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2nd. The production of poultry—ay, smile if you will—can, with proper management, let us emphasize the words—proper management—be made largely remunerative, and we will draw a line under the word largely.

3rd. Pisciculture, where one has the location for it, will we are assured by the Hon. Mr. Roosevelt, rapidly roll in the sockola, and make plethoric the money bags of the farmer. Trout-raising, at any rate, we will subscribe to, from a very limited personal experience.

4th. Arboriculture will always pay; but, of course, here the question of time is an important factor; yet we may say, neglect not to set out trees, for they grow while we sleep, and are over things of beauty and utility.

5th. Fruit trees, as a specialty, we cannot too strongly urge upon you, for with intelligent care and nursing they will reward you with golden fruit. The saturnine idea of our worth and well-meaning but distressingly narrow-minded Puritan progenitors we have happily grown out of. They, dear, good souls, taught that through the apple, in the days of old, came "original sin;" and through the apple of latter days comes the cider mill, and from the cider mill to the gin mill the transition is an easy one. So our good uncle, for once with a fanaticism commendable for its honest self-sacrifice, cut down his orchard.

6th. Viniculture has not received the attention it deserves, and probably—we may say probably—on account of the same grim Puritan rigidity in regard to wine drinking.

We would remark—in *passant*—that the most luscious grapes it has ever been our good fortune to meet with on this continent, were presented to our enraptured gaze and our pampered palate, in Canada (on the Vermont line), and the most glorious orchard of apples, pears and plums we found near Brattleboro, Vt., and all these both vines and trees, had been in bearing for years. Why not profit by such rich experiences? Why not export 1,000 barrels of apples where we now send one?

Then, too, we have been told from this platform, in language positive, if not strictly classical—that silk culture can be successfully carried on in New England, but upon that point our opinion is a little shaky.

We insist upon it, however, that the other industrial pursuits herein mentioned, whilst being refining and elevating to a degree, may also be made remunerative beyond the dreams of advice.

Relinquish then the unequal contest between the plow and the rocks, the hoe and the potato bug, and let your "Jerseys" and your "short-horns" regale themselves in sweet fields and pastures green, and they will do their part to enrich your tables and your coffers, bring a wealth of bloom into the cheeks of the bonnie little folks, and help keep your boys prosperous and contented at home. But don't forget the fruit trees.

All this, however, falls short of our purpose, which was, and is, to direct attention mainly to another and still more lovable industry, and so our thesis is: The apiary, or bee culture, as a source of profit to the New England farmer.

Why the New England man in particular? Because that part of the country was the original habitat of the bee, as it was the home of the kind of trees and flowers which seem to have been made for its special delectation, and whose sweets it takes the most particular delights in ravishing.

Our beloved friend, Dr. Trimble, has so thrilled and delighted us with his exquisite delineations of insects life and habits, that it seems rude temerity to venture into his special field of investigation; but, from our heart of hearts, we love our dear little dumble-friends, the bees, who so faithfully play their part in the divine economy.

Excuse us if we do not go into any wild æsthetic craze over the doctor's fantastic measuring worms and his hairy caterpillar, but for us the honey bee sufficiently fills the bill.

As amateurs in entomology, we have found infinite pleasure in the study of other humble creatures of the insect world, but chiefest of all commend us to the little winged elf that goes about doing so much good, that not only aids to fructify the blossoms, but gathers honey all the day from every opening flower.

It, of all God's beautiful creation, most and best justifies its existence, patiently and untiring working for prosperity, and content with a bare subsistence for itself.

With it, it is ever work and worship. The merry little thing tells it all in its cheery hum. Does it need a vivid imagination to find in its pleasant buzz a doxology? An anthem of gratitude, welling ever from a sur-charged heart, for the gift of life and joyous sunshine? If you think it does, then you have not, as we have, enjoyed an intimate friendship with the happy fellow. Its brief life is a sermon, (and we know what a good sermon is, for have we not been fortunate enough several times to hear our friend and brother farmer, the Rev. Mr. Light-bourn.) Yes, the bee's life is a good practical sermon, and its creed should find ready acceptance in every well balanced mind.

In it we find the realization of our ideal communist. It is not so, Mr. Sharp? for its efforts are always for the good of the whole phalanstery and for generations to come after. Its own life is ephemeral, but six weeks at the most, while engaged in active business life: six weeks of cheerful toil and its work is ended; but its children may well rise up and call it blessed.

Let us for a few moments contemplate its model home. What does it reveal? Contentment, order, immaculate cleanliness, brotherly love and industry; no dissipation, no staying out o'night. Bah! we leave this wretch to the enjoyment of his own billious captiousness.

But true it is that the lady of the house, albeit a lady of high degree, is an exemplary wife and mother. A short bridal tour; this, of course, is the correct thing, *en regle*, and then a return to the home of her youth to receive the congratulations of her numerous, admiring friends; no cards, no cake, no refection but plain bee bread, with honey syrup and an unanimous psalm of rejoicing. Ever after this ever to be praised royal matron remains at home and attends to the family, with whom (and with society in general) she is ever kind, gentle and amiable, wisely or unwisely, preferring, however, not to have any other ladies in the house.—*Am. Bee Journal*.

