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## TEACHING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Eighty little pupils  
Coming through the door,  
Pushing, crowding, making  
A tremendous roar.  
Why don't you keep quiet?  
Can't you mind the rule?  
Hush! hush! hush! hush!  
Keeping public school.

Eighty little pupils  
On the road to fame!  
If they fail to reach it,  
Who will be to blame?  
High and lowly station,  
Bride of every feather,  
On a common level  
Here are brought together.

Eighty little hearts,  
Loving little hearts,  
Eyes brimful of mischief,  
Stilled in the teacher's gaze.  
That's a precious darling!  
What are you about?  
"May I pass the water?"  
"Please may I go out?"

Boots and shoes are shuffling,  
Glance and look are reading,  
And in the corner under  
Two pugilists are battling:  
Others cutting dimes,  
What a boisterous lot!  
No wonder we grow weary  
From such association.

Anxious parents drop in,  
Merely to inquire  
Why his olive branches  
Do not shoot higher:  
Says he wants his children  
To mind their parents' wishes,  
And hopes their brilliant talents  
Will not be abused.

Spelling, reading, writing,  
Putting up the young ones,  
Pinning, scolding, fighting,  
Sporing up the boys,  
Grammar, vocal music:  
How the heart is vexed,  
When the singer comes  
To cultivate the voice.

Institute attending,  
Making out reports,  
Giving object lessons,  
Class drills of all sorts;  
Reading dissertations,  
Feeling like a fool—  
Oh, the untold blessing  
Of keeping public school.

THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.  
I was nearly forty, and felt myself so  
severely anchored in my old-bachelor  
existence that I had no intention of  
with all sincerity and by all the gods in  
the hallowed calendar, I would never  
take a single risk in the matrimonial lot-  
tery; but I counted without the trumpeter's  
horse.

It was toward the last of September,  
1864, I was on my way back from Ba-  
den-Baden, and intended to spend, at  
most, a day in Paris. I had invited four  
or five of my friends, for the hunting  
season, to my estate in Elton. They  
were to arrive early in October, and at  
least a week was necessary to make pre-  
parations, at La Roche-Targe, for their  
reception. A letter from my steward,  
that awaited me in Paris, brought me  
unwelcome news. My hounds were all  
in good condition, but two of my twelve  
huntsmen had either fallen sick or some  
horse disorder or had become lame dur-  
ing my absence. I was, therefore, com-  
pelled to supply their places with others.

To this end I made a tour in the Ely-  
sian Fields among the dealers, who  
showed me any number of animals—  
some better, some worse—that they re-  
commended as hunters, at a moderate  
price—about three thousand francs, on the  
average. The next day I went home,  
and, consequently, I was in no humor to  
spend seven or eight hundred francs  
for a horse, which would enable me to  
get through the season.

It was a Wednesday, Cheri, one of the  
principal dealers, had his first sale of  
the season. Without any further knowl-  
edge of the animals he offered than  
what I derived from the catalogue and  
from their appearance, I bought eight  
for five thousand francs. Among them  
I hoped to find four or five, at least, that  
would do for relays, which would enable  
me to get through the season.

Among my purchases there was one  
horse that I bought almost solely on ac-  
count of his color, which was truly beau-  
tiful. The next day I went home,  
and, consequently, I was in no humor to  
spend seven or eight hundred francs  
for a horse, which would enable me to  
get through the season.

