J. E. COLLINS Editor and Proprietor.

sleep in peace.

nothing to live for !"

man was at the door.

quired.

tively.

self.

in the carriage,

"Come! Let us see whether there be not something to live for. Come!

you must go with me this morning." So decisive was the lady's manner—so

impelling the action of the will—that Mrs. Loring found herself unable to re-

sist; and so with reluctance that was not concealed, she made her preparations to go out. In due time she was ready,

and, descending with her friend, took a

VOLUME I.

FREDERICTON, N. B., THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1879.

Aocima

From My Arm-Chair. TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBBIDGE. Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's

Am I a king, that I should call my own This splendid ebon throne? Or by what reason, or what right divine, Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong; Only because the spreading chestnut tree

Of old was sung by me. Well I remember it in all its prime. When in the summer time,

The affluent foliage of its branches made A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside street, Its blossoms white and sweet

Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive. And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a she Tossed its great arms about,

shining chestnuts, bursting fro sheath, Dropped to the ground beneath

And now some fragments of its branches bare Shaped as a stately chair, Have by my hearthstone found a home

And whisper of the past. The Danish king could not, in all his pride,

Repe! the ocean tide. But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme **Roll back the tide of time**

see again, as one in vision sees, The blossoms and the bees,

And hear the children's voices shout and call And the brown chestnuts fall

I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the bellows blow; And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat

The iron white with heat ! And thus, dear children, have ye made for

This day a jubilee And to my more than threescore years and t

Brought back my youth again. The heart hath its own memory, like the mind.

And in it are enshrined The precious keepsakes, into which are wrough The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could Give life to this dead wood,

And make these branches, leafless now Blossom again in song. -Henry W. Longfellow.

UNDER A CLOUD.

"Did you ever see a sadder face?" of sympathy." Mrs. Loring shook her head impera. It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her win-dow. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for

"I have come prepared to hear no objections," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your took them.' A slight huskiness vailed her voice. "Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring health, and must go out. So get yourself ready." "Health—life even! What are they

still gazed on the portraits. "And all to me? I have nothing to live for!" was the gloomy responses. "Come quickly the time when I shall lay me down and taken in a year. Oh how did you keep your heart from breaking ?" "He who laid upon me so heavy burden gave me strength to bear it. "À woman, and nothing to live for? One of God's intelligent creatures, and was the low reply. "I have found no strength in a like affliction," said Mrs. Loring sadly.

There was so much rebuke in the tone "No strength ! Have you sought sustaining power ?" Mrs. Adrian spoke with which this was offered that Mrs. with which this was outered thereby. Loring was partly aroused thereby.

with a winning earnestness. "I have prayed for comfort, but none came," said Mrs. Loring, sadly. "Praying is well; but it avails not,

unless there be also doing. "Doing ?" "Yes, the faithful doing of our duty. Sorrow has no antidote like this." Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the

face of her monitor. "When the last heavy stroke fell upon seat in her carriage and was driven away. Houses, trees, public buildings, swept like a moving panorama before her eyes, I lay for a little while stunned, weak

