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CONVERSATIONAL.

"How's your father?" came the whisper,
Bashful Ned the silence breaking;
"Oh, he's nicely," Annie murmured,
Smilingly the question taking.

Conversation flagged a moment;
Hopeless, Ned essayed another;
"Annie, I—I" then a coughing,
And the question, "How's your mother?"

"Mother! Oh, she's doing finely!"
Fleeting fast was all forbearance,
When in low, despairing accents,
Came the climax, "How's your parents?"

ORIGINAL STORY.

THE ENCHANTED CASTLE.

BY HOPE WICKES,

AUTHOR OF ROSE'S ADVENTURES, ETC.

Many years ago in the heart of a great wood, stood a large castle. The grey stone walls were crumbling; the wind came in through the cracks. It was a common belief that those who once saw it never came back to the outer world, but wandered about the wood forever. Sometimes one of the many hunting in the outer edge strayed in too far and never came back. It was said that if you went on to the heart of the great forest, you came to a silver line lying across your path, and as far as the eye could reach there was no end. The bold knight who passed across was doomed, and was destined to be forever tormented by the Lady of the Enchanted Castle, sometimes called the Beautiful Witch. She lived in the castle, and wore a loose white velvet cloak, bordered with white fur, a white dress, and square-necked body. Her long hair was black, and hung down her white shoulders in tresses: her black eyes gleamed like fire, and she was cruel as beautiful. This was known, and how it came to be known uncertain, but it was handed down for centuries, and no one doubted.

Florentine was a bold young hunter, who strayed far into the great enchanted wood, but he never saw the silver line heard the rustle of the witch's robes. One day as he chased the swift deer his best friend, he heard that friend a shriek, and saw a silver line at his He started back and saw his brave lying on the ground, with a white on his breast, and the life ebbing way. Above him stood the Lady of the Enchanted Castle, smiling as she watched that white foot of hers, and her mantle falling from her shoulders. Between them lay a silver line. He took his arrow and aimed at the smiling demon, but with an airy wave of her white hand she turned the point and the arrow flew into his friend's heart. Florentine fell back, and the witch, smiling, vanished. His friend disappeared, and the soft moss, the great trees, and all the tranquil beauty of the scene appeared as a mirage contrasted with the murder he had seen. Then the sound of a harp fell on the still evening air and seemed to call him onward. With his sword he cut the silver line and plunged into the wood. A low moan sounded near him, a soft voice cried—

"I have but little power o'er thee, now thou hast cut that line."

"Who spoke," he cried, "who?"

An echo answered "Who?"

Again the soft notes of a harp sounded in the air, and just above him he saw the beautiful witch. In one hand she held a harp, with the other she beckoned him to follow her as she floated on light clouds. He rushed after her, but she floated on, the same distance as before; he stretched out his arms, but she floated on, smiling and beautiful. A grey castle came in sight, its walls mouldering with age. A brook ran by one side; a brook that human foot had not disturbed for centuries. On floated the witch till she was near the water's side, then she sank in it, smiling and beckoning him; he plunged in after her, captivated by her beauty. The water closed over their heads and she sank slowly down, he slowly following, as she smiled and beckoned him onward. As they descended, the water assumed a rosy hue and soft silver rays shone through it. At last they stopped, and all around were caverns, from which dazzling rainbow colors of light streamed. The water was above and below him, but the water below seemed firm. He sank down, the witch floated above him and touched her harp. A soft sound reechoed through the grottoes, silver rays danced in the rose colored water, the witch bent over him and touched his forehead with her hand, his eyes closed, and all vanished. A low strain of music sounded in his ears as he fell asleep. * * * * *

When he awoke he was lying by the bank of the brook, and all the scene was lighted by the noonday sun. All around was the woods, and the old grey stone castle near him was barely discernible, for the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate here, where there was no change in the dull weird light.

"Where are you?" he cried, raising himself; and then he vowed within himself, that if the beautiful Witch were under any spell he would liberate her at the cost of his life. Then a soft voice cried—

"What wouldst thou have?"

