

Agricultural Department.

This department is conducted by a gentleman of long experience in Northwestern Farming.

Farmer's Families

could occupy the best room in the house. The front part of the house could be thrown open, and the most convenient, agreeable and pleasant room in it be selected as the family room, and when the work is over, let their mother, brothers and sisters meet, and have a good time. Here could the re-union occur every evening. The only way now to keep farmers on the farm is to make home pleasant, and while the girls are obliged to remain at home every effort should be made to surround them with all the comforts of life, the most of them being bestowed in a sociable manner.

Florida and Minnesota.

Florida stands in just about the same relation to the South, that Minnesota does to the North. Both States are considered extremely healthy, and both are seeking emigration, which is a great staple of all new countries. Rough Florida has been settled these many years, yet it is, comparatively speaking, a new State: that is to say it a small part of the soil has ever been cultivated. Both States, too, have advantages, agriculturally speaking, over those which are situated in extreme latitudes. To our mind, were we to leave Minnesota we would migrate to Florida, and for these reasons: Florida has even temperatures. It is not hot one day and cold the next. There is no sleet and snow in the winter. It is not freezing and rawing all of the time, but moderately warm all of the time, as it is in Minnesota in the winter moderately cold. If Minnesota is the gem of the north, so Florida is the gem of the South. It is a convenience and a novelty to plant Irish potatoes in December. Strawberries in February fresh from the vines would to us in the north, seem out of season, but in Florida, that is the time for them, and we dare say we have as much fun and pleasure in the winter months in the North as they do in the South, even if we have not so many good things for the inner man.

Changing the Situation of Hives.

It often happens that the beekeeper for some reason or purpose finds it necessary to get a stock transported to a new situation in the apiary before the dormant season arrives. One of the plans usually recommended, is to move it daily towards the intended spot by short stages, of about two feet a time.

Another and more efficient plan sometimes adopted, is to take the stock to a distance of not less than a mile, and after allowing it to remain there three weeks, to bring it home and set it on its stance prepared. Both these methods are attended with considerable trouble, but it must be apparent the difficulty of shifting a hive would be greatly reduced if we could put its bees into the condition peculiar to a warm. This is what we attempt to affect whenever we transport a stock from one side of our garden to the other.

Our procedure is as follows: If the bees are in a common straw skep, we drive out half of their number with the queen, into an empty one—and put the driven bees on the old stance, and the skep, from which they were ejected, on the new, leaving them thus till the following morning.

Then, before many bees are a-strive drive again the ejected bees, with their queen, into another empty skep, and place them for a few hours as near as possible to the hive from which they were first driven. These driven bees now act like a swarm, and, as they accessively go out, examine and make themselves acquainted with their new situation. Toward midday we shake them out in portions on to a newspaper, and make them run into the original skep.

If a live containing frames is to be shifted, let it, early in the afternoon, be carried at once to the place it is intended to occupy, and there opened, look over the frames, till the one which has the queen is found. Take the frame to the vicinity of the old stance, and, by a jerk send queen and bees from it into a skep that has been used, and to which fragments of comb adhere. Adjust the skep on the stance, and restore the frame to its place in the removed hive. The skep will receive all bees that are not out in the fields, when they come home, and all the more aged bees that will return from the shifted hive, as soon as they discover the absence of their queen.

Early in the morning following, drive, as before, queen and bees in the skep into another empty one, and set them beside the frame hive, and join at midday.

If the nights are cold, to prevent injury to brood from only a small number of bees being left, the driven hive should be taken before dusk into a warm, dark room and kept there till next day.

This method of moving hives to a little distance is more convenient than any other we have tried, and we have often practised it with success.

About Milking.

Five per cent. and perhaps ten, can be added to the amount of milk obtained from the cows of this country, if the following rules are inexorably followed:

- 1. Never hurry cows in driving to and from pasture.
- 2. Milk as nearly at equal intervals as possible. Half-past five in the morning and six at night are good hours.
- 3. Be especially tender to the cow at milking time.
- 4. When seated draw the milk as rapidly as possible, being always certain to get it all.
- 5. Never talk or think of anything besides what you are doing when milking.
- 6. Offer a caress, and always a soothing word when you leave her. The better she loves you, the more free and complete will be her abandonment as you sit by her side.