like a moving panorama before her eyes, and though familiar objects glassed themselves therein, they failed to awaken the slightest interest. The sky and almost helpless. But as soon as thought began to run clear, I said to myself: 'Is there nothing for my hands to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours was clear, and the bright sunshine lay everywhere; but her heart still sat under a cloud, and folded around itself gloom Then I thought of my husband's sorrow, everywhere; but her heart still sat under calling her attention every little while to some new palace home, or to some glimpse of rural beauty which the eye caught far in the distance. But all which the eye me. 'Is it not in my power to lessen will shrink the milk to come allowed to stand out one will shrink the milk to come allowed to stand out one hour on a cold day, shrunk in milk nine quarts; ice-cold water given to a cow glimpse of rural beauty which the eye caught far in the distance. But all was vain; the mourner's slender form still hold?' I asked of myself. I felt that it shrunk back among the cushions, and her face wore its saddest aspect. Suddenly the carriage drew up before a face of gloom as before, but with as a face of gloom as before, but with as a neat looking house of moderate size. cheerful a countenance as it was in my with a plat of ground in front, wherein power to assume. I had my reward; I saw that I had lightened his burden; were a verdant square and borders of well-tended flowers. Ere Mrs. Loring and from that moment half the pressure of mine was removed. Since then I had time to ask a question the coachhave never suffered my heart to brood idly over its grief; but in daily duties sought the strength that never is given to those who fold their hands in fruitless "Why do you stop here ?" she in-"I wish to make a brief call. Come! inactivity. The removal of my children lightened all home duties, and took away objects of love that I felt must be in a measure restored. I had the mother's you must go in with me." Mrs. Loring shook her head in a positive way, and said "no" still more posiheast restored. I had the mother's have function that the mother last in the mother last in the source of the last in the last "You will meet no light votary of fashion here, my friend," said the lady, "but one who has suffered like yourbut one who has suffered like your-elf. "Come I" But Mrs. Loring shrunk farther back and bleeding affections that I can tell of. To me it has brought comfort and re-"It is now only three months since she followed to their mortal resting place two precious little ones, the last of her flock, that, scarcely a year ago, numbered four. I want you to meet

conciled me to losses, the bare anticipa-tion of which once made me beside my-self with fear. Sometimes, as I sit with the tender babe I now call my own rest-ing on my bosom, a thought of heaven

Under the old system twenty to forty bushels were considered a good yield but the new one teaches us that seventy or eighty will only be considered a fair yield; it also teaches us that the nutritive value of the cob is superior to

"All," was answered. "They were FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. fixed upon wheels for distributing it. When the plants are sending out run-What the New Agriculture" by Dr. J. F. Nicholas, a distinguished agri-cultural writer: "Apples carelessly grown will bring poor prices; but those a well grown and well cared for and " properly packed will bring best prices " The best corn What the New Agriculture Teaches will make the best meal. Some farmers make their cider from rotten or other-wise worthless apples and put the cider into musty casks. Such cider, how-ever, is of little value compared to that nade from good apples and put in clear

inade from good apples and put in clean, sweet casks. Pork fed from slops and this plan the fruit gets plenty of air, and covered with manure ; butter and milk absorb odors rapidly. It is always best Hunter, Jr., Fairfax county, Va., in New York Tribune. to aim at excellence in everything. Fodder-corn is good feed if properly

Signs of a Prosperous Farmer.

lacks the elements of which they are composed, as to say that dung will pro-duce plants if the minerals are lacking. that he will certainly work his way to prosperity. When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three months or more, it shows that he will be more than a ninety days' wonder in farming operations, and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic. When his sled is housed in summer and careful man, placed in charge of a badly managed herd of cattle, has increased When his sled is housed in summer and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of his early life and the winter of old age. When his cattle are shielded and fed in winter, it evinces that he is active according to written the flow of milk to an extent sufficient to pay his wages. Putting salt on the hay mow is a useless practice ; in this case it has no curative properties. In the old agriculture the idea was prevalent that dung was dung from whatever source produced; that from meadow hay being supposed equal to that from the best hay or the best of meal or grain. The new agri-culture forbids farmers letting their wet

subscribing for a paper and paying in advance, it shows that he will never get

Rooting of Cuttings.

'The rooting of slips I have found very easy matter in a double pot. I take an eight-inch pot, cork up the bottom hole, and put it into enough clean sand to raise the top of a four-inch pot to the height of the eight-inch pot when placed thereon. I then place the four-inch pot in the center without that of wheat or rye straw, and equal to corking, fill around it with sand, place

my own babes, now risen into the with the cob is equal in feeding value to pot will root rapidly if kept warm and of United States naval officers. spiritual kingdom of our Father. I can- the Southern corn without the cob; but plenty of water is kept in the pot. In were surveying a rock east of the

TIMELY TOPICS.

SUBSCRIPTION --- \$2.50 per Annum, Payable in Advance.