Cheri's catalogue had only told the  
truth. Brutus was exceedingly well  
broken; indeed, he was too well broken  
for my purposes. He would give me a  
slow trot or a canter, but would not  
continually strike the ground with his  
fore-feet in a peculiar manner; and  
when I tried to make him raise his head,  
which he carried very low, he would  
nearly tear my arm off. Finally, he  
took to prancing in grand style, like a  
horse-sho! in an arena.

ing a hare, and who subsequently re-  
ceived a handsome present for the shot  
from his wife.  
I was at the moment exactly in the  
center of an open space formed by the  
junction of six long, shaded alleys.  
When Brutus heard the report of the  
gun, he stopped short, planted his feet  
firmly in the sand, pricked up his ears,  
and raised his head high in the air. I  
was surprised to see him so disturbed by  
the report of fire-arms. I would have  
supposed that, after the liberal educa-  
tion he had received in his youth, no  
amount of firing would have excited his  
curiosity. I touched his flank with my  
heels, in order to urge him forward;  
but Brutus refused to budge. I tried to  
turn him to the right, to the left; not a  
foot would he move. He stood like a  
statue; and, nevertheless—you need not  
laugh, for, he assured, what I am telling  
you is strictly true—and, nevertheless, at  
every effort made to induce him to go  
on, he would turn his head and glance  
at me with an expression of impatience  
and surprise; then he would relax into  
his statue-like immobility. There was  
clearly some misunderstanding between  
us, for I read very distinctly in his  
glances that he would say: "I, the  
horse, but do my duty, and you, the  
cavalier, do not do yours."

I was more puzzled than angered.  
"What manner of beast is this that I  
have bought of Cheri?" said I to myself.  
"And why does he look at me in this  
queer way that I did not do?"  
I was on the point of having recourse  
to extreme measures—that is, to admin-  
ister a shower of well-laid-on blows with  
my riding-whip—when we heard another  
shot—Brutus and I—at which he made  
one bound, and only one. All my an-  
guish to induce him to go on were  
fruitless. He planted his feet anew in  
the sand, and more firmly, if possible,  
than at first. I began now to get out of  
patience, and, as a consequence, to ply  
my whip; but Brutus, who had been  
merely submitting tamely to the punish-  
ment I inflicted, he pitched  
and kicked in the most furious manner  
imaginable. But while the battle was  
at its height, and I was dealing him  
heavy blows with the loaded handle of  
my whip, he found time to give me a  
look, now and then, full, not only of  
indignation, but of surprise. It was plain  
that, while I demanded of the horse  
what he refused, he expected something  
from me that I did not do.

And how, think you, did this end? To  
my shame—my great shame. I was ig-  
norantly unhorsed—thrown! Brutus,  
it seemed, came to the conclusion  
that nothing was to be effected by vio-  
lence, and that he must change his  
policy. After a moment's pause, which  
was certainly a moment of reflection, he  
stood straight up in the air, not on his  
hind-legs but on his fore-feet, and that,  
too, with as much calmness and address  
as if he had been doing so for years.  
Of course I slid down over his head into  
the sand, which, fortunately, was tolerably  
deep.

I tried to rise, but one of my legs re-  
fused to do me service; I uttered a cry  
of pain, and fell forward on my face.  
I had ruptured one of the small-  
er tendons of my right leg, which, al-  
though not a very serious matter, caused  
me great pain whenever I attempted to  
stand. Nevertheless, I succeeded in turn-  
ing over on my side, and, by a series of  
efforts, I managed to get up, and, when  
I began, to rub my eyes, which were  
full of sand, and to wonder  
what had become of my rascally dapple-  
gray, I saw a horse's foot descend on my  
head, then the foot was placed gently  
against my breast, and, at last, he  
again on the sand; this time on my  
back.

I was now, and very naturally too,  
I think, exceedingly frightened, and, more,  
I felt that it would be useless to make  
any further effort. I therefore remained  
quietly on my back, asking myself, once  
more, what manner of beast was this  
that I had bought from Cheri; at the  
same time I closed my eyes and awaited  
death. I expected to be killed. But,  
instead of receiving my coup de grace,  
I suddenly heard a strange stamping in  
the sand, and, at the same time, a quan-  
tity of dirt and gravel struck me in the  
face. I opened my eyes, and lo! there  
was Brutus, using all four feet with won-  
derful address, endeavoring to cover me  
up in the sand. He was doing his best,  
the dear fellow, and every now and then  
he would pause to see what progress he  
was making; then he would raise his  
head, give expressions of self-satisfac-  
tion in a low whinny, and resume his  
work. This continued four or five min-  
utes, when, thinking me, doubtless, suf-  
ficiently covered, he approached respect-  
fully and knelt—got down on both knees,  
and seemed actually to be uttering a  
prayer, while I looked on in wonder and  
amazement.