That prophet of evil, Mr. Vennor, is at it again. He now predicts a stormy fall and a severe and early winter. He might at least have had the decency to wait until we had some summer, but the fact of the matter is that we shall never have any more reasonable weather until the people rise in their might and destroy him.

LADIES' DEF'T.

PRIDE IN DRESS.

If the Creator were in love with fashions and luxury in the adornment of creatures here upon the earth, He were never better served than in this age; for our world is too much like a pageant, where ever man's apparel is better than himself. The good old linsey woolsey, tow and linen, mush and milk, pork and potato times of our grandfather's have long since gone by. There are a great many young men, gentlemen idlers, who pass along the stream of life at the expense of somebody besides themselves. They live well, dress well, drive fast horses, and smoke twenty-five cent cigars as long as possible, by borrowing and sponging, and then take to gambling, swindling, stealing, and robbing, and often pass on for years, but justice overtakes them, as witness the young clerk arrested in Boston last week. So long as these persons keep in the tide of fashion and elude the police, they are received into the company of the "upper ten." Many an idle knave, by means of a fine coat, a white hand and a graceful bow, has been received into the circles of polite society, and walked rough-shod over a worthy young farmer or mechanic, who had too good sense to make a dash, or imitate the monkey shines of a professional dandy. A fine dress in the eyes of some covers more sins than charity.

We profess to be a Christian people, and to despise the pernicious doctrines of Ingersoll and less noted infidels, and yet Hindoo priest never showed more zeal in the worship of an idol god than the American people show in the abject worship of the god of Fashion. Once Christ said that "soft clothing is in the king's courts," but now it has crept into every house; then, the rich glutton clothed himself in purple every day, but now the poor imitator, who cannot afford it, decks himself out as bravely as the glutton. Our best ladies of worth and refinement cannot walk the streets with more jewels and laces, nor carry more trappings about their persons, than the wanton and abandoned of the present day. At every watering place, and even in the groves where religious meetings are held, these things have been seen during these summer days.

If the tyrant Fashion would be content with leading the rich from the path of common sense, only for a short time, and would leave them something for old age and exigencies, when she can no longer receive their adulation, she might have more claims to generosity; but she not only often strips them as clean from feathers as a turkey on a spit, but searches the cellar and the garret, the cottage and the hovel, for victims. She takes fools by storm, the wise by deception and bribery, and makes the Mordecais and Daniels tremble at the sound of trumpet-tongued ridicule. Not only the vain and giddy, the thoughtless and rattle-brained, dance attendance upon her; but many a statesman and philosopher, moralist and christian—more or less from all classes—pay tithes into the treasury of this transatlantic, Americanized, aristocratic, brazen-faced goddess, who is constantly importing the trappings and extravagancies of European courts to smother republican simplicity.

If we love freedom more than slavery, liberty more than thralldom, happiness more than misery, competence more than poverty, we shall find higher objects of thought and worship than brazen, tinsel Fashion.—*Maine Farmer*.

WOMAN AS A COMFORTER.

Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender woman, who had been all weakness and dependence while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy tree is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so woman, who is the dependant and ornament to man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden and irretrievable calamity.

DUST, DUSTERS AND WIPE.

Do not dust, but wipe. Who would believe it? The duster—that peaceful emblem of domestic toil—may, under certain circumstances, become more dangerous to handle than a six shooter.

We are in deep earnest. An eminent scientist declares it to be a fact. Do you know just what you are doing when you brush away dust? You disseminate in the air, and consequently introduce into your own interior, into your tissues and respiratory organs, all sorts of eggs, epidemic germs, murderous vibiones which dust contains.

One movement of a feather duster may be enough to poison you and your neighbors—to inoculate you all with typhus, varioloid or cholera—strange as it may appear.

Instead of a feather duster take a cloth and wipe away the dust instead of stirring it up. In short, wipe—never dust!

The wide white mull neckties that ladies have abandoned, are now worn by little girls with their street dresses.

A GENTLEMAN named Page, dropping to a lady, sent to her a pair of gloves and wrote:

If you from glove will take the letter G. Then love remains, and that I send to thee. She replied:

And if from Page you take the letter P. Then ago remains, and that wout do for me.

Min dying make their wills, but wives Escape a work so sad. Why should they make what all their lives The gentle dames have had

KATE FIELD, lecturer, singer, actress, journalist, author, woman of society and business is, says a correspondent, very slight and graceful in figure, and has a piquant, pictorial face, radiant with animation. Her hair is a soft and silken brown, her eyes are gray, of the clarivoyant order, and her features well proportioned. She does not appear a bit as a literary woman, according to the accepted notion, for she dresses very elegantly and expensively.

A CALIFORNIA paper tells of a party of charming tramps, consisting of six young ladies, who were pushing through Redwood City on a pedestrian excursion. They were robust, good-looking, full of life and energy, and bent on a frolic. Dressed in uniform style of walking habit, slightly shorter even than the prevailing fashion, made of excellent and durable linen; plain but pretty hats, easy shoes, with high ankles for dust, they were the personification of comfort. Each wore a knapsack upon her back, soldier style, and was armed with a revolver and bow-knife. Their trip is to take in the Southern coast counties. Some nights they camp, and others they pass at hotels, as humor or convenience may happen.

