

New Moon, 7 day, 8h, 46m, Morning.
First Quarter, 14 day, 6h, 54m, Morning.
Full Moon, 22 day, 1h, 21m, Morning.
Last Quarter, 30 day, 2h, 6m, Morning.

Table with columns: Day of Week, SUN (Rises Sets), MOON (Rises Sets), and other astronomical data for the month of September 1877.

THE TIDES.—The column of the Moon's Southern gives the time of high water at Parrsboro, Cornwallis, Horton, Hantsport, Windsor, Newport and Truro.

High water at Pictou and Cape Tormentine, 2 hrs and 11 minutes LATER than at Halifax; at Annapolis, St. John, N.B., and Portland, Maine, 3 hours and 25 minutes LATER, and at St. John's, Newfoundland 20 minutes EARLIER than at Halifax. At Charlottetown, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Westport, 2 hours 54 minutes LATER. At Yarmouth, 2 hours 20 minutes LATER.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE DAY.—Add 12 hours to the time of the sun's setting, and from the sum subtract the time of rising.

FOR THE LENGTH OF THE NIGHT.—Subtract the time of the sun's setting from 12 hours, and to the remainder add the time of rising next morning.

HOUSE AND FARM.

FEEDING YOUNG FOWLS.

There are few farmers' wives who do not raise a flock of chicks every year, without difficulty; but we have heard many complain that they had tried turkey raising until they gave up in disgust.

As I have been remarkably successful with this most tender of all fowls, I will give my plan of feeding, which is simple, feed nothing raw. I prefer feeding corn bread, made of unsifted meal and cold water. Make the dough stiff, and bake in a slow oven until done no more. If baked too long the crust will be hard, and if the meal is sifted the bread will be sticky. Enough can be baked at once to last several days, and is more convenient than mixing raw meal every feed. I think it well to feed all young fowls in this manner; but always found it absolutely necessary to bake bread for turkeys and common ducks. The Aylesbury are more hardy; but I follow my old plan, and bake bread for them also. I have fifty-seven at this writing that are growing nicely.

Lice are often the cause of death in young fowls, and must be got rid of before they will thrive well. I prefer using an ointment made by stewing tobacco in lard to any thing else that I have tried. Anoint the breast and underpart of the wings of the mother, and head and underparts of the young, and vermin will give you no further trouble.

If these simple directions are followed together with housing until the sun is up and the dew nearly gone in the morning, and stormy days, you will never fail to have a nice roast for Christmas.—Prarie Farmer.

Brown Bread.—Three cups of sweet milk, two cups of corn-meal, two cups of flour, one egg, one half-cup of molasses, one tea-spoonful of salt, and one measure of Horsford's baking-powder. Steam three hours, bake half an hour, and let it stand half an hour before eating.

Sweet Corn Pudding.—Take three large roasting ears; with a thin knife cut the ends of the grains off and scrape off the rest; to this add a pint of new milk and two well-beaten eggs, a tea-spoonful butter, pinch of salt pepper. Stir in enough flour to make a thin batter, pour in a pan and bake twenty minutes.

Canning Corn and Tomatoes.—An easier way for preserving corn is by combining corn and tomatoes equally. As in all cases the better materials used the better will be the result. The tomatoes should be solid quarters and the corn full and tender. Cut off the raw corn, and with the milk, place in the same vessel with the tomatoes, and cook until well heated. Then after salting slightly seal in tin with the common sealing wax.

Cucumber Pickles.—Newburg, Ind., August 7th. Can any of your readers furnish a recipe for putting up cucumber pickles ready for use at any time during the year?

REMARKS.—A good house keeper at our elbow says her plan is as follows: The cucumbers after being washed are put for ten minutes into boiling hot water. Then they are taken out and dropped immediately into good cider vinegar. In two

or three days they are ready to use and she has had them keep good a year when pickled in this way. But we will be glad for any to send us a better recipe if they have one.

