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# The American Union.

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### *Ride on the Black Valley Railroad*

BY REV. I. N. TARBOX, D. D.

You have heard of the ride of John Gilpin,
That captain so jocund and gay,
How he rode down to Edmunton village,
In a very remarkable way.

You have heard of the ride of Mazeppa,
Bound fast to his wing-footed steed,
How he coursed through the fields and the forests,
Unbridled, in every remarkable speed.

Perhaps ing of a trip more exciting,
Perhaps song which I cannot restrain,
Of a ride down the Black Valley Railroad,
Of a ride on the Black Valley train.

The setting out place for the journey,
Is Sippington station, I think,
Where the engines for water take whisky,
And the people take—something to drink.

From collisions you need fear no danger,
No trains are ever run back,
They all go one way—to perdition,
Provided they keep on the track.

By the time we reach Medicine village,
The passengers find themselves sick,
Have leg ache, or back-ache, or head-ache,
Or some ache that strikes to the quick.

We are pious, and hold by the Scripture,
With Paul the Apostle agree
To take "wine!" instead of much "water,"
For our "often infirmity."

In fact we improve on the reading,
By just a slight change in the text,
Say "often" where the Scripture says "little,"
And leave "little" for what may come next.

We break up at Tippleton station,
To try and get rid of our pain,
At Topersville also we tarry,
And do the same over again.

Our spirits indeed may be willing,
But very weak is the flesh,
So oft as we stop for five "minutes,"
We use all the time to refresh.

Now we come to the great central station,
The last stopping place on the line,
Drunkard's Curve—where is kept the chief store-house
Of rum, whisky, brandy, and wine.

From this place on to Destruction,
The train makes no break or delay,
And those who may wish to stop sooner,
Are kindly thrown out by the way.

A full supply of bad whisky
For our engine is taken in here,
And a queer looking fellow from Hades
Steps on for our engineer.

From Drunkard's Curve to Destruction
The train is strictly express,
And will not be slowed or halted
For any flag of distress.

And so when all things are ready,
From Drunkard's Curve we set out;
Let me give you some flying glimpses
Of the places along the route.

First Rowdyville claims our attention,
Then Quarrelton comes into view,
Then Riotville breaks on the vision,
And the filthy Beggarstown too.

As we rush by the village of Woodland,
Three wretches are thrown from the train,
We can see them rolled over and over,
Through the darkness, the mud and the rain.

Our engineer chuckles and dances
In the wild lurid flashes he throws,
Hotter blaze the red fires of his furnace,
As on into blackness he goes.

O the sounds that we hear in the darkness,
The laughter and crying and groans,
The ravings of anger and madness,
The sobbings and pitiful moans!

For now we have entered the regions
Where all things horrible dwell,
Where the shadows are peopled with goblins,
With the fiends and the furies of hell.

In this deep and stygian darkness,
Most spirits have made their abode;
It is plain—we are near to destruction,
Very near to the end of the road.

Would you like, my young friend, to take passage
To this region of horror and pain?
Here stretches the Black Valley Railroad,
And here stands the Black Valley train,

—*Congregationaliet.*

## LOVE AND FEAR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Did you hear me, sir?"

"I'm not deaf," muttered the boy in undertone, not meant for the ear of his father, but reaching it nevertheless.

Red anger burned instantly in the face of Mr. Somers; his eyes flashed with cruel purpose; his arm moved with an impulse to strike.

"Take care, sir!" Mr. Somers advanced toward the lad in a threatening way; but restrained the hand half raised for a blow.

"Off with you, this instant!" he said, in a passionate way; "and don't let the grass grow under your feet. If you're not back in thirty minutes by the watch, I'll flog you within an inch of your life."

And Mr. Somers drew out his watch to note the time; then turned from the boy, actually trembling with excitement.

Richard—that was the lad's name—manifested neither fear nor alacrity; but, instead, a kind of dogged impassiveness.—He made no response, whatever. The stormy utterance of his father did not seem to affect him any more than if it had been the mumur of wind in the trees overhead. Rising from the ground, where he had been sitting, with a piece of wood in his hand, which he was modeling into the form of a boat, he moved away with a loitering step. Not a sign beyond this was there that he had heard, understood, or intended to obey his father.

