

The Canton Advocate

CANTON, D. T.

CARTER BROTHERS, Publishers.

A LITTLE CARE.

BY MISS MARGARET EYINGOR.

Oh! the children, happy children,
Smiling every day;
Some as brown as nutmeg berries,
Some as fair as winter snow.

Some with eyes as blue as morning,
Some with eyes as dark as night,
Some with faces strangely thoughtful,
Some with faces strangely bright.

And the while I gaily greet them,
I look on them with love and care,
In my room, amongst my flowers,
Stands a baby's little chair.

But alas! the laughing darling,
That in precious bygone days
Sat there, never more to leave me
With his pretty, naughty ways.

Cunning feet placed on the table—
When his noodle made me woe—
Cup of milk poured on my sugar,
Spoons and his dropped on the floor.

Then when "mother's" face grew cloudy,
Little arms around me thrown,
Little hands my cheeks caressing,
Sweet lips pressed upon my own.

Oh! the children, happy children—
Smiling every day;
But at home, amongst my flowers,
Stands a baby's empty chair.

—Dittie's Monthly.

From Potter's American Magazine.

Miss Warren's Mistake.

BY MISS M. C. HOLMES.

Alone in her cosy sitting-room, she sat in the depths of a sleepy, hollow chair, and with her hands clasped in her lap, and the tips of two dainty slippers resting on the fender added to the *dolce far niente* attitude of the attractive figure momentarily revealed by the fire-light's sudden flashes.

"I will have to give a decided answer to-night," soliloquized the young lady, frowning in deep thought. "I must be really something out of the wrinkles with my fingers. Ned demands it, and deserves it, and I must make up my mind to accept or dismiss the boy without further hesitation. If I'm in love, the real feeling certainly differs from the ideal I have had, but Aunt Hannah may be right in denouncing all such thoughts as romance and foolishness, certainly at twenty-three one should be sensible. Well, I'll leave it to fate!" And having thus divested herself of all responsibility on the subject, Miss Warren reluctantly arose and obeyed her summons to the parlor.

"How could you keep me waiting such an eternity!" exclaimed the visitor reproachfully, advancing to seize her extended hand as Helen entered the drawing-room door. "It was positively cruel! I've been waiting a full half hour, enduring most horrible tortures of suspense."

"You are mistaken, Ned," calmly replied the young lady, languidly glancing at her watch; it is precisely six minutes since you entered the house; one should not exaggerate. And Miss Warren wheeled a chair in front of the glowing grate, sank comfortably down in its cushions and serenely folded her arms.

"You'll thaw, if get so close to the fire!" and with an irate glance toward his placid companion, Ned threw himself pettishly on the sofa in the farthest corner of the room. "I never did see such a girl as you are, Helen; one day all smiles and dimples, and the next, a regular ice queen; a fellow can't come anywhere near you without danger of being frosted; you've nipped me in the bud already; I am utterly blighted; now Nellie, come," he pleaded, melting into a softened state and subsiding into an ottoman at her side.

"Do have a little pity on me and be good to-night; you know I'm half frantic when you treat me so coldly; put away your teasing and give me some satisfaction; it would be so easy for you to make me happy, Nellie!" and Ned captured the white hand nearest him and patted it softly, not daring to make any further demonstrations.

"Miss Warren's dark eyes grew a shade deeper in hue, and the little tremor of her lips proved she was moved. Her was a lonely life, without father or mother, brother or sister. Suitors she had had, but all failed to interest her, and at length she became convinced that the love of which she dreamed existed only in imagination. When but twelve years of age she had been orphaned, and her life from that time until her twenty-first birthday was quietly spent in the seclusion of an old-fashioned boarding-school; her wardrobe then expiring, and finding herself mistress of a very comfortable income, Helen furnished a house in the city, and invited a widowed aunt to superintend it, determined to live no longer without a home. Her little circle for general society, she depended chiefly upon the companionship of a few schoolmates who were congenial in mind and taste, and through one of these friends she had first become acquainted with handsome, impulsive Ned Harding.

