...erton...nscript.

...ESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1879. VOL. XVII.-NO. 46.

...elect Story.

...NDEMNED BY A CLOCK.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

...g,
...lings for God's
...rs, and a storm
...hem—the wild
...ook, and tore them, till
...roaned and boomed,
...sel in their yawning gulfs
...people on that rocky
...ning morrow should be
...ful tales,
...e sea had spent its passion, and should
...ast upon the shore
...of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had
...done heretofore.

...the rough winds blowing round her, a
...rave woman strained her eyes,
...she saw along the billows a large vessel fall
...and rise.
...it did not need a prophet to tell what the
...l must be,
...o ship could ride with safety near that
...shore on such a sea.

...the pitying people hurried from their
...homes and thronged the beach.
...for power to cross the waters and the per-
...shing to reach!
...ess hands were wrung for sorrow, tender
...hearts grew cold with dread,
...the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal
...rock-shore sped.

...e has parted in the middle! Oh! the half
...f her goes down!
...ave mercy! is His Heaven far to seek for
...hose who drown?"
...hen next the white, shocked faces looked
...ith terror on the sea,
...one last clinging figure on a spar was
...en to be.

...the trembling watchers came the wreck
...sses by the wave,
...the man still clung and floated, though no
...power on earth could save.
...uld we send him a short message? Here's
...a trumpet! Shout away!"
...s the preacher's hand that took it, and he
...wondered what to say.

...memory of his sermon? Firstly? Second-
...ly? Ah, no.
...was but one thing to utter in the awful
...our of woe;
...shouted through the trumpet, "Look to
...sus! Can you hear?"
...Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the
...aters loud and clear.

...hen they listened, "He is singing! 'Jesus lover
...of my soul;'"
...nd the winds brought back the echo, "while
...the nearer ...ll;"
...trange, inde... to hear him, "till the
...storm... ...st,"
...inging b... ...e waters, "Oh, receive
...ge!" "Hangs my
...The singer drop-
...omeward, through
...ade dim,
...ith Jesus in the singing

...KE ON BERIAH.—A ...told of ex-Governor ...Kentuckey, who is a ...d likes to do most of ...himself. Recently, in ...rney from Cincinna..., he shared his seat ...a bright-eyed, plea...leman. The gover... common-place re... his companion ...ed assent, branched ...n of the scenes that ...d in different parts ...grew eloquent over ...ibed with glowing ...e races he had wit... learnedly of breed... ...rilling stories of his ...he Indians in the ...e hours slipped rap... when the train was ...on the two exchang... ...ted with a cordial ...ds. The Governor ...and to a number of ...rked that the ride ...so short before. ...st have had plea...soard."

...t, I met a gentleman ...elligence. We con... ...way over. I never ...ntact with a more ...was he?" asked ..., I have his card," ...felt in his pocket ...bit of pasteboard. ...g." ...!" shouted a dozen ...en, Robert King; ...he card reads," was ...aughter followed.— ...or, Bob King is as ...he was born deaf and

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... Mrs. Smith, "what ...r smell?" ...another smell?" ..." ...he said, "if you ...ittle brandy now, ...good mince pie."

...el, describing her ...female friend that ...how it happened, ...she remembered, ...of fighting for her ...ouse full of violets, ...choked by blush

---

...come under the

---

maker only the day before) pointed to twenty-five minutes to nine. Practical experiment showed that the time required to walk the distance, at rapid pace, from the stile to the lady's house, was just five minutes. Here, then, was the farm bailiff (himself a respectable witness) corroborated by another witness of excellent position and character. The clock on being examined next, was found to be right. The evidence of the clock-maker proved that he kept the key, and that there had been no necessity to set the clock and wind it up again, since he had performed both those acts on the day preceding Mr. Dubourg's visit. The accuracy of the clock thus vouched for, the conclusion on the evidence was irresistible. Mr. Dubourg stood convicted of having been in the field at the time when the murder was committed; of having, by his own admission, had a quarrel with the murdered man not long before, terminating in an assault and a threat on his side, and, lastly, of having attempted to set up an alibi by a false statement of the question of time. There was no alternative but to committ him to take his trial at the assizes, charged with the murder of the builder in Pardon's Piece.