His prayer being finished, Brutus  
bowed his head slightly, rose, walked  
a few steps, stopped, looked to-  
ward me, and then began to gallop  
round the open space in the center of  
which I was lying. This he did some  
twenty times—round—round—round—  
until I began to be dizzy from watching  
him, when I cried out, "Halt! halt!"  
He obeyed, but seemed embarrassed to  
know what he should do next. At this  
point he turned his head, and I saw  
fallen off when I was dumped so uncer-  
emoniously into the sand, and lay a few  
feet from me. At the sight of it, Brutus  
seemed to be relieved of his embarrass-  
ment. He immediately went toward it,  
picked it up with his teeth, and started  
off at a brisk gallop down one of the six  
alleys that I have mentioned.

Brutus disappeared, and I remained  
alone. Never was a man more puzzled  
and confused. The horse meant, more  
than I could divine. I shook off the sand  
that partially covered me, and crawled  
on my hands to a little spot of grass at  
the corner of one of the alleys. Arrived  
there, I made myself as comfortable as  
possible, and then cried out at the top  
of my voice, in the hope of making my-  
self heard by some one; but I got no  
response. The park, at least the part  
where I was, seemed to be entirely de-  
serted. I waited some one thing to do  
to wait till some one came that way.

I had been a full half hour in this un-  
enviable position, when I espied Brutus  
a long distance off, at the end of the  
alley by which he had disappeared,  
galloping toward me in a big cloud of  
dust. Little by little, as he came nearer,

I discovered a pony-chaise in the cloud;  
then, in the chaise, a woman, who was  
driving herself, and behind the lady, a  
little groom.

A few minutes after making this wel-  
come discovery, Brutus, covered with  
foam, stopped before me and let my hat  
fall at my feet, saluting me with a sym-  
pathetic whinny, which seemed to  
say: "I went for help, sir; and here it  
is." But I had no eyes for Brutus, or  
ears for his explanations. My senses  
were occupied with the minister of fairy,  
who sprang lightly from her little car-  
riage and hastened toward me. She,  
too, on her part, looked at me very in-  
quiringly, and suddenly we cried out in  
one breath, respectively:

"Madame de Noriols!"  
"Monsieur de La Roche-Targe!"  
Now, I have an aunt, and for years be-  
tween her and me, there has been a con-  
tinued battle.  
"Get married!" she has insisted.  
"I don't want a young girl!" I have  
insisted.  
"Do you want a young girl?" I have  
insisted.  
"I don't want a young girl!" I have  
insisted.  
"Do you want a widow?" I have  
insisted.  
"I don't want a widow!" I have  
insisted.  
"Do you want to marry?" I have  
insisted.

Madame de Noriols always figured  
among the first of my aunt's widows, and  
I noticed that she never failed to dwell  
at length on all the advantages I saw in  
this union. It was not necessary to tell  
me that Madame de Noriols was pretty  
—any one could see that without promp-  
ting—or that she was rich. She chose,  
rather, to remind me ever and again that  
the late Monsieur de Noriols was a fool,  
who was never happy when he had  
succeeded in making his wife exception-  
ally miserable, and that consequently  
nothing would be easier than for her  
second husband to make himself adored.

