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My Heart's Voice.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When life was bright and hope was strong,
When grief was short and joy was long,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a song,
A merry song.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When gathering clouds o'ercast the sky,
When joy was far and grief was nigh,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a sigh,
A heavy sigh.

To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
When earthly pain knew heavenly balm,
When trouble deep knew deeper calm,
To my heart's voice I listened, listened,
And lo! it was a psalm,
A holy psalm.

A NEW YEAR CHOICE.

One might think, who saw her life, that few people led a lonelier life than Nina Prentice did. An orphan with narrow means, keeping up her dead father's house, there was little visible excitement in such an existence. Yet hers was a temperament that did not require excitement, and that found happiness where others would not dream of looking for it. Her garden and her flowers were like a household to her; the poor all over the little hill-town afforded her occupation; she visited somewhat among a few wealthy acquaintances; and, for the rest, if she had such day dreams as other young girls are wont to indulge, no one was any wiser for them.

Nobody knew that her friend's father, the wealthy Mr. Barnes, had made her a standing offer of marriage any time within the last three years; nobody knew from her that Bryce Hanscom went out to a Mexican ranch because she had no smiles to give him; nobody knew whether Harold Hartley's face ever glanced out of the windows of her castles in the air; nobody knew whether one New Year's day she looked forward to the next with any wonder as to what it might bring her of sorrow or joy. She was so sweet, so silent, so gentle, that people in general knew no more of her emotions than of those of the statue of some saint in its churchly niche.

Yet it was only on the last New Year's evening that, if any one had been able to look behind her curtains, they would have seen her on her knees before the low blaze of her fire, crying as if her heart would break, burying her face in her hands and longing for the night when "this fever called living" should be over at last.

"New Years and New Years!" she sobbed. "Ah! how can I bear another so alone!"

Perhaps Mrs. Hartley, her mother's old intimate, had some faint idea of the fire that burned under this crust of snow. But Mrs. Hartley was not entirely impartial in her judgment of the girl, and it was her morning and evening prayer that Nina should at some day stand in a closer relation to her than she did at present. But, as that would be impossible without her son Harold's intervention, she left no stone unturned to that end. Mrs. Hartley thought she knew a great deal better what was good for her son then he did; and when she had made up her mind that he had better marry Nina Prentice, it was because she consulted his best welfare—possibly without complete regard to Nina's. She knew that Harold, although so affectionate, was of a high temper; and that Nina had inexhaustible stores of still patience, and that that still patience would await the time when he should come back to her, no longer the knight errant, spurred by a restless nature, but a quiet and dignified gentleman, ready to take his father's honored place in the community. Her approaches in the question were exceedingly gentle; yet not so gentle that they did not put Harold on his guard, so that he was like the hunted deer, snuffing the gale afar off.

"Well, mother, I thank goodness," he said, with a light laugh, on detecting her meaning, "that we do not live in France, and that you can't go and inquire Nina's dot and settle the—"

"It's a very good dot, Harold. Just a snug little income to keep the wolf from the door and satisfy reasonable wants; and it would be vastly better for any husband than launching out on the tremendous fortune of Miss Barnes, with palaces, so to say, and yachts and racing horses."

"Just give me the chance to see it if it is. Go to Miss Barnes, mother," cried Harold, gayly. "Ask the amount of her dot, and if your scapegrace of a son is worth it. Yachts and racing horses! I like the idea."

"Oh, Harold!"

"But Miss Barnes is a beauty, too, mother, and very sweet and gay. The man that marries her needn't marry for her money at all. She would have lovers if she hadn't a penny in her own right. 'Don't ee marry fur money, but go wheer money be,'" quoted Harold. "Excellent advice, that old northern farmer's. And I'll go 'where money be' to-night," as he drew on his gloves.

"Don't talk so, Harold. Don't talk so, even in jest. Miss Barnes may be well enough, for all I know, but her money would destroy you, who were not born to money. You would do nothing and come to nothing. But as for Nina Prentice, as I said, she's a saint."

"Wouldn't do at all for a wife then. Wives mustn't be too good 'for human nature's daily food.' Think of reproving a saint because the buckwheats were flat, or the buttons off. Adios, you managing mamma," and he was gone.

It was a misty summer night, so thick one could hardly see a star. But those ringing steps needed no guiding star to direct them; for, to tell the truth, Harold Hartley suspected himself of being already more than half in love with Miss Barnes. Undoubtedly, there was something in her superb surroundings that added to her own charms; and she seemed, too, as entirely at home in them as the flower that blossoms in the rich, moist air of the hothouse. That velvet lawn, set with its flaming exotics and beds of flowers, with the lofty porches and wide halls behind it, the dimly-lit drawing rooms, and the dining-room, with its generous sideboard—all the consciousness of ease and comfort and delight of the senses about the place made visiting Miss Barnes a very pleasant way of passing time; and then, moreover, as her father was a prominent man of affairs among the politicians of the country, one met there people who enlarged the mental horizon and made a man think for himself and think more of himself.