"Thirty minutes!" muttered Richard, as he walked along, as leisurely as if he had the day before him. "He knows I can't go in thirty minutes without running every step of the way there and back; and I'm not going to do it for him or anybody else. Let him flog me if he will. I won't stand it long."

Quick footsteps would have taken Richard to the end of his journey to a neighbor's house and back, in less than twenty-five minutes; but anger had awakened his anger, and harshly applied force a feeling of resistance.

"I'm not a dog to be kicked!" so he talked with himself, "or a mule to be driven. That's not the way to treat a boy.—Flog me within an such of my life! I wish he would kill me one of these days. Then he'd be—"

Richard could not utter the words that commenced forming on his tongue. A good impulse restrained him. He felt a little shocked at the wickedness of his thought. After this he walked on more briskly, as if to atone by obedience for the evil desire cherished for a moment in his heart. But his feet so lingered again. There was no feeling mind in the boy. Propulsion, not attraction, moved him onward, and his was a nature prone to resist. On his way many attractive things presented themselves, and he stopped, here and there—sometimes in forgetfulness of his errand; sometimes in wilful disregard of his father's command—wasting the time and rendering punishment a thing next to certain.

Full thirty minutes had expired when the boy reached his destination.

"Won't you step down to the post-office and mail this letter for me?—that's a good boy!" said the gentleman, to whom he had been sent with a message. The request was made in such a kind voice, and with such a pleasant smile, that Richard felt that he could go through fire and water, as the saying is, to oblige him.

"Certainly, sir," he replied, in the most compliant manner, reaching out his hand for the letter. "I'll do it with the greatest pleasure."

"As well be killed for a sheep as a lamb," said the boy, as he took his way to the post-office. "The half hour's up, and the flogging earned. He can only take the other inch of my life at the worst, and then there'll be an end of it."

And he tried to whistle up a state of complete indifference: but the notes he sent out upon the listening air were not light and thought-free, as the robin's warble, nor sweet and tender as the little yellow bird's song. The boy's mind was not at ease.

After depositing the letter, Edward sauntered away in a listless, indeterminate manner. Going home was not in his mind. There was an angry father there; and punishment awaited his return. He did not feel in the least inclined to meet the flogging within an inch of his life at an earlier moment that was absolutely neccessary.—A sight of the river which ran a short distance from the town, gave direction to his wavering thought; and off he started for the pleasant stream on whose bosom he loved to glide, bending to the light-springing oar.

"You don't expect to see him in half an hour, of course," said a gentleman, who had been witness to the contest between the boy and his father, and who had not failed to notice the excited and baffled state of Mr. Somer's mind. Age, character, on relation gave him warrant for this free speech. It was not received as an intrusion, but in some deference of manner.

"He knows the penalty." Mr. Somers knit his brows severely. Cruel purposes drew his lips firmly together.

"Which you mean to inflict?"

"As surely as there is strength in this right arm!" And he stretched out the vigorous member.

"Even to within an inch of the boy's life." A pair of calm eyes look into the face, of the angry father; a mild, rebuking voice was in his ears.

"I will bend or break him, sir. That is my duty. What hope is there for a wilfully disobedient child."

"Small hope, I fear," said the other.

"Then is not my duty plain?"

"There is no question as to your duty, in the abstract, being plain—the duty of securing submission from your child—but it is barely possible that you are not using the right means. Mrs. Howitt has expressed beautifully, in a single line, a truth that may help you to see some better way to reach the case. Do you remember it?"

Mr. Somers shook his head.

"For love hath readier will than fear."

"Love!" There was a spirit of rejection in the voice of Mr. Somers.

"We need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear."

The neighbor repeated the couplet in a low, emphatic voice, his tones lingering on the words that needed expression, so as to bring on the full meaning they had power to convey. The eyes of Mr. Somers fell away from his face. He showed a slight uneasiness of manner. His stern countenance relaxed something of its sternness.

