THE CLARION.

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THE CLARION.

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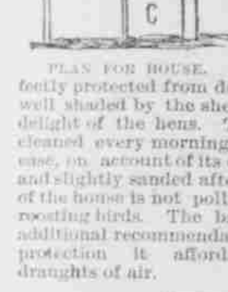
FARM AND GARDEN.

SUCCESSFUL POULTRY KEEPING. TRIUMPH IN CATTLE BREEDING.

A Gate Worth Having—Among the Bees. Vegetables Attracting Attention—Ensilage an Accepted Method—How and When to Apply Manure.

The first essential requisite to success in poultry keeping is a good house for the birds to roost and lay in. This is a necessity at the south as well as in more vigorous climates. For fowls to lay well must be protected from rain and wind as well as cold. The house need not be costly, but it ought to be water proof and well ventilated. A south and south east aspect is desirable. Cleanliness must be attended to.

The plan for preserving cleanliness in the roosting house is shown in the above figure, which presents a side view. A broad shelf (a) is fixed at the back of the house to catch the droppings from the perch (b), placed four or five inches above it, a foot from the wall. The nests (c) are placed on the ground underneath and need no top, being perfectly protected from defilement and also well shaded by the shelf (a), to the great delight of the hens. The shelf may be cleaned every morning with the greatest ease, on account of its convenient height, and slightly sanded afterward. The floor of the house is not polluted at all by the roosting birds. The broad shelf has an additional recommendation in the perfect protection it affords from upward draughts of air.



PLAN FOR HOUSE.

Vegetables Worthy of Trial.

Results obtained the past summer by various market gardeners make it appear that the Cory corn, a new early sweet variety of recent introduction, is worthy of trial. The Cory corn resembles the Early Marblehead in general appearance and is believed by many to have come originally from the same parent stock. This opinion is expressed by Vick, who includes it in his list of early corns. The special claim made for this is that it is the earliest of all known varieties.

The white plume celery, while no longer new in the east, has not yet been generally disseminated. This variety differs from other sorts in that its stalk, heart and inner leaves are naturally white, and therefore ready for use as soon as it has attained sufficient size, without banking up for bleaching.

A curiosity in the way of corn is the self husking corn sent out last season by Peter Henderson & Co. Its distinctive feature is an inclination to strip itself clean of its husks.

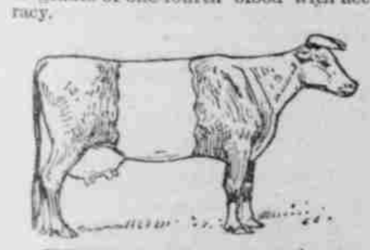
The new potato, "Empire State," which which was introduced by the originator of the "Beauty of Hebron," is a white, smooth skinned tuber, of delicate flavor, for which is claimed prolificacy and endurance of drought.

Wintering Bees.

Dry, pure air and a uniformly warm temperature are two prime factors in the successful wintering of bees. Success also depends on a strong, healthy colony and plenty of honey. Experience has taught that the strongest colonies at the beginning of the season will give the largest results. Many practical bee keepers still practice out of door wintering, though indoor wintering, in cold climates, is generally considered preferable. Satisfactory results have been obtained in wintering bees in a dry cellar when a fire was kept constantly in the room above. When this practice is followed, care must be taken that the hives are set on stands some distance from the walls where they cannot absorb moisture or be subjected to every jar from the room above them.

Dutch Belted Cattle.

One of the most marked triumphs ever attained by breeders of cattle is represented in the Dutch belted cattle, so peculiar in its color markings. This breed of cattle is a variety of the Holstein family and dates back to a very remote origin. To fix so perfect a type of animals, with such contrasting colors, has taken a long period of time. It is claimed by breeders of these cattle that the belt has become so thoroughly fixed that it is transmitted to grades of one-fourth blood with accuracy.



TRIUMPH OF THE BREEDERS' ART.

A pure bred animal, one entitled to registry, is black and white, with a continuous white belt around the body. The late U. S. Grant at one time owned several of these cattle, and P. T. Barnum, the showman, has the credit of having imported several fine specimens from Holland.

Application of Manures.

A manure is efficacious only when its constituents are brought into contact with the roots of the crop. To obtain this contact to the fullest extent, the manure must be finely and thoroughly distributed throughout the depth of soil mainly occupied by the roots. Soluble manures, as ammonium salts, potassium salts, nitrate and chloride of sodium and superphosphate, have the advantage that they distribute themselves within the soil after the first heavy shower. When manure is especially required by the plants in its earliest stages, as superphosphate for turnips, it may be drilled with the seed; but as a rule superphosphates should be sown broadcast and plowed or harrowed in.

Top dressing—that is sowing manure on the surface of land already under crop—as for instance a pasture, ought generally to be confined to manures that are soluble or of which the principal elements easily become soluble in the soil.

Manures of little solubility or those of which the soil has a great retentive power may be applied to the land some time before the growing period of the crop. Diffusive manures, on the other hand, should be applied only when the crop is ready to make use of them, else serious loss may occur from drainage. Farmyard manures, oil cake and bones, and, to some extent, superphosphate and potassium salts, belong to the former class, while nitrates and ammonium salts belong to the latter class.

On soils of open texture and little retentive power preference must often be given to manures of little solubility in order to diminish the loss occasioned by heavy rain. Bulky organic manures are in such cases very suitable.

On worn out soils a profitable yield can be gained only where a complete fertilizer is given. Animal manures are complete fertilizers in the sense of containing all the elements of plant food. A complete fertilizer among commercial or artificial fertilizers is one that possesses more or less of nitogen, phosphoric acid and potash.

Keeping Farm Accounts.

I am a farmer, and have "kept books" for many years. No other work will prove more satisfactory and profitable, and it is not too difficult for any farmer of ordinary ability. The system once begun, he will wonder how he ever got along without it, and find that it makes money for him every day. Get a rather narrow "cash book," having opposite pages for debit and credit. It is best to keep this book where you will see it every evening.

If "Dr." and "Cr." bother you, head the one side "Money paid out," and the other "Money taken in." Saturday night transcribe all the week's items in the cash book on to the proper accounts in what I call the Ledger. This should be a long, thick, but narrow book, as you will find it easier to have the two sides of accounts on opposite pages. In the ledger you will want to keep a number of accounts, but the two of most importance are to be headed "Farm" and "Family." Let farm account be first of all, and thirty or forty pages further along begin the family account. On the farm account credit the farm with everything it brings in; on the opposite page debit it with everything paid out for it.—John M. Stahl.

The Progress of Ensilage.

Ensilage has passed the experimental stage and been adopted by so many farmers that it may be considered an established method among those who devote themselves to dairying. In 1880 there were only six silos in the United States, while now, according to a recent estimate, there are about 2,000. In this country ensilage has as yet, especially in the northern states, been mainly directed to the preservation of fodder corn in its green state. In the southern states the silo is not so much needed and is, therefore, of less frequent occurrence. Success has, however, been reported in preserving that important southern crop—the cow pea.

