

HOUSE AND FARM.

In the Nest.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding
care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by-and-by,
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun;

There may come a time when you'll long to
hear
The eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and age come nevermore,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding
care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Farm Notes.

Sweet-corn makes the best fodder.
Steam-threshing is almost everywhere
superseding horse-power.
They hay-crop of Vermont proves to
be more than an average yield.
The Eastern agricultural press call the
New England Agricultural society a ring
of self-elected leaders.
Onions from the little hundred-acre
patch of Chester, on the Erie road, are
now selling at \$1 to \$1.25 per barrel.
A Buffalo family was poisoned the
other day by eating corn-cake. Some of
the members narrowly escaped death.
Mr. Gold of Connecticut prefers horses
or mules to steers for farm work, both for
economy of keep and readiness for extra
work.

A correspondent recommends ants for
currant-worms, hens for potato-bugs, and
urkeys for grasshoppers. How about
antlers for bad men?
The secretary of the State of Nebraska
places the acreage of that State under
cultivation at 2,358,555, to a population
a little over a quarter of a million.
J. J. Mechi, the veteran English farmer,
recommends and practices a four-year
rotation of crops and deep plowing in dry
weather for the better aeration of the
land.

Charles P. Larders of Mohawk Valley
says that fifty acres is not enough for a
farm unless it is all a man can work, and
work well, for it is only good farming
that pays.

Niagara Falls is to have the largest
flouring mill in the world. Its daily
capacity is to be 1,200 barrels. What a
magnificent earthquake an explosion of
this mill would make!

The London *Live Stock Journal* says
that the competition of American and
Continental countries in the supply of
pork product has become exceedingly
discouraging to British farmers.

The self-binding reaper has now been
discovered to be of sufficient importance
to bring six or seven of them into the
field to bid for public favor. The more
inventions the better for the farmer.

C. C. Schenck takes up the cudgel for
Bermuda grass, saying: "Anything that
stock will feed on, and that can hold its
ground against sedge and briars, will be
welcomed as an ally, not treated as an
enemy."

Potato Noodles—Grate one dozen of
boiled potatoes, add two eggs, a little
salt, one half cup of milk, enough flour
to knead stiff, then cut in small pieces,
and roll long and round, one inch thick;
fry in plenty of lard to a nice brown.

Sheep raising in Illinois has fallen off
immensely during the last ten years. The
decline in the price of wool, coupled with
the ravages of dogs and prairie wolves,
has made their breeding not only un-
profitable, but a great care and annoy-
ance.

A 300-pound hog that was swept down
two mill-dams and a mile of rushing
creek-water during the recent tornado,
and came out without the loss of his tail,
is advertised by the committee of the
Lewis County Fair as one of the attrac-
tions to draw the crowd.

G. Decombque is said to have the best
managed farm in all France. Last June
he entertained the members of the Agri-
cultural Congress which met at Paris.
The farm comprises 687 acres, and pro-
duces among other things 6,600 tons of
sugar beets. Beet sugar is one of the
gentleman's specialties.

Goats are beginning to be much talked
and written of as one of the domestic
animals both necessary and economical
on a farm. Goat-breeders now dispute the
statement that the animals will thrive
on chips of wood and broken fence-rails;
but admit that they will live nicely on
old agricultural newspapers and hoop-
skirts.

William Horne, in the account of his
travels in Great Britain, says: "I am
charmed with the attractive and pictur-
esque appearance of English farms. Es-
pecially beautiful are the common hedge
fences of the country. They have a love-
ly, softening appearance. One particu-
larly attracted my attention, and this
was the uneven shape and size of the
'closes,' or fields."

Two young men at Madison, while
going through a pasture to examine some
stock, were turned upon by a Devon bull,
who led them a chase of nearly a mile
over fences and fields. One of them
finally swung himself up a tree and es-
caped. The other was tossed six feet in
air, and only escaped with his life by the
fortunate arrival of a Colley dog,
which diverted the infuriated animal's
attention until a farmer and a pitchfork
appeared.