To-night, however, as he went along, his mother's words gave him a little thought, and it did occur to him that it was unwise to let himself become so used to all this splendor and luxury on a venture; for, after all, a girl of such wealth and fascination as Miss Barnes had her choice from a crowd of lovers, of whom he was but one and the least conspicuous.

Just as these salutary reflections stole through his mind his ear was caught by the crying of a child, and he paused to look into the window of the cottage that he was passing, and to see a woman hushing a little child, whose face was now hidden in her neck—a slender, darkly-clad woman, who moved here and there, with the baby on her arm, and attended to the wants of a number of other children, while a man sat at the table, with his arms thrust out straight before him and his head fallen between them, in an attitude of abject despair. The woman's back was toward him all the time; but something about her reminded him of Nina Prentice.

"Pretty much what I might expect, I suppose," groaned Harold, "if I obeyed my mother. By George!" as the woman half turned, a sweet, fair, sad face, and delicate profile of figure, "I believe it is Nina!"

But its absurdity destroy the fancy, and he went on his way, whistling a bar or two of the "Wanderer," and would have been very shortly with Miss Barnes, had he not been detained by a discussion with a chance friend at a corner; and had not then stepped into a pool of water, and been obliged to hunt up a bootblack, the little wretch afterward keeping him waiting for his change.

"I declare," said he to Nina, when at last he reached Miss Barnes' parlors, "I thought I saw you married to a drunken laborer, as I came along to-night, with a gang of babies clambering round"—

"What made you think him drunken?" asked Nina, with her sweet seriousness.

"Oh! the looks of him—the arms on the table, the fallen head, unkempt, unshorn, you know, and all the rest."

"I suppose," said Nina, "that a poor man, whose wife lay dead in the other room, might look much that way."

"I believe it was you!" cried Harold.

"Do I look like it!" she asked, lightly. "And have I a dual existence, to be here and there too?" And then, as Harold glanced her over, in her airy muslins and forget-me-nots, he smiled at the idea; and she seemed all at once as different from that woman, and from all other women, as if she had stepped out of another star. Yet, for all that, a man does not care to marry a woman who is different from all other women simply to oblige his mother.

"What are you two talking about?" asked Miss Barnes, standing before them just then, the picture of a Bacchante, with her head bound with currant leaves and her clustering curls like grape bunches about her dark and laughing face. "Are you promising Nina that you will come to Washington this winter? Nina is to be with me there for the holidays, you know. If you should, swell my list on New Year's." And then she went dancing down the room, for the misty night had driven everybody within doors; and a waiter was just bringing in a tray of juleps.

"When I was a little confirmed drunkard of the age of ten I signed the pledge," said Miss Barnes, conveying the waiter to Harold. "But I didn't know how nice juleps were. Now I am totally depraved. Here, Mr. Hartley. Nina! It's quite as immoral to drink lemonade with straws as mint juleps. The sin lies altogether in the straws!"

"It depends on the individual whether there is any sin about it, I think," said Nina. "But I love lemonade. A lemon seems to carry coolness into the tropics."

"And you don't know why you should burn your throat—that long, white throat—out with the other? Get thee to a nunnery!" As the gay girl lifted her glowing glass to the waxlights, Harold whispered to Nina, "I don't believe the Bacchantes used straws," and was astonished that Nina did not laugh. But that night the faces of the two girls kept shining upon him out of the darkness, as he walked home. The one the self-indulgent, laughing beauty; the other, if not beautiful, yet certainly a lovely face in its fairness and perfect calm. And the girl lifting her glass to the glow of the wax lights did not seem to him so charming as before.

"Do you know," said Mr. Hartley's mother, one twilight, some time afterward, "I'm afraid I have been doing an injustice to Miss Barnes? She really has a heart. Those poor McNultys! When Mrs. McNulty died she used to go down there every evening, and carry a supper, and hear the children's prayers, and put them to bed, and leave a breakfast set out for the father in the morning. Just think of that girl doing such things!"

"Did she tell you that she did, mother?" asked Harold.