Then, after a lengthy eulogy of  
Madame de Noriols' virtues, graces, and  
merits, my aunt, who was very adroit,  
and knew my vulnerable points, would  
take from her secretary a map of the  
neighborhood and spread it on the table.  
The map was very exact and complete,  
and, having actually drawn a red line  
of purpose of convincing me that, if I had  
any sense at all, I would marry Madame  
de Noriols. The chateau of Noriols and  
of La Roche-Targe figured on the map,  
and were hardly five leagues apart. My  
map, having actually drawn a red line  
around the two domains, would oblige  
me to look at it, saying:

"Two thousand one hundred acres,  
good measure, and not a single division  
hedge, if Noriols were united to La  
Roche-Targe! Eh, isn't that sufficient  
to persuade my huntsman nephew?"  
The temptation was so great that I  
could only turn away and take refuge in  
my usual refrain:

"I don't want to marry."  
But I felt that I was in danger, never-  
theless, really in danger, and, whenever  
I met Madame de Noriols, I always saw  
her encircled by my aunt's red line, like  
an aureole, and couldn't help saying to  
myself:

"Exceedingly pretty—there's no deny-  
ing it—and clever and sensible, too—two  
thousand one hundred acres without a  
division-hedge—humph! Fly, Monsieur  
de La Roche-Targe—fly, since you don't  
want to marry!"  
And fly I would, and always did, but  
how could I fly this time? There I was,  
stretched out on the grass, covered with  
sand, my hair in disorder, my clothes  
torn, and one leg that refused to do me  
service; and now there stood Madame  
de Noriols before me, looking at me with  
the red line wound all round her as usual;  
and asking, in her most seductive tones:

"Mon Dieu! is it you, Monsieur de  
La Roche-Targe? What are you doing  
here? What has happened to you?"  
I frantically confessed that I had been  
ignominiously thrown.  
"You are not hurt, I hope?"  
"No; not seriously, at all events. I  
have strained my right leg a little; but  
it is not serious, I am sure."  
"And what horse acted so badly—not  
this one, certainly?" pointing to Brutus,  
who was quietly browsing near at hand.  
"Yes, that one; he is the culprit."  
"What is this noble fellow? Well, he  
has fully made amends, I assure you;  
but I will tell you all about that by-and-  
by. We must first think about getting  
you home."

"I cannot take a step."  
"Oh, I will drive you home, at the  
risk of compromising you."  
And she called Bot, the little groom,  
who took me by one arm, while she took  
me by the other, and helped me into her  
chaise. Two minutes more, and we were  
on the road to La Roche-Targe. We  
were alone in the chaise, Bob having  
taken charge of Brutus, who had shown  
unwillingness to be caught.

"Make yourself comfortable, and keep  
your leg as straight as you can," said  
Madame de Noriols. "I will drive you  
as gently as possible."  
In fact, she did great many little  
amiable, womanly things, that I found it  
very pleasant to listen to. Then, when  
she saw me in a comfortable position,  
she asked me to tell her how I came to  
be thrown, saying that afterward she  
would tell me how she chanced to come  
to my aid.

I began my narrative, to which she  
listened attentively until I commenced to  
describe Brutus' efforts to throw me,  
after the two shots, when she cried,  
laughing in her silverest tones:  
"Oh, I see it all! I see it all! You  
have bought the trumpeter's horse!"  
"The trumpeter's horse?"  
"Why, yes; and that explains the  
whole mystery. Have you not seen many  
a time, at the Cirque de Imperatrice,  
the feats of the horse of the trumpeter?  
A chasseur d'Afrique enters the arena  
on a large, gray horse; the Arabs fol-  
low, and shoot at the chasseur, who is  
wounded and falls—and, as you did not  
fall, the horse, in indignation at this state  
of duty, threw you off. And what did  
he do when you were on the ground?"

