The Chestertown Transcript.

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SWEET LOVE AND I.

Sweet Love and I have strangers been
These many years,
So many years.
He came to me when Life was green
And free from fears,
These present fears.

He came and for a little space
My life was gladdened by his grace;
But soon he fled, and joy gave place
To grief and tears.

"O, Love, come to me once again!"
My lone heart sighs.
So sadly sighs.
"Recall thy fearless nature, then,"
Sweet love replies,
Softly replies.

"Thou canst not? Then I cannot be
The same that once I was to thee,
There's no room in the heart for me,
When fears arise."

—*Chambers' Journal.*

THAT LITTLE WIDOW.

BY ROBERT C. MEYERS.

She was just the neatest little woman in the world—always smiling, always fresh, plump, and deep in her forties—one of the kind who smooth their aprons down while they talk to you. Then the little cigar shop at the corner which she kept, and where she rattle on about the different brands of tobacco, and talked of the weather to her customers, and the kindness which any tale of sorrow told by any vagrants called forth from her—the many times her fat little hand went into the drawer for change to be bestowed on some charitable plea—all went to make up the best tempered, the most motherly and the nicest little woman you would ever chance to meet

So thought Dr. Ash, who lived next door, and who often went in for a little snuff, you know, but who invariably settled his wig more rakishly before popping into the shop. He used to say to her. 'My! you must be lonely here, Widow Thorn!'

'Oh, not at all, sir, thanking you!' she would reply

'I wonder you never married a second time, Widow Thorn.'

'Well, it *is* a wonder, isn't it, doctor? But you see, I'm such a queer old body that I guess there are not many who could fancy me.'

'Madam, there you must stop! I cannot hear the divine sex disparaged,' returned the doctor. He was, as they say, of the old school.

She laughed.

'Can't a woman speak against herself?' she asked.

'No! She never speaks against herself unless she means to flatter herself by contradictory disparagement when some one is by.'

'Sir, you are too plain.'

'Widow Thorn, I was always called plain, and this wig of mine is too big for me.'

Then she laughed at him; and what promised to be a quarrel ended in a merry "Good-by."

Then there was the baker at the corner. He was a widower, and he used to come in of an evening for a chat and a cheap cigar.

Said he: 'This lonely state is miserable, isn't it?'

'Do you speak from experience?' asked she.

'Yes; my Maria's been dead fourteen years,' said he.

'I shouldn't think it would take so long a time for you men to forget anything,' she said.

'Ah, ma'am! Man is a wonderful being—the most wonderful of God's creatures.'

'Except Woman,' said she.'

'You'r right, Widow! And that's the reason the Lord meant that every man should have a wife and every woman a husband, just, just to make them equal. So I think you and I must have new partners.'

'Now, look here, Mr. Johns! You've had your partner, and I have had mine, and death has dissolved the partnership. Now we'er both bankrupt, and we can't carry on a joint business; so we must go on pleasantly,' she said, and laughingly bade him "Good-night!" He had to laugh, too, because she seemed to expect him to do nothing else.

Then there was the old bachelor over the way who was learning the bassoon.—He used to come to his window of summer evenings, when the widow was standing at her door for a breath of fresh air, and he would blow away at "The Last Link is Broken!" till it was a wonder he did not rupture something and die. He did not smoke, nor drink, nor chew. But a brilliant idea struck him one day, and over he went.

'Do you keep paper collars, ma'am?' he asked tremblingly.

'Yes, sir,' she answered, smoothing her apron down.

'Give me some,' he said, vaguely.

'What size?'

'Oh, any size! I don't care.'

She looked at him.

'Don't you know your number?' she asked.

'No, ma'am, I do not! But I don't care much.'

'Lud!' she ejaculated. 'Here, sir.—Just you take your collar off, and let me measure it.'

So he did, and she handed him another one.

'That'll fit you, sir,' she said.

Then he tried to put it on, and his hand trembled so that he broke one of the button holes.

'Now it's done, sir,' she said.

'I'm afraid I am,' said he.

'Sir.'

'I mean I—I'm afraid *it* is!'

