Chestnut-Trees.

Two lines along the avenue,
A strip of emeral between,
Year after year I've seen renew
The beauty of their glossy green;
I've seen the sunsets sloping gold
Along their giant tree-trunks laid,
Until they seemed to Fancy bold
Some temple's pillared colonnade,
And in and out I have no doubt
That sunbeams never shone like these—
Links of gold thread that touched my head
Amongst the dear old chestnut-trees.

Down drooping to the mellow turf,
The lower branches spread themselves
In many and many a graceful curve—
Meet shelter from a thousand elves;
Whilst upward in a pyramid
The woven branches thickly grew,
From leaf to leaf the sunbeams slid,
And not a ray might venture through,
Because the roof was sunbeam-proof,
A shady nook for dreamy ease,
Secure from blaze of hot noondays,
The shadow of the chestnut-trees.

And oh the blossoms, faintly flushed,
Set on the outer ledge of green!
I used to think they gently blushed,
Half shamed at standing to be seen,
Amongst them in their order set
The happy birds winged in and out;
Their little stir, their light wings' fret,
Was all the sound of life about,
The Summer fair had everywhere
Lulled into rest the slightest breeze;
No sound came in of worldly din
To vex me 'neath the chestnut-trees.

Oh flush of life grown wan and pale,
And weary feet, in wintry days
Wand'ring alone and nigh to fall
Adown the city's crowded ways!
dream! The sunbeams on the grass,
The glowing pyramids of bloom,
he birds' chirp as they fleetly pass
Through the thick leaf roof's tender gloom,
hat only stir of light wings' whirr.
My mem'ry from the past retrieves
all that's gone, been said or done,
Years since beneath the chestnut-trees.

fe's done with flow'rs; around me now
The busy turmoil sweeps and swims;
sweat of brain and sweat of brow
life slow to its foregone end wins.
l far off in the happy West
he chestnut-trees stand leafeless, bare.
rp shadows on the turf do rest,
ut mine will never darken there!
urry, strife, of work-day Life,
nd heart grown cold and hard with these,
ld it be best give up to rest—
back amongst the chestnut-trees.

no! It was not leaves and bloom
one that faded at the prime—
nly sunshine and perfume
t altered at the touch of Time—
nly birds that sang most sweet
ongst the trees to one dear strain,
w'rs that sprang beneath our feet,
t never can come back again;
earts we had, the young hearts glad,
Time could chill and Sorrow freeze—
ey are lost—they have changed most
Otll beneath the chestnut-trees.

TH TWENTIETH OF DECEMBER.

Th rain poured in torrents, drifting and driving in waves of cold sleet, almost turning my umbrella wrong side out, and breaking against my waterproof coat as if it meant to penetrate the smooth surface despite the futility of previous efforts. The train had dropped me at Dartmoor, where the stationmaster's hospitality extended to the offer of a lantern and directions to the nearest inn, a mile distant where my friend intended to meet me. That was why my travel leads me to take the lonely walk. The steady light of my lantern fell on the pools and streams of water as they momentarily deepened or gathered under deceptive piles of slush. Nothing save a promise to my old comrade, Bernie Strong, could have induced me to brave the elements on such a night as this.

We had separated ten years before. And now after ten years, I was facing the pitiless storm to meet him on his birthday, and go out to the fine old mansion which had come to him by way of inheritance. The wind cut in piercing blasts across the moors; nothing broke its wild sweep. I had hunted over them many a day, but never encountered a storm upon them until to-night.

I buttoned my coat closer and drew my hat lower; the tempest seemed to increase, twisting the umbrella like a rag. "It's a devilish night for man or beast," I muttered, vainly endeavoring to right the umbrella.

"Aye, sir, it is a bad night," answered a female voice at my very elbow.

If a spirit had risen from its grave, I could not have been more shocked or astonished.

"It's always bad on these moors on the twentieth of December," she added, at the same moment coming close to my side, and falling into step with me.

The light suddenly beamed upon a pale, rigid face with eyes steadily gazing before. Even in the storm I could see that there was something unusual about the woman, something almost weird. Her dress seemed to be of gray serge, covered with a long cloak, and the hand that held it together was slender and white. Her bonnet evidently belonged to some past fashion; indeed, altogether, her costume was out of date, and dripping with water.

"There are not many travelers such nights as this," she observed, after walking a few steps and keeping pace with my rapid strides.

"Not very often a lady?" I queried glancing into the delicate face and noting the pained expression thereon. "It must be a dire necessity that tempts a lady out on such a night."

