CALEB'S COURTSHIP.

His Big Mistake and What Came of It.

I HADN'T no time fer courtin' when I was young an' spry,
For what with workin' an' savin', I let the years go by;
Then I was buyin' an' buildin'—and farm work never gits done—
Till at last I counted my birthdays, and found I was fifty-one.
"High time," sez I, "to be choosin' a suitable pardner fer life."

So I jest set down an' considered where I'd better look fer a wife.
I wanted her young an' harnsome—of course—an' stiddy an' neat,
Smart at bakin' an' churnin', quick with her hands an' feet,
But slow with her tongue (fer talkin' jest wastes a woman's time),
An' as savin' with every penny as ef 'twas a silver dime;
An' ef she was good at mendin' an' scrubbin' an' cleanin' house,
I made up my mind to take her, ef she was poor as a mouse.

Waal, it cost some time an' trouble to diskivir a gal to my mind—
There was lots on 'em to choose from, but the best was hard to find.
At last, after lookin' and thinkin', I settled on Eunice Stout,
The deacon's youngest darter—nineteen or thereabout.
Pretty—yes, as a picter; made the best butter, too,
That ever was sent to market. Sez I: "I guess she'll do.
Whenever I've stopped to the deacon's she's as busy as a bee—
Allus a-workin' an' doin'—yes! that's the wife fer me!"
But now that I'd done my choosin' I sez to myself: "What's next?"
I didn't know much 'bout wimmin, an' I'll own I was some perplexed;

So I asked advice of a neighbor—*that* was the biggest mistake—
Things mightn't hev gone so crooked ef I'd never said nothin' to Jake;
But he was twenty year younger, an' the gals all liked him, ye see,
So I asked his advice about Eunice—jest like a fool as I be!

Sez he: "Why, man, it's as easy! You must take her out to ride;
You must bring her home from meetin' an' stick close to her beside;
You must go to see her of evenin's; you must buy her some pretty things—
A book or a breastpin, mebbe, some ribbons, or some rings;
Then tell her her cheeks is rosy, tell her her eyes is bright;
Tell her you love her dearly, an' dream of her at night;
Tell her—" But here I stopped him. "It's easy talkin'," sez I,
"But I never did no courtin', an' I'm half afeard to try.

I'll make ye an offer, Jacob: ef you'll go with me to-night,
Kinder keep up my courage, an' see that things goes right,
Tackle the deacon, mebbe, an' show me how to begin,
I'll give y' a yearlin' calf—I will, as sure as sin is sin!"

Waal, the bargain was struck. Me an' Jacob went to see Eunice together.
Jake, he talked to the deacon 'bout crops an' cattle an' weather;
Eunice, she kep' very quiet—jest sot an' knitted away,
An' I sot close beside her, a-thinkin' of somethin' to say.
Many an evenin' I noticed, when she went for apples and cake
Inter the pantry, 'twas allus: "Come hold the candle, Jake."
As if she counted *him* nobody; then she'd give me a smile,
Soon's I offered to help her, an' say 'twarn't worth my while.
I'll own 'twas quite surprisin' how long they'd hev ter stay
A-pickin' out them apples, but Jacob told me one day
They was tryin' to find the best ones, so's she could give 'em to *me*,
An' surely *that* was flatterin', as any one could see!

THEY WAS TRYIN' TO FIND THE BEST ONES.

Once I bought her a ribbin—Jake said it oughter be blue,
But a brown one's far more lastin', an' this one was cheaper, too.
An' once I took her a-ridin', but that wasted half a day,
An' I made up my mind that walkin' was pleasanter anyway.

Waal, I'd been six months a-courtin', when I sez to Jake, sez I:
"It's time that we was married; here's Thanksgivin' drawin' nigh—
A first-rate day fer a weddin'; an' besides, to say the least,
I can make that Thanksgivin' turkey do fer part of the weddin' feast."