"A homelier, but more strongly expressed form of the same sentiment, is given in the old proverb, made when language went to its meaning by the shortest way: 'Honey catches more flies than vinegar.'—Now, friend Somers, having tried the vinegar for a good while, and with most discouraging results, let me suggest your resort to honey. In other words, change your whole mode of discipline. Speak kindly, and in a low, firm voice to Richard instead of in the bluff, imperative, querulous, or angry manner in which you almost always address him. Let him feel that you really love him; that there is a soft, warm, attachable side to your character, and my word for it, he will move to your bidding with winged feet. I have studied the boy, and see in him good and noble qualities. But he has inherited from his father a certain impatience of confrol, and a will ever on the alert to resist unduly applied force. You may lead him, by love, anywhere; but, under the rule of fear, you will drive him, certainly, beyond your influence. Forgive my plain speech. I have wished to say this before, but, until now, saw no good opportunity."

The whole aspect of Mr. Somers underwent a change. Conviction struck to his heart. He saw that he had been unjust to the boy, unloving, unkind. Back to his own early days his thought went with a bound, and there came vivid remembrances of states into which he had been thrown by harsh treatment, states from which no punishment, however severe, could move him. Kindness had always been to his heart like melting sunshine; sternnesss like an icy wind. And Richard was like him. How strange that he had never thought of this before!

A long sigh quivered up from the oppressed heart of Mr. Somers.

"If I could only think so," he said.—"But the obstinate self-will of the boy is so firmly inrooted."

"That you can never tear it up by force," spoke out the friend. "The only way is to weaken its vital currents, to cut off the flow of life, and let it wither for lack of sustenance, and die."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mr. Somers, in a troubled, uneasy way. "But what am I to do now?" I gave him half an hour in which to do an errand; laid my commands on him, and enforced them by threats of punishment. Is my word to go for nought? Shall a boy defy me?"

A flash of anger gleamed over the father's face.

"Gently, patiently, forgivingly deal with the offender," replied the neighbor, as he laid his hand on the arm of Mr. Somers.—"Let love rule, not anger. Is he all to blame? No. Does not the origin of the wrong lie most with yourself? Has it not grown out of your unwise discipline? Begin correction as the source. First get in a right attitude yourself, and then bring him right. As you provoked disobedience in the present case, restrain the punishing arm."

"But I shall forfeit my word."

"You will do that even if you punish."

"How so?"

"You will hardly go within an inch of the boy's life. You were angry, and went beyond yourself. Passion and pride are blind impulses, and sure to lead us from the right path. Think away from your present unhappy relation to the unhappy boy, and let love for him prompt you to seek only his good. He is afar off from you now; draw him near, even within the circle of a tenderly embracing arm. That is *your* duty, my friend. Enter into it, and all will be well."

The neighbor, after saying this, retired, leaving Mr. Somers to the companionship of his own thoughts. There was now a weight of concern on the father's heart. Anger had given place to a troubled feeling. He drew out his watch as the half hour period advanced to a close, looked at the time, and then from the window, anxiously. If Richard had appeared in the distance, what a sense of relief it would have produced. But there was no sign of the returning boy.

"Wilfully disobedient! Defiant!"—The indignant man said this, as the hot blood began to burn in his face "Perverse, unhappy, wrongly governed boy!" This was the father speaking in reply, and struggling to hold anger in check.

The half hour expired. Richard was still away. Another half hour elapsed, and yet he was absent.

"He shall be punished for this!" said Mr. Somers, as indignation gained the mastery. Then a remembrance of the wise words spoken by his neighbor pressed back the tide of indignation; and he let pity move over the troubled surface of his feelings and calm them like oil.

A whole hour beyond the limit of time had passed. Mr. Somers was growing uneasy. It flashed across his mind that Richard, in a fit of anger, rebellion, and discouragement, might have been tempted to run off. He remembered very distinctly how, once, in his boyish troubles at home, he had meditated the same thing, and actually commenced preparations to abandon father and mother, and try his fortunes in the world.

At the end of the second hour, Mr. Somers was in a very anxious state; and he was about making preparation to go out in search of Richard, when, on glancing from the window, he saw him pass in a hurried stealthy way. He stood, listening to hear him enter. The door opened, silently. Tip-toe steps sounded faintly along the passage. Mr. Somers followed them with his ears, but lost them on the stairs.

