IN VAIN?

Were all our days, then, vain—since he is dead,
Since Death's hand has set a frozen painted chest,
While grape-laden hearses heavily along the street
And shrouding every house, pall-like, is spread?

Since his great soul its shattered house has left
And death has borne us, and our plaintiffs feel
Of life and nature prayed for—is it meet
We bear him to the tomb with doubt and grief?

The indeed may mock our prayers and say—
Why did your God not answer you and save?
When human skill succumbed to fell Death's pall?

But taunts like his shall turn to whit away,
Our eyes from heaven to dwell upon the grave,
"Did God well to do so?" was Faith's large answer,
"Did I well pray?"—*W. E. Richards.*

VALUATION.

The old squire said, as he stood by his gate,
And his neighbor, the doctor, with weak voice,
In spite of my bank stock and real estate,
You are better off, doctor, than I.

"We're both growing old, and the end's drawing near,
The loss of this world is reliefs,
But in heaven's appraisal your assets I fear,
Will be far greater than mine."

"Why, I am rich, but I'm ready to pay
I wish I could swap with you even
Thoroughly I'd have to be sold and laid up in clay
For the shilling and pence you have given."

"Well, squire, said the doctor, with a grin
Of a kind of mischief, sly,
While his eye had a twinkle of fun,
Let us compare notes when we take the way of my
Hogs and pence.
And the thing can be easily done."—*C. L. Wintner.*

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

BRET HARTE.

What Lee Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted. Why could ask more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel's arrival, with no friends, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerably at cards and horse races. In fact, the keeper of that oasis of the Challenge Hill saloon which the Colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder, absent-mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name of $50 gold pieces). When so important a personage as a barkeeper indulged publicly in the Dutch Creek habitants of Challenge Hill, like good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it a grave consideration; so for a few days irrelevant and irrelevant inquiries were made, who was not money to the Colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, used them in trade, and, if they liked them, and melted them up and had the lump assayed. The result was the complete vindication of the Colonel, and the loss of considerable custom to the indignant barkeeper.

The Colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional lapses from dependency, and in one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had stated his all on his bay mare Tipsie and had lost. Looking reproachfully at the beloved animal, he pulled back his aching rent of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently and glaring defiantly unproductive of relief.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable ingenuity in the attempt to draw the Colonel savagely dissented from every one, who advanced any proposition, no matter how uncontrovertible. that unqualified sympathy was decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gallop furious by away. Still, nothing of importance was ever considered an excellent sort of exercise. Riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful modes of vitilization the world, and when a man is so absorbed in this exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from all objects, and instead of looking significantly into doorways, through which a man had often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Lone Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar, and several other villages through which he passed, and every one had been seen to precede him betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they all won the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious looking party of men who reigned up in front of the principal saloon of each place, and he inquired if the Colonel had passed. Had he galloped? Colonel knew that he was followed, and by whom, there certainly would have been an extra election held at the Jatter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred.

On galloping away the Colonel followed the stage road, which threaded the old mining canyon of Dutch Creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes which grew very thickly by the roadside, while the constable made for the road beyond.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees like a lady, as if they were familiar objects of her stable-yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted: "What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner, a bearded six-footer, emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a up and down hill night, and their ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty."

The man led the way and Tipsie and the Colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves in a log hut, before which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked up appealingly to the Colonel.

"Mack! I'm how 'bout 'twas, fellers, said the Colonel meekly, while I picked the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four men stood with a rifle and knives, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Better be an hour ahead than a mile in this 'ere night,' said one of the four. 'I ain't been so thirsty since I came round the horn in '50, and we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old cellar; they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd, as he adjusted the dominoes under the rim of his hat. "Spoin' there should be too many of 'em."

"Sleep, Cliffy, Cranks!" remonstrated the Colonel. "Nobody ever gets along of they 'low themselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that. I disremember exactly how it goes, but I've heard Parson Brown down to Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time.

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men "hunkered" in the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his face perspiring blow with his shirt-sleeve.