Notes for the Farm Yard.

The grazing cattle should be inspected
daily, and the fences also receive atten-
tion, lest they be broken down by the
rapidly-growing and highly-fed stock.
Those intended for winter slaughter will
need extra food unless the pastures are
very rich and good. The dairy will need
particular attention to keep everything
sweet and good, especially in cheese mak-
ing; a little saltpetre will help to keep
the curd sweet. The aftermath will be
ready in most cases and will do much to
keep up the yield unless the weather be
unusually dry. Flies are still more
troublesome this month, and the cattle of
all ages will eagerly take advantage of
all shade given them. It need hardly be
said that the water supply should be
looked after and drink carried to all the
stock in the fields by hand, if the ponds
fail. Horses are now less pushed, and
will do well on less or no corn, but only
cut forage besides pasture. The less
pasture and the more cut food—such as
lucerne, clover or tares—the more econ-
omical and the more manure; it cannot
be too well understood that soiling is
comparatively as advantageous for horses
as for horned stock. Washing and dip-
ping sheep will be necessary this month,
even more than last, and the same time
precautions are needed for those with
lambs. Fold the early fields, where the
folding plan is followed, taking the fields
in rotation as required for seeding. Swine
have plenty of food yet, but dairy wash
should be looked after against the time
when there will be less.

Preserved Watermelon Rind.

Pare off the green skin and cut into
strips or fanciful shapes. Line a kettle
with vine leaves, fill with the rind and
scatter a little pulverized alum over each
layer. Cover with vine leaves three deep,
and pour on enough water to wet that.
Cover closely and allow them to steam
for three hours, without letting the water
boil. Take out the rind, which will be
of a fine green color, and throw it into
cold water. Let it remain in soak, chang-
ing the water every hour, for four hours.
Use four lemons, a quarter of a pound of
ginger and six pounds of sugar for every
six pounds of rind. Wrap the ginger root
in a muslin bag and boil in three pints
of water until the water is highly flav-
ored; remove the ginger, put in sugar
and boil and skim until no more scum
arises. Put in the pieces of rind and the
juice of the lemons, simmer gently for
an hour; take out the rind and lay upon
dishes in the sun until firm and almost
cool, put back into the syrup, simmer for
half an hour, spread out again, and when
firm pack into bowls and pour over the
boiling syrup.

To Get Rid of Mold in Cellars.

A correspondent recently asked us for
a simple and effectual remedy for fungus
and mold in cellars. A German agricul-
tural journal gives the following: Put
some roll brimstone into a pan and set
fire to it; close the doors, making the cel-
lar as nearly air-tight as possible for two
or three hours, when the fungi will be de-
stroyed and the mold dried up. Repeat
this simple and inexpensive operation
every two or three months, and you will
have your cellar free from all parasitical
growth.

Pop-Overs.—One pint flour, one pint
milk, two eggs. Eggs beaten to a froth
mix quickly, and bake in hot buttered
cups. Serve with hot sauce.

One Unspeakable Turk.

The Truth.
Among other distinguished strangers
floating about in London is a gentleman
of the name of Lambri, a Turk, and an
"hereditary Pasha." The Pasha is a
young man, looks sleepy, says little, has
money at his command, and, like all who
hail from Levant, is fond of play.

The Pasha was the other day intro-
duced to a club where billiards, cards
and baccarat formed the staple amuse-
ments. On his appearance there was a
pleasurable flutter of excitement among
the habitués, for they felt much like mas-
ters of arms in a fencing school when a
tyro fond of practicing with the foils is
introduced. "Would the Pasha play at
billiards?" asked one member. "Yes,
the Pasha would." "The stakes?" "The
Pasha negligently produced a bundle of
crip notes, and left so trifling a detail
to his opponent. Lazily he took up a
cue; he had not played billiards for
some time, but he was fond of the game.
"Would the Pasha bet?" "Oh, certainly,"
and many members took advantage of
the confiding disposition of the Oriental.
The Pasha won the first game, the second,
and the third—in fact, all the games.

