THE CHESTERTOWN TRANSCRIPT
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY TUESDAY MORNING
AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MD.
Office on Spring Avenue, next Door to Main St.

S. E. SULLIVAN, . . . EDITOR.

Terms of Subscription:

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, two dollars may be charged.

Chestertown Transcript

VOL. XVII. CHESTERTOWN, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1878. NO. 25.

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Advertising Rates.

EIGHT LINES BREVIER (or its equivalent in space) or less, will be inserted three times for One Dollar; Twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

One square, three months, three dollars; six months, five dollars; one year, eight dollars.

Fractions of a square will be charged as a square.

Yearly and semi-annual advertisements must be paid quarterly.

Advertisements not stating the number of times they are to be published, will be continued and charged for until ordered to be discontinued.

A JAPANESE LOVER'S SERENADE.

There is a maiden.
There is a little maiden whom I love,
Her name it is easy to utter;
The night winds are always breathing it in my ear.
Something has been telling it to me all the night.
But who shall convey the extent of her beauties,
Or of the graces of her mind?
To others she is frigid.
But to me she is as the moonbeam, radiant and warm.
She is exempt from the ordinary weaknesses of women.
Her piety is the theme of admiration among all classes.
Her virtues are so lofty that they reach the stars.
She reads all the sacred books and knows them by heart.
With strong moral principles she immingles a cheerful spirit.
And her rich, black hair is involved in unctuous gum.
Numbers of costly ornaments shine in her hair;
They shine like clusters of stars relieved by a jet-black sky.
Soft, silken scarfs encircle her throat;
Oh! enviable, soft silken scarfs.
A radiant satin *obi*, of princely dimensions and incalculable price, enfolds her waist.
Oh! enviable satin *obi* of princely dimensions and incalculable price.
Her countenance needs not the additional glow of paint;
And her neck scorns the inferior luster of powder.
Her form is enveloped in many-colored marvels of millinery;
And her petticoat is embroidered with a hundred butterflies fluttering among flowers.
Her feet are atoms of celestial origin,
And her *kedashi* is the pink cloud which protects them.

To many her heart is hard and cold;
To them it is very beautiful porcelain.
To me it is soft and warm;
To me it is fresh-cut velvet.
Her lips are sealed, and words proceed not therefrom,
But in their place come sighs of aromatic fragrance.
Her family are conspicuous for antiquity,
And her father is of true blood Fujiwara.
He possesses a great number of tiger skins,
All brought from Chosen and very valuable.
Myriads of *kobans* glitter in the strong chests of his *kura*.
But for me the greatest treasure—
The treasure beyond all, for me,
Is the little maiden,
The little maiden whom I love.

[*Tokio Japan Times.*

MY LADY'S DREAM.

"Go away, Lucy!" exclaimed Lady Emily Stanley. "There is no use in the world in your strewing feathers, flowers and frippery on the couch, for I tell you once for all that I will not go to Lady Mary's soiree to-night."

"But, my lady," remonstrated her maid, "here is the dress, the very dress you ordered of Maradon; only see how lovely it is, and such blonde! I am sure no one ever saw such blonde!"

"Do you really mean so," asked the young lady turning her eyes languidly upon the tempting and elegant finery. "But no matter; I am ill, out of spirits, out of humor, and will not go; so put everything away and bring me the 'Dream of Sorrow.' No—that's too melancholy; the magazine—no that's too political, prosing as Lord Henry—that odious Lord Henry! I never saw a man in my life waltz so ungracefully. I wish some of the bookselling people would publish a new something, for lately *new* books, with one or two exceptions, have had nothing new in them. I suppose you have not got any books, Lucy?"

"Oh, no, my lady, none that you would read, I am sure," replied the discontented damsel, displacing rather than arranging the assemblage she had laid out with no little pride on the satin couch in Lady Emily's dressing-room.

"How do you know whether I would read them or not? What are they?" demanded her young mistress.

Lucy stopped and holding up her pretty fingers, that seemed formed expressly for the dresses of a lady's toilet, counted, "the Bible," "Gregory's Legacy," two volumes of "Clarissa Harlowe" "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Housekeepers' Assistant," "Shakespeare's Plays," a dream book and a few songs.

"That's all I can remember, my lady."

"A pretty mixture, to be sure," said the young lady; "only, Lucy, it astonishes me that a girl of your sense should have such a silly thing as a dream book in your collection, It is not only silly but wicked to be superstitious, and you must not give way to such follies."