A biting wind-A gnaw easter. The plow is said to be the oldest landmark.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

NUMBER 74.

The man who was in " high feather " has got down.

They say that fat is not conducive to. long life—in a pig.

A good motto for a young man just starting a mustache—Down in front.

A German theorist thinks cooking destroys the nutritive properties of food. The average yield of wheat per acre in Belgium is nearly twenty-eight bushels.

Balloonist John Wise writes that the north pole can never be reached save in an air ship.

Eighteen hundred girls under twenty years of age were married in New York city last year.

The leaves of the coffee-plant will make nearly as good coffee as will the berries. The flavor is more delicate.

There is only one thing that is more wearing or distressing to man than hav-ing to wait for a train; and that is when the train hasn't waited for him.

In 1695, in the township of Eastham, Mass., a regulation was made that every unmarried man should kill six black birds and three crows a year as long as he remained single. If he neglected this order, he was not allowed to do so till he had shot his full number of birds.

A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the wit-ness; "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits.

In the spring a million sunbeams steal fro out the eastern sky,

In the spring we hear the buzzing of the festive April fly;

In the spring the village damsel decks herself with violets blue,

In the spring the landlord hastens to collect the rent that's due;

In the spring the sparrow's chirping floats across the meadow land, In the spring the lovesick couple at the front

gate take their stand; In the spring the young man's ulster on the

porch is hung to dry,

stops to sigh;

'round the kitchen floor,

your cellar door;

Bey seems to float, In the pring the little urchin goes out sailing

in & boat-And never comes back. -New York Express.

A curious display of folly and stub-bornness on the part of a Russian noble-man is reported. This man owns 40,-500 acres of arable land, which he will ners, I wait until a few young plants

not cultivate nor lease to anybody else; not cultivate nor lease to anybody else; and he will not permit the extirpation from his acres of the Siberian marmots or of the beetles, which spread over the country, destroying a large portion of the crops every year, and for whose ex-tirpation many thousands of people are elsewhere employed by the authorities. his pupil, Contier, up in a balloon near Naples, and on its descent in the sub-urbs the population immediately cut it

kept in dirt and filth is not near as I can round up my boxes well with bervaluable as that fed on good meal and ries and there is no danger of their get-always well littered. Good food is always worth paying for. A pan of butter has been spoiled by the farmer going into the milk room with his boots when exposed for sale they present a much finer appearance and command a much better price than is received for hundreds of quarts marketed in trays or closely packed in large crates. -James

grown, but it is not good when sown broadcast and thick. It is as foolish to say that either milk or beer can be pro-duced from food which chemistry says When you see a barn larger than his houses, it shows that he will have large profits and small affections. When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from resolutions, and

will shrink the milk; cows allowed to stand in water on a hot day will also shrink their milk. Cows never should be allowed to stand in a draft. A good,

that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is mer-ciful to his beast." When he is seen

his walking papers to the land of poverty.-Minnesota Farmer.

A writer in Vick's Monthly says

goes pleasantly through my mind, and I that of oat straw, besides containing a picture to myself the mother of this much larger amount of potash than any adopted child as the loving guardian of of the straws. Eastern corn ground slips placed in the sand near the outer

for thirty-five years, and often among Arabs and other barbarians, but had never experienced a similar act of bar-barism. The men most noticeable in the outrage were subsequently arrested.

Wurtemberg, in Germany, is often Wurtemberg, in Germany, is often visited by terrible bailstorms. In some parts of the country whole districts are exempted from the land tax on account of the damage caused by the hail. And these hailstorms are ap-parently becoming more destructive. As regards liability to being visited, it appears that pine woods enjoy compara-tive immunity, while beach woods and bare hillsides are particularly unfortun-ate. The parishes most frequently de-vastated lie on the outskirts of wooded hills, but it does not appear that clear-ance of a wood has any deleterious influ-ence. The valleys of the Neckar and

Blondeau, the French aeronaut, sent

in pieces and ran away with them. Blondeau wrote to L'Italia, a Naples

paper, that the balloon comprised 6,500 feet of silk and thread, and had cost

twenty-eight workmen thirty-four days of labor. He had traveled with a balloon

some other rivers are the least troubled by this annovance. "Serkys Tea," as it is called, is now turning the heads of Philadelphia ladies. Ofive Harper describes it in a late let-ter. It is a decoction of various Orient. al herbs, has a slightly resirous and aromatic taste, and is said to confer on the ones who drink it faithfully almost the bloom and beauty of eternal youth.