The trial occupied two days.

No new facts of importance were discovered in the interval. The evidence followed the course which it had taken at the preliminary examinations—with this difference only, that it was more carefully sifted.—Mr. Dubourg had the double advantage of securing the services of the leading barrister of the circuit, and of moving the irrepressible sympathies of the jury, shocked at his position and eager for proof of his innocence. By the end of the first day the evidence had told against him with such irrisistible force that his own counsel despaired of the result. When the prisoner took his place in the dock on the second day there was but one conviction in the midst of the people in court; everybody said, "The clock will hang him."

It was nearly two in the afternoon, and the proceedings were on the point of being adjourned for half an hour, when the attorney for the people was seen to hand a paper to the counsel for the defence.

The counsel rose, showing signs of agitation which roused the curiosity of the audience. He demanded the immediate hearing of the new witness, whose evidence in the prisoner's favor he declared to be too important to be delayed for a single moment. After a short colloquy between the judge and barristers on either side, the court decided to continue the sitting.

The witness, appearing in the box, proved to be a young woman in delicate health. On the evening when the prisoner had paid his visit to the lady she was in that lady's service as housemaid. The day after she had been permitted (by previous arrangement with her mistress) to take a week's holiday, and to go on a visit to her parents in the west of Cornwall. While there she had fallen ill, and had not been strong enough since to return to her employment. Having given this preliminary account of herself, the housemaid then narrated the following extraordinary particulars in relation to her mistress' clock.

On the morning of the day when Mr. Dubourg had called at the house she had been cleaning the mantelpiece. She had rubbed the part of it which was under the clock with her duster, had accidentally struck the pendulum, and had stopped it. Having once before done this, she had been severely reproved. Fearing that a repetition of the offence, only the day after the clock had been regulated by the maker, might lead perhaps to the withdrawal of her leave of absence, she had determined to put matters right again, if possible by herself.

After poking under the clock in the dark, and failing to set the pendulum going again properly in that way, she next attempted to lift the clock and give it a shake. It was set in a marble case, with a bronze figure on the top, and it was so heavy that she was obliged to hunt for something which she could use as a lever. The thing proved to be not easy to find on the spur of the moment. Having at last laid her hand on what she wanted, she contrived so to lift the clock a few inches and drop it again on the mantlepiece as to set it going once more.

The next necessity was, of course, to move the hands on. Here again she was met by an obstacle. There was a difficulty in opening the glass case which protected the dial. After uselessly searching for some instrument to help her, she got from the footman (without telling him what she wanted it for) a small chisel.—With this she opened the case—after accidently scratching the brass frame of it—and set the hands of the clock by guess. She was flurried at the time, fearing that her mistress would discover her. Later in the day she found that she had over-estimated the interval of time that had passed while she was attempting to put the clock right. She had, in fact, set it exactly a quarter of an hour too fast.

No safe opportunity of secretly putting the clock right again, had occurred until the last thing at night. She had moved the hands back to the right time. At the hour of the evening when Mr. Dubourg had called on her mistress she positively swore that the clock was a quarter of an hour too fast. It had pointed as her mistress had declared, to twenty-five minutes to nine—the right time then being, as Mr. Dubourg had asserted, twenty minutes past eight.

Questioned as to why she had refrained from giving this extraordinary evidence at the inquiry before the magistrate, she declared that in the distant Cornish village to which she had gone next day, and in which her illness had detained her from that time, nobody had heard of the inquiry or the trial. She would not have been then present to state the vitally important circumstances to which she had just sworn if the prisoner's twin brother had not found her out on the previous day, had not questioned her if she knew anything about the clock, and had not (hearing what she had to tell) insisted on her taking the journey with him to the court the next morning.

The evidence virtually decided the trial. There was a great burst of relief in the crowded assembly when the woman's statement had come to an end.

She was closely cross-examined as a matter of course. Her character had been inquired into; corroborative evidence (relative to the chisel and the scratches on the frame) was sought for, and was obtained. The end of it was that, at a late hour on the second evening, the jury acquitted the prisoner without leaving their box. It was too much to say that his life had been saved by his brother. His brother alone had persisted from first to last, in obstinately disbelieving the clock—for no better reason than that the clock was the witness which asserted the prisoner's guilt! He had worried everybody with his incessant inquiries; he had discovered the absence of the house-maid after the trial had begun and he had started off to interrogate the girl, knowing nothing and suspecting nothing—simply determined to persist in the one everlasting question with which he persecuted everybody: "The clock is going to hang my brother; can you tell me anything about the clock?"

