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FREMONT WEEKLY JOURNAL,
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BY A. H. BALSLEY.
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Three months, ... 50

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Clyde, Ohio, August 28, 1873.

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IMPERIAL London,	8,000,000
ARMENIA, Pittsburg,	327,642
HOWARD, N. Y.,	695,500
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GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.—Persons at a distance desiring information from this point can address me. If the subject does not require much investigation a few postage stamps will be sufficient remuneration.

Resident of Fremont Since 1840.

REFERENCES:—F. S. White, Bank of Fremont, A. H. Miller, First National Bank, Gen. R. P. Buckland.

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50 Lots, from half an acre to 10 acres in Glenn Springs' sub-division; half mile from the Depot. Just the place for mechanics and suburban residences.

West part lot 91, with 2-story Brick Store and Dwelling, on south side State Street, for sale.

Lot No. 1150, on the east side of Arch Street, south end, Frame Dwelling, for sale at $900.

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S. P. MENG, Assignee.

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Tracts of one to two thousand acres available for Neighborhood Colonies, or for Stock Farms.

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"I would say, that in the course of many years, and through extensive travel, I have not seen a more inviting country, nor one which offers greater inducements, with fewer objections to settlement, than these lands of the A. T. & S. F. R. R.—*Extract Report of Henry Stewart, Agricultural Editor American Agriculturalist.*

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For full particulars, and through tickets at reduced rates, inquire of
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Land and Ticket Agents, A. T. & S. F. R. R.,
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No Payments required on principal till FIFTH year, and then only ONE-SEVENTH each year until paid.

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Large Reduction on Fare and Freights to Buyers and their families.

BUY THIS YEAR.

And take advantage of the Premium of 20 per cent. for cultivation, offered only to purchasers during 1874.

For Circulars containing full particulars, and Map of country, send to
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This unrivalled Southern Remedy is warranted not to contain a single particle of MERCURY, or any injurious mineral substance, but is

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Simmons' Liver Regulator, or Medicine,

Is eminently a Family Medicine; and by being kept ready for immediate Resort will save many an hour of suffering and many a dollar in time and Doctors' bills.

After over Forty Years' trial it is still receiving the most unqualified testimonials to its virtues from persons of the highest character and responsibility. Eminent physicians commend it as the most

EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC
For Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

Armed with this ANTIDOTE, all climates and changes of water and food may be faced without fear. As a Remedy in MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, RESTLESSNESS, JAUNDICE, NAUSEA,

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P. of H.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Fort Stephenson Grange, No. 254, P. of H., is held at Shomo Hall, on the First Saturday before the full moon of each and every month, at 10 A. M. January 3 and 31, February 28 and March 28. B. W. LEWIS, W. M.
E. W. AMSDEN, Sec'y.

Poetry.

Written for the New York Times.

The Ghost that Jim Saw.

(*Kansas Pacific Railway*, 1873.)

BY BRET HARTE.

"Why, as to that," said the engineer,
"Ghosts ain't things we are apt to fear;
Spirits don't fool with levers much,
And throttle-valves don't take to such;
And as for Jim—
What happened to him
Was one-half fact and tother half whim!

Running one night on the line, he saw
A house—as plain as the moral law—
Just by the moonlit bank, and thence
Came a drunken man with no more sense
Than to drop on the rail,
Flat as a flail,
As Jim drove by with the midnight mail.

Down went the patents. Steam reversed. Too
Late! for there came a 'thud.' Jim cursed,
As his fireman, there in the cab with him,
Kinder stared in the face of Jim,
And says, 'what now?'
Says Jim, 'What now!
I've just run over a man—that's how!'

The fireman stared at Jim. They ran
Back, but they never found house nor man—
Nary a shadow within a mile.
Jim turned pale, but he tried to smile—
Then on he tore
Ten mile or more,
In quicker time than he'd made afore.

Would you believe it! the very next night
Up rose the house in the moonlight white;
Out comes the chap and drops as before,
Down goes the brakes, and the rest encore—
And so in fact,
Each night that act
Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.

Humph! Let me see; it's a year now, most,
I met Jim, East, and says, 'How's your ghost?'
'Gone,' says Jim; 'and more, it's plain
That ghost don't trouble me again;
I thought I shook
That ghost when I took
A place on an Eastern line—but look:

What should I meet the first trip out,
But that very house we talked about,
And that self-same man! 'Well,' says I, 'I guess
It's time to stop this yer foolishness.'
So I crammed on steam,
When there came a scream
From my fireman—and it broke my dream—

'You've killed somebody' Says I, 'Not much;
I've been thar often and thar ain't no such,
And now I'll prove it.' Back we ran,
And—darn my skin!—but thar was a man
On the rail, dead,
Smashed in the head—
Now I call that meanness!" That's all Jim said.