"No, my lady."

"It is so absurd to place any faith in dreams."

"Yes, my lady."

"Now don't you think so, Lucy?"

"Oh, I suppose your ladyship knows."

"But what do you think, Lucy?"

"Why, indeed, my lady, I think, if I may take the liberty to say so, that they are divine inspirations—that is sometimes. And I have known many dreams that have come out as clear as the stars in the Heaven, all of themselves."

"Silly girl!" exclaimed her young mistress. "But I should like to see your book, just to point out how ridiculous it is."

"I'll fetch it directly, my lady," said the sapient waiting women, muttering to herself when fairly in the ante-room, "Ridiculous indeed! She had a dream last night, and wants to find out its meaning, notwithstanding all she said about superstition. I never knew a young lady yet that wasn't curious about prophesies, fortune-telling and the like. But never mind, it is possible that I can read her dreams as well as the book."

Outwardly the Lady Emily was as like the thousand and one young ladies, who, to use the popular phrase, "shed lustre upon the recent drawing-room," as it was possible for any young lady to be. She was pretty, accomplished, generally good-natured, seldom capricious, animated, and more gentle and affable than most earl's daughters, doomed to the inheritance of eleven thousand pounds per annum.

She was, moreover, romantic, and let this be noted as extraordinary, astonishing; for romance is not the order of the day in fashionable circles; it belonged to the point-lace ruffle school, and has been consigned with other cast-off habits of our ancestors to oblivion.

Among our moderns nothing is so much the mode as a spirit of inquiry. Our young ladies must investigate everything, from the anatomical formation of a midge's wing to the last discovery of science. Self-knowledge is the only study deemed imprudent by chaperons, and it happened to be the only one that poor Emily was mistress of. Alas! she had never written verses, even in an album, nor studied any portion or branch of mathematics, so as to make her like her governess, learned in name if not in reality. If ever Lady Emily thought of making a sensation, she called in the aid of her incomparable French milliner, and consigned her pretty foot to the mysteries of no less celebrated Millnotte. She did not seek to dazzle by her wit, or instruct by her wisdom. She was even once or twice suspected of wishing that she had been born in a humbler sphere of life, and talked, poor girl, of disinherited affection.

Her father, a clever and accomplished statesman, kindly overlooked these little mental aberrations, and at the same time resolved, that while she thought, he would act, and thus maintain his authority.

It is not to be supposed that Emily could have been so *outre* in her sentiments if she had been brought up like the present young ladies of rank and talent, who commence by acquiring a knowledge of the world under the care of a pretty intriguante, denominated nursery-maid. No such thing. She was educated in the country by the widowed and aged parent of her deceased mother, a stately and dignified gentlewoman, as old-fashioned as if she had lived in the days of Queen Anne, and full of what are now termed "strange notions."

She would persist, for instance, in using the night for sleeping and the day for occupation; called even parish paupers fellow-creatures, and could never be persuaded to admit a divorce in her house, no matter whether she were rich or powerful. Strange to say, she remembered to keep the Sabbath day holy, and discharged an agent from her employ, a man of considerable talent, because he won the affections and then refused to marry a young girl, the daughter of a poor clergyman. This antediluvian lady had educated her fair charge pretty much with the same ideas, and as this was the young lady's first session in London, she still retained many ancient peculiarities.

I had almost forgotten to state that a residence in a baronial castle is somewhat apt to make a young lady romantic, if not superstitious. Lady Emily had lived, and loved also, when there was no visible eye to watch over her wanderings at her grandmother's castle; and whom had she loved? Some gentle shepherd, or pastoral squire with hound and horn, boisterous as the north wind, yet insipid as the south? No such thing. Among the visitors, and they were not numerous, who assembled occasionally at Hallydon—such was the designation of the castle—the younger son of a certain house that had long been noble, but was now poor, was a decided favorite with young and old—one of those illustrious branches of trees rooted with the Norman Conquests, and still flourishing though not among the wealthy of the land.

Young Havereid was more distinguished at college for a bold and enterprising spirit than for that persevering attention which leads to academic distinction; but his honorable and frank demeanor, his manly bearing, so much beyond his years, and so different from the maudlin unintellectual deportment of modern youths ensured him the good will of his instructors, and the respect of his associates.

The timid naturally love the brave; the more they feel their own weakness, the more closely they cling to the free and fearless. This is a principle in nature; how forcibly, then, it must operate in nature's citadel—a woman's heart! Lady Emily saw much of Edward Havereid and admire, and still more to love.