"Necessity?" she questioned; "yes, a dire necessity. I must cross these moors if the tempest tears them apart. Is this the twentieth of December?" she asked, abruptly turning her face toward me, then gazing straight in front of her in the same fixed gaze, as if she strove to peer into the pitch-like blackness always before us.

"Yes, certainly it is. Take care, that pond of water is over shoe-top."

"It does not matter," she answered, walking through the slushy pond without a glance at it. "Are you sure this is the twentieth of December?"

"Yes, perfectly certain."

"Then, she rejoined quickly, "I must cross the moor. Ah! I must—there is no help for it. I must walk—walk in spite of the blasts and rain."

She might have sat for the portrait of some high-bred dame of a century past, with her long pelisse, and sleeves falling back from the wrists, and enormously high-heeled shoes. The face, as well as I could see it, was pretty, without being very young. She looked troubled, almost agonized, and utterly regardless of the wretched walk we were having; nevertheless, this antique female filled me with compassion. I strove to shield her from the driving rain with my umbrella. "Madam," I said, after a critical side glance, "Perhaps you will allow me to attend to your errand; if it is in my power to serve you, it will give me pleasure to do so."

"You are wonderful polite, sir," she replied with a formal courtesy. "I must attend to my own errand, but ah, sir, perhaps you will tell me whether this is the twentieth of December."

"Madam, there is not a doubt of it; I assure you it is perfectly true. I left London this morning, and have the papers in my pocket; you can see them if you wish; here is the— "

"No," she interrupted with a deprecating gesture, and a strangely hopeless tone; "I must believe you, sir—the rain will wet the paper. It rains wonderful fast, and the train came later than it did the last time."

"Yes; I presume it was on time yesterday. The storm delayed us," was my reply.

"I meant the last twentieth of December, the night was not so wild as this," rejoined the woman, drawing her cloak around her, and shivering.

"I suppose you were never out in such a storm," I said between the gusts of wind and sleet, almost blowing the words down my throat and making me gasp for breath.

"Ay, yes; 'tis nothing. I crossed the moors once when the snow had banked up to the lower branches of the trees, and well nigh covered the little Dartmoor Inn before the new kitchen had been added to it; and there was no railway crossed it then; but there was no one to tell me whether it was the twentieth of December, although I sought to know."

"Before the new kitchen had been added?" My brain began to whirl. The old plate in the stone corner of the inn kitchen I had looked at so often, and studied its date with all a boy's perseverance in nothing to do; and then that legend of the great snow on Dartmoor had been one of my childish delights as my grandmother related it. Strange that this young creature should speak of it, when I remembered that my grandmother had it from her grandmother.

"The old inn kitchen was built one hundred years ago, madam," I observed, in unmistakeable incredulity.

"Yes, so it was, and the great snow was ten years before. No one ventured abroad but me; no one would tell me whether it was the twentieth of December, although I longed to ask," she responded regretfully, quite undisturbed at my stare of amazement. Somehow as she spoke I observed that her custom was in the style of a great-great- grand mother, and mentally I calculated from the date of her decease—it had been one hundred and forty years ago.

"Pray, madam, may I ask whether you are mindful of how long it has been since then? It was not in our day," I ventured to observe.

"Aye, not in yours," she answered quietly; "the snow was more than one hundred years ago. That was a fierce night for me. Ah, it was hard to keep the path when the big tree had been blown down and lay flat on the ground."

"What tree?" I inquired. She pointed to a great elm tree we were passing at that moment, the wet branches blown about by the rough winds, and knocking our heads with uncomfortable rudeness.

"That was a shoot from the old stump. It is a goodly tree now."

Just then I caught the first glimmer of light from the inn windows, and despite the loquacity of my companion I confess to a feeling of relief. Besides, a curiosity to view her by a better light, and understand something about this strange personage, was just as strong as my desire to see her safely under shelter and out of weather too tempestuous for a woman.

"We are near the inn, madam; you can see the light."

"Yes, they had a window in the north gable, which guided belated travelers; one could see the light from it far across the moors," she responded, in that clear treble of hers.

I made no reply; this time I reflected. She is mistaken; no such window has ever been there, to my knowledge. The wind was not as high, although the rain and sleet still fell in torrents, giving as much as I could do to find the way, and in some measure defend the woman from its pelting. As far, however, as my efforts were concerned, or indeed as to the weather, she appeared oblivious, and evidently never noticed either except by a quaint acknowledgement when I called her attention to it. We were only a few yards from the inn, walking rapidly, when she turned to me again with an imploring gesture.