So that night I screwed up my courage to the very stickin' p'int
(You wouldn't never mistrusted that I shook in ev'ry j'int)
We was comin' along from meetin'. Sez I: "I'd like ye to say
That ye hain't no objections, Eunice, to be married Thanksgivin' day."
She turned an' looked at me, smilin' an' blushin', an' jest as sweet
(I skursely knew fer a minit ef I stood on my head or my feet);
Then—"I hevn't the least objection," sez she, as I opened the gate;
But she didn't ask me to *stop;* she sez only: "It's ruther late."
I looked all round fer Jacob, but he'd kinder slipped out of sight,
So I figured the cost of a weddin' as I went along home that night.

Waal, I got my house all ready, an' spoke to the pa'son beside,
An' arly Thanksgivin' mornin' I started to hev the knot tied.
But before I come to the deacon's—I was walkin' along quite spry,
All rigged in my Sunday best, of course—a sleigh come dashin' by;
Thar was that Jacob a-drivin', an' Eunice sot at his side,
An' he stops an' sez: "Allow me to interduce my bride!"

So that was the end my of courtship. You see, I started wrong,
Askin' advice of Jacob, an' takin' him along;
Fer a team may be better fer ploughin' an' hayin' an' all the rest,
But when it comes to *courtin'*—why, a single hoss is best!

—E. T. Corbett, in Harper's Magazine.

HOME MEMORIES.

What a Thanksgiving Box Did for John Williams.

IT WAS the night before Thanksgiving day, and the clocks in the neighborhood were striking the hour of midnight as John Williams turned the key in the lock of the door of his room at a fashionable hotel in New York City.

His hand was a little unsteady, for he had just come from a little supper after the opera which he had shared in company with a lot of jolly acquaintances and friends.

To his great surprise, as he opened the door he stumbled over a large wooden box that nearly blocked up the doorway. Crowding past it through the door he made his way into the room, lit the gas and dragged in the box. His name in plain black letters caught his eye at once, and, marveling greatly as to its contents, he looked about him for means to open the box.

As he took off the cover a pleasant spicy odor diffused itself through the room, and a little note was seen lying on the heavy paper that securely hid from view the contents below. He tore open the note and read—read easily enough, for the old-fashioned characters were as plain as print, although the hand that had wrought them had trembled not a little in the writing.

"MY DEAR SON—In this box you will find a few things from home. It is the first time, John, that you have ever missed eating the Thanksgiving dinner with us, and I could not bear to think that you would not have a share in the day's pleasure, so I put up every thing that I could pack and send so far, and you can get some of your young friends to eat dinner with you. I hope you will enjoy eating what I have been able to send you. We were greatly disappointed when you wrote that you were too busy to come home for Thanksgiving. We have not seen you for a year, and somehow it took all the heart out of my work. The children will all be home except you, John, and we will miss you very much. Your father is not very well, and had counted a good deal on seeing you, and takes it hard that you can't be here. God bless you, my dear boy. Your loving MOTHER."

With a grave, thoughtful face the young man arose and placed his mother's letter carefully away; then, turning to the center-table, he cleared it of the gay litter of cards, photographs and knickknacks that bestrewed it, and began to unpack the gifts from home.

HE TORE OPEN THE NOTE AND READ.

After several layers of wrapping-paper had been removed, a tempting vision rewarded his eager gaze. Reposing peacefully on a bed of parsley lay a fat, juicy, tender young turkey in a golden-brown state of absolute perfection, whose internal structure was composed of a delightful compound of dressing and oysters; and as John placed this bird on the table very tender thoughts arose in his heart of the mother-love that had planned this surprise for him. A little jar of cranberry preserves glowed and glistened like rubies in the light as it was unwrapped and placed by the side of the turkey. And what was this that sent forth such juicy, appetizing odors as it was lifted up into the light? What, indeed, but a mince pie, rich and tempting, with a crust that was ready to melt in one's mouth! And then, of course, next came out a pumpkin pie—a beauty of a pie it was, too, with its rich golden face surrounded by the border of white crust, like a jolly old woman in a cap.