"You go," he said, as they walked together the evening before her departure from Hallydon Castle—"you go to a world that will, to all appearance, worship a being so fair, so rich, as the Lady Emily."

"Why do you talk of my riches, and why do you call me Lady Emily?" interrupted the sweet girl, looking timidly into his face as she clung to his arm with the confiding affection of seventeen. "My grandmother, I am sure, knows how dearly——"

She paused, and her face flushed the hue of a damask rose.

"Your grandmother knows what, dearest?" inquired the proud lover, as his eyes rested fondly on the trembling girl; "what does your grandmother know?"

"How dearly you love me, Edward," she replied, woman's ready wit coming to her assistance; "for she has never prevented our being together. I remember long ago, when we used to play in this avenue——"

"And when I used to call you my little wife," said her lover, "and you called me by as dear a name."

"Fie, fie Edward," said Emily,

"Oh, Emily," he continued, "those happy days are past; your father will never sanction the addresses of a younger brother, and when I do meet you in London you will be surrounded by a bevy of Sir Foplings and Sir Fools, and you will be just as pleased, I dare say, with their attentions as others of your inconstant sex."

To this ill-tempered sarcasm, poor Emily made no reply; but Edward's heart smote him when a silent tear, so sadly, mutely eloquent, sparkled for a moment on her cheek, and then disappeared—one of the many, but generally unrecorded tokens of woman's sufferings and of woman's love.

"Forgive me, darling," said Edward; my very inability to distinguish myself makes me dread the efforts of successful rivals—this universal peace is a sad thing for us well-born but most beggarly cavaliers. We cannot win our way to glory and to riches."

"Riches again, Edward—you are grown quite mercenary."

"For your sake, dearest," he replied.

"You do not know me then, Edward. I would not barter an iota of your noble qualities for the mines of Golconda."

"But your father would," said the young man.

"I am not so certain about that," said Emily, "and I believe you do him injustice. I am sure my father is generous, or my mother could never have loved him."

"Women do not always marry where they love," replied Edward.

"That is the second unjust observation that you have uttered during the last five minutes," retorted the lady. "I think you cannot feel this separation, Edward, or you would not be so bitter."

"Rather, Lady Emily, *you* do not feel it," returned Edward; "for I heard you laughing quite merrily after dinner, when you were in the music-room listening to some folly of your cousin's."

"The lip may laugh when the heart is heavy, Mr. Havereid; but my cousin does not talk toolishly."

"Perhaps you think him wise—wiser than I am, Lady Emily."

"He is not so irritable, and would not so willingly wound my feelings."

This reply was sufficient to rouse the more than half jealous lover, and a stormy scene ensued, which ended in a more stormy separation.

As the old Lady of Hallydon Castle kissed the hot and fevered brow of her beloved and beautiful grandchild, and next morning, the morning of her departure from the scenes of her happiest years, she earnestly and fervently blessed her.

"May the blight and the pestilence of fashionable vice and folly pass harmlessly over you, my sweet child," she said; "and never forget, morning and evening, to seek your Maker in prayer and thanksgiving; and remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, for the day is the Lord's, and its hours are only given to be used in His service. And, Emily, do not turn away from the remembrance or the affections of your early days. But why those tears, my child? and where is Edward? He is a worthy young man, and you ought not to be wayward, when parting for a short time even, and so old a friend."

"I have parted forever with Edward, grandmamma," murmured Emily.

"A maiden's ever, dearest, in such cases is not everlasting," said the old lady. "There, God's blessing and mine rest with you. Write often, for your letters will cheer the lonely old woman in the dreary evenings of winter, as they have often done in that dreary season, when your eye and smile were the brightness, and your voice and step the music of her castle, which, like herself, is yielding to decay."

And Emily did write often; and at first, her letters told of regrets of the quiet she had left; and then came accounts of operas and presentations; but soon the spirit flagged again, and weariness and vexations were recorded; and though her grandmother knew that she frequently met Edward Havereid in society, yet there was no mention of his name.

Presently rumors that the earl intended sacrificing his daughter to wealthy or political considerations, smote upon the old lady's ear, and she wrote requesting, that as she wished most particularly to see him, he would, without delay, make his appearance at Hallydon Castle. It was during her father's absence from town that Lady Emily, as Lucy shrewdly suspected, "dreamt a dream," which now we consider it quite time to return to.