Selected Story.

JOHN'R TRIAL.

BY P. DEMING.

Just where the wilderness road of the Adirondack Highlands strikes the edge of the great Champlain Valley, in a little clearing, is a lonely log house. On the 10th day of July 1852 a muscular, gaunt woman stood at the door of the house, overlooking the vast extent of the valley. From her stand point ten miles of green forest swept down to the lake's winding shore. She saw the indentations made in the shore line by "the bay" and beyond the wide waters, gleaming in the fervid brightness of summer. Specks were here and there discernible in the light flashed back from the blue, mirror-like surface, and by long watching it could be seen that these specks were moving to and fro.

The woman knew that these distant moving atoms, were boats freighting lumber through Lake Champlain. She knew there was but one boat that would be likely to turn aside and come into the little bay, and that boat would be her son John's sloop.

That was why she watched so anxiously a speck that neared the bay and at length entered it. To make doubly sure she brought to bear an old spy glass whose principal lens was cracked entirely through. It gave her a smoky view of the famous sloop, the Dolly Ann, John's property, and then she was entirely certain that her son, who had been three weeks absent on his voyage, was coming home.

Juniper, the house dog, who had been watching her, seemed to know it too, perfectly well; for as she turned from her survey through the glass his canine nature developed a degree of wriggling friskiness of which the grave old dog seemed half ashamed. He whined and walked about the door-yard for a few moments, then he gave his mistress a long, steady look, and seeming satisfied with what he read in her face, jumped over the fence and started down the road into the valley on a full run.

The woman knew that three or four hours must yet elapse before John and Juniper would come along the path together, tired by their long tramp up the mountain side. She thought and waited as lonely mothers think and wait for absent sons.

At about four o'clock a young, dark-eyed man and dog came up the road and to the house.

"Heigho, mother, all well?"

Was the man's greeting.

The woman's greeting was only—

"How do you do, John?"

There was no show of sentiment, not even a hand shake; but a bright look in the man's face, and a tremor in the voice of the woman, conveyed the impression that these plain people felt a great deal more than they expressed.

Two hours passed away, and the supper over the neighbors who had seen John and the dog come up the road, dropped in for a talk with the "Captain" as John was called by his friends.

Soon the inquiry was made—

"Where did you leave your cousin William?"

John had taken his cousin William who lived upon the lake shore, with him upon his last trip, and hence the question.

But John did not answer the question directly. He seemed troubled and unhappy about it. He finally acknowledged that he and William had not agreed, and that high words and blows had passed between them and added that his cousin had finally left the boat and had gone away in a huff, he knew not where, but somewheres into the pineries of Canada. He declared, getting warm in his recollection of the quarrel, that "he didn't care a darn" where Will went, any way.

A month passed away: it was August, Cousin Will did not return. But certain strange stories came up the lake from Canada, and reached the dwellers along the Adirondack Wilderness road. No cousin William had been seen in the pineries; but just across the Canada line, at the mouth of Fish River, where the sloops were moored to receive their lading of lumber, a bruised, swollen, festering corpse had risen and floated in the glare of a hot August day. The boatmen rescued it and buried it upon the shore. They described it as a body of a hale, vigorous young man, agreeing in hight, size and appearance with cousin William.

And there was another story told by the Captain of a sloop which had been moored at the mouth of Fish River, near by John's sloop, on the fatal voyage from which cousin William had not returned.

The Captain said that upon the 4th of July he had heard quarreling upon John's sloop all the afternoon, and had noticed that only two men were there. He thought the men had been drinking. At nightfall there was a little lull; but soon after dark the noise broke out again. He could see nothing through the gloom, but he heard high and angry words, and at length blows, and then a dull, crushing thud, followed by a pludge into the water, and then there was entire silence. He listened for an hour, in the stillness of the summer night, but heard no further sound from the boat. In the early gray of the next morning the Captain, looking across the intervening space to John's sloop, which he described as hardly a stone's throw from his own, saw a hat lying upon the deck, and using his glass was confident that he saw "spatters of blood." He thought it "none of his business," and taking advantage of a light breeze sailed away and said nothing. But when the floating corpse was found he felt sure there had been a murder, and, as he expressed it, felt bound to tell his story like an honest man, and so told it.