As John Williams placed the pie on the table he fell to thinking how carefully his mother used to choose the pumpkins for the Thanksgiving pies. Through the hot, scorching days of summer, and the dewy nights and frosts of autumn, the great yellow globes grew and ripened, and drank in the sunshine and the dew. and when they were gathered in, the whole family looked on while the mother chose the biggest and the ripest pumpkin of all for the pies that graced the crowning feast of the year.

Turning again to the box, he brought out doughnuts, such as no one but mother ever can or ever does make; cookies, delicate and tender; and then great slices of yellow pound cake, and fruit cake whose dark sides were a store of delight for the one so fortunate as to taste them. Three little glass jars of fruit preserves, whose transparent sides revealed the beauty and richness of their delicious contents, as they were carefully unwrapped, came out next.

Then, from out its many wrappers, the young man drew a glass of quivering, amber quince jelly, with its wondrously-delicate color and flavor. John's favorite dainty! A mother never forgets the tastes of her children, and though he would never know its history, his mother could have told quite a story of the infinite pains and trouble she had taken to get that jelly for his home-coming at Thanksgiving. The quince crop had been a failure that year, but she had succeeded in procuring a few gnarled little quinces, and, by the utmost care and patience, had made from them that one glass of jelly for John.

He nearly overlooked a paper bag crammed with nuts—nuts from the old walnut trees down in the big pasture, whose crop he had gathered for many successive years in company with the boys of the neighborhood. There also were hickory and butternuts, and they recalled the days of autumn and the nutting frolics with the gay companions of his childhood, and the long evenings around the hearthstone, eating apples and cracking nuts, while the circle that sat in the light of the big wood fire sometimes widened until all the older brothers and sisters and their little ones sat with them, and again narrowed down to three—the dear old mother with her knitting on one side, and the father with his newspaper on the other, and he himself, a little boy on a low stool between them, eating nuts and looking into the burning embers, and dreaming of the days when he should be grown up, and should leave that hearthstone to seek his fortune in the wide world beyond.

For the last time he reached down into this wonderful box and brought out apples from the old orchard. There were several of each variety that grew on the place, and, yellow and green and red, fragrant and lovely, they brought the smile of spring, the sweet breath of summer and the vigorous life of autumn in their golden hearts. With them came the vision of the old orchard in the spring-time, with its wealth of pink and white blossoms showering the green grass beneath the trees with fairy snow; green and cool and shady, bright with golden promises of coming pleasure through the hot summer days; and then in autumn, when every tree became as gay as a Christmas tree, decked in bright-colored balls that danced in the wind and sunshine and were gathered in with shout and laughter and stored away to help make merry the long winter evenings around the fireside.

The moments went by unheeded, while the young man sat and gazed upon the table heaped high with the tokens of his mother's love and thoughtfulness and toil. His dark eyes were soft and dewy, as he mused long and deeply. The spicy odors filled the room with incense, that like a magic vapor formed itself into images and visions of his childhood days. He saw the long, low-roofed farm-house, nestled among the hills, the broad meadows and fields surrounding it, and the shining river that flowed near the little red school-house, where he first went to school; and memories came of a thousand incidents and scenes of childhood and boyhood memories of his child companions and friends, of his brothers and sisters, of himself the youngest child in a large family, with the older ones settled in their own homes. As he mused he saw the child John, now following his father as he went about the daily work on the farm, and now helping the mother with her household task, his little hands always ready, his little feet never tired. He thought of the happy family gatherings at the old homestead, and the great family festival of the year—Thanksgiving day.

Sweeter and dearer grew the thoughts and memories of home, until, like the pure, fresh air of his native hills, they drove away the eneravating effects of the atmosphere in which he had been living for several months past. He saw then clearly the dangers of the course he had been pursuing, the weakness and folly of which he had been guilty. John Williams had not gone very far on the broad and pleasant road of sin, but for the last six months circumstances had thrown him with a set of gay young fellows, and he had been drifting with the tide. During the six years he had lived in the great metropolis he had not met with many temptations that appealed to him, but with steady promotion and increase of salary had come intimacy with the sons of his employers and acquaintance with their friends. He had naturally a taste and admiration for the refined pleasures that lie in the power of those who have wealth and leisure, and was able to gratify his intellectual and social tastes with his new set of friends, but, fascinated and dazzled by their ways and doings, he became impatient with his lot. He despised things that used to content him, and strove to find means to add to his salary, and in his feverish thirst for greater gain, and in companionship of his new friends, he had crowded down, down into a very small corner of his heart the duty and affection that were due to the old folks at home.