Then he took up another, and, out of compassion, she said:

'Let me button it for you. All men are death on buttons and button holes—I know by poor Thorn'

Then she fitted on the collar, and the bachelor was ecstatic. As she handed him his change, she said:

'You're the gentleman that plays such sweet, dreary tunes on the horn, aren't you?'

'Yes, I play a little. But it's dreadful lonely playing all by myself.'

'Isn't there any one with you?' she asked.

'No, I'm cursed—I'm a bachelor.'

'Deary me! that is bad. I'd ask you over here to play, sir——'

'Oh!' he interrupted.

'But I am afraid the doctor next door would come in and ask if anybody was hurt,' she continued.

'Oh,' he said again, in quite a different tone, and left. Five minutes after he was moaning out "The Last Link is Broken," as if that link had in its soundness held heaven and earth together—The doctor needed a lot of snuff; the baker was clearly smoking himself into the grave with his Maria; and the bachelor used so many paper collars that the little widow ordered as many boxes of his as she did of all the other sizes put together. But at last, one night, came the maid-servant from next door pounding up the Widow Thorn, telling her to come in, for the doctor was ill and didn't know anybody. Hastily throwing on her dress, in she went, and saw him lying there in a state of collapse, with his wig over one eye.

'Ginger and cayenne pepper and brandy!' ordered the little widow, while she held his head. Then, forcing the firey dose down his throat, she held him tight, while he splutterrd and gasped for his breath.

'Whatever is the matter with him?' asked the frightened servant.

Cucumbers!' remarked the widow—for she had seen the doctor march home that afternoon with two fine specimens of that proverbilly cool vegetable in his hand Then, the docter becoming better, she went home as cheerful as ever, and slept the dreamless sleep of the innocent and of the non-dyspeptic.

Early the next morning the baker called.

'I heard that Dr. Ash was sick last night, and that you went in?' said he, almost as though he had a right to ask.

'Yes,' she answered. 'The girl came for me, and I did the little I could. Poor old chap! It's a pity he never married. He might have had a wife and family around him, instead of a poor, ignorant servant-girl, who calls up the neighbors on trifling causes.'

'Widow! that's what I always say. A lone man is the Devil's delight—if you'll excuse profanity. Everything conspires to make his life unbearable. What ailed the doctor?'

'Oh, he had eaten too freely of cucumbers.'

'Widow Thorn, you know *I'm* as much alone as *he* is.'

'Why—bless me, sir,—what are you driving at?' asked she.

'Nothing,' he said, with a melancholy smile, and left the shop.

Ten minutes after, she saw him go home with five overgrown cucumbers in his hands—she knew how many, for she pulled a box in the window aside to count them. She smooth her apron down and shook her head. She expected as much—and more. Just at that moment in came the bachelor from over the way.

'Is anybody sick next door, ma'am?' he asked.

'Yes, sir! Dr. Ash was taken ill last night. Why?'

'I was playing 'We Met; 'Twas in a Crowd,' late, feeling miserable, and I saw his servant come here, and saw you go in with her. What ailed him,

'Now, sir, I can't tell you I'm afraid I have been the innocent cause of future agony to the baker at the corner by telling *him*. So if you will excuse me, we will say the doctor was imprudent.'

'I am afraid I'm that myself, ma'am,' he said low spiritedly; 'and lately I've got to feeling a pain here.' And he pointed in the region of his heart—that is, his left side, where nobody's heart is, you know!

'Oh, you play too vigorous, sir,' she said.

'Why do you say that, ma'am?'

'Because I once knew a gentleman who played the fife lovely; but he died suddenly, sir, and the doctor who opened him told me he was as clear as a whistle inside, sir—his own, identical words: 'clear as a whistle.' Everything had gone.'

'But, I dare say, he was a married man!'

'Yes, indeed; A blessed wife, and twins.'

'Ah! That is the reason. I will never die that way, ma'am—for there is no one to mourn for me. I will keep on blowing till, after awhile, you will hear the echoes rolling in me, and I wil' play the same tune twice at once, and one a bar behind the other.'

