Farm and Household.

The Care of Bees in Autumn.

A WRITER in an agricultural journal says:

As soon as bees have finished storing surplus honey, it should be removed and the colonies equalized and prepared for winter as speedily as possible. Each colony should be made strong in both stores and numbers by the first of winter, and the earlier in the autumn this is done the better it will be for the owner. Experience will teach beginners the truth of this. Small swarms are sometimes wintered successfully, and I have done it myself, but in the long run it does not pay.

First, then, make them strong in numbers, if not already so. Small swarms should be united so that each swarm will have from four to six quarts of bees. To unite them I prefer to fumigate them with puff ball smoke, then put them together and let them revive in the hive in which you wish to have them remain. I prefer to remove all the queens except the one which I think is the best. An Italian queen may be introduced to such a swarm with perfect safety if all the other queens have been removed. Quimby's Bee Keeping has full directions for fumigating bees. If the united swarms stood near each other, those moved will soon learn their new location, but if they were several rods distant, with other hives intervening or near, a part will return to their former location and be lost. To remedy this, it is best to carry them to a new location at least one and a half miles distant and let them remain three or four days.

Now see that all have feed enough to last them until spring. It is more troublesome and expensive feeding in winter or early spring than in warm weather. Feed only good northern honey or syrup made of good refined sugar. I have used brown coffee crushed with satisfactory results. For a feeder fill a fruit can, glass bottle, or other convenient receptacle with feed; then tie a thin piece of cotton cloth over it and invert it over a hole in the honey board where the bees will have free access to it. They will suck the feed through the cloth. You can feed a little faster and perhaps easier by using an upright tin or wooden box with a float in it. It should be set in the top of the hive. Each hive should weigh at least thirty lbs in addition to its empty weight.

Take Care of Fruit Trees.

AS PEOPLE are now contemplating putting out trees, before winter, they will do well to read the second time, the advice given by F. K. Phenix, of Bloomington, Illinois, who says:

"Most planters are so careless! Friends, if you want trees to thrive, plant early, on dry, deeply plowed ground. Keep roots from sun, air, frost, burying in ground again as soon as possible. If shriveled bury tops and all in moist ground for ten days. Thin out and shorten in tops before planting, to balance the loss of roots in digging. Dig large holes, three feet across and two deep, or better still, plow out very deep furrows, filling up with the best soil, so that trees shall stand only as deep as in the nursery. Straighten out all roots in natural order, fill in with best, fine, moist earth, and then tread down thoroughly, watering, if dry, before filling up. Then mulch—that is, cover the earth two feet each way from stems with coarse manure or straw two inches deep. Always put corn, or some hoed crop, and never grass or grain among young trees. All trees and plants in grassy yards, and dwarf trees also, must have special care. Wash the bodies of apple trees in spring with strong soap suds. Kill off the caterpillars and leaf rollers. Let fruit trees head low—within three or four feet of, and evergreens from, the ground. Let everybody plant trees, and take care of them!"

Raising Hogs.

MOST any farmer will say, "Go to grass with your information about hogs; 'aint I raised them these forty years?" Oh! well, friend, don't be offended if we offer a few suggestions.

In the first place, I am satisfied that you cannot make pork to any profit by allowing your hogs to run at large, and trouble your neighbors. A hog is unique in character; he will sleep himself into fat. His stye should be kept clean and dry. He should have a yard for recreation, and root his snout into fresh earth. He never feels satisfied until he can spend a portion of his time in ploughing. His winter bed should be dry and warm as that of his owner. A half-frozen hog will not thrive, and will require much more food to keep up the summer heat. In summer give him a faithful washing once in twenty days. The growth will richly repay the labor expended. Who but Hottentots could eat the rind of pork with a relish if he knew it had been coated with filth for twenty months? Neat herds require frequent feeding to prevent waste. A hog should not be stinted in his food. I never knew a hog to squeal into fat.

The best pork I ever saw was fatted entirely on new milk. The taste of a hog is found to have an affinity to that of man. He likes to have his provisions cooked; and those who make out the hog is so vile and filthy, have seen them so from the force of circumstances—it was not from their own choosing, it was the owner's fault. Many are crying down pork as not fit to eat; yet, I for one, think it just as healthy as forty years ago, and, if properly cooked, I will run my risk of trichinæ spiralis. Mutton is the food, says one, and beef, says another; but they know but little about what the human constitution requires. One can eat swine's flesh and be hale and hearty, while another, with a differently constituted organism, feels oppressed after eating; and mutton is relished by one, and so onward, in the same style. It will not do to fix any standard or follow any man's advice. If you do, it will be at your own risk.—*Cor. American Farmer.*

Terms Used on 'Change.

FOR the benefit of those of our readers who do not understand the technical terms used, we will explain them. An option is either "seller's" or "buyer's," and the difference in their value is regulated by the length of the option, and the state of the market at the time the trade is made.