Stronger and clearer grew the visions of home, until in fancy he could see the old home as it would be on the morrow; could see the dinner-table with its load of good things, surrounded by the family and friends, and could hear one another ask in surprise: "Why, where's John?" He could see the tear trembling in his mother's eye as she answered: "He was too busy to come home this year."

"Too busy to go home for Thanksgiving?" What evil spirit, what foul fiend had prompted him to pen that message to grieve the dear old father's heart and bring a tear to those patient, loving mother eyes? Too busy? And the true self of John Williams rose up in its manhood and truth, and he said: "I told my mother a paltry lie! What are my engagements for to-morrow with Morton and the rest of the boys compared to a visit home! I did not care to go, hardened young fool that I am! This box has been more to me to-night than mother ever dreamed it would be. It It has been the means of recalling me to myself, and showing me how foolish and selfish and unprincipled I have been," and a flush of shame came over his face as he thought of his follies.

Pulling out his watch, he scanned its face eagerly, and exclaimed: "I can catch the early morning train and get home in time to eat dinner with the folks, and surprise them all. I am going home." It did not take very long to write a note excusing himself from his engagement with his friend Morton for the next day, nor to write to his employers of his intended trip and the hour he would return on Friday, nor to prepare for his journey.

In the midst of his preparations, however, he thought of the eatables on the table. The tender feelings that filled his heart forbade his leaving them to an uncertain fate. He hastily ran over his list of acquaintances to see if he could think of any one to whom they would be an acceptable gift. At length he remembered two young medical students rooming a few squares away, whose acquaintance he had made some weeks since, and as he recalled the accounts they had given him with the ingenuousness of youth, of their peregrinations from one cheap restaurant to another, until in despair they were attempting to do their own cooking, he felt that there was the place to send his mother's gift. He repacked the box carefully as possible, picturing to himself the delight with which those poor homesick boys would greet that turkey and mince pie. A brief note of explanation to them replaced his mother's note to him. He then hastily completed his preparations, left explicit directions concerning the sending of the box, and was soon on his way to the depot.

And the box went to a narrow street and up four flights of stairs to a small back room, and made two young fellows so happy that they called in two other student friends to enjoy their feast with them, and the way they devoured the turkey, pies, and other good things would astonish any who looked on, unless, indeed, like them, he had been for two long months far away from home, and struggling along with slender means and eating at cheap eating-houses.

The early morning train bore John Williams on and on, through the hours of the forenoon, nearer and nearer the old place; and then, getting off at the little station, he walked two miles along the old familiar roadway, and to the little brown farm-house, and then through the low gateway and along the walk, and as his mother heard his well-known step upon the porch she ran to meet him at the door.

SHE MET HIM AT THE DOOR.

Then there was the joy of meeting the father, the relatives and friends, young and old, gathered at the old homestead for the great family festival of the year. Then the delightful meal prolonged until late in the day, and the happy evening around the hearthstone. That night John Williams slept once more in the little, low-roofed chamber of his boyhood; and as he dreamed the ambitions and hopes of his pure and innocent youth came back to him and stayed with him ever after, and though in later years evil visions and false hopes and ambitions might assail him, they never gained power over him again. Amid the care and responsibility of an upright business life he often looked back with thankfulness to the night he was saved from a downward course by his mother's Thanksgiving box.—Laura M. Cobb, in Christian Union.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Easterner (in far Western store)—"Got any neckties?" Proprietor (mystified)—"Um—er—what sort—silk, calico or hemp?"—Good News.

—We know what the girl who never thinks talks about. Now we would like to find out what the girl who never talks thinks about.—Atchison Globe.