Pride in Farming.—A writer in the Country Gentleman discourses as follows: Of late I have observed a very commendable sort of pride springing up among the farmers near me in regard to having the best crops. Farmer Lamont takes great pride in the thought that he has the best piece of wheat in the vicinity; yet neighbour Diefendorf believes he has no occasion to think so, as he has a piece as good as it can be and stand up. Farmer Engle calls them both very fine, and has resolved to beat both of them the coming season. Farmer Smith thinks that all have very good crops, but not coming up to the high standard of productiveness he anticipates on his farm. I have been told that I have the most promising onions of this town, and I might say something of my own wheat, did it not look too much like self-praise. I scarcely know of a farmer who has not some crop that he thinks better than those of any of his neighbours, and also as many that intend the coming season, to excel this one. This kind of pride I would do all I could to encourage, and it would seem that it would do more than anything else to bring farming up to a higher standard.

Summer Complaints.—In summer time children and adults are often subject to a looseness of the bowels, caused by a sudden change of weather, or by improper diet. Sometimes these diarrhoeas become alarming. But there are thousands of families that seem not to know just what to do; and in doubt as to the best medicine to use. Now our method is to use no medicine whatever. "Well we know your remedy," some one is ready to exclaim; "you are in favor of abstaining from all food and let nature do the curing." No, that is not our way; because the system being weak, the body needs nourishment. But the diet we recommend, and which is both nourishment and cure, is the following: Take one or two slices of good bread and toast to a nice brown. Cut up in smaller pieces and soak for a few seconds in a cup of good tea. Now take an old saucer and heat it in the oven until it is quite hot; then break open two fresh eggs and drop into the saucer and stir quickly. Add a little good butter if you choose, also a sprinkle of salt. Now put the moistened toast into the eggs and let the adult patient eat his meal. The same to be served morning, noon and at night. For children, of course, a less amount should be given. A cup of cream with tea can be drunk with the toast and eggs. There is a delightful after-feeling that comes over the whole system after partaking of this hygienic meal. And almost any case of diarrhoea will quickly succumb to this simple treatment.

Instead of dropping raw eggs into a heated saucer, the eggs in shell may be dropped for a few seconds into boiling hot water. But the eggs should be as nearly raw as possible.

A TRUE STORY.

It was growing dark in the city streets, men and women hurried along, as if eager to reach comfortable homes; the horses seemed to pull the heavy wagons with more willingness than usual, as if they too knew that the day's work was over, and enjoyed the prospect of rest. The lamplighters were going their rounds and trying to make up for the lost daylight. Little children were safe and warm at home.

All but one, perhaps. A little boy stood on the deserted sidewalk, close to a great window of plate glass, through which he gazed with rapt face. The picture which he looked at was a beautiful one. A great room with painted ceiling overhead, and a chandelier which seemed to make real sunshine. The walls were covered with fine paintings. A marble table, heaped with delicious food, stood near the center of the room. The bright light struck through the great decanter, and made a big crimson stain on the white hand of a gentleman who sat at the table reading a newspaper. A large diamond ring on one finger seemed to wink and blink at the little boy outside.

"I wish he would look up," the child was thinking.

But though he waited and watched, the man did not move for a long time. Then he flung the paper down, and reached out the hand with the diamond for a wine glass which he filled and drank, never once looking towards the window.

"Please sir."

That was all the boy said. He had stepped from the street into the wide

hall; then without stopping to knock, he had opened the great door which led into the gentleman's room. On the threshold of the saloon he stopped, frightened at what he had done.

"What is it, my small man?" Mr. Arthur Leonard had a pleasant smile which came easily to his handsome face, but the child shrank back, although he looked into the big brown eyes as if he saw something there he had been looking for a great while.

"You came to beg, I suppose," and the gentleman's hand went readily into his pocket. "Oh, no, sir, I never thought of that. I wanted—I mean—please, sir, I will go now."

He moved back awkwardly, but Mr. Leonard stopped him with a gesture. The child's face interested him. His manner, too, at first so eager, now so embarrassed, had aroused his curiosity.

"You are cold," he said, noticing that the child shivered and that his garments were thin and poor. He rose, took the boy by the hand and led him to the grate fire which was dancing on the hearth—a big, jolly fire, which seemed trying to light up the room and make the chandelier notice how big and bright it was.

Mr. Leonard did not seem to think it queer for a poor little boy with patched clothes to sit in one of the crimson satin arm chairs big enough for a throne. He drew up one for himself opposite.

"Are you hungry?" he asked. "I will give you something to eat, and a little wine will warm you up."

"Oh, no, sir," and the child sank further back into the chair.

"You will tell me your name at least?"

"Yes, sir, my name is Eddie Boynton; and I am ten years old."