Miss Harper saw it often and drank it in Turkey, and really believes it will prolong the freshness of a woman's complexion to an advantage. It seems to act on the skin, and to promote a general health and vigor. Only one firm sells it in Philadelphia, and their rooms are thronged from morning till

Botel Tobago is an island in the South In the spring the gay mosquito from New Jerseas which has been visited by a party

of United States naval officers. They were surveying a rock east of the South ana of

night, by ladies seeking to renew their youth. The story sounds fishy.

In the spring the lazy bullock on the hillt

In the spring the gentle cockroach dances

In the spring the little children jump upon

the first time for months ; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive command of her physician. She was in deep sorrow, refusing all comfort. Heavy clouds were in her sky--black clouds, through which not a ray of sunshine penetrated.

"Fever,"answered the friend, while a shade caught from Mrs. Loring's countenance flitted across her own face, "Who can she be?"

"Didn't you recognize her?" "No. The countenance was, to me,

that of a stranger." "I can hardly wonder that it should be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring, who lost her two children last winter

from scarlet fever." "Mrs. Loring!" The lady might well look surprised. "Sorrow has indeed done a fearful work there. But is it right thus to sit under a cloud? right thus to oppose no strong barrier to the waters of affliction that go sweeping over the soul, marring all its beauty?" "It is not right," was the answer.

"The heart that sits in darkness, brooding over its loss, sorrows with a selfish sorrow. The clouds that shut out the sun are exhalations from its own stagnant surface. It makes the all-pervad ing gloom by which it is surrounded. I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer that she is; but my pity for her is al-ways mingled with a desire to speak sharp rebuking words, in the hope to agitate the slumberous atmosphere in which she is enveloped like a shroud."

"I wonder," remarked the other, "that her husband permits her to brood so long in idle grief over the in. evitable.

"Husbands," was replied, "have often the least salutary influence over their wives when bowed with affliction. "It is the smile did not fade from the coun-Some men have no patience with dis-plays of excessive grief in women, and sion changed as she took the hand of are, therefore, more ignorant than chil- Mrs. Loring and said: dren in regard to its treatment. Such a man is Mr. Loring. All that he does calling." or says, therefore, only deepens the encompassing shadow. A wise, un-selfish man, with a mind to realize some-was taken. Her lips moved slightlything of his wife's true state, and a but no word found utterance. Not the heart to sympathize her, will always feeblest effort at a responsive smile was lead her from beneath the clouds of sorrow upward to the cheerful heights "We upon which the sunshine rests. If she shows unwillingness to be led; if she courts the shadows and hide in the gloom become impatient. He loves her with too unselfish a love for this. And so he brings light to her on his own counte-nance, the sunshine of even affected heart of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the of her own dark repinings, he does not cheerfulness that penetrates the murky atmosphere in which she sits, and warms her heart with its genial radiance. Thus he wooes her with sunny gleams of Mrs. Adrian she had seen only indiffrom the clear sky that yet bends over her, and that will make all again bright and beautiful on the earth of her spirit, she will but lift herself above the

clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs. Loring that she is not blessed with such a husband."

The subject of this conversation had

with great reluctance consented to go out with her in her carriage. "I shall be much better at home," she objected to the urgent appeal of her friend. "This quiet suits me. The stillness of my own chamber accords best with my feelings. The glare and to the heart of a grieving sister. From the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. Adrian the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How andered to the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How andered to the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How andered to the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How andered to the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How andered to the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How andered to the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How andered to the portraits of her the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. How and to bear," and a window in the area of the face of the portraits of her bustle of the busy streets will only disturb me deeper. I know it is kindness in you; but it is a mistaken kindness."

useless, and so reason was not attempted, i a sister in sorrow.