Putting these things together, it soon grew to be the current opinion upon the lake that Captain John had murdered his cousin William. The dwellers upon the Wilderness road also came, by slow degrees and unwillingly, to the same conclusion. It was felt and said that John ought to be arrested.

Accordingly, on a dreary day in November, two officers, from the county town twenty miles away down the lake shore, came and climbed the steep road to the lonely log-house, and arrested John. It was undoubtedly a dreadful blow to those two lonely people living isolated in the wilderness. Perhaps there ought to have been some crying and a scene, but there was no such thing. The officers testified that neither John nor his mother made any fuss about it. There was a slight twitching of the strong muscles of her face, as she talked with the officers, but no other outward sign.

John gave more evidence of the wound he felt. He was white and quivering, yet he silently, and without objection, made ready to go with the officers. He was soon prepared, and they started. John, as he went out of the door, turned and said, "Good-by; it will all be made right, mother." She simply answered, "Yes, good-by; I know it, my son."

The trio went on foot down the road to the next house, where the officers had left their team. Jupiter, standing up with his fore paws upon the top of the fence, gazed wistfully after them. When they passed around the bend of the road out of sight Jupiter went into the house. The strong woman was there about her work, as usual; but the heavy tears would now and then fall upon the hard pine floor. She knew that her own boy would spend the coming nights in the county jail.

At twelve o'clock of that November night the woman and the dog went out of the house; she fastened the door, and then they went together down the dark mountain road, while the autumn winds swept dismally through the great wilderness, and the midnight voice of the pines mourned the dying year. The next day at noon a very weary woman on foot, with a small bundle and a large dog, put up at the little village hotel hard by the county jail.

Another day had passed and then the preliminary examination came on before a Justice to determine whether there was sufficient evidence to hold John in custody until a grand jury of the county should be assembled for the next Court of Oyer and Terminer.

Three days were spent in this examination before the Justice; the Captain of the sloop who had over heard the quarrel in the night told his story, and the boatmen who had found the body told theirs. Two men who had been the crew of John's little vessel were also called. But they could tell little more than that they were absent on shore upon the 4th of July, and when they retured to the vessel William had gone, they knew not where nor why.

The evidence against John seemed to the magistrate clear and conclusive. But the counsel for the accused, employed by John's mother, took the ground that, as the offense was committed in Canada, a Justice in the Unite States had no jurisdiction in the matter.

This view prevailed, and after five days the accused was set at liberty. But that voice of the people, which the ancient proverb says is like the voice of God, had decided that John was guilty. It was under this crushing condemnation that John and his mother left the country town on a cold December day, turning their steps homewards; and at evening time they climbed the acclivity so familiar to them, and reached the lonely log-house upon the mountains. Their neighbors were glad to see them back again, but were plain to say that "it appears like as if John was guilty." These dwellers in the solitudes were accustomed to speak truly what they thought. John and his mother too spoke openly of this matter. It was only of showing affection and love that these people were ashamed and shy. They both admitted to their neighbors that the evidence was very strong, but John added quietly that he was not guilty as if that settled the whole matter.

But the voice of the people and a sense of justice would not let this crime rest. It came to be very generally known that a man guilty of murder was living near the shore of Lake Champlain. Arrangements were effected by which it came to pass that the Canadian authorities made a formal application to the United States for the delivery of one John Wilson, belived to be guilty of the murder of his cousin William Wilson.

And so again two officers, this time United States officials, climbed up to the little log-house upon the edge of the great valley. Through a drifting, blinding storm of snow, they were piloted by a neighbor to the lonely house. They made known their errand, and in the course of half an hour the officers and their prisoner were out in the storm on their way to the distant city of Montreal.

It was many days before the woman saw her son again. For four months John was imprisoned, awaiting his trial before the Canadian courts. Doubtless those four months seemed long to the solitary woman. She had not much opportunity to indulge in melancholy fancies; she spent much of her time in pulling brush and breaking it up with an ax, so as to adapt it to the size of her stove.

The neighbors tried to be kind, and often took commissions from her to the store and the grist-mill in the valley; "But after all," said Pete Searless, one of John's friends, in speaking of the matter afterward, "what could neighbors amount to, when the nearest of them lived a mile away, and all of them were plain to say that they believed she was the mother of a murderer?"