"Ah!"

Mr. Leonard was smiling now, as he saw the boys courage coming back.

"You will not be angry with me, sir?"

"Angry! why in the world should I be angry with you?"

"I did n't know but what you might say, if I said what I wanted to."

"Never fear Eddie; I am anxious to know what you have to tell me."

The little boy stretched out his little thin hands, red with cold, toward the glowing fire, and said:

"I work in the dye-house now, and get a good deal of money—a dollar a week."

Mr. Leonard could hardly help laughing. The wine he had offered the child cost more than that.

"I come past this window every night on my way home. I shan't come again, though, because we are going to move away. I like to look in here, because it is warm and pleasant, and because you are sitting here and have eyes just like my father's."

"What a strange child!" Mr. Leonard was thinking.

"He was so handsome and tall," went on the little fellow, looking back into the firelight. "He wore nice clothes, too, like yours; and we lived in a great big house, most as big as this. I used to sit next to him at the table, and he gave me that to drink," pointing to the wine-glass. "Mother would cry sometimes; but he would kiss her, and tell her that good wine would make me strong and handsome. One day he went away for a long time, and mother cried all the while he was gone. When he came back he struck her, and then fell down on the floor. I screamed, because I thought he was dead. The black man, who drove the horses, came up stairs and helped mother to get him to bed. She said he was sick. He used to scream and fight if any one went near him. It was the red wine that made him so, mother said. And then one night he died and there was a great funeral. After that mother packed up her clothes, and went to live where she could get some money. We've only two little rooms now, Mother sews on a machine. Sometimes she cries all night, I guess."

He had been talking very fast, but stopped suddenly.

Mr. Leonard moved uneasily.

"This was what you wanted to tell me?"

"Yes, sir. Every time I come by the window and see you sitting here, you make me think of my father, and I wondered if you had any little boy at

home, and how he and his mother would feel if he should die because of the red wine;" and then the tears came, and Eddie Boynton slid down from the big chair and stood beside Mr. Leonard, who had turned his face away. Eddie wondered if the gentleman was crying, too. He could not see the big brown eyes, for his head was drooping upon his breast.

"I'm going home, now, sir. Mother will have my supper and be frightened if I don't come," and before Mr. Leonard roused from his painful reverie, the child had slipped from the warm, cheery room, and was running down the dark street, home to his waiting mother.

In all years to come, Arthur Leonard and Eddie Boynton, man and boy, never met again. The room in the luxurious club-house is deserted; the fire is out, the room is dark, the heavy curtain drawn at the big window; but in a beautiful home the brown eyes look lovingly at a sweet woman, and the rosy boy who hangs about his neck, the father whispers: "God bless you, my child, and keep us from the destruction of the red wine."—Congregationalist.

PLEASANTRIES.

Why are troubles like babies?—Because they get bigger by nursing.

Some one said to Hugo once upon a time: "It must be very difficult to write good poetry." "No, sir," replied the poet, "it is either very easy or utterly impossible."

A gentleman was narrating to a lady friend the death of a promising young barrister. "He was," he said, "but twenty-five years of age, and he leaves two children." "Ah!" remarked the lady. "And they are not grown, up I suppose?"

One of the Southern newspapers tells of a man whose life was saved by a plug of tobacco carried in his pocket. A pistol-bullet fired at him lodged in the tobacco, and the man was unharmed. Moral: If you use tobacco, don't take it out of your pocket.

A beggar in France solicited twenty sous of a gentleman, adding, "I have great need of twenty sous." The request was refused. The beggar added, "Then I know what I shall do." The gentleman reflected upon this reply, and at once thought that possibly twenty sous would save the fellow's life. He ran and gave him the money. "And what were you going to do if I had refused the gift?" inquired the donee. "Going to do?" retorted the rascal; "why I was going to work."

We are indebted to Mrs. W. F. Boggs for this: "Several summers ago there was a fine large colt grazing in front of our dwelling which belonged to my father. We were speaking of the necessity of its being broken. The children were listening to what we were saying, and Eddie said, 'What does it mean to break a horse to pieces? Jennie his little sister, then less than four years old, and nearly two years younger than he, spoke up quick and said, 'It means to take the nautiness out of it.'"

Said a Sunday-school teacher the other day: "Who was Luther?" Replied a Jersey boy, "He made matches."—N. Y. Herald.