A sells 5,000 bushels of wheat to B, at a price named, "seller's option" this week, the "first" or "last half" of the month, "all the month," or "all the year." B may purchase the same amount from C, "buyer's option" for any of the periods mentioned. The seller may deliver at any time he pleases during the life of the contract, on a seller's option, provided he gives so many hours' notice, and the buyer on "buyer's option," provided he gives an equal warning.

Privileges are when A gives B so much per bushel for the privilege of delivering grain at a certain price during a certain time. If during this time the grain should be worth more than the figure agreed upon, A does not make any delivery. He simply loses the money paid for the privilege. This is called a "put." On the other hand he may pay B for the privilege of "calling" for a certain amount of grain at a certain price.

Should the grain decline in price, he does not call, but loses the amount paid by him for the privilege. This is termed a "call." A large number of privilege transactions are made every day in grain and stocks; but they have no recognition as legitimate business transactions, either in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or this city.

A "corner" is the result of overselling on the part of the "shorts." As the time approaches for them to fill their contracts, it is discovered that there is a scarcity, either natural or artificial, of the article sold "short," and in the eagerness of the "shorts" to fill, an unhealthy and extraordinary demand arises, which naturally advances the price.

In nearly all instances these "corners" are the result of a deliberate plan on the part of the "longs"—those who have purchased for delivery in the future. They buy up all the "cash" or "spot" grain offering, and create a scarcity.

As the "shorts" are by their contracts obliged "to fill," they are necessitated to pay the prices demanded by the combination, which is always composed of the "longs." It often happens that the "corners" prove disastrous to the "longs" as well as to the "shorts," as they are left with a load which they cannot get rid of, except at a great loss. Generally speaking, there are few "corners" which turn out favorably for their engineers, but as there is a fascination and excitement about the business, there will always be found those who will embark in them, so long as "short selling" shall be countenanced. —*Chicago Republican.*

Cows Should Have Food During the Night.

A YOUNG farmer asks: "Do you think that cows should be turned into a small enclosure when milked in the evening, and kept there without food or water until after milking in the morning?" We think not. At all events they should have access to water, and if they could have a good feed of green food, say corn fodder, they would give enough more butter to pay for all the cost twice over. In experiments made on the Royal Agricultural College farm, at Cirencester, the average composition of milk was ascertained during each month. The results of September and October were as follows:

		Water.	Butter, pure fat.	Casein and Albumen.	Milk-sugar.	Ash.
Sept.	Morning	88.91	1.93	3.94	4.48	0.64
	Evening	90.39	1.97	3.81	4.04	0.66
Oct.	Morning	87.60	3.99	3.99	4.84	0.79
	Evening	90.39	2.99	3.37	3.76	0.58

Dr. Voelcker, in commenting on these remarkable results, states that the cows in September were out in "a pasture, poor and overstocked, so that the daily growth of grass furnished hardly food enough to meet the daily waste to which the animal frame is subject, and was not calculated to meet an extra demand for materials for the formation of curd and butter." In October, "on account of the deficiency of the herbage, the cows were in the evening driven into the stall and there supplied with hay, roots and meal. The milk became better at once; for the morning's milk then contained 12½ per cent. of solid matter, and in this nearly 4 per cent. of butter. [The doctor does not mean exactly what he says. It was not the solid matter that contains 4 per cent. of butter, but the milk itself. The solid matter contains over 31 per cent. of butter.] The concentrated food which the cows were fed at evening was clearly made into good rich milk during the night."

In regard to whether it is best to allow the cows to run in the pasture during the night, or to shut them up in the barnyard, there is a difference of opinion. But we apprehend the present custom arose from the greater convenience of having the cows in the yard ready to milk in the morning, instead of having to go through the wet grass, or sometimes into the woods, in search of them. We think there can be but little doubt that they would do better in a good pasture during the night than in a pen. A better plan, however, is to feed them in the yard.

This is a standing argument for feeding low—say all the straw and hay they will eat, with a few nubbins of corn, five or six weeks before they come in. There can be little doubt that, as a general rule, cows are not fed high enough during the winter to afford the best results during summer. A cow kept in a comfortable and well ventilated stable, with abundance of nutritious food, will be healthier and better able to stand the strain on her constitution at calving, then if kept on a low diet; and there can be but little doubt that, with a cow of the right sort, all the fat that is accumulated while she is dry will find its way to the pail during the summer in the form of butter. In the dairy districts wintering a cow is expensive, even on the poorest description of food, and it is short-sighted policy to stint her, as we thus lose the whole benefit of her existence during several months. It is just as important to feed her well while she is dry as while she is giving milk. Of course the matter may be overdone, especially with cows not adapted to high feeding, but as a general rule, there is very little danger in this direction.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Wintering Farm Stock.

AS WINTER approaches the farmer is reminded that his live stock can no longer wander over the fields and collect their food from day to day. The grass has ceased to grow. The frost has bound up the surface of the fields in its cold embrace, and the cattle are attracted towards the stable with hunger, lowing as they go, to draw the attention of the herdsmen to their dependent position, pleading for something to eat.