—Flora—"Who is that fat, awkward woman who doesn't seem to know what to do with her hands and feet?" Nora—"O, that's Mrs. Hustler, the eminent teacher of 'Delsarte.'"—America.

—"I haven't had an outing for two years," complained Mrs. Jaysmith. "That's too bad!" replied her husband, sympathetically. "I'll look at the advertisements and see if there isn't a free excursion to a sale of lots you can go to to-day."—Harper's Bazar.

—The velocity of light has been measured and recorded, but the rapidity with which a woman can scatter bad news over a neighborhood is still a matter of guesswork.—Ram's Horn.

—Lady Guest—"I leave this house in an hour." Clerk—"Is there any thing wrong, madam." Lady Guest—"Wrong! Well, I should say so. Why, the next room and mine are connected by a door, and you have actually stopped up the keyhole."—N. Y. Sun.

—A Laudable Desire.—Wife—"Dear, dear! What can you be dropping oil on your best coat for?" Husband—"I bought a bottle of stuff to-day to take out grease stains with, and I wanted to see if it was any good."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—"Isn't Jones a Christian Scientist—a believer in the faith cure?" "He is." "Is it true that he wouldn't have a doctor for his wife the other day when she was sick?" "It is quite true." "Well, I saw a doctor go into his house just now." Oh! that's all right. He's sick now himself."—Cape Cod Item.

—An erratic old gentleman in New York recently went hence and left a large fortune to be expended in teaching people to eat with their forks. Had he left one-half the sum to provide something for them to practice on, his memory as a benefactor would have lasted longer.—Ram's Horn.

—Cousin Tom (to Lizzie, who, with the rest of the family, has just returned from the country)—"Aren't you glad to get back to the city? I should think you would be all lonesone in that sleepy town." Lizzie—"O, no. We got acquainted rapidly, and I had several lovers, to boot." Cousin Tom—"I should think your father would have attended to that."—Boston Herald.

—Travers—"Say, old man, great scheme! Am going to London. You order what clothes you want. Same height, same breadth. I buy them. Bring 'em back. Good fit. Cheap. Eh?" Dashaway—"Splendid. I'll make out my order at once. When you get back, I'll pay you." Travers—"You will, eh? Well, I'd like to know how you expect me to get over there?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

—Mr. Mushroom—"I wish you would send one o' those invites to old Skeesicks and his wife." Mrs. Mushroom—"What! Them vulgar Skeesicks? I won't do it." Mr. Mushroom—"Of course, they ain't so blamed cultured; but they can study up a little." Mrs. Mushroom—"For heaven's sake, Jeremiah! You'll be wanting me to ask our fathers and mothers here next."

—Dollie (snuggling quite close to his watch chain)—"What have you in that locket?" Chollie—"A postage stamp." Dollie—"Goosie! What postage stamp?" Chollie—"The one on your last love-letter. I detached it carefully. It touched your moist red lips. It often touches mine." Dollie—"You dreadful fellow! I'm so sorry!" Chollie—"Sorry! Why!" Dollie—"Because I moistened that stamp by pressing it on Fido's dear, damp nose."—Pittsburgh Bulletin.

FULL OF PERIL.

A Terrible Adventure in the Empire Shaft Gold Mine.

About as tight a place as I ever got into, said a Comstock miner, was some years ago at the old Empire Shaft, Gold Hill. Myself and another man went down in the shaft for the purpose of trimming it up, as the swelling ground was squeezing in the sides and it was a good deal out of shape.

We were not on a cage, but simply on a platform of planks, with ropes going up from the corners to the main cable, which was of hemp. When we reached a tight place in the shaft we stopped and trimmed out the guides, then went on till another such place was reached.

At one point, having given the signal to lower, we went down some distance, when we finally stuck. We reached for the bell-rope in order to give the signal to stop, but we found that it had wound round a nail some distance above, and we could not use it. The engineer knew nothing of our trouble, and continued to lower away. There was no station near, and on all sides rose the smooth walls of the shaft, leaving us suspended over the horrible chasm.