A Plea for Ashes.

The hearth stone hangs fire in many families because of an exaggerated idea of dirt that accompanies an open fire. If with much argument, persuasion and entreaty, the old fire-board is taken away for once, and a fire lighted by some enthusiastic antiquarian, no sooner is it gone out, than morbid neatness brandishes every brand and ash, as if these were the signs of some shocking disorder. Now, if you please, ashes are not dirty—they are clean—so clean, indeed, as to be useful in cleaning other things. Fire is an emblem of purity, and ashes, with scattered dust, of purification. A fire-place scoured out with soap-suds every day never seems like a place for fire at all. To thoroughly enjoy an open fire we shall need to relax somewhat our prejudice against a liberal pile of ashes in the fireplace. A bed of ashes protects the hearth and the chimney back from injury by too fervent heat, and preserves embers and coal from a wasteful draft. Your back log, to spend frugally, needs to be imbedded in ashes. It is not everyone who has green rock maple to burn with its wealth of snowy ashes brimming over upon the hearth. But whoever has seen a fire of it, will give up the notion of dirt as connected with ashes. Sweep the hearth clean, and as often as you like, up to the ashes—but let those lie, deep and wide, as the natural base of the fire.

How Long to Milk a Cow.

There seems to be a prevalent idea that it is not profitable to milk a cow more than eight or nine months, and most dairymen dry off their cows early and let them dry three or four months. Is this the best practice? We think not. A cow is kept for milk. She should be bred for holding out her milk as long as possible with due regard to health. It has been proved in the case of thousands of cows that have lived to good old age, that they can be bred to give milk ten months in the year, bear a good healthy calf, and be ready for as good a milking season the next year. We should seek such cows and discard those that persist in drying early, even if they do give a good mess for a short season.

Action of Cod-Liver Oil in Disease.

Buchheim finds that cod-liver oil has an acid reaction, and contains, in addition to the fatty glycerines, free fatty acids—oleic, stearic, and palmitic—the quantities of which vary in different kinds of oil, but amount in the clear variety to about five per cent; and no biliary matters are present in oil. Its value, according to Buchheim, depends on the presence of the free fatty acids, since to absorption of fats is preceded, to a certain extent at least, by their disintegration into glycerine and fatty acids; and as the latter are introduced in cod-liver oil in their free condition, and thus easily unite with the alkalies of the intestinal juices to form soluble and easily absorbed soaps and combinations, a part of the digestive work is spared, which is of importance for weak persons with deficient power of producing the gastric juices.

A Parisian Scene.

They are taking evidence in a divorce case for cruelty; the husband is under examination; his wife, prostrated with grief, is weeping bitterly, covering her face with her handkerchief.

"Now," says the judge, "are you not ashamed to have thus brutally treated your wife, a tender young woman of twenty-five?"

The wife suddenly raises her head. "I beg your pardon," she sobs; "twenty-four only."

LEVITIES.

Nothing pleases a fly so much as to be mistaken for a huckleberry, and if he can be baked in a cake and pass himself off upon the unwary as a currant he dies without regret.

"That's what I call a finished sermon," replied a man as he was coming out of church, "Yes, finished at last," replied his neighbor, "though I began to think it never would be."

Fond father to visitor: "My boy knows a lot of Scripture. Now, Larry, what did God make on the first day?" Larry hesitates. Fond father points upward in the direction of the chandelier. "I know, pa; he made gas!"

There is a grave digger's strike in Liverpool, which threatens to extend to other parts of the United Kingdom, and as a means of bringing the strikers to terms, the board of health gravely asks persons not to die for several weeks.

Now is the time for lovers to get spoony over ice-cream, she taking a few pretty dabs at his vanilla, and he borrowing a taste of her chocolate. This process inspires confidence in the day when they will be throwing corned beef and cabbage across the table.