I told her of the effort he made to give  
me a decent burial.  
"The trumpeter's horse?" she con-  
tinued—"fourth of the trumpeter's horse!"  
He sees that his master is wounded; the  
Arabs may come and dispatch him. So,  
what does he do? He buries him. And  
what did he do then? Started off on a  
gallop, did he not?"  
"Yes, carrying my hat."  
"Instead of the colors, to prevent

their falling into the hands of the enemy.  
There being no flag, he took what he  
could find. And where does he go?"  
"To find the rivandiere."  
"Precisely. He goes to find the rivandiere;  
and the rivandiere, to-day, if you  
please, and I, the Countess of Noriols.  
He entered my yard on a gallop,  
with his gloves, putting on his gloves  
preparatory to driving out. The stable-  
boys, seeing a horse approach, saddled  
and bridled a hat in his month, and  
without a rider, tried to catch him; but  
he avoids them, and, coming straight to  
the steps, he falls on his knees before  
me. The men try again to catch him,  
but he springs to his feet and starts off  
on a gallop. At the gate he stops, looks  
back, and calls me—"

"Calls you?"  
"Yes, I assure you, calls me. I cry  
out to the men to let him go, jump into  
my chaise and follow him over roads not  
originally intended for carriages; but no  
matter—I arrive, and I find you."  
Just as Madame de Noriols had  
finished her narrative, the chaise received  
a fearful shock from the rear, and the  
next moment we saw Brutus' head tower-  
ing proudly above and behind us. He  
and Bob had been following close be-  
hind, when, seeing the green velvet  
curtain, he had availed himself of the  
opportunity thus offered to make a fur-  
ther exhibition to his new master of his  
accomplishments. He had reared up,  
and placed his fore-feet on the vacant  
seat, with Bob clinging to them, and  
dear life to his mane and the pomps of  
the saddle, he was trotting along on his  
hind-feet only, with all the nonchalance  
in the world.

As for Madame de Noriols, she was  
so terrified that she dropped the reins  
and threw herself into my arms—dear,  
adorable Madame de Noriols!—and  
rested her little head against my shoul-  
der. With the left hand I caught up  
the reins, and with the right I supported  
Madame de Noriols. My leg hurt me  
most fearfully; still I bore it without a  
murmur, and continued to support my  
lovely burden.

It was thus that Madame de Noriols  
made her first visit to La Roche-Targe.  
When she returned about midnight,  
some six weeks afterward, having during  
the day become Madame de La Roche-  
Targe, she said to me:

"What a strange thing life is, my  
dear! Nothing of all this would have  
happened, had I not bought the trumpeter's  
horse."—  
Appleton's Journal.

Purchase of Samana Bay by American  
Capitalists.  
Some months ago several business  
men, of the highest standing in the  
financial world, conceived the idea of  
acquiring the Samana Bay, and for  
which the Government attempted to  
negotiate in 1867. Correspondence took  
place between them and the Dominican  
Government, and the prospect appearing  
favorable for the realization of the  
scheme, a company was formed, with the  
following officers: President, Alden B.  
Stockwell; Vice-President, Paul N.  
Spofford; Treasurer, Henry Clews;  
Secretary, R. R. Hazard; Directors,  
Fred. Schuchardt, George M. Pullman,  
C. K. Garrison, Oliver Ames, Samuel  
G. Howe, William G. Fargo, and S. L.  
Marlow. After several meetings held  
by these gentlemen, it was resolved to  
send a special steamer with three com-  
missioners, to examine the bay, and to  
ascertain the amount of purchase money in gold,  
to consummate the transaction. The  
steamer Tybee was chartered for the  
purpose. On the 15th of December the  
convention was held by the commis-  
sioners, representing the company,  
and the Dominican Government. After full  
deliberation a satisfactory result was  
arrived at and a purchase effected. The  
people of San Domingo ratified the  
arrangement, and the Dominican Gov-  
ernment was concluded, to go into effect Jan. 1, 1873.  
The company is granted almost all the right  
of an independent government, and all the  
rights of its own flag, police, and revenue  
officers, the right to collect taxes, to  
charter vessels, collect taxes, etc. etc.  
Any question arising between the com-  
pany and the Dominican Government,  
it is stipulated, shall be referred to  
some European power for arbitration.

The present Protestant population of  
the world is estimated at 121,000,000.  
Of this number 33,900,000 are in the  
United States.

