Agriculture.

Prices of Farm Products.

The prices of farm products, in sympathy with everything that is bought and sold, have declined, but whether they have gone below a point where the farmer cannot afford to raise them is very doubtful. A pound of butter, cheese or wool will purchase more of many articles which the farmer is required to buy than it would ten years ago when the price received for produce was entirely satisfactory. Not many years ago we sold butter for fifty cents per pound, but the half dollar would only buy about a yard of prints, ticking or good muslin. The same amount of butter will do more now. We sold our wool for one dollar per pound. The money would purchase two yards of prints, while now a pound of wool will pay for five or six yards. And so we might go on through the whole list of prices of farm products as compared with the prices of the products of the loom and workshop. If we are required only to live, to purchase what we eat and wear, the farmer is receiving better comparative prices than we have known during the past twelve or fifteen years.

To be sure there are some things that seem to have dropped in value altogether too much in a single year. For example we will take the single article of wool. Last season we sold it in this vicinity at from forty-five to fifty cents per pound. Let no one delude himself with the hope of receiving any such figures this year. Speculators who bought up last year's clip at the prices named failed to speculate. Much of the stock then taken in has been held until now, and goes slow at a loss of from ten to fifteen cents on every pound purchased. The present price offered may seem low, and so it is. We have no recollection of ever selling at less than forty cents, but it is quite probable that thirty-three cents is worth as much as forty was before the war. Of course it will pull hard on those who have debts to pay, debts contracted when the property purchased and products to be sold were worth fifteen or a hundred per cent. more than present values. But the debts which we allowed ourselves to contract during prosperous times cannot change the present law of demand and supply. We must bear the burden of our own errors, and they will in no way be rendered the lighter by grumbling about hard times. Farmers have no need to complain, for, compared with laborers of many classes, they know not the meaning of the term. In first-class beef cattle the decline is hardly perceptible, and in fact I am of the opinion that they are rated better in the market than they were a year ago. The cheese business seems to be a little overdone, but the low prices may lead to larger home consumption and consequent increased demand and improved prices. There will be at least one good result. As stock accumulates in market the best qualities will be taken, and the skimmed, and partly skimmed deservedly crowded out, and manufacturers compelled to make nothing but good, honest, full cream, cheese, and stock of that character even in the present dull markets is bringing fairly remunerative prices."—*Ohio Farmer.*

The Care of Cows.

Milch cows should be kept as quiet as possible, and no person employed in milking whom the animals fear. As a general rule, it is important that the milking take place at regular hours. The same person should always milk the same cows, and in the same order each day, so far as practicable. A good dairyman should know enough of his stock to be able to tell which of his cows is the more difficult to milk, and when any new help is introduced the easiest milking cows should be assigned them.

Owing to a spirit of rivalry common among young and inexperienced persons, they make an effort to get their pails filled in the quickest possible time, consequently drawing from each cow as much of her milk as is given down rapidly and readily, and leaving a considerable quantity behind in the udder. They may fill their pails rapidly, but the interest of the owner suffers ultimately.

The dairyman needs to assure himself by personal trials that one cow is not left for another until she is fairly milked out; while it is proper to draw the milk rapidly, it is more important that the last drop be secured. Cows that are ill-treated or roughly handled, will sometimes turn obstinate and hold their milk. Milkers should study the disposition of the cows under their charge, that they may become familiar with them, fondling them, patting and stroking them, thus securing their confidence. In driving cows from a pasture they should never be hurried or made to go faster than a moderate walk. The dairyman should insist upon his assistants milking properly from the very oustet. It is far better to spend a little time in this way in the start than to allow the contraction of bad habits which result in a certain amount of loss each day in the year. Briefly, the end in view in milking is to empty the milk vessels by a progressive pressure extending from the thumb and index finger, and subsequently by the rest of the fingers.

Part of the milk will be left behind unless good care be taken not to strangle the nipple at the base before pressing it, thus rendering part of the pressure applied of no avail. Inexperienced persons sometimes think that they get on faster by proceeding hastily to the usual movements required in milking. This is a very great mistake, resulting in an incomplete milking in the first place, an unrequired fatigue to the operator, and much distress to the animals. The milkers should always have their nails cut short, and if the cow's teats are painful from inflammation or other cause, they should be annointed with some fatty matter, free from salt, or a few drops of milk simply. Those who exercise the most care, patience, and gentleness in the matter of milking cows will be rewarded with the best results.—*Farmer's Friend.*

Milk for Fattening Fowls.

