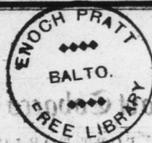


The Port Tobacco Times.



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An Interesting Story.

THE CASHMERE SHAWL.

"Bless your soul! how air ye, Mrs. Sovereign?" said a bent, wizened old woman, accosting a lady who was giving some orders in a store. "I should hev knowed ye if I'd met you in the New Jerusalem; you ain't a day older'n you was a dozen years ago." The old woman wore a rusty alpaca, and a tattered woolen shawl that did service at the same time for a bonnet.

"I really—I beg your pardon," murmured Mrs. Sovereign, smiling apologetically upon the poor old face, and trying to bring to mind all the old women she had ever met. "Is it Mrs. Rue?"

"Bless your eyes! I know you wouldn't forget an old neighbor—when I made your wedding-cake, too! Now there's many a fine lady like you hev jest made as if she'd never sot eyes on suth a shabby old body as me; but you never was proud. Lor sakes! I wish I hed my teeth in! I jest thought of it. I'd 'a put 'em in if I knowed I was going fur to see you; but, ye see, I thought there'd be nobody here ter take a grain of notice of me. That's jest the way—go without a thing, and you're sure ter wish ye hed it; keep on your old gown, and company's certain ter call!"

"You've grown into a philosopher since we met," said Mrs. Sovereign.

"Like as not," answered Mrs. Rue, whose notions of philosophy were rather hazy. "But, you see, I was allus one of them folks as set a sight by appearances—more's the pity! And the teth, I got 'em by way of a slant; and some how or when I don't hav 'em in, the roof of my mouth seems ter go clear up ter the top of my head. You see, there was a young fellow as was a dentist—a sort of peddling dentist—and he was took down with the small-pox, and nobody ter look after him but them as was scared ter death of it; but as it wasn't no great account ter me noway, and I couldn't be much worse off in t'other place, if I died of it than with 'Liza Ann,' why, I jest up and nursed him clean through with it; and when he got well, says he:

"What shall I do fur you fur all you've done in my behalf? And says I, 'Nothing whatsoever. I was only curious to know if I'd be liable to the disease.'"

"Nonsense," says he; 'I want ter pay you in some way.' And he wasn't forchanded, and I knowed how ter feel fur them as wasn't, and as it was all in his line, I said:

"Well, if you're bent on it, make me a set of teeth." And I'm awful sorry I ain't got 'em in.

"Indeed you deserved them," returned Mrs. Sovereign. "But don't concern yourself about it; I shouldn't know that you were without them if you had not told me."

"Oh yes, you would, begging your pardon, if you was onst to see them in."

"You are dropping a piece of steak from your paper," observed Mrs. Sovereign.

"Lor! I wouldn't mind losing the whole of it, I'm that glad at seeing you, only 'Liza Ann' would raise such a rumpus; she wouldn't take no excuses; and it couldn't be made up ter her noway! I s'pose she's a-scolding now, 'cause I ain't at home frying this 'ere; but I left the table all sot, and the water a-biling fur the tea."

"And who is 'Liza Ann'?"

"Goodness! I thought everybody knew 'Liza Ann'—leastways, she thinks they do. Why she's my Tom's widdier; an' he left word on his dying-bed that she was ter provide fur me as long as I lived an' sometimes I think she's a-trying ter see how soon she can get rid of me."

"And do you still live in Joy's Court?" pursued Mrs. Sovereign.

"Sakes alive! didn't you know that we'd left there these ten year? I s'posed that was town talk. I wish ter goodness I hed my teeth in, and I'd walk along with you a bit, ter hev a little chat, and not keep you a-waiting."

"Oh, never mind your teeth." Another woman might have hinted that she had her tongue left.

"Now that's downright christian in you. I take it, 'Liza Ann' herself would not be seen out-doors with me in this old gown; and it wasn't but yesterday as I met Miss Deacon Merit, and stop-

ped ter ask after the deacon's numb-palsy, and she jest makes as though she wasn't looking my way, and walks straight on. I tell ye what, Miss Sovereign, if ye want ter find out the natur' of folks, what virtue they're made of, and what air hung onto 'em like their clothes, jest lose your worldly prosperity and good looks, and wear out your store clothes. But that cashmere shawl is ter blame fur it all—plague take it!"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Oh, like as not you never see me wear it. I never hed it on my back more'n twice. I felt as if I was carrying off christian's burden every time I put it on! 'Liza Ann' don't know I've got it—she'd take it away if she did. I kept it sewed up in a towel in my straw bed—there wa'n't nowhere else out of the way of 'Liza Ann's' prying eyes. I can't bear the sight of that shawl, it makes my eyes smart ter look at it, and the tears jest come ter my own accord. Sometimes I've been a mind ter sell it; but, sakes alive! you can't never get the vally of a thing like that!"