Down upon us came the heavy cable. We feared every moment that the platform would turn over or would be pressed through the tight place and drop from under us.

All we could do was to get hold of the cable and keep the coils of it under our feet as it came down. Should the platform turn over or drop from under us we might be able to save our lives by hanging on to the cable.

We shouted up the shaft till we were hoarse, but no one heard our cries, and steadily down came the cable, causing us great trouble to keep on top of its coils.

We felt that the great weight must soon start the platform, when both would most likely be hurled to the bottom of the shaft.

Finally, to our great relief, the cable ceased to descend. For a long time we waited in suspense, not knowing what would be the next move of those above. At last, however, we heard the voice of a man shouting down to us from the nearest station above.

We explained our perilous position in a few words, and at length the great cable began so crawl slowly up the shaft again. Still being afraid the platform would give way, we were obliged to keep hold of the rope and dance about in the coils as they unwound.

It was a tedious business, and was all the time a matter of the toss of a cent whether we got out alive or went to the bottom; but at last the platform tightened up under us, and we began to ascend. Our work was oven then and we felt safe.

On arriving at the surface we found that the engineer had concluded that we were going too far, and halting, or stopping, his engine, had sent a man down to the station to find out if any thing had gone wrong.

I may have been in more dangerous places in the mines, but was never in a place where the danger lasted so long, and all the time up to fever heat. It was too long a time for any man's hair to stand on end.—N. Y. World.

Very Considerate.

Miss Stanhope (promenading with her mamma)—Great Heavens! here comes that accommodating little clerk of Macy's—and he looks as if he was going to join us—right before the Hastings, too!

Goggings (halting them, smiling)—Howd'ye do, Mrs. Stanhope and Miss Gertrude, howd'ye do—I believe you have actually forgotten me.

Mrs. Stanhope—Well, sir, we are the last people in the world to try to shake any man's belief, I hope.—Munsey's Weekly.

THE FARMING WORLD.

FODDER LOADER.

An Excellent Device for Saving Both Time and Labor.

The picture shown herewith is re-engraved from Bulletin No. 10 of the Iowa Agricultural College. Everybody knows how hard it is to load corn fodder. Low-down wagons lessen the labor, but it is hard enough at best to lift the heavy and clumsy bundles. This picture shows a device which works about on the principle of the old-fashioned well-sweep. The following description is found in the Bulletin: Fasten a piece of timber four-by-six inches across the hind end of a hay-rack with four bolts. Through the center of this cross-piece make a two-by-four-inch mortise in which insert the tenon of a of a four-by-four-inch post six and one-half or seven feet long, which should be braced on each side and in front.

Bore an inch hole ten inches deep in the top of the post. Get your blacksmith to make a contrivance similar to the row-lock of a boat, or to a clevis welded at the middle of its closed end to the end of a round iron a little less than one inch in diameter and twelve inches long, which should have a shoulder ten inches from its lower end projecting one-half of an inch to rest on the top of the post. From the projection to the holes for the clevis pin should be ten or twelve inches. Then get a strong four-by-six-inch piece of timber or a seasoned oak pole from the woods twenty feet long and bore a hole through it eleven or twelve feet from the front end for the "clevis pin." Bolt or spike a strong two-by-four-inch stud on the top of the sweep, so that it will increase the length of its hind end eight feet or more for the purpose of giving sufficient leverage to raise a shock of one hundred hills of corn easily. It is said that this machine can also be used for lifting bunches of green fodder for ensilage. It is also handy for unloading.—Rural New Yorker.

FODDER-LOADING DEVICE.

CANE-RUST.

The Cause of Much Serious Damage to Raspberries and Blackberries in the East.