Then cards were suggested. It was late
to begin, but the accommodating Pasha
would play a few hands. Again he won;
and when he left his bundle of notes was
augmented by all the currency of the
club.

Perhaps the Pasha would return an-
other evening, and indulge in the fascinat-
ating diversion of baccarat? With the
greatest of pleasure; and an evening or
two later the Pasha and his new friends
sat down to a baccarat bank. Again the
currency of the club went to swell the
formidable bundle. Would he mind
playing against checks? Not in the least,
and the checks joined the bundle. The
sun had risen, and the Pasha felt sleepy.
Would he give the losers their revenge?
Assuredly, but another evening; and a
few nights afterward the Pasha reap-
peared.

Was he come to give the revenge he
had promised? Yes; but before doing so,
a little accident must be rectified.
Some of the checks given on the previ-
ous evening had by a strange fatality
been returned with the words "not suffi-
cient effects" written on them. The Pasha
did not quite understand the meaning of
the phrase, but perhaps the drawer would
kindly make good the checks. The Pasha
did not play that evening, and the con-
clusion is gradually dawning on the
members of the club that for an un-

speakable Turk this Oriental gentleman
is quite as well able to take care of him-
self as the Heathen Chinese, and not pre-
cisely the "good thing" they had fancied.

The School-Boy.

We bought him a box for his books and
things
And a cricket bag for his bat;
And he looked the brightest and best of kings—
Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the railway train,
With a troop of his young companions;
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears.

We looked in his innocent face to see
The sign of a sorrowful heart,
But he only shouldered his bat with glee
And wondered when they would start.

'Twas not that he loved not as heretofore,
For the boy was tender and kind;
But his was a world that was all before,
And our was a world behind.

'Twas not his fluttering heart was cold,
For the child was loyal and true,
And the parents love the love that is old,
And the children the love that is new.

And we came to know that love is a flower
Which only growth down;
And we scarcely spoke for the space of an
hour
As we drove back through the town.
—Episcopallan.

A Story of Blondin.

Every spot here has its romance or its
tragedy, and the fairy suspension bridge
for carriages and foot passengers which
was stretched in 1869 one-eighth of a mile
below the American cataract, revives the
memory of several curious occurrences.
When Blondin came in 1859, he had at
first a good mind to stretch the rope
across where this bridge is, but the space
was too wide (the bridge itself is the
longest suspension bridge in the world,
its roadway being 1,300 feet from bank to
bank.) Consequently Blondin had his
rope stretched about a mile below the
falls, and even there it was 1,200 feet
long. On both sides of the river enclos-
ures were built around the rope, into
which ticket buyers were admitted and
where the acrobat had his dressing rooms.
He was to start on the first occasion from
the Canadian side, and within the inclo-
sure there was a number of invited
guests. Among them were Henry W.
Faxon, then the local editor of the *Buf-
falo Republic* newspaper, and the writer.
Faxon was a wit of more than local re-
nown, and Blondin, had for some reason,
taken a great liking to him.

While Faxon stood—laughing and jest-
ing as was his way—on the edge of the
precipice overlooking the river 140 feet
below. Blondin appeared a few feet
behind. He was about to attempt the
most daring feat upon a tight rope that
had ever been performed, and what took
place will show his iron nerve and reck-
less temper. He saw that Faxon, gazing
out upon the river, was unconscious of his
presence. Motioning to me for silence by
pressing his finger to his lip, he seized
Faxon under both armpits and held him
out for a second or two over the verge.
Faxon must have weighed 165 pounds.
His countenance when Blondin laid
hold of him, was irradiated with mirth.
When Blondin drew him back and
dropped him on the green sward, he sank
there in a heap, horror-stricken by a shock
from the effects of which he never fully
recovered. In the next instant Blondin,
grasped his heavy balancing pole; danced
out upon his rope beyond the fearful
precipice, and, turning to enjoy the effect
of his maneuvers, saluted his indignant
friend with a gesture indescribably *outré*.
He then continued his walk across the
Niagara chasm, experiencing not the least
tremor or emotion. He was a man with-
out physical fear, because he was almost
without abnormal nervous feeling of any
kind. His muscles were so hard that it
was difficult to indent them. When he
stood upright and assumed a certain
rigidity his arms and legs seemed to the
touch like steel.—*New York Herald*.