"What sh[illegible] ficult question for?" That was the difficult question for several minutes Somers. He stood for several minutes thoughts clear and his [illegible] to get his Thus far, his harsh methods had wholly fruitless. Threats and prayed ments wrought no salutary reforms: the boy grew worse instead of better. Why this was so, clearer perception now told him.

"Poor boy!" he said, with a sigh: and this very utterance of a sentiment of pity helped him to a more pitying state of mind. An image of fear and suffering, instead of hard defiance and reckless disobedience, took distinct form in his thoughts.

"Now is the time to reach him with gentleness and love." As Mr. Somers thus spoke with himself, he opened the door and went out into the passage.

"Did you see Richard?" he asked, speaking to a domestic who happened to be there at the moment.

"No sir; she replied.

"I thought he came in just now."

"I did not notice him, sir."

Mr. Somers went to the foot of the stairway and called: "Richard?" Not harshly, but kindly.

No answer came.

"Richard! His voice went up louder through the stairways and passages. But no sound, save echo, was returned.

"I am certain he came in."

"It might have been some one else," suggested the domestic. "I haven't seen anything of him for two or three hours."

Mr. Somers went up stairs to the lad's room. The door was shut. He opened it and went in. Richard was lying on the bed. He did not stir, but lay crouching and motionless, like one exhausted by pain. His face was of an ashen hue. Mr. Somers noticed an expression of fear to sweep over it, as the boy's large, strangely bright eyes turned upon him. As he advanced across the room, the fear and shrinking changed to something like the anguish of terror.

"O father!" he said, imploringly, "don't!—don't do it now!" and he lifted one arm as if to protect himself.

Mr. Somers understood him. The appeal and movement touched his feelings deeply.

"What ails you my son?" The father's voice was low, pitying, and full of tenderness.

Instantly the lines of fear died out of the boy's face. His lips quivered—tears came brimming to his eyes.

"My arm's broke!" he sobbed; and then the tears came raining over his cheeks.

"O Richard!" ejaculated Mr. Somers, as he placed his hand softly on the boy's forehead. "How did this happen?"

"I couldn't get back in half an hour, father, without running all the way; and I felt ugly here"—laying his his hand on his breast—"and didn't try to go quickly. I went over the river, because I was afraid to come home; and fell from a pile of boards.

"Have you seen a doctor?" Mr. Somers inquired anxiously.

"Yes, sir. They took me to the doctor's and he set my arm."

Mr. Somers bent over his child, with his hand tenderly pressed on his forehead for some moments, in silence; then, as his full heart overran in a current of emotion, he stooped and kissed him, murmering: "My poor boy?"

Richard did not understand all his father meant by the exclamation; but he felt that pity forgiveness, and love were in his heart; and these were more to him than his sufferings, for, in their warmth and and consolation, he forgot his pain.

"O father!" he said, a light falling on his pale countenance—"love me and I'll be good!"

Oh, the power of love! Anger, rebuke, remonstrance, punishment—these are but elements of weakness in comparison.—How like the sharp thrust from the sword of conviction was this cry for love, sent up to Mr. Somers from the heart of his wayward self-willed, stubborn, resistant and defiant son!

"Richard." It was a month from the day on which the arm had been broken. "Richard, I want you to go down to Mr. Baird's for me right quickly."

The father spoke kindly, yet in a firm voice. Richard, who was reading, shut his book instantly, and coming to his father's side, with a cheerful—"Yes sir!"—stood looking at him, awaitiug his message.

"Take this note to Mr. Baird and bring me an answer."

"Yes sir." And Richard took the note, and turning from his father, left his office with light and willing footsteps.

"Love hath readier will than fear!"

"Ah, good morning!" said Mr. Somers turning at the sound of a well known voice and smiling a pleasant welcome.

"I see you have found the better way." remarked the neighbor.

"Yes, thanks to your timely uttered admonition." was replied. "The better and the easier way. A harsh word seems to make leaden that boy's feet; while a kind word gives them the wind's lightness."

