

Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

THE OXEN.

I have two oxen, red and white, My stable gives them rest at night...

See how the splendid creatures keep The furrow straight. They plow it deep—

As strong as any ox-press, they Are gentle as the lambs at play.

If there shall ever be the day When our rich lands shall all say: "May your fair daughter be my bride?"

—Christian at Work.

A Better Popular Education.

We have not of late taken much part in the discussion of this question, finding it so ably dealt with in the general editorial columns of the paper.

What is really needed is not so much disposition and willingness, as it is intelligent direction and a steady, guiding hand.

Many are seeking a panacea for the acknowledged defects in our schools in what is called the town system, and we believe that to be an improvement upon the district system.

The old state board of education died in the odor of jobbery, and we doubt if the public would agree to its re-establishment.

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multiplied. These narrow and mean jealousies, shown too not by the "ignorant populace," but by our highest-toned and classically educated citizens.

Seeding Grass in Corn.

A friend sends us a clipping in which it is recommended to seed to grass among the corn as follows:

"My plan is to spread upon the inverted sod all the stable manure I intend to apply to the corn and the succeeding crops, and harrow it in.

It is possible that this method will work better than seeding with wheat or barley, but our experience in cultivating corn, even with cultivators that leave the ground most level.

Sorghum on Sand.

Dr. Kedzie, of the Michigan agricultural college, writes in the College Speculum as follows: "It is a plant that grows well on soil too light to produce a paying crop of corn."

The Scientific American gives the following waterproof branding ink, good for marking sheep: Shellac, two ounces, borax, two ounces, water, twenty-four ounces.

We desire to call the attention of our horticultural friends to the nineteenth session of the American Pomological Society to be held in Philadelphia, commencing September 12.

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The domination in Massachusetts agriculture of the old Flint-Loring mutual-admiration ring is pretty nearly ended.

Select Miscellany.

A FRAGMENT.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh unfolds me, And of its bliss is aware not even when told me.

Mrs. Kittridge's Nurse.

PART II.

Miss Ellery's first fortnight at Shelter Island was made up of idyllic days. "Oh, Flossy, darling, isn't it glorious!"

"The picture that spread out before her from morning till night was a continual feast to her beauty-loving soul. It made her think of a painting she had seen years ago, of the cliffs of Dover; the great yellow sandbluffs breaking up at their feet;

"But Mrs. Le Roy seemed bent on bringing the two nurses together. "Would you mind, Mrs. Kittridge," she said, the day after taking possession of the cottage.

"Thank you, Bridget," said the "young laddy nurse," looking over the girl's head at Mrs. Kittridge with a gleam of merriment in her eyes.

"But, in spite of this compact, Bridget hankered for her kind, and frequently when the other nurse went by she would make some pretense to stroll after them.

"I shall certainly have to report you to Mrs. LeRoy, Bridget, if you do not take better care of the baby," she said, when, at some peril to herself, she had succeeded in rescuing the carriage and its occupant.

"Shure, an' I'll not so much as step out o' your sight if ye'll not be after speakin' to the mistress," said Bridget, penitently.

"My protection extends only to the babies," said Margaret, stooping from the nest of sand that Flossy had built about her, to soothe the Rob, whose lip had begun to quiver on finding himself so unceremoniously dethroned.

"Then I should lose my situation, and that would grieve me, for Bridget is to be gone a week or more, and I have undertaken to supply her place," he said, putting out his hands to Flossy, who had sidled up to him, and seating her on his knee.

"I never knew that Philip was so fond of children," said Mrs. Le Roy the next morning, leaning in neighborly fashion over the garden fence to chat with Mrs. Kittridge, who was busy among her flowers.

"Miss Ellery says she makes an admirable nurse," responded Mrs. Kittridge, lip and walked into the house. "That's just what I was afraid of," she said to herself.

"But Bridget was gone a fortnight, and in the meantime, while the babies played in the sand and prattled and cooed to each other, the two nurses discoursed philosophy and metaphysics, and occasionally drifted into poetry.

"I don't like it," said Mrs. Le Roy to her husband on Saturday night, as she rehearsed the events of the week. "Of course I feel safer about Rob, having him with Margaret—men know so little about babies—but it isn't safe for Phil."

"Phil's safe enough," said Herbert, with a laugh; "safer than I wish he were. Miss Ellery is a mighty fine girl."

"Better a nurse-girl like Miss Ellery than a fashionable doll," said the incorrigible Herbert. Mrs. Le Roy, feeling that it would be a waste of words to continue the discussion.