"Sir, I beseech you to tell me whether this is really the twentieth of December. I have lost my count, and do not know—ah! I implore you to tell me truly."

"Madam, I swear it is," was my energetic response, hurrying forward to the friendly cover of the inn porch.

She seemed to hasten her pace, also, and as I ran up the steps said, with the most heartfelt gratitude:

"I am wonderfully fortunate."

I knocked sharply at the door, which was opened immediately by a rubicund, jovial landlord, with his pipe in his mouth, and a blazing fire in the cheery background.

"Come in, sir, come in; it's a nasty night," he said, in a hearty voice, as I hesitated.

"The lady," I said; "here is a lady who claims your attention."

"Where? there is no lady, is there?" asked the landlord, an expression of surprise crossing his honest face.

I turned my lantern around; there was no one to be seen; we searched the porch, for I asserted positively that a lady had accompanied me. All in vain; the landlord pointed to my tracks in the sleet-covered, freezing slush; there were none beside them—mine and no others.

"Are you sure of it, sir?" he asked, rather doubtfully; "leastways, its very strange. Was she friend of your'n?" he interrogated, following me to the fire, and assisting me out of my dripping overcoat. "Maybe you never hear'n of her before."

I told him of my adventure in crossing the moor.

"Was she pretty and old-timed—musty like?"

"Very much so; I can't account for her disappearance."

It gave me a decidedly uncomfortable feeling to sit quietly before that delightful fire and think of a woman out in the storm.

"Was she mainly troubled about the twentieth of December, sir?" asked my hostess, as she handed me the punch.

"Yes, yes; she persisted in asking over and over if this was really the twentieth of December," I responded, eagerly.

The two glanced at each other meaningly.

"That's her," said the landlord.

"That's her," ejaculated his wife, turning pale, and moving nearer her husband.

"We have heard of her before, sir," he explained, dropping his voice into a whisper: "you're not the first traveller that's seen the gray woman of the moor. She only walks once a year, on the twentieth of December. My father saw her once, and he used to say that his father met her face to face one night when he was belated, and she begged pitiful for him to tell her whether it was the twentieth of December."

"It's the same, undoubtedly. Did you ever have a window in the gable end of the house?"

"Lord, sir!" exclaimed the landlord, with a mystified look, "that was closed up ninety years ago. It was in the old stone part. How did you ever hear of that, sir?"

"My companion across the moor informed me of it," I replied, somewhat bewildered by this circumstance, yet inclined to laugh at their absurdity, and think it some witless creature out in the tempest, when she ought to be in a mad house.

"They used to put lights in it, sir, for travellers, for you see, in those days there were no railways; men mostly took it afoot, or on horseback."

I made no answer. It was all very odd; take it in any light and reason as I would, no explanation presented itself.

"Who is she?" I asked, after a few moments rapid reflection plunging me only deeper in the fog of mystery.

"Well, sir, they do tell of her about here," answered the wife of my host, glancing furtively at the door; "but leastways it's no luck to talk of her when she is abroad. Who knows what she might do if she heard us; not that I believe the like of that, or mind telling you," corrected the good woman, dropping her voice in a mysterious whisper. You see, I've lived on the edge of the moor all my life, sir, and my mother and grandmother, and her grandam before me, so I ought to know the rights of it. My grandam says that the old house over in Wyndeworth Park is where she lived—Lady Cicely, I mean—and that she was to marry a handsome baronet on the twentieth of December. And, sir, my grandam says he went abroad to the French war, promising to come back. She would walk on an evening across the moor to see if he was coming, but he never came, although the poor thing fretted her life away, watching and waiting for him. My grandam says she was always begging them to tell her whether it was the twentieth of December, and everybody was afraid to do it—leastways they didn't; but she must have found it out in some way. At last they heard that her fine knight had married a French lady, and poor lady Cicely got more daft than ever, and grandam says her grandam had heard how she wouldbeg piteously for somebody to tell her truly if it was the twentieth of December, and would sit day in and day out watching the way he had to come across the moor. Nobody told her, but on the twentieth of December she slipped away unknown to anybody in an awful storm, and the next day they found her dead on the moor.

The landlady glanced frequently over her shoulder at the door as she whispered her story in my ear:

"They do say she crosses the moor every twentieth of December, sir," added the woman under breath, starting involuntarily as a gust of wind shook the door and rattled the windows. "I've never ventured abroad, but if I do, sure as I'm living, Lady Cicely, in her gray, musty clothes and mouldy cloak will meet up with me, I know that, sir, for you've seen for yourselves—and there's ill luck on the place, because nobody has lived at Wyndeworth Park these fifty years, all along of the gray woman—begging her pardon," supplemented the hostess with the most timid humility.