The barns are well stored with hay and grain; stacks and ricks of hay and fodder surround the barns and stables, as a *corps de réserve*, showing the thriftiness and foresight of the industrious farmer in providing for the coming winter; but what of winter? We readily perceive when it begins, but who can predict when it will end? Some winters are short and pleasant, but we can only discover this when we arrive at the farther end. Some are very long and very severe—these are the ones we should make our calculations by, and enter into them as a cautious general enters into a campaign. Graduate the quantity of stock by the amount of feed in store; if you have too much stock, dispose of part; if too little, add more, better too little than too much, always bearing in mind that it pays better to keep stock well, than to keep it poor.

Here we come to a point where many farmers greatly err. They look over the large accumulation of food they have provided for wintering their stock; (and I stop here to give them credit for their industry and perseverance in gathering so much and curing it so well) Some people think that when butter is plenty it should be spread thick on the bread, without thinking that it may sometime become scarce, and then the bread will not be eaten with so good a relish with a thinner spread, or without any at all. So with the winter fodder—they begin to feed very lavishly at the commencement of winter; not only lavishly but wastefully, thinking that so large an amount of food can hardly be eaten by their stock during the winter, forgetting that the winter may be a very long one.

There is a deeper view of the matter, and one that is worth looking into: All that a farmer grows on his farm is worth *money*—worth *dollars*; that is the word—talk of *dollars* and every one can appreciate it. Now, all this hay, and straw, and corn, and oats, can be converted into *dollars*. A farmer will not scatter his dollars about carelessly, but he will sometimes waste or let go to waste, that which, if properly applied, can be converted into dollars.

The important question presents itself here—how all this great accumulation of stock food can be converted into the most money? Not by throwing it in large quantities before the stock to be trampled under their feet. This, you say, will make manure; so it will; but at what cost? Did the farmer toil and sweat and hire help during the whole summer to collect all this great amount of fodder merely to make manure?

Better to have left it where it grew on the ground, by which the additional advantage of mulching would have been secured. Valuable as is manure, it may be purchased too dear. Do you suppose that stock will thrive any better by having large quantities of food continually at their disposal to either eat or waste? No, they will not thrive so well. The appetite becomes cloyed and vitiated by the very abundance presented to them through kindness—they select the most palatable parts and reject the remainder, and thus cultivate a fastidious appetite that becomes more and more critical every day.

Stock will thrive better with just as much food given them as they will eat up clean. This should be at stated periods and regularly attended to. If by feeding economically a large surplus is found to be on hand at the end of the season, it is better than to have wasted it; but it would have been better and more profitable to have added more stock which would have yielded more profit. Don't waste the food, nevertheless; your fields may not yield so abundantly the next season, and your hay being well secured will lose none of its virtues by being kept over.

There has been so much written and printed in the former pages of the *Journal* in favor of steaming food for farm stock, that it may not be necessary to say more than just call the reader's attention to it. One thing is certain—there is *money* in it, and those who reject it, will be convinced after awhile, that they cannot compete with their more enterprising neighbors who adopt it. Any man who will give the matter a fair reasoning before his own mind (even with a little prejudice against it) must be convinced that it will pay. Then, there have been so many trials successfully made and published by fair honorable men, that the matter will not admit of question. If food that makes one hundred pounds of butter without steaming, will, by steaming it, make one hundred and fifty pounds, then the farmer who rejects the steaming process loses *fifty pounds of butter* to every hundred pounds he makes. Can he afford to do this? If the hay grown on twenty acres can be made equal to that grown on thirty acres, by cutting and steaming it, then the steaming is equal to adding ten more acres to the farm. The steaming apparatus need not be near the barn; the food can readily be removed to and fro on a light handcart. The whole thing is not very costly and is soon repaid by the additional profits. —*American Stock Journal.*

Work for Indian Summer.

"THE summer is passed, the harvest is ended," the equinoctial storm has spent its force, and the early frost has put a stop to the growth of every crop; but there still remains to the farmer the pleasantest and fairest season of the year—the Indian Summer. In too many instances this beautiful season is allowed by farmers to run to waste, although there are few portions of the year that might be improved to better advantage.

In many instances the farmer can materially hasten his spring work, by getting his fields ready in the fall. It seems to occur to few farmers that the fall is a good period to set new fences and to repair old ones. The ground is ordinarily in better order for digging post holes; while fencing materials are almost invariably cheaper than in the following spring. Ordinarily, the spring is a bad time in which to do fencing; the roads are in a wretched condition for hauling lumber; the frost is not out of the ground, so that the posts can be set, till after the fields are ready for the plow, and then every farmer knows that his time must be devoted to putting in his crop. The consequence of this delay is that stock are liable to tramp down the fields after they are sown, and are tempted to take sumptuous meals on the fields of winter grain. We all know how difficult it is to keep stock out of a field that they have once become accustomed to going into, and from this we should learn the advantages of having our farms well protected in the fall.