Above him was the Lady of the Enchanted Castle. He sprang toward her as she stood on a cloud, one hand holding her harp and the other extended beckoning him. She was near him and in one step more he would clasp her in his arms: but she floated away smiling and beckoning him onward.

"Wait, wait, wait!" he cried, and the wood resounded "wait."

She stopped and he sprang forward—she was within an inch of his grasp, when she vanished. He uttered a cry of anguish, and again he saw her floating onward. All through the day he wandered after her and she eluded him, but when the twilight of the enchanted wood deepened into night, she touched her harp, put her white hand to his forehead and with the soft sounds in his ears he fell asleep.

When he again awoke, he was in a large room, lying upon the old grey stone floor. The large windows let in the dim light; the wall looked as if it might fall in at any moment. There was no furniture in the room save a crimson velvet cushion in one corner, upon which sat the Lady of the Enchanted Castle. Her harp was at her knees and her velvet mantle was thrown back.

"Approach me not," she softly said, "or, I will vanish."

"Who art thou and whence comest thou," he said.

"I am the Witch of the Castle, and I have been here for hundreds of years."

"Are you as good, or as wicked, as you are beautiful," cried Florentine.

"That I cannot answer," she replied, and touched her harp. The music seemed to fill the castle, and sleep to steal over him, but with a powerful effort he raised himself and cried,

"Let me lie at thy feet and listen."

She slowly inclined her head and played more softly than before. As he threw himself beside her she put out her white hand, but he drew back.

"Answer me one question; are you good or wicked? You shall never touch me until you reply." As he made the threat he felt it was vain.

"Be it so," she said, and then a mist seemed to surround her, and when it disappeared she was gone. He leaped from the window and glanced around and above—she was no where to be seen: he plunged into the brook, but it was scarcely up to his knees; he rushed into the wood, but she was gone. All day he searched. Night brought no rest, and he felt that he would never sleep again unless the music of the magic harp was sounding in his ears. In despair he returned to the castle and determined to search it. He wandered through great halls, spacious chambers, and up great stairs a monach might have climbed. Now the dust of centuries was on the splendid carvings and the rooms were unfurnished. He returned to the one he had first seen, and lying near the velvet cushion, fell into an uneasy slumber, continually waking and springing up. When the night faded into the grey light, he ran to the brook with parched lips and dry throat. The water had a peculiar flavor, and the air of the enchanted castle seemed sufficient to subsist on. He flung himself by the side of the stream and waited till noon. There she was above him, smiling and beckoning. He sprang up but she sank into the stream, and he again plunged in. They went slowly down into the rosy hues, but this time she floated on to a grotto and he went after her. Dazzling rays of light played around them, and as he sank down in a cavern they seemed to clothe her in a garment of the rainbow. As he gazed at her above him he felt she would lead him on till she had the power to destroy him, and felt she was as cruel as beautiful, and he knew he could not live without her.

"Do not dwell in mystery longer," he cried, "oh tell me, enchantress, how you ever came to live in the old castle, how one so fair as you can be content to dwell in the midst of desolation and ruin."

"Follow me when I beckon, then; obey my wishes and trust in me, and thou shalt know," she said. "Behold,"—and then a rainbow seemed to form in the rosy hued waters, and standing on it with one white foot, the witch raised her arms above her head and looked upon him with a smile as she touched her magic harp. As the music seemed to fill all the caverns and then softly melt away, her form seemed draped in silver robes floating backward, now in dazzling white and again in the rainbow hues; then a mist seemed to surround her, and sleep came over him. He sprang up to drive away the slumber, but he was not equal to the effort, and with a low cry he sank into the bewitched sleep.

When he awoke, he found himself in the tower at the top of the castle, but the Lady of the Castle was not beside him. The roof of the tower had fallen off, and on looking up he saw her standing in the air just above him. When she saw him awake, she said,

"Come."

"How can I," he cried, "when there is naught but air?"

"Thus." She came down with no motion of her form save a backward push of her foot every two or three seconds.

"Follow me," she said, as she went out of the tower window, "and imitate my movements."