A LARGE quantity of sugar-cane cut-  
tings from the East Indies has arrived  
in Louisiana to take the place of the de-  
generate native seed.

The property of knowing whom one  
marries is verified in the case of an aged  
couple in Iowa, who, as widow and  
widower, married, and who, it was after-  
ward proven, were brother and sister,  
separated in childhood.

The Printers' Monument to Greeley.  
The compositors of the New York  
Tribune held a meeting recently and  
adopted the following resolutions:  
WHEREAS, It has been proposed that  
the several printing offices in the United  
States should erect a monument to the  
purpose of making a statue of Horace Greeley,  
to be erected in the lot in Greenwood where  
his remains lie;  
WHEREAS, Type metal is specially adapted  
to reproduce sharp and definite outlines,  
and peculiarly fitted to speak the mute form  
of his heart; therefore,  
Resolved, That we approve of the idea  
of erecting a statue of Horace Greeley in  
Greenwood, made of type metal, which has been  
cast into type and worn out in the service  
of teaching the people; and further, be it  
Resolved, That we ask of our fellow-crafts-  
men (many of whom, now scattered over  
the country, have, like ourselves, either worked  
for or for him during the forty years gone  
by) to set up, on Monday, February 9, 1873,  
the 62d anniversary of Mr. Greeley's birth,  
1,000 axes, and give the receipts for the same  
to be expended in making and erecting the  
statue. The money to be forwarded to the  
President of the New York Typographical  
Union No. 6, 22 Duane street, New York city,  
of which Union Mr. Greeley was the first  
President.

Resolved, That the above preamble and  
resolutions be given to the press of the United  
States, with a request that they be printed  
and circulated as widely as possible.

A MIXTURE of wood ashes and salt,  
three parts of the former to one of the  
latter, constitutes an excellent mixture  
for all domestic animals. It is alkaline  
and saline qualities are both congenial  
to the animal system, and when used in  
proper quantities, and at proper times,  
are highly promotive of health.—Ger-  
mantown Telegraph.

## Miscellaneous.

CANADA leans more and more this  
way.  
FLORIDIANS revel in luscious water-  
melons.  
TEXAS has 140,000,000 acres of unoccu-  
pied land.  
OVER 2,500 Philadelphians died of  
small-pox last year.  
BALTIMORE sends out \$8,000,000 worth  
of oysters annually.  
The average storm travels at the rate  
of 25 miles an hour.  
At least twenty new paper mills are  
projected in Indiana.

A YOUNG lady is the most accomplished  
whistler in New York.  
The Beecher mine in Nevada yields  
about \$500,000 a month.  
MONOGRAMS on envelopes are said to be  
no longer fashionable.  
LINCOLN, Neb., is the youngest city in  
the world lighted by gas.

A MECHANIC owns the best and largest  
library in Memphis, Tenn.  
THERE is a general movement for the  
abolition of the usury laws.

RAILROAD laborers consume three  
pounds of beef each per day.  
A PENNSYLVANIA woman has had seven  
pairs of twins in seven years.  
NEW YORK boasts a three-months-old  
baby that weighs 75 pounds.

It costs a New Yorker \$8,000 a year to  
dress a fashionable daughter.  
The copper yield of the Lake Superior  
mines last year was \$8,000,000.  
BARNSLEY's hired men are ransacking  
all Africa after nice fresh lions.

An air-line railroad is projected be-  
tween Chicago and Kansas City.  
Two of the pension agencies of this  
country are managed by women.  
SIXTY-THREE of the 330 citizens of  
Goshen, Vt., are over 60 years old.

A LAPATETTE, Ind., man has just  
shaved for the first time in 38 years.  
STRAWBERRIES, large and luscious, are  
plenty in the San Francisco markets.  
VELVET boots are worn by the New  
York fashionables, to match the dress.

In Philadelphia, last year, there were  
701 fires, causing a loss of \$5,588,419.  
A CALIFORNIA Chinaman committed  
suicide by cramming paper up his nose.  
Eight hundred and eighty-seven Bal-  
timores died from consumption in  
1872.