The most serious trouble among small fruits coming under observation of the New York (Cornell) experiment station this season was the cane-rust or anthracnose of raspberries. It also affected the blackberry. It attacked growing canes, causing them to appear scabby and pitted, as seen in our illustration. The blotches were brownish-black, and at picking time quite conspicuous. The disease weakened the canes and the berries dried up as if suffering drought. It also attacked the leaves. A thrifty condition of the plants is necessary in the treatment of this disease, yet not requiring laborious culture. So far as the station is aware, no systematic experiments have been published upon the treatment of raspberry anthracnose with fungicides. But the old canes and trimmings in its diseased plantations have already been cleaned out and burned, and early next spring will begin the use of fungicides. It is the station's purpose to spray before growth begins with sulphate of iron (about one pound to the gallon), and follow with Bordeaux mixture or carbonate of copper, or both after the leaves appear.—Rural New Yorker.

RASPBERRY ANTHRACNOSE.

Some Common Terms.

Below we give, with their meaning, some terms that are frequently used by agricultural writers:

Humus. Any matter capable of decay, like vegetable or animal substances, until their appearance, smell. natural condition and all possible means of recognition, except by chemical tests, are wholly obliterated. This is manure as made by nature itself, and is the perfection of the article.

Moisture. This is not water, as that will run, it is not merely a fog pervading the atmosphere, but an amount of attenuated wet in the soil sufficient to dissolve its constituents to a consistency just suitable for plant food, and it must be of sufficient warmth. Plants never eat cold victuals.

Sand. Sand is pure silex or flint in a granular state, brought about by the action of waves of water rolling the flints over and over till reduced to sand.

Gravel is coarse sand in a state of preparation to become fine sand.

Clay is the condition albuminous rocks are brought to by the action of frost, heat and water alternately, and always has the color of the original rocks.

Marl is decayed sea shells, torn by the waves, ground up with sand, and consists of silex and lime in proportion as either predominated.

Rich Soil. This is made thus: Humus to feed plants, clay to bind it together, sand to keep it open, marl to add lime to act chemically upon the humus, and if a mass of living vegetable matter can be constantly added to decay in the soil, it will retain its fertility.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Scours in Pigs.

Here are some good remedies for scours in pigs, says a writer: One is scalded milk and raw eggs well beaten, and the two well mixed while the milk is warm enough so that the cold eggs when added to the milk will make the mixture about blood heat. Another is: Dissolve copperas in water, making the solution as strong as possible, and put the solution in warm milk in the proportion of a tablespoonful to a pint of water, allowing a pint of milk for every two pigs if they are ten days or two weeks old, and if four weeks old a pint for each pig. If the pigs will not drink the mixture it can be made more palatable and at the same time increase its usefulness as a medicine if the mixture is well sweetened with sugar or molasses. The medicine may be administered to the sow if the pigs are sucking and are too young to drink readily. Sulphur fed to the sow is good in mild cases. Catnip boiled in milk, sweetened and fed when cool, or blood warm, is one of the best remedies.

THE CROW FAMILY.

Some of the Peculiar Traits of the Noisy Black-Plumed Tribe.

Multitudes of crows often congregate in the woods and swamps. Wilson says that the most noted crow roost he ever saw in his life is on an island in the Delaware. "This island," to use the words of this eminent naturalist, "sometimes goes by the name of the Pea Patch. It is only a little raised above the surrounding water, and is covered with a thick growth of reeds. The entire island is destitute of trees, and the crows alight and nestle among the reeds. The noise made by the birds, in their morning and evening assemblies, is almost incredible. Whole fields of corn are sometimes laid waste by thousands alighting on it at once, with appetites whetted by the fast of the preceding night. The utmost watchfulness is necessary on the part of the farmer to prevent his field from being plundered. The character of the crow is here in very bad repute. To say to the man who has lost his whole crop of corn by these birds that crows are exceedingly useful for destroying vermin would be just about as consoling as it would be to tell him that fires are excellent for destroying logs when he has just had his house burned down by the flames. Some years ago a sudden northeast storm came on during the night, and the tide, rising to an uncommon height, covered the whole island. The darkness of the night, the violence of the storm and the suddenness with which it came on, it is supposed, so frightened the crows that they did not attempt to escape. At any rate, nearly the whole of them perished. Thousands of them were seen the next day floating in the river, and the wind, shifting to the northwest, drove their dead bodies to the New Jersey side, where for miles they blackened the whole shore. However, it was not long after that before the island contained as large a population of crows as ever." This race of birds, the writer thinks, must have a great affection for the Pea Patch.