A voice seemed to say "Resist her." She passed in the air smiling and beckoning. He tried to close his eyes and resist her, but he could not. He sprang to the window. She went on through the air, and he sprang out, trying to imitate her movements. He was falling! He grasped at the air. She smiled a cruel, joyous smile, and in her joy forgot her mantle, which was slipping from her shoulders. He was falling from that high tower, a terrible fall. Her eyes gleamed like fire. In agony he grasped at her and caught her mantle. As he did so, a wild shriek rang in his ears; his brain reeled, and in an instant more he found himself on the grass, the velvet mantle in his hand, and the Beautiful Witch on her knees near by, her hands thrown up, and an anguish in her face terrible to behold.

"In the name of Heaven, what does this mean?" he cried.

"My mantle, my mantle, my mantle! You will kill me if you do not restore it!"

Florentine forgot her cruelty in her anguish and flung it over her: then the terrible sense that he was doomed forced itself upon him. Her smiling loveliness came back, she seemed to vanish, and then he saw her on a cloud just above him. She smiled and beckoned him, and with a horrible fascination he followed. On she floated till they came to a cascade glittering like diamonds. She went through it and he after. They were in a cavern. In front of them was the cascade like a curtain of foam. The walls flashed and sparkled and hues streamed from them like those he had seen beneath the brook, only more brilliant. The Beautiful Witch floated to one corner and drew aside a silver curtain. Beyond seemed a grotto full of light. He felt if he did not resist this temptation he was lost. "Come," she said, and touched her harp. The murmuring of the cascade mingled with its notes, the rays of light played around her, and again she seemed to stand on an arch of rainbow hues. He put his hands to his ears to shut out the soft strains and closed his eyes, but not until he had seen her wave her hand and heard her say "come." He rushed madly to the cascade, and in his agony stretched out his arms toward it and the enchanted strains of the harp fell on his ear. He could not resist, he followed her, and as she floated into the grotto her soft smile, her bare arms, her long mantle and dress floating backward made her such an object of beauty that he forgot all else until he found himself in a whirlpool, being carried down unknown depths, and she standing above him. As he sank she threw up her arms and cried joyously, "Lost! lost! lost!" Her harp, which she had dropped in her ecstacy, fell above him, and with a powerful effort he grasped it, expecting to hear at the same moment a wild wail rise on the air. She was above him, calm and smiling: the harp would not save him, and he was going.

"Help!" he cried.

"Restore that harp in one day and I will aid thee," she said.

"Yes."

Then she bent over him and extended her white hand; he reached forth his to grasp it, but he grasped the empty air. A black cloud seemed to come over him, and when it cleared away, he was lying near the cascade, the moonbeams playing around, and not a sound to break the silence save the bubbling of the water. Above him, standing, as ever, on a white cloud, was the Lady of the Enchanted Castle, the moonlight playing in her hair. She floated to the curtain of foam, she whispered "come," and the grotto re-echoed "come." He sprang up with the harp in his hand and followed her as she floated through the wood till the castle came in sight.

"I will come to-morrow," she said, and floated away.

He lay down beside the brook and fell asleep as the darkness came around. When the grey light took its place he tried to play the harp but the strings were mute, and he flung it aside, exclaiming, "'tis enchanted;" but he took it up again and went into the castle. He roamed about the castle for hours. The splendid ornaments carved on the walls, now covered with cobwebs, the great windows, through which the tall trees were thrusting their branches, the great roof crumbling to decay, the cracks through which the low, moaning wind came in, had a strange attraction for him. When he at last returned to the brook the grey light was deepening. There she was above him, beckoning and smiling with that fatal smile.

"My harp," she said.

"It plays not; it makes no sound."

She only bent down and took it. Then she beckoned him and floated through the wood. He followed her. On, on, on, until they came to a curtain of gold.

"Dost thou love the forest glens when the moonlight gleams and its silver rays dance on the wild flowers, making all seem the work of fairy hands? If thou dost, come with me."

Her almost irresistible smile drew him on, but with the strength of despair he rushed away. He heard her soft words mingle with the strains of the magic harp, but he rushed towards the castle and flung himself on the turf, striving with all his energy to resist. He conquered. Soon he saw her near him, with a look upon her face he had never seen before.