"Well, no. That is, not exactly. I heard that one of the Hill ladies was down at the McNulty's doing these things, and spoke of it incidentally to Miss Barnes; and she asked me to say nothing about it, and said she only did what she couldn't help doing; and when I said I thought it a great deal for her to leave all her gay life every sunset, and go down there, night after night, and wait on that family, and then hurry home to her household of company, she colored up so prettily, and said we were all stewards, and it was duty and pleasure, too, to do what she could."

"Humph!" said Harold Hartley. He knew very well now who it was that he saw through the window of the McNulty cottage. But, after all, a pretty face covers a multitude of sins. He set about forgetting the deceit; he reasoned that it was a girlish jest, signifying nothing; and he went to Washington all the same, shortly after the holiday season arrived, and presented himself among the first New Year's callers at the great doors of Mr. Barnes' residence there.

"Ah! have you come?" cried Miss Barnes, hurrying to meet him. "We were so afraid you wouldn't. And now you know so few people in town that you have no calls to make, and I want you to stay the whole day here with us. I've a perfect crowd of pretty girls to help me receive, and a dear deaf-and-dumb old duenna for a chaperon, and it will be one long festival! Will you have some refreshment now? Champagne punch? There's some Madeira, fifty years old. Ah! there's the bell. Every man to his post! There are no privates here; but I'm captain-general!" and she danced back to her place, well content that Mr. Hartley should see the triumphal procession that the day was likely to be.

And a triumphal procession it was—the *jeunesse dorée*. Loungers, clerks, attaches, members, senators, secretaries, officers in their splendid uniforms, all swelled the ranks, swept through the great house, and kept it thronged with groups in the rose drawing room, groups in the gray parlor, in the music hall, the dining-room and the conservatory.

As the day wore on Miss Barnes, with a portion of her attendants, was as much in the dining-room as the drawing-room, sauntering in with one and out with another, or standing under the heavy curtains between the rooms. What a picture she made, Harold thought, in her scarlet satins, with yellow poppies in her hair, against the background of the citrine-colored curtains. There she was now, taking that Venetian gem of a decanter from a servant, and herself pouring wine for an old senator, who had perhaps already too much. Here came a parcel of gold-laced officers, flushed and gay and handsome. What did she mean by urging that old port on the half-tipsy boy among them, while the others laughed and jested?

Harold was not ordinarily troubled with scruples; but this seemed to him to pass the limits of a jest, and he experienced a sense of relief as he saw a lady approach in the shadow of the curtain, and placing her hand on his arm lead the boy away. Gowned in gleaming white satin, her shining shape crossed that scarlet blaze like the passing of a moonbean, and knowing who it was and thinking she might have trouble, Harold followed; but it was only to find Nina alone in the gray parlor, the boy having laughed her cup of bouillon to scorn and left her out of hand.

"Isn't it too bad?" she said, with a laugh that was half a sigh, after all. "He asked me if I was a temperance lecturer, and called this delicious bouillon 'slops.' Will you have it?'

"Where have you been all day?" he said, setting down the cup.

"Oh! I am on duty on this side. We are all stationed by plan of battle; but most of my battalion have deserted to the other rooms. Isn't this a lovely one? It almost unfits a person for quiet life at home, these gay nights and days. It would, at least, if one were quite at rest in it."

It was a lovely room. It tempted all Harold's old love of ease and luxury. The gray velvet on the floor, draping the walls, covering the cushioned divans, wearing a frosty bloom under the silver chandeliers, the delicate-carved jades, and ivories, and spars, the one white-winged marble, it seemed somehow as if Nina herself had taken shape from all these pure, pearly shadows. He looked through the gleaming arches that led from room to room and saw the scarlet-clad and golden-crowned beauty standing there, with the ruby glass suspended in her hand as she offered it to some new guest, and a strange shudder stole over him.

Unjust as it might be, for that single moment the one of the two girls was like a picture of the incarnation of sin and the other of innocence. He remembered the icy morning, a few weeks ago, when he had seen Nina in her swansdown mantle holding up a sheaf of wheat against the blue sky, and a hundred little belated birds hovering round it, with whirring wings and chirruping cries, and he turned and looked at Nina with a piercing gaze again, before which her soft eyes fell, till the blushes streamed up to meet the lashes; and as he gazed knowledge came slowly swelling up in Harold's heart and soul that, whatever attraction dark and glowing beauty and luxurious surroundings had had for his senses, it had been for his senses alone, and that the love of his life had suddenly sprung, full grown and winged for an eternal flight—so eternal that now, in the first moment of its recognition, he could no more tell if it had ever had beginning and if it would ever have an end. So white, so fair, so sweet, so pure—was it possible he had been blind to it all for years? So white, so fair, so sweet, so pure, was it possible that he could win her? Would she take the poor remnant he had to give—his *jeunesse epuisee*.