Four months later the mystery of the crime was cleared up. One of the disreputable companions of the murdered man confessed on his deathbed that he had done the deed. There was nothing interesting or remarkable in the circumstances.—Chance, which had put innocence in peril, had offered impunity to guilt. An infamous woman, a jealous quarrel and an absence at the moment of witnesses on the spot—these were really the commonplace materials which had composed the tragedy.

GOOD ADVICE AND GOOD MANNERS.

Much jewelry is vulgar.
Do not smack while eating.
Do not cut your nails in public.
Do not run after famous people.
Do not breathe hard while eating.
Feeing waiters is paying blackmail.
Serve vegetables on separate plates.
Cheese should be eaten with a fork.
Unsweetened coffee cures bad breath.
A man's dress should not be remarkable.
Do not give mere friends costly presents.
Short nails make the finger-tips grow broad.
In going up and down stairs, precede the lady.
Girls who part their hair on the side look fast.
A formal call is long if it lasts over half an hour.
Never take bits out of your mouth with your hand.
There is too much promiscuous kissing in this country.
A young lady should never stretch her feet out in company.
Some men unpleasantly comb their moustaches at the table.
A pink ribbon under the chin makes a pale woman look brighter.
Always take the last piece of any thing there is supposed to be more.
Do not call a man a liar unless you have a lump in your throat and are sure that he is a liar.

OH, GEORGE!—They were on the ice yesterday afternoon, he in the glory of his new found love, and she with a pair of brand new skates on her pretty feet. They were very sweet on each other and skated hand-in-hand, now forward, now backward, gliding smoothly and gracefully, totally unconscious of the smiles of the spectators and the chaffing of the bad boys. He was skating backward, and had hold of her hand—a strong hold, with just the least most pressure than would have been desirable under other circumstances. He was pulling her along and talking in the meanwhile.

"Darling Celeste, shall we always glide together through life as smoothly as we do now?"

"Oh, George, dear, I hope so!" she said, smilingly.

"And shall we ever be to each other as as we are now?"

"Oh, George, always!"

"And, Celeste, shall our clasp of the hand be as warm in the future as it is now?"

"Oh, George, it will," lovingly.

"Dear Celeste, you are so kind to peep me first in your affec——"

"Oh, Georgie!"

There was a crash before that last exclamation. George was skating backward and they were looking into each other's eyes. One of his skates caught in a crack in the ice, and there was a fall—Celeste on top. A series of mild shrieks, a vision of dignity, and then two skaters left the ice. George has a lump on the back of his head as big as the prize pumpkin, and Celeste's nose looks like a ripe fig and all skewed around like a mule's jaw. Oh, George!

FRUIT IN CALIFORNIA.—Southern California is producing every year more and more semi-tropical fruit. Oranges are raised in such abundance that it is thought that in a few years the market will be overstocked so as to render their raising unremunerative. In the region around Los Angeles, every land owner and settler is so desirous to have orange groves, that dwellings are surrounded, and even the roads are bordered by them. In anticipation of an excess of fruit, cultivators of the soil are beginning to plant almond and walnut trees in its stead. Not much success has been had as yet with bananas, in consequence of injury to young trees by occasional night frosts; but the trouble will, it is thought, soon be remedied. It is expected that pines will flourish ere long, so that there will be plenty of figs, almonds, olives, pines, lemons and oranges in the Golden State.

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN!

Ah! well do I remember still
How bright life was to me
When I was only seventeen
And you were twenty-three!

The earth was fairer then, I think,
Than e'er I see now;
How softly blew the warm west wind
That listened to our vow.
We made it in the whispering dark,
Beneath our trysting-tree.
Ah! then I was but seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

The river rippled soft and low
Its dear familiar song;
We stood upon the old stone bridge,
And all the world seemed young.
And there with one long ling'ring kiss
You took my heart from me.
Ah! well, I was but seventeen,
And you just twenty-three!