Bernie laughed at the adventure when he heard of it, but all his raillery did not take away the apprehension and awe-stricken look from the countenance of mine host and his wife. 'It's her and naught else, if I may make bold to say," they persisted. For myself the incident was perfectly inexplicable. The peculiarity of the woman's face and costume, and the accuracy of her recollections presented an unsolved enigma. Every inquiry only served to deepen my perplexity.

That was ten years ago. Last night Bernie came home after a three year's absence to spend the holidays with us. It was dark and cloudy, but he sent the carriage back and preferred to walk over the moor to the station. We had not long to wait before his quick step came crunching over the gravel-bed walk, and we had welcomed him home again.

"It's a confoundedly lonesome walk over that moor," he said, as we all sat down to dinner, after Bernie had freshened up his toilet. "The deuce take it, some queer-looking woman met me and inquired if this was the twentieth of December. I don't know whether she was that old ghost the servants used to term the 'gray woman,' but oddly enough she had a gray, moldy look, and seemed afraid I would not tell her the truth."

Here was another adventure precisely similar to mine, and equally inexplicable. Whether there is any foundation for my belief, or whether the world will merely laugh at my folly, I do not know, but for the life of me, I cannot shake off the idea that my companion of that stormy walk over the moor was the uneasy occupant of some other sphere. I never cross the moor after dark, as frequently occurs when the sport has been good and the game not shy, that I don't expect that antique figure to step out of the shadows, and that plaintive voice to ask:

"Will you tell me if this is the twentieth of December? Ah, sir, I've lost my count; will you tell me truly?"

Rather an extrordinary joke is at present current on the North-West frontier of India. The dirtiness of the Afghan is proverbial; and it is said that upon one occasion General Roberts captured a Mongol who was so perpetually dirty that it was thought necessary for the safety of the whole camp that he should be washed. Two genuine Tommy Atkinses were told off for this purpose. They stripped the prisoner and scrubbed at him with formidable brushes and a large quantity of black soap for two hours, at the end of which time they threw down their brushes in disgust and went to their captain. "What is it, men?" "Well, sir," they replied somewhat excitedly, "we've washed that Afghan for two hours, but it wasn't any good. After scrubbing him, sir, till our arms were like to break, blest if we didn't come upon another suit of clothes!"

A correspondent of an eastern journal says: When large enough, *warts* may be removed from cow's teats by tying a strong waxed thread around them. When this cannot be done they may be washed with Thuja tincture or camphoretted olive oil, or burned below the surface with sulphate of copper.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Monkey's Wedding.

The monkey married the baboon's sister,
Smacked his lips and then he kissed her,
Kissed so hard he raised a blister,
She set up a yell.

The bridesmaid stuck on some court plaster,
It stuck so fast it couldn't stick any faster,
Wasn't that a sad disaster?
Pretty soon t got well.

What do you think the bride was dressed in?
White gauze veil and a green breastpin,
Red kid shoes; she looked quite interesting—
She was quite a belle.

The bridegroom wore a blue shirt collar:
A black silk stock that cost a dollar,
Large false whiskers the fashion to follow,
He cut quite a swell.

What do you think they had for supper?
Black-eyed beans and bread and butter;
Ducks in the duck house all in a flutter;
Pickeled oysters, top.

Chestnuts boiled and raw and roasted;
Apples stewed and onions toasted;
Music in the corner posted.
Waiting for the cue.

What do you think was the tune they danced to?
The drunken sailor and sometimes Jim Crow,
Tails in the way and some got pinched too;
Because they were too long.

What do you think they had for a fiddle?
An old banjo with a hole in the middle;
A tambourine made out of a riddle;
And that's the end of my song.

Johnny's Essay on Tails.

There was a dog and there was a cat, and there was a labm, and there was a ox. The dog it sed to the ox, the dog did: "That's a mity long tail you got there, mister, with a nice tossle to the end, but you can't waggle it wen you meet yure master."

Then the cat it sed to the ox, too: "No, in deed, and you can't blo' it up like a bloon wen you git mad."

Then the labm it sed: "You ain't able for to twinkle it, either, wen you think of something funny."

The ox he thot a wile, and bime by he spoke up, and sed his ownself: "I played hooky wen I was a little boy so much that I dident lern them vain accomplishments, that's a fack, but I got a tolaby good bisness edcation, and I gess mebby you fellers wude have to cum to me for to hullup you out if you had to fil a order for ox-tail soop."

The Godfather Death.

