohow," Mrs. Blucher observed, pausing to wipe the perspiration from her aged features, and put another ladle of soft soap into the steaming suds, while her daughter's voice at the piano could be distinctly recognized, floating out from the adjoining parlor: "I don't see how I'd get along without that gal, nohow. Al'ays on these days, when I hev the tiringest work, she just picks out her nicest pieces, like 'Sweet rest by-and-by,' and 'Mother's growing old,' and sings 'em for me afore she goes out on the lawn to play croquee with the other young folks. Taint every gall as 'ud be so thoughtful, I kin tell you. Now, most of them 'ud just bang away with 'Jordan is a hard road to travel,' or 'Whoop 'em up, Eliza Jane,' but she ain't none o' that sort. She's a pile o' comfort to me—a pile o' comfort," and Mrs. Blucher fanned herself vigorously with her soiled apron, preparatory to running the clothes through the second water.—*Toledo American.*

THERE is no exercise for a dyspeptic like that of trying to catch a pig in a ten acre lot. You sail in vigorously, at first. Both of you enjoy it. The extra motion sets your blood going at a lively rate. The pores of your liver open. A bright color usurps the sallow places in your countenance. A new life seems throbbing in your veins. It is rare sport while it lasts. Meanwhile the pig doesn't get tired, but canters around gayly, as if it knew it was saving a doctor's bill. Finally your mind becomes a little feeble; you feel as if you'd had enough, and you say to yourself, "I'll catch the pig now." You corner it at last. It stands facing you, with its back to the fence. You're sure you've got it. You make a lunge. So does the pig. There is a collision. Your heels turn up toward the sky, your chin just gages the pig's back; there is a moment of complete darkness. When you get up and have cleaned the mud out of your nose, mouth and eyes, you may not feel like a victor in the fight. But it's no matter. The pig does.

A TEACHER in a lower grade in one of our public schools received a new pupil the other day—a little mite of six or seven years, named, say, Mattie Brown. After taking her name for the school rolls according to the custom, the teacher said:

"What is your papa's name, Mattie?"

"Mr. Brown."

"Yes, but what is his first name?"

"Don't know—his name is just Mr. Brown."

"Yes, yes—I know," then a bright idea struck her. "What does your mamma call him?"

"Oh! I know what you mean now," the innocent child replied; "ma she calls him a darned old fool!"

PUNCTILIOUS OF NAME.—A corporal in one of the regiments in Mexico, when the roll was being called, refused to answer to the name of Ebenezer Mead. The officer repeated the call. No answer. "Is Ebenezer Mead on the ground?" said the indignant official. "Eben Mead is here," quoth the corporal. "Why don't you answer, you rascal? Ebenezer Mead?" "My name is simply Eben Mead." The "Ebenezer" was repeated again in a tone like a small northwester. "Captain," quoth the rampant corporal, "you call me Ebenezer. Your name is Peter Read; would you respond if you were called Petersenzer Read?" He was taken to the guard house, tried for contempt, and deprived of his warrant.—*Lowell Courier.*

IT happened once in a Roman Catholic chapel in Ireland that during high mass, three ladies of the Protestant faith were obliged to take shelter from a shower. The officiating priest, knowing who they were, and wishing to be respectful to them, stooped down to his attendant, who was on his knees, and whispered, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies." The man, who was rather ignorant, stood up and shouted, "Three cheers for the Protestant ladies!" which were given with hearty good will by the congregation.

PRAYER of the Highlander in a terrific storm, and his fishing boat at the mercy of the waves: "Yes, O, mighty, for gracious Lord, Tuncan's an awfu' feef: he stole Macquilim's nets and hens, and promised me the haul, but never did I get a groon paper's worth. It's twenty years this very day since I socht a favor from you, and I'll warrant ye if you'll tak us safe into Campbletown it'll pe as long agin afore I'll ask anither."

No prettier compliment can be given than that which comes from the warm heart and quick wit of the true Hibernian. Mike was laying pavement brick in the hot sun, and the lady of the house mixed up a nice, cool drink, and carried it out to quench his thirst. After a long drawn "swig," he wiped his mouth on his sleeve and said, "Ye'll be in heaven sivin years before the divil 'll find it out."