CHILDREN'S CORNER.

OUR STEPMOTHER.

BY HILIER LORETTA.

Concluded.

"These are your children, Lilian," said my father, as he drew us forward. "I suppose you would not have known them, they have grown so tall. Harry, Ethel, kiss your mother."

We did not kiss her, but I submitted to be kissed. "Ethel has not changed so much," said my stepmother, regarding me closely; "You used to be fond of me once, Ethel, and I hope you will be again." Already she was feeling chilled by our reception, and more sympathetic natures than ours would have noticed the pained expression that came over her face; but when grandmamma spoke cheerily to her, and said how glad she was to have her for a daughter, she smiled again. Harry and I said that papa and grandmamma were very foolish to make such a fuss about her, and that no doubt she thought herself quite fortunate in getting such a nice house, and such lots of money as papa would be sure to give her. But day by day as she went about her home duties, our stepmother gained the affection of every servant in the house by her kind and gentle manner; even my nurse, who

still lived with us, said, that as papa would marry again, it was a good thing that he had chosen such a nice wife,—that she was as like my own mother as if she had been her own sister. This was a great compliment, for Betsy had never before been known to compare any one to my mother. At the end of a week grandmamma left us. I cried as if my heart would break, and when the carriage rolled off I hid myself in the shrubbery, saying in my foolish little heart that there was no one in the house any longer to care what became of me; but when hour after hour passed by, and no one came to look for me, a feeling of disappointment crept over me, for I had really expected that my absence would create some alarm. Soon it began to grow dark, and then I wished that I had not remained out so long; still, to return unsought to a home where I felt I was not wanted, where I had not even been missed, was very humiliating. Harry had gone in the carriage with grandmamma, or he would have come to look for me; Harry liked to have me with him, though I sometimes thought it was only for the sake of teasing me.

Presently the carriage came back with papa in it, and I knew it must be after five o'clock; indeed I could have fancied it much later, but I thought I would wait to see if papa missed me. Then I remembered grandmamma's words, and how papa had said that he would not love me less because he had found some one else to love; if he had spoken sincerely I was sure he would ask where I was, and come at once to look for me. Like many foolish people, older than myself, I wanted to force others to recognize my importance. I was, however, disappointed again, for it was quite half an hour before papa enquired for me. I heard him say: "She must not be allowed to stay out so late; you will have to speak to her about it, Lilian;" and her stepmother answered, "I am so sorry for her, Edward, she will miss her grandmother so much, and she will not make friends with me. I suppose I ought not to expect her to do so just yet, but I am disappointed."

Papa came on alone to look for me, and catching sight of my dress, called me to him. "Ethel," he said, "you must not stay out this way, child; you will take cold." Then, looking very serious, he added, "Grandmamma was very sorry to leave you to-day, but she thinks, as I do, that our little girl is getting quite spoiled. We must turn over a new leaf and see what can be done. I have engaged a lady to come and teach you for three hours every morning; you will have to study a little in the evenings, and your mamma says that she will give you a music lesson every afternoon; so, you will be kept quite busy in future. Idleness is not good for any of us, and you are nearly twelve years old,—you will soon be a woman, and a very ignorant woman, too, if we allow you to waste your time as you have been doing."

I did not like these new arrangements very much, especially as I thought they were instigated by my stepmother. However, my teacher, Miss Young, entered upon her duties in the following week, and I was beginning to take an interest in my studies when they were suddenly and unexpectedly interrupted. My long rambles by the river, and through the damp garden walks, in those chilly October evenings, had begun to affect my health, although I was not even aware of it myself. One evening I went to bed complaining of a headache, and the next morning awoke in a burning fever. I remember the doctor coming to see me, and saying he thought I had typhoid symptoms, and then papa and my stepmother, and Betsy came and looked at me, and very soon I fell asleep, and had horrible dreams. After that, day and night were alike to me for nearly a fortnight, and though I sometimes talked coherently, I was quite unconscious of what I said or did, until one morning I awoke feeling so tired that I could not even turn my head upon my pillow; but as my eyes wandered to the window, I discovered that I was in my stepmother's room, the room downstairs that used to be grandmamma's, and I heard Harry say, "Oh, mother, she knows me. I am sure she does, for she looked straight at me." Then some one raised me gently and held a glass of something cool and refreshing to my lips, and though she