A certain poor man had twelve children, and was obliged to work day and night to find bread for them to eat; but when the thirteenth child was born he ran out in his despair on the high road to ask the first he should meet to stand godfather for it.

Presently he met Death striding along on his withered legs, who said, "Take me for godfather." The man asked who he was, and received for reply, "I am Death, who make all things equal." "Then," answered the man, you are the right person –you make no difference between the rich and poor; you shall be godfather for my boy."

Death replied, "I will make your child rich and famous; he who has me for a friend can need nought. Then the man told him the christening was fixed for the following Sunday, and invited him to come; and at the right time he did appear and acted very becomingly on the occasion.

When the boy arrived at the years of discretion, the godfather came and took him away with him, and leading him into a forest showed him an herb which grew there. Now," said Death, you shall receive your christening gift. I make you a famous physician. Every time you are called to a sick person I shall appear to you. If I stand at the head of yonr patient, you may speak confidently that you can restore him and if you give him a morsel of that vegetable he will speedily get well; but if I stand at the feet of the sick he is mine, and you must say all medicine is in vain, for the best physician in the world could not cure him. Dare not, however, to use the herb against my will, for then it will go ill with you."

In a very short space of time the youth became the most renowned physician in the world. "He only just wants to see the sick person, and he knows instantly whether he will live or die," said every one to his neighbor; and so it came to pass that from far and near people came to him bringing the sick, and giving him so much money that he soon became a very rich man. Once it happened that the King fell sick and our Physician was called in to say if recovery were possible. When he came to the bedside he saw that Death stood at the feet of the King. "Ah,' thought he, "if I might this once cheat Death he will certainly take offense; but then I am his god-child and perhaps he will shut his eyes to it—I will venture."

So saying he took up the sick man and tnrned him round, so that Death stood at the head of the King; then he gave the King some of the herb, and he instantly rose up quite refreshed.

Soon afterwards Death, making an evil and gloomy face, came to the Physician and pressed him on the arm, saying, "You have put my light out, but this time I will excuse you, because you are my god-child; however, do not dare to act so again, for it will cost you your life and I shall come and take you away."

Soon after this event the daughter of the King fell into a serious illness, and, as she was his only child, he wept day and night until his eyes were almost blinded. He also caused it to be made known that whoever saved her life should receive her for a bride and inherit his crown. When the physician came to the bedside of the sick, he perceived Death at her feet, and he remembered the warning of his godfather; but the great beauty of the Princess and the fortune which her husband would receive so influenced him that he cast all other thoughts to the wind. He would not see that Death cast angry looks at him, and threatened him with his fist; but he raised up his patient and laid her head where her feet had been. Then he gave her a portion of the wonderful herb, and soon her cheeks regained their color and her blood circulated freely.

When Death thus saw his kingdom a second time invaded and his power mocked, he strode up swiftly to the side of the Physician and said, "Now is your turn come;" and he struck him with his icy-cold hand so hard that the Physician was unable to resist, and was obliged to follow Death to his underground abode. There the Physician saw thousands upon thousands of lamps burning in immeasureable rows, some large, others small, and others yet smaller. Every moment some were extinguished, but others in the same instant blazed out, so that the flames appeared to dance up here and there in continual [illegible] age, and the smallest to the aged and gray-headed. Yet some of the children and youth in the world have but the smallest lamps."

The Physician begged to be shown his own lamp, and Death pointed to the one almost expiring, saying, "There, that is thine."

"Ah, my dear godfather," exclaimed the Physician, frightened, "kindle a new one for me; for your love of me do it, that I may enjoy some years of life, marry the Princess and come to the crown."

"I cannot," answered Death; "one lamp must be extinguished before another can be lighted."

"Then place the old one over a new lamp, that its dying fire may kindle a fresh blaze," said the Physician entreatingly.

Death made as if he would perform his wish, and prepared a large and fresh lamp; but he did it very slowly, in order to revenge himself, and the little flame died before he finished. Then the Physician sank to the earth, and fell forever into the hands of Death!

Fashion Notes.

The Brighton ulster is very fashionable and convenient for travelling.

Lace and embroidery are even more used for trimmings as the season advances.

One of the prettiest lace pins worn is a well curb, with the bucket-pendant from it.

. Stylish combs, beautifully carved in the form of flowers and leaves, and in very dark tints, are much worn.

French shell combs, in beautiful designs, are becoming more and more fashionable, as the *coiffure* becomes lower.

A pretty travelling bonnet can be made of black, rough-and-ready straw trimmed with black, watered ribbon and red roses. It is very stylish, and, withal, modest.