The melancholy days have come when the merry, busy little fly, chilled by the morning air, crawls under the upper crust of the apple-pie, and irradiates the sullen pastry with the gleam of his dying smile when you turn back the crust to sprinkle in a little more sugar.

When a common school teacher in Virginia found upon his examination papers the question, "How does a ship at sea find its latitude and longitude?" he arose to the occasion and promptly wrote: "It finds its longitude hot and its latitude cold."

A farmer the other day, if the story be true, wrote to a New York merchant asking him how the former's son was getting along, and where he slept nights. The merchant replied: "He sleeps in the store in the day time I don't know where he sleeps nights."

"What do you sell those fowls for?" inquired a person of a man attempting to dispose of some chickens of a questionable appearance. "I sell them for profits," was the answer. "Thank you for the information that they are prophets," responded the querist: "I took them for patriarchs."

Danbury has the champion patient boy. He comes of a chronically-borrowed family. The other day he went to a neighbor's for a cup of sour milk. "I haven't got anything but sweet milk," said the woman pettishly. "I'll wait till it sours," said the obliging youth, sinking into a chair.

A clergyman observing a poor man by the road-side, breaking stones, and kneeling to get at his work better, made the remark: "Ah John, I wish I could break the stony hearts of my hearers as easily as you are breaking these stones." "Perhaps, master, you do not work on your knees," was the reply.

The late Dr. — did not satisfy by his preaching the Calvinistic portion of his flock. "Why, sir," said they, "we think ye dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor, "I never saw any ye had to renounce!"

The other day a prominent newspaper man of Norwich, who loves a joke, went into a hair-dresser's establishment and asked the price of ear-wigs. The proprietor brought out a couple of buffalo-robos, and said that perhaps they would answer if the bald spots were no larger than they appeared from the ground.

"Suppose," said an Iowa attorney to a witness to whom he was cross-examining, "suppose sir, I should tell you that I could bring a dozen of your neighbors who would swear that they would not believe you under oath. What would you say to that?" and the witness replied, very pleasantly, "I should say you lied."

A tailor and his son were in the olden days doing a day's work at a farm-house. The prudent housewife, to secure a good day's work, lighted candles when daylight began to fade. The tailor looked to his son and said, "Jock, confound them that invented workin' by candle-light." "Ay," replied young snip, "or daylight. either, father."

A New Jersey editor lost his best gold pen and holder a few days ago. After making a thorough search all over the office, and accusing a dozen tramps of its theft, he happened to remember where he last placed it, and bending down the top of his ear, discovered no less than fourteen pen-holders of various styles which he had lost during the past two years.

"Speak up!" is becoming as familiar a cry in the British House of Commons as "Divide!" During the midnight and early morning scenes "speak up" has become quite a joke. Whenever some member is bawling out, at the very top of a stentorian voice, in the hope of roaring down opposition, he is assailed at every momentary pause with the cry of "speak up!" followed by cheers of laughter.

He came down stairs to the office of the hotel and said: "I ain't done nothing to be ashamed of, and because I haven't clean underclothes is no reason why I should be abused." "Who abused you," said the clerk. "I don't know who they were, but just as soon as I blew out the gas they began to hiss as loud as they could, and I want it stopped," said the stranger. The clerk had the hissing stopped, and he slept the sleep of the just the rest of the night.

Lucky Oil Speculators.

Pittsburgh Telegram, Aug. 31.

The excitement in oil circles is still unabated, and Duquesne way to-day is alive with dealers. It is rumored that there is a giant ring bolstering up the price of oil, and that before many days the bottom will fall completely out. Others deny this and say the advance is the legitimate demand of German brokers, who in anticipation of a still further rise are buying freely, and now find the production in no way sufficient to meet the demand. However, be this as it may, reports are in circulation of immense profits and fortunes some operators made during the past week. Dr. Hostetter, of bitterns fame, it is stated, held personally 300,000 barrels, on which he cleared two dollars per barrel. A number of operators here who held 10,000 barrels sold yesterday at a profit of three dollars and thirty cents per barrel. Schriver, of Oil City, closely connected with the pipe lines, has cleared, it is said, during the past week, \$300,000. Thum & Co., brokers, who hold a large quantity of low-priced oil, are reported to have cleared on its sale upward of \$100,000. One broker here has 48,000 barrels which cost him but little over \$1 per barrel. He still refuses to let it go at \$4. Another gentleman bought quite low, some time ago, paying about 80 cents and sold at \$3.15. Another transaction, much larger, was that of a dealer who sold 3,000 barrels at \$2.80, for which he paid 65 cents, but was afraid the market would collapse.