Next to the fence, the farmyard should claim attention. The droppings of the cattle, which have been accumulating all the summer; the coarse manure that was not sufficiently rotted to be carted out last spring, together with the manure that has been thrown out from the horse stable, should all be taken out to the field which is to be planted next season. After the spade and fork have done their work, the hoe should be brought into requisition, and the yard should undergo a thorough scraping.

After the farm yard has been treated in this manner, the farmer will find various apartments where horses, cows, calves, hogs and poultry are kept, these will require a vigorous hoeing and brushing. After this, the floors should be repaired, and all the cracks closed by battens, or filled with mortar.

The orchard may be improved in productiveness, and the back yard in appearance, if the chips and leached ashes in the latter are carted off and placed around the trees in the former. The yard will now be in good condition to receive the wood, which should soon be got up and prepared for winter use.

The outer cellar-door ordinarily opens into the back yard, and probably if you will look in thereat, you will find there is work to be done there. Several barrels have fallen to pieces, and had better be used as fuel. Considerable dirt has accumulated on the floor, that could be well disposed of in filling up various holes and ruts about the lawn or mowing field. When this is done, you will undoubtedly think that the wall will look better for a coat of whitewash.

Having gone thus far in putting farm matters to rights, it would seem to be a sin to stop and leave the walks and drives that lead from the road to the house in so bad a condition as many of them are. The frost has already helped you in killing the vegetation that grew upon them, but you must complete the job with the hoe and shovel. Lay a straight edge along the border, and cut the turf by it; then round them up carefully, and they will be in good condition to be traveled over during the rainy seasons of winter and spring. —*Prairie Farmer.*

The "Fat Contributor" with the Book-keepers.

The "Fat Contributor" delivered a lecture before Bryant, Stratton & De Han's Commercial College last evening, to a fine house. The following is an extract from his address to the students upon book-keeping:

"I never could keep books, or much else. I had a library of them once, but couldn't keep them. They were borrowed and carried away by people who could keep books better than I could. Nice people, though; my books were quite carried away with them.

"Since accepting an invitation to lecture before this college, I have been looking into the science of book-keeping, and find that I was woefully ignorant regarding its simplest principles. For instance, I had been laboring under the mistaken impression all along that in opening a new set of books you used an oyster knife or a 'jimmy.'

"I was gratified to find, too, that you didn't have to balance your books on the end of a pole, which would smack to much of the circus to comport with the dignity of a counting room. I didn't get so far in my study of the art of book-keeping as to ascertain precisely how you close a set of books, but suppose you do it in the usual way—close them with the doxology.

"Now, as I understand it, and if I am wrong I trust you will correct me, we will suppose that A and B—I am only in my a b abs in the science—enter into copartnership in some extensive manufacturing business, such as street-sprinkling, rag picking, or otherwise. Very well. A puts in all the capital, being a capital A, and B has capital, but he lets his capital be. Am I right? They then open a set of books, and make cash Dr. to office rent, and A and B Dr. to—to anybody who will trust them. Bills payable are of course given a draft on accounts current, and the stock assets are entered on the credit side of the balance sheet. Now then, at the end of the year A and B take in C having *taken in* nearly everybody else, who are at once carried over to the ledger (New York) on a note of hand, and—(the labor of attempting to grasp so stupendous a subject is telling fearfully on the speaker). They then draw a draft on their old stock, which, of course, is 'old stock' *on draft*, leaving A and B—carrying their merchandise—credit to sundries—cash—notes of hand—C draws—

(Here the speaker, in a profuse perspiration and greatly exhausted, was obliged to give it all up, and fall back upon his "Injun Meal," which revived both himself and his audience.)—*Cincinnati Times.*

—A passenger just through from the Western terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad reports that the embarrassment suffered from a scarcity of water has been overcome, a well having been sunk near the summit of the Rocky mountains, on the western slope, and water struck at the depth of about eighty feet, the well filling nearly forty feet in a few minutes. The well is ten feet in diameter. The railroad officials and employes have heretofore been obliged to haul their water a great distance to the mountain portion of their track, and there has been much anxiety as regards the question of being able to find water in that region.

Manufacturers, Mechanics and Dealers, do not fail to read carefully the advertisement of Doty Manufacturing Company

VARIOUS ITEMS.

A MAN of mark—The sign painter.

CAN two weak members make one firm?

THE *Alta California* made $18,000 last year.

In Paris, Saturday is the favorite wedding day.

MRS. MARY SMALL, of Maine, has 119 great-grand-children.

THE way of the world—A great many millions of tons.

THE oldest man in New York is Captain Laterbush, aged 103.

SMALL women are noticeable for the greatness of their sighs.

A PETRIFIED crocodile 125 feet long has been discovered in Kansas.

SARATOGA has had 60,000 more visitors this season than ever before.

PROGRAMMES of the music are distributed in some London churches.

M. DE WITT, Guizot's son-in-law, is writing a history of the United States.

THE square in which Yale College stands is estimated to be worth $250,000.