Novelties in parasols are now shown in every conceivable style, shape and color. They are much more fancy and showy this season than last, and add, by their picturesqueness, to the pretty face of the bearer.

Pretty English stockings are now very fashionable, of Lisle thread in *ecru* tints, open-worked vertically, and embroidered with small dots which alternate in different colors, blue, garnet, brown and black.

English ladies are wearing for indoors a long plain dress, something like the "Esma" wrapper. The plain princess dress is also a very good design for ginghams or cambrics for mourning wear, and the "Watteau," set into a square yoke, a very graceful style for a breakfast dress in country houses.

Twilled flannel, dark blue or Russian gray, is the best and most serviceable material for bathing dresses, as it does not chill, does not hold water, nor cling to the body so much as other materials. White, black or red braid are the usual trimmings, put on broad and in clusters, or simply as bindings, according to taste.

Among tke prettiest dresses prepared for afternoon receptions are *foulards* with *ecru* ground, and small olive and blue figures, tiny leaflets, acorns with stems, and the like. The small design containing several shades of olive brown and green, with lines of blue, black, and a deeper shade of yellow to bring out the dark tints.

An exquisite *jabot* of *crepe de Chine* trimmed with silk *Valenciennes*. It consists of a deep plaited point, edged with *Valenciennes*, and a *coquille* of the same lace, ornamented with loops of narrow pale blue *gros grain* ribbon, and a small bouquet of field flowers with foliage. Another bouquet is placed nearly at the bottom of the pointed end.

One of the most popular combinations which has been effected this season, consists of a union of plain cotton or woolen materials with plaid or check of different kinds, colors and sizes. The plain dark blues and wine colors are always combined with plaids into which these dark colors inter, and are united with a great deal of gold color of different shades. The paler materials, on the contrary, such as mastics and very light stone color, or ash gray, are combined with checks, made up of pinks and blues, with lines of olive and brown, or black.

A novelty in summer toilets consists of a white flounced or trimmed skirt, in thin wool, gauze, and muslin, and high, sleeveless bodice of dark wine color on ruby silk or satin. The sleeve is of the same material as the bodice, but has a puff at the elbow, of the thin fabric. A necklace made of numerous little chains, with a pendent locket, is worn at the throat, and the same effect is produced at the wrist by a many-stranded bracelet, the sleeve being longer than the ordinary elbow sleeve, but fitting close, and allowing the space upon the wrist necessary for long gloves and ornaments.

Home-Made Picture Frames.

Myrtle Burr in the *Rural Home* writes: Carrie's picture frames were so handsome that I asked her permission to examine them more closely. They looked like beautifully carved wood. She told me she had made them all herself from common brown wrapping paper. She takes the paper and cuts it in inch and a half or two inch squares, then folds it in the middle to make a three cornered square, then folds down each corner, making a perfect square, with a crease or line running through the middle (which must be left outside.) She then places one close above the other, so the points will run up, leaving the crease running through the center, and sews them together in a long strip. This is the center. She now takes two of the paper squares (or three if she wishes) folded in the same way, places and sews them same as before, and places them alongside of the strip, so that they will come out far enough on the side to make notches. She then continues sewing these notches down each side until she has it long enough. She then takes pasteboard a little larger than the picture which she wishes to frame, and sews this on it. She measures it before sewing, leaving room for both glass and picture to come far enough under it to hide the edges and make it firm. After this is all done she gives it a good coat of varnish. These frames will ornament any room, if properly made. The same shade of paper must be used otherwise they will be spotted.

[illegible] in Maine, [illegible] beyond [illegible] friends [illegible]

THE FARM.

Soiling Crops.

From the National Live Stock Journal.

The labor of soiling is compensated in three ways—first, in saving fences; secondly, in saving manure; and, thirdly, in the extra production of milk, meat, wool, or growth. The success of this system must depend very much upon the skill exercised in the production of the proper soiling crops. It is not proposed to cut meagre green crops for feeding in stall or yard; for the labor—which we have just been considering—would be too great for any gain to be anticipated. It is expected that the land for soiling will be put in such fine condition as to bear excellent crops, and that these crops be located convenient to the place of feeding. A good crop of rye, clover, etc., will require only one rod or less per day for each animal, whilst a thin crop might require three rods for the same purpose. It is, therefore, most important that we should give careful attention to the best crops for cutting green.

WINTER RYE.