"If parents would only take this to heart," said the neighbor, "what a change would pass over thousands and thousands of troubled homes in our land! How easy would the government of children become! Love moves by a sweet transfusion of itself electrically; but anger, sternness, and appeal to fear, rule only by the law governing where force is opposed to force.—The stronger subdues the weaker, and there follows perpetual reactions, rebellions, and discord."

### *Luxury in Ancient Rome.*

us anything more were wanted to give could turn of Roman magnificence we ments, demoralizing [illegible] and grand processions: we would forget [illegible] statues in brass and marble, outnumbering [illegible] ing inhabitants; so numerous, one [illegible] dred thousand have been recovered and still blemish Italy, and would descend into the lower sphere of material life, to those things which attest luxury and taste; to ornaments, dresses, sumptuous living, and rich furnature. The art of using metals and precious stones surpasses anything which is known at the present time. In the decoration of houses, in social entertainments, in cookery, the Romans were remarkable. The mosaics, signet rings, cameos, bracelets, bronze, chains, vases, mirrors, matresses, cosmetics, perfumes, hair-dyes, silk robes, potteries—all evince great elegance and beauty. The tables of thugaroot and Indian bronze were as expensive as the sideboards of Spanish walnut so much admired in the great exhibition at London. Wood and ivory were carved as exquisitely as in Japan or China. Mirrors were made of polished silver. Glass cutters would imitate the colors of precious stones so well that the Portland vase, from the tomb of Alexander Severns, was long considered as a genuine sardonyn; brass could be hardened so as to cut stone.—The Palace of Nero glittered with gold and jewels Perfumes and flowers were showered from ivory ceilings. The halls of Heliogabulus were hung with cloth and gold enriched with jewelry. His beds were silver, and his table of gold. Tiberius gave a million of sesterces for a picture for his bed room. A banquet disk of Disiliks weighed five hundred pounds of silver. The cups of Dresus were gold. Tunics were embroidered with the figures of various animals. Paulina wore jewels when she paid visits, valued at $35,000. Drinking cups were engraved with scenes from the poets. Libraries were adorned with busts and presses of rare wood. Sofas were inlaid with tortois shell, and covered with gorgeous purple. The Roman grandees rode in gilded chariots, bathed in marble baths, dined from golden plate, drank from crysral cups, slep on beds of down, reclined on luxurious couches, wore embroidered robes, and were adorned with precious stones; they ransacked the earth and the sea for rare dishes for their banquets, and ornamented their houses with carpets from Rabylon, onyx cups from Bithynia, marble from Numidia, bronzes from Corinth, statues from Athens—whatever, in short, was precious and curious in most countries. The luxuries of the bath almost exceeded belief, and on the walls were magnificent frescoes and paintings, exhibiting an almost inexhaustible productiveness in landscape and mythological scenes.

### *What Love is to a Woman.*

The following article has been going the rounds without credit, though we believe its authorship is attributed to Grace Greenwood:

What a wonderful thing love is to a woman! How it helps her to know that some one is fond of her: that he rejoices when she rejoices, and sorrows when she grieves; to be sure that her faults are loved, and that her face is fairer, to one at least, than faces that are far more beautiful—that one great heart holds her sacred in its innermost recesses above all women! She can do anything, be anything, suffer anything, thus upheld. She grows prettier under the sweet influence, brighter, kinder, stronger,—and life seems but a foretaste of Heaven; and all she sees is beautiful, and all her dreams are gold.

But when this is gone—when the sods are piled over the true lover's breast—of when her role has been played in one of those too frequent tragedies, and the curtain has dropped and the footlights are out and it is all over forever, then God have mercy on the woman, for life holds nothing more of her.

How weary is her work when no one helps or praises! How desolate her leisure! How joyless the things that gave her joy! The pain that she could bear when some dear voice praised her patience and pitied her, grows insupportable; ambition perishes; for who shall care to hear her praises? The little innocent vanity that made the wearing of pretty things a pleasure, forsakes her soul when no one smiles to see her look so well, or praises her with a word or glance. Her head sickens; her heart withers; her life fades; she grows old as love-filled years could not make her grow in a very little while, for love is all to woman—her hope and comfort and power.—And let those who have it, thank Heaven, and pray that they may live no longer than love dwells with them, for all that cometh after is but Dead Sea fruit—cold, bitter aches at the heart.