'Oh, gooduess gracious me!' she said; 'you had better see a doctor.'

Then he shook his head sadly and went out.

She sat in the little shop for an hour or more, writing a long letter. She inked her fingers, said 'bother!' to the pen for spluttering, folded the letter crookedly, refolded it straightly, directed the envelope, put a stamp on the left-hand corner, went out, dropped it in the box, and came to Dr. Ash's door, knocked, inquired how he did, and came home again. Then I think she was busy for quite a time, as all such are.

Soon in popped the doctor, with a huge bouquet in his hand.

'You have saved my life, ma'am,' said he.

'Nonsense,' she exclaimed; but she smiled in a pleasant way, too.

Then he put the flowers beside her, pressed her hand, and went to see his patients.

The little widow hummed a tune, tapping her foot on the floor, late in the afternoon, when the bachelor from over the way rushed to her.

I've done it, ma'am!' he said, shivering.

'Lord bless the man. What have you done!

'I have been imprudent.'

'How?'

'I have poured cold water down my spine till I am almost paralyzed, and I want you to treat me as you did the doctor.'

'You do? Then wait! I will mix the dose for you.'

And she did so. She brought it to him, made him take a gulp, and he sat down immediately on the floor, white and chocking. There was quite the look of a heroine about the little widow then.

'Now go home,' she said, kindly; 'go to bed, and let me know to-morrow how you feel.' And casting a strange, bewildered look at her, he obeyed.

Now, after it was twilight the little woman closed the shop, went to her room put on her neat, old-fashioned bonnet, and, going down-stairs, locked her house door from the outside, and was on the pavement, when up came the servant from the baker's.

'What's the matter with *you?*' asked the little widow.

'Oh, mem, he has took so bad that he can't speak, and he's calling for you all the time.'

'Oh, I know what's the matter with him. Come inside, Jane, and I will send him something to cure him.'

Then Jane went inside, and the little woman mixed a tumblerful of a certain compound.

'Five cucumbers,' she said—'and the doctor only had two. Consequently he'll need as much again and a half, and a little *more* pepper.' [She had quite a head for reckoning, I assure you.] She gave the glass to the girl, and went out again and locked the door. 'I hope it won't hurt him,' said the little widow.

Next day the shop was not opened.—The doctor tried the door, and found it closed. The baker, rather shaken, came by and looked in astonishment. The bachelor peered from his window and wondered. But for all that, the little shop was closed, and closed it remained all that day and night. The doctor was for breaking in the door, to see if she was inside, ill or—dead. The baker seconded the motion as night approached. But just then the bachelor came over.

'Maybe she's gone away to visit?' said he.

'Yes!—on some errand of mercy,' chimed in the doctor. 'She is a capital nurse, that *I* can testify to.'

'So can I,' said the baker, dubiously.

'She never nursed *you*, sir!' said the doctor.

'Neither did she *you!*' said the baker.

'Sir!' exclaimed the doctor, looking like thunder.

'Sir!' exclaimed the baker, looking as much like thunder as a baker can look.

'I would have you know, sir,' said the doctor, 'that I am superior to any insult which a dough-kneader may offer me!'

'And I to any foolishness on the part of a sawbones.'

'Now, look here!' said the bachelor. '*I* was sick, and she gave me the very same kind of medicine she gave to the doctor.'

'She *sent* me the same,' said the baker.

'She came into my house, and held my head while I took it,' said the doctor. He was triumphant.

Then, after much haggling and quarreling, they look at the house again; and agreeing that she would certainly return by to-morrow, they took their ways to their respective homes.

And behold! to-morrow the good little shop was opened, and the same array of goods met the gaze of the passers by. The little woman we seen up stairs dusting the shutters. She nodded to the milkman and to the ice-man as usual; and at last the bachelor saw her, and over he went, and met the doctor stepping off his doorstep.

'Are you going in, sir?' asked the doctor.

'Yes!' said the bachelor.

'Do you snuff?'

'No, I go for collars.'

'Then we'll go in together.' And together they went in. A tall, sunburned man was there—elderly, but big and brawny.