The silos are built of brick, stone, concrete, wood, and some are merely earth trenches or pits dug in tenacious soil. The concrete silo is, doubtless, the best of all and represents the larger number built in this country.

The doubts at first entertained in regard to ensilage being healthful food appears to have given way before experience. Good ensilage given in conjunction with ordinary dry food, is good for both cows and oxen.

A Cattle Proof Gate.

A gate which resists the most skillful attempts in gate opening by cattle, and is also light to handle and therefore not liable to sag or get out of order, may be made of barbed wires and boards.

A HALF WIRE GATE.

The materials required are two boards 12 or 14 feet long, three uprights—the end pieces 3½ feet and the center 4½ feet; and two strands of barbed wire, one between the boards and the other on the top of the uprights. This is after the fashion of the common "slide and swing" form of gate.

Keep a Good Team.

Without doubt the greatest and most common loss in team management is from keeping poor horses unable at any time to do a full day's work. It is the most difficult thing possible for many farmers to get the idea into their heads that a horse capable of doing but little is entirely valueless. An old, worn out horse will always sell for something, no matter how poor he may be, and always for a greater price in proportion to his value when most worthless. For farm purposes, with the dear wages now paid to farm help, it does not require much deduction from a full day's team work each day to make up the value of a first class team in every respect.

Roots for Dairy Cows.

Roots are healthy food for cows and increase the flow of the milk, but care is required in feeding those liable to give an unpleasant flavor to the milk and butter. Carrots and sugar beets, experience has taught, are among the roots best adapted for dairy cows. Turnips and cabbages give unpleasant flavor to both milk and butter. Roots should not be fed alone but in combination with more nitrogenous foods.

Facts Farmers Ought to Know.

The production of oleomargarine for domestic consumption is officially estimated at the rate of 1,000,000,000 pounds per year.

The surplus of beet sugar in France for export this year is 350,000 pounds.

Some celery growers report successful blanching of celery with round tile of three inch caliber and about one foot long, slipped over the celery when dry.

The onion crop of 1886 is a small one.

Jerseys are emphatically the butter cows.

Cider vinegar may be quickly made when the cider is pure by removing the latter to a high temperature and pouring from one barrel to another, to bring it into more direct contact with the air.

The value of roots in winter feeding of stock cannot be over estimated.

Mr. W. R. Halstead tried planting wheat in drills and cultivating it like corn. The production was doubled. He recommends planting the rows sixteen inches apart and cultivating with the bull-tongue plow. But it would be a lot of trouble.

The dairy show at Chicago attracted wider interest and was better than last year.

There is a brighter outlook for butter and cheese.

The sugar beet is a most valuable winter food for sheep.

A MEDICO-LEGAL QUESTION.

A Point Which Would Seem of Prime Importance in Criminal Jurisprudence.

In a recent trial in Chicago it was desired to establish the probable period during which certain human bones offered in evidence had been buried. Authorities were searched, and medical, chemical and other experts appealed to with the result of determining an absolute dearth of knowledge upon a point which would seem of prime importance in criminal jurisprudence. Upon the discovery of a dead body or of human remains under circumstances pointing to violence, one of the most important factors in the problem of the discovery of the murderer must obviously be the probable date of death. But when this is beyond the period necessary for the destruction of the soft parts of the body—usually a few months at most—the text books of law and medicine and the experience and observations of the anatomical expert are alike silent and fruitless.

A recent communication to the French Academy of Medicine indicates a method of determination of this fact of date which the medico-legal student will need to master if he would acquit himself creditably in the future. This consists in studying the generations of the minute organisms (acarina) which destroy the body after death. M. Brouardel presented to the academy the body of a young girl which he was able to prove had lain in a cellar for a year, by tracing the order of succession and life duration of different species of these microphytes. One species consumes the fatty acids of the body; another absorbs certain fluids; still others feed only upon the skin, or the muscular structure, or the nerve tissue, etc.; and each species dies when its work is ended, its period of life varying from six to eight weeks, according to the temperature and other conditions. By this means M. Meguin, one of M. Brouardel's collaborators, was able to accurately establish the date of burial in a case of murder, in which the remains of the victim were discovered in a garden.

This work has not, as yet, been taken up in this country, nor is it stated to what remoteness of burial it will apply. But it is not likely that the French will be allowed to monopolize the field of research thus opened up to the medico-legal expert.—Chicago News.

AMONG THE WARRING BIRDS.

Bluejays Who Acted the Part of Peacemakers—A Curious Story.

A resident of Memphis erected on his lawn a large bird house, intended as the summer house of a flock of martins. It was a three story affair, and three varieties of birds inhabited it—martins, bluebirds and sparrows. The numbers were about equal. The mixture of breeds did not appear to cause discontent for a long time. Each bird nation gathered sticks and straw and other material for nests, and harmony prevailed for weeks.

One day, however, the gentleman's family discovered that there was something wrong with the inhabitants of the airy house on the lawn. There was unusual commotion, a squealing, pecking and fluttering which denoted trouble in the hitherto happy family. A close watch brought the further discovery that the martins and bluebirds had joined forces and were making a mighty effort to drive the sparrows off the premises. The sparrows battled pluckily for their home, but were in the end doomed to defeat and an ignominious flight.

Opposite the lawn in a neighbor's yard stood several large oaks. A small colony of bluejays had pre-empted homes there. The sparrows on being forced from homes and nests took refuge in the oaks. Their advent was followed by bird chatter, and chirp and squall, participated in by both sparrows and jays. The noise attracted the family, and now two households were watching with interest the actions of the winged tribes.

Shortly the sparrows, seemingly escorted by a number of the jays, returned to the lawn and house. This was followed by a convention of bird music, in which the jays took the prominent part. By and by the bedlam of voices ceased, and the jays did the talking or chirping. They soon returned to the oaks, leaving quiet and peace on the lawn. The three bird colonies worked all summer without further jar or disagreement. Did the jays act the part of peacemakers?—Keokuk Cor. Globe-Democrat.

Address of Gen. Stephen D. Lee

—TO THE—

State Grange of Mississippi, December 15, 1886.

Gen. Lee in substance said:

Worthy Master, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grange, and Friends:

I esteem myself fortunate and complimented, in being invited annually, to appear before the State Grange, and address it. This seems appropriate, as the order has been, and is still the largest organization of farmers in Mississippi—it is also the largest national organization of farmers in the United States. The order in Mississippi, too, did more to have the A. and M. College established, than any other influence. As early as 1875, and yearly, afterwards, they memorialized the Legislature, and by resolution, insisted on the passage of a law organizing the College as a separate and distinct institution, from the University at Oxford, so that the spirit of the Federal law would be obtained. The law states the object to be, "to benefit agriculture and the mechanic arts," and the national endowment provides for the establishment of at least one College, "*where the leading object shall be,* without excluding other scientific and classical studies, *and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts.*" The Grangers insisted that the leading object and intent of the law was not carried by the use of the interest of the endowment fund at Oxford, and persisted in demanding the establishment of a separate institution. The older members of the order are familiar with these facts, but many of the new members are not, and will not be amiss to review briefly the facts of the case: Congress, in 1862, passed a law donating to the State 30,000 acres of public lands for each Representative in Congress, to endow Colleges, "to benefit agriculture and the mechanic arts." The

DONATION WAS MADE WITH CONDITIONS,

and the acceptance of the gift was optional with the State. It required a Legislative act to signify acceptance and compliance with the conditions. By accepting, the State bound itself not to use the principal—but only the interest on the principal. The money derived from the lands was to be invested in U. S. or State bonds, bearing at least five per cent. a year. The State was to provide buildings, equipment, etc., for the College; keep up repairs, and implements, the income to carry on the College. The gift was to be accepted in a given time, and Mississippi received scrip for the land, and it was sold by Gov. Alcorn—and the money netted $227,500—which was placed in treasury of the State, and used. The State issued her bonds bearing five per cent. per annum, for the amount, and payable in twenty years.