A young man in Indiana lately became so frightened at a widow's persistent attempts to marry him that he turned over all his property to her and ran away.

The State of Mississippi has donated $4,000 bonus per mile for every mile of railroad constructed in that State prior to January 1st, 1873.

### *Sleep, Fainting, Appoplexy.*

When a man is asleep, his pulse beats and his lungs play, but he is without sense, and you can wake him up.

If a person faints, he, too is without sense, but he has no pulse and does not breathe.

Appoplexy is between the two; the heart beats, the lungs play as in sleep, and there is no sense as in fainting, but you cannot shake the man back to life.

In sleep, the face is natural; in a fainting fit, it has the pallor of death; in appoplexy, it is swollen, turgid, and fairly [illegible].

If a man is asleep let him alone; nature will wake him as soon as he has got sleep enough.

When a person faints, all that is needed is to lay him down flat on the floor and he will "come to" in double quick time. He fainted because the heart missed a beat, failed for an instant, failed for only once to send the amount of blood to the brain. If you place the patient in a horizontal position, lay him on his back, it does not require much force of the heart to send blood on a level to the head; but you set a man up, the blood has to be shot upward to the head, and this requires much more force; yet in nine cases out of ten, if a person faints and falls to the floor, the first thing done is to run to him and set him in a chair.

In apoplexy, as there is too much blood in the head, every one can see that the best position is to set a man up, and the blood naturally tends downward, as much so as water will come out of a bottle when turned upside down, if the cork is out.

### *Manufacture of Knives.*

Few people have an idea through what a number of hands their pocket knives have passed in the process of manufacture. A bar of steel destined to furnish a number of blades is heated to redness. A length is cut off, and the forger speedily "moulds" this—that is shapes it roughly into the form of a pocket-knife blade. Another heating is then required to fit the end for being fashioned into the tang, and yet another before it can undergo the further operation of "smithing," the last stage of which is the stamping of the mark of the thumb nail to facilitate opening. The tang is then ground and the blade marked with the name of the firm. The slight bulge on the reverse side caused by this operation is removed by fire or the grindstone. The blade is then hardened by heating it to redness and then plunging it into water up to the tang. The tempering process follows next, the bluish yellow tint being considered as indicating that the proper degree of heat at which to immerse the blade once more in cold water has been attained. After this the blades are classified in the warehouse, and undergo sundry grinding operations to fit them for being hafted. Twelve distinct processes have by this time been gone through, and many more are necessary before the knife is completely finished, although the number of hands which it has now passed through depends in a great measure on the finish to be given to the handle, according to the quality of the blades with which it is fitted and the price which the completed article is intended to realize.—*Engineering and Mining Journal.*

### *Why do Children Die.*

In answer to this question, the Medical *Recorder* holds the following language: "The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of birth they are stuffed with water, suffocated in hot rooms and steamed in bed clothes. So much for indoor. When permitted to breathe a breath of pure air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the colder months, only the nose is premitted to peer into daylight. A little later they are sent out with no clothes on at all on the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bars necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbreila to collect the air and chill the other parts of the body. A stout strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and overcoat, woolen stockings, and thick double-soled boots, with cork between and rubbers over. The same day a child of three years old, an infant of flesh and blood, bone and constitution, goes out with hose as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure that would disable the nurse, kill the mother outright, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter pen, and then lay it to the Lord, is too bad. We don't think the Almighty had any hand in it.

"Landlord." said a traveller at the table of a country tavern, "this soup is a little weaker than I am used to; I wish you'd let that chicken of your's wade thro' it once more, if you please."

When a Chicago girl quarrels with her lover she communicates the fact to her friends in the remark that she is not on "squeezing terms with that fraud any more."

There are only two hundred and fifty-eight jews in Ireland.

The four seasons—Mustard, salt, pepper and vinegar.