Far off the grand old hills arose;
The stars shone out above;
And all the night was fair and sweet;
The air was full of love.
I fondly wonder many a time,
If you think tenderly
Of what I was at seventeen,
And you at twenty-three!

It is not very long ago;
But bitter tears have wet
The cheeks you kissed so lovingly.
Ah! if I could forget!
Why were you faithless? O my love,
The world is changed to me,
Since I was only seventeen,
And you were twenty-three!

And often when the night-wind sighs
Along the river side,
My heart goes back with longing pain
To that sweet eventide.
But still, I love to think of it,
For nevermore, ah me!
Shall I again be seventeen,
Or you be twenty-three!

—*Chambers' Journal.*

ED'RS. TRANSCRIPT—*Gents:* The Literary Society at Fairlee continues to grow and flourish, the junior members taking an active and creditable part in the proceedings. On Thursday evening, the 6th ult., an Original Dialogue was spoken by Miss NAOMI KENDALL and Master ED. COREY, and its repetition called for on the 13th. It is as follows:

Katie—How do, Fred? Have you heard of our society for mutual improvement. And are you not going to join with us?

Fred—No indeed. I've heard of it, but I don't see as it will do me any good to join.

K—I see no reason why it should not. Why should it not improve you as well as others?

F—I don't know, unless I'm past improvement. But I doubt if any body will gain any good; I think I can spend my time a good deal better.

K—I should like to know how. Do tell a-body.

F—In many ways. In playing base-ball, for instance, and other interesting games.

K—But you can't play base-ball at night. All such games, I should think, would require daylight.

F—Well, yes, that's true. But I've got games for the night, too. There's Parchesi, and Consequences, and Corn-and-Beans, and Dominoes, and such like. Oh, them's real funny!

K—No doubt such games are deeply interesting for a while, but I should think you would get tired of them. Besides, what real good do you derive from them?

F—There you are half right, I'll own. They do get tiresome after a while; but when I get tired of them I can read.

K—That's very sensible. What books do you read, Fred? I should like to borrow a few good ones if you have got them.

F—Oh! lots of 'em. There's "The Bold Rover of the Sea," "The Bravo of the Mountain," "The Magic Ring," "The Bloody Path," and some I can't remember. I tell you they are jolly.

K—No doubt you find them interesting, Fred: but what substantial good do such books do you?

F—Oh! I read the story papers, too. Ain't "Saturday Night" and the "New York Ledger" just splendid?

K—Very good, no doubt, in their way. To me it seems you might as well try to build up and strengthen the physical organization by feeding all the time on sugar-plums and comfits as to attempt to develope the intellectual faculties by reading such trash.

F—Now it's no use talkin' hyfalutin to me. I'm a plain feller, and plain talk suits me. I don't understand physical organizations and inter-lectural devil-upments; not much I don't.

K—Well then, Fred, I'll speak plainly, or try to. When you were an infant—

F—There you go again. Why don't you say little baby?

K—Well, little baby, then; when you were a little baby you could neither walk nor run.

F—But I could kick and squall.

K—No doubt; but how did you learn to walk and run, and jump and climb trees and all that?

F—Oh! I don't know, it come natural to me, I guess.

K—You guess wrong. If you had been carried all that time in your nurse's arms, you never would have been able to walk. It was only by the use of your limbs that they gained strength and dexterity.

(Fred, aside)—There she goes again—"dexterity!"

K continues—In the same way the faculties and powers of the mind gain strength by proper exercise.

F—Well, you may be right. But how does your society do this? What do you do any how in your grand pow-wows?

K—We have select readings, recitations and dialogues; also debates and written essays and splendid music!

F—As to music, Katie, youv'e got me; that's jolly, I own up; but the rest is—is—is humbug, I think.

K—Why do you think so?

F—Well, I reckon that fellers like me wouldn't have much to do. Some smart gals like you might get up, and speak a piece they don't know anything about, or go over a dierlog like so many pollies. But when it comes to the debates and essays, I guess the old grey-beards would crowd out such as me.

K—Not if you will do your part. The Society is intended for mutual improvement, and is designed especially for the young; and we young folks must think and study so as to be able to put down the older members.