The Convention which organized the present State Constitution, in Art. 8, Section 8, made it a duty of the Legislature to establish a College in accordance with the conditions of acceptance. The party controling the Convention, was the Republican party. A Democratic Legislature, in 1878, did establish the College, and in deference to the demand of the farmers, speaking through the largest and only organization of farmers in the State—the Grange organization.

The Granges are composed of the white farmers—making up the Democratic masses in the State—so that it may be said briefly, that the State Grange, representing the separate local granges, and the farmers of the State, by repeated and persistent memorial and resolution, influenced the Legislature, in establishing the A. and M. College. It was done in deference to

THE DEMAND OF THE FAMERRS

of the State, *to have a separate College, and in their own interest.*

In 1879, the Board of Trustees sent one of their number, Dr. Phares, to visit the State Grange, in session at Forest, and to lay before them the amount of appropriation it deemed necessary to efficiently establish and equip the College. Your order, by memorial, asked the Legislature to appropriate $125,000 for this purpose. The Legislature appropriated $85,000, but subsequently, the amount you named. Your order, at their annual meetings, have kept up this interest. You claim the College as the farmers' College, and before every Legislature you ask that it be liberally supported. Let the State give the same amount to the farmers' College as is given to the University at Oxford. The State Grange has also appointed committees to visit and report on the workings of the College, and those reports are most favorable, and represent that agricultural education, practically and theoretically, is the leading feature of the College.

THE COLLEGES AND COMMON SCHOOLS.

Some members of your order, and others, are opposed to the College, and honestly so, but in my judgment, because they are not correctly informed of the workings of the College. It is claimed that too much is being done for the Colleges, and too little for the common schools, and that the money given the Colleges, especially the A. and M. College, and the College for girls, should be given to the common schools.

The State, in her wisdom, has established the Colleges. The A. and M. College was established under the obligation given to the United States in accepting the donation of $227,500. There is, therefore, a double obligation to support this College,—first to the United States, and again on account of its being established at the demand of the farmers. Now as to the College for girls—it is purely a State institution, no obligation being imposed by the acceptance of endowment (partial), from the United States. But the generous spirit of Mississippians has said—we must be equally generous to our girls, as we are to our boys at Oxford and at the A. and M.

Now, let us look into the support given by the State to the A. and M. College:

The last Legislature gave $25,000 a year for its support, and also the interest on half the endowment fund, ($4,-999). The other part of the interest goes to the negro College at Rodney—(Alcorn College).

The support of the College is given entirely from the taxes derived from the three mill State tax levy. This amount brings into the State treasury, $377,210.51. A simple proposition will indicate that the tax on every $1,000 worth of property towards the support of the College is only twenty cents. The average farmer is worth, say $3,000, which would make his tax sixty cents for the College. It is not this amount, for it is well known that most of the property in the State is assessed at only about half its value. The population of Mississippi is about 1,250,000, making the tax, in this way, only about two cents each—or one-fifth this number as voters—making the tax ten cents to each voter.

It is generally known that the tax to support common schools gives $940,000. This is the amount for the year 1885. Nearly $1,000,000 for common schools. Now if the $25,000 given for the support of the A. and M. College were used to prolong the time for common schools, *it would just run the schools two days.*

LACK OF TRAINED TEACHERS.

The great defect in the efficiency of the common schools, is the lack of educated, trained teachers. If the common schools had all the College fund, *it would be a good investment for them to give up the two days, in the direction of the College,* for the benefit of the educated, trained teachers sent from the College to take charge of the schools. Students in the Freshman class have generally, on leaving the College, been able to get first-grade certificates, as teachers in the common schools, and most of the students leaving College teach for some time, as they are young men of moderate means, and unable at first to incur the expense of going at farming. It takes considerable capital to start even a very small farm—more than in any other line of business. If the amount given the Colleges—Oxford, A. & M., I. I. & C., for girls, and Alcorn—were given the common schools, it would only prolong their sessions about a week, and it is a better investment for the State to give it to the Colleges, to be returned in better educated teachers for the common schools.

OBJECTIONS TO THE COLLEGE.

There are many objections made by uninformed parties against the A. & M. College. For instance, the millitary feature is being violently attacked. This feature is made one of the conditions imposed by the Federal law. It positively *includes military tactics.* The government also furnishes a U. S. officer, 150 stands of rifles, with accoutrements, ammunition for practice, and two pieces of artillery, at its own expense. It pays the officer and furnishes the material, and sends an inspector to see if the College is carrying on this feature imposed by the law furnishing the partial endowment. So the management is being attacked for honestly carrying out the law. It is said that the military feature is too prominent, and to the exclusion of the agricultural. This is not so. The boys do not average one drill a week during the year. The organization of students is into four companies. One company drills in the afternoon and three companies work on the farm. During the winter (three months) there is no drilling. So that the boys work three days to one day's drilling. The military organization pervades everything; it goes into the Academic Department, and on the farm, and by virtue of its organization, facilitates the duties everywhere. It is pushed far enough to enforce discipline, but not to make well drilled soldiers. It is borne in mind that the leading object is to bias boys in the directions of farming. I refer you to the report of the committee of your Order, December, 1885. It says: "Gen. Lee has made agriculture the predominating influence, the one shadowing theme, and the boys imbibe his zeal." This ought to satisfy the farmers and every reasonable person. I would be glad to meet any other objection.

OUR MAIN INDUSTRY.

Agriculture is the main industry in Mississippi. We have no beds of coal or iron. We should see to it, that our farmers follow the most careful methods and use the economic conditions necessary to make farming pay. If money should be spent in any direction, it should be in the line of elevating and directing this great industry which gives employment to eight-tenths of our people. The College is the only effort the State has made in this direction, and it should certainly be sustained. If there is any error in its management, it should be corrected. But the College should not be hurt. The farmers of the State are cordially invited to visit and criticise the management. The Board of Trustees are most loyal to the objects of the College. If they are not directing it right, it is because they do not know it.

I ask you, Worthy Master, to appoint committees as often as you please to see how we are managing it. They will always be courteously received, and their suggestions will receive our earnest attention.

GREAT CHANGES—BETTER METHODS.