"And how much did you give for it?" asked her listener.

"A hundred dollars!—silver one!—It blisters my tongue ter tell it! A hundred dollars, if I'm a sinner; and I've wore it twice, and hed more wretchedness out of it than there are threads wove into it!"

"Oh! oh!" sighed Mrs. Sovereign, wondering if her companion was in her right mind.

"Yes, I hev. Sometimes I've thought if I could git a hundred dollars fur it agin—though, of course, I couldn't—it would be jest enough ter take me into the Old Ladies' Home—that's one of my castles in the air—so't I'd be out of 'Liza Ann's' reach. I've thought maybe the grave couldn't be so bad if 'Liza Ann' wasn't there too!"

"Dear, dear! But you were telling me about the shawl?"

"Lor, yes! I've got a habit of wandering onto me like my old grand-mother. She'd begin a-telling how the children got the measles, and she'd let ye into the private history of half the family by the way, and wind up, like as not, with a fortin somebody was expecting from England. Wa'al, I dunno as you remember the widdier Nile's son that went a-voyaging ter the world's end? They do say how he was rich as Croesus, but she never got no more'n his chest after he was lost overboard. You see, she was expecting of him home, and his chest came instead."

"Wa'al Miss Niles; she didn't so much as open it fur six months; and then she found this 'ere shawl in it, which I s'pose he was a-bringing home ter her. I sometimes wish she never hed opened it!"

Howsomever, the minute I clapped my eyes on the shawl I was covetous of it, and I never rested till I got it. I thought it was the most beautiful thing I'd ever sot eyes on. It looked as if it was all wove of rubies and precious stones, and it was most all border, saving a bit of scarlet about as big as a bandana handkerchief! Now, you see, I'd never owned a shawl but this 'ere robbery that I've got on; and though it wa'n't no suth used up as it is now, it hed lost considerable of its bloom; and so, one day, when Miss Niles dropped in, and said she hedn't no heart fur nothing since James' death, and she shouldn't never wear nothing but black clothes the rest of her life, and how her only desire now was ter go out ter Indy fur a missionary, and if she could only raise a hundred dollars on that cashmere shawl, 'twould help pay her way, and after that the Board would take care of her, it seemed a sort of a pious duty to help her out, if she felt a call. Lestways, it was one of the biggest temptations that ever beset a poor vain mortal. We was a-buying back the house in Joy's Court at that time—fur, ye see, my husband's name hed bin on Mr. Grew's paper, and what did he do but up and fail, and oblige us ter mortgage the house! Wa'al, I said it then, and I say it now, that it ain't proper fur a man ter put his name ter another man's paper, and leave his family out in the cold—not that I blame John half so much as myself, fur he did it just to oblige, and I bought the shawl only to please myself! We was trying ter git enough

together you understand, ter pay off the mortgage, and some years we couldn't do no better than ter pay the interest. I worked amazing hard, I took old Miss Lampson ter board—and a heap of trouble she was, poor soul, with her rheumatics and tickeloreux; and she hed to hev skeleton jelly made fur her, and lastly she hed ter be fed; and it wa'n't no fool of a job—she was a powerful eater! But I never give her a wry look; and I treated her as handsome as if she'd 'a bin my own mother, or the fust lady in the land. You see the town paid fur her board—and a mighty small one it was, and it helped; and after she'd gone home I hed more time, and took in needle-work, and I'd raked and scraped a hundred and some odd dollars together—my John hed bin laid up with rheumatic fever, and hedn't got nothing a-forehand that year—and I was going ter pay it down that very next Monday, when Miss Niles and the shawl they come in a Saturday!