Everybody in the oil region who has had any cash on hand seems to have invested when the rise commenced and were made happy. At Oil City, one of the speculators is about \$75,000 ahead, and several others nearly or quite as much. Many of them count their profits realized by tens of thousands, and a few of them by anything less than thousands. A large number of outsiders, who rarely, if ever, have anything to do with the market, have been induced so take a chance and have realized good profits. Young men with limited capital and board bills to pay have purchased calls at prices which they little expected the market to reach, and have realized profits ranging from \$50 to \$1,000. It is safe to say of the oil exchange that there was never a scene so much excitement in three consecutive days. At Titusville it was the same. Geo. A. Chase went to the exchange in the morning, and came out at night with \$1,200 more money than he entered with. Chief of Police Rouse made \$650 net during the past three days. Policeman Kane is worth \$1,500 more than one week ago. A boy put \$40 in the hands of a broker to be used with other money, and in two days' time drew out \$200. Some of the dealers and brokers might report something large. One Titusville operator since Friday morning last has made \$15,000; another \$20,000 and another \$30,000. Others have made various sums from \$2,500 to \$10,000. Will prices stick, is now the absorbing conundrum to operators in this city and residents of the oil regions. The fluid has already reached a giddy height, but the next 24 hours may see a wonderful change in its figure.

Dom Pedro and the Mennonites.

From the N. Y. Herald.

Ever since the Herald published the facts in relation to the effort of the Emperor of Brazil to induce the Mennonites to change their destination from the western portions of the United States to Brazil there has been a very warm feeling in relation thereto, not only among their friends here who have given the thousands who have already found homes in this country needed advice on landing, but also among the immigrants already here and perfectly satisfied with the change they have made. Their hopes were strong that their friends, reared in the severe climate of Russia, would not be induced by improper statements to attempt to build homes and follow their accustomed agricultural pursuits in the hot, and to Northerners, really unhealthy climate of Brazil. In order to gain further and latest information touching the progress of the Brazilian scheme, a reporter of the Herald was sent to interview such of the nearly 200 who landed here last in relation to the matter and also to the feeling among the many thousands who are still looking anxiously for homes abroad. The result was as follows:—the surprising statement published heretofore in the Herald was verified by them and the progress made detailed. The forty colonies, before noted, had appointed five delegates to go to Brazil and spy out the land, ascertain the conditions offered by the Emperor, and report their conclusions to the proposed colonists, who are still at their homes. The delegates left, but on reaching Hamburg, on their way to Brazil, were sadly disappointed on finding that the first of the conditions promised had not been fulfilled. The promise made was that such delegates as the forty colonies might select should receive a free passage from Hamburg to Brazil, be cared for while there, and the expenses of their return paid. On reaching Hamburg they found that there had not been any provision made for them, but nevertheless, they resolved to fulfill their mission, made the needed arrangements on their own account, and the belief of their brethren is that they are already in Brazil. Those who have landed here lately and are on their way to the Western States are very much afraid that the attention of the delegates will receive and the promises which will be made to them

will blind their minds to the very dangerous climate conditions, and that they will thereby be led to report favorably.

In fact the very serious difference between the climate in which they have been reared and that of Brazil was not appreciated by those who came here last, until they made inquiries in regard to it; for they are a people who have traveled but little before starting to change their homes, have been engaged chiefly in agricultural pursuits and have been mentally exercised mainly in relation to their desire for freedom to live in accordance with their religious and social beliefs. Before leaving here those who have now gone westward expressed their determination to inform their friends at home of the facts now clear to them, and were anxious that the people here should aid them in causing proper statements of the respective conditions in Brazil and in the United States, to be made in such manner as would cause the knowledge to be spread abroad among their brethren who remain behind.