What a different taste a fine, nicely and quickly fattened fowl has, when served on the table, compared to one which has been forced to scratch for its living, and then is consigned to the spit in anything but a fit condition for food. Farmers realize the importance of fattening quickly when feeding beeves for the butcher, yet many do not seem to realize the fact that what holds good with that kind of meat is equally true when applied to fowls. Tenderness and juciness are results of fattening quickly, while mere ordinary flavor and want of tenderness result from letting fowls run until wanted for use on the table. To enable one to fatten fowls or chicks quickly, it is absolutely necessary to give such food as will accomplish the purpose best, and to this end we unhesitatingly recommend plenty of milk in any state, from fresh to thick. This should be fed in connection with a grain diet, for one counteracts any possible deleterious influence of the other. If kept in a darkened place and fed unsparingly on milk, with grain in proper proportions, you will soon have something very choice to offer up on your tables to your friends as well as to your family. When milk is fed no water is required for fattening fowls.—*The Shelby Sentinel.*

Cattle Feeding.

Professor Stewart lately informed the American Dairymen's Association that he once tried an experiment with ten cows, giving each three quarts of corn meal a day, fed alone. This was continued a month. Then three quarts, mixed with a peck of cut and moistened hay, were fed to each cow. By weighing, the result showed a gain of twenty-five per cent. in favor of mixing the meal and cut hay. If the meal is fed alone, it is better to feed it dry, as this favors digestion. This food was given raw. If cooked, the fodder is brought nearly to its original green state. But it will not pay to cook for only five or ten animals, as it requires nearly the same labor to cook for ten as forty. An experiment was made to ascertain how much an acre of corn was worth. It was fed when in a raw or roasted state to 104 cows in October, and it lasted them four days. This is equal to feeding one cow 416 days. Professor Stewart recommends, as a cheap way to cook corn, running ears and all through the cutting machine, and then passing them to the steam tank, mixed with water. This saves husking, shelling and grinding.

Packing Butter.

Those who pack butter should be careful to choose vessels made of sound, sweet wood. The scalding and soaking before use should should be very thoroughly attended to. The wood should be completely saturated with brine; then sprinkle a thin layer of salt on the bottom, and spread a cloth over it. Pack full, carefully pressing the butter in, beginning the pressure at the centre, and extending outward at the sides, so as to expel all the air. Leave room at the top for a thin layer of salt. Cover with pure brine, put on the cover of the tub, or put in the head of the firkin, as the case may be, and set the package away in a cool, dry dark place, free from all offensive odors. Examine at intervals, to see that the brine has not soaked away or evaporated, and be sure and keep the butter covered with it. Butter properly made, and so kept, will remain sweet a long time.—*American Dairyman.*

Two or three months ago an extended description of the large dairy conducted by the Darlington brothers, in Delaware county, Pa., was printed in the *Intelligencer*. It was therein stated that no blooded imported stock of any kind is kept on the place, and all the purchases of cows are made without regard to breed or pedigree. Having seen the published statement of Eastburn Reeder made to the Guenon Commission, which they think designed to show superior excellence for Jersey cows, the Darlingtons have written out the result of the production of their own herd. They state that during the first week in August they were milking over 100 head, all native stock, and that it required 9.71 quarts of milk produced by them to make one pound of butter. According to Mr. Reeder's calculation, it took 9.82 quarts of the milk of his herd to make a pound. The Darlingtons add that the average above given is below that for a whole year, but they have at times obtained a pound of butter from less than nine pounds of milk.

Domestic.

OUT-DOOR FERNERY.—An out-door fernery is a rare possession—a great bank of lovely green fronds that can be drawn upon at pleasure, and that diffuses an atmosphere of perennial greenness around its own particular corner, which may be the ugliest and shadiest in all the garden; for ferns will flourish where nothing else will.

Exquisite ferns of various kind, called by the country people "brakes," are to be found in almost every moist woodland place, and are invaluable for pressing or arranging with cut flowers; but who wants always to go to the woods or brook for them, and who, unless armed with a botany-box, or great sheets of paper, can hope to bring them home without withering? Why not, then, have them close at hand, when the thing can so easily be done? And yet few people ever think of going deliberately to work to make an out-door fernery. If a rockery is erected, some few tufts of maiden-hair and other wild fronds must, of course, be used to give it character; but gardeners rarely plant a fernery as they do an asparagus bed, for the express purpose of cutting.