When the waiting maid returned to her lady's chamber, she carried a blue covered and most unseemly looking book between her fingers, and apologized for its untidy appearance.

"I don't think your ladyship can touch it," she said cunningly; "but if you will tell me just what you want to find out, whether it concerns air, or hail, or colors, or anything of that sort, I have only to turn to the book, and it will come out clear and pure as crystal."

"What would my dear grandmother think if she heard you say that, Lucy?"

"Oh, bless her ladyship! She knows how much wiser the world grows."

"Which makes us consult dream books—eh, Lucy? Well, sit down, child, and as I do not wish to soil my fingers, tell me how your wise book interprets dreaming of the sky being streaked with crimson?"

Lucy's mother had nursed Lady Emily, consequently she was treated with more familiarity than an ordinary waiting woman, and her mistress did not regard, as an unwarrantable liberty, the freedom she used in sitting, or rather crouching, upon a divan that stood beside the lounge upon which the young lady reclined. She turned over the sybilline leaves, and at last read:

"To dream that the sky is streaked with red denotes that in love you will be successful; in business—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Lady Emily.—"Why, Lucy, should that prove success in love?"

"Indeed, my lady, I don't know, except that red is a lucky color."

"And what says it to a flock of crows, Lucy?"

"Oh, crows are lawyers," returned the girl; "I don't like crows, my lady."

"Well, Lucy, we will leave them," said her mistress. "And now tell me what it is when death is dreamed of?"

"To dream that you are dead," commenced Lucy, "denotes a speedy marriage, and that you will be successful in——But bless me, my lady, that's my lord's carriage at the door! I didn't think he'd return from Hallydon till to-morrow."

"Oh, put away that dirty book!" exclaimed the young lady; "papa will certainly come here, and I long to hear from grandmamma."

But almost before the servant had time to obey her lady's commands, the most noble peer himself was begging admittance at the door of the lady's tasteful dressing-room.

"I have seen your grandmother, Emily," he began, "and she has informed me of a circumstance, which, from my daughter, Lady Emily Stanley, I ought to have heard before."

The earl paused, but there was no reply.

"I heard from your grandmother," he resumed, "that you have formed an attachment for a young man of the house of Havereid—a right good house, a noble family, quite as ancient and respectable as our own. I understand, also, that some childish quarrel occurred between you, before you came to town; so I have asked him to dinner to-day, and desire that you will receive him as an old friend."

"Papa!" said Emily.

"And as to your cousin," he said, without noticing her interruption, "we are not committed, so I shall speak with him on the subject to-night."

"Dear papa!" said Emily.

"It will be easy to get this young man into Parliament," he continued, "and then, with my interest, he will make a very good husband, I dare say."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed Emily.

"We can all go to Lady Mary's *fete* this evening," said her father.

"Yes, dear papa," assented Emily.

"Young ladies are very obedient," replied the nobleman, relaxing his iron features into something resembling a smile, "when they are desired to do what pleases them."

Edward easily convinced his fair one that he had been absolutely broken-hearted ever since the "eventful evening" (that is the most approved phrase, we believe), on which they parted; but they were both astonished at the ready consent given by the earl to their union. This mystery, however, was soon solved, when the old lady of Hallydon received her niece who was to go forth a bride from the scene of her youthful happiness.

"My estates, as you know, love, are tolerably extensive by flood and field," said the lady, "and I told your father I had determined on making Edward Havereld my heir. Will you forgive me, my dear, for disinheriting you?"

* * * * *

"I wish, my lady, it was the fashion for brides to wear red," said Lucy.

"Why so?" asked her mistress.

"Because I am sure your ladyship will now believe that it is a lucky color," she replied.

"Silly girl!" exclaimed her mistress. "But did I not hear horses' feet in the courtyard?"

"It's only the crows, my lady."

"Crows, Lucy?"

"Lawyers, my lady," said Lucy, "and crows and lawyers are all one in the dream-book."

"You are very provoking," said the lady.

"Oh, madam, if I only had the good fortune to be dead in my dream, I should know what to expect, unless——"

"Unless what, foolish girl?"

"Unless truth is confined to ladies' dreams," replied the waiting-maid, with a gentle sigh.

Some months afterward the enterprising waiting-maid did dream she was dead, and her expectations in consequence thereof were realized.

A PECK AT THE CHEESE.