For one brief moment Harold Hartley felt pangs of punishment that seemed to have lasted for years, and he felt like a sad old man as he still gazed at her. But he was one not to be long daunted, either by his own unworthiness or by the cruelty of fate. In a heart beat or two he was himself again, and he plunged in, aware that, even if she would have none of him now, it gave him the vantage-ground of her compassion for the future.

"I am glad," he said, "that you are not at rest in this life. It is a different life that I wish you to share. Nina, is it possible—" And then a little hand stole into his, and he led her away into the palm shadows of the conservatory.

"Ah! what a fool I have been," he was saying, exultantly, as he bent over her. "Why did I never know that I loved you before?"

"I always felt you did," she was murmuring to reply. "I always knew you would—if not here, then hereafter. For I never remember the time when I did not love you!"

"And this New Year's day," he said, "is the gateway of a new life for both of us. Ah! with God's help, what a life lies before us!"

Progress of Iron Industries.

The census bureau of the government has issued one of its special bulletins relative to the iron and steel industries of the United States, which, says the Lancaster (Pa.) *New Era*, is full of interesting facts, and reveals the marvelous progress we have made in this direction during the past decade. There is at the present time a capital of $230,971,884 invested in the business, against $121,772,074 ten years ago, showing an increase during the brief period of more than eighty-nine per cent. In 1880 only twenty-five States and Territories had engaged in the production of iron and steel, but Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado, as well as the Territories of Utah and Wyoming, have since commenced operations, making a total of thirty States and Territories of iron and steel.

Pennsylvania has for a hundred years been the great iron making State of the Union. In 1870 we made fifty per cent. of the entire production of the country. We have held our own remarkable well during a past decade, having increased our output ninety-seven per cent., and in 1880 we still made forty-nine per cent. of the country's entire production, notwithstanding that the industry has been wonderfully stimulated all over the country during the past ten years. Pennsylvania's product in 1870 was 1,836,808 tons; in 1880 it was 3,616,668 tons. The increase in tons all over the country between 1870 and 1880 was from 3,655 215 tons to 7,265,140 tons, or ninety-nine per cent, a most wonderful increase.

Ohio more nearly approaches us in her iron productions than any other State, her product in 1870 having been 449,768 tons, and in 1880 930,141 tons, an increase of 107 per cent. New York comes next, but her rate of growth in her iron product is much less than that of Pennsylvania or Ohio, having been only thirty-three per cent. between 1870 to 1880. Her product in the latter year was 598,300 tons. Illinois has taken New Jersey's place as fourth among our iron producing States; in 1870 she made only 25,761 tons, which increased to 417,968, an increase of 1,522 per cent. in ten years. Maryland has fallen from the fifth place in 1860 to the twelfth in 1880, having made an increase of only sixteen per cent. Missouri has made great progress, being now the sixth State on the list. Some of the Southern States, notably West Virginia, Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Delaware, have shown largely increased production. Of all the States that made iron or steel in 1870, three alone, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Maine, have fallen off in their product of these metals. Under the remarkable demand of the railroad interests of the country, we may, for a number of years at least, see this important industry make equally rapid strides.

Dr. Holland as a School-Master.

The experience of the late Dr. J. G. Holland as superintendent of schools at Vicksburg is thus recounted by Edward Eggleston in the *Century:* At the end of the tedious river voyage he found that the public schools which he had been called upon to superintend had not yet been organized, and that, beyond a department for girls, they had no existence. Dr. Holland was warned that discipline was out of the question—that if he exacted obedience he would be put out by the larger boys. There ensued a stern fight for supremacy between him and his rebellious pupils, in which his quick decision of character gave him the mastery. Even at a later day than this, such a thing in the Southwest as the shooting of a schoolmaster for whipping a boy was not unknown, and it is a wonder that Dr. Holland escaped violence. Nothing but his superior quickness and unfaltering courage saved him. Once the larger boys resolved on revenge. One who had suffered a sharp punishment at his hands provided himself with a club, and, backed by a crowd of burly, overgrown school-fellows, waited to attack the teacher on his way to the postoffice. Seeing the crowd, and knowing its meaning, Dr. Holland fixed his steady dark eyes on the one who held the club, clenched his fists, and walked straight forward through the midst of the group, which melted slowly away at the approach of the terrible master. When the rebels had dispersed, the teacher found the prints of his nails in the palms of his hands. Though he staid in Vicksburg but fifteen months he made a revolution in its educational system. In less than a year from his coming the private schools were all given up, except one which derived its support from out-of-town pupils. The schools were graded and were taught in one building under his supervision.