"You are brave," she said. "I have employed all my magic charms to captivate you. Twice have you been conquered, and now you have won. My power is gone. I have made my last trial. But for my mantle you had been dashed to pieces on the ground when falling from the top of the tower. When you had my mantle, had you said one word, 'die,' my life would have been yours. You would have been lost in the whirlpool but for the harp. Do you not remember its soft sounds? It was my chief charm. You have fought bravely, and this time you have conquered. I love firmness, and now I love you. Listen. Long ago I was brought here by a magician, who hates the world, love, pleasure, and joy. He brought me here as a means of vengeance. When I had given him two hundred lives I should have my release. I have been for long centuries striving for my freedom. But few cross that silver line, but few penetrate the great forest. Self-love is great. When I first murdered—yes, murdered—it gave me pain, but as long years passed I grew to hate my prison and to kill when I could. I have given him one hundred and ninety-nine, and you were the last that I needed. I have striven hard to kill you. I have been long without one to look to or converse with, and my heart is yours. I swore to him to remain here, and he told me I could not escape. If you love me, let us try. Let us flee to some far distant spot and end our days in peace. I am in one respect worthy to be your bride. I am the daughter of a king. Why I alone was chosen to be the magician's means of revenge matters not. Though I have never sat upon the throne and worn the crown, by this time, and long before, I am a queen. I was an only child and I have a right to the crown. If you will only take me I will be your bride. Let us flee."

She wrapped her mantle about her, caught up her harp, and they plunged into the wood. Soon the castle was out of sight.

"We are free," she cried.

"Not yet," said a low voice close to them. Before them stood an old man, wrapped in a cloak of dark fur. His face was wrinkled and dark; his bloodless lips were pressed close together.

"It is he!" cried the Princess.

Florentine rushed forward. Around them seemed to rise a great wall. He rushed at it, but it was firm.

"Mercy," cried the Princess, falling on her knees. "Here are my mantle and my harp. I give them up, but let us live! we will remain here, kept from the outer world, but let us live!"

"Yes, let us live!" cried Florentine.

"Princess, you had sworn not to attempt escape; you have broken your vows, and the death of you both shall be my revenge." The magician ceased.

"Mercy!" cried the Princess, but the words died upon her lips, and the two fell back insensible. The magician scattered a brown powder on the ground, muttered a few words in an unknown tongue—a black cloud enveloped all for a few moments, and when it cleared away neither princess, knight, magician, or Enchanted Castle remained to tell the tale.

I WISH I WERE RICH.

"I wish I were rich. I would 'buy everything," cried Charlie.

"The sun, moon, and stars?" inquired William.

"No: everything that could be got with money."

"That is not happiness," replied William.

"Get your hat, Charlie, and come along with me to Mr. Morrison's," said the father.

"Oh! please not, papa, he is such a disagreeable, miserable old man, with his cross looks and gouty foot, hobbling about and groaning."

"I think you would like to live with him."

"I, papa? I would like to live down in a coal pit."

"With him you can have all that can be bought with money."

"I recan't: I see it won't do," said the boy. "Health cannot be bought with money."

"Nor good temper, nor friendship, nor life," said William.

"Above all," added the father "the favor of God cannot be bought with money. Be content with as much of it as God gives, and see to use it aright."

☞ A well dressed woman, after inspecting with a look of mingled curiosity and awe, the rare collection of statuary in the Corcoran gallary at Washington the other day, approached a couple of statures and astonished them with the question: "Are those," waving her hand in the direction of a group of torsos and other fragments of antique art, "are those—those limbless persons people who fell—in the Revolution?"

SORROW treads heavily, and leaves behind a deep impression even when she departs; while joy trips by with step light as wind, and scarcely a trace upon our hearts of her faint footfalls.

MISS MILLY DE GRANVILLE.

THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS LADY WITH THE IRON JAW AS TOLD BY HERSELF.

From the World.