A CLERGYMAN at a recent Baptist Sunday School convention, said that he was called to the bedside of a lady who expressed her dislike to the minister who had been visiting her, "because," she said, "he only bent one knee when he prayed, and the Bible says 'every knee shall bow."

A CLERGYMAN was once forced to say to a congregation that insisted in depositing buttons in the contribution box: "Brethren who wish to contribute buttons will please not hammer down the eyes, for while that process does not increase their value as coin, it does impair their usefulness as buttons."

A RATHER amusing indication of the season was given last Sunday, when one of the cogregation, on being nudged with the contribution box, abruptly cried out, "Drop them melons, blast ye!" Then he awoke, looked around, blushed, and scooted.

THAT young man to whom the world "owes a living," has been turned out of doors—his landlady not being willing to take the indebtedness of the world on her shoulders.

It does not follow that a loaf of bread is inhabited because there is a little Indian in it.

Useful and Curious.

A TALK ABOUT PRESERVING FRUITS.

Fruits of all kinds are easily preserved, as are also rhubarb or pie-plant, and tomatoes. The main supply of fruits proper for the year consists, in the order of abundance, 1. of peaches, when plenty; 2d, Strawberries; 3d, cherries, when plenty; 4th, pears; 5th, raspberries and blackberries; 6th, huckleberries, etc. Apple-sauce is put up plentifully at different seasons, usually in the bottles first used for other fruits. Pie-plant and tomatoes are preserved in large quantities, so as to have an abundance whenever wanted, until they come again.

We now mainly use some kind of the patented bottles with covers closing upon an india-rubber ring, which dispenses with wax. Any form that will absolutely shut out all access of air will answer every purpose. We use most of the "Baker," or "Potter Bodine" jar, which is a wide-mouthed quart bottle, with a tin or glass cover and india-rubber ring, and held by a half oval clamp that is pressed down by turning it into a half screw swelling or projection upon the outside of the bottle neck. These are quickly put on and taken off. Any good form of bottles, though costing most at first, will in the end be the cheapest, as they will last for many years, with an occasional renewal of cheap rubber rings. We seldom break more than two or three bottles in a hundred, in a year's use.

THE COOKING VESSEL.—The best is the iron porcelain kettles, now quite common, which are very convenient for many cooking purposes. They are iron vessels coated in the inside with porcelain, or white earthen ware, glazed. One holding five or six quarts will answer. Wide flat ones are preferable. Copper or even brass vessels, if well cleaned, will do; or a tin pail or pan can be used.

THE SUGAR.—For very nice preserved fruits, such as white peaches and pears, the best refined A sugar is desirable, and for all kinds, we think sugar as good as the refined B sugar is the best, and even cheapest on the whole. For apple-sauce, put into cans for general family use, C, or the best light brown, will answer. Our rule is, to use just sugar enough to fit the different kinds of fruit for the table. Some families like more, and some less; hence no definite rule can be given. For the sweeter fruits, strawberries, peaches, sweet pears, huckleberries, and the like, we use 4 to 6 pounds of sugar to the gallon of water, or 4 to 2 lb. to the pint. For more acid fruits, as cherries, plums, sour pears, currants, crab apples, etc., about 1 lb. to the pint, more or less, according to the acidity and ripeness.

COOKING THE FRUIT.—Three methods are used: Some place the fruit in bottles with sugar added, put on the covers nearly tight, set the bottles in warm water, and heat to boiling, and after time is given to heat the fruit through, the covers are fastened down closely. We prefer, as being a little more troublesome, to cook the fruit in the porcelain or tin vessel, and then dip it hot into the jars, which must have been previously warmed to prevent their breaking. For the nicest preserves, the fruit may be cooked in a syrup first, then dipped out into the hot jars, and a new syrup be filled in hot. The cooking syrup may be used for several successive batches of fruit, and finally for poorer kinds of fruit, or making common sauce. For ordinary preserving, the fruit and the syrup used in cooking it, may be dipped together into the bottle. *The amount of cooking is important.*

Strawberries should cook but three or four minutes before dipping them into the bottles, which should be previously all ready and hot. With this precaution they retain their natural form and flavor.