"Far enough from home now," said he.

"Tain't no use being a gentleman if yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the Colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll half 'em, Logroller, tend to Jack Cranks, take the horses, and Mack and Perk, take the left. An' I know it's tough—but considering how irresistible' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, of there's any aboard, eh, boys?"

"Reckon so, replied Logroller with a chuckle that seemed to inspire with his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two; what's the use of women's rights of they don't even have a chance of exercisin' 'em, their purses borrowed so when they put the full doctrine in a brain new light."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the Colonel, 'that's the crack of Old Black's whip, and it's time we were quiet. And jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself by the roadside. The stage was swinging along handsomely; those inside were chatting and laughing at Sandy Bar. Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horse stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his hands and looked into the sky, and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equalled only by that with which they withdrew them. They saw five dominoes and revolvers in the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the Colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you alight and see what it is? Don't hurry yself to draw, cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, lady? he asked of the lady passenger who descends from the stage. Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just put your hands behind yer so; that's it." And the unfortunate man's hands were secured behind him in a moment.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the express.

Old Black remained unidisturbed, for who ever heard of a stage driver having any money?

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brigade together and adding the receipts, "taint much of a haul, but there is only one woman, and she's old enough to be a gentleman's grandmother.

"Like enough she'll pay more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of a gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitful creature to hide it so. Why, a man to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what shell go ain't nothing to some folks that's got good bosses and keep win money at races, but—"

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks' remark was unfortunate for the Colonel avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the old lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the Colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we're taking up a collection for a charitable object. We was goin' to make the gentlemen fork over the full amount, but we thought we'd give you a chance to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocket-book, and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, shared laughter into space. "Nothing!" sneered Perkins, in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel gravely. "It's a little 'em, and all the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin." The Colonel blushed into the bushes, and his friends followed him, filled with astonishment that Old Black remarked that if they'd been anybody to mind the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The passengers, relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up the reins as if he had laid them down at the station, while the Colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered the hut, for their masks had been laid aside with astonishment that Old Black remarked that if they'd been anybody to mind the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The passengers, relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up the reins as if he had laid them down at the station, while the Colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered the hut, for their masks had been laid aside with astonishment that Old Black remarked that if they'd been anybody to mind the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The Colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four men stood with a rifle and knives, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Better be an hour ahead than a mile in this 'ere night,' said one of the four. 'I ain't been so thirsty since I came round the horn in '50, and we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old cellar; they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count your chickens before

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did, but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal barroom for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only $1,000—when the Colonel had always said there was not gold enough on top of the ground to buy her, Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely parted, betting was so wild that a mood-headed sporting man seriously made a wager of twenty against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the store and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of kid gloves, pulled the finger-nails, and, stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood at the door of the principal saloon, he was asked, as always happened, if Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the constable say: "Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you go out I challenge Hill it came to me that you might be in the road-agent business. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if I the stages in Hell and pulled them, and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right, said the Colonel, with a smile. The constable was certain that nobody had any idea how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off. Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door within a crash, and the male passengers alighted into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impenuniosity. The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and cried: "George! And the Colonel jumped into the stage and, putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed: "Mother."

The Jeannette Survivors.

Lieut. Giles B. Harber and Master W. H. Scheutze of the navy have left New York on a detail ordered by Secretary Hunt for the purpose of assisting in the search for the missing survivors of the Jeannette in the northern regions of Siberia. They expect to reach Irkutsk, the capital of Eastern Siberia and the furthest point at which there is a telegraph station, about the middle of March. This detail is in accordance with a suggestion received on Wednesday morning last from Lieut. Danenhower, who is now at Irkutsk, proposing to dispatch a party in the spring and search along the Siberian coast for the missing boat of Lieut. Chipp.