This flourishes best on a sandy or gravelly soil, but will grow large crops on heavy clay loam, if well underdrained. It yields a large supply of green food on soil only moderately rich, as its roots spread out in a thick network over a considerable space, and furnish a large number of absorbents. It being an annual, it must be cut before the head forms, and it will then spring up again at once for a second crop. Some German authorities say that it may be cut at short intervals during the first summer, and then mature a crop of seed the next season. Great care should be taken to cut it in its young and succulent state, so as to keep it in vigor. If the crop is good, and the land sufficiently moist, it mav be cut every three or four weeks.

Rye should be sown early for soiling—say the latter part of August, or early in September, for the Middle and New England States, and, for the Southern States, it may be sown as late as November. It is better sown with a drill, at the rate of two bushels per acre. If it grows vigorously in fall, feed it off if the land is dry, or cut it high with a machine, so that it will not smother under snow. The proportion of dry organic matter in green rye is about 25 per cent., which is more than in clover, but its albuminoids are in less proportion than in clover or peas. And, although we have found cattle to do well upon rye for a few weeks, yet it is better to give some more nitrogenous food with it, such as clover, oil-cake, wheat middlings, oatmeal, etc. Rye is ready to cut before clover; and small quantities of these other foods may be given with rye till clover is ready to be cut and fed with it. Rye and clover, combined, make a most excellent ration for steers or cows. The rye crop is much benefited by harrowing once or twice in spring after the ground becomes sufficiently dry to drive upon it. The slanting-tooth harrow is used.

CLOVER.

This must always be one of the most important crops for soiling, both on account of its early cutting, and its large amount of excellent green food upon an acre. It contains more water in the green state than rye; but its albuminoids, and carbo-hydrates are in better proportion as a food for young and growing animals, and for the production of milk. On dry, rich soils very large crops may be raised, even as high as twelve tons of green food at the first cutting in early blossoms, and often two more cuttings, amounting to eight or more tons—yielding even as high as twenty tons of green clover in a season, or over six tons of dry clover hay. This proportion of green to dry clover is calculated from experiments made by Prof. Voelcker on the College farm at Cirencester. The crop is cheaply raised, is subject to but a few insect enemies, and not affected so much by drought as most other crops.

ORCHARD GRASS

Is an excellent soiling grass, and should be grown with clover, as they are both ready to cut at the same time. They both commence a fresh growth immediately after cutting. This grass attracted the favorable attention of Washington. He says: "Orchard grass, of all others, is, in my opinion, the best mixture with clover; it blooms precisely at the same time, rises quickly again after cutting, stands thick, yields well, and both cattle and horses are fond of it, green or in hay." This is a good description of its excellences, although in order to "stand thick" the soil must be made very fine and a large amount of seed sown. We have seen it growing luxuriantly on a heavy clay loam. With proper attention and manuring it may be cut at least three times in a season.

LUCERNE.

This plant has, where the soil is adapted to it, a peculiar value for soiling. It belongs to the class of leguminous plants, and, like clover, takes a very deep root, penetrating even deeper than clover, the roots having been traced as much as thirteen feet beside a pit. Its nutritive qualities are about equal to clover, and it produces in favorable situations a much greater weight per acre. On rich, warm land it gives an early cutting, and four or five in a season. It is, perhaps, one of the oldest cultivated forage plants—was in common use among the Greeks and Romans. It was cultivated in New York nearly a century ago. Chancellor Livingston experimented with it in 1791, and reports some three years of his trial. He obtained over six tons of hay in five cuttings. The soil best adapted to it is a deep, rich loam, inclining to sandy, with a porous subsoil, or a well drained clay loam.

Milk and Lime Water in Nervous Disorders.

In a paper on "Milk with Lime Water as Food and Medicine in Nervous Disorders," presented by E. N. Chapman to the Medical Society of the State of New York, at its recent annual meeting, the author deprecates the warfare of drugs against disease which is now being waged by specialists more vigorously and systematically than ever before. Digestion and assimilation, he asserts, are ignored, and the attention is absorbed by one or more prominent symptoms in a part remote from the primary source of morbid action. Consequently the efforts of the phyisician to cure his patient are too often unavailing.

He states that having used, the last few years, milk with lime water almost exclusively as the diet of his patients, he has attained a success unknown to him when he depended more on medicine and less on food. To illustrate the ready assimilation, the nutritive quality and the remedial power of milk, when rendered digestible by lime, he presented notes of a number of cases treated by him, embracing a class involving the nerve centers, and that are acknowledged to be little under the command of accepted modes of treatment; such, for instance, as marasmus anæmia, paralysis, indigestion, neuralgia, chorea, dementia, and alcoholism.

Domestic Water Supplies.

From the American Cultivator.