Peaches, being larger, require a little more time to heat through, but when fully ripe, 5 to 7 minutes is long enough, and the same is true of well ripened pears, especially the Bartletts, and Virgalieus, which, by the way, make a most delicious preserve.

Quinces, and hard pears may cook 10 to 15 minutes, or more, for they should become tender.

The general rule for cooking is, to have the soft fruits just heated through to the centre, as quickly as may be after they go into the syrup, and then get them into the bottles immediately, giving just time for the escape of the air. Vacuum has taken place, which will be the case in eighteen to twenty-four hours under favorable conditions. The bottles are then corked and placed in a cool place for a week or two, when the product is ready. The fermentation develops a small quantity of alcohol, but the peculiarity of the milk is that the casein, instead of being coagulated in large lumps, more or less difficult to digest, is separated in a very finely divided condition, so that it can be readily assimilated by the weakest stomach.—*Progress.*

Eating Watermelons.

Instruction in eating watermelons is given by the Baltimore *American*, which should be good authority, as it is published in the melon region. The hotel plan of cutting a watermelon like a tulip, and putting a lump of ice in it, is condemned, because ice should never touch the pulp; but a burial of the meat melon in ice for two days is wise. Then eat lengthwise, and eat between meals. "People deal injustly with this fruit sometimes by eating a hearty dinner first, and then topping off with a melon, and then if a moral earthquake sets up in the interior, they charge it to the melon. The watermelon was intended as an episode—an interlude—a romance without words—a nocturne in green and red—not to be mingled with bacon and greens. Its indulgence leaves a certain epigastral expansion, but this is painless and evanescent. The remedy is to loosen the waistband, and—take another slice.

PICKLING CUCUMBERS.—Take the quantity of green encumbers you desire, let them stand two days in strong brine; take them from the brine and put them in a tub, pour over them boiling vinegar, and if you wish, whole black pepper and mustard seeds; let them stand one day. Drain off the vinegar, boil it and pour over them again; cover with a folding cloth and let them remain one day, and repeat the process of boiling and pouring the vinegar over again. After a few days assort the pickles, putting the different sizes in separate jars and cover with good cold vinegar. Always let a small weight keep the pickles under the vinegar. Some add alspice, etc. To make good pickles requires good vinegar.

CANNING PEACHES.—A correspondent writes: In canning peaches I have had more experience than with any other fruit. My aim has always been to keep the syrup clear and the peach in perfect halves if possible. To accomplish this end requires some care, but the reward is sure. Put into your kettle about a pint of boiling water and a scant teacupful of white sugar; after it comes to a boil, lay in about as many peaches as you think will cook down to two quarts; more than this ought not to be cooked at one time. After they have boiled thirty minutes take them off, and with a spoon carefully lay them into the cans; fill the cans up with the syrup, and lay the lid on; after about ten minutes seal them.

SIDEWALK LEMONADE.—Down-town sidewalk lemonade consists of 2 lemons, 1 teaspoonful of citric acid; ¼ pound of sugar; 8 pounds of ice; a pail of water. Cost—lemons, 5 cents; sugar, 8 cents; ice, 5 cents; acid, 2 cents; total, 20 cents. Number of glasses in a pail at 5 cents a glass, 75—$3.50. Our friend Giacomo is making more money now than when he honored our ranks with his presence.—*Waiters' and Cook's Weekly.*

A St. Louis physician says that the gum exuded from the linden produces a most deadly poison, known as "lindoine." A cat inoculated with a needle dipped in "lindoine" died in eighteen seconds. The Doctor thinks that a pin scratch touched with it would kill a man in less than two minutes. It is from the linden that most of our wooden toothpicks are made.

IMPURITY OF THE BLOOD.—Never think of making the blood better by putting drugs or poisons in it. Pure water, pure air and pure food are nature's purifiers. Take of these first what the system can use and no more, and your blood will take care of itself, and of you, too.

DR. ROBERT DE LAMBELL, a distinguished physician of Paris, announces that a shock of electricity, given to a patient dying from the effects of chloroform, immediately counteracts its influence, and returns the sufferer to life.