Within the last week considerable additions have been made to our knowledge of what befell the Jeannette and her men. The sad story may be summarized as follows: On the 6th of September, 1879, the vessel sailed from Ice to the northwest of Behring strait, and as early as the 1st of January, 1880, had been so injured as to occasion a leak which rendered it necessary to keep the pumps going continually for the next 18 months. The vessel drifted to the northwest for 21 months—from September 6, 1879, to June 12, 1881, when she was crushed in the ice and sank in lat. 76 deg. 13 min. north and and longitude 156 deg. 20 min. east. The officers and crew dragged their boats over the ice to the nearest land, which, where they started in the boats for the mouth of the Lena river. Lieutenant Commander DeLong took the cutter No. 1 with Dr. Ambler and 12 men, the first cutter No. 2 with Chief Engineer Melville and six men, the 17th of October, 1881, and Lieutenant Danenhower and Melville with 11 men—two of whom, Nindermann and Noras, had belonged to DeLong's crew but had separated from their companions because they had long sent ahead for relief—were at Irkutsk. Melville with two men almost immediately started back for the Lena to look after DeLong and his party, while Danenhower, having entirely lost one eyeland the other being greatly injured, still remains at Irkutsk.

Of DeLong and Dr. Ambler and the other men with them, there is nothing is known and it is greatly feared they have all perished of starvation and exposure.—*Post and Tribune.*

A BOAT FOR A PRINCESS.

Mr. Bartlett Allen has just built on Fish Island a large surf or whale boat for Gov. Dashkoff, the Russian wild lands, whose wife is the Princess Royal of the Kingdom. The boat was ordered through Mr. Gideon N. Bartlett, who on his wedding tour visited the islands and was entertained by Gov. Dashkoff. When he went to New Bedford last summer Mr. Bartlett gave the commission to build the boat to Mr. Allen. The craft is 32 feet in length over all, 6 feet breadth of beam, and 27 inches deep. It is of handsome model, solidly constructed, with white oak frame and cedar planks, has six thwarts, and will be propelled by twenty oars and has a place for a mast. At the stern are arranged seats where a number of persons can sit and a commodious locker is also placed there. The outside painting is of white with black ribbon, and the inside below the thwarts is straw color. The boat is intended to carry the owner between the islands, and can be sent land in sections, when it will be shipped to San Francisco via Cape Horn, and thence to the islands.

THE FARM.

Tim Bunker on Learning from Mistakes.

We have been a good many years learning what crows were made for, and the lesson is not very well understood. "This year we are likely to get additional light. The spring was wet in Hookertown, and better prospects for grass were never held out. The crop was good, but the rain that gathered in the first of the May-bug began to show the results of its depredations, both in the pastures and in the meadows. My attention was called to them by the flocks of crows in the big pasture, and the adjoining fields. I did not suppose there were so many crows in the neighborhood. They freqeuing the fields and quitter, finding long distances to feed upon the clam banks, when food is scarce elsewhere. But their favorite diet, in summer seems to be the worms that come from the May-bug. They have great skill in detecting the presence of this grub, and if the crows were protected in their period of incubation, they would be more numerous than they are. I attribute these pests, or to reduce their numbers so much that they would do no serious damage. In some of my fields the grass was destroyed by the grubs, so that you can scrape off the stubble with a rake. There can be no good crop of hay until these places are reseeded. For several generations war has been waged upon the crow, because he pulled corn out in the retired fields on the edges of woodland. Town and State have put bounties upon him, and he has been hunted all year, and in the year, to get the bounty money. The boys have sought out his nesting place, climbed tall trees, and cleaned in nest of the callow young. Men have put a little strychnine in the corn to tempt him within gun-shot, and he has been treated as a deadly enemy. He has been branded with a bad name and characterized as a thief, because of those non-descript contrivances that disfigure cornfields to keep off the birds. Still he vindicates his right to live, and the reasons which induce mankind to his unceasing warfare are, "Protect the crow, or do worse." A few hills of corn in spring time is small damage compared to the grass crop of a whole farm destroyed by grubs, on the whole, the wiseacres at the State capital make poor work at mending the legislation of the Almighty. Take care of the crows, and the crows will take care of your grubs.—*American Agriculturist.*

Loss of Nitrogen in Purchased Manures When Applied to Crops.