ONE and a half billions worth of liquor is annually sold in the United States.

ENGLISH ladies of nobility took part in Parliamentary proceedings six centuries ago.

BALTIMORE has an oyster police, whose duty it is to protect the fisheries from depredation.

WITHIN one year 1,890 persons died from serpents' bites, in Madras Presidency, India.

"I'LL take the responsibility," as Jenks said, when he held out his arm for the baby.

LONDON UNIVERSITY will be open to women May, 1869. They must be seventeen years old.

JONAH SMITH has fifed 70 years for the parade of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston.

REBECCA BROWN died on the 9th instant, in New Orleans, at the age of 108, and was buried by the city authorities.

THE sign boards put up at the road crossings on the Pacific Railway are said to be, "Look out for the Indians."

LIEUTENANT GRINNELL, of New York, is Inspector General of the Japanese Navy for $15,000 per annum.

MICHIGAN manufactures 150,000,000 feet of pine lumber per annum. Some days over a million of feet are shipped.

THE Catholics are erecting, at Quincy, the largest church in the State of Illinois, except the great Cathedral at Chicago.

A FRENCH chemist proposes a viper's bite as an antidote to the bite of a mad dog. He has not tried the experiment.

CALIFORNIA has sent thirteen thousand dollars to the sufferers by the late earthquake on the South Pacific coast.

THE *Nonpareil* says that a young lady was struck dumb the other day, at Council Bluffs, by the firing of a cannon.

DURING August the New York Post-office sent 396,000 letters, and received 363,000, besides a money-order business of $100,000.

CROPS in Spain are said to be much shorter than usual. Famine is threatened in many districts, and large quantities of grain must be imported.

A PLEASANT party of school lads near Salt Lake City pelted an Indian papoose to death, the other day, and threw the body into a slough.

THE New York *Mail* knows of a furnished house on Fifth avenue which rents for two thousand dollars a month! The occupants are Cubans.

MRS. THOMAS CROSS, of Maine, has just had her seventeenth little cross to bear, and has borne it. Such is the effect of resignation when the husband is Cross.

IT is stated in the English papers that Charles Dickens gets $200,000 for the series of one hundred readings to be given by him the coming winter and spring.

REV. S. MINTON, a very prominent clergyman of the Church of England, has created a sensation by announcing his belief that the doctrine of eternal punishment is unscriptural.

A MONUMENT to the late painter Eliot, of Scotch granite, with a medallion of him by Calverley, of Albany, will be put over his grave in Greenwood, next spring.

A SWEDISH professor has made brandy out of the common reindeer moss, and another has discovered that mushrooms are so plenty that there need never be a famine.

A SUBMARINE diver employed on the Seine went down drunk the other day, and not making the expected signals, another was sent down after him, who found him calmly sleeping on the bed of the river.

EBER PARKER and wife, of South street, Boston, recently celebrated their golden wedding-day. They have resided in one house over forty years, and in the immediate vicinity over sixty years.

THE youthful pastor of the Kenosha (Wis.) Baptist Church could not induce any painter to hazard his life by painting the spire of the church, so he adjusted a rope to himself and the spire and did the work himself.

A FRENCH woman, suspected of having stolen some diamonds and laces, challenged examination; an old detective gave her huge chignon a twitch and thereby unfolded a box in which were the missing valuables.

ANOTHER co-operative foundry is to be erected at North Albany, N. Y. It will be a first-class affair, and the building will cost $25,000. The foundry is expected to be in operation this fall. It will give employment to 100 men.

A FELLOW committed a burglary in Toronto about one o'clock on a recent morning and was arrested, sent to the Assizes for trial, tried, convicted and sentenced before evening of the same day. Justice was both swift and sure in that case.

"WHEN are you going to settle this bill?" "We've had a settlement already." "When?" "The last time you called." "How so?" "Didn't I then tell you that I *meant* to settle that bill?" "Yes." "Very well, then, wasn't that a *settle meant?*"

IT is reported that John B. Young of the New York *Tribune*, is decidedly in luck. An uncle in the East Indies, whom he has never seen and seldom heard of, has been so good as to die and leave him half a million dollars.

A SHREWD fellow in Texas pretended to have found a box of diamonds on the shore, and allowed others to share the prize at $150 a "grab." Several took the opportunity of enriching themselves, until it was found that the diamonds could be readily cut with a good knife.

IT is noticed as a remarkable fact that the castle of Pau, where Queen Isabella of Spain is now taking refuge, is the same in which Henry IV. of France, the first of the royal line of Bourbons, was born, three hundred and fifteen years ago. It is certainly a singular coincidence.

IN Buffalo, the other evening, the clothes of a young man were ignited by an explosion of powder. A lady who was standing in the vicinity with an infant in her arms, rushed up to his rescue, and, by wrapping her clothes around him, smothered the flames and saved his life.

MR. CALVIN BUCKNAM, of Hebron, Maine, has raised a pumpkin which is a curiosity. The ends of the fruit are a very dark green, but about the middle it is a bright yellow, while the two colors are brought up to each other to the last line as exactly as though painted with a brush.