Fall Styles.

The fall styles are very pretty and at-
tractive. The new silks are richly bro-
caded in India, or what are called "Cash-
mere" colors, and small blended patterns.
Minute lines and figures are mixed to-
gether, and the rich colors are so mixed
that no one predominates, so that the effect is
not at all striking or pronounced. These
silks have dark browns or dark mixtures,
and are either used as trimming for plain
silks or combined with plain silks in the
composition of the costume. Of course
there are numerous grades and qualities,
the ranges of prices beginning for good
qualities at three dollars and ending at
nine dollars per yard. But of the more
costly fabrics a very small quantity is
used, the design of the dress being care-
fully selected to display the vest, the
bands, the cuffs or the collar to the ut-
most advantage, these being the purposes
for which the brocade is principally used.
Dark Scotch plaids and checks have also
made their appearance in the very best
houses and in the finest qualities. The
grounds of these checks
are very dark, and some of them are very
small. They will be made into walking
suits, with scarf, talma or round cloak to
match. The plainer these Scotch suits
are made, the more distinguished they
are. No combination is allowed, not even
pippings of a different material or color.
Stitching is all that is admissible, the
same finish, indeed, that is used for
brocade—so simply and as exquisitely
neat. A revolution has taken place in
first-class dressmaking. One may call it
a sort of an apotheosis of fabric. For
many years past we have had trashy
materials cut into infinitesimal forms,
bunched together and overlaid with
quantities of trimming. Now nothing is
allowed to mar the beauty of the rich
textures, not even a button-hole. The
fastening, as far as possible, is concealed
by the art of the modiste, and the ma-
terial is merely slightly draped mould
which holds the divine form.—*Jennie
June*.

Song.

To dream, and then to sleep
Until the morn return;
An hour of watch to keep,
A little lamp to burn.

To weave but make no end,
To sing and lose the song,
Where busy footsteps wend
Among the world's gay throng.

To know that day is here,
To see that spring has gone,
And summer's death is near—
And still the hour's roll on.

We fail, we fade, we die,
Yet once 'twixt death and birth
To know Love's kiss, love's sigh,
Is light of heaven on earth.

My God! Thy sun is sweet,
If ere the twilight come,
Love walk with sacred feet
Across our naked room.

Strange Scene on a Canal Boat.

Almost everybody on this side of the
water has heard of the English canal
boats, in which whole families are born
and live. We read an account of a juve-
nile party held on board of one of them
—a good sized boat, lent by its jolly
captain for the occasion—which may
prove interesting to others.

The benevolent people interested in
the scheme determined to give a genuine
children's party, the guests to be chosen
exclusively from the children belonging
to the canal boats. Such an event was
unprecedented, and made no small stir
among young and old.

The children born and bred upon the
canals are as shy of strangers as rabbits
and hares. So when a stranger went
from boat to boat, inviting the little ones
to the party, there was well nigh a panic
spread amongst them, and they could
not in any instance, be prevailed upon to
give a decided promise to attend. But
the news was spread; good things were
brought; there was a large parcel of toys
for distribution hid away in the "bottom"
of the boat; and sundry fair hands set
to work to prepare a feast for the invited
ones.

The guests arrived in due time. Each
one had been requested to bring a "mag,"
out of which to drink tea, and the array
upon the table when all were assembled
was quite picturesque. About four-and-
twenty were assembled at tea; the cloth
was laid upon a table planted against one
side of the boat to keep it steady. As
each entered there was a little shout of
welcome.