Some dismal, neglected spot in garden or grounds, some place where rubbish may hitherto have been dumped and where the dominion of noxious weeds has never been interfered with, may prove the most promising site that could be found for a plantation of Ferns. They are not at all difficult to raise and they thrive where no flowers would condescend to prosper; but certain requisites they must have, and one of these is moisture. They also like a corner underneath a wall and will smile in the face of a northern aspect; great, branching trees, too, to which flowers are always antagonistic, do not disturb them in the least.

Ferneries may be made of all sizes; but if a good generous one is wanted, a bank of earth three or four feet high should first be thrown up both as a dividing line and as a sort of breast-work against the roughest winds. A pathway should carefully be left leading directly into it from any point of the compass, that may be most convenient. Shrubs that develop well in the shade, may be planted on the top of this bank with quite an ornamental effect; while the ferns will do better on the sides. The outline of the bank must not be straight, but furnish points and hollows for the better distribution of the ferns, and the inside must be furnished with a generous supply of burred bricks or blocks of stone. If there is a wall at the back or on one side of the structure, either masses of burrs (bricks that have run together in the burning) or pockets and brackets of cement may be fastened upon it at intervals to great advantage, as ferns of a creeping nature, as well as other plants not strictly classified under this head will grow there, and daintily clothe and hide the naked stones, besides giving an additional element of beauty to the whole arrangement. For even if the fernery is just planted for cutting, it may as well be beautiful.

The central portion, if large, can be divided into several beds; but if small, one will answer. This can be done by making divisions with mounds of earth and bricks; striving, not for evenness of outline, but for the utmost irregularity, as this produces the most picturesque effect and also affords the most space for ferns. The stones or bricks must not be too thick, or the fernery will subside into a rockery. A few small rough logs or branches can be mixed in with a very pretty rustic effect; and small ferns, or creepers, will appreciate this provision for their comfort. Holes should be sunk in the crevices between for the benefit of those that are accustomed to a liberal supply of moisture. Their own native soil is undoubtedly the best; but ferns will do well in a made soil composed of loam, peat, or leaf mold, and river sand in equal parts.

Great care should be taken not to wedge the plants into small crevices; and in planting, to consider their various needs. Tall, upright ferns require depth of earth to flourish in; those that have surface creeping rhizomas want something to cling to; and those with underground, spreading rhizomas demand room and space to develop their individuality. Proper drainage also must be provided for, as superabundant water will injure the roots.

Ivies are never out of place anywhere; and the fern pasture may be beautified by rough arches of burrs covered with these climbers, or a column of stones may rise here and there with the trail of the ivy over them all, and the dainty perennial green of its fresh shoots gleaming out like lingering touches of spring.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Household Receipts.

FRUIT CAKE.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, two-thirds cup butter, one cup fruits, half teaspoon soda.

SNOWBALL CAKE.—Whites of three eggs, one cup white sugar, one-half cup butter, teaspoon soda; stir thick and bake in small tins.

TO RENOVATE BLACK DRESS GOODS AND SILKS.—Dissolve one-half ounce of pulverized camphor and an ounce of borax in a quart of boiling water.

VINEGAR.—Boil potatoes, drain off water, and strain, one pound sugar, two and one-half gallons of water, a little hop yeast. It is sour in a short time.

JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one cup flour, one teaspoon cream tartar, one-half teaspoon soda, three tablespoons sweet milk; bake in jell tins.

STOVE BLACKING.—Lampblack is mixed with water-glass (a solution of silicate of soda) to the consistency of syrup, and applied with a brush as a thin and even coating, and then left twenty-four hours to dry. Afterward graphite, or black lead mixed with gum water, is applied, and a polish obtained by rubbing in the usual manner.—*Housewife.*

Scientific.