## The Farmer's Column.

### *Wheat, and Bone Dust.*

At a meeting of the Rochester Farmers' Club, July 5th, Mr. Fowler exhibited some specimens, of wheat haads, grown on the farm of Jessie Fowler, in Henrietta. The wheat is the Dickinson and Treadwell variety, which appears to be only an improved growth of the white Michigan.—The field contains thirteen acres, was summer followed, and drilled about the middle of September, with one bushel and a half of seed per acre. Nearly one ton of Baugh's Raw Bone Phosphate was drilled with the wheat on seventeen acres, or at the rate of a little more than one hundred pounds per acre. The drill in some places did not distribute the Phosphate through all tubes and the result was marked as soon as the wheat came up and was visible all the winter and spring. Judging from one narrow strip, where no Bone Dust was sown, the increased yeild from its use will be five, and perhaps eight or ten, bushels per acre. The Bone dust cost sixty per ton or three dollars for one hundred pounds, which is sufficient for an acre, unless the soil is very poor. The wheat heads average more than five inches in length and many of them are nearly seven. The long heads are due to their seeding and the Bone Dust. Wheat of the same variety sown at the rate of two bushels per acre has heads not more than three inches long. The thin sowed wheat is plenty thick enough on the ground and probably five pecks per acre would have given as good a crop. Using less seed and more manure per acre is the practice of the best farmers. We have been particular to report this crop, because it corrects a mistake frequently made, that buying commercial manure is a very expensive business Sixty dollars a ton is a steep price, but divided that ton over twenty acres, as it may well be done with a drill, and the cost is only three dollars per acre. By doubling this amount of manure on poor land the crop may be increased any year ten bushels per acre, making the increased wheat sixty cents per bushel. So it is not only when crops bring a good price that it pays to buy manures. By using poudrette an acre can be well manured for $4.50 to $5.00. Farmers who have more stable manure than they can use do not need to buy commercial manures, but it will pay all others to give them a trial.

### *Fish as Manure.*

Dr. J. V. C. Smith said in the Farmers Club, fish was a very good manure for worn-out lands. Their use for this purpose was suggested to the Puritans by Squanto, an Indian, who told them that the way the natives managed to raise corn was by putting three herrings in each hill. The Doctor also remarked that the great value of the overflowing of the Nile was the fact that the deposit it left on the land was composed of millions of infusorial animals. This fertilizing material, so rich in animal matter, had made Egypt the granary of the old world. He also alluded to the custom of burying dead animals near trees, so that they may derive the benefit of the fertilizing matter contained in the muscles, and the phosphate in the bones as the bodies decay. Mr. Buren told how a friend of his bought a farm of poor land for $2,000. This farm was manured with Moss Bunkers, spread all over thickly, and ploughed under, after which a crop of wheat was sowed. The proceeds were forty bushels to the acre on seventy acres, which sold for $1.50 a bushel, and thus paid for the place twice over with the first crop, and it was the fish that did it. Dr. Groweil said that where Moss Bunkers were used continually, the land becomes sandy [illegible] with weeds year, and will not produce and perfect remedy [illegible]ame result is noticed w[illegible] Sound.

Signs of Good Soil.—J. B. Smith, of Patmos, Ohio, said in the Farmers' Club that he had written something on soils. He now added: "Timber in a measure indicates the character of the soil: that flat white-oak land is poor; that shellbark mostly grows in cold, wet land; that flat beach a sugar lands are good for summer crops and grass, but not for wheat; that rolling beach and sugar lands, where large poplar and black-walnut abound, are fine grazing lands, and produce, when new large crops of all kinds of grain, except wheat, when it is winter-killed; that large white oak and chestnut, growing together, and black oak and hickory, indicate a loose subsoil; and that lands where the water soon sinks into the subsoil are much the most valuable for grain; that a soil that will raise large crops of all kinds of grain, and then clover and timothy and after they run out will come in with green grass and white clover, is the best."

A leading Philadelphia doctor takes upon himself the duty of correcting the theory that blackberries are useful or harmless in cases where children are convalescing from diarrhœa or cholera infantum. He says: "From close observation during several years, meantime enjoying a large practice, I am forced to believe that there is no other one cause so fatal to life in these complaints as eating blackberries."

The Horse Disease Spreading.—The disease which prevailed among the horses of the New York and Brooklyn car companies has spread to Suffolk county, and many horses have died. The most distinguished veterinary surgeons have tried to devise a remedy, but without success.

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