I will now endeavor to show what loss of the nitrogen in the manure, has taken place in our own experiments in the growth of potatoes at Rothamsted. In order to measure the effect of nitrogen, and also ascertain whether any, and if so what amount of loss has taken place, we have plan has been to grow the crop continuously with mineral manures alone. We consider that by this mode of treatment we shall have the sources of nitrogen at its disposal, whether they be derived from the soil or the atmosphere. When, in addition to the mineral manures, nitrogen in a soluble form is applied to the potatoes in another experiment, we consider that the increase in the crop over that which is obtained without the addition of nitrogen of the manure, and further, if we deduct the amount of nitrogen in the crop grown by minerals alone, from the amount of nitrogen in the crop grown by minerals and nitrogen, the residue, when compared with the amount of nitrogen applied in the manure, will give us the amount of loss. We must observe, however, that this experiment requires to be continued for a good many years before definite conclusions can be drawn; first, because of the great influence of favorable, or unfavorable seasons, and secondly, because it is only by the aid of time that the officers and crew dragged their boats over the ice to the nearest land, which, where they started in the boats for the mouth of the Lena river. Lieutenant Commander DeLong took the cutter No. 1 with Dr. Ambler and 12 men, the first cutter No. 2 with Chief Engineer Melville and six men, the 17th of October, 1881, and Lieutenant Danenhower and Melville with 11 men—two of whom, Nindermann and Noras, had belonged to DeLong's crew but had separated from their companions because they had long sent ahead for relief—were at Irkutsk. Melville with two men almost immediately started back for the Lena to look after DeLong and his party, while Danenhower, having entirely lost one eyeland the other being greatly injured, still remains at Irkutsk.

Of DeLong and Dr. Ambler and the other men with them, there is nothing is known and it is greatly feared they have all perished of starvation and exposure.—*Post and Tribune.*

Cotswold Sheep.

Cotswold sheep were introduced to the special notice of American sheep breeders by the importations of Erastus Corning, and of Wm. H. Sotham, in the year 1840, and from the increase of those flocks, and many others, importations, they have become as well known as any of the improved breeds of sheep. The impetus given to the breeding of mutton sheep by Mr. Bakewell's flock, is well understood, though his wonderful improvement of the old Leicestershire sheep, and the establishment of the Dishley breed, as so far perfect that all other breeds shrink, and England, that the rams were used upon long, wool flocks of all sections, had of course its effect upon the Cotswolds—the breed native to Gloucestershire and vicinity. The firmer and better feeding Dishley rams greatly improved these hardy, large-framed sheep, and judicious breeding, with heed to the important lessons of Mr. Bakewell's thought, have confirmed and established the breed in such a number of points of superiority, that it is hardly too much to say that it now stands pre-eminent among the long wool breeds.

The characteristics of the breed when well developed, are a large size, with admirable form; bone enough to carry well the weight of from 200 to 250, and occasionally 300 pounds, or even more; early maturity (the lambs also attaining very soon a large size and fitness for market, due, primarily to their hardiness, secondarily, to the great abundance of milk yielded by the ewes); notable prolificacy of the ewes, and their excellent fleeces. In the matter of fleece there has been much improvement, not only does it more completely cover the body, extending below the knees and the hocks, sometimes even to the feet, and almost all over the belly, but well over the poll. This feature is foolishly valued by breeders, and unshorn locks are left often hanging like a deformity over the eyes of favorite sheep. We must note also as characteristic of the breed, that the mutton is less tallowy, the fat more interlarded, and the flesh more marbled than that of less improved long-wool sheep.—*American Agriculturist.*

Can Insects Talk Together?

"Two ants," says Buckmer, "when they are talking together, stand with their heads opposite each other, working their sensitive feelers in the liveliest manner, and tapping each other's feelers. Now the question is, is it well ascertained that they are in this way able to make mutual communications, and even to

Useless Studies.