Slate Pencils.

The hard black German slate pencil has been superseded of late years by the round white pencil of clay slate. At the quarry near Castleton, Vt., about thirty-five workmen produce 50,000 pencils daily, and it is proposed to increase the daily output to 100,000. The blocks when quarried are sawed into pieces seven by twelve inches, split to a thickness of a half inch and smoothed by a planer. The block is passed under a semi-circular knife, and after having been turned over the process is repeated. The result is fifty seven-inch pencils. A particle of quartz in the block would break all the pencils. They are pointed by a grindstone, turned, assorted, and sent to market in boxes of a hundred

Codfish skins are now used in the manufacture of light gloves.

SCIENTIFIC FARMING.

The Beauties of "Mountain Side"—Mr. Theodore Havemeyer's Great Experiment in the Ramapo Valley.

"Mountain Side," the farm of Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer, of New York, lies in Bergen county, New Jersey, twenty-nine miles from New York city, in the beautiful Ramapo valley, which at this point is scarcely a mile wide. Through the farm, from north to south, flows the Ramapo river. "Mountain Side" comprises six hundred acres, three hundred of which lie in the valley and are under cultivation, and the remainder on the sides of the mountains, which at this point rise to the height of about six hundred feet. The farm is under the superintendence and management of Mr. John Mayer, an educated farmer, who learned his art in the State of Rhode Island, and who is assisted by a foreman, and employs in the management of the farm from thirty to forty men, who are all comfortably cared for in suitable cottages. In the construction of the buildings an average number of seventy-five men were constantly employed for a year and a half.

The main road from Sufferns to Pompton passes almost through the center of Mountain Side, from north to south. Mr. Havemeyer's barn, dairy and silos are comprised in one building, forming the letter T. The barn proper stands east and west, and contains the cattle-floor, the hay-loft, feed-bins and manure-cellars. The south wing contains the ice-house, dairy, engine-room and quarters for the dairyman. In the north wing are the silos. The length of the barn from east to west is 263 feet, its width forty-four feet; the length from north to south, including the diary and silos, is 263 feet, the south end being thirty-one feet wide, and the north end, or silos, forty feet wide. Beneath the barn on each side and directly under the cattle are the manure-cellars, each fourteen feet in width and 180 in length. Under the center of the barn and surrounded by the manure beds is a room for keeping roots, 150 feet long and fifteen feet wide, with stone walls and cemented sides and bottom; this root cellar is thoroughly ventilated by flues of its own, quite disconnected from those for the manure cellar and for the cattle floor above. At the extreme west end of the barn cellar, between the two cartways, is built a cistern of cemented work 53 feet long, 15 feet wide and 12 feet deep, having a capacity of 35,000 gallons of water, which is supplied from the river. From this great cistern, into which, also, the water from the barn roofs can be carried at will, a steam pump raises water to two large tanks high up in each end of the main barn, and from these tanks, giving an excellent head, water is supplied by a system of pipes to all parts of the various buildings. Back of this cistern stands the gas machine, which supplies the house and all the buildings with light. Entering the main floor of the barn one is struck with its immensity of size, its cleanliness, and the absence of all odors. It is 42 feet wide in the clear, and has two ranges of stalls, one on either side, numbering in all 98, while the distance between the stalls and the center is 13 feet. These stalls are 5 feet long and 3 feet 6 inches wide, with a gutter 1 foot 6 inches wide and 4 inches in depth, running in the rear 5 feet from the head of the stalls. Behind the stalls is a passageway 8 feet wide, extending along the sides of the barn. At the end of the row of stalls on the right are 10 box stalls, 12 feet long, 8 feet wide and 4 feet 4 inches high, in which at all times are kept some of the most valuable animals, and others, when they are calving. In the center of the floor, extending the whole length of the barn and connecting with the silos, is a railroad track. The height of the barn, from the floor to the hay-mows, is 10 feet; the latter are 13 feet high, and extend the length of the barn, to the roof, having a capacity for 300 tons of hay. The barn has the best system of ventilation and lighting which can be devised. Both in winter and summer the air here is pure, and almost free from odor.