But the neighbors said the woman did not seem to mind the solitude and the rough work. Morning, noon and night she was out in the snow and the storm at the little hovel of a barn at the back of the house, taking care of two cows and a few sheep which were hers and John's. At other times travelers upon the wilderness road would see her gaunt figure clambering down a rocky ridge dragging poles to the house to be cut up for fuel.

She received two letters from John in the course of the winter. The first told her he was imprisoned, and awaiting his trial in Montreal, and the next one said that his trial had been set down for an early day in March.

This correspondence was all the information the mother had of her son; for the lake was frozen over the winter so that the boats did not run, and no news could come from Canada by the boatmen.

When March came and passed away without intelligence from John, it was taken by the dwellers on the lake shore and along the wilderness road as a sure indication he had been convicted of the crime. A letter or newspaper announcing the fact was confidently looked for by the neighbors whenever they went to the postoffice for their weekly mails.

As March went out and spring days and sunshine came, it was noticed that the face of John's mother looked sharp and white, but she went about the same daily duties as before, without seeming to feel ill or weak.

On a splashy April day full of sunshine she stood on the rocky ridge, back of the house, looking down upon the lake. Although the snow still lingered in patches upon the highlands, the valley looked warm below, and the first boats of the season were dotting the wide, distant mirror of "old Champlain." A man came slowly up the muddy line of road, through the gate, and around the house; then, for the first, the woman saw him. A slight spasm passed over her face. There was a little pitiful quiver of the muscles about the mouth, and then she walked slowly down the ridge to where the man stood. She struggled a little with herself before she said, "Well, John, I am glad to see you back."

John tried to be cool, also, but nature was too much for him. He could not raise his eyes to hers, and his simple response, "Yes, mother," was chokingly uttered.

The two walked into the house together in the old familiar way. The woman, without a word, began to spread the table, and the son went out and prepared fuel, and bringing it in replenished the fire. Then he sat down in his accustomed place by the stove, with a pleasant remark about how well the fire burned, and how good it seemed to be home again And the woman spoke a few kind motherly words.

It was the way they had always done when John came back, but now there was great sadness in it, for he had come from prison. Jupiter seemed fully to realize the situation He exhibited none of that friskiness which characterized the welcome he had usually given; but when John was seated the old dog came slowly up to him, laid his fore paws and his head in his master's lap, and looked sadly in his face.

As they sat down to supper John began to tell of his fare in the jail at Montreal, and to speak freely of his life there.

"Will you have to go back?" said the mother, with that quiver about the mouth again.

"No, mother," said John, "it is finished, and I am discharged."

After supper the story was told over, how well John's counsel had worked for him, and how the Judge had said there was not sufficient evidence to convict of so great a crime.

John continued from this time on through the spring to live at home. He allowed his sloop to float idly in the bay, while as he said, of himself rested. The truth was he saw, what others did not, that his mother had carried a fearful weight, and now that it was lifted by his return, that the resources of her life were exhausted. The change, not yet apparent to other eyes, was clear to his vision. So it is that these silent spirits read each other.

As the warm weather advanced the strong woman became weak, and as the June flowers began to bloom, she ceased to move about much, and sat the most of each day in a chair by the open door. John managed the house and talked with his mother. Her mind changed with the relaxation of her physical frame. She no longer strove to hide her tears, but like a tired infant would weep without restraint or concealment as she told her son of the early loves and romance of her girlhood life in a warm valley of the West. He learned more of his mother's heart in those June days than he had surmised from all he had known of her before. And he understood what this predicted. He felt that the heart nearest his own was counting over the treasures of life ere it surrendered them forever.

There was no great scene when the woman died. It was at evening, just as the July fervors was coming on. She had wept much in the morning. As the day grew warm she became very weak and faint, and was moved by her son from her chair to her bed, and so died as the sun went down.

John was alone in the house when she died. Since his return from Montreal he had been made to feel that he had but one friend besides his mother. *He* had ever proved true. But John did not like to trouble his one friend, who lived two miles away, to come and stay with him during the night. So he lighted a candle, took down from a shelf a little Bible and hymn-book that he and his mother had carried on an average about four times a year to a school house used as a church, some six miles away, and so alone with the dead he spent the hours in reading and tears and meditation.

In the morning he locked the door of his home and walked "over to Pete's. As he met his fried, he said in a clear voice, but with eyes averted, "She has gone, Pete; if you will just take the key and go over there I'll go down to the lake and get the things, and tell Downer, and we'll have the funeral, say on Thursday."