"Now, Philip, I shall depend on you to make it pleasant for Lottie," she said, with diplomatic sweetness. "She is fond of walking, and you must show her all the pretty views."

"I really envy Mrs. Kittridge," said Mrs. Le Roy, a day or two after Tom's departure; "she has such a treasure of a nurse."

This remark was addressed to Mr. Philip Le Roy, who had that morning presented himself, valise in hand, with the evident intention of making a long stay.

"So the experiment is a success?" said Philip, with interest. "It is a success for Mrs. Kittridge," answered Mrs. Le Roy; "and she doesn't pay a penny more than I pay Bridget."

"There's no help for it, I suppose," said Mrs. Le Roy, having dismissed Bridget with reluctant consent; "but it is too provoking, for Rob is beginning to teethe, and he will fret from morning till night if he has to be shut indoors."

"That reminds me," he said; "this morning on the way from the boat I met a family party, the mother in advance, with a fat, blue-eyed poodle in her arms, while behind her came the nurse, carrying a puny-looking baby in her arms."

"Well, I am sure that was proper enough," said Mrs. Le Roy. "I've been trying for a year to have Herbert get me a poodle."

"Come, Rob, let's take a walk," said Philip, putting out his arms to the baby, who, seated on the floor, was ruefully trying his gums on a rubber rattle.

"Oh, he's not in the least afraid of you," said Mrs. LeRoy, catching up the boy and beginning to arrange his dress; "but, for pity's sake, Phil, don't go where you'll be likely to meet that Miss Ellery—it would be so embarrassing for both of you."

"You women are queer combinations!" muttered LeRoy, walking off with Rob on his shoulder. Miss Ellery, seated that morning on the shady side of a big rock, with Flossy at her feet, industriously engaged in burying her, Sphinx-like, in the sand.

"Pardon me for intruding, but, knowing that Mrs. Le Roy's nurse is in the habit of seeking your protection, I have ventured to follow her example, as I am acting as her substitute to-day," he said, seating himself on a stone and letting Rob slide to the ground.

"My protection extends only to the babies," said Margaret, stooping from the nest of sand that Flossy had built about her, to soothe the Rob, whose lip had begun to quiver on finding himself so unceremoniously dethroned.

"Then I should lose my situation, and that would grieve me, for Bridget is to be gone a week or more, and I have undertaken to supply her place," he said, putting out his hands to Flossy, who had sidled up to him, and seating her on his knee.

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"Phil's safe enough," said Herbert, with a laugh; "safer than I wish he were. Miss Ellery is a mighty fine girl."

"Oh, let him go, Irene. He is very little trouble," said his uncle, secretly delighted. Miss Lottie looked annoyed. She was not fond of children, and when she walked with a gentleman she liked his undivided attention.

"Yes, indeed!" answered Le Roy, with enthusiasm; but of all the view spread out before him he took in only a slender girlish figure on the shore below. At that moment Flossy caught sight of Rob, and greeted him with a merry shout.

"Oh! an' it's me mither, mum; an' me cousin Katy Malone—her that was Katy McQuinn—says if I'd be after seein' her this side o' pargartory I'll not let the grass grow under me fate; so, axin' your lave, mum, I think I'll go up on the afternoon boat."

"But how long are you to be gone, Bridget? and what am I to do without you?" asked Mrs. Le Roy, in dismay. "Shure! an' the Lord only knows, mum!" said Bridget, lifting a corner of her apron to her eyes.

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One of our prominent business men said to us the other day: "In the spring my wife got all run down and could not eat anything; passing your store I saw a pile of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the window, and I got a bottle. After she had been taking it a week she had a rousing appetite, and it did her everything. She took three bottles, and it was the best three dollars I ever invested."

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ALMOST AS BAD. What the Perplexed Physicians do in Cases of Whooping Cough. "I'll tell you the honest truth," answered the doctor, "Bright's Disease bothers the medical men almost as badly as cancer does. Having passed a certain stage, both point straight to eternity. It may be unprofessional to get out the secret, but whenever a patient comes to me with Bright's Disease, or any kidney trouble acting like it, I tell him to put on BENSON'S CAPSICUM POROUS PLASTER without delay."

"Next summer, dear Mrs. Kittridge," said Margaret softly, her cheeks growing suddenly rosy—"for next summer I have another engagement."—Marion Breck, in Christian Union.

"Send me one like yourself, dear, and I will be only too happy to treat her as a friend and equal until you can return to us," said Mrs. Kittridge, putting her arm about her; "and that, I hope, will be next summer. Do give me your promise, dear, that you will come back to us then."

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