The engine-room occupies that portion of the south wing which lies immediately contiguous to the main building, and is 30 feet long by 29 feet wide, with a floor above for storing machinery, etc. In it is an engine of fifteen-horse power; the pump which forces the water from the river to the cistern in the barn having a capacity of 1,500 gallons per hour. Adjoining the engine-room is the ice-house, which is 36 feet long and 27 feet wide, with a storage capacity of 400 tons of ice. Beneath the ice-house, on a level with with the ground in the rear—the building being on the slope of a hill—is a summer dairy, which has the same dimensions as the ice-house, except the height, which is 10 feet from the floor to the ceiling. The floor and sides are tiled, and the ceiling is finished with ash boards, planed, tongued and grooved. The facilities for ventilation are such that the temperature can be kept at about 40 degrees in summer, and regulated at will. Adjoining is a room on a level with the summer dairy, 49 feet long and 29 feet wide. It forms a basement, while above it is the winter dairy of the same dimensions. The two are connected by an inclosed elevator, and also by a staircase. The floor, sides and ceiling of the winter dairy are also tiled in variegated colors and artistic figures, affording, with the blue and white tints, a most agreeable and restful picture. These rooms, fitted so as to cream the milk by cold air alone, or by deep setting in water, have capacity for handling the milk of four hundred cows. A shaft fromt he engine-room runs through the dairy work room, so that power can be had whenever desired. Above is the dairyman's residence.

The north wing of the barn, devoted exclusively to the silos, is 99 feet long and 40 feet wide. The peculiarity of this part of the work is that the silos, although 25 feet deep, stand entirely above ground. Upon a massive stone foundation concrete walls 2 1-2 feet thick were constructed, forming originally four large silos; two at the south end are 59 feet long and 14 feet wide, their ends against the main barn, and two 35 feet long and 12 feet wide extend across the north end of the silo wing. All are inclosed and covered by a strong frame building, its exterior uniform with the rest of the barn. The filling is done from the outside, the cutters standing upon a concrete pavement east of the north wing, carriers conveying the cut stuff through large doors 25 feet above, and into any compartment desired. The ensilage is cut out from the top, and with hoisting apparatus carried to the tramway on the feeding floor.

Mr. Havemeyer's barn for bulls is divided into five compartments, 12 by 12, each connecting with a yard 25 by 12. There is also a large yard on one side of this building. The calf pen is 125 feet long by 16 wide, and is divided into four compartments. It is designed for the care of calves after they are a month old. Each compartment will house twelve to twenty calves. In front is a yard for the heifer calves, 100 feet by 100, and another for bulls, 50 by 50. The latter has four compartments, 25 by 12, with stalls 12 by 12. Mr. Havemeyer raises all his calves. In front of the chicken-house, which contains 100 light Brahmas, is a yard 150 feet long, divided into ten compartments running lengthwise of the yard, 8 feet wide, of boards 3 feet 8 inches high, and wire 3 feet above. The interior of the house is divided into ten compartments, 10 by 8, with a hall running through the center 8 feet wide. The height is 20 feet.

The piggery is divided into 20 styes, each 8 by 10 feet, and contains 10 styes on each side, each opening into a yard of the same dimensions. Mr. Havemeyer raises hogs principally for home use. Under the hogpen is a cellar 80 by 26 feet, with solid stone walls, into which the manure drops, and into which that from the stables is carted daily; 50 hogs are kept in this cellar to work the manure over. They get enough feed from it, with the addition of a small quantity of skimmed milk, to keep them fat. Among the hogs are 76 of the Yorkshire breed and some Chester Whites. One hundred head of Southdown sheep are also kept on the farm for home use.

There are twenty working horses, comprising as fine a lot of agricultural and draft horses as can be found. They are kept for the work of the farm, beside one yoke of Hereford oxen. The work horses are kept in box stalls, untied. Mr. Mayer says that he wants his horses to sleep as comfortably as his men, and finds that it pays to afford them a box stall. They do more work and keep easier. While all the horses are high-spirited and well bred, they are made, by care and gentle treatment, kind and docile.

Mr. Havemeyer now has ninety-eight Jersey cows and heifers (every animal of which is entered in the herd register of the American Jersey cattle club), and by next spring will have 150. He has stable room for 200, and will keep that number of animals. The intention is to have 100 head of cows, which, with the calves and bulls, will equal about 200 head, and to hold an annual sale at the farm or elsewhere for the disposition of the surplus.