"That's true," assented Ned, complacently; "and she has stunning eyes. My! don't they blaze when she is angry, and how she emphasizes the exclamation with soft whistles!" "I'm proud of her, I assure you; and when I thought she wouldn't have me, I was the most cut up fellow you ever saw!" with which patriotic remark the young man caught his mother around the waist, waltzed her to a door, then ran up stairs three steps at a time. Mrs. Harding looked after her boy with an indulgent smile, walked down the hall and disappeared in the kitchen.

But a few moments passed before Helen, refreshed by her hasty toilet, entered the sitting room, and finding it unoccupied, stood thoughtfully an instant gazing into the cheerful fire, then rested her elbow on the mantel and fell into a reverie. A sudden movement of the curtains in the deep bay window caused her to look up, and seeing her lover leaning against the sash, apparently unaware of her presence, Miss Warren went lightly up behind him, and laying her hand on his arm, said:

"Your description of your mother did not half do her justice, for she is the very loveliest woman ever met; you do not begin to be worthy of her, and I shall marry you purely for her sake;" then looking up with a smile full of mischief, Helen met the quiet glance of two dark brown eyes that she certainly had never encountered before.

"You are right, Miss Warren," replied the owner of these orbs, quite calmly; "she is a wonderful woman, and either of her sons deserves the privilege of chatting to her eyes; the older I grow the better I appreciate her character; but no one can fully do her justice."

Helen by this time had nearly recovered from the confusion occasioned by her mistake, and mentally thanking John Harding for his tact in relieving her embarrassment, she succeeded in conversing with a moderate degree of composure until Mrs. Harding summoned them to tea. The old lady's exclamation of surprise at finding them acquainted, was met by John with the quiet explanation that they had been forced to introduce themselves, since no one was present to perform that important ceremony for them; and Helen, with a burning face, kept her eyes on the floor, and was silent.

The first evening passed pleasantly with music and lively conversation, the bright old lady proving herself an adept at entertaining. Helen was a thorough musician, and loved her art with her whole soul; so when Ned advanced with a bow and a flourish, to escort her to the piano, she arose without hesitation and complied, surprising and delighting John's cultivated taste, with her exquisite renderings of Schubert and Beethoven. Ned, the incoherent, declared there was no music like that of Annie Conway; a partner, then turning to his mother he pled her with questions concerning the neighborhood girls, and was jubilant over the information that Miss Conway had called in the afternoon with invitations to a dance at her house on Christmas eve. The following morning John Harding, in possession of the postoffice with an exultant air, returned from the postoffice with a new pair of eyes, and the shadow was not dispelled by the pleasant picture that met his view as he entered the door of the cosy sitting-room. Helen, contented and happy, was ensconced in a large chair, before the fire, daintily assorting a perfect rainbow of delicately tinted zephyrs.

"I suppose it is useless to ask you for one of those letters," she said, with a smile of welcome, nodding toward the package he held in his hand; "I am too lately arrived to be so favored; do prove your magnanimity by reading your's immediately that I may cease to be tantalized."

"Thank you, I will do so," was the smiling answer, "and when the duty is performed you must reward me with a game of chess; it is not often that I meet with an enthusiast like yourself."

Helen gave a willing assent, and laying aside her worsted, removed the books from a small inlaid chest-table, and proceeded to arrange the pretty volumes upon their respective squares. The last letter was read and replaced in its envelope, and John took his seat opposite Helen, merely smiling as she indignantly refused the advantage of the first move, and bade him choose between her two hands for his black pawn.

The game was fairly begun, when Mrs. Harding's cheery voice in the doorway asked, "Where is Ned?"

A frown contracted John's smooth brow, and he was silent for an instant, then, without looking up, he said, laconically, "at Annie Conway's."