Our Scrap Book.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains,
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning,
And eagerly watched for the foe—
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march for the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman,
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men;
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our weary way,
And stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day—
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free;
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dead flowed
The soil where the traitor flag falls;
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree;
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,
This day fair Savannah is ours!"
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea;
And the stars in our banners shone brighter,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

SPOOPENDYKE AS A SPORTSMAN.

"Say, my dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, as he drew a gun from the case and eyed it critically, "I want you to wake me up early in the morning; I'm going hunting."

"Isn't that too sweet!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I'll wear my new dress and my Saratoga waves. Where do we want to go?"

"I'm going down on the island, and you'll probably go as far as the front door," grunted Mr. Spoopendyke. All you've got to do is to wake up in the morning and get breakfast. When I come home we'll have some birds."

"Can you catch birds with that thing?" and Mrs Spoopendyke fluttered around the improved breech loading shotgun, firmly impressed that it was some kind of a trap.

"I can kill them with this," exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke. "That is a gun, my dear; it isn't a nest with three speckled eggs in it, nor is it a barn with a hole in the roof. You stick the cartridge in here and pull the finger piece, and down comes your bird every time."

"Well, isn't that the greatest thing! I suppose if you don't want a partridge, you can put a duck or a turkey in that end, too, or a fish or a lobster, and bring it down just as quick."

"Yes, or you can stick a house or a cornfield, or a dod-gasted female idiot in there, too, if you want to!" snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Who said anything about a partridge? It's a cartridge that goes in there!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Spoopendyke, rather crestfallen. "I see now. Where does the bird go?"

"He goes to night school, if he hasn't any more sense than you have," snorted Mr. Spoopendyke. "Look here now, and I'll show you how it works," and Spoopendyke, whose ideas of a gun were about as vague as those of his wife, inserted the cartridge half way in the muzzel end, and cautiously cocked the weapon.

"And when the bird sees that he comes and pecks at it! Isn't that the funniest!" and Mrs. Spoopendyke clapped her hands in the enjoyment of her discovery. "Then you put out your hand and catch him?"

"You've struck it!" howled Mr. Spoopendyke, who had the hammer on half-cocked, and was vainly pulling at the trigger to get it down. "That's the idea! All you need is four feathers and a gas bill to be a martingale! With your notions, you only want a new stock and a steam trip-hammer to be a needle gun! Don't you know that dod-gasted thing has got to go off before you can get a bird, or shoot the bird, you don't wait for 'em to shoot you!"

"At home we used to always chop their heads off with an ax," faltered Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"So would I, if I was going after measley old hens," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke, who managed to uncock the contrivance, "but when I go for yellow birds and sparrows, I go like a sportsman. While I'm waiting for a bird," continued Mr. Spoopendyke, adjusting the cartridge at the breech, "I put the load in here for safety. And when I see a flock, I aim and fire."

Bang! went the gun, knocking the tail feathers out of an eight-day clock and plowing a foot furrow in the wall, perforating the closet door and culminating in Mr. Spoopendyke's plug hat.

"Goodness gracious!" squeaked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Oh, my!"

Mr. Spoopendyke gathered himself up and contemplated the damage.

"Why couldn't you keep still?" he shrieked. "What'd ye want to disturb my aim for, and make me let it off? Think I can hold back a charge of powder and a pound of shot while a measly woman is scaring it through a gun barrel?"

"If that had been a bird, how nicely you would have shot it!" suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, soothingly. "If you should ever aim at a bird you'd catch him, sure!"

"Oh! you know what I could do! With your information about gunnery, you only need a wad in your mouth and a kick like a mule to be a mountain howitzer! If I had your intelligence on sporting subjects, I'd hire out for a shot tower! Don't you know you've spoilt the gun?" And Mr. Spoopendyke, anxious for some excuse to take it back to his friend Specklewatte, who loaned it to him, held it out and eyed his wife sternly. "You've ruined that gun," he continued. "It won't ever go off again."

"Never mind, dear," consoled Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Its been off enough, and I'd just as lief have some clams as birds. You go to bed, and we will try and do without any birds."