'No-no! I do not wish to see her. I have grief enough of my own without sharing in that of others. Why did you bring me here ?" There was something like anger in the voice of Mrs. Loring. "Six months, nearly, have passed since God took your children to Him-self, and time, that softens grief, has brought to you at least some healing leaves. The friend I wish to visit—a friend in humble life_is corrowing with

friend in humble life-is sorrowing with have repeated to myself over and over as deep a sorrow, that is yet but three months old. Have you no word to speak to her? Can you not, at least,

her. Sisters in sorrow, you cannot but feel drawn toward each other by cords

mingle a tear with her tears? It may do you both good. But I do not wish to urge a selfish reason. Bear up with sorrow, and seek to heal the sorrow of a Mrs. Loring, so strongly urged, step-ped out upon the pavement. She did so with a reluctance that was almost un-conquerable. Oh, how earnestly she wished herself back in the shadowy

solitude of her own home. " Is Mrs. Adrian at home?" was inquired of the tidy girl who came to the door. The answer being in the affirmative, the ladies entered and were shown into a small but neat sitting-room, on the walls of which were portraits, in crayon, of four as lovely children as ever the eyes looked upon. The sight of these sweet young faces stirred the waters of sorrow in the heart of Mrs. Loring, and she hardly restrained her tears. While yet her pulses throbbed with a quicker beat, the door opened and a woman entered, on whose rather

"My friend, Mrs. Loring," such was

"I thank you for your kindness in

Mrs. Loring scarcely returned the

"We have have both been called to pass through the fire," said Mrs. Adrian, in more subdued tones, though the smile still played around her lips. "Happily, One walked with us when

heart of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the selfish woman dropped to the floor, and her thought was turning in upon itself. In the smile that hovered about the lips ference, not a sweet resignation. The words just spoken, but more particularly the voice that gave them utterance, unvailed to her the sorrow of a kindred sufferer, who would not let the voice of shadow of her grief fall upon a spirit al-

ready under a cloud. The drooping on that morning yielded to the solicita-tions of one of her nearest friends, and with great reluctance consented to go of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered the smile of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered the smile and repaired to the pavement in front

> children on the wall. "All gone !" The words fell from this bouquet was wafted to him: "Young

not tell you what a thrill of de thoughts at times awaken !" Mrs. Loring bowed her head upon her bosom and sat in silence for some moments. Then she said: "You have read me a lesson from

which I hope to profit. No wonder my heart has ached on with undiminished pain. I have been selfish in my grief. There is nothing now to live for,' I

again, until I believed the words." "Nothing to live for !" Mrs. Adrian spoke in a surprised voice. "In the image and likeness of God we were all made; and if we would have the lost urge a selfish reason. Bear up with womanly fortitude under your own in our lives. He loves every one with a divine tenderness, and is ever seeking sister, over whose heart are passing the waters of affliction. Come, my friend !'' we must love each other and seek each other's good. He has given us the ability to impart blessings, and made true happiness to depend on the exer-cise of this ability; and if we fold our hands and sit in idle repinings, happiness is not possible. How fully have I proved this !"

"And, God helping me, I will prove the opposite," said Mrs. Loring, speak-ing from the warmth of a new impulse. "Long enough have I been sitting under a cloud.

"While the bright sun shone above in the clear heavens," added the friend, with a smile of encouragement. "May we see this babe you have called your own ?" said Mrs. Loring. The little one was brought, and, as she lay tenderly clasped to the bosom of her new mother, giving even more of blessedness than she received; Mrs. Loring, after her lips had touched, with a lingering pressure, the pure forehead.

said: "Your action has been wiser and bet ter than mine, and you have had your reward. While the waters of love have grown stagnant in my heart, sending up murky exhalations to darken my sky, yours have been kept sweet and pure to mirror the bending heavens. I thank you for the lesson."