Josie Mansfield's Mansion.

Says the New York Express: A large brown-stone mansion on the north side of Twenty-third street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, for many years was the noted residence of Josie Mansfield. It was in this dwelling that many of the prominent members of the old Tammany and Erie railway rings met and enjoyed the gorgeous generosity of Col. Fisk and the society of Miss Mansfield, for she could charm when she pleased, being well educated and thoroughly informed upon general topics, and her conversational faculties perfectly cultivated. She was at that time the beautiful houri of that peculiar paradise, and reigned supreme. Here, especially on New Year's day, she held high and festive court, surrounded by every appointment that wealth could contribute and taste suggest. Her personal appearance was perfectly gorgeous, and the dimly-lighted rooms fairly intoxicated the senses with the perfume of the bewildering profusion of the choicest natural flowers that the liberal purse of her patron had furnished. Her court upon these occasions was attended by eminent judges, prominent lawyers and doctors, politicians, authors, actors, brokers, railroad kings, sporting gentlemen, officeholders, office-seekers, and Bohemians, all vying with each other in paying homage to the power and beauty of this Cyprion queen for she was like

A dream of poetry, that may not be written or told—exceedingly beautiful.

The last New Year's day that she held her court seemed to excel in brilliancy and the distingue throng that crowded her salons any that had preceded it, and she fairly outshone herself. Among the gayest of the gay two persons in particular were noticeable, and they each quaffed the sparkling wine and drank to her health and beauty, they pledged also to each other eternal friendship. Alas! how soon was one to realize that "a thing of beauty is not a joy forever," and the other to taste the pangs of a bitter death! But so it proved. Toward the close of that New Year's night the two stood together and chatted merrily. Her looks were like beams of the morning sun.

Forth looking through the windows of the east,

When first the fleecy cattle have begun

Upon the pearded grass to make their feast.

When the next New Year's day arrived, what a transformation scene had taken place! One of these three persons were sleeping the sleep of death away off in a narrow cell in a country church-yard; the other in a narrow cell of a walled prison, with no sleep but the fevered sleep of an over-excited brain, and in a condition worse than death could bring; and she—perhaps beautiful—yet now wretched; and if now a sleepless outcast, certainly with no home—a wanderer in a strange land and among strange faces. Since then that house has changed hands several times, and that New Year's day night was the last that revelry held her court there. Colonel Fisk, from the first to the last, expended \$47,000 for and upon it, and a short time ago it was sold for \$30,000, and is now the property of Mme. DaVivo. It is a superb mansion and its decrease in valuation is caused, not by reason of its former associations, but by the present immense depreciation in real estate.

A Fourth Presidential Ticket.

There is a fourth Presidential ticket in the field. Captain Chauncey Barnes, of California, has nominated himself for President, and Caroline Brocklies, of the same State for Vice President. His platform as announced in a printed circular, is as follows: "No salary, no rum, whisky or tobacco to be used at the head of Church or State; and every man to have his wife, mother or sister to act and stand by him side by side, to counsel with upon all subjects pertaining to the welfare of our government and Humanity."

Patient to his doctor—"And is it really true that I shall recover?" "Infinitely," answers the man of medicine, taking from his pocket a paper full of figures; "here, look at the statistics of your case; you will find that one per cent of the people attacked by this malady are cured." "Well," said the sick man, in an unsatisfied manner. "Well, you are the hundredth person with this disease that I have had under my care, and the first ninety-nine are all dead."

LIFE.

How checked this life of ours,
To-day with sunshine over head,
With hopes set high in Elysian bow'rs,
And fields of beauty before us spread.

No pangs of sorrow, pain or care,
Invest our souls with cankering blight;
But free as birds cleaving the air,
In thought we soar to plains more bright.