"I hed a great struggle with myself fust. It kep' me a-turning and twisting all night a-making up my mind. I hankered after that shawl like all possessed, till it seemed as if I couldn't be happy without it noway, though all the while I knowed I'd no business with anything so grand. But all the neighbors hed hed new shawls that fall, even Miss Grew—lor! they rides in their carriage ter-day, and goes about crackling in their silks, as if failing and bringing honest folks inter poverty wa'n't a crying sin!—and I thought ter myself how this one would be crazy with envy when she saw me sail out in my new cashmere, and the other one and her Bay State would be cast inter the shade."

"So, without onst thinking that I hedn't nothing, like gowns and fixings, ter correspond, I jest paid Miss Niles the money, and carried my shawl up stairs. Wa'al, she wa'n't no sooner out of the house than I'd give her not ter hev bought it; but I was proud ter call her back, and I've allus hed her heavy on my mind, as well as the shawl; for, you know, she was lost a-going ter Indy, and I somehow felt sort of responsible—seeing, too, as she was the last of her family. Wa'al, John he didn't know I hed the hundred dollars—I'd kep' it fur a surprise—and now I couldn't make up my mind ter tell him about the shawl.—So when it came Sunday I put it on with my old delaine, and my rough-and-ready straw bonnet, and sneaked down the back stairs ter meeting with-out a word ter him—he hedn't got able to be out himself—and I felt so horrid mean about it that when Miss Jenkins said, 'what a splendid new shawl you're a-wearing off!' it didn't give me the least quiver of pleasure as ever was; nor when Miss Grimalkin said, 'It really don't seem worth while ter hev such a dresy shawl ter wear about here, where there's nobody ter see—now, does it?' nor when Miss Little declared 'there wasn't nothing like a shawl ter cover up your old gowns, and make ye look respectable!' though I knew it was all spite and jealousy that made their words stinging."

"I've come ter think I'd rither hev my neighbors good natured than envious as I git along in years. I wa'n't half so comfortable in my cashmere as I'd been in the old robbery; and after I wore it twice I took such a disliking ter it that I jest hid it away, and went back ter the robbery."

"But I allus felt as if the cashmere had crippled us. Ye see, we allus has ter pay fur our luxuries, even after we've got tired of 'em. Money was hed harder ter git after that, or perhaps I'd misused my opportunity and didn't deserve another. Howsosomever, Mr. Doubleday, who held the mortgage, died, and his son foreclosed, and turned us out o' house and home! After that there wasn't much ter hinder us from going down hill pretty lively.—John he lost courage, and was getting weakly; the children died one after another, except Tom, and 'Liza Ann' she worried the life out of him in time; and so here I am, an old woman, with naught in the world but a set of teeth and that there cashmere shawl. You see, if I hed paid the money onto the mortgage, it would have give John a lift, and put some spirit inter him—fur work never seems so light as when you're gitting ahead—and then maybe I shouldn't hev hed retribution a-fo-

lering of me round all my days in the shape of 'Liza Ann' a-twittering me of a burden and a millstone around the neck of she and the children; though, goodness knows, I slave well fur all I git—what with being up five o'mornings, making pies, and frying o' griddle cakes, and standing at the wash-tub, till my feet were that numb they wouldn't bear me!

"But it ain't no use. You may do ninety-nine things fur some folks, and if you don't do the hundredth, ye might as well let it all alone; and 'Liza Ann's' one on 'em; though I don't want ter be complaining, only a pot must bile over onst in a while, unless the fire goes out; and you're an old friend, so't I've made free ter tell ye about the shawl. A body must speak now and agin about what's worrying 'em, and there's no sympathy in 'Liza Ann' more'n a tommyhawk!"

"And did you ever speak to your husband about the shawl?" asked Mrs. Sovereign.

"Bless you, yes; and he said as how it wouldn't hev made no difference noway: Doubleday'd hev foreclosed, and the house and money'd hev gone together. He was allus that consoling, John was. But I've thought if any body could feel as how the shawl was worth a hundred dollars or less, it might, as I said, pay my way inter the Old Ladies' Home, out of 'Liza Ann's' reach, for I'm sot agin being a burden or a millstone ter anybody."

"I should like to see the shawl," said her friend; "if you will bring it to my mother's house to-morrow, I will see what can be done."

"I'll come, rain or shine. I've bothered you with an awful long yarn, but if it wa'n't for 'Liza Ann'—gracious! there she is at the door now, a-looking fur me, and a whole thunder-storm in her face! Good-day, and thanks!" and the little old woman hobbled off, up a muddy lane.

"True to her word," she appeared the next day with the shawl.