A crow once attempted to carry off a young chicken or two and got himself into trouble by this means. The chickens clustered around the parent hen and she defended them with a good deal of heroism. At last she drove the enemy into an apple tree and fought him there so furiously that he was soon glad to retreat and give up his chance of getting a dinner in that quarter.—Baltimore Sun.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

TALLEYRAND'S CAREER.

Its Extraordinary Points Graphically Described by an Englishman.

Talleyrand, the French statesman and diplomat, died May 17, 1838, aged eighty-four. He saw, perhaps, as many political changes in the course of his life-time as any prominent person mentioned in history. On taking the oath to the new system of things, eight years before his death, he said: "This is my thirteenth—I hope it will be the last." A contemporary English writer, speaking of Talleyrand and his brilliant apothegms, said: "What are they all to the practical skill with which this extraordinary man has contrived to baffle all the calamities of thirty years, full of the ruin of all power, ability, courage and fortune. Here is the surveyor of the age of the bastile, the age of the guillotine, the age of the prison-ship, the age of the sword. And after baffling the republic, the democracy, the despotism and the restoration, he figures in his eightieth year as the Ambassador to England, the Minister of France, and retires from both offices only to be the chief counselor, almost the coadjutor, of the King. That where the ferocity of Robespierre fell, where the sagacity of Napoleon fell, where the experience of the Bourbons fell, this one old man, a priest, in a land of daring spirits—where conspiracy first and soldiership after were the great means of power—should survive all, succeed in every thing, and retain his rank and influence through all change, is unquestionably among the most extraordinary instances of conduct in the world.—Chicago News.

—A Cedar Rapids (Ia.) gentleman recently wrote a letter to the postmaster at South Blendon, Mich., and, not knowing his name, addressed the letter "To the postmaster," etc. A week later the letter was returned unopened and stamped "uncalled for."

The gas-meter must make both ends mete—our gas bills run up so rapidly.—Puck.

Trades and Occupations.

The Youth's Companion for 1891 will give an instructive and helpful Series of Papers, each of which describes the character of some leading Trade for Boys or Occupation for Girls. They give information as to the Apprenticeship required to learn each, the Wages to be expected, the Qualities needed in order to enter, and the prospects of Success. To New Subscribers who send $1.75 at once the paper will be sent *free to Jan. 1, 1891, and for a full year from that date.* Address,

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

"Don't you know, prisoner, that it's very wrong to steal a pig?" "I do now, your honor. They make such a row."—Spare Moments.

A Tenacious Clutch

Is that of dyspepsia. Few remedies do more than palliate this obstinate complaint. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, however, and you will find that it is conquerable, along with its symptoms, heartburn, flatulence, nervousness, and loss of flesh and vigor. Biliousness and constipation frequently accompany it. These, besides malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, are also subduable with the Bitters.

"This is the worst snap I ever struck," remarked the woodchuck when he got caught in a steel trap.—Binghamton Republican.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

by local applications, as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The man who can write love-letters without making an ass of himself has kept the matter very quiet.—Ram's Horn.

The hen is useful as an article of food, as a destroyer of insects, as a layer of eggs, et setter-y.—Washington Post.

Are any of the new-fangled washing compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 *years*, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it and take no other.

"Is this old latch-key a relic of your grandfather's days?" "No; of his nights."—Indianapolis Journal.

Must not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Beware of the under-tow—when you see a blonde young woman in a black wig.—Texas Siftings.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

Signs of autumn—"Oyster stews;" "Hot Frankfurts;" "Roasted Chestnuts."—Boston Herald.

The Public Awards the Palm to Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for coughs. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The young man who forged his way to the front is now in the penitentiary.—N. Y. Ledger.

Those who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in a vial; only one pill a dose.

When Chicago is asked how she is feeling nowadays she answers: "Fairish, thanks."

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure *everything*—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in *everything*.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, than to tell the truth about it, and take the *risk* of its doing just what it professes to do.

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