The doctor spoke up, though he was a little shaken.

'We—I—that is—we should like to see the Widow Thorn, sir.'

'There ain't sich a person,' said the man, grinning. 'She's gone—vamosed—pegged out!'

'He's drunk!' whispered the bachelor. 'I saw her myself, before I came in, up stairs.'

'What's that you observed?' asked the stranger.

'Sir, we want the Widow Thorn!' boldly exclaimed the doctor.

'And you may keep on wanting that old lady, gentlemen; but she won't come for wanting.'

Then the pleasant voice of the little woman sounded from the next room: 'Now, Charley, *do* just behave yourself.' And there she was before them, neater looking than ever.

'Oh! Widow, gobd morning!' said the doctor.

'No more widow than I am,' chimed in the strange man, laughing.

'Now, Charley, *do* behave,' said the little woman; 'and, gentlemen,' turning to the doctor and the bachelor, 'let me introduce Mr. Charley, my husband!'

'Your husband!' they both cried.

'Yes, gentlemen. We've been going to be married for years and years, but he vowed he'd never marry me till he'd been successful in the mines; and he *has* been now. We were married yesterday in Boston. I wrote him a letter telling him I'd meet him there—and here we are! But we'll sell out this little place as soon as we find a customer.'

Without a word the doctor grabbed the bachelor by the back of the neck, hauled him out, and tumbled him over the baker, who was coming innocently into the shop; and the three were down on the pavement, where Mr. Charley picked them up. And when they were dusting themselves he stood for a minute in the doorway and sang out:

'And if you ask for the Widow Thorn, I'll tell you there ain't such a person!' and went in and closed the door.

The doctor went home and abused his servant; the baker was seen to take a tumbler which had held the medicine of two nights before, and which belonged to the little widow, and dash it into a thousand fragments in the back yard; and the bachelor all that day and evening sat at his third story window and played "The Last Link is Broken" on the bassoon, in polka time, with accelerated passages where the compass of the instrument gave out.

Thus may Innocence cast its halo around too-trusting Human Nature.—*Philadelphia Despatch.*

THE DREAD DISEASE.

THE ORIENTAL CURSE IN CALIFORNIA—THE CHINESE INOCULATING THE INHABITANTS WITH LEPROSY.

The alarming fact that the terrible disease of leprosy exists to a considerable extent in San Francisco and vicinity, was discovered and published a few days ago by the *Mail* of that city. A majority of the best and oldest resident physicians of San Francisco declare that, until now, with the exception of one isolated instance, they never heard of a case of white leprosy there. The case referred to was that of Asha Bates, formerly Register in Bankruptcy, who died of the disease three years ago. He contracted the disease in the Sandwich Islands, therefore the presence of the Chinese in California has not alarmed the doctors in regard to this horrible curse. Of late, several physicians have been called on by white lepers who say that they caught the affliction from Chinese. One of the doctors was visited by a *Mail* reporter, to whom he admitted that he had three cases of leprosy under his charge. He said that a white woman, the first patient, came to him about a week ago. She had been suffering for the last two years, and spots had broken out all over her body. A few days after a man called at his office and stated that he had been afflicted with eprosy for the last eighteen months, and would like to have some medicine to ameliorate his sufferings.

The doctor informed him that the disease was incurable, but gave him some drug to relieve the itching. The doctor described the man as an intelligent American of about 35 years of age. The reporter, learning his address, called upon him, and thus describes the visit:

About half a mile on the San Brano road is a little log hut standing alone in a large open field. After several loud knocks the door of the hut was opened by a short, thick-set, dark complexioned man, with long, black, shaggy hair and coarse, flowing whiskers. On his forehead and around his nose were large black spots, with scales resembling those of a fish. His hands also were spotted and three of the joints on the left hand had already rotted off. He was dressed in a dark, rough suit, and his left foot was encased in a leather bandage. When he learned who his visitor was he looked very much astonished, and after surveying the reporter for a minute he made a hasty step backward and said: "Surely, sir, you have made a mistake; you can have no business with me."