Great changes are going on in the South. In the last five years—a period of general depression and low prices—the South has increased her assessed wealth $1,000,000,000, 42 per cent., or has gotten rich at a rate of 7 per cent. a year. Ten thousand four hundred miles of railroads have been built, which with the improvements on the old roads, has involved an expenditure of $575,000,000. There is not a great railroad corporation in the United States that is not now arranging for connections in the South. Great changes are going on in agriculture. Farmers are diversifying their crops. Every one realizes that the South is on the eve of a great industrial revolution and are getting ready to participate in the advantages of it. The farmers are very anxious and realize that the brain and muscle employed in agriculture is not directed with the skill and intelligence that marks other industries. They are organizing to search for the reasons why farmers are not getting along as well as those engaged in other pursuits. They realize that this is the case. They see that agricultural products, and in fact, manufactured articles, are at the lowest prices. Cotton at 8 cents a pound, for instance. That the margin of profit is in economic and careful methods. They want to organize and take advantages of all these things, as those engaged in other callings. The farmers see that they must manage their business with more intelligence. This is the case everywhere. The London Agricultural Journal—the leading agricultural paper in the world—says: "There never was a time when so many minds were at work or so many efforts made in various directions to advance the practice and science of agriculture as now." It is true, and now is the time to maintain the Agricultural College in our own State in its good work, and to guide our farmers intelligently, giving them the latest and most improved methods, and guiding them intelligently in their difficult work.

To show the importance of intelligent direction, and of agricultural education, and to show that theory must go with practice, I will briefly discuss the great error that lays at the very foundation of our present system of farming in Mississippi and the South—to show that our farmers need intelligent direction, and that there will be no change until they have it.

SOIL EXHAUSTION.

I allude to the *exhaustion of the fertility of the soil,* steadily going on under our present system. On any road in the South, on almost every plantation in the South, you find worn out and gullied fields, abandoned because they are too poor to pay for the cultivation. Even the land that is being cultivated under the same system is getting poorer and poorer every year, and will soon be too poor to pay for labor to produce crops. These lands were once fertile and yielded remunerative crops. They represent capital sunk by the farmer in his business. Most of these lands once made a bale of cotton and forty bushels of corn to the acre. Now on the cultivated lands it usually takes from three to five acres to make a bale, and that amount of corn on the hill lands. Our farmers are realizing now that no land is inexhaustible; that it should be cared for and not worn out. This soil exhaustion is really the main cause of the lack of thrift among our farmers. They may lay their trouble to other causes but this one is the most potent.

Let us examine some of the results of this soil exhaustion:

1st. It depreciates the value of land, which should be our most valuable property. It has supported our ancestors; it must support our descendents. If there is any property which should be maintained in value, it is land. Our careless system wears it out and abandons it.

2d. The worn out and abandoned lands represented capital lost to the farmer. An acre producing a bale of cotton or forty bushels of corn is valuable. When it takes four acres to produce a bale, three-fourths of the capital represented by the fertility of the soil is gone. When the land is too poor to respond to labor—it is all virtually gone—it is worn out, the capital is lost. The merchant who sinks three-fourths of his capital is a poor merchant—who sinks all but his store-house is a failure—so, also is the farmer who wears out his lands, he is failure as a farmer. He does not understand his business.

3. As his land wears out he becomes poorer, his expenses increase in same proportion. When it takes four or five acres to make a bale of cotton it costs four and five times as much to cultivate that number of acres as to cultivate one acre and make the bale.

4. The crops not only decrease, as the land gets poorer, but the quality also decreases—the lint is not so good—the ears of corn are smaller.

5. As the land wears out and loses its fertility, it is less able to stand the extremes of wet weather or drought. It does not react as rich land. It is stubborn—it is sick. This constant lessening of the crops annually, and increasing of the expenses, causes depressions and hopelessness. There is no silver lining to the future. Economy only does little good, for the other end of the bag is open, and the land getting gradually poorer, and crops less every year. Then comes mortgage and loss of land.

The system is all wrong. Any farming that gradually wears out land, is not based on careful methods, and will bring poverty and ruin on those who follow such a plan.

Do not our farmers need instruction in more careful methods? Is not agricultural education needed? It is not difficult to point out the errors in so careless a system of farming. We have but to recall a few of the elementary principles of common-sense farming to explain everything.

Let us practically see what are some of the causes. Rich land is said to be full of plant-food—something that the crops draw from the soil, and which causes it to grow, and thrive and produce abundant crops. Poor land has not this supply of plant-food, and no cultivation will cause it to grow good crops.

There are two axioms as old as agriculture itself—one "The more manure, the more crops; the other, "Soil won't grow crops without manure." The very reverse of this is equally true; that growing crops draw on the soil for its support, and by virtue of this draft, the soil becomes poorer, by giving up the plant food to make the crops. Successive crops continue to make successive drafts on the soil, and if the crops are moved off and sold, and no return made to the soil, of course the soil gradually becomes poorer and poorer, as it continues to give up the plant-food. The land wears out, and will gradually fail to make crops.

NO NEW PROBLEM.

This is no new problem. It has been met and solved in every old country, where the land is not so plentiful as here. Systems have been adopted which have maintained the fertility of the soil, and caused it to yield good crops continuously, or to maintain the capital in land belonging to the farmer. These systems have been worked out in the hard lessons of experience, and have been verified by scientific or common-sense farming. They consist of rotation of crops and manuring, so as to restore to the soil periodically what has been used or moved off by successive crops. In the old countries some lands are richer by a 100 fold than they were centuries ago.

The landed aristocracy of Europe, when their lands began to get poorer, and their tenants unable to pay the large rents, sought the assistance of scientific men. They analyzed the soil, the crops, manure, etc. They found that all vegetation is composed of fifteen elements of plant-food, organic and incrganic matter. They found further that twelve of these elements are generally found in sufficient quantity in all soils. That it was only necessary in practice, to consider three essential elements, viz: nitrogen, potash and phosphoric acid; that if these three elements were restored periodically to the soil, and in amounts moved off by the crops, that the soil would remain fertile; that this arrangement was promoted, in rotation of crops, and planting such crops as clover, peas and Japan clover, which drew largely for their sustenance from the air, and filled the soil with organic matter, such as roots, humus, etc. These crops also induced stock raising, and supplied manure to the soil, so that nearly everything was retained that was taken from the soil. They verified the systems of the practically successful farmers. They discovered the great secret of nature—that to maintain the fertility of the soil, return must be made for the drafts of plant-food, made by the crops; that to feed the crops, you must feed the soil.

Scientific or common-sense farming is not a haphazard business, but a system based on a principle. The principle is to preserve the fertility of the soil, which is the farmers' capital in business; that unless there is such a system, the laws of nature are violated; that those who ruthlessly violate these principles will bring poverty and ruin on themselves, and entail misery and poverty on their descendants.

A PLAIN PROPOSITION.