F—If they would talk about horses, and dogs and birds and rabbits, or something I know about, I'd jump in and help.

K—All right. You can select a piece to read, you can write a piece about dogs or birds or horses or alligators or steamboats, or any thing you choose. And now I think of it, you have suggested a capital idea which I am sure the Society ought to adopt.

F—Me! start an idea! I didn't know that I could. What's it like, Katie?

K—You say some of our members read a selection they know nothing about, and it is probably in some cases true. At least it may be that many who hear it know nothing of it. Now I shall propose that when any thing is read or recited, the reader shall tell all he knows about it; name the author and give a brief history of him and all he can find out about him.

F—What good would that do?

K—It would make us better acquainted with our own literature, and stimulate us to treasure up its brightest and most beautiful gems in our memory, and become the means of a wider, deeper, broader intellectual culture. You'll have to join our Society, Fred?

F—Not yet. I must think about it.

K—Yes, do. That's what the Society is intended for; to lead us and help us to think. But here is Uncle John. Let's ask his opinion about it.

F—I'm agreed you ask him.

K—Uncle John, I have been talking to Fred about joining our Society, and finally agreed to leave it to you to decide whether he ought to join or not.

F (aside)—Now aint she cunning? I agreed to ask his opinion; she wants him to decide.

Uncle J—Well, my young friends, you ask me to decide whether Freddie should join the Educational Society or not. I can't do that. He must decide for himself. I can only give an opinion. I think that Freddie and all other young persons should embrace the opportunity to belong to a Society like this. I have heard all you said, though I seemed to be asleep; and I fully appreciate all that Katie has advanced.

Fred has no doubt heard or read something of that great orator and patriot, Patrick Henry. It was in a Society like this that his powers were gained and matured. In a country like ours, where those who rule are periodically called to lay down their powers, and to be ruled in turn by others it becomes the duty and interest of every one to prepare to act the part which may be assigned to him in the affairs of the Government, of the church and of the social economy. No one can do this properly without training. Besides, if Freddie should not be called upon to govern others or to make laws—as he is liable to be, in common with all others—yet he will be called upon to vote for those who are to make and execute the laws; and to do this intelligently and for his own good as well as for the good of others, requires no less knowledge and sound judgment than it does to make, explain and enforce the laws. The voter's responsibility is greater than that of the officer voted for. Good voters, intelligent voters, make good governments; bad, heedless, ignorant voters make bad ones. But apart from these considerations, there is a positive pleasure in that kind of exercise by which knowledge is gained, which to be appreciated and enjoyed must be experienced. I hope Freddie, and other young folks of both sexes, will not only unite with the Society, but do their very best to get all the good from it they can, and that their elders will join also to encourage and aid them by their timely suggestions and friendly counsel.

Fred—I guess I'll pitch in. I may be a governor some day. Who knows?

COUNTY NEGRO VERSUS TOWN NEGRO.—An eternal warfare seems to rage between the country negro and the town darkey. This was illustrated at the passenger depot yesterday. A colored youth from Pike county approached a town negro, and the following conversation ensued:

"Whar 'bouts is de ticket office?"

"Right dar 'fo' yo' eyes."

"Fo' whose eyes?"

"Yone."

"Is you de ticket office?"

"Look yer, nigger, don't you gimme none yo' slack."

"I'm a mighty slack man, ole man, w'en I gets stirred up."

"An' you'll git stirred up ef you stan' roun' yer foolin' longer me."

"Dat's de kinder ex'cise w'at I'm' a pinin' fer."

And with that they clinched and had a right lively tussle. They were separated, however, before a policeman came along, and the Pike county darkey found the ticket office. The town negro, it may be well to mention, was badly used up. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

"Father," said a boy who got kicked in the face by a mule that he was annoying, "shall I ever be as good looking as I was?" "No, my son," answered the parent, "I don't think you will be as handsome as you were; but you'll know a great deal more."

Sixteen magnificent looking widows attended a quilting in Alabama recently.

Victoria Woodhull and Tennie C. Claflin have settled for life in London, England.

All Sorts of Clippings

There are three good aids to Satan in this life—poverty, politics and toothache.

There's no bank, not even a snow bank, that can stand a run all the year round.