After the candles were lighted a scene
was recorded which would have delighted
the eye of a Dutch painter of the old
school—one who revelled in strong lights,
deep shadows and characteristic faces.
Many of the little ones had care-worn
looks, and were thin and pale, as though
touched with pain and hunger; yet there
were a few of such strange beauty, whose
faces were chiselled with such delicate
tenderness that, despite their rough garb,
they would have attracted admiration in
any assembly.

Here were children of ten and twelve,
who had never known the sweet allure-
ments and tender sympathies of toys, but
who knew how to steer a boat on a cold
night, when there was no stars in the
heavens to shed a glimmer on the water;
and who were in the constant habit of
riding for hours at a stretch on the back
of some old horse, whose fate had linked
his powers by a rope to the prow of the
boat. For one brief space in a life-long
recital of toil the children were assem-
bled for a treat and for play; and that
they enjoyed it thoroughly their merry
shouts of laughter soon fully proved.

Tea over, gifts were distributed—tin
trumpets, whistles, boxes of toys, Noah's
arks, kaleidoscopes, A B C blocks and
dolls—and the joy of the poor children
could only find expression in loud shouts
and a general romp. After an evening
of unprecedented happiness the juveniles
separated, their hearts gladder than they
had ever been before through the gener-
osity of unknown friends. Surely this
was a charity indeed, one well worth im-
itating.

The Epidemic of Drunkenness.

Drunkenness has been by many be-
lieved to be on the increase, at any rate
in higher circles. It is curious to note
that just 150 years ago an epidemic of
drunkenness seemed to break out in Eng-
land. The passion for gin drinking had
got hold of the masses, and the result was,
in London at least, that increase in the
population was almost wholly checked.
Before gin became popular the consumption
of beer was enormous. Almost a third
of the arable land in the country was
devoted to barley. In 1688, with a
population of 5,000,000, very nearly 12-
600,000 barrels of beer were brewed.
Up to this time our distilleries were far
too dear for the masses. But hatred to
France led to the encouragement of home
distilling; the trade was thrown open,
and in 1689 the importation of foreign
spirits was absolutely prohibited. Then
gin-drinking began, and in 1735 the
British distilleries manufactured nearly
5,500,000 gallons. Gin cellars, where
men could get drunk for a penny, dead
drunk for twopenny, and have straw for
nothing, abounded. Hogarth's "Beer
Street" is bad enough, but his "Gin Lane"
is so horrible that, but for contemporary
descriptions, we should deem it an exag-
geration. Legislation endeavored to
check the evil, but laying on a heavy
duty merely produced a great deal of
illicit distilling. The consumption arose
to more than 11,000,000 gallons, and
Fielding prophesied that "if the drink-
ing of this poison is continued at its pre-
sent height for the next twenty years there
will be very few of the common people
left to drink it."—*The London Quarterly
Review*.

Mr. Buck, of Meriden, Conn., has made
fifteen grains of gold and silver a perfect steam
engine, which will run for twenty minutes with
the steam generated from three drops of
water.

Idiosyncrasies of Men of Genius.

Most geniuses and men of great talent
have been known for some peculiar habit
of striking idiosyncrasy. Napoleon
would tremble with fear at the sight of a
cat. General Elliott, of Gibraltar fame,
was always accompanied by a score of
them. Johnson liked to imbibe floods
of tea or wine, Porson drank everything
that came in his way. Visiting once a
friend's house, when evening came they
desired to feed the lamp, but the bottle
was empty. Porson had drank the spirits
on the sly, not knowing it was intended
for the lamp. Douglas Jerrold could not
bear the smell of apples. Cavendish
hated women. If he met one of his own
female servants by accident in any part
of the house, she was instantly dismissed.
Garrick was vain almost to the degree of
insanity.