Water, next to air, is the chief necessity of life, hence it is all important not only that we should have a bountiful supply, but also that it should be pure. Sanitary science has shown that water is, or can be, a carrier of epidemic diseases. The history of cholera, as propagated in the East, in Europe and even in this country, shows that it has undoubtedly been conveyed by streams or by the drinking water directly supplied to the inhabitants. The same kind of propagation occurs as regards typhoid fever, also epidemics are diarrhœa and dysentary. Scientists are undetermined as to whether such water has been poisoned from the surrounding polluted atmosphere or whether it contains actual and active germs of disease. In the rural districts the water supply must necessarily be produced direct from a well, a spring, from a river or from the clouds. Surface or shallow wells are to be avoided if possible, as they are all likely to be contaminated with sewage. No well should be used that is near a cesspool, or if on the slope of a hill, below the level of the cesspool. Wells secured by digging through the surface strata, taking water from lower levels' are far less liable to contamination. If water be taken from a spring or a brook, care should be exercised in avoiding such a supply as is contaminated with sewage pollution. Comparatively few wells are safe from some sort of surface impurities.

Rain-water, if properly stored, is the purest kind obtainable, and in some sections the only resource. Whether tanks, casks, cisterns or other receptacles are used, great care should be exercised in keeping them scrupulously clean. A large amount can be collected from the roofs of farm buildings. In many sections of New England bountiful supplies of pure spring water can be secured by moderate outlay, where families, either through lack of knowledge on the subject, or through indifierence, are risking health and even life by the use of impure water. Wherever the sources of water supply are liable to any suspicion of impurity, the safest course is that of filtering or boiling before use. Charcoal is infinitely the best filtering and cleansing medium, and animal, or bone, is much better than vegetable or wood charcoal. Fine sand and gravel are sometimes used for filtering water. Water for domestic use should be clear, inodorous and tasteless. It should also be colorless and free from sediment of any kind. Above all, great care should be taken to see that the water supply does not communicate with the drain. Numerous instances have occurred in which, from close proximity of soil, gas, drain and water pipes, foul emanations have impregnated the water with disastrous results. As you value the health and well-being of your families and yourselves, let the domestic water supply receive your careful scrutiny and your constant thought.

Buttermilk as a Beverage.

Eight years ago, says Dr. T. S. Lambert, I wrote the first article that I ever penned upon buttermilk, and the editor said: "I will put it in as a curiosity; but, Doctor, you do not mean, do you, to really try to get people into the habit of drinking that vile stuff? You will not succeed." I answered that I really did mean to try and to succeed, and every year since, except last year, I have rekindled my efforts. Then it was very difficult to find a place in New York where good buttermilk could be obtained, or a person who wished that there was such a place. One keeper of a resturant obtained some out of politeness to me, but those who called for it were so few that he gave up the attempt. How different now! Almost every milk-dealer makes it a point to have buttermilk, and to sell that which he has. The hot season is near upon us, and it is time to again consider the subject. It is not of small importance, but to this State alone it is a matter of millions of dollars value.

There are two kinds of buttermilk. One is made from cream, the other results from churning the entire milk. The latter is fortunately the most consumed, for though not in some respects so rich as the other, it is much more wholesome on that very account. When the butter is taken from the milk all the other elements of the milk remain. The butter is simply heat-producing or fattening in its nature. We do not, therefore, need that in hot weather. The sugar of the milk serves the same purposes as the butter does. When the sugar sours, therefore, no harm is done in hot weather. Indeed, a blessing has been wrought, since the acid produced from the sugar aids in cooling the body. It appears, then, that the buttermilk made by churning all the milk is not only as nutritious as the fresh milk, but in summer it really has a greater physiological value as an article of food. This not being understood, there is not a market, as there ought to be, for every quart of buttermilk made in the State. Our farmers give it to their hogs, esteeming it worth for the purpose of feeding them only an eighth of a cent per quart. Now if it was appreciated so that they could get only one cent per quart for it, that would bring to them eight to ten cents against every pound of butter that they make. This would, ere long, of course, bring down the price of butter. Yet it would leave more money in the pockets of the farmers than they now realize from their cows.

Cincinnati Enquirer: Several leading statesmen, of all political parties, made patriotic addresses in this State on the Fourth of July. We are gratified to learn, from their dispassionate discourses, that this country is getting along pretty well, after all—that it is, in fact, the greatest country in the world. This remarkable state of stability and prosperity, however will only last till about the first of August.

The potatoe crop in California has never been so large as this year. Some sales are quoted at 25 cents per sack.