Lunar Days and Nights.—Wonderful Extremes of Heat and Cold.—Dr. Klein, a German astronomer, has recently called the attention of astronomers to a lunar crater some three miles wide, which had not before been observed, and which he feels sure, was not in existence two years ago. Astronomers have long since given up all hope of tracing either the signs of actual life upon the moon or traces of the past existence of living creatures there. But there are still among them those who believe that by sedulous and careful scrutiny processes of material change may be recognized in that seemingly inert mass. In reality, perhaps the wonder rather is that signs of change should not be often recognized, than that from time to time a new crater should appear or the walls of old craters fall in. The moon's surface is exposed to variations of temperature compared with which those affecting the surface of our earth are altogether trifling. It is true there is no summer or winter in the moon.

Sir W. Herschel has spoken of the lunar seasons as though they resemble our own, but in reality they are very different. The sun's midday height at any lunar station is only about three degrees greater in summer than in winter, whereas our summer-sun is forty-seven degrees higher in the sky at noon than our winter sun. In fact, a mid-summer's day on the moon does not differ more from a midwinter's day, as far as the sun's actual path on the sky is concerned, than with us the 17th of March differs from the 25th, or the 19th of September from the 27th. It is the change from day to night which chiefly affects the moon's surface. In the lunar year of seasons, lasting 346 2-3 of our days, each lasting twenty-nine and three-quarters of ours. Thus day lasts more than a fortnight, and is followed by a night of equal length. Nor is this all. There is neither air nor moisture to produce such effects as are produced by our air and the moisture it contains in mitigating the heat of day and cold of night. Under the sun's rays the moon's surface becomes hotter and hotter as the long lunar day proceeds, until at last its heat exceeds that of boiling water; but so soon as the sun has set the heat thus received is rapidly radiated away into space (no screen of moisture-laden air checking its escape), and long before lunar midnight a cold exists compared with which the bitterest weather ever experienced by Arctic voyagers would be oppressively hot. These are not merely theoretical conclusions, though even as such they could be thoroughly relied upon. The moon's heat has been measured by the present Lord Rosse (using his father's splendid six-foot mirror). He separated the heat which the moon simply reflects to us from that which her heated service herself gives out (or, technically, he separated the reflected from the radiated heat) by using a glass screen which allowed the former heat to pass while it intercepted the latter. He thus found about six-sevenths of the heat we receive from the moon is due to the heating of her own substance. From the entire series of observations it appeared that the change of temperature during the entire lunar day—that is, from near midnight to near midday on the moon—amounts to fully 500 degrees Fahrenheit. If we assume that the cold at lunar midnight corresponds with about 250 degrees below zero (the greatest cold experienced in Arctic traveling has never exceeded 140 degrees below zero), it would follow that the midday heat was considerably greater than that of boiling water on the earth at the sea level. But the range of change is not a matter of speculation. It certainly amounts to about 500 degrees, and in whatever way we distribute it, we must admit first, that no such life as we are familiar with could possibly exist on the moon; and secondly, that the moon's crust must possess a life of its own, so to speak, expanding and contracting unceasingly and energeticially.—*London Times.*

Another "Cure" for Poison Oak.—Dr. S. A. Brown, U. S. N., states in the *Medical Record* that he has found a specific for the troublesome eruption produced by the poison oak or poison ivy (*Rhus toxicodendron*) so common in our woods. This specific he finds in bromine, which he has used with unvarying success in at least forty cases. He uses the drug dissolved in olive oil, cosmoline or glycerine, in the strength of from 10 to 20 drops of bromine to the ounce of oil, and rubs the mixture gently on the affected part three or four times a day. The bromine is so volatile that the solution should be renewed within twenty-four hours from its preparation. The eruption never extends after the first thorough application, and it promptly disappears within twenty-four hours, if the application is persisted in, and the patient is entirely cured.

The *Italia Agricola*, writing on the effect of thunderstorms on milk, states that it is a generally accepted belief that it is the lightning and electrical phenomena that accompany a thunderstorm, which cause the spontaneous coagulation of milk. Dr. Malhoern wished to test the idea, and for the purpose he filled the cylinder with freshly skimmed milk, and introduced into the same 100 centimeters cubes of pure oxygen, then allowing electrical sparks to pass into the apparatus for the space of ten minutes, by means of the Rhumkorff machine, the effect being that the milk quickly coagulated, clearly proving that an acid reaction had taken place, and after twenty minutes a firm cheese was produced.

Humorous.

—A slow match.—marriage after ten years' engagement.

—Waiting to be whipped is the most uninteresting period in boyhood.