"I suppose he considered it his duty to call soon for old acquaintance sake," apologized the mother, a little anxiously; "he won't stay long, I'm sure." Then with a change of tone, "Queen Helen, if I'm needed as umpire in the course of the game, I'll be glad to do it, but I'll be in the kitchen up to my elbow in pastry; and the only plea I can offer in extenuation of my cruel desertion is, that I am a New England housekeeper, and this is the week before Christmas."

"Are Ned and Miss Conway very old friends?" asked Helen, meditatively, as she checked her opponent's king.

"They were inseparable as children; but when he was sixteen or seventeen, he was the careless rascal. A few months were made in total silence."

"She is very charming and pretty, is she not?—I mean Miss Conway—now Mr. Harding, in two moves you will be mated."

"Profoundly true," said John, at length, after attentively studying the board, and then, to the surprise of many people she is considered so, I resign," he added, immediately; "deliver myself up a captive, vanquished in fair fight. Pray, what will your Majesty's sentence upon her prisoner?" and rising he stood before her with bowed head and folded arms, the personation of manly submission. Queen Helen was merciful; she did not receive the knight, but she should have a game of chess every day during her reign, the captive was released on parole.

Dinner-time arrived, but Ned did not; tea-time passed, but still no word from the truant; his absence was not remarked upon, but a look of relief took the place of anxiety on Mrs. Harding's face when her son's step finally crossed the threshold, and she saw the merry face of her boy, and the explanation of his conduct necessary; talked freely of the fun he had during the day, and was enthusiastic in his praises of Miss Conway, who had "improved most wonderfully in the past five or six months."

Helen listened to this discourse with eyes upon her work, and when Ned expressed a desire that she should see the fascinating young lady, said quietly, "I would be most happy to meet Miss Conway, indeed felt quite anxious to do so."

"During the days until Christmas eve, Ned was almost a myth in the family circle; from breakfast until tea-time he was always absent, and often did not reappear until the household was at rest. His mother, in the excitement of her many friends to visit, still she seemed much troubled; and John, grown strangely nervous and restless of late, observed Helen closely to discover the effect upon her of her lover's inattention. The young lady, however, seemed serene and cheerful; she became intensely interested in a series of chess contests, and apparently enjoyed with her whole heart the daily sleigh-rides given her by John, who exerted every means in his power to supply the deficiencies of his brother's neglect by his own kindness and attention to their guest. The evening of the party at length arrived, and Helen, truly lovely in a silk of delicate pink, entered the sitting room to await the rest."

"You look magnificent, Nell," approved Ned, patronizingly, as he walked around her for a careful survey; "all you need is some white rose-buds in your hair, and here they are, for John thought they would be becoming, and said I had better get them for you."

"Your brother is very thoughtful, and I thank him," was Miss Warren's quiet reply; "the flowers among her heavy braids. This remark called for no response, so Ned very judiciously made none. The next moment John made his appearance to announce the sleigh, and the young people soon found themselves on the steps of Mr. Conway's brilliantly lighted house."

The brothers left her at the dressing-room door. Ned said, cheerfully, "I shall wait and take you down, Nell?"

"Thank you, if your brother will do me that kindness," and she turned to John with a smile of interrogation.

"Thank you for the permission," said Mr. Harding, with a sudden flash in his brown eyes.

The band was playing "The Blue Danube" as Helen, leaning on her escort's arm, entered the long parlors, and the first familiar figure that met her view was Ned dancing with a young lady, so attractive in face and form, so airy light and graceful, that Helen could not subdue her admiration. "How lovely! how perfectly bewitching!" she murmured, in a low tone, to her companion;

"Tell me who she is!"

"Following the direction of Miss Warren's gaze, John hesitated, then looking straight in the eyes, replied, "Miss Annie Conway."

At the end of the waltz Helen received an introduction to her fair hostess, and was greeted with a sweet smile, and a baneful pressure of the hand; excusing herself to Ned, she brought forward and presented half a dozen gentlemen, stood

and chatted a few moments, and then leaving Miss Warren surrounded by this group, she again accented Ned's arm and took her place in the waltz quadrille.