Geo. W. Peck, of the La Crosse *Sun*, recently delivered an address before the Wisconsin State Dairyman's Association. The following is an extract from the witty document:

Fellow Cream-a-tionists: In calling upon me, on this occasion, to enlighten you upon a subject that is dear to the hearts of all Americans, you have got the right man in the right place. It makes me proud to come to my old home and unfold truths that have been folded since I can remember. It may be said by scoffers, and it has been said to-day, in my presence, that I didn't know enough to even milk a cow. I deny the allegation; show me the alligator. If any gentleman present has got a cow here with him, and I can borrow a clothes-wringer, I will show you whether I can milk a cow or not. Or, if there is a cheese mine here handy, I will demonstrate that I can—*runnet.*

The manufacture of cheese and butter has been among the earliest industries. Away back in the history of the world, we find Adam and Eve conveying their milk from the garden of Eden, in a one-horse wagon to the cool spring cheese factory, to be weighed in the balance. Whatever may be said of Adam and Eve to their discredit in the marketing of the products of their orchard, it has never been charged that they stopped at the pump and put water in their milk cans. Doubtless you all remember how Cain killed his brother Abel because Abel would not let him do the churning. We can picture Cain and Abel driving muley cows up to the house from the pasture in the south-east corner of the garden, and Adam standing at the bars with a tin pail and a three-legged stool, smoking a meerschaum pipe and singing, "Hold the fort for I am coming through the rye," while Eve sat on the verandah altering over her last years polonaise, and winking at the devil who stood behind the milk house singing, "I want to be an angel." After he got through milking he came up and saw Eve blushing, and he said, "Madame, cheese it," and she chose it.

But to come down to the present day, we find that cheese has become one of the most important branches of manufacture. It is next in importance to the silver interest. And fellow cheese-mongers, you are doing yourselves great injustice that you do not petition Congress to pass a bill to remonetize cheese. There is more cheese raised in this country than there is silver, and it is more valuable. Suppose you had not eaten a mouthful in 30 days, and you should have placed on the table before you ten dollars stamped out of silver bullion on one plate and nine dollars stamped out of cheese bullion on another plate. Which would you take first? Though the face value of the nine cheese dollars would be ten per cent. below the face value of the ten silver dollars, you would take the cheese. You could use it to better advantage in your business. Hence, I say, cheese is more valuable than silver, and it should be made legal tender for all debts, public and private, except pew-rent. I may be in advance of other eminent financiers, who have studied the currency question, but I want to see the time come, and I trust the day is not far distant, when 412½ grains of cheese will be equal to a dollar in codfish, and when the merry jingle of slices of cheese shall be heard in every pocket. Then every cheese factory can make its own coin, money will be plenty, everybody will be happy, and there never will be any more war. It may be asked how this currency can be redeemed? I would have an incontrovertible bond, made of limburger cheese, which is stronger and more durable. When this is done you can tell the rich from the poor man by the smell of his money. Now-a-days many of us do not even get a smell of money, but in the good days which are coming the gentle zephyr will waft to us the able-bodied limburger, and we shall know that money is plenty.

The manufacture of cheese is a business that a poor man can engage in as well as a rich man. I say it without fear of successful contradiction, and say it boldly, that a poor man with, say 200 cows, if he thoroughly understands his business, can market more cheese than a rich man who owns 300 oxen. This is susceptible of demonstration. If my boy showed a desire to become a statesman, I would say to him, "young man, get married, buy a muley cow, go to Sheboygan county, and start a cheese factory." Speaking of cows, did it ever occur to you, gentleman, what a saving it would be to you if you should adopt muley cows instead of horned cattle? It takes at least three tons of hay and a large quantity of ground feed annually to keep a pair of horns fat, and what earthly use are they? Statistics show that there are annually killed 45,000 Grangers by cattle with horns. You pass laws to muzzle dogs, because one in ten thousand goes mad, and yet more people are killed by cattle horns than by dogs. What the country needs is more muley cows. Now that I am on the subject it may be asked what is the best breed for the dairy? My opinion is divided between the southdown and the cochin china. Some like one the best and some the other, but as for me give me liberty or give me death.

There are many reforms that should be inaugurated in the manufacture of cheese. Why should cheese be made round? I am inclined to the belief that the making of cheese round is a superstition. Who had not rather buy a good square piece of cheese, than a wedge-shaped chunk, all rind at one end, and as thin as a Congressman's excuse for voting back pay at the other. Make your cheese square and the consumer will rise up and call you another.