The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the colleges of the United States, was examining the printed curriculum with a reference to what studies she should take up next term. While consulting about the matter, she ran over the long list of text books on science, language, literature, and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: "I'll tell you what I would like to study—I would like to study medicine. I don't mean that I want to go into the practice, but to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I think that would be more useful to me than"—and she turned to the prescribed course of study—than spherical trigonometry and navigation? But we run for about every time everybody sneezes and coughs, and I would like to know what to do for anyone who is a little sick." Inasmuch as conversing young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem of Algebra, and give the technical name of all the bones in the body, but if the baby drother left in their charge burns his hands or is seized with the croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge that will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the every day experiences of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Restored From a Decline.

NORTH GREECE, N. Y.,
April 25, 1880.

R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I feel that it is my duty to write and thank you for what your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" have done for my daughter. She was confined to her bed two weeks since she began their use. She coughed quite much, had a color in her face, no headache, and is in other ways greatly improved.

Yours truly,
MRS. MARCELLA MEYERS.

The Baroness von Bulow, the darkhaired, graceful young granddaughter of Liszt, lives in Berlin in the old company in Rosen-strasse, where she studies; laughs and jests with him; makes him walk, eat and enjoy life as no other man. It is a good combination. Liszt deeply enjoys her presence.

"GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY," (Trademark registered) is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night sweats, bronchitis, coughs, spitting of blood, week lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By druggists.

The Rev. Henry Johnson was installed pastor of the Presbyterian church in Carmichaels on the 11th inst. This church is the oldest in the Grand Rapids Presbytery, and was organized by Rev. W. M. Ferry in 1834.

Unlike other cathartics, Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" do not render the bowels costive after operation, but, on the contrary, establish regularity of natural action. *Being entirely vegetable* no particular care is required while using them. By druggists.

A Letter and its Sequel.

Washington D. C. Army Navy Register.

The following letter and its sequel are voluntary expressions of opinion concerning a subject of especial interest to every reader of this paper. The letter is from Commander Coghlan, now in California, and the sequel from John Carr Moody Esq. of the same State, and are eminently worthy of careful perusal and serious consideration.

THE LETTER.
U. S. NAVY YARD,
MARE ISLAND CAL.
December 16th, 1881.

SIRS:—An enforced resilience of two years in this Abominable climate of California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism, during which I was totally unable to perform the arduous duties of my office. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief, and my distress was much aggravated by the fact that my physical disability would result under the law, in my retirement upon half pay, which would cut off my promotion to the grade of Commander. At this period Dr. Hoyle, a friend of mine, recommended to me St. Jacobs Oil as a remedy, which I had not been long in use when I was pleased to find my pain, stiffness and lameness all gone. The attacks of rheumatism during which I was totally unable to perform the arduous duties of my office. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief, and my distress was much aggravated by the fact that my physical disability would result under the law, in my retirement upon half pay, which would cut off my promotion to the grade of Commander. At this period Dr. Hoyle, a friend of mine, recommended to me St. Jacobs Oil as a remedy, which I had not been long in use when I was pleased to find my pain, stiffness and lameness all gone. The upper and lower designs of the window are separated by an arched band of rich rondels extending across between the points where the arch springs. The effect of the arch is enhanced by simple, graceful designs and the harmony in its coloring, is considered rich and impressive.

Octogenarian Editors.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst, the last survivor of the old school of New York Editors, General James Watson Webb, of the Morning Courier and Enquirer will be eighty years of age. Though burdened with some of the infirmities that accompany such advanced years, he still wields the editorial sceptre. This man, with the promise of many peaceful and happy days yet to come. General Webb was, in active journalism the contemporary of Bryant, Bennett, Greeley and Raymond in this city, and of Weed in Albany. All of these, save the last, are gone, and it seems proper to say that General Webb should be, with two exceptions, the youngest of them all. Bryant was born in 1794, Bennett in 1795, Weed in 1796, Greeley in 1811 and Raymond in 1820. The most venerable of the whole list, Mr. Thurlow Weed, still retains the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and has more physical vigor than many a man of half his age. Mr. Weed was born in 1797—being this five years the senior of General Webb. The two veteran Whig journalists retain the warm friendship of their earlier days, and are almost the only examples left us of the school they represent. The general yield of butter is from cream not more than 12 hours old. Milk should be cooled suddenly to raise cream quickly. More butter and of better quality can be made with a creamer. Churn in summer at a temperature of 55 degrees and in winter at 60 degrees.