A year of pleasure passes like a fleeting breeze, but a moment of sorrow seems an age of pain.

The times are hard—everybody says so—but the wages of sin have not been cut down.

When you wake up at night and hear the baby crying, look out for danger, for there's a rock ahead.

Railroad-crossing signs may not be considered artistic, but they are certainly an a track shun.

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle is that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

A peculiar lace pin is in Egyptian design, with a snake coiled round the bar, and a swinging scarabee cut from burnt topaz.

"Is that a friend of yours?" asked a gentleman, pointing to a party who was sailing rapidly down the street. "Can't tell you till next Saturday," returned the individual addressed, "I've just loaned him a dollar."

Mrs. Lucy Anderson, who gave piano lessons to Queen Victoria and all her daughters, has just died at the age of 80.

Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

There is very little difference between a man who sees a ghost and one who swallows a bad oyster so far as looks are concerned.

A Chattanooga darkey, who was one of a jury which failed to convict for want of evidence, explained to his brethren, that the culprit was "released on s'picion."

"Mother," said a little, square-built urchin about five years old, "why don't the teacher make me monitor sometimes? I can lick every boy in my class but one."

The other day, as two friends were talking together in the street, a donkey began to bray and wheeze and cough in a very distressing manner. "What a cold that donkey has!" said one of the men. "And, by the way, that puts me in mind—how is your cough?"

An injudicious sister said to a three year old: "Johnny, if you're bad you cannot go to heaven. Don't you want to go to heaven?" "No." "Why, you don't want to go to the bad place, do you?" "No." "What do you want?" "I want to live: that's what."

A bright little three-year-old, living on Elm street, while her mother was trying to get her to sleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told that it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

A young married couple were admiring a photograph, and the husband remarked: "What a massive forehead, Julia; his whole face indicates strong character, doesn't it?" "Yes," said the little wife, "what a beautiful forehead for banged hair. I wish mine was more like it."

A school mistress was taking down the names and ages of her pupils, and the names of their parents, at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow, "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name; he's too old to go to school to a woman," was the reply.

A widow, whose husband's artistic perceptions had caused his house to be elegantly furnished, married his brother. When her visitors, after the second marriage, complimented her upon the beauty of her house-furnishing, she answered, "Oh, yes, my dear brother-in-law had such exquisite taste."

A Norwich teacher was practicing her youthful class in original composition the other day, and gave one pupil the subject "Boy" to write upon. The subject was to be treated on in three parts: first, what is it? second, what is its use? and thirdly, what is it made of? The lad wrestled hard for a few minutes in desperate perplexity, and then wandered up to the teacher's desk radiant with enthusiasm and submitted the following: "A boy is an animal; his use is to carry wood; he is made of bones."

"Forget thee?" wrote a young man to his girl—"forget thee! When the earth forgets to revolve; when the stars forget to shine; when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom—then, and not till then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to see another girl with a wart on her nose, and $40,000 in the bank.

HOW A BANKRUPT IS ABLE TO NEGOTIATE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.

[From the Toledo Bee.]

About four weeks ago I noticed in the Salt Lake Tribune that Jay Cooke, with a party of capitalists, was in Utah, and negotiating for the purchase of the Horn Silver Mine at $5,000,000. At the time I supposed the name was a misprint, and that it was meant for Jay Gould.

Meeting a Sandusky 'gentleman the same day, I called his attention to the article, and he informed me the name was correct. Reminding him that Cooke was in bankruptcy, he smiled and said, notwithstanding such was the case, that, nevertheless, he was one of the owners of the First National Bank of New York, and could command an unlimited amount of money.

When it is remembered that Cooke and John Sherman have been lifelong friends, is it not reasonable to suppose that Sherman also has an interest in the said bank, and will not this account for the extraordinary favoritism shown the First National Bank of New York in the way of deposits, which enables the bank to realize hundreds of thousands of dollars in interest on money owned by the Government, but controlled by John Sherman?

Farm and Household

The Yellows in the Peach, ... Versus Fungus

EDITORS AMERICAN ...