Helen declined round dances; so, during the evening she had much opportunity for quiet observation, and especially when she was seated in one lady and gentleman, who were seldom seen apart; and when pretty little Annie was introduced to honor any other partner, Ned stood in the corner with his arms folded, and never once removed his eyes from this captivating little creature until he was once more at her side. Helen saw everything; but laughed, talked and entertained so brilliantly that he was constantly surrounded by an admiring knot of listeners. Twice, on glancing at the opposite end of the room, she met John's keen and penetrating gaze fastened upon her, as though bent on reading her very soul; for the strange behavior of this engaged couple apparently interested John Harding not a little.

Toward the close of the evening, just after Helen had declined her first invitation to dance, good-natured Mrs. Conway rustling to her side, sank comfortably into a chair, and with folded arms and a sigh of satisfaction, proceeded to talk volubly of the sweetness and prettiness of her "dearest Annie."

"Yes, I think that will be a match," she whispered, with a sly smile, nodding toward a deep window near by, where Ned and Annie, half-hidden by the long curtains, stood in earnest conversation.

"The dear children were always devoted school friends," she continued, confidentially; "and they were as good as engaged when Ned went to the city to live, six months ago; poor Annie nearly broke her heart over the separation, and has not been herself since, till she heard the boy was coming home for the holidays; his will give between them now, I fancy, for the child is as happy as a lark, and sings from morning till night without stopping. Excuse me, dear, I must go talk to old lady Martin and find a partner for her ugly daughter, or my character as a hostess will suffer to-morrow."

Then for one brief moment Helen was left alone.

As the first movements of departure were made she pleaded a headache, and gladly accepted John's offer to take her home; and during the lonely ride in the cold moonlight neither of them spoke one word.

The remaining week of the holidays was merry with sleighing parties, dances and tableaux. Helen was as gay as the gayest, and won the hearts not only of the happy young people, but of the roof of her fascinating powers) of the ladies also, both old and young. Her manner to Ned when they changed to meet was so serenely kind and self-possessed that Mrs. Harding and John were thoroughly puzzled, and could only wait wonderingly for the denouement.

It was New Year's eve, and Mrs. Harding's parlors were bright with the happy voices and pretty costumes of young people in fancy dress. The hour to unmask had come, and a brilliant Queen of Night, glittering with stars, entered the conservatory leaning on the arm of a Capuchin Monk; they, too, had vainly tried to penetrate each other's disguise, and both were unwilling to acknowledge their attempts failed. Fusing the other raising the crimson face, the beauty of a large magnolia laden with blossoms, a low sob from the depths of the shrubbery near by broke the silence that had fallen upon them, and a voice filled with tears falteringly said: "But day after to-morrow you will be gone, and then I may not see you for another six months."

"Ned," she thought of me, Annie, darling!" was the tender exclamation, in a low and impassioned tone. "Though I have never said so in words, you must see and feel that I love you. Six months ago I was blind, and did not realize what you were to me; but my eyes are opened now, and I cannot live without you. Trust me for a few days, until some important business matters are arranged, and I will come to you, and ask your father's consent to our engagement."

With a slight shiver the Queen of Night slipped her hand through her companions arm, and turned silently away toward the drawing-room door.

"Now will your Majesty remove her mask?" demanded the monk, with his hand upon her own.

The lady dropped her silk disguise, and looked up with a long, low cry into the flashing eyes of John Harding.

"Helen Warren, what manner of woman are you, to have heard that conversation unmoved!"

Miss Warren's head drooped, and a tear fell on cheek, as she answered in a low tone: "I am not unmoved; I tremble to think of the misery I might have caused, had I not seen the member of Congress, who had been so long in the course of business, and one day, when contemplating some removals, he had called before him, among others, Mr. Marr, at present chief clerk of the Appointment Office. In a half-serious, half-jovial manner, the judge said: 'Well, Mr. Marr, do you think the department could get along without you?'"