The feeding place in front of the cows is upon the floor, without any other arrangement, in order that the cattle may obtain their feed clean, and that no particles shall get into corners and sour and injure it. The cattle are watered by means of a trough, which can be raised or lowered at will, and is supplied from the tank above. When it is desired to water them, the troughs are lowered, and when not in use they are raised to the top of the stable. Every cow is cleaned daily with a curry comb and brush. They are treated with absolute kindness and gentleness. A daily record is kept of the milk yield of every cow. The calf is taken from the cow when three days old, the cow being tied up in her place in the stall. The milk, perfectly sweet, is heated up to ninety degrees and fed at this heat, which is the same as the original temperature when taken from the cow. The calf is given milk, at first four quarts every day, in three feedings, morning, noon and night, increasing the quantity as the calf grows. It is kept in a stall until ten days old, and then turned out in the morning to obtain the benefit of the sun. At a month old it is turned into the pasture. Until four months old it is fed with milk, at the end of that period being given some ground oats. Each calf is kept separate until it is three or four months old. Cows are allowed to go into the yard every day, winter or summer, two or three hours, for exercise. A month before calving all meal is taken away from the cows, and they are fed on three quarts of ground oats per day, in two feeds, with all the hay or ground feed they want. They are put into box stalls ten days before calving, in order to get accustomed to the place. This system is found to prevent milk fever. Mr. Mayer, who has had the care of cattle for many years, has never had a case of milk fever.—*Francis D. Moulton.*

Broke Up in a Row.

Mr. Simonin, a warm advocate of American institutions, recently gave a lecture before the Geographical society of Paris, in which he dwelt on the startling growth of the population of the United States. In three centuries, he said, if the present rate of progress was maintained, the United States would have 1,600,000,000 of people. At this statement some one in the audience protested, and sneered at the American nation as a mushroom, which was soon likely to decay. Others disputed the accuracy of his assertions about the actual growth of the population. "Wait," said a third, "until we get Africa opened—and Africa will be opened—then the emigration of Europe will be all directed thither, and America will see her numbers diminish!" "The colonization of the African continent is a dream; it cannot be realized!" cried a fourth. "It is, on the contrary, infinitely healthier than America!" asserted a fifth—and so the meeting broke up in a tumult.

The Department of Agriculture.

In his annual report Mr. Loring, the commissioner of agriculture, says that upon entering upon the discharge of his duties on July 1 last he found an elaborate plan of operations for the year already laid out by his predecessor. Such of the investigations as he thought of value he has pushed forward with an ardent desire to bring them to legitimate conclusions. The commissioner says: "Provision had been made for investigating the agricultural condition of the Pacific coast; for continuing the work on the artesian well in Colorado; for proceeding with the experiment in the cultivation of the tea-plant; for concluding the investigation into the manufacture of sugar from sorghum; for observations on the existence of pleuro-pneumonia and other contagious diseases of animals, both in this country and in those English ports to which American cattle are exported; for continued examinations into the necessities and opportunities of American forestry; for tests of textile fibers, both animal and vegetable; for a scientific investigation of the habits of insects injurious to vegetation and of the best methods of destroying them, and for the usual work of the various divisions of the department for which appropriations had been made by Congress." All of these subjects have been given the most careful attention both by the commissioner and by experienced experts in the various branches, and the report contains many valuable conclusions arrived at by the department. The expenses of the attempt to cultivate the tea-plant in South Carolina have been somewhat curtailed without detriment to the experiment. One of the experts—Mr. Saunders—who has visited the tea farm established in Summerville, S. C., reports that "the 200 acres of land selected for the experiment are most of them covered with a heavy forest growth, the soil being 'poor, hungry sand' of a character 'to support only the scantiest kind of vegetation.' Of this about fifteen acres had been cleared, and was under a primitive cultivation. On these acres operations were begun in January last. A space was prepared for sowing the tea-seed, and preparation was made for covering the plants, which, when young, suffer severely on being exposed to the sun. The plants were growing well and constituted the entire tea crop of the farm." Mr. Saunders reported that with regard to the future prospects of the enterprise, if continued in the line of the present scheme and under the present system, it may be said that there is not much room for encouragement. The poverty of the soil and the character of the climate, in which frosts sometimes occur, seem to be unfavorable to the production of strong, highly flavored teas, as had already been proved by an experiment in McIntosh, Ga.

The investigation of contagious diseases among domesticated animals has been continued with good results. The results of some of these inquiries, such as the discovery of infected head-ropes in ocean steamers, are already known. The fact has also been established that pleuro-pneumonia exists in several of the Eastern States, although in most cases in a very mild form. Prominence is given to the report of the veterinary surgeons sent to Great Britain to inquire into the alleged importation from the United States of diseased cattle, and the commissioner believes that most of the misunderstandings on this subject have given way before the convincing proofs presented by the American surgeons.

"The special investigation of the insects affecting the cotton crop," the commissioner says, "is being actively carried on, particularly in its more practical bearings, and most valuable discoveries have been made in mechanical details and principles that lessen the cost of protecting the crop and simplify the necessary machinery. Recognizing the importance to our Western farmers of acquiring data upon which to predicate as to the probable action of the Rocky Mountain locust in 1882, I have had an agent specially engaged, under the direction of the entomologist, to gather such data in the permanent breeding grounds of this pest, lying for the most part in the thinly settled sections of the Northwest. Remembering the incalculable loss and suffering which this insect entailed between the years of 1873 and 1877, losses which largely helped to prolong the commercial depression of that period, this information seems to me of sufficient moment to warrant annual observations of a more extended nature."