Whatever the season, a gymnast always wears both spring and fall clothing.

—"Why are handcuffs like guide-books? Because they are made for two wrists.

—A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, five dollars.

—"It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes!" Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

—A Keokuk man has a lot of good resolutions which he kept all through the heated term. He wrote them out on paper and kept them in a refrigerator.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

—"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" is often asked. "Well, really, we don't know, unless it is because he can climb a tree and a mule can't.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—On being asked why he went into bankruptcy, he replied: "Well, my liabilities were large, my inabilities numerous, and my probabilities unpromising; and so I just thought I'd do as my neighbors do, you know."

—A room will hold nearly twice as many people when the light is dim as when it is bright; at least we have noticed that when the gas is low in the parlor a young man and a young woman can both sit in the same space which either one of them took up when the full head was on.—*Breakfast Table.*

—"I can't hold this baby any longer," called out the young husband and father, "it's getting too heavy." "Pshaw, Edward," replied a muffled voice from the other room, "you used to hold me for hours and never complain, and baby is but a feather compared to what I was." "I was a fool," said Edward. And she was too sleepy to dispute with him.

—"I aw dweamed last night," said he to her whom he bored greatly by his attentions, "that I laid in wait for a man with an immense sum of money and knocked his bwains out, and then wobbed him of his wealth." "There would have been more merit in the theft if you had stolen the brains," replied she. "Gweat heavens! what would I have done with them?" She gave it up.

—A man who had been much interested in the cremation system said to his wife: "My dear, I wish you to remember that when the Lord calls me to my reward I desire to be cremated, if a suitable furnace is accessible." "Yes, love," replied his spouse, "but when the Lord calls you, I think He will provide for your burning."

—Dr. Jonson had a habit of eating very fast, and using his fingers in place of a fork. One day the cynic was dining with a company, when a young would-be wit remarked, "Doctor, you remind me of Nebuchadnezzar." "Neb'chadnezzar?" replied the doctor, his mouth full of victuals, "Ah, yes. That's because I'm eating with the brutes."

—"Kleptomania?" asked the judge, in the most innocent manner. "What is kleptomania?" "A di-ease, my lord," said her counsel, "the subject of which is uncontrolably addicted to larceny." "Oh! I see," said the judge; and a disease, sir, which the judges are sent on circuit, as physicians, to cure. My prescription on the present occasion is twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labor."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON GINGER.—"How flagrant it is," said Mrs. Partington, as she sniffed the odor of a bottle of Jamaica ginger. "It is so pleasant to the oil factories as it is warming to the diagram, and so accelerating to the cistern, that it makes one forget all pain like the oxide gas that people take for the toothache. It should have a place in every home where people are subject to bucolics and such like melodies; besides a spoonful is so salubrious when run down like a boot at the heel in walking, one feels like a new creature."

SKILLED DAIRYING.

Dairying is perhaps the greatest agricultural interest of New York. It transcends any other single agricultural industry. This State is credited with 1,500,000 cows, and if we estimate the income per head at only $40—which is below the average of the last five years—it gives an aggregate of $60,000,000 annually. This represents about one-seventh of the dairy interest of the United States. We shall therefore be pardoned for frequent reference to this great industry. Dairy products are now depressed below any point reached since 1861. But this is also the fate of almost every other agricultural product with, perhaps, the exception of the best beef animals on foot. All mechanical industries are alike at the bottom prices. Shall all these industries, therefore, be abandoned or largely reduced? Certainly not. Daily products stand at the head of household necessities. No housekeeping, worthy of the name, can be carried on without them. This is the time for the application of skill. Skill must win. When a certain class of products bring a high price, and are eagerly sought as soon as they reach market, the producers are apt to be careless of quality since remunerative sales are so easily made. But when the market becomes heavy and prices fall below remunerative rates, the producers having the requisite courage and determination to succeed, study how to improve the quality of the article, and thus give an exceptional value to it and an extended market. They well know that a superior quality has fewer competitors, and the grades below it are not in competition. The highest quality creates a market for itself.