Pete hesitated a moment, then took the key John offered him, and said, "Yes, John, I will tell my woman, and we will go over and fix it, and be there when you come back." And so John went on his way. "Downer" was the minister, and "the things" were a coffin and a shroud.

On Thursday was the funeral. Pete took care to have all the people of the neighborhood there, although it hardly seemed as if John desired it. The popular voice, having once decided it, still held John as a murderer, and claimed that he was cleared from the charge only by the tricks of his lawyer. John knew of this decision. At the funeral he was stern, cold, white and statue-like. While others wept, but few tears fell from his eyes, and even these seemed wrung from him by an anguish for the most part suppressed or concealed.

He chose that his mother should be buried, not in the "burying-ground" at the settlement, but upon their own little farm where she had lived. And so in a spot below the rocky ridge, where wild violets grew, she was laid at rest.

John spent the night following the funeral at Pete's house, then returned to his own home, and from that time his *solitary* life began. He took his cattle and his sheep over to Pete's, made all fast about his home, and resumed his boating upon Lake Champlain. He fully realized that he was a marked man. He was advised, it was said, even by his own legal counsel, to leave the country, and to leave his name behind him; but no works influenced him. Firm and steady in his course, strictly temperate and just, he won respect where he could not gain confidence.

The years rolled by. Captain John was still a boatman, and still kept his home at the lonely log-house on the edge of the great valley. From each voyage he returned and spent a day and night alone at the old place; and it was noticed that a strong, high paling was built around his mother's grave, and a marble head-stone was placed there, and other flowers grew with the wild violets. Even in winter, when there was no boating and he boarded down by the lake, he made many visits to the old homestead. His figure, which, though youthful, was now growing gaunt and thin as his mother's had been, was often seen by Pete at nightfall upon the top of a certain rocky ridge standing out clear and sharp against the cold blue steel of the winter sky.

John had no companions and sought none. The young men and women of his set had married and settled in life; he was still the same.

But there came a change. Eleven years had passed since his mother died, and it was June again. John was spending a day at the old place once more. He sat in the door, looking out on the magnificent landscape, the broad lake and the dim line of mountains away across the valley. The lovely day seemed to cheer this stern, lonely man.

Three persons came up the road: they advanced straight to where John was sitting. One of them stepped forward, looked John steadily in the face, held out his hand to him, and said, "John, do you know me?"

The voice seemed to strike him with a sharp, stunning shock. He quivered, held his breath, stared into the eyes of the questioner, and then, suddenly becoming unnaturally cool and collected, said, "Is it you, William?"

The two who stood back had once been John's warmest friends. They now came forward and with such words as they could command told the story of William's sudden return, and sought for themselves forgivness for the cruel and false suspicion which had so long estranged them from their friends.

John seemed to hear this as one in a dream. He talked with William and the men in a manner that seemed strangely cold and indifferent, about where William had been voyaging so long in distant seas, and of his strange abscence. A quarter of an hour passed away. The men proposed that John should go with them to their homes, and said their would be a gathering of friends there. They pressed the invitation with warmth and such true feeling as our voices express when a dear friend has been greatly wronged and we humbly acknowledge it.

John said absently that he did not know. He looked uneasily around as if in search of something, perhaps his hat. He assayed to rise from his chair, but could not: and in a moment he fell back ashy pale, fainting and breathless. The men had not looked for this, but, accustomed as they were to the rough life of the wilderness, they were not alarmed. They fanned the fainting man with their straw hats, and as soon as water could be found applied it to his face and hands. He soon partially recovered, and, looking up, said in a broken voice: "Give me a little time, boys." At this hint the two old friends, who were now crying, stepped out of the door and cousin William sat down out upon the door-step.

John founnd that a little time was not enough. He had traveled too far and long in that fearful desert of loneliness, easily or quickly to return. A nervous fever followed the shock he received, and for some two months he did not leave the homestead, being confined to his bed. But the old house was not lonely. The men and women came, both his old friends and new comers, and tried to make up to him in some degree the love and sympathy he had so long missed. But for many days it was evident that their kindness pained and oppressed him.

"It appears like," said Pete, "that a rough word don't hurt him, but a kind one he can't stand." And this was true, his soul was fortified against hatred and contempt, but a kind voice, or a gentle caress, seemed to wound him that he would sob like an infant.