Another reform that might be inaugurated would be to veneer the cheese with building paper or clapboard, instead of the time-honored piece of towel. I never saw cheese cut that I didn't think that the cloth around it had seen service as a bandage on some other patient. But I may have been wrong. Another thing that does not seem to be right, is to see so many holes in cheese. It seems to me that solid cheeses, one made by one of the old masters, with no holes in it—I do not accuse you of cheating, but don't you feel a little ashamed when you see a cheese cut, and the holes are the biggest part of it? The little cells may be handy for the skipper, but the consumer feels the fraud in his innermost soul. Among the improvements made in the manufacture of cheese I must not forget that of late years the cheese does not resemble the grindstone as much as it did years ago. The time has been when, if the farmer could not find his grindstone, all he had to do was to mortise a hole in the middle of a cheese, and turn it and grind his scythe. Before the invention of nitro-glycerine, it was a good day's work to hew off cheese enough for a meal. Time has worked wonders in cheese.

A MODEL FARM.

Why should farming not be scientific? Because the manufacturer labors in a scientific way; his profits are greater and surer than those of the agriculturist who has neither machinery nor system; but it is the unreasonable custom of many to sneer at all innovations, and to look at all methodic variations upon old usages as the fanciful and unprofitable schemes of visionaries with more money than common sense. It is the people who sneer that are usually most deficient in the latter quality, however; and had they a little more of it they might perceive that careful book-keeping and the adoption of improved methods and implements are as necessary in farming as in any other business.

In a side hollow of that hill from which Litchfield first became visible to us several very distinct echoes can be obtained, and this responsiveness of the "purple glens" gave a name to this farm. It is Echo Farm—a pretty and poetically suggestive name, indeed, which conjures up visions of loveliness, and sets one to dreaming of intertwining vines knitting their pliant tendrils and sweet-scented leaves through the hospitable porch and open lattice; the checkered orchard of fruity abundance; the garrulous brook that never tires of its own monody; the reverberant hills that appease life's turmoil with their easy undulations; lofty barns, mossy with age, and clattering mills down in the seclusion of grassy hollows. But, alas! dear reader, model farming is not idyllic or Arcadian; it is inflexibly utilitarian; it keeps all its buildings in a perfect state of repair; it subordinates the picturesque if it ever recognizes it; it pulls down the old mill because that venerable is in the way of the rectangular new dairy; it diverts the brook from its ferny course into the most commonplace of earthen pipes; it tears away the vines that obscure the light, and it looks upon everything with a pair of the most practical eyes set in a head that weighs, measures, audits and analyzes with chemical exactness. The proprietor of Echo Farm conducts it as a manufactory. A record is kept of the milk and butter produced by each cow for each day, each month, each year; all the feed is weighed, and the quantity entered upon books, both that purchased and that produced, and a separate account is kept of the yield of each field. Nothing is wasted, nothing done by guessing, and nothing passes unrecorded. The implements are of the latest or most approved model. Three sets of "horse" hay forks are in use, by which hay is unloaded at the rate of a ton in four forkfuls and in four minutes, including, in some instances, the carriage of the hay 150 feet. The other machines also embody some novel labor-saving principles. No manure or fertilizers are found necessary, except the 1,500 loads made upon the farm and a sort of muck, of which there are several beds.

The history of the farm is interesting. A gentleman of education, intelligence and wealth came to Litchfield some nine years ago in search of a summer home. He had the most superficial knowledge of farming, and entertained no intention of entering that business. But having purchased sixty-six acres and cleared them, he purchased additional tracts, which became the nucleus of Echo Farm, whose area is now about 400 acres. His interest was enlisted in the raising of choice stock, and beginning with a herd of five, he has gradually increased the number to 100, all the herd being pure Jerseys, with authentic and valuable pedigrees. The rocky fields were cleared, laid out, and inclosed by massive stone walls. Old and inadequate buildings on the consolidated land were demolished, and new ones of improved pattern erected. In 1873 a barn of 66 feet by 25 was built; an addition, 100 feet by 40, was made the following year; and in 1875 another addition was made, of 191 by 35 feet. These three buildings form the three sides of the barnyard. They are built of pine upon massive granite foundations, about two feet wide, which are laid in cement. All the woodwork is painted a soft drab color, even the proprietor's residence and the telegraph poles that line the roadway. A desire for simplicity and durability in preference to ornamentation or showiness is visible everywhere; there is no litter, and there are no gaps in the fences or walls, which are from eighteen inches to twenty-four in thickness, every crevice being filled like a mosaic with a stone that exactly fits it. Care, thrift and ingenuity have acted like three charms. When the fields were being cleared, such large quantities of stones were gathered that some perplexity arose as to where they should be put. Many hundreds of loads were used in the foundations of the buildings, in the fences, and in filling ravines, but more remained, and these were deposited upon several sterile hillocks of no value, where masses of swamp grass were laid over them, and covered with a light dressing of soil. Grass seed was sown upon the soil, and it took well, soon transforming the barren heaps to verdant knolls, whose blades are remarkably hardy. It was not so much for the sake of the land gained that the stones were thus disposed of, but it was rather to prevent the formation of nurseries for weeds, shrubs and brambles, which the heaps would have quickly become.