Now, my friends, are you ready to be benefitted by the experience of others? Are you ready to put more value on your lands? Are you ready to take care of your capital in business, which is the fertility of your soil? Is there need of agricultural education? Your soil was once fertile. You have carelessly, and by pursuing a wrong system, impoverished it. You have worn it out, and now ready to deliver it to your children poorer than you got it from your fathers. This is not right. Your children should receive their heritage unimpaired, from you. You must be educated in the new way of preserving the fertility of your soil. If it is too late for you, your children must be educated in the new methods. If they do not restore fertility to these lands, others can and will. The question is, will you prepare them by education to do this? It is a plain proposition. If they do not or cannot, they will lose those lands. They will pass into the hands of strangers.

The facilities in Mississippi are at hand to restore these lands. They are all favorable. We have plenty of good land yet left on nearly every plantation. The plan is to stop cultivating poor land. It will break all who attempt it. One-fourth or one-third of our land is still good. Cultivate only good land; manure it, work it better, follow intensive farming on our good lands. Do away with one-half or two thirds of our labor. Utilize the poor lands as grazing lands. Nature will cover them at once with grass. It costs nothing for grass to grow. It costs nothing for stock to eat grass. Stock raising is the only practicable way of using these lands, getting a profit out of them and allowing them at some time to recuperate, and have their fertility restored. It will break anybody who attempts to cultivate them. The fertility that has been lost must be restored before it will pay to crop them again.

A GRASS COUNTRY—CREAMERIES.

You say this is theory. It is being practically done in almost every county in the State. Lands that will not produce cotton and corn are now yielding handsome returns in the beef, milk, butter, and increase of stock sold annually. It is a notorious fact, that negroes and most of the white people make no provision for feeding their stock in winter at the South. The stock makes its living by running on the commons. Your Agricultural College has a successful creamery, which can be duplicated for $1200. Dr. Cates of Vicksburg, Mr. Odeneal, of Jackson, Col. Montgomery, of Oktibbeha, Col. White, of DeSoto, the Aberdeen creamery, and others, are making and selling butter as good in quality and bringing as good prices as the Northern butter. It is a reflection on Mississippi, when New Orleans pays from six to eight millions of dollars for Northern butter, when we at the South can raise it almost half as cheap. The South is a grass country. The native grasses of Mississippi last nine months in the year, if the weeds are kept down by mowers. We have crab grass, orchard grass, Bermuda grass, Johnson grass, clover, the cow-pen, and last, the most nutritious of all grasses, the Japan clover. It fastens itself on rich and poor land alike. It is the most nutritious hay, the most easily cured and handled of all others. My friends, we have a great country—the best country in the world—the best stock country in the world. Our winters are short. We only have to feed stock from two to four months. They need little shelter. The cost of handling stock at the South is but little over half of that for handling it at the North.

A BLESSING IN DISGUISE.

The Yazoo Delta will soon, every foot of it, be in cotton. With care every acre will bring a bale. You cannot compete in cotton—raising it, when you have to put four and five times the expense, as it will take from three to five of your acres to make a bale. Arkansas and Texas have the advantage. You must go into stock raising, and only raise cotton as a surplus crop, on your best and richest lands, by intensive farming.

Ten thousand negroes went into the Delta this fall. They will gradually leave the hill country. It is inevitable, so you had best prepare for it. It will be a blessing in disguise.

I thank you for your patient attention.

Picking up a Torpedo.

I was among others detailed from the Federal steamer Monongahela, says "S. E. R." in the Detroit *Free Press,* to search the Red River, between the Tensas and the Mississippi, for the torpedoes which had been planted by the Confederates before our fleet appeared in those waters. These torpedoes were of all makes, shapes and sizes, from a pork barrel, half full of powder, to be fired by electricity from the shore, to a glass demijohn holding ten pounds and to be exploded by contact. Some were on the surface, some just under it, and some on the bottom. We went out in gangs of four in rowboats to hunt for these terrifiers, each boat being provided with grapnels, nets, boat hooks and whatever else was needed for fishing up the monsters. We had to go slow and exercise great caution, for the channel was tortuous and no one could guess at what point we would come across a torpedo. While the woods were shelled two or three time a day by our gunboats, the Confederate swamp-cats were by no means driven out. They had every chance to secrete themselves along the banks, and we realized that if we came upon an electric torpedo which could be exploded from the shore we ran every risk of being blown sky-high.

We had been at work three or four days, and had fished up seven or eight ugly looking fellows, when we got into a part of the channel which ran within fifty feet of the right hand bank. Just at this time a colored man, who had been lying out in the swamps for several weeks waiting for his deliverance, informed us that he had observed men planting something in this bend about two weeks before. He thought there were wires leading from it to the swamp, but we scouted about for a couple of hours without being able to find that such was the case. The bank was a dense jungle, in which a thousand men could have concealed themselves, and the gunboats could not shell it from the position they had taken.

It was about an hour after dinner that we moved up and began grappling in the bend. The boat in which I was stationed turned her bow down stream, threw over her grapnels, and two men used the oars to give her headway. We had not pulled fifty feet when the irons took hold, and I drew the boat back to the spot by means of the rope. Then, standing on the seat in the stern, I lifted at the obstruction and it came slowly up. It had just appeared at the surface sufficient for me to make out that it was a boiler-iron torpedo, when there came an awful explosion. At the same instant our boat was lifted high in the air and broken to pieces, and I scarcely comprehended what had occurred until I found myself in the water at least two hundred feet below the point of explosion. My hair, whiskers and eye-brows were badly singed, and my clothing was on fire when I came down after the flight. While I had escaped, the other three men were killed outright and horribly mangled, and the great wave created swamped the boat working a few hundred feet below us and drowned one of her crew.

While swimming for this capsized boat a man stood on the bank of the river and fired four shots at me from a revolver, with the fifth he killed the colored man who had given us information. The victim stood on the bank, about midway between the two boats, and was shot through the head. The torpedo was no doubt exploded by electricity, and the man who fired the shots was the operator who exploded it.

In Wall Street.

Some of the biggest-hearted people in Christendom are to be found in the neighborhood of Wall street. They make no pretensions, but in a quiet way distribute good.

Just before his death Trenor W. Park, President of Panama, said to a young man in whom he had no earthly interest, except to see him move forward in the race of life: "Go inside [it was on the doorstep of J. V. Newcomb, his broker] and buy 200 shares of Panama."

"I haven't the margin, sir."

"Never mind; give the order and tell Newcomb to charge it to me."

This was about 11:30 o'clock in the day. Before 3 o'clock the tape recorded a profit of $2,300. In his quiet way Park, always genial and sympathetic, responding to the thanks of the young fellow, said: "Never mind the thanks, my lad, give the money to your mother!"

Nowadays, when rumors are so generously distributed, it is well to remember the remark of Uncle Daniel Drew: "It is the hardest thing in creation to fool a thousand of the smartest men ever born more than half an hour."

When Sam Mills, now unfortunately, and probably only for the time being, on his back, was in his prime and controlling millions of credit, he was the best of friends to all deserving people and helped them. "I want to see you at Delmonico's," he said one day, "but you must pay the bill." "But I can't," was the response; "I can't pay." "Never mind," was the reply; "come along." The dinner was finished, Sam paid the bill, and, taking his young friend to his office, handed him a check for $5,000 as profit on a secret investment he had made in Western Union. This was when he was operating for Jay Gould and knew the books.