The whole number of acres in meadow  
in all the States and Territories is 20,  
000,000.  
The balance of trade against the  
United States last year was, in round  
numbers, \$118,000,000.

The Italian editor who said King  
Victor Emanuel was a repulsive looking  
man has no paper now.  
A CENSUS at Denison, Texas, taken  
when the town was three months old,  
shows a population of 3,010.

DAVID BROWN, the Vermont hermit  
who died last week, left the largest col-  
lection of books in the State.  
LAKE CHAMPLAIN was frozen over dur-  
ing the first week in January, for the  
first time in fifty-eight years.

The number of marriages in Ohio in  
1872 was 26,303; divorces granted,  
1,026; birth, 61,210; deaths, 25,202.  
The oldest inhabitant of Maine has  
made the attempt, but failed, to remem-  
ber when there was such weather before.

THE American-Merchants' Union Ex-  
press Company will henceforth be known  
as simply the American Express Com-  
pany.  
A MATHEMATICIAN says that if Kansas  
was as densely peopled as Massachusetts  
it would contain a population of 17,  
000,000.  
ENGLISH papers predict that Ameri-  
cans won't use the postal cards more  
than a month before they will become  
disgusted.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

Measuring the Height of Trees.  
In the last American Agriculturist is  
an illustrated article describing the mode  
of ascertaining the height of trees. The  
mode, although quite simple, is not al-  
ways on hand when most wanted, and  
requires some nicety of management;  
and the extreme height of trees is less  
frequently desired to be found by farm-  
ers who wish to cut a stick of timber to  
some desired length from the timber  
woods. A more simple method, and one  
that can be put in practice at any time  
and place, when one has only a measur-  
ing rod, and has the experience of the  
writer, is as follows: A stick of timber  
is desired, say fifty feet long; select  
your tree, measure fifty feet in a direct  
line from the foot of the tree on as near  
level ground as possible; now cut a stick  
the exact height of the observer and  
stick it in the ground exactly perpendicu-  
lar; now let the observer lie flat on his  
back, his feet against the stick, and head  
in line of tree and stick, and look di-  
rectly over the top of the stick, and  
pretty nearly, we have seen excellent re-  
sults from measuring the height of trees  
will be the length of stick, fifty feet, de-  
sired. If the ground is not level the  
measure will not be exact, but allowance  
must be made.

Application of Long Manures.  
The New York World says: The  
economy of the application of long  
manures depends upon circumstances.  
We have applied them with satisfactory  
results since the plowing them  
under on sward land where we were  
going to plant corn or potatoes. The  
result attained by such a course was not  
so much manurial as mechanical. The  
decomposition of this long manure, thus  
buried, was retarded, and the cold  
clay. But we would in no case  
apply such manure to light and sandy  
soils, except in this way: When a crop  
of corn is growing and after the last  
hoing, when the corn shades the ground  
between the rows, we have seen excel-  
lent results from muzzling the horses to  
driving astride the row, spreading coarse  
straw manure between the rows, cover-  
ing the ground completely with a mulch.  
This benefits the corn, especially in a  
dry season, and on any kind of soil,  
especially on light ones; also on shallow-  
plowed, stiff soils.

Dietetic Hints.  
Most chronic diseases, and many acute  
ones, are produced at the table. As a  
rule, no fluid of any kind should be  
taken at the table, especially if the stom-  
ach is weak. The stomach should never  
be overloaded; not more than two or  
three ounces of food should be taken at  
one meal; no stimulants used before eating;  
tobacco arrests digestion. Milk is the  
best diet for infants and children. To-  
matoes with cream and sugar are healthy  
and nutritious. Bread and butter is the  
best food for the aged, and for those  
of life, and easily digested. Cold  
meats irritate the stomach. Colds  
are frequently produced by drinking hot  
tea and exposure afterwards. Late sup-  
pers induce heart disease. Pastry and  
cake constipate the bowels. Boiled  
potatoes are not so healthy as baked  
ones. Fruits are to be eaten at break-  
fast and dinner. The stomach requires  
much rest to be healthy; purgative  
medicines weaken the bowels. Cheerful  
conversation promotes digestion; anger  
prevents it.