To-morrow comes the damps of life;
The mists gather thick and fowl,
And now the turbid stream of strife
Is rushing o'er our storm-tossed soul.

So roll she changing fitful years,
As thorn' our being on they glide;
To-day the smiles, to-morrow tears,
The end—death over-flowing tide.

Personal and Impersonal.

The reigning belle at Cape May is a red-haired girl from Cincinnati. The day is coming when a Milwaukee woman with a wart on her nose may be the heroine in a novel.

A contemporary thinks it is "about time another Massachusetts dam gave way." Wait until Ben Butler is nominated for Congress, and there will be hundreds of Massachusetts dams give away.

Indian customs seem to be reaching the East. Old-Man-Afraid-of-His-Wife came home late the other night and crawled under the bed, but was persuaded to leave his reservation and become one of the Soar-Heads.

Philadelphia Bulletin: "It was pitched without," said the clergyman, and an old base-ball player, who had been calmly slumbering, awoke with a start and yelled "foul." The first bass came down from the choir and put him out.

Some one wrote to the San Francisco News Letter for the editor to decide a bet as to Shakespeare's first name. He replied: "By reference to our encyclopedia, we find his name was George, or, as he always signed himself, G. Dobson-Shakespeare."

Two Episcopal clergymen were in the prayer desk, and one of them, uncertain whether to read the prayer for Congress or not, asked of the other, "Has Congress adjourned?" "No, and it never will," was the hasty but truthful reply. The prayer was read.

The Burlington Hawk-Eye interjects: "By the way—Mr. Proctor Knott—has anybody heard aught of him since congress adjourned? If some of his friends will kindly send us the great statesman's address; there is a sick man in the next room we would like to have kicked."

The Sultan Abdul Azaz bought at one time fifty tigers and 100,000 parrots. We can understand (says an exchange) why a man with several hundred wives should want fifty tigers, but why he should buy so many chattering parrots will forever remain a mystery.

To the demonstration of Professor Huxley that the horse is on evolution from the archippus, the Buffalo Express very pointedly responds: "No reputation is safe in these days. This scandal would never have come out if the horse hadn't been running for something."

Mr. William Black in his story in the September Galaxy tells of a sailor who, coming on deck in the English channel on a voyage homeward from the Mediterranean, and finding himself surrounded with driving sleet and fog and east winds, remarked: "Ha, this is weather as is weather; none o' your hanged blue skies."

A girl in Cincinnati recently over-loaded her stomach with heavy wedding cake and retired early in order that she might dream of her future husband. She dreamed that a man with a mouth curling under each ear, one white eye, a wig, and an income of two dollars and eighty cents a year came and sat on her footboard, and she's in the worst kind of a cave of gloom now in consequence.

Mrs. Sarah F. Holt, an aged lady of Nashua, New Hampshire expired suddenly upon her husband's coffin, last week. She had gone into the parlor where the remains of her husband had been prepared for burial. Looking into the face of the dead, she said quietly: "How can I live without you, Henry?" Then, putting her hand to her head, she tottered and was about to fall, but, being caught by a friend, she was assisted to a chair, and immediately expired.

Two of the younger Rothschilds have just become the possessors of new and magnificent residences in Paris. Baron Edmond de Rothschild, who visited this country last year in company with the Count de Turenne, has bought the superb Hotel Pontalba, with its noble park and gardens of five acres in extent, adjoining the British Embassy, and will there surround himself with all the marvels of bibliography, which happens to be his "particular wanity" and which can nowhere be more sumptuously indulged than in Paris. Baron Arthur de Rothschild has bought two fine hotels—meaning, of course, two fine private mansions—on the Avenue Marigny, has demolished them both, and is erecting a marvelous palace, with "hanging gardens," wherein to enshrine his works of art, his luxurious household—and his postage stamps. He is the chief collector of postage-stamps in France, and is now in treaty for the large display of American stamps to be seen at Philadelphia in the Exposition.

"Ah, me," said a romantic wife, "I love to unlock my soul with the keys of the piano." "But," said the stern husband, "your keys have too much flat and too little natural."