A NEW NATIONAL HOLIDAY.—There is some talk of a movement for a new national holiday to celebrate the anniversary of the date of the discovery of America. This is a good idea and it is to be hoped will find support. We have too few holidays in this hard working country, and two or three more in the year would be welcomed by all concerned. All the holidays occurring between election day and Easter, are in winter, and there is nothing between Decoration day and election day but the 4th of July. June or August would be the proper months to select, as June is the pleasantest and August the most trying month of the year.—*Evening News.*

Farmer's Institute at Galesburg

At the Institute held at Galesburg on the 1st and 2d of this month, the subject of Canada this was discussed. The opinion that the seed might be found in clover seed was controverted by the fact of its ripening too early to get mixed with the clover. Killing thistles with salt was practicable only while the patches were small, and then the spade or hoe was much the surer way to effect their destruction.

E. P. Flanders read a paper on "Corn Raising." Among the ideas advanced was this: that the longer the period of ripening for the corn, the more small early varieties could not produce so large a crop as a larger and later variety. A variety should be selected that required the whole season to mature in insure the greatest profitable yield per acre. The discussion brought up the usual questions of preparation of soil, time of planting, fertilizers, including the manure, and the amount of seed, with its selection. It is noticeable that fewer farmers advocate the use of plaster for corn than formerly. Some have abandoned it, a practice soaring broadcast before or immediately after plowing, and none plaster in the hill.

Mrs. J. W. Strong read a paper, "The Farmer's Garden," drawing fine garden pictures which were really recognized. The regular spring spasm for a garden usually began with each succeeding April, but a little while, with some hard work, and usually ended in failure. The president insisted that this discussion should be given to the women, and for this purpose all the front seats, on one side of the church were reserved for them. Speeches were continually bubbling up from the other side, but they were finally suppressed until the ladies had finished their talk. In this assurance that there should be no striking back, the grievances of the farmer's wife were fully set forth, and the duties of the husband as the occupant by working in the garden themselves, and this occasionally shamed the men and boys into doing some of the work. The conclusion was that plowing the garden was the work of the husband, and that when once at it the man of the house would insist that all the seeds should go in the same day, early and late, years in succession, and when this was done, their responsibility for the season was ended. One lady insisted that in the spring her garden was hoed, but in the fall it was usually mowed. The question was then asked, what was to be done if the men, will insist upon putting off the work of weeding until everything had perished; the conclusion was that they withdrew their dinner for a day or two, and take that time to work in the garden and they would soon come around.

W. A. Blake read an indictive paper on "Weeds," and asked the following questions, with an affirmative bias: "Are we not growing too many acres of wheat?" It is a question, well worth a careful consideration, and another question as a companion piece followed, to wit: "Is it not possible to raise more wheat on a given number of acres, and thus release land for other crops?" These questions were mostly discussed in the paper, and showed a research far in advance of the average sentiment held by wheat growers. He would plow in small strata, three or four three inches, and the lower four inches. The former he would have fine and loose, and the lower fine and compact; the upper for the seed bed, and the lower to hold the moisture, and furnish their food. As to varieties running out, he took the ground that it was the elements necessary to produce a variety that run out, and not the variety.

Hon. E. R. Miller read a paper on "Farm fences and the public highway" which bristled all through with figures, giving much statistical information. The discussion following was confined mostly to highways and fences along them. Live fences were strongly denounced, as encroaching upon roadways as several feet on either side was rendered sterile by the penetrating roots of the plants. The general impression prevailed that the coming fence was the barbed wire, with some arrangement for upholding other than wood posts. The plan of setting a row of trees a rod apart, where the permanent fence was to be made of rails, and then of wires as soon as they become of sufficient strength to support them, was mentioned. The rail fences could be kept patched up until the trees could be made to do the work, and all anxiety would be over on account of setting posts or fences prostrated by wind. Black walnuts could be planted with the trees, and they were stand, by usage a crowbar to make the hole and keeping them in line.