"It is as good as new," she said, unfolding it.

"Quite," returned Mrs. Sovereign, exchanging glances with her mother. "It's a pity you couldn't have sold it before, and had the money at intrest all this time!"

"'Liza Ann' wouldn't hev heered ter it staying there!"

"But how much do you think it is worth?" asked Mrs. Sovereign; with an amused smile.

"Lor sakes! if I could get twenty-five dollars, I should thank my born stars!"

"Well, I was looking at shawls of this kind in New York last week, and the price was—two thousand dollars!"

"Now don't! you're jest a-joking of me! Who ever heerd tell of a cashmere shawl costing such a power of money!"

"It's a very good joke, isn't it? But it's true, all the same. You see, it's an India cashmere; you thought it was French, I suppose; so perhaps did Mrs. Niles. But as she set her own price, and has left no heirs, there will be no trouble. My husband is going to give me an India shawl. If you are willing, I will take this, and pay you two thousand dollars!"

"My!" cried the poor woman, with tears in her eyes. "It's the fust time I've wished John alive agin in this 'ere world of worlds! If he only knew!—Miss Sovereign, the Lord must hev sent you a purpose ter take me out of 'Liza Ann's' reach! I don't hev no need ter be under obligation ter the Old Ladies' Home neither, fur I can hire a room, and keep house all ter myself, and hev folks ter tea sociable; and what's more, I shall hev something ter leave the children, ter pay 'em fur being a burden and a millstone 'bout necks! I wish John was here ter thank you!"

From the Baltimore Sun.

EPIDEMICS AND INFECTIO.

A Distinctive Line of Difference Between Contagion and Infection Drawn, and the Means of Preventing Epidemics of Infection.

By DR. SAMUEL A. MUDD.

Nature is made up of like causes, producing similar effects. The diseases known as contagious producing contagions of their kind, and the poison of infections producing infections of their kind. They are as distinct from each other in their pathological character as the different species and variety of animals, and bear no relation, except as to their medium, in evolving cause and extension. The human or animal system evolves the germ directly in contagions, and disease is communicable by contact with the disease. But in the case of infections, no germ is evolved from the disease, therefore no number of sick—not even ten thousand confined to one apartment—is sufficient directly to generate its poison and consequent extension. Owing to this fact the efforts of physicians have been vain to discover a method of inoculating typhoid fever, yellow fever, cholera, &c.

An example tending in proof of what I have alleged, is furnished by the fact that all physicians agree as to the contagiousness of small-pox and measles, when a wonderful diversity of opinion exists in regard to typhoid fever and yellow fever. This diversity is due in the first place to education and secondly, to treating these diseases of infection in different localities at the same time without an endeavor to separate the cause from the effect or considering the point of origin.

All medical writers, in speaking of infections, use the word infectious as applied to disease. Infectious is proper when applied to matter, but no greater mistake can be made when applied to the diseased body, for it implies that the disease is capable of generating its cause, which is as impossible as that a burn from a hot iron should produce the heated metal, or salivation produce the globule of mercury. There is then no such thing as an infectious disease, and isolation from one to ten thousand is its plainest proof. Infected disease seems to be most proper and expressive of the true pathological condition.

Infection spreads from bed to bed, been for a length of time exposed to the action of human effluvia, and not from local miasma or from individual to individual, as, no doubt, a large majority of the public and profession suppose. The error regarding the origin of diseases, particularly that of yellow fever, has led, within my own knowledge, to serious, fatal consequences, for had the very thoughtful surgeon of the post at the Dry Tortugas, in 1867, understood from whence the poison arose, and the manner of its augmentation, we would have been spared the spread of the fever and the sacrifice of his own and many other valuable lives by removing at once from the fort the company of soldiers and all its property, in which the disease first made its appearance, and pointed out the presence of the poison. The surgeon caused the company to be removed from the quarters where the disease began, believing that it was caused by emanations from the unfinished moat in front, and ordered the portholes to be closed to prevent the admission of the supposed deadly miasma within the fort. The company, however, was quartered, with all of its property, bedding, blankets, &c., in the southernly portion of the fort, which, instead of cutting short the fever, caused its more rapid spread through the garrison and prisoners by the prevailing southeast wind.