It was some time before the man could be convinced that the reporter had not made a mistake, but finally, after much urging, he came out, when the following conversation took place:

Reporter—Is your name Allen?

Allen—It is, sir. What do you wish?

Reporter—You called at the office of Dr. ——— last Thursday and asked to be treated for leprosy, did you not?

Allen—Yes, sir.

Reporter—Are you sure that you are afflicted with the disease?

Allen—Yes; I have been to see several physicians in the city and they all say I have the worst form of leprosy and cannot live long.

Reporter—How long have you had the disease?

Allen—Well, it has been out on my body about eighteen months.

Reporter—Do you live alone here?

Allen—Yes; I have lived here by myself ever since I knew that I had it.

Reporter—Have you no friends?

Allen—Oh, yes; I have a wife and a family of children, but I never go near them, because I do not wish them to catch the disease. Sometimes, when I am watching on the streets in town, my children see me and I have to run to get away from them. It is very hard for me to do it, but I would do anything rather than have them catch it. They do not know where I am, but I keep track of and do all I can for them.

Reporter—What is your business?

Allen—Before I got this I used to go to sea.

Reporter—Do you know how you caught the disease?

Allen—I am not positive, but I think I do. I put it down to the Chinese. You see, when I returned from my last cruise I went on a spree and woke up the next morning in a Chinese den.

Reporter—Had you ever been in a Chinese house previous to that time?

Allen—No, I never was, and I would not have been in then only for my spree.

Reporter—Have you been living with your family since that time?

Allen—No; my family were not here then, and as soon as I found that I had the leprosy I resolved that they never should see me again.

Reporter—Do you suffer any pain?

Allen—No; there is no pain, only an itching sensation. The worst thing about it is that I know that I am slowly rotting away and cannot help myself.

Reporter—Why do you have your left foot wrapped in a leather bandage?

Allen—Because it is decaying faster than the other and I cannot bear a shoe on it. With a pair of pincers I could take every toe off my foot without feeling any pain.

The reporter, after offering a few words of consolation, which fell unheeded upon the ears of the unhappy wretch, withdrew and left him alone in his misery.

There is another case of white leprosy on Kearney street, between Jackson and Pacific. This man is broken out with scales, principally about the throat, and he claims to have caught it from smoking Chinese cigars.

THE CURATE AND THE BRICKLAYER.

A Manchester curate did a good thing the other day. Walking along a street in the dinner hour, he passed a lot of bricklayers smoking their after-dinner pipe, and heard one of them say, "I'd like to be a parson, and have nowt to do but to walk about in a long black coat, and carry a walking stick in my fist, and get a lot of brass." Of course, there was a laugh at the parson's expense, but he turned sharp round and said, "So you'd like to be a parson. How much do you get a week?" "Twenty-seven shillings," was the reply. "Well," said the curate, "though I'm only a poor man, I'll give you twenty-seven shillings if you'll come along with me for six days and see how you like it. Then you'll be better able to talk about it." The bricklayer tried to back out of it, but his mates told him, "Nay, man, thou said'st thou'd like it; thou mun go with the parson chap." So he put on his coat and started with the curate amidst a roar of laughter. The parson presently turned down an alley, and told his companion that they were going to see a sick man and that he must not make a noise going up stairs. "What might the matter be with him?" asked the bricklayer. "Small-pox," said the parson. "Oh, then," said the man, "I'll just wait outside for you, sir, for I've not had it myself, and I've got a wife and children to think of." "That's exactly my case," replied the curate, "for I have not had it, and I have a wife and children depending on me. But you agreed to come with me wherever I went." The man of bricks began not to like it, and after a moment's hesitation he asked, "And where are you going next?" Then the parson told him that they would have to visit another house that day where the father lay in his coffin and all the family were down with scarlet fever, and also a house where there was typhus; and on the morrow there would be another round. This floored the bricklayer. "Sir," he said, "I'll go back to my old job, if you please, and I'll say no more agin you parsons." So off he went; and let us hope he kept his word, and never taunts the parsons with having "nowt to do but to walk about in a long black coat and get a lot of brass."—*Birmingham (Eng.) Gazette.*

☞ A clergyman in Northern Indiana ascended the pulpit the other Sunday and said: "No man can serve the Lord while he has the jumping toothache. I therefore dismiss the congregation."