As he recovered from his illness he continued gentle, kind, and shrinking to a fault. By the operation of some spiritual law that I do not comprehend, he was, after his recovery, one of those who win a strange affection from others. His influence seemed like a mild fascination. It was said of him in after years that he was more truly loved and by more people, than any other man or woman in the settlements around. Children loved him with a passionate attachment, and the woman of child-like nature whom he made his wife is said to have died of grief at his death. He departed this life at the age of thirty-eight, and he sleeps on the edge of a great valley, with his mother and his wife beside him.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

From the New York Tribune.

A Granger's Serenade.

Oh, come my love, and live with me
And keep my cottage in the glen—
As patient as an humble bee,
And busy as a setting hen.

Oh rest beneath my fragrant bower,
Where sweet stramonium doth entwine,
Come smell the gentle cauliflower
And cull the mangel-wurzel vine.

Ah! listen to the rural songs!
The pea shall wind his magic shell
As Echo plaintively prolongs
The warble of the pimpernel.

Beyond the vermicilli row
I hear the bull frogs sigh again—
The cackle of the Durham ewe—
The bellow of the Berkshire hen.

Oh, come, love, come! the morn is fair,
I'll celebrate the day with thee;
I'll merrily dig the Bartlett pear,
And shake the ruta-baga tree.

My sweetest! I am fond of mush,
And thou wilt set some out for me;
We'll early sow the currant bush,
And tap the cranberry-jelly tree.

We'll pull the wool from off the calf,
The cottonwood its fleece shall shed,
So at the winter will we laugh,
And gaily weed the oyster-bed.

We'll blithely hoe the winter wheat,
We'll chase the eggs the squirrels lay,
And when the bantum hog shall bleat,
We'll feed him with some clover hay.

Then come my love and live with me,
And beautify my lonely den,
As patient as humble bee,
And busy as a setting hen.

FOR FARMERS' LEISURE MOMENTS.

A white quail was recently shot in California.

Farming operations are being retarded by the damp nature of the soil.

It is proposed to import bees to New Zealand. The bees are removed while dormant, the nests being surrounded by ice during transportation.

It is stated that the crop of an apricot tree, in Somerset county, Md., netted last season $102 over and above the cost of marketing.

Chicago packers have handled 1,433,028 hogs the present season.

It is reported that a farmer, near Emporia, while pulling his turnip crop with a stump puller, a few days since, came near losing his life breaking of a chain, which let a large turnip settle back into the bed suddenly.

Farmers are again reminded to avoid the purchase of patent rights until they really comprehend what they are doing.

Scions for grafting may be cut at any time previous to the starting of the buds in the spring, and when out should be kept in a cool cellar, where they will not dry up.

Two thousand dollars is a pretty high price to pay for a rooster. That is what Mr. Davis, of Portland, has just given to Ira Batch, for a black Spanish cock—considered the best game bird in the country.

Relieving Choked Cattle.—A correspondent of the London (Ont.) *Farmers' Advocate* says he makes the suffering animal jump over a pair of bars, placed up as high as it is possible for the animal to jump when compelled by the application of a whip. He never fails to relieve a case of choking by this means Occasionally he makes them leap over the bars twice; but once, as a rule, will be found to have the desired effect.

To clean a rusty plow use coal oil and a rusty brick; the oil should be poured on the iron and rubbed with the brick until bright. We have sometimes used strong vinegar with good effect. In this, as in other matters, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little grease rubbed on while the plow is still bright, will save both time and trouble.

It is estimated that a pair of halthy sparrows having a family to bring up will consume over three thousand caterpillars inside of one week.

Measuring Hay.—To measure a stack of hay, proceed as follows:—If it is a ground stack, tapering from the ground to a point, measure the width half way from the ground to the peak of the stack—multiply this width by itself, and divide it by 7854 this will give the average area of the surface covered by the stack. Then multiply that by the height from the ground to the point where the width was measured. If these measurements are feet the sum found is the cubic feet in the stack. If the hay is orchard grass, timothy, millet or hungarian, 500 feet will make a ton or a cube eight feet each way. If the stack is very solid, and was cut when dead ripe, 350 feet will make a ton. If it is clover or meadow grass or redtop, 800 feet will be required to make a ton, unless it is pressed very hard, when some allowance must be made. If the hay is mixed with clover, about 700 feet, or a cube of nine feet each way will make a ton. The estimates are made from notes of great many stacks and mows of various kinds, and will give a fair average.