"My name is Milly De Granville; I'm twenty three years old, and I can lift 450 pounds dead weight with my teeth," said the young lady with the iron jaw, as she came forth smiling, after the performance at Barnum's Monday afternoon, to meet a reporter of the World.

Fifteen minutes before the latter had sat in mute astonishment while this young woman, clad in perfectly fitting and becoming tights, waved a kitchen chair in her teeth, or by the tip end of its back held it at right angles to her comely figure, while all the multitude applauded. Now he stood in the presence of a fashionable young lady, with pretty dimpled cheeks and large gray eyes, that twinkled good-naturedly beneath a perfect garden of flowers in the shape of a spring hat, and which looked honestly at the reporter as the above startling announcement was made. The transition from Greek statuary to Parisian vitality was too sudden; the reporter stood speechless.

"What! you don't believe me? See! And the spring bonnet bent down gracefully, while with an incisive click a set of beautifully white and even teeth came together on the back of a mahogany chair, which straightway was tossed high up over the young lady's head, held there a moment, triumphantly returned to its legs, and then complacently sat down upon by Miss De Granville.

"Well, will you," said the reporter, curiosity overcoming finer instincts, "allow me to inspect those remarkable teeth?"

"Of course," said Miss De Granville, a beaming smile at the same time supplying the opportunity. "I never"—with difficulty articulating through a widely-opened mouth—"called upon a dentist in all my life and never had a moment's toothache."

Accurately described, and without any poetical reference to pearls, Miss De Granville's teeth are perfect, which considering the fact that for the last six years she has put them to such uncommon uses as the lifting of water casks and Shetland ponies, is somewhat remarkable.

"Yes," mused the young lady, as the reporter expressed his opinion "My teeth are pretty good, but it's not in them that my strength mainly lies; it's here (touching the back of her neck,) and here (dropping her hand lower on the spinal column) that I get the muscle. I tell you I'm awfully strong." Here Miss De Granvill paused, blushed and nervously patted the carpet with a little foot and swung a fragile parasol in her jewelled fingers. She didn't look like Samson.

"Do tell me how you ever come to start in this remarkable line of business," said the reporter.

"Oh, yes. Well, you see, my mother had—as still—a wonderful set of teeth. Why, to this day she can bite a hickory-nut same as you would a peanut. My father never had the toothache, neither, to the day he died. When I was a little girl I used to go round the house lifting things. That was in Canada, I was born in Toronto. After a while we moved to Pennsylvania. Then ma got married again, and I went to Chicago to earn my own living. I aint a bit ashamed of it, sir. I used to be a dining-room girl in Barnum's Hotel in Chicago Well, you see, other girls used to know how strong I was, and I used to lift the chairs in my teeth just to amuse them. One day the manager of the Alhambra came to dine at the hotel, and caught me lifting one of the dining-room chairs. 'Why, hulle girl,' says he, 'you ought to go into the theatre.' So I asked him to take me, and he took me, and I went, and I've blessed him ever since."

"Then you've been very successful?"

"Successful? Why, I should say so. You see D'Atalie, the man with the iron jaw, used to have it all to himself; but, of course, when a woman could do the same things it was a bigger card and I can life more than D'Atalie could. He was only a little fellow, you know. But D'Atalie is dead now; so we won't say anything about him, and, besides, his wife—the woman who used to fire off a cannon on her shoulders, you know—is a friend of mine, though she will never come to see me act. It makes her think too much of poor D'Atalie, she says. Yes,' continued the young lady, showing her teeth, half sadly. And then she unaffectedly narrated her eventful life since the time she lifted the dining room chair in Chicago to the present moment, dwelling upon the astonishment of the South Americans at a recent visit she has paid that country.

In concluding the interview, Miss De Granville said that she has always enjoyed most excellent health, but has been lately informed by a doctor that a pain occasionally felt in her eyes is the result of continued pressing upon the nerves of her eye teeth, and that she fears she will eventually have to abandon heavy lifting.

☞ Any lady desiring to wear a fashionable spring hat, it is said, can achieve her wish by placing her old one on the pavement, and letting a loaded wagon back over it lengthwise.