We learn from this that had the surgeon removed only the men, and left the property behind, the disease would have been checked, for then only those who were in these quarters would be liable to attack, and the disease, instead of manifesting an epidemic form, would appear accidental or sporadic. And had he removed all the beds and property of the company from the fort, and had the quarters swept and washed, and clean beds and bedding supplied, no more cases would have resulted.

A knowledge of the nature of infection is invaluable to every government—general or municipal—to prisons or boarding schools, and particularly to every master of a ship, for wherever the bedding and apartments are kept clean by soap and water, and the regulation enforced of not admitting anything aboard a ship in the shape of clothing but what has been recently washed and thoroughly dried, no fear can be entertained of the breaking out of cholera, yellow fever, typhus or typhoid fever, &c., on a reasonable voyage. The master could, under these circumstances, convert his ship into a cholera or yellow fever hospital, transport the sick across the ocean, enter port without quarantine, and establish his sick in clean, comfortable quarters in the midst of a populous city without endangering the safety of his crew or the inhabitants of the city.

To give an illustration of infection, when an article of clothing is immersed in a solution of any kind the nature of the solution is imparted, as plainly perceived by our senses in the varied

colors of silks, cloths, &c., some answering well the effect of contagion—being indelible, and others answering to infection, fading—rendering immunity only for a short time. So the human system, when under the influence or exposed to the fumes of mercury, arsenic, lead, &c., the peculiar character of the agent is plainly manifested to the senses. It is then only when the cause is hidden that uncertainty rules. But as the globule or crystal of mercury, arsenic, lead, &c., is not developed by their action upon the system, no fear is entertained by nurses or attendants of contracting the malady. Why, then, cannot we arrive at the nature of an agent, when its effects are similar, though its chemical formula be unknown?

Undoubted proofs from experience and observation have taught me that the germ of all spreading infections common to mankind resides in human effluvia, and man is the victim of his own neglect. When once this germ is generated it reacts or ferments with all such matter whenever it come in contact, under favorable conditions of moisture and temperature. This is not more improbable than the germ that is contained in the egg of the chicken, turkey, hawk, crow, buzzard, &c., and generated by a longer or shorter duration of a certain continuous heat. The contents of all these eggs are very similar or the same in appearance. Then there is another genus that are hatched entirely through solar and atmospheric influence, viz: Turtles, snakes, lizards, frogs and insects. So we perceive, after all, that the generation of the germ depends entirely upon the quality of the heat, for we know full well that the eggs of the turkey, chicken, &c., will not hatch in the sand with the alternations of heat and cold, caused through the operation of day and night; and vice versa, the turtle, snake, &c., under the continuous heat of the chicken or turkey. Now for the practical results. Let us destroy the egg and we destroy the germ. Destroy the effluvia and we prevent the generation of the germ or poison which occasions the disease. An epidemic of infection, under these circumstances, can no more arise and extend than a fire burn without fuel. Bear in mind that contagion is the parent of the disease, whereas poison only is the cause of a disease of infection, as fire is the parent of a burn, miasmata the parent of salivation, and strychnia the parent of convulsions and death.

The yellow fever is eminently a disease of infection, and belongs to the class of diseases known as typhus and typhoid fevers, and is generated from human effluvia under the peculiar atmosphere of ships in certain latitudes, instead of being the product of miasma or emanations from swamps, marshes and vegetable decomposition. The poison that gives rise to the intermittent and remittent fevers, (chills and fever and bilious fever,) agreeable to all the evidence we have concerning it, does not act as a ferment upon human effluvia. We cannot, therefore, transport its poison. But, on the contrary, we can transport the poison of yellow fever thousands of miles, and under favorable atmosphere and temperature light up a similar epidemic. A wonderful and important difference!

Household Work.

A young woman lately committed suicide in a town of New York because she was too proud to do housework. Whereupon a New York journal, the *Express*, read a solemn lecture to "American girls" who are "too proud to do housework," and says that such are "on the highway to swift destruction."

A very easy way of disposing of such tomfoolery is to ask whether editors who talk in that style are willing for their own daughters to go out and "do housework," and if not, do they consider themselves as putting them "on the highway to swift destruction"? If they answer that there is no necessity for their resorting to that vocation for support, how do they know but it may become necessary hereafter, in the event of the death, or other misfortune of those on whom they are dependent? Would they in such contingencies be willing for their daughters to go out and "do housework"?