Prof. Johnson, of the agricultural college, discussed raising cattle, which called forth

The universal interest in ensilage as food for cattle was manifest, when he opened a sack of it and passed it around for inspection. This sample was All had been doubting Thomases, and were eager to have their suspicions sustained or removed. Little parcels of the ensilage disappeared from the sack, and the consumers of this new departure in haying. A silo will contain 35 to 40 lbs. of ensilage to the square foot, and a ration is 60 lbs. per day for a full grown kastrated animal. This amount contemplates the feeding of meal or some kind of grain with it.

The closing evening session was also given to the ladies, who gave answer to the question, How can we make good butter every time?

The answers came in little grains, like good butter, but may be worked up into a mass. The general idea stated that it needed about three grains of common sense and a little knack. Churn in a churn that will set grind in the cream, and not in the butter grain. Wash it out of the churn in the well or use ice on the outside, but never in the vessel with the cream. Too much working often spoils butter. Butter well worked, and it will stand, by usage a crowbar to make the hole and keeping them in line.

Prof. Johnson, of the agricultural college, discussed raising cattle, which called forth

The universal interest in ensilage as food for cattle was manifest, when he opened a sack of it and passed it around for inspection. This sample was All had been doubting Thomases, and were eager to have their suspicions sustained or removed. Little parcels of the ensilage disappeared from the sack, and the consumers of this new departure in haying. A silo will contain 35 to 40 lbs. of ensilage to the square foot, and a ration is 60 lbs. per day for a full grown kastrated animal. This amount contemplates the feeding of meal or some kind of grain with it.

The closing evening session was also given to the ladies, who gave answer to the question, How can we make good butter every time?

The answers came in little grains, like good butter, but may be worked up into a mass. The general idea stated that it needed about three grains of common sense and a little knack. Churn in a churn that will set grind in the cream, and not in the butter grain. Wash it out of the churn in the well or use ice on the outside, but never in the vessel with the cream. Too much working often spoils butter. Butter well worked, and it will stand, by usage

Octogenarian Editors.

On Wednesday, the 8th inst, the last survivor of the old school of New York Editors, General James Watson Webb, of the Morning Courier and Enquirer will be eighty years of age. Though burdened with some of the infirmities that accompany such advanced years, he still wields the editorial sceptre. This man, with the promise of many peaceful and happy days yet to come. General Webb was, in active journalism the contemporary of Bryant, Bennett, Greeley and Raymond in this city, and of Weed in Albany. All of these, save the last, are gone, and it seems proper to say that General Webb should be, with two exceptions, the youngest of them all. Bryant was born in 1794, Bennett in 1795, Weed in 1796, Greeley in 1811 and Raymond in 1820. The most venerable of the whole list, Mr. Thurlow Weed, still retains the full exercise of his intellectual faculties, and has more physical vigor than many a man of half his age. Mr. Weed was born in 1797—being this five years the senior of General Webb. The two veteran Whig journalists retain the warm friendship of their earlier days, and are almost the only examples left us of the school they represent. The general yield of butter is from cream not more than 12 hours old. Milk should be cooled suddenly to raise cream quickly. More butter and of better quality can be made with a creamer. Churn in summer at a temperature of 55 degrees and in winter at 60 degrees.

A NEW NATIONAL HOLIDAY.—There is some talk of a movement for a new national holiday to celebrate the anniversary of the date of the discovery of America. This is a good idea and it is to be hoped will find support. We have too few holidays in this hard working country, and two or three more in the year would be welcomed by all concerned. All the holidays occurring between election day and Easter, are in winter, and there is nothing between Decoration day and election day but the 4th of July. June or August would be the proper months to select, as June is the pleasantest and August the most trying month of the year.—*Evening News.*