The quick answer was evidently free from much apprehension of danger: "I don't know how that may be, judge; but I know that I couldn't get along very well without the department."

He was retained. The dull routine of office was never so unloved by her as now. Dunder sometimes called "the Earl" was perhaps the bigger war. He delighted in rallying the mild and staid John Smith as having been one of the brave militia at the "Bladesburg races." Said he, "The red-coats got a little the better of you first, but you beat them in the long run."—Harper's Magazine.

Stolen Kisses. Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle

"There is a class of men in this community who never let anybody else have any fun. Instead of making everybody happy around them, they make everybody miserable. One of these characters was on board the train recently, coming up from the pioneer's picnic with his young and pretty wife. They were on one of the long benches of the platform car. Alongside the wife sat a young man of festive tendencies, a peculiarity in the countenance, and in a moment everything was in the dark. When daylight was reached again the husband saw a fragment of his wife's lace veil upon that young man's hat. Instead of reasoning, as a philosopher would have done, that it might be all a mistake, the suspicious husband got up and wanted to punch the other man's head and make a scene generally. The trouble finally cooled down, and everybody began to laugh at the old fellow. When presently another tunnel was reached, a mischievous young lady who sat next to the husband quietly detached a piece of her veil and put it on his hat. As soon as the car got into daylight the other passengers began to laugh at him, and to hint that he had been browsing on the forbidden pastures. He rose then, and his wife pretended to get angry, and when such audible remarks as, 'Who'd a thought it?' 'Pity a man of his age can't behave himself,' 'Bald-headed men are all that way,' etc., were around the car, his face looked like a boiled lobster all over. When the depot was reached he was the first man off the train.

dream; she seemed, however, very contented and happy, indulged more than ever in her habit of reverie, and sometimes betrayed a slight impatience at being recalled to life's realities.

Ensnared in her favorite chair in the firelight on the evening of January evening, she was dreaming pleasant dreams, if one might judge by the smile on her lip and the vexed expression it gave place to as the door opened and Janet made her appearance on the threshold.

"A gentleman down stairs to see you, Miss Helen."

"On such a night!" she exclaimed in astonishment, as a gust of rain and sleigh bells dashed against the window. "What name did he give?"

"Mr. Harding, ma'am."

"Oh, very well, ask him to come up here." And leaning over in her chair, she listened to the approaching footfalls, wondering that Ned should care to see her again so soon.

As the steps entered the room she held out her hand without looking around, and bade him sit down.

"My dear boy, what consideration could have brought you out in such a gale as this? you must have something very important to tell me."

"I have," the voice, and the strong pressure of the hand that clasped hers, made Helen start to her feet dyed in blushes. "I thought it was Ned," she faltered, trying vainly to regain composure.

"The second time you have mistaken me for him; but is Ned's brother to have no welcome? will you not say you are glad to see me, Helen?"

"I am glad to see you of course, but you must not expect me to say so until I recover from my surprise. When did you reach the city, and why did you come?"

"An hour ago, and I came because I have some news to tell you; an engagement to announce."

"Ned's!" and Helen leaned forward, and looked up in her companion's face, with eyes full of interest and amusement.

"Yes, Ned's; he came home the night before last, and astonished the family just as we were sitting down to tea; he would give no satisfaction as to the cause of his return, and was preparing to leave the house in the evening, when I took him by main force into my room, and demanded the whole story. Knowing he was going to see Annie, I sat up to congratulate him; and congratulate him I did, with my whole heart. Now, Helen, you know what I came for to-night, do you not?"

"Yes," replied Miss Warren, demurely; "to tell me of Ned's engagement."

"Not entirely," said John with a tender smile, as he arose and leaned over her chair. "I came to tell you that I love you; did you guess it before? look into my eyes, Nellie, and answer."