"It won't ever go off again," repeated Mr. S., as he climbed into his couch. "That is a ruined gun," and he turned his face to the wall.

Mrs. Spoopendyke slowly disrobed, having first turned a stream of water into the gun from the faucet, and betook her to rest. "It may not go off again," she thought, "but if it does the neighbors will think the water main has burst," with which reflection she began to pat the ear of Mr. Spoopendyke, who turned over like an earthquake, and wanted to know if she thought she hadn't done enough mischief without lamming him like a dod-gasted blacksmith!

TO ASSASSINATE WASHINGTON.

A Conspiracy that was Detected and Prevented in this City in 1776.

An attempt made to assassinate General Washington in this city in 1776 is imperfectly described as follows by James Thacher, a Massachusetts surgeon in the Continental army, in "A Military Journal During the American Revolutionary War," under date of September 19, 1776:

"I have omitted to record the following incidents till I could ascertain the particulars of the reports: We learn by accounts from New York that some time since a plot of a most atracious nature was detected in that city. A gang of Tories had associated for the purpose of joining the British army, and had concerted a plan, it is said, to assassinate his Excellency Gen. Washington, and some other officers; and while our army were engaged with the enemy, to blow up our magazines, &c. The Mayor of the city and an armorer who was engaged in making rifles for the tories, and several others were taken into custody and committed to close prison. The Mayor, on examination, confessed that he received money from Gov. Tryon to pay the armorer for the rifles. Two of his Excellency's guards were confederates, and a third, to whom the secret was confided, honestly disclosed the information. Several of these miscreants were tried and convicted, and two or three were executed."

A foot note of this account quotes as follows from one of David Ramsay's histories: "Gov. Tryon had suborned the then Mayor of New York to assist the royal forces on their arrival in that city, and Gen. Washington was to be assassinated. This detestable design was rendered abortive by apprehending Thomas Hickey, one of Gen. Washington's life-guard men, who was engaged in the conspiracy, and had engaged others; this false miscreant was tried by a court martial on the 28th of June, found guilty, and was executed the same day, amid the curses of the American army."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Comets and Their Tails.

Mr W. Mattieu Williams, author of "The Fuel of the Sun," discusses in *The Gentleman's Magazine* the nature and origin of comets' tails. He believes the tails to be electrical. "A body," he says, "rushing round the sun in cometary proximity must be most intensely charged with electricity. A body in such condition will throw out luminous discharges, preferably in a direction opposite to that from which its excitation is received, provided it can find their particles or media in a condition favorable for their reception. Thus I think it very probable that the tail of a comet is such a discharge from the intensely excited and consequently disturbed nucleus." Why comets sometimes have tails and sometimes not depends on Williams's theory upon the abundance or scarcity of meteoric matter surrounding the sun. "Later or cosmic dust surrounding the sun. "Later or cosmic dust surrounding the solar system," argues Mr. Williams, "is travelling bodily through space at the rate of about 400,000 miles per day, we encounter regions that vary as regards the meteoric matter they contain and the temperature they have acquired from the perennial radiations of the countless suns of the universe. Such regions afford variable supplies of solar fuel, and whenever the supply exceeds the average, conditions more favorable for the extensions of the tails of comets are presented. If this is the case, a comet otherwise telescopic or barely visible, like Halley's in 1835, may become a flaming visitor, like Halley's was before, or resemble those that startled the world in 1811, 1843, 1858, and in a less degree this year. Thus the flaming long-tailed comet, the hot weather, and the 'comet vintages' may occur together, not as cause and effects, but as coincident effects of one common cause."

TWINKLING OF THE STARS.—A few years ago M. Montigny called attention to the fact that the scintillation of stars is considerably increased during aurora borealis. Further data on this subject are afforded in a recent issue of the bulletin of the Belgian Academy. Among other things, he has observed that the phenomenon is more pronounced in winter than in summer, and that stars in the northern region show the increased scintillation most. The author's general conclusion is that the effect is not one due to direct influence of the electro-magnetic light of aurora on scintillation itself, but to disturbances (probably a cooling) which coincide with the appearance of aurora in the upper regions of the air, traversed by the star-rays.