Horses versus Oxen.  
A paragraph is going the rounds about  
a trial of speed which lately occurred in  
France between horses and oxen. The  
contending teams consisted of four ani-  
mals, and the load was in each case ten  
thousand pounds of beet-pulp. This was  
to be drawn twenty-three kilometers,  
or about twelve miles. The race was  
apparently a dead heat, and each team  
was won by seven minutes, time three  
hours and six minutes. But then you  
see the oxen can be fattened and sold to  
the butcher after they are worthless for  
work.

Rural Items.  
The total potato crop of the country  
in 1871 was 121,000 bushels.  
New York yields one-third of all the  
buckwheat grown in the United States.  
The farmer who plows deep, manures  
liberally and keeps down weeds will  
prosper.

"M." in the Maine Farmer, says  
that "the winter season is the most ap-  
propriate for pruning fruit trees."  
The cultivation of the soil is fast be-  
coming a science, and one that is of  
more value to mankind than any other.

CALIFORNIA, with more wheat than she  
knows what to do with, is preparing to  
move next year than she raised this  
year.  
MRS. DR. BARTLETT, of Kingston, N.  
H., raised 9,000 pounds of pop-corn  
upon two acres—worth four cents a  
pound, or \$360.

THERE died last week in Walpole, Ct.,  
an old hen which had attained the re-  
spectable age of 151 years, having been  
hatched in 1857.

The number of acres reported in  
wheat in all the States and Territories in  
1871 is 19,943,893; number of bushels  
produced, 230,772,400; value of crop,  
\$290,411,820.

The aggregate number of bushels of  
grain produced in all the States and  
Territories in 1871 is reported as 1,649,  
237,800, showing a decrease from 1870 of  
94,564,800 bushels.

We have felt rather kindly toward  
French roads since Friday night. Two  
cats got on Mr. Welland's that evening.  
They were cats that evidently never saw  
a French roof before; but they were not  
timid. They, without a moment's pause,  
sounded the battle cry and went to work.  
For two minutes there was a good deal  
of pulling around and howling; but it  
was a French roof, it was new ground,  
and, before they were fairly aware of it,  
they were off the roof and going toward  
the earth lightning velocity, paving  
out into the air for something to get hold  
of, spitting and crying, and swearing  
and beseeching and sobbing, with their  
hearts full of agony and their mouths  
full of fur, all the way down to the  
ground, where they arrived in a condi-  
tion to afford nourishment to Mr. Wel-  
land's grapevines.—Danbury News.

"MY HUSBAND."  
Who grumbles when I ask for a cent,  
And always inquires the way it is spent?  
My husband.  
Who, when I buy me a shilling gown,  
Will look upon it with a frown?  
My husband.  
Who finds fault with the bill of fare,  
And says a donkey and I would make a pair?  
My husband.

Who, if I request to kindle a fire,  
Will hold up his hands in terrible ire?  
My husband.  
Who smokes cigars from morn till night,  
Then feels in the mood with me to fight?  
My husband.  
Who sits with his feet above his head,  
And scolds me if a word is said?  
My husband.

Who when at night will seek his rest,  
And be snoring in bed when I'm half asleep?  
My husband.  
Who makes me an unhappy wife,  
And is the pest of my life?  
My husband.

Who sits down to a cup of strong tea,  
And drinks the toast of the U. S. G.?  
My husband.  
Humorous.  
A STINGING letter—B.  
Ere long—a donkey.  
A STERN duty—The rudder's.  
A BLUE jay no more—Jay Gould.  
CHILDREN of the blind school—Lovers.<