SIXTUS V.

This was the Pope who astonished the Cardinals who had elected him, under the impression that he was a tottering, bent old man, by throwing away his crutch, raising himself to his full height, and "intoning" a hymn in a strong bass voice as soon as he was elected. His reply to some one who ventured to speak to him of his greatly changed appearance from the days when he was a cardinal is well known: "Ay! Then I was looking for the keys of Paradise, and sought them with bent back and downward look. But now that I have found them I look heavenward, and have no more need of any thing on earth." And on that same day of his elevation, when it had been the habit of previous Popes to throw open the prisons, he refused to do so, saying that there were more than enough malefactors at large, and caused two brothers, caught in doing a little highway robbery as they returned from Rome, where they had been to see the ceremony of his installation, to be forthwith hanged. In a very short time he made it safe to walk the streets of Rome with a pocket full of gold at any hour, whereas the city and the environs had been before so overrun by bandits of every sort that robbery in the streets of the city was a daily occurrence. He made himself respected, if not loved, by the Romans and the Sacred College, and must always be reckoned as one of the great Popes.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A REMINDER.

Mr. Beecher's careful way of testifying reminds a correspondent of the New York Evening Post of an anecdote of Admiral Bailey, as follows:

Bailey was once summoned as a witness in a civil suit—a position altogether new to him. His anxiety was increased by the warnings of his friends, who were constantly telling him to be on his guard, as the lawyers would bother him and make him contradict himself and appear to be a liar. The old fellow had a sleepless night before the day of the trial, and when he entered the witness-box it was with a nervousness such as he had never experienced in going into battle. When the first question, "What is your name?" was propounded to him, his hands fidgeted tremblingly about, and the perspiration broke out on his brow. He was evidently in deep and perplexing thought, and remained silent. The question was repeated with emphasis: "I ask, what is your name, sir?" With a mighty effort the old Admiral jerked out the result of his deliberations, "The-o-d-orus Bailey,"—adding impressively, "or words to that effect!"

A WORD IN DEFENCE OF WOMAN.

Men too often malign women in accusing them of extravagance in dress. Generalizing is always dangerous, and particularly so where women are concerned. The masses of women are not spendthrifts; any sane man will admit that as a rule women are not even extravagant. They have certain pet theories regarding dress, which, if not admirable, are nevertheless, not of sufficient importance to warrant a libel to be written against them.

The truth is that women are not, nor ever have been, as a sex, extravagant; on the contrary, they are economical many times to penuriousness. They have no income of their own, and the money given them by their husbands is always for family expenses, and goes to the purchase of wearing apparel and household goods, and the little that is left is often less than many men imagine. The trouble is, that women buy for show when they do buy, and they do their shopping in such an elaborate and deliberate way that lookers on are deceived.

PASSION OF THE RUSSIANS FOR TEA.

[New York Tribune.]

The Russian soldiers are said to live and fight almost wholly upon tea. The Cossacks often carry it about in the shape of bricks, or rather tiles, which before hardening are soaked in sheep's blood and boiled in milk, with the addition of flour, butter and salt, so as to constitute a kind of soup. The passion of the Russian for this beverage is simply astonishing. In the depth of winter he will empty twenty cups in succession, at nearly boiling point, until he perspires at every pore, and then in a state of intense excitement rush out, roll in the snow, get up, and go on to the next similar place of entertainment. So with the army. With every group or circle of tents travels the invariable tea-cauldron, suspended from a tripod; and it would be vain to think of computing how many times each soldier's pannikin is filled upon a halt. It is his first idea. Frequently he carries it cold in a copper case, as a solace upon the march.

☞ Let us be as the trees, which yield their fruit even to those that throw stones at them; and as the fruitful bough bends towards the ground, so let our good works beget humility.

AGRICULTURAL.

FATTENING HOGS.