Commissioner Loring expresses his intention of making the crop reports much more accurate and exhaustive than heretofore.

The Growth of the United States in Ten Years.

The following table presents the final official figures of the population of the United States at the tenth census, with a column showing, for comparative purposes, the population of 1870. The figures for Indian Territory and Alaska are omitted, as their inhabitants are not considered citizens. All Indians not subject to taxation are also omitted, in conformity with the census law:

States and Territories	Total Population.		1880.	
	1880.	1870.	Male.	Female.
The U. S.	50,155,783	38,558,371	25,518,820	24,636,963
The States	49,371,340	38,155,505	25,075,619	24,295,721
Alabama	1,262,505	996,992	632,629	629,876
Arkansas	802,525	484,471	416,270	386,245
California	864,694	560,247	518,176	346,519
Colorado	194,327	39,864	129,131	65,196
Connecticut	622,700	537,454	305,782	316,918
Delaware	146,608	125,015	74,108	72,500
Florida	269,493	187,748	138,744	130,749
Georgia	1,542,180	1,184,109	762,982	779,199
Illinois	3,077,871	2,539,891	1,586,323	1,491,548
Indiana	1,978,301	1,680,637	1,019,361	959,940
Iowa	1,624,615	1,194,020	841,156	776,479
Kansas	996,096	364,399	550,667	459,429
Kentucky	1,648,690	1,321,011	832,590	816,100
Louisiana	939,946	726,915	468,754	471,192
Maine	648,936	626,915	324,058	324,878
Maryland	934,943	780,894	462,187	472,756
Massach's	1,783,085	1,457,351	888,440	924,645
Michigan	1,636,937	1,184,059	862,335	774,582
Minnesota	780,773	439,706	419,149	361,624
Mississippi	1,131,597	827,922	567,177	564,420
Missouri	2,168,380	1,721,295	1,127,187	1,041,193
Nebraska	452,402	122,993	249,241	203,161
Nevada	62,266	42,491	40,019	22,247
N. Hamph	346,991	318,300	170,526	176,467
N. Jersey	1,131,116	906,096	559,922	571,194
N. York	5,082,871	4,382,759	2,502,322	2,580,549
N. Carolina	1,399,750	1,071,361	687,980	711,842
Ohio	3,198,062	2,665,260	1,583,936	1,584,126
Oregon	174,768	90,923	103,381	71,387
Pennsyl'a	4,282,891	3,521,951	2,141,653	2,141,238
Rhode Isl'd	276,531	217,353	133,030	143,501
S. Carolina	995,577	705,606	490,408	505,169
Tennessee	1,542,359	1,258,520	769,277	773,082
Texas	1,591,749	818,579	807,800	783,949
Vermont	332,286	330,551	166,887	165,399
Virginia	1,512,565	1,225,163	745,589	766,976
West Va.	618,457	442,014	314,195	303,962
Wisconsin	1,315,497	1,054,670	680,079	635,418
Territories	784,443	402,866	443,201	341,242
Arizona	40,440	9,658	28,202	12,238
Dakota	135,177	14,181	82,296	52,881
Dist. of Col.	177,624	131,700	83,578	94,046
Idaho	32,610	14,999	21,818	10,792
Montana	39,159	20,595	28,177	10,982
N. Mexico	119,565	91,874	64,490	55,061
Utah	143,963	86,786	74,569	69,454
Washington	75,116	23,955	45,974	29,143
Wyoming	20,789	9,118	14,152	6,637

The Queen and the Doctors.

By the unwritten, yet immutable laws of the Spanish court no one but a Spanish physician can attend the queen of Spain. When the illness of Queen Mercedes became desperate her doctors called in their German colleague in consultation, but told him that he must prescribe for Donna Mercedes without seeing her on their report of the symptoms and conditions only. Dr. Kisbert declared that it was essential for him to examine the patient before he could indicate what remedies would be efficacious. This, however, could on no account be permitted. He then suggested that he might be allowed to see her through some open door or window without approaching her or even entering the sick room. That concession, too, was refused. "Then, gentlemen, I can do nothing," was the reply. "I am willing to prescribe, but I can hardly do so with good effect without personally inspecting the patient." He wrote a prescription and then left the palace. Three days later the fair young queen was dead, but the laws of Spanish court etiquette remained intact.