IT is rumored in Kingston, Mass., that Deacon Andrews did not at first accomplish the death of Cornelius Holmes, but on going out early the next morning found him still alive and finished the brutal work by crushing in his victim's head with a stone. This accounts for the body being warm when found.

A FAMILY puzzle: In the family of Stephen Herrick, of Middlesex, Vt., there are three mothers, two grandmothers, one great grandmother, three daughters, two grand daughters, one great-grand daughter, two wives, one widow, two husbands, two fathers, two sons-in-law, one grandfather, and one son-in-law, and only six members in the family.

IT is related of a certain minister of Maine, who was noted for his long sermons, with many divisions, that one day, when he was advancing among the *teens*, he reached, at length, a kind of resting place in his discourse, when, pausing to take breath, he asked the question: "And what shall I say more?" A voice from the congregation earnestly responded, "Say Amen!"

A CHICAGO firm did a hundred dollars' worth of printing for a spiritualist association in that city, sent in its bill and received in payment three notes on the "Wisdom Bank," which it was assured were much more valuable than greenbacks. Each note was endorsed, "Backers, Alanson Abbe, M. D., Harriet Abbe, Abbot Lawrence, Mary Appleton, of Boston, Mass., Guardians of the Wisdom Treasures."

WIBLE laborers were recently demolishing an old building in Twenty-seventh street, New York, they discovered, in an old rat's nest, a roll of bills amounting to $250. Eight years ago the money was lost, and a youthful clerk, then boarding in the house, was suspected and convicted of being the thief. His character was thus ruined, and, giving way to dissipation, he died on Blackwell's Island.

THE first book issued in what were to be the United States, and indeed in North America, was the Bay Psalm Book, in 1640, from the press at Cambridge, Mass. Wm. Bradford issued an almanac from his press near Philadelphia in 1665, which was the first book in the middle colonies. Only two copies of this are known to be extant. They contain a curious address of the "printer to the reader," with his advertisement.

THE Texas herdsmen become so expert in the use of the lasso that they ride on their stunted ponies, through the city of Houston, as though on a steeple-chase, picking up with one throw of their rope anything they may happen to want on the sides of the streets. They very seldom miss their aim. They will take up a loaf of bread from the pavement or a hat from the head of a man walking in front of them with the greatest ease, while riding at the highest speed.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New York *Evening Post*, writing from Norway, says: "While I was at Christiana, some emigrant had written from Chicago that she was receiving three dollars a week and 'very nourishing food' in a small family. As twenty-five or thirty dollars for female service, and fifty dollars per annum for a man servant, are the usual wages in Norway, this letter produced an effect in various Norwegian families."

ONE of the most calmly philosophical speeches I ever heard I heard the other day from the mouth of an urchin. The scene was a play field attached to a most respectable academical establishment. Boys were busy cricketing, and engaged in other sports. Espying one solitary little fellow stretched out on the grass in listless abandonment of all control over his limbs:—"Find the weather too warm for exertion?" I remarked. "No," he said; "but when I bore myself doing nothing, playtime seems so much longer." I have not yet recovered from the stupendous depth of this answer.

THE order of Sons of Temperance was formed in the city of New York, by sixteen persons, on the 29th of September, 1842. There are now over two thousand divisions in this country of this order, numbering nearly three hundred thousand members. There are over twenty-seven different secret organizations in America, embracing over a half million of members, and all springing from that small number of sixteen. That original division is still in existence, and is No. 1 of the Sons of Temperance.

THE *North British Review* says: "At the beginning of a carouse of a drunkard, alcohol stimulates the action of the heart, which now sends blood rapidly to the lungs for aeration. A large supply of bloddisks consequently reach the brain, which is stimulated into activity. The ideas of the drinker now flow rapidly, at first coherently, but soon without control; the brain matter wastes too rapidly, and *delirium* ensues. During this time the volatile alcohol is diffusing itself through the system, converting arterial into venous blood, and loading that fluid with a spirit which has a tendency to prevent change in the tissues, so that the drunkard becomes stupid, falls off his chair in the stupor of sleep, or, if too far gone, dies of venous apoplexy."

MANY years ago a small Connecticut parish undertook to build a meeting house. They went so far as to get up the frame and cover it with boards. Then, for want of money and want of harmony, the enterprise stood still. The elements then assailed the unfinished structure, which, in the course of a few years, rotted down. By this time the people had come to their senses and set out in earnest to have another house. Raisings then were great occasions. All the men assembled to put up the timbers—all the women and children were there to see them do it. At the conclusion of the work, it was common to sing a psalm,—the lines, for want of books, being usually deaconed off. This office, at the time referred to, was assigned to President Edwards' witty son Pierpont, who happened to be present. He began as follows:

Except the Lord doth build the house,
The workmen toil in vain;

which was sung with a will. But the excited throng was taken somewhat aback when their roguish precentor roared out as follows:

Except the Lord doth shingle it,
'Twill tumble down again.