"I did guess it before," was the soft reply.

"And the reason Ned's behavior did not affect you, Nellie, was because you loved me, was it not? Say it because you loved me."

"Yes, it was because you loved me," and Miss Warren's long lashes fell to hide the mischief and happiness dancing in her eyes.

"In spite of this wicked enjoyment of your power, Queen Helen, you are at my mercy; for you have promised to marry me, and that too before I asked you to do so. Never shall I forget our first *le a-tete* in the bay-window at home."

"Don't please don't," cried Helen, burying her face in her hands; "that was such a dreadful mistake."

"Indeed it was," said John, taking possession of the hands of one of his, and the other raising the crimson face. "And now, since you are to marry me, it is for my mother's sake or for my own? I insist upon knowing this before it is too late. No, you shall not have your freedom until you tell me!"

"Tyrant! to take such base advantage of my weakness!" then, with a shining light in her uplifted eyes, she said, "I marry you purely for yourself, John."

The following amusing reminiscences of the Post-office Department at Washington are sent to us by a gentleman who was formerly one of its most able and distinguished officials:

When Francis Granger was Postmaster-General, he used to take great pleasure in heading off incompetent officers by producing the neat and well-arranged books of the then financial officer of the department, the genial John Marron, and asking the applicant if he could keep accounts as neatly as these were kept. The question never failed to prove a settler. Judge Collamer, on assuming the charge of the department, having previously been a member of Congress, was already acquainted with some of the clerks, whom he had met in the course of business, and one day, when contemplating some removals, he had called before him, among others, Mr. Marr, at present chief clerk of the Appointment Office. In a half-serious, half-jovial manner, the judge said: "Well, Mr. Marr, do you think the department could get along without you?"

NOTES FOR THE FARMER.

Summer Thoughts.

BY D. S. FOSTER.

Upon a mossy knoll in the forest,
Lay looking upward at the eternal blue,
Of the infinite and quiet heaven,
The oak leaf and the hemlock's canopy.
And now and then a cloud went drifting by,
Lidless and untroubled by the view.
How like my feeling summer thoughts to you,
O calm, peaceful clouds! And now the evening sky
A deeper, darker, sadder azure had,
The birds have ceased their singing and the breeze
Is filled with hums of insects, as dusk saith—
With the first few stars twinkling through the trees.

The night has come. A little while, and death,
Like night, will end life's summer holiday.
—Midsummer Holiday Sermon.

Don't Cut Too Low.

Now that mowing machines are such light drafts, and the facilities for regulating the height of the cutter-bar are so exact and convenient, we have often thought that there was, in seasons giving a short hay crop, a tendency to cut too close, especially in timothy. In clover the formation of its stalk and its attachment to the root is different, and its roots run deep, while timothy is comparatively shallow rooted. If timothy is cut below the lower joint, the chances of the root being killed by dry weather and hot sun are very much increased, and its tendency to tiller out is very much checked. Last season we tried the experiment of cutting three or four rows of timothy as low as we could set the knife, and it is perfectly safe to say that to-day there is not one-half the quantity of grass on this plot as in the same area in other parts of the same field. The timothy is so long in starting its second crop that it is much more exposed than clover, and the trouble may be due to this cause alone. If a half, or even an inch more of the stubble will have any effect in saving the root, it is poor economy to cut so close as to remove it.

Live on Animals.

A correspondent writes to a western exchange: Lice on domestic animals will often produce great irritation of the skin. They are often on cattle when their presence is not suspected. I noticed some time ago that my horses rubbed their necks with their ears, and their tails with their heads, and they were inclined to rub against me. So I began searching for lice, and I found that they had thousands of the big blue species. I washed them in strong soda made of common soap, which had no effect on the lice. So I procured carbolic soap and washed them with the suds. The effect was surprising. Three days after the washing there were hundreds of lice on their heads pointed apparently to the hide, and their dead bodies extending outward.

How to Manure Orchards.