In the proceed... ern New York ... ty's" annual meetin... ter in January last, a... conflicting opinions of em... growers in regard to the ye... peach trees, and the cause of sa... One gentleman gave it as his opinion that the grub in the roots was the cause of the yellows. Another says, "no hope for a tree once diseased." Another, in allusion to the disease is this section, says: "Many, whose trees were apparently diseased, had restored them to their former vigor by the liberal use of barn yard manure." One gentleman in describing the symptoms says, "The first year slender yellowish shoots appear to be forced out of the larger branches." Another asserts, "The yellows are always first seen in the fruit." Another is on record as saying: "These symptoms are common in sickly trees, many trees have this appearance, which do not have the yellows." The minds of the readers must be satisfied without a disclosure of the names in this article of the author of the above opinions; suffice it to say, that they are gentlemen of widely-known intelligence upon fruit-growing and kindred subjects. Now we will add to the above the opinion of one whose thorough and comprehensive knowledge of the peach—its culture and diseases—is well known to all the renders of *The Americrn Farmer;* than whom, better authority ... ed by successful practice, we do ... being in existence, and I here allude to the late Edward Wilkins; it was his opinion, lucidily set forth in a paper contributed to these columns some years back, that the peach-aphis was the cause of the yellows.

Those who lay claim to the guidance of science on this subject, triumphantly aver that the *only* cause of yellows in the peach is a mildew—a kind of fungus which afflicts the roots. Having been interested in information pertaining to this disease in the peach tree, I must aver that our effort, extending over several years, to reconcile my mind to the fungus theory, has thus far resulted in ignominious failure, and I will endeavor to briefly state a few of the reasons:

Upon an examination of trees from two to three years old, which had been killed by the *Aphis*, I found the roots to be visibly marked and netted over with a mildew or fungus; again, trees upon which the insects were preying in countless hundreds, and which were so induced in vitality, by the ravages of the insect named, as to barely afford substance for them, these trees upon being dug out were found to have the mildew marking their roots, though less plainly visible than the first named. Then again, in an orchard planted of trees the roots of which had been damaged by frost to some extent before planting, many of which after standing two years, with barely vigor sufficient in them to put out leaves, upon pulling out a number of such, I found the same mildew apparently overspreading their roots that was revealed by the first-named examination. Now which came first, weakened vitality or the fungus? Evidently the former. Next, then, which comes first, the yellows or the fungus? "Ah! that's the question." A majority of practical men gifted with penetrating powers of observation, ignore the fungus; while those who hold the mildew, with commendable tenacity, have the very convenient prerogative to call to their aid science. And as he can speak English only, fails in Germany, so he who is unfamiliar with science and its intellectual advantages, is defeated in every war of words on the cause of the yellow in the yeach.

J. W. KEER.
Denton, Caroline Co., Md., Feb. 12.

Those who marry for traits of mind and heart will semdom fail of perennial springs of domestic enjoyment.

Soft Gingerbread.—Two eggs, butter the size of an egg, half-cup water, two-thirds cup of sugar, one cup molasses, half-teaspoonful soda, two cups flour; bake in two tins.

Doughnuts.—Two cups sugar, two cups sour milk, two eggs, one tablespoonful butter, one nutmeg, a little salt, one teaspoonful soda. It is too much butter which causes them to soak too lard.

Cleaning Stoves.—Stove polish, when mixed with spirits of turpentine and applied in the usual manner, is blacker, more glossy and durable than with any other liquid. If you will rub the stove every day with a piece of soft flannel, it will polish it, and remove spots.

Good Coffee.—Warm three tablespoonfuls of coffee in the tin coffee pot, which must be dry; when well heated pour on a pint of boiling water; stir with a wooden ladle for three minutes without boiling; then add a pint and a half of boiling water, and set the whole back on the stove to steep for ten minutes.

Plain Rice Pudding.—Three ... of milk, three ounces rice, six ... ces pulverized sugar, one ... butter, a light teaspoonful ... wash the rice carefully in th... ters, put it in a pan or dish, ... salt and half the milk, put ... on the stove where it will ... slowly for two hours, stirring ... sionally to prevent the rice ... in half an hour begin to ... rest of the milk slowly, so ... stop the simmering; ju... taking it from the stove ... butter, sugar, and vanilla ... the pan in which it is coo... minutes in a moderate ... brown it nicely; it can ... either hot or cold. It is ... for six persons, and cost ... cents.

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