☞ In Quebec, 6,000 children receive gratuitous instruction in the Catholic religious establishments, and 4 000 indigent sick are cared for during the year.

☞ First irate female: "I'd hate to be in your shoes!"—Second ditto: "You couldn't get in them!"

OLD LETTERS.

Never burn kindly-written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them under the green sod. Above all, never burn love letters. To read them in after years is like a resurrection to one's youth. The elderly spinster finds in the impassioned offer she foolishly rejected, twenty years ago a foundation of rejuvenescence. Glancing over it, she realizes that she was once a belle and a beauty, and beholds her former self in a mirror much more congenial to her taste than the one that confronts her in her dressing-room. The "widow indeed" derives a sweet and solemn consolation from the letters of the beloved one who has journeyed before her to the far-off land from which there comes no message, and where she hopes one day to join him. No photographs can so vividly recall to the memory of the mother the tenderness and devotion of the children who have left at the call of heaven, as the epistolary outpourings of that love. The letter of a true son or daughter to a true mother is something better than the image of the features; it is a reflux of the writer's soul. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning them forgive and forget them.

THE LESSONS OF NATURE.

Man should learn to accommodate himself to the winter as well as to the summer of life: for the summer passes away—the trees lose their verdure—the earth is deprived of its greenness, and the sky of its brightness. The streamlet babbles no more, but rushes with impetuous flood to the ocean. The melody of the grove is hushed—the business hum of insect life is stilled. Nature approaches the cold and turfless grave of winter. Ah! if we would awaken to the moral of which these signs admonish us—if we would but read the lesson which kind Providence has painted on the face of Nature for our benefit and improvement—if we would but study the alphabet of fate, and remember that each leaf which falls, each flower that dies, is but an emblem of man's kindred doom—how much of the selfishness, the discontentment, the coolness, the viciousness of life would be swept away, and earth would be like a proof sheet of heaven's fairer volume, with errors and imperfections, it is true, but still susceptible and easy of correction and amendment ere its pages were unfolded before the high chancery of heaven.

SWAGGER.

The swaggerer and braggart never works. He talks loudly of what he can do and has done, and tries to impose upon his neighbors by a boastful manner. But he amounts to nothing after all. How much of his silly swagger and swash is to be seen on all sides! Nature, somehow, made a special provision, however, for keeping her favorites quiet and concealed. The great thought is the one that comes to its birth in silence. The large man knows too well that the moment he stopped to brag he would loose his real advantage. "Never mind about these trifles," says nature to him; I will do far better by you if you will come to me." And in thus going to see how lofty is humility, how modesty helps to put all obstructions out of way, and how tranquil that reserve which goes with genuine power recruits his strength continually. On the other hand, pretension and humbug go but so far at the farthest. They are sure to be found out Let a windbag along long enough, and it will collapse at last, no one cares when or how.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

How many females, who once cherished the expectation of filling a splendid station in life, have been reduced to the necessity of exerting their talents to gain a subsistence! You are all, probably, acquainted with some such; you may, perhaps, have heard it remarked of them, that their trials have rendered their characters more interesting and valuable, by throwing them upon their own resorces. Those of you who now enjoy prosperity may have no fear that you situations will ever change: you may not conceive the possibility of suffering those reverses which you have witnessed in others. But riches are proverbially fleeting; a storm at sea may wreck the freighted vessel, on which families may depend for wealth; fire may consume property; the failures of others may involve; the tunnels of trade may be turned; manufacturing interests may decline, or landed estates may sink in value; upon these, and a thousand other changes, does the untertain tenure of worldily wealth depend.

THE BETTER EDUCATION.—You can train the eye to see all the bright places in your life, and so slip over the hard ones with surprising ease. You can also train the eye to rest on the gloomy spots, in utter forgetfulness of all that is bright and beautiful. The former is the better education. Life is too short to nurse one's misers. Hurry across the lowlands that you may linger longer on the mountain tops.

☞ If virtue promises happiness, prosperity and peace, then progress in virtue is certainly progress in each of these.—For to whatever point of perfection any thing brings it, progress is always an approach toward it.