I have read with interest the notice in one of your recent issues by "Free Talker" of one of the meetings of the Pomological Society when the necessity of a system of fertilization of orchards of the Michigan Lake Shore, where the soil is of a silicious character. This matter of enriching orchards has been for some years a subject of some thought with me. At length I came to the conclusion to make an attempt in that direction on about ten acres of apple orchard. In the spring of 1876 I ploughed the ground, and deep under the surface sowed one bushel of clover seed, and dragged it in both ways; this was in April. We had an abundance of rain at the time the seed was sown, and, afterward, the consequence was a good catch. The clover grew all the season without pasturing. At this time of writing, it would be called a heavy crop. I am having it mowed with a scythe. As soon as it is cut I have it raked under each tree as far as the limbs spread. This I leave as mulch; the second crop I intend to let grow the balance of the season, ripen the seed and thereby restock the land. In 1878 I think there will be a heavy crop of clover. If so, I shall pursue the same course of mowing and mulching. The second growth of 1878 at a proper time in the fall I shall plough under. Thus I shall return to the land two heavy crops in the shape of mulch, and one, green, ploughed under. This will be a cheap and durable way to enrich our orchards.—J. A. Whittlesey, in Michigan Farmer.

Barley or Oats.

In regard to whether it is better to sow oats or barley, much depends upon climate and soil. In sections where oats do well, and barley usually fails, it would be unwise to sow barley. But in those sections where the climate is alike favorable for barley or oats, and where it is a question of soil and preparation, it may be observed:

1st. That oats sometimes do well on an old soil, but barley rarely, if ever, does so. 2d. Oats are more hardy than barley, and while it is very desirable to sow oats, as early as the land can get into good condition, still you stand a better chance of a crop from late sown oats than from late sown barley. 3d. Oats will do far better on low, mucky land, than barley. If such land is well drained and is in good heart, and in fine mellow condition—as after a well cultivated corn, potato or root crop—a great crop of barley may sometimes be grown, especially if the land has been limed, but the chances are altogether more favorable for a great crop of oats. 4th. On low, mucky land, that is only partially drained, and which cannot be worked early in the season, it would be folly to sow barley. If sown at all, I would drill in oats, if the land was not enough to admit the use of the drill; or if not so low, the broadcast, and if they could not be harrowed in, let them sprout on the surface, and roll the land when it is firm enough to hold up the horses. It would be better, however, to summer fallow such land, working it thoroughly, and make it clean and mellow, and seed it down heavily with timothy (and perhaps red top), next August. At any rate, do not sow barley. 5th. Oats will do better on heavy clay land than barley. This is the heaviest crop of barley I ever saw on a field of heavy clay land that was summer fallowed the year previous for wheat by three ploughings, and then sown in the spring early as the soil would permit. Everything was favorable, and the crop was immense. 6th. On weedy land it is better to sow oats than barley. Drill in the oats deep and use plenty of seed. Roll the land either at the time of sowing or after the oats are up. Then when the weeds are sprouted, and are in the seed leaf, go over the field once or twice, or three times, if necessary, with a light, fine-toothed harrow, for the purpose of killing the young weed plants. Oats can be harrowed with less injury to the plants than barley. And if the soil and weather are favorable, and the operation is performed at the right moment, thousands of weeds will be destroyed, and the stirring of the ground will be favorable to the growth of the oats.—American Agriculturist.

Wash for Fruit Trees.