The season has now arrived for farmers to commence fattening their hogs for market, and the question naturally arises whether it is cheaper to fatten them with that nutritious food, corn, or to sell the corn. Experiments have proven that choice breeds of pigs, the Chester Whites for instance, will increase in weight at rate of 8½ pounds for every bushel of corn fed them. So at the present prices of eight cents per pound for pigs on the hoof, and sixty cents per bushel for corn, it would be more remunerative to use it as feed. Care, however, must be taken to give it at regular intervals, while the comfort of the animals must be looked after. Clean, dry pens are always more conducive to the health and growth of pigs. Neglected pens and careless, irregular feeding will prevent the animals attaining the weight they otherwise would. In converting the usual portions into sausage, scrapple and pudding, only those animals of moderate weight should be used. One of the most successful manufacturers of these compound in this city, who has made a fortune at the business, tells us that he never kills a hog weighing over 300 pounds. He prefers those weighing from 150 to 200. They are the most profitable. He seldom slaughters any but Chester Whites. He buys wherever he can, and usually feeds on corn from five to six weeks before killing. As a rule the sausage sold in our city markets, is too fat, and when fried or broiled shrivels to about one-third its original size. If animals of moderate weight were used the products would be more satisfactory to the consumers and more profitable to the sellers.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

ABOUT APPLE CULTURE.

The following from an essay by Prof. Beal of the Michigan Agricultural College, are valuable suggestions for apple growing everywhere:

A young tree must be treated very much as you would a hill of corn. Hoed crops will answer in a young orchard; sowed crops will do much harm to young trees. I think it a good plan to keep young trees mulched, and I am not sure but it is best of all ways to treat large or old trees as long as they live. Mulch prevents the rapid evaporation of moisture from the soil, keeps the surface mellow, prevents the soil from freezing and thawing in Winter and becoming overheat in Summer. Whether or not to cultivate trees which have become well established depends on circumstances. I have never seen an apple orchard which I thought was injured by too frequent shallow culture, but this may be the case in some places, especially in warm climates or where the soil is deep and rich. Whether to cultivate or not can be told by the looks of the trees. If the color of the leaves is good and the growth all right, and the trees bear well of fine fruit, they are doing well enough even in grass.—But if the leaves are pale the growth of the annual twigs much less than a foot in length on trees twelve years, and the fruit small and poor, something is the matter, and they are suffering for want of plow harrow, or cultivator, or a heavy mulch or a coat of manure, or two or more of these combined. The upper twigs of trees set twelve years ought to grow six or twelve inches each year. To judge of the condition of an apple tree is much like judging of the condition of sheep in a pasture. Look at the sheep and not at pasture. As long as the sheep are plump and fat they are all right.

GREEN FOOD FOR HENS.

A daily ration of green food is actually necessary for laying hens. Vegetables, either cooked or raw, are much relished, also, and serve in some measure to supply the place of green diet. Onions chopped fine and mixed with their food are exceedingly wholesome, and if not a cure are certainly preventive of disease in many instances. Growing chickens are even more anxious for green food than laying hens. They crave it, and when necessary to be housed from it on account of inclement weather it should be provided for them. There is no green food so wholesome for them as onion tops cut up fine.

MAKE YOUR ORCHARD YOUR POULTRYYARDS.

Fruit trees and poultry have a affinity for each other in more ways than one.—The busy chicks find every bug, worm that sooner or later work harm to the trees, and their dropping enrich and promote a healthy and vigorous growth.—Clip their wings if they exhibit a desire to climb for fruit. Give your fowls plenty of dust or coal ashes as a bath, also lime, rubbish and gravel, together with proper food, and you will be rewarded by healthy fowls and a generous supply of eggs. With all the other directions which are given for the prevention of disease among poultry, none is of more importance than that of having clean, well ventilated houses.

Three and a half pounds of milk are equal to one pound of meat; and only estimate a cow to give 4,000 pounds of milk in a year, this would make the cow's product in milk equal in food value to 1,000 pounds of meat, and this 1,000 pounds of meat would requise a steer, under ordinary feeding four years to produce, so that the cow produces as much return for her food in one year as a steer in four.

The apple crop will be light all over the country.

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