ONE of the most effectual ways of pleasing, and of making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens far more hearts than tears.

"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll have another song;
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along;
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Chorus: Hurrah! Hurrah! we bring the Jubilee;
Hurrah! Hurrah! the flag that makes you free;
So we sang the chorus, from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted, when they heard the joyful sound;
How the turkeys gobbled which our Commissary found;
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
Chorus: Hurrah! etc.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyous tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years;
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking into cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Chorus: Hurrah! etc.

Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast;
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Chorus: Hurrah! etc.

So we made a thoroughfare for freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude—three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.
Chorus: Hurrah! etc.

WHERE GREAT MEN LIE BURIED.

Some Remarks on Homer, Dante and Others, Apropos of Penn.

"Where the tree falls, there let it lie." This is the true sentiment with which to regard the resting-place of the illustrious dead. If the principle involved in the proposal to transfer Penn's remains to America were once to find general favor, there is no saying to what it might lead. The sentiment over the birthplace of Homer would be nothing to the struggles which might arise over the mortal remains of the world's undying heros. But for Shakspeare's curse, who can say where his bones would now be laid, and yet who could really wish that his resting place should be other than that which he chose himself in the quiet church beside the Avon? Dante still sleeps at Ravenna, though Florence—*parri Florentia mater amoris*, as his epitaph bitterly calls her—might almost be excused her passionate longing for his remains, if it were not for the sounder sentiment which forbids the violation of his tomb. Columbus, after several migrations, lies buried in Havana, and Spain might strive with America in the vulgar contest for his dust. There are, it is true, one or two notable instances which make the other way. But the scene lately carried at Rome is hardly an encouragement to those who would traffic in dead men's bones, nor can we think that the transfer of Napoleon's remains from St. Helena to Paris was a precedent which healthy sentiment would have any desire to follow. The gaudy rococo mausoleum at the Invalides, with its tricks of colored light and darkened passages, is after all but a poor exchange for the simple tomb in the lonely Atlantic island. The cumberous pile may gratify Parisian taste, but sorts ill with the truer sentiment, as broad as humanity itself, which belonged to the original resting-place of any man whom the world has reckoned among its great ones.

In truth, the place where the great man is first laid is as much a part of his history as anything else which concerns him. To take the remains of Penn to America, there to be laid under a pile of modern magnificance, would be simply to add a monstrous falsehood to his real and genuine history. He was an Englishman, and he rests in English ground. He chose his resting place for himself, and there he is surrounded by his two wives and by five of his children. To divide those whom death has united after nearly two centuries of peaceful rest would surely be little short of sacrilege. Moreover, William Penn's history really belongs to England, even more than it does to America. In England he lived and died, and to what he did and suffered in England belongs whatever of glory or obloquy attaches to his name. It was in England the seet to which he so ardently attached himself has its rise, and the controversies in which he took so large a share were of wholly native growth. It was in England, too, that the great dispute as to the uprightness of his character and the simplicity of his motives arose—a dispute which is said to have embittered the last days of Macaulay. With what justice can such a man be claimed for Pennsylvania, or even for America? If he had died in America and been buried there, no doubt his remains would have been justly held in honor, and no one would have grudged Pennsylvania her possession. But Penn lies buried in England, and we cannot doubt that the truer and sounder sentiment of America will repudiate the unhallowed proposal to disturb the tranquility of his grave.—*London Times.*

GARDENING IN TOWN.

A City Horticulturist Encounters Difficulties in the Way.

"I ain't having as good luck with my plants this year as usual," sighed Mr. Miles, as he dodged a blacking brush and contemplated the wreck of a geranium-bed on which the missile landed.

"Why not?" asked a friend who had dropped around to see the garden.

"Because," replied Mr. Miles, as a boot flew past his ear and knocked over a beautiful passion flower, "because when I use the hose to sprinkle the shrubbery the people up stairs can't get any water. You had better stay under the arbor," he continued, as an ink bottle hissed through the air and crashed through a rose bush. "They are doing that to attract my attention and make me turn the water off. If you should go out there you might get hurt."

"But I should think it would injure your flowers," suggested the guest.

"It don't do 'em any good," groa