People who don't know Jay Gould think he is harsh and selfish. In a speculative sense the remark may be true; but if the unsolicited assistance that has come from him to men and their wives who have become troubled by reason of misfortune could be made known the recording angel would have a large book account.—*New York Sun.*

Women Responsible for War.

I for one would fain join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should bend swords into plowshares, and that this cannot be is not the fault of men. It is the fault of woman. Wholly hers. Only by your command or your permission can any contest take place among us. And the real reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pains of others. Now, I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that at whatever moment you choose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many widows and orphans. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with them. But at least we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with these. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least outwardly, for his killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience enough in you for this. Let every lady in the upper class of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds she will wear black—a mute black—with no jewel, no ornament, no excuse for, or evasion into, prettiness, I tell you again, no war would last a week.—*Ruskin.*

Hereafter Darmstadt, Germany, will be a poor place for a patent medicine man. By a municipal law just passed, all such medicines will be analyzed, and the ingredients of which they are composed will be made public.

A REAL ROMANCE;

—OR,—

THE LOVE STORY

—OF—

Myra Clark Gaines!

—BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.—

[Written for The New York Waverly, and published in THE CLARION by permission.]

CHAPTER IV.

Once again they met
And then they saw, each in the other's heart,
And the black falsehood that had sever'd them
Rose palpable and hideous to the thought.
Hot tears were shed—and blessings mutely given!
They met and parted—he went to meet his death,
And she to weep o'er bitter memories.

Zulima made her home in the South, and there also, after years of wandering, came Daniel Clark—weary with excitement, and unhappy with a sense of bitter loneliness. In the first moments of his anger against Zulima, he had made his will, giving all his vast possessions to an aged relative, and making the false friends who had caused his misery, executors of that will.

And this was the deep game for which these men had staked their souls—these possessions, and the control over them. No matter though the fair wife was crushed to the earth; no matter though that beautiful child, in all her infant unconsciousness, was despoiled of her just inheritance. It was for this they had toiled in darkness; it was for this they had heaped falsehood upon falsehood, wrong upon wrong.

But Clark had returned to New Orleans, not to pass a week and away again, as before, but to control his own business—and in New Orleans was Zulima. They might meet, but still it was unlikely, for she was proud and sensitive as ever, and lived in the bosom of a new family, and was girded around by new and powerful affections. Looking upon Clark as a heart-traitor, one who had betrayed her unprotected state, and trifled alike with her reputation and her love, she shrank from a thought of the past.

The wrong that she believed to have been practiced upon her was so terrible, that she shuddered at the retrospection. Without one shadow of hate or hope of revenge to perpetuate the struggle that had been so heart-rending at first, the only effort that she was made to obtain forgetfulness.

Zulima knew not that Clark had arrived at New Orleans, but a strange inquietude came over her. Thoughts of the bitter and sweet past made her restless day and night; she was haunted by a constant desire to see her child—the child of Daniel Clark; from this innocent creature, wrong and absence in the father had failed to alienate her love.

A little out from New Orleans was a pretty country house, surrounded by ornamental grounds, and embowered in tropical trees. It was a small dwelling, secluded and beautiful as a bower; works of art, rare books, and light furniture, befitting the climate, gave an air of refinement and grace within; passion flowers, briery roses, and other clinging flowers, draped the cottage without.

An avenue of orange and lime trees led to the front door, and behind was a small garden, cooled by rain that fell perpetually from a fountain near the center, and glowing with tea roses, lilies, and a world of those blossoms that grow most thrifty and fragrant in the warm South.

Among these beautiful grounds little Myra Clark had been at play since the breakfast hour. She had chased the humming-birds from their swarming places in the arbors and rose-hedges; she had gathered the golden-edged violets from the borders, and leaping up with a laugh to the orange boughs that drooped over the gravel walk, had torn down the white blossoms and mellow fruit to crowd with the flowery spoil that she had gathered in the skirt of her muslin dress. And now with her lap full of broken flowers, fruit, torn grass, and pebble stones, the child cast herself on the rich turf that swelled up to the brink of the fountain, and pressing her dimpled hands and warm cheek upon the marble, lay in smiling idleness, watching the gold fish, as they darted up and down the limpid waters, her soft brown eyes sparkling with each new flash of gold or crimson that the restless little creatures imparted to the waters.

Now she would cast a broken rosebud or a tuft of grass into the fountain, and her laugh rang out loud and clear above the bell-like dropping of the water in the marble basin, if she could detect some fish darting up like a golden arrow to meet her pretty decoy.

Thus lay the child; thus fell the bright water drops around; and thus, a little way off drooped the fruit and flower-laden boughs, when the sweet tranquility was disturbed by a footstep.

Down one of the gravel walks came a man, bearing upon his noble features an air of proud sadness, his very step denoting habitual depression, as he moved quietly and at a slow pace toward the fountain. It was a look of ill health that stamped so forcibly the air and demeanor of this man.

His frame was still strongly knit, his step firm as iron, but upon his brow was that deep settled shadow which a troubled heart casts up to the face, and the locks that shaded it were sprinkled with the premature snow which falls early over a brain tortured with unspoken regrets. Thus sorrowful, but still unbowed in spirit, appeared Daniel Clark, as he moved quietly toward the fountain where his child was at play.

Myra was busy with her gold fish, laughing and coqueting with them through the waves. She saw nothing but their golden flash, she heard nothing but the light drops, that dimpled and clouded the water around them. Thus for several minutes the proud and saddened man stood gazing upon his daughter.

She saw him at last; and then with a faint cry the little creature cast away the contents of her frock, and sprang up. Half in joy, half in timid surprise, she stood gazing upon his face.

The pupils of her eyes dilated till they were almost black, her white arms seemed trembling with restraint, as if the suddenness of his appearance had checked the first sudden impulse. She was only waiting for one smile to spring like a bird to his bosom.

"Myra!"

The firm voice of Daniel Clark gave way as he uttered the name of his child. His eyes grew dim with tears, and he reached forth his trembling arms.

She sprang with a single bound to his embrace, she wreathed his neck strongly with her arms, and pressed upon his lips, his cheeks and moist eyes, kisses that, from the lips of a beautiful child, seem like the pouring of dew and sunshine from the cup of a flower.

"Oh, you are come again!" she said, placing her warm hands on each side of his face, and looking with the smiling confidence of childhood into his eyes. "They told me that you would not come to see me any more for a long, long time."

"Are you glad to see me, darling?" said Mr. Clark, drawing his hand caressingly down the disheveled brightness of her hair. "You seem glad, my little Myra?"

"Seem—why—I am glad—so very, *very* glad, my own, own——" the child hesitated.

"Papa—will you not call me papa, this once?" said the agitated father, and upon his pale cheek there came a flush, as he said this to the child.

"Oh, but they tell me that you are my god-father, and that is not a papa, you know," said the child, shaking her head with an air of pretty thoughtfulness.