BY the returns of the United State Assessor, we notice that the sales of Giles Bro. & Co. are the largest in the West, and with their New York and Western houses, are equal to any similar establishment in New York. This speaks well for the rapid growth of Chicago in matters of taste and luxury, and for the established reputation of the firm. But few persons are willing to trust to their own knowledge of metals, or to their own taste, in buying a watch or a valuable article of jewelry, or silver plate even, consequently a reliable jeweler is as necessary to those who indulge in such luxuries as a family physician, and a quack in the jewelry line is as dangerous as one in medicine. For this reason have grown up such palatial establishments as Ball, Black & Co., Tiffany & Co., in New York, Bailey, of Philadelphia, and equally well known, though not representing as many millions, Giles Bro. & Co., of Chicago. The established reputation of such houses is a sort of protection against the mountebank and cheap jewelry concerns.

Johnny Shrimp's Composition on Politics.

Politics is a hard word. I don't just know what it means. I guess it is a sort of sickness. People who have this sickness meet together in the evening and howl and talk. Pa has 'em bad. He goes out five nights in the week and doesn't stay at home the other night. He has 'em so bad that he can't walk straight when he comes home.

I used to think politics was something good to eat.

Ma says she thinks it is something good to drink.

I went once to a meeting where they all had politics bad. A man got up and called another man who wasn't there all sorts of names. He said he belonged to the other party. He said the country was going to ruin, and we should all be ground to powder in the crash. I told Ma I thought he was talking about earthquakes. Earthquakes is in my last geography lesson. I don't like geography much. Bill Brown calls it goggerfee. But goggerfee is a good deal better than politics.

Pa says when I grow up I shall understand politics. But I don't like the taste of it, except when Ma makes it up into eggnog. When I'm a man I mean to have a horse, and a cow, and go to the theatre, and be a policeman, and keep a candy store, and have a balloon, and dance on a tight rope, and be a clown like "Humpty Dumpty," and go to church once a year, and to Central Park twice a week, and in swimming three times a day. But I don't want to have any more politics.

—The institution that does the mailing of most of the newspapers published in the city of Chicago, a few weeks ago sent the *Religio-Philosophic Journal* (Spiritualist) to the subscribers of the *American Churchman* (Episcopalian) and *vice versa*. This is exchanging pulpits on a larger scale than was ever before known.

SAM. WARD'S GHOST.

BY SPUYTENDUYVEL.

"THIS reminds me a good deal," said Corporal Sam Ward, "of the night I encountered the ghost."

"How's that?"

"Story!"

"Let's have it, Sam."

Such were some of the remarks that followed Sam's opening conversation. We were a squad of the —th cavalry, and were gathered round the bivouac fire. The regiment had been turned, in the midst of a severe rain, into a low flat meadow, which was already an incipient morass, to bivouac for the night, and, as lying down was out of the question, we had contrived to construct rude benches or perches of fence rails on which we were "roosting" like so many birds around our fire. We had eaten what had to pass muster for a supper, had managed to light our pipes, and voting sleep impossible, had resolved to make a night of it.

It was raining with a fierceness never seen except in the South, and occasional flashes of the most vivid lightning, with their accompanying peals of thunder, made up a night such as ghosts, hobgoblins and witches are said to delight in, but not the sort of a night for a picnic. Under the circumstances it may readily be imagined that the prospect of a story from Sam was hailed with eager delight by us all. Having taken a preliminary puff at the canteen, that veracious *raconteur* commenced.

"Well, it was a good deal such a night as this, as I said, that I saw the ghost. I was traveling then in Canada, buying cattle, and every time I made a trade with a farmer, I had to go in the house and drink with him. You see they are all Scotch-Irish about there, and had a natural taste for the 'crater' on both sides. I used to ride round the country and buy the cattle, and appoint a day when they should come to town and deliver them, and then it was my turn to treat.

"I had been to a good many farms that day, and as a natural consequence, you see, had drank a heap of whisky, so it isn't strange I took the wrong road, and found myself late at night some twenty miles from town and wet to the bone. Fortunately, when I made the discovery, I was near a country tavern, where I was well known, and you may be sure I didn't lose much time in getting to it. Honest Tom Guest, a full-fed, red-faced Englishman who kept it, came out to the door himself to receive me, and in less than no time I found myself in front of the rousing fire in the bar-room, with a tumbler of hot punch in my hand, while my horse was being cared for in the stable. By the time I had got into a dry suit of Tom's clothes, which were big enough to have allowed of my taking in a partner in them, eaten a hearty supper of ham and eggs, and seated myself again before the fire, with a pipe in my mouth, and plenty of grog on the table, you may be sure I didn't care much for storms.

"Except the usual crowd of 'setters,' there was no one there but Tom, I, and Nip.

"Nip was Tom's dog, a big, square, heavy-jawed, ugly-looking brute, with the funniest stump of a tail you ever saw.