Acting on this principle those shrewd Quakers, near Philadelphia, have made for many years the famous brand of Philadelphia butter, which has brought from one dollar to twelve shillings per pound. They now easily command four times the price of ordinary butter. And this all comes of *skill*—of regarding butter-making as a fine art, which appeals to our most refined sensibilities—the high art of living. The food that supports the human body is of the highest consideration to civilized and refined society. It is more and more sought for in the highest state of perfection. Cream contains the most refined and delicate oil used as human food. In its natural and best condition, it is more relished and easily digested than any other food oil. This shows what great opportunities nice manipulators of milk have for remuneration, even in these depressed times. The practice of this fine art in butter-making is not necessarily confined to locality, as was once supposed, for the milk, containing cream with all the delicate aroma and flavor of the Quaker butter, flows in many States. The milk exists in thousands of places, but the skilled operators are few.

It really costs no more to make this fine butter than the poorest that comes to market. The skill consists in a knowledge of the nature of milk, and in following very simple and easy rules in handling it. These rules, however, must be strictly followed, and cannot be set aside to suit the convenience of anybody. It requires the milk to be kept at or below a certain temperature; the cream to be removed at just the right time, when the milk first turns sour; the cream to be kept at an even temperature, not above 60 degrees, till churned; the butter to be worked with great care and kept at a temperature below 60 degrees, till sent to market. The atmosphere of the milk-room must be absolutely pure, and the cows well kept, and in a cleanly condition. Milk is extremely sensitive to all odors, and easily tainted, after which the best butter cannot be made. Any one of close observation could determine all these things by experiment in a few months. The dairyman has everything depending upon the skill he uses in the production and handling of his milk. Let him study his business with the same care bestowed by a skillful mechanic upon his, and he will find his remuneration ample and certain.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A FISH STORY.

A FOUR-TON FISH THAT STOPPED A STEAMSHIP.

A collision between a steamship and a gigantic fish, which took place the other day in the vicinity of the Tong-Tong Islands, is reported by the *Times of India*. The Messageries Maritimas steamer "Anadyr," on its voyage to Shanghai, was suddenly brought to a stop by a violent shock. The cause of the collision was found to be an enormous ray, or flat fish, estimated by those on board to weigh from 8,000 to 10,000 pounds. The monster was lying asleep on the top of the water when its repose was rudely disturbed by a "dig in the ribs" from the stem of the steamer.—After the first alarm had subsided efforts were made to haul the creature on board; but, owing to its unwieldiness, all attempts in this direction proved fruitless, and the fish, doubtless even more "shaken" than the passengers on the boat, was reluctantly allowed to move off and seek such remedies for the injuries it had sustained as are to be procured in the mysterious deep.

CHEESE FOR THE ARMY.

Ex-Governor Seymour, of New York, who is a farmer, and who has taken a considerable interest in the manufacture of cheese, has suggested that the government include in its rations for the army this nutritive and healthy article. The suggestion is certainly a good one and we believe the men composing our army would welcome and relish it. The ease with which it can be transported and the fact that it does note asily spoil are strong points in favor of its adoption. The army, now composed of 25,000 men, would require of cheese as a ration about 50,000 pounds per week, or at at the rate of 2,540,000 pounds annually. So says one of our exchanges. The amount of cheese consumed in each year would add considerably to the demand for good cheese, and at the same time cultivate a more extensive taste for the article, which at the present time is used only to a limited extent in this country.

—A Canada cheese factory has turned out a cheese weighing 7,000 pounds. It is said to be 6 feet 10 inches in diameter, or 21 feet in circumference, and required 35 tons of milk to make it, the product of 7,000 cows.

—The annual Grain Fair of Austro-Hungary opened on Monday. It is calculated that the Empire will be able to export from 12,000,000 to 13,000,000 quintals of wheat, 2,500,000 of rye, 4,000,000 of barley, and 2,500,000 to 3,000,000 of oats.

"THEM YANKEE BLANKETS."

SUFFERING AND BROTHERLY KINDNESS BROUGHT HEARTS TOGETHER IN LOVE.

Yes, John, I was down thar at Memphis
A-workin' around at the boats,
A heavin' o' cotton with emph'sis
An' a loadin' ner onter the floats.
I was comin' away from ole Texas,
Whar I went, you know, arter the wah—
'Bout it now I'll make no reflexes,
But wait till I git ter long taw.

Well, while I was down thar the fever,
As yaller an' pizen as sin,
Broke out; an' ef you'll beleeve her,
Wherever she hit she stuck in!
It didn't take long in the hatchin',
It jest fairly bred in the air,
Till a hospitel camp warn't a patchin',
An' we'd plenty o' corpses to spare.