"Perhaps it is as well," murmured the father, and his look grew sad.

Myra bent down and looked into his eyes, smiling.

"Don't look so sorry," she said "I will call you papa, if you like. Papa! dear papa! there now!"

But even the childish caress, accompanied as it was by a voice and look of the most winning sweetness, failed to dispel the sadness that had fallen upon the father's heart. Perhaps the very loveliness of the child did but deepen that sadness, by reminding him of its mother.

Let this be as it may, Mr. Clark sat down by the fountain with the little girl in his arms, but he remained silent, thus chilling the little creature whose arms were about his neck, and she too became hushed, as it were, by the gloom into which he fell. During several minutes the father and child remained thus wrapped in silence. At last he spoke in a low and troubled voice, kissing the forehead of the child.

"Myra, do you love me?"

"Indeed, indeed, I do," said the little girl, laying her cheek to his. "Better almost than anybody else in the wide world, if you are only my godfather."

"And whom—" Mr. Clark's voice faltered—"and whom can you love better, Myra?"

"Oh," said the child, shaking her head with a pretty mysterious air, "there is somebody that I love so much, a pretty, beautiful lady, who comes to me so often, and so strangely, just like one of the fairies nurse tells me about. Sometimes she will be a long, long time, and not come at all. Then, while I am playing among the trees, she will be close to me before I think of it. She kisses me just as you do, and once—that, too, was so like—" the child paused, and seemed pondering over something in her mind.

"What was so like, Myra?" said Mr. Clark, in a faint voice, for his heart misgave him.

"Why, I was just thinking," said the child, thoughtfully; "this pretty lady wanted me to call her mamma, just as you wanted me to call you papa, you know only in fun."

"And did you call her that?"

"Yes, but I never will again—no, never in the world; for, do you think, she began to cry like anything the moment I put my arms round her neck and said 'Mamma!' You can't think how she did cry, and after asking me, too."

Mr. Clark turned away his head; the child's earnest look troubled him.

"She knew well enough that it was all in fun," persisted the child, "and yet she kept on crying all I could do."

"Oh, such words are bitter, bitter fun," muttered Mr. Clark, tortured by the innocent prattle of the child."

"I did not mean any harm; the lady asked me to call her 'mamma,' but I never will again," said Myra, drooping under what seemed to her the displeasure of her best friend.

"Oh, yes, Myra, you must love this lady; you must call her anything she pleases," said Mr. Clark, with a burst of emotion that startled the little girl. "Be good to her; be gentle and loving as if—as if it was not fun when you call her 'mamma.' You will be good to her; promise me, my darling, that you will."

"But she will not ask me again. It is a long, long time since the lady has been here," answered the child, thoughtfully. "Perhaps she will not come any more."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Clark, with a voice and look of painful abstraction.

A slight noise in a distant part of the garden drew the child's attention. She started, and bending eagerly forward, looked down a winding path sheltered by the orange trees.

"See!" cried the child, pointing down the path with her finger, while her eyes sparkled like diamonds; "didn't I say that she always came like a fairy? Didn't I tell you so?"

Clark followed the child's finger with his eyes, and there, coming up the path rapidly, and with eager haste in her look and manner, he saw Zulima, the wife of his bosom, the mother of his child. For the world, that proud man could not have risen to his feet; his strength utterly forsook him; he attempted to remove Myra's arm from his neck, but even that he failed to accomplish, so profound was his astonishment, so overpowering was his agitation.

A tree stood close by the fountain, overrun and shadowed by the convolutions of a passion-flower vine, that fell like a curtain around it, concealing the father and child as Zulima came up. Thus it happened, that, without any preparation, the wronged wife and the deceived husband stood face to face, breathless and pale as statues in a graveyard. The child clung to her father's neck. Her large eyes dilated, and her face grew crimson with fear. She was freightened by the terrible pallor of Zulima's face.

Mr. Clark arose, pale as death; and trembling in every limb, he placed the child gently on the grass, and approaching Zulima, held forth his hand.

She took it, but her fingers were like marble; and like marble was the cold smile that went in a spasm of pain across her lips.

"Zulima, will you not speak to me?"

Oh, what a flood of bitter waters did that gentle voice unlock in Zulima's heart. Her limbs began to shake, her hands quivered like aspen leaves, and a look of unutterable distress fell upon her face.

"To what end shall I speak?" she said, in a low and husky voice. "I have no wish to reproach you, and what but reproaches can you expect from me?"

A bitter smile disturbed the pallor of Daniel Clark's face, and a bitter intonation was blended with the mournful cadence of voice.

"Reproaches, Zulima, are for slight wrongs; but slight or deep, I deserve none at your hands. While you—oh, woman, woman, how have you betrayed the deep love, the honor which I gave you in holy trust. Neither will *I* reproach; but when I look upon your face, still young, full of beauty, and bearing the old look of innocence, it forces me to think of the vows you have broken, the mockery you have cast upon our marriage."

"Our marriage," repeated Zulima. Again her lips were distorted with a smile, mournful and bitter, and clasping her hands she wrung them nervously together.

"Why do you smile thus?—Why do repeat thus bitterly the words that I have spoken?" said Clark, regarding her wild agitation with wonder. "When I speak of our marriage, you do not shrink or tremble as one who has profaned a holy writ, but your eye is full of scorn, your lips curl with bitter smiles. Zulima, are you indeed so lost that the mention of ties that bound us once, and that legally bind us yet,—ties that you, unhappy woman, have broken and dishonoured, can only awake a smile of scorn?"

Zulima stood motionless, her hands clasped, her eyes dilating; the truth was struggling at her heart.

"Speak to me, speak to me again," she cried, extending her locked hands imploringly. "That marriage you know, you know well, it was all false, all a deception. I never was your wife!"

Mr. Clark drew back—he breathed with difficulty; the truth was breaking upon his soul also—the cruel, terrible truth.

"Speak to me, speak to me," cried Zulima, in a voice of thrilling anguish; "I never was your wife!"

"The God of Heaven, at whose altar we were united, can answer that you were my lawfully wedded wife, that you are so now!"

A sharp cry broke from Zulima, she staggered forward a pace, and sat down upon the grass close by her child; covering her face with both hands, she bent it down to her knees, and remained thus motionless, and absolutely without breath.

Clark stood gazing at her, every nerve in his body quivering; the horror that her face had exhibited, that sharp cry, the utter prostration of her energies, all these things were fast unsealing his eyes. He sat down by the unhappy woman and attempted to remove one of the pale hands clasped over her eyes, but she resisted him with a faint shudder, and then, through those lashed fringes gushed a flood of tears.

"Zulima, try and compose yourself, make one effort, for, on earth, I feel that this must be our last interview. Shrink not thus! I have never wronged you, or, if it prove so, not knowingly or willfully."

Zulima shook her head, and sobbed aloud.

"There has been wrong, deep, black wrong, somewhere," she said; "I was told that you also had deceived me by a false marriage, that the ceremony we went through was a fraud, and I your victim, not your wife."