"'I'm very glad to see you, Muster Ward,' said Tom; 'but why didn't you come earlier? I've got ne'er an empty bed in the house.'

"'No empty beds, Tom? How's that?' You see this tavern was a big rambling concern, that looked as if it might hold a regiment, but, like a good many country taverns, its roominess was more apparent than real. So Tom explained to me that a traveling party had been driven in there by the storm, and had filled all his rooms. Here was a pretty how-de-do! However, I was too thoroughly comfortable at the moment to care much for the future.

"Just then some one spoke from the corner:

"'Why not give him the ghost room, Tom?'

"'Now dry up, Jem Cox,' said Tom, 'do you suppose I'd put such a slight on Muster Ward?'

"But, of course, my curiosity was excited by this time, and I insisted on knowing what it all meant. So, after assuring the unfortunate Jem Cox that he would punch his head at the first opportunity, Tom told me, though reluctantly, how a peddler had been murdered in the room immediately over us (the best room in the house, by the way), some years before he bought the place, and ever since that his ghost had haunted the chamber, and seemed not to relish company, so that though many had tried, no one had been able to sleep there, so that now the room was closed, and no attempt made to use it.

"'Has it a good bed, Tom?' said I.

"'Deed, it has, Muster Ward, none better.'

"'Then I'll sleep in it.'

"But this proposition was negatived at once by him in the strongest terms. He was really fond of me and would not allow me the discomfort or fright, to say nothing of actual injury, which he felt sure would follow an encounter with his ghostship. However, you may imagine that opposition only made me more determined, and at last he gave in.

"'Tell 'ee what, Muster Ward,' said he, 'If you really will sleep there all night, I'll give 'ee ten dollars—dang me, if I doant!'

"This offer, and certain looks I saw passing between those around me, made me a little less eager than I had been at first; not that I feared the ghost, but I began to suspect some practical joke was intended at my expense. However, I wasn't going to back out, so I said:

"'I don't want your money, Tom; but if you'll have the bed well aired, and let me take Nip with me, I'll sleep there, and the devil's in it if I don't get a good night's rest.'

"You see I had been there so much Nip would obey me nearly as well as he would Tom himself.

"'What, take the dawg?' said Tom, 'aye, and welcome, but you'll see he won't stay.'

"'I'll risk that,' I answered.

"So it was arranged, and after some more punch, and an immense amount of wondering on the part of those present, I whistled Nip, who, at a sign from Tom, followed me willingly to my room. As has been said, it was directly over the bar, and was a large square room, with windows on two sides, the door being on the third, and the bed on the fourth. About the middle of one side, and nearly opposite the door, was the chimney, but, instead of a fire-place, the room contained a stove—one of those square box affairs.

"Well, I went in—Nip after me—and having locked and bolted the door, and dragged a heavy washstand before it, I prepared to investigate matters. You see I didn't fear the ghost at all, but I couldn't get rid of the idea that some joke would be attempted by those outside. The door being secure, my next move was to search the room thoroughly, telling Nip at the same to 'seek 'em,' which he did, running under the bed, into a wardrobe which stood into the room, and behind all the furniture, snuffing furiously and wagging, his tail furiously all the time. At last, his inspection completed, he looked up to my face, and reported with a wink and a most complicated wag, which seemed to say, 'All right, old fellow—what next.'

"Feeling secure then, I commenced undressing, when there came a sudden blast of wind, a flash of lightning, which lit up the whole room, a deafening peal of thunder, and at the same time, there rang through the room the most unearthly scream I ever heard. It startled me, and I even saw the dog make for the door, as though he would prefer being on the other side of it. However, I wasn't going to give it up so, especially as I heard voices on the landing outside, and knew Tom and the others were speculating on the probabilities of my retreating. So I commenced another search, and again ordered Nip to 'seek 'em,' an order which he obeyed with alacrity, wagging himself all over the room again and again, reporting, in his peculiar way, 'All quiet.'

"Suddenly, in the midst of our search, came another gust of wind, and a repetition of that unearthly scream. This time it seemed to come from under my very feet, and I jumped nearly across the room in my first fright, but I soon recovered myself and found my ghost. But I'm dry—pass the canteen, Hane."

"Let's have the rest of it."

"What was it?"

"Well," said Sam, wiping his lips, and going on with provoking coolness, "I tumbled into bed and slept like an infant until broad daylight, when Tom Guest himself woke me, thundering at the door, with my day clothes and a tumbler of something"

"'Dang my buttons, Muster Ward, if 'ee hasn't done it! But how did 'ee sleeps?'

"'First-rate,' said I; 'But I have laid your ghost, Tom.'

"'Do tell us! How, Muster Ward? I'm main curious to know.'

"So, having dressed, I proceeded to show Tom that his ghostly screams had proceeded from THE STOVE DOOR! You see they had stopped up the fire-place and put the stove there, and, being unused, the stove was rusty, so every strong wind set the door creaking at a fearful rate. Tom wouldn't believe it until I moved the door and produced the same s