Two and a half acres are planted with beets, which are the only roots fed to the cattle, the crop averaging 1,000 bushels an acre, and more than 2,000 tons of hay are housed a year.—[W. H. Rideing, in *Harper's Magazine* for October.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE.

A cross-eyed man in a long linen ulster and a tall hat rang the bell, and when the woman of the house opened the door, she was satisfied he had an eye to the spoons (the straight eye), so she snapped:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam, be calm," said the cross-eyed man, in a smooth voice.

"What for?" she queried, suspiciously.

"Madam," said the cross-eyed man, "have you a child?"

"Yes, I have," replied the woman; "what of it?"

"A little girl?" queried the cross-eyed man.

"No; a boy," returned the woman.

"Of course—a boy," repeated the cross-eyed man; "a young boy—not very old?"

"About that age," said the woman; "what about him?"

"Madam, do not get excited," pursued the cross-eyed man; "be brave and calm.",

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the woman, in surprise; "what's the matter?"

"Gently, gently," said the cross-eyed man, in a soothing manner; "restrain yourself. Did not that little boy go out to play this morning?"

"Yes, yes," said the woman, excitedly; "what—why—is there anything the matter?"

"Is there not a railroad track crosses the next street?" queried the cross-eyed man in a solemn voice.

"Yes, oh, yes," ejaculated the woman, in great fear; "oh, tell me what has happened, what——"

"Be calm," interrupted the cross-eyed man, soothingly; "be brave—keep cool—for your child's sake."

"Oh, what is it, what is it?" wailed the woman, wildly; "I knew it—I feared it. Tell me the worst, quick! Is my child—where is my darling boy?"

"Madam," replied the cross-eyed man, gently, "I but this moment saw a little boy playing upon the railroad track; as I looked upon him he seemed to be——"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" screamed the woman, wringing her hands; "tell me the worst. Is he——"

"He seemed to be daubing himself oil," continued the cross-eyed man, quickly drawing a bottle from his pocket, "and I've got here the best thing in the world—Lightning Grease Eradicator—only twenty-five cents a bottle, warranted——"

There was a broom standing behind the door, and with one blow she knocked his tal. hat over his eyes, and with another waved him off the steps and through the gate. And as the cross-eyed man moved swiftly up the street she shook the broom at him, looking for all the world like an ancient god of mythology with a passion-distorted face and highly excited red arms.

MIXED BABIES.

Some time ago there was a dancing party given in a certain neighborhood in Texas, and most of the ladies present had little babies, whose noisy perversity required too much attention to permit the mothers to enjoy the dance. A number of gallant young men volunteered to mind the young ones while the parents indulged in an old Virginia breakdown. No sooner had the women left the babies in charge of the mischievous devils than they stripped the babies, changed their clothes, giving the apparel of one to another. The dance over, it was time to go home, and the mothers hurriedly took each a baby in the dress of her own, and started to their homes, some of them ten or fifteen miles off, and were far on their way before daylight. But the day following there was a tremendous row in the settlement; mothers discovered that a single night had changed the sex of their babies, observation disclosed physical phenomena, and then commenced the tallest female pedestrianism. Living miles apart, it required two or three days to unmix the babies, and as many months to restore the women to their natural sweet dispositions. To this day it is unsafe for any of the baby mixers to venture into the neighborhood.

—"But you know, pa," said the farmer's daughter, when he spoke to her about the addresses of his neighbor's son—"you know, pa, that ma wants me to marry a man of culture!" "So do I, my dear, so do I, and there's no better culture in the country than agriculture."

—Cotton mills are becoming numerous in India, more particularly in Bombay, and it seems probable that with improved machinery, cheap labor, and the saving on freight, they will be able to compete successfully with English goods.