I volunteer'd then with the Howards—
I thought thet my duty was clear—
An' I didn't look back'ards but for'ards,
An' went to my work 'ithout fear.
One day, howsomever, she got me
As quick as the shot of a gun,
An' they toted me off to allot me
A bunk till my life race was run.

The doctor an' nurses they wrestl'd,
But it didn't do me any good;
An' the drugger he poundid and pestl'd,
But he didn't git up the right food.
"No blankits ner ice in the city!"
I heard 'em say that from my bed—
An' some cried: "Oh God! who'll take pity
On the dying that soon'll be dead!"

Next day, howsomever, the doctor
Come in with a smile on his brow;
"Old boy, jest as yit we hain't knocked her,"
Said he, "but we'll do fer her now!"
Fer, yer see, John, them folks ter the nor'ward
Hed heard us afore we call'd twice
An' they'd sent us a a full cargo forward
Of them much needed blankits an' ice!

Well, brother, I've been mighty solid
Agin Yankees, yer know since the wah,
An' agin reconstruckin' was stolid,
Not kearing' fer Kongriss ner law;
But John, I got under that kiver,
That God-blessed gift o' the Yanks,
An' it saved me from fordin' "the river,"
An' I'm payin' 'em oceans of thanks!

I tell yer, old boy, thar's er streak in us
Old Rebels an' Yanks thet is warm—
It's brotherly love thet'll speakin us
An' fetch us together in storm;
We may snarl about "niggers and franchise,"
But whenever thar's sufferin afoot—
The two trees 'ill unite in the branches
The same as they do at the root!

—*Sam W. Small, in Atlanta Constitution.*

—Mexico has gone into the cattle exporting business. Four hundred and fifty-two head of cattle were landed at Havana on August 9, from Alvarado, Mexico. Meanwhile the export trade between Florida and Cuba is flourishing. There are now five American and two Spanish schooners, and one American and one Spanish steamship constantly engaged in the cattle trade besouth Florida and Havana.

—The horses on the Philadelphia railways are not fed with oats, chopped corn and hay being found to be more desirable fodder. They fatten more rapidly on this food, which, it is said, gives them greater strength and endurance than any other. The cost too, of corn is much less than oats. Fifty years ago the principal food for work horses was cut straw and bran, mixed and moistened, with the addition of corn in the ear.

—A man has been arrested at St. Louis for sending a letter to the Chicago papers declaring that the St. Louis authorities were suppressing the truth as to numerous cases of yellow fever, having been paid to do so by the Fair Association.

—Some one has at last discovered the tendency of the average milkman to water his milk. His instinctive desire that his milk shall be pure, impels him to wash it carefully before delivering it to his customers, and some of the water is apt to be left in.

Months of Misery.

Henry Ward Beecher advises the poor to live if necessary, on bread and water, in order to exercise the greatest possible amount of economy. This is one of the many phrases delivered by public men relative to the "hard times" from which we are suffering, and although most things for the past two years have had a downward tendency, the rule has not been universal. How many people are at this moment shivering and shaking in all the agonies of a bad attack of "chills" without hope of cure, simply because they are unable to pay a dollar or a dollar and a half for quinine or some expensive and too often useless secret remedy! THERMALINE is adapted to the times entirely, being but 25 cents a box, more speedy and of greater power than quinine or any other ague cure, and is composed of drugs which all chemists will endorse as being free from disagreeable effects. Physicians, druggists, and the public praise it, and many a man who looked forward to months of misery, has been completely relieved by a quarter of a dollar's worth of Thermaline. A trial costs but a trifle and will be the certain means of happiness. The manufacturers are Dundas Dick & Co., 35 Wooster St., New York.

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The Masonic Book Agency.

We have received several inquiries concerning the Masonic Book Agency. Their place of business is on the southwest corner of Broadway and Warren street, over Devlin's store. They are all right, and we have no hesitation in recommending the company and their books to our readers.—*N. Y. Sun*, Sept. 4.

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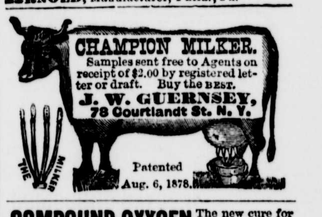

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