☞ Occupation is the necessary base of enjoyment.

RAISING MELONS.

To raise melons successfully the most important thing to be taken into consideration are the selection of soil, its preparation, the distance between the hills, the time of planting and the after cultivation.

And first, a rich sandy loam is undoubtedly the most suitable soil in which to grow them, although a still gray soil will produce them perhaps as sweet, if not so early; but if too thin, the more manure will be required, that from the hog pen being considered best.

In preparing the ground it should be deeply plowed the fall or winter previous, or as early in the spring as possible, and in either case replowed and finely pulverized at the time of making the hills, which should be done some two or three weeks before planting. To make the hills, the land, if for watermelons, should be first checked off at distances about eight feet apart each way, running the plow once up and down the furrow to make it as deep as possible. Then at each intersection of the furrows scrape out with a weeding hoe a hole about a foot deep and some two or three feet in diameter, into which throw as much as a peck or more well rooted manure, and draw thereon as much of the surrounding soil as will form a goodsized hill.

In the Middle States the most suitable time for planting is the first of May, replanting the hills as often as occasion may require until a good stand is obtained.—On going to plant the hills should be first chopped down, the earth and manure thoroughly mixed, the hills reformed, and five or six seed planted in each hill. As soon as the plants are fairly up the one-horse bar plow should be introduced, and the plants "sided both ways, by running bar side of the plants and throwing the earth away from them, following the same with hoes to brush round, and thin out the plants to three or four. In the meantime a sharp lookout should be kepted for the striped bugs, the only effectual way of guarding against the depredations of which is to visit the vines early in the mornings and destroy them by hand.

After the "siding" is completed and the plants brushed around with the hoes and thinned, the furrow should be reversed, the dirt thrown towards the plants, and the whole space between the hills plowed out, repeating the latter operation every eight or ten days until the vines have attained such a growth as to interfere with the further use of the plow.

The cultivation of the cantelcup is similar to that of the watermelon, except that the distance between the hills and the quantity of manure need not be so great.

If hog manure is not accessible the next best thing is a compost made of stable manure, woods, earth and ashes—two parts earth, and one part ashes, to which add a sprinkling of plaster, mixing the same well together and allowing it to stand in a heap for a week or two before applying in the hill.

After all, the production of good melons will depend on the seed. It will not do merely to save seed from good melons, but it is also necessary that the good melons should have grown where no other variety grew

PLANTING CORN IN DRILLS.

Among the experiments of the Kansas Agricultural College last year was one having for its object to ascertain the relative values of the two methods of planting corn—in hills and in drills. Four plats were laid off across a portion of the field very uniform as to the character of its soil. Each plat contained four rows of corn, the rows being three and a half feet apart. In the first plat the third was planted in drills and the fourth in hills. When the corn was about six inches the drilled plats were thinned out leaving the stalks as nearly as possible ten inches apart in the rows: the plats in hills were likewise thinned out, leaving the same number of stalks in every plat throughout the experiment. In cultivating the plats care was taken to give each the same treatment, and beyond thinning, hoeing once and cultivating twice, no special treatment was given the plats. the corn was husked November 11, and the weighings showed for the drilled plats a yield of seventy-one bushels per acre; for the plats in hills sixty-two and a half bushels per acre—an advantage in favor of the method of planting in drills of eight and a half bushels per acre. By the 'bushel' of corn mentioned in these experiments it is to be understood in every case seventy-two pounds of ears.

SIGNS OF A PROSPEROUS FARMER.

When you see him driving his, instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from good resolutions, and that he will certainly work his way to prosperity.

When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three month or more, it shows that he will be a more than ninety days wonder, in farming operations, and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic.

When he has a house seperate from the main building, purposely for ashes, and an iron or tin vessel to transport them, it shows that he never built his dwelling to be a funeral pile for his family, and perhaps himself.

When he is seen subscribing for a newspaper and paying in advance, it shows that he is speaking like a book respecting the latest improvements in Agriculture, and that he never gets his walking papers to the land of poverty.

☞ What word is there of five letters that taking away two leaves one? Stone.

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