Varieties.

—The total valuation of property in Vermont is $87,692,500.

—In China they spend about $150,000,000 a year in worshipping their ancestors.

—It costs the English Government $50,000 a year to repair the damage to insulators and telegraph wires by stone-throwing boys.

—There are 777 potteries in the United States, paying annually $2,247,173 wages, and turning out products to the value of $6,045,536.

—The quicksilver yield of California for the current year is estimated at 8,000 flasks, probably of the aggregate value of $2,500,000.

—A wedding in his ninety-third year is the uncommon experience of Judge William Thomas of Jacksonville, Ill., the bride being 75.

—There are about 120,000 unsatisfied mortgages on property in Philadelphia, of which nearly two-thirds are held by building and loan associations.

—The Duke of Westminster has hung a peal of twenty-eight silver bells in the tower of the chapel attached to his seat of Eaton Hall. They cost $150,000.

—General Todleben has said farewell to the Sultan. The Sultan was extremely glad to hear him say it, and wished the remark had occurred to him a few months sooner.

—It is computed that Minnesota is capable of producing 700,000,000 bushels of wheat annually, and that the water of Minneapolis alone can manufacture half of it into flour.

—Alabama has shipped from her coal in 1875, 49,899 tons; in 1876, 75,806; in 1877, 102,640; in 1878, thus far, 172,182, and the shipments are expected to reach over 200,000 tons this year.

—In this country a man is expected to make one liver last him a lifetime, but in the Netherlands if a man doesn't have at least a hundred livers a year, he isn't thought to be in good condition at all.

—The following is a San Francisco advertisment: "Correspondence is solicited from bearded ladies, Circassian, or other female curiosities, who, in return for a true heart and a devoted husband, would travel during the summer months and allow him to take the money at the door."

—Mrs. Ann Haley, of West Chester, Pa., is the present owner of General Anthony Wayne's library, which consists of nearly two hundred books in an excellent state of preservation. She has intimated to the Valley Forge Centennial Association that as soon as the proposed purchase of Washington's Headquarters has been completed she will present the library to the Association.

—Herbert Rattcliff, once rich, but now poor and living in the almshouse at Nantucket, has had an eventful life. He was among the sailors of the ships that took Wellington's soldiers to Spain, and he was present at the burning of Washington and the battle of New Orleans. He was also among those that manned the ship that took Bonaparte to St Helena. Bonaparte, he says, was fond of the men, but hated the officers.

—An American boy—Edward Crane, of New Jersey—carries off the first prize for excellence in French, in the French College of Avrauches, in Normandy. They have a custom there of crowning such honor men with a laurel wreath and kissing him on the forehead on commencement day. Young Crane is said to have reflected credit on his country in the way he stood the ordeal.

—The great captive balloon which attracts so much attention at the Exposition, will probably become one of the permanent institutions of Paris. It ascends to the height of one thousand feet, affording an extended and magnificent view of the beautiful city of Paris. Every part of the balloon has been constructed with great care, and every precaution taken to prevent the fracture of the cable; but if it should break, the balloon is well fitted to make a free ascension.

—At certain Paris restaurants the custom is to pay ladies who attract custom a commission on the bill of themselves and companions. Recently a newly-married couple visited a restaurant, and the groom ordered a costly dinner for two in a private supper-room. In due course the bill is called for and settled, and the waiter adroitly slips a five-franc piece into the young bride's hand, and whispers to her, "From the boss. He says bring him again—bring him often—bring lots of 'em."

—M. Arthur Forgeais, the well-known French archæologist who died in Paris a short time ago, left several works on archæological subjects, the plates of which were designed by himself. When the bridges and new quays of Paris were in progress of construction, he examined all the debris of pottery, etc., which the dredging machines brought to the surface, and thus discovered the leaden tablets on which was written the history of various guilds and corporations, and other objects of interest relating to the mediæval history of the capital.

—It is said that since the departure of the Countess Dufferin the Earl wears the air of a disconsolate grass-widower. They are a pair of married sweethearts, and they don't care who knows it. He speaks of the Countess as "my wife," and she of him as "my husband." Sir John A. McDonald tells a story of having, while Premier, suddenly, upon a call of business, made a descent upon the Governor's private study, and, having got in, found that Lady Dufferin had utilized the viceroy as an arm chair, and was curled up in his lap, while a sound reached his ears like unto that which follows the drawing of a cork from a bottle of claret.

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