The following is recommended by a consultation of fruit-growers, presided over by Prof. Cyrus Thomas, state entomologist of Illinois, and is a part of a very full report, embodying advice as to the best means of fighting the insects that infest the orchards of that state:

"Insects and mildews injurious to the leaves of seedlings and root grafts can be kept in subjection or destroyed by a free use of a combination of lime and sulphur. 'The use of lime and sulphur in the form of a paste when cutting away diseased parts; also for coating the trees in April. It may be considered as the one specific for most noxious insects and mildew in the orchard and nursery. Its materials should always be ready at hand. It should be used quite fresh, as it would in time become sulphate of lime, and so lose its potency. Whenever dusting with lime is spoken of, this should be used. This preparation should be sprinkled over the young plant as soon as or before any trouble from aphides, thrips, or mildew occurs, early in the morning, while the dew is on the trees. This lime-and-sulphur combination is destructive to these pests in this way: Firstly, by giving off sulphuric acid gas, which is deadly poison to minute life, both animal and human, and, secondly, by destroying contact the same thing. Besides, its presence is noxious to them. Neither is it injurious to common vegetable life, except in excess, unless it be the foliage of evergreens."

Household Matters.

TEA CAKES.—One quart flour, one pint milk, two eggs, half cupful sugar, two spoonfuls cream tartar, one soda, piece of butter size of an egg.

PROVIDENCE FRUIT CAKE.—One-half pound butter, one pound sugar, two eggs, one-half pound cream tartar, one spoonful saleratus, two cupfuls flour, one pound raisins, one pound currants, one-quarter pound citron, spice.

FRENCH CAKE.—Two cupfuls sugar, half a cupful butter, three eggs, one cupful milk, one teaspoonful soda, two of cream of tartar; take one-half the batter, mix two ounces of grated chocolate with it, and flavor to taste; then bake it so you can have alternate layers, like jelly cake, of the chocolate and white with coconut icing between. Coconut icing.—One and one-half cupfuls white sugar, one tablespoonful of corn-starch, mixed with a little water the whites of two eggs, without beating; eight tablespoonfuls grated coconut; boil in a vessel over water, and cool before using.

RICH COFFEE CAKE.—Two cupfuls of butter, three of sugar, one of molasses, one of very strong coffee, one of cream or rich milk, the yolks of eight eggs, one pound each of raisins and currants, one-half pound of citron, the same of figs, and five cupfuls of browned flour after it is sifted. Put the flour in the oven, and watch it well to keep it from burning until it is a nice brown. When cold, sift with it three-tablespoonfuls of baking powder and a little salt; cut the figs in as long strips as you can; dredge all the fruit with flour; beat the cake up when it is baked in a moderate oven from four to five hours.

PICKLED FISH.—Clean the fish thoroughly and cut into pieces about five inches long; rub each piece on the cut side with salt. Put a layer of fish in a jar which will about hold the fish, put a layer of fish on the bottom, then a few whole peppers and allspice and a blade of mace, then another layer of fish, spice, etc., till the jar is nearly full; then pour good vinegar over it until the fish is quite covered, and let it stand over the top of the jar and cover this with flour paste; keep this in all steam. Put the jar in the oven and bake for three hours. The fish is fit for use as soon as cold, and will keep in the pickle for six months. The white fish, pickled, etc., of the lakes, are very nice for pickling, while the land-locked sturgeon of the great lakes is almost as good as pickled salmon if it be scalded in water before pickling, etc. Shad is excellent pickled, as all the bones disappear.

Headening the Roar of Steam.

Everybody that travels has experienced the annoyance of having his ears deafened when on board a steamboat by the roar of steam. Sometimes accidents have occurred during the racket of "blowing-off" simply because the captain cannot make his orders heard, and everything is to be done in dumb show which is a disturbance loss. Happily an invention has been made, and the nozzle, is destined to choke off this noise. It operates by breaking the waves of sound, the escaping steam being surrounded with a wire helix. A report adopted by the committee on Science and Arts of the Franklin Institute says:

In view of the annoyance, fright and danger arising from the roar of escaping steam, and of the completeness with which the nozzle destroys this roar, we are of the opinion that Mr. Shaw has done a great service to the community, and especially to the transportation interests, in overcoming an obnoxious and dangerous feature in the use of steam; and we recommend the award to him of the Scott legacy premium and medal for his spiral exhaust nozzle."

Cure for Poison Ivy.

From