Rousseau was vain and could not write
except when dressed as a fop. Bulwer
Lytton, it is said, would write best when
dressed in a court suit. Marlborough
was a miser, mended his own stockings
to save paying for it, and would walk
home ever so late at night rather than
pay for a "chair." Napoleon did his
"thinking" and formed his plans for con-
quest while pacing in a garden, shrug-
ging his shoulders now and then as if to
help and "compress" thought. When
Tiers was engaged in his long and
rhetorical displays he always had be-
side him a supply of rum and coffee.
The coffee he got direct from Mecca.
Gibson dictated while walking in his
room, like Scott and many others.
Moliere wrote with his knees near the
fire, and Bacon liked to study in a small
room, which, he said, helped him to con-
dense his thoughts. George Stephenson
used to lie in bed for two or three days,
the better to "think out" his plan. It
would be better if many people do this
who have much thinking to do, as rest
favors abstraction and thought, and those
who have not a vigorous circulation find
the supply of blood in the brain assisted
by a recumbent position.—*London
World*.

Byronic Reminiscences.

While Newstead has twice changed
hand since Byron was compelled to part
with Annesley Hall, the home of his first
love, Mary Chaworth, is the home of her
eldest grandson, Mr. Chaworth-Musters.
Mrs. Musters—her husband dropped his
wife's name although it had at his mar-
riage been stipulated that he should as-
sume it in addition to her own—left two
sons and three daughters. The eldest son
married a daughter of a wealthy Norfolk
squire named Hamond, and died by his
own hand in a fit of melancholy madness.
His mother was anything but happy in
her married life with her coarse, unsymp-
athetic husband, whom, however, she
adored, and it was thought, that her un-
happiness prior to her eldest son's birth
materially affected his mind. When
Washington Irving visited Newstead and
Annesley, upwards of 50 years ago, the
latter was in a very neglected condition.
M. Musters hated the place and all By-
ronic associations and cut down the beau-
tiful grove.

"Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,"
where Byron

"Saw two beings in the hues of youth."
He deserted Annesley for Colwick, his own
seat near Nottingham, which, Mr. Mus-
ters being very unpopular, was attacked
by the mob during the reform bill riots
of 1831 when Nottingham castle was
sacked. His grandson has, however, re-
versed this state of things, and constant-
ly resides at Annesley which is now in
perfect order. The park, which had been
allowed to run wild, is now carefully kept,
the range of stables which Irving found
tenantless, but which he remarks bore
traces of a fox-hunting squire now are
filled with fine horses, for Mr. Musters—
an estimable country gentleman—is a
master of fox-hounds. His youngest
brother is the Lieut. Musters whose work
on Patagonia excited such lively interest
two years ago. The owner of Annesley
is married to a niece of the well-known
liberal statesman Right Hon. Robert
Lowe. Newstead is the property of Mr.
Webb, a man of large fortune.

A Sharp Lawyer.

A very fair story comes from one of
our courts. One of those shrewd, sharp
and sarcastic lawyers, of that class who
take demoniacal joy and unspeakable
pride in twisting a witness into a laby-
rinth of difficulties, had occasion, some
time ago, to cross-examine a gentleman
of some prominence. The sharp lawyer
managed, after much skillful manoeuvring,
to so confuse the witness that the only
answer that he could obtain to his ques-
tion was, "I don't recollect."

When the lawyer had had this answer
returned to him a score or so of times,
his patience gave out. "Tell me, Mr. J.,"
he exclaimed, with biting sarcasm, "do
you ever remember anything?"

"I can," was the response.
"Can you carry your memory back for
twenty years, and tell me a single instance
that happened then?"

"Yes, I think I can," returned the wit-
ness, who had regained some composure.
"Ah!" exclaimed the lawyer, rubbing his
hands in orthodox legal fashion. Now,
that is consoling. Come, now sir, what
is this instance which you remember so
well?"

"Well, sir, I remember that twenty
years ago, when you were admitted
to the Bar, your father came to me to
borrow thirty dollars to buy you a suit,
that you might make a presentable ap-
pearance at commencement, and I have a
distinct recollection that your father never
paid the thirty dollars back to me."

Confusion changes hands at this point
of the proceedings, and the lawyer dis-
misses the witness without more ado.

Occasionally one sees plaitings of lace
or ribbon on the wrists of evening gloves
now.