The hypocrisy and humbug of newspapers in such drivel as we have quoted are perfectly nauseating. Why not speak out the plain truth, and say that going out to domestic service in this country is looked upon as a menial and degrading occupation, and hence is universally avoided by "American girls"? We do not justify any woman for putting an end to her life rather than do such work, but we cannot blame them for refusing to do it so long as society persists in affixing to it badges of humiliation. Until all that is changed, "American girls" are only acting with proper spirit, when they refuse to be humiliated.

The problem of obtaining suitable house service is one of the greatest afflictions of modern house-keepers. In the old days of slavery, the South had no trouble of that kind. But now our Southern matrons are beginning to feel sensibly in this respect the great change which the Northern robbery of our slave property has affected. Here, as well as in the North, the question is

how shall the kitchen cabinet be administered? It is a perplexing question, and no satisfactory solution of it has been reached. There would be no difficulty at all, however, if the foolish notion that labor is degrading could be exploded. "American" women could get "American girls" in plenty to aid them in cooking, washing, and house-work generally, if they would show by their own conduct and example that they look upon such work as "respectable."

We are aware how hard it is to overcome the prejudices on this subject, but they will have to be overcome, before there is any relief. The negro servants, with few exceptions, have ceased to be reliable, and, in all probability, will ultimately give place in the South to white labor. The dependence will then be upon foreign domestics, and what that is, we may learn from the experience of house-keepers in the large Northern cities. We see no help for the future but for our Southern ladies, like the Roman and Greek matrons, to familiarize themselves with house-work, and when they have dignified it, and made it honorable, there will be no difficulty in obtaining the assistance of others.

—Balt. Episcopal Methodist.

Darwinism.

His last lecture at Cambridge, Professor Agassiz closed as follows:

"Then while it may be said on the whole in a general sense that lower forms have preceded higher ones, and that embryonic development follows the same progress from the simpler to the more complex structure, it is not true in detail that all the earlier animals were simpler than the latter. On the contrary, many of the lower animals were introduced under more highly organized forms than they have ever shown since, and have dwindled afterward. Such are the types which I have called synthetic types, combining characters which were separated later and found expression in distinct groups.—That presentation of paleontological phenomena which would make it appear that the whole animal kingdom has been marshaled in a consecutive procession beginning with the lowest and ending with the highest, is false to nature. There is no inevitable relation, no mechanical evolution in the geological succession of organic life.—It has the correspondence of connected plan. It has just that kind of resemblance in the parts, so much and no more, as always characterizes intellectual work proceeding from the same source. It has that freedom of manifestation, that independence, which characterizes the work of mind as compared with the work of labor. Sometimes, in looking at this great series of organic life in its totality, carried on with such ease and variety, and even playfulness of expression, one is reminded of the great conception of the poet or musician, where the undertone of the fundamental harmony is heard beneath all the diversity of rhythm or of song.—So great is this freedom, so unlike the mechanical action of evolution, and that we find endless discrepancies, endless incongruities, appalling anachronisms in the world-be uninterrupted series of progressive events as advocated by the supporters of the transmutation dogma. Animals that should be ancestors if simplicity of structure is to characterize the first born, are known to be of later origin; the more complicated forms have frequently appeared first, and the simpler ones later, and this in hundreds of instances.

Don't Cut Too Low.—We think many of our farmers make a great mistake in cutting their grass very low, and that this is more particularly the case with timothy. If cut below the first joint, its roots will seldom send up shoots again until after the formation of new side bulbs. Clover and other deep rooted plants are not so much affected; but we are satisfied that all or any of them may be, and often are, injured by too close cutting. It is a fact well known that if timothy is allowed to ripen its seed, and then cut with a reaper or cradle, the second growth will furnish double the amount of pasture as adjoining grass cut for hay.—*Journal of the Farm.*

CATERPILLARS.—Now is the time to look out sharply for caterpillars. They are busy weaving their nests and stripping the leaves off the apple trees. It is the best way to take them while they are young and small, for if neglected till the leaves are fully grown there is necessarily great injury to the tree, to say nothing of the destruction they cause in the process of growth. Fix a brush upon the end of a long pole, and go to them. If the trees are kept perfectly clean this year, you will have less next, unless some careless and slovenly neighbor lets all his go to seed. Caterpillars are a sign of careless farming.

An exchange thoughtfully remarks: "Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a bustle. There being so much dust on it, there is danger of taking a cold."

Which is preferable, the right man in a tight place, or a tight one in the right place?