"And who told you this infamous falsehood?" said Clark, clasping his hands till the blood left them, in the agony of his impatience.

"Ross hinted it; Smith told me so in Philadelphia and in Baltimore. They told me also, that you were about to marry another; I saw you together with my own eyes. You refused to see me; but for that I had never believed them!"

"And Smith told you this; Ross hinted it!" cried Clark, locking his teeth with terrible anger. "These men whom I have fed, whom—" paused; the violence of his emotion too great for words.

But why should we further describe the harrowing scene? It was long before these two unhappy beings could speak with calmness, but at length all was told—the fraud that had kept back the mutual letters, the slow and subtle poison that had been instilled so assiduously into each proud and passionate nature—all.

[To be Continued.]

A NEW ZEALAND QUAKE.

An Eye-Witness Tells of His Experiences with Lava and Scalding Mud.

Wonderland is the name given to the North Island of New Zealand by European tourists. Everybody recalls the great earthquakes and volcanic outbursts that convulsed the country last June. A spectator, who has just returned from Tauranga, gives the following account of his experiences:

"At 2 o'clock in the morning of June 10 a heavy shock of earthquake occurred, and shortly afterwards followed by a great glare and illumination over the southern sky. Smaller shocks followed in quick succession, till at 4:30 the great shock occurred, and very shortly afterwards showers of volcanic dust were swept along by a brisk southerly wind. The showers of dust got denser and denser, till at 9 o'clock it was perfectly dark, and lights had to be lit. For over an hour total darkness reigned, and the dust was falling in great sheets, almost blinding men who were out. The showers continued all day, and the whole face of the country was covered with dust over an inch thick. Shocks of earthquake occurred at intervals all the day.

"The Tarawera Mountain and its twin cone, Ruawahia, suddenly burst into activity. Seen from this place the spectacle was fearful, and it reminded one of Bulwer's descriptions of 'The Last Days of Pompeii' and of Martin's celebrated picture of 'The Last Day.' From 2 o'clock until about 5 immense volumes of flame were projected to a great height, and dense clouds of smoke, steam, mud and ashes covered the sky and thunder and lightning were almost incessant. Flashes of lightning played through the pall of smoke in all directions. The effect of the corruscation was simply indescribable. Shortly before 6 o'clock showers of ashes reached here, but fortunately, the wind shifted around to the southwest and blew for a time with almost hurricane force, turning the dense cloud before much damage was done. When the grit began falling many persons who passed the night with fear and trembling thought they were about to be overwhelmed and then began a stampede.

"Half-dressed women and children were to be seen flying for their lives along the Tauranga road towards Te Awahou to seek shelter in the native school-house there. Some of the natives themselves fled, while others continued their flight. The lake rose considerably and a great many new springs burst up, which added to the people's fear of being engulfed. Shortly after daylight Mr. Edwin Robertson started out towards Wairoa to endeavor to ascertain the position of matters there, and was followed by Mr. Marchernan. When near Tikitapu they met a number of fugitives who gave accounts of balls of fire which had been flying about in all directions.

"The scene in among the hills on the Wairoa road was weird. The grit was still falling in light showers, and great clouds of smoke rose to the sky. Vivid flashes of lightning and crashing peals of thunder were frequent. A strong southeast wind was then blowing and it was terribly cold. On arrival at the Tikitapu bush it was found necessary to fasten up the horses and leave the buggy, and the remainder of the journey had to be performed on foot. The whole country was covered several feet with clay mud, which made walking very heavy. Natives were met from time to time, and all gave the same account of the terrible catastrophe. All the vegetation along the road after passing the summit, between Rotorua and Tikitapu, was found to be completely destroyed and the aspect of the landscape changed. It resembled very much the appearance of an English landscape after a heavy snowstorm, but was of a dull gray color instead of being white. The beautiful Tikitapu bush was a thing of the past. The weight of the superincumbent mud and the force of wind had torn and stripped off the leaves, broken off the branches and uprooted immense trees in all directions. The Blue Lake and Rotokakahi are simply mud water, which will take some time to clear. The outlet of the latter lake has been choked up and the bridges are covered with clay mud nearly up to the top rail.

"On arriving at the village the full extent of the damage done was plainly visible. Nearly every building had been crushed in or completely wrecked. The Snow Temperance Hall was completely flattened, and of the Terrace and Rotomahana hotels only the outer walls are standing in a terribly wrecked state.

"The party was glad to learn that a Mrs. Haszard had been dug out alive and comparatively uninjured. She had a miraculous escape. The falling beams lodged on a chiffonier and allowed just sufficient room to save her from being crushed to death. Two of the children were found dead under her, her arm being around one.

"When the eruption was first seen it was like a small cloud on the mountain, shot with flashes of lightning of great brilliancy. Everybody went up to the old mission station and saw a sight that none can ever forget. Apparently the mount had three craters, and flames of fire were shooting up fully a thousand feet high. There seemed to be a continuous stream of balls of fire for miles around. As a storm appeared to be coming on we returned to the hotel, and shortly after what seemed to be heavy hailstones came pouring on the roof. This was succeeded by a fall of heavy stones, fire balls, mud, and the lava falling after the manner of rain. The weight of the stones falling upon the roof soon began to tell upon it. The first portion to give way was a detached kitchen and pantry, and then all collected together in the smoking-room. Soon after the entire house came down and we had to run for it."

The "Hen Minister."

At an island on the coast of Maine, which is much resorted to, there is an esteemed local clergyman who is known to the summer residents, nearly all of whom are Bostonians, as the "hen minister." In explanation of this title, he is telling, in season and out of season, a certain story which queerly illustrates the idea of faith.

"I preached a sermon one Sunday," the good minister will say, "on the doctrine of faith, in which I pointed out to my hearers the good Christian doctrine that all things may be brought about by faith, instructing them that faith is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for. There was a farmer's wife in the congregation who was greatly edified by the sermon, and came to me after service to say that she understood just what faith was.

"Next Sunday morning I overtook her on her way to church.

"'See here, parson,' says she, 'I don't think much of your teachin' about faith.'

"'Why not?' I asked.

"'Why,' says she, 'the other day I heard my speckled hen a-cacklin' like all to pay. Now, says I, here is a chance to show what faith is. That speckled hen's egg is the evidence of things not seen, an' the substance of things hoped for. I believe that hen has laid an egg, and I'm sure that when I go out to the shed I'll find it. Lo! I goes out there, and that speckled hen hadn't laid any. Now, what's your faith good for, I'd like to know?'

"I told her that was meant as a rebuke to you for your want of faith in God,' I said. 'You'd ought to have trusted in God, and not in the hen.'"—*Boston Record.*

Princess Metternich of Vienna is described by a Paris correspondent as "of ordinary beauty but expressive charming, elegant, witty, original, and daring. She was called the first lady in fast set in Paris." "Previous to the downfall of the Empire she lived in Paris for years in the Rue de Varenne, but not since 1870. She was expected to return to Paris at the marriage of the Comtesse de Pourtales and Baron de Berckheim. She is the most popular lady in Vienna, and recently raised 100,000 florins for the poor of the city.