She wore a different face on returning home than when she went forth so re luctantly. These was a rift in the over-shadowing clouds, and a few rays of sun-shine came warmly down. Even the inception of good purposes had moved the long-pulseless waters, and the small ripples on the surface were catching the light.

A few weeks of unselfish devotion to the life duties swaiting her hand on all sides wrought a wonderful change in

Mrs. Loring. In seeking to be useful to others, her heart was comforted; and when into that heart, ever yearning with a mother's undying love, a babe left helpless and friendless in the world was taken, the work of consolation was completed. She sat under a cloud no longer. Above her arched the beautiful sky, bright through the cheerful day; and when the night of grief for the loss of her precious one returned, as it would wailing disturb another's ear, nor the return at intervals, a thousand stars made beautiful the azure firmement

in the upper story was gently lifted and manufacturer. Clean rye or wheat gan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Mis-this bouquet was wafted to him: "Young straw, well rotted, is good to put under souri show that the yield of winter

tain the best results grain it should be ground very fine. The amount of potash taken from the soil by the corn cobs is enormous. As soon as rooted, the slips must be Sweet corn makes the best fodder feed green to cows."

lands lie waste, but tells them if they have finished their haying by the mid-

Starving Orchards.

A ton of dry, unleached ashes per acre will furnish nearly the same ingredients advised by the Scientifie Farmer for the fertilization of orchards, which is two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds of bone dust and three hundred to four hundred pounds of sulphate of potash per acre. This gives some seven ty or eighty pounds of potash, fifty to sixty pounds of lime (from the bones) and ten to twenty pounds of nitrogen and some magnesia in the potash and fertilizer, all of which are called for to to fourish orchards on insufficient soil, from the upper waters of the Missis sippi and from the dozen great streams tributary to it stand ranged in rows like as the flesh of most fruits contain much potash as well as lime, in combination with the fruity acids, and the seeds phosphoric acid. Whether the ingredients required are applied in the formula given or in the unleached ashes sug gested, it is recommended to sow broad cast and lightly harrow in, leaving it to

the rain to more thoroughly incorporate with the earth. Such treatment has proved successful in orchards showing signs of decay both in this country and in Europe. Coal ashes and salt are employed with

great benefit on some soils, especially in orchards bearing sour fruits. Or-chards, the soil of which, from close pasturing or other causes, is nearly desti-tute of humus, will gradually deteriorate and finally die unless restored to that state of fertility which is necessary for the thrifty growth of the tree and its existence in a healthy and vigorous state. Such orchards are greatly benefited with a top dressing of leafmold, rotten chip manure, muck from a creek, broken bones, animal hair of all kinds, and similar material generally at hand on farms, which can be applied without other expense than the time and labor expended. When manures are used they should be well decomposed: fresh warm manures excite young trees into a very rapid growth, but the wood is

watery and feeble. A dry soil, of but moderate richness. s the one that produces and sustains hardy trees; their wood is firm, the buds plump and close together and the parts well proportioned.— Home and Farm.

Success with Strawberries

It is becoming more and more a nece sity in the successful culture of the strawberry to raise only the best varieties and put them in market in the best possible condition. We often hear the cry that strawberries do not pay, and I fully believe it; for under the common mismanagement—letting the plants run at will—weeds are allowed to occupy space in the bed, and little or no care is sions become violent, but this is rarely exercised in regard to manure. I prethe case in New Orleans, between genfer, rather than the matted-row or the tlemen. I doubt if there is another hill system, to cultivate in the single point on the globe which can furnish so interesting, animated and peculiar a row, making the rows two and one-half feet apart and the plants about eight or spectacle as may be seen here on a ten inches in the row. This will give Saturday afternoon, when packet after plenty of room for the hoe and cultipacket moves away majestically and vator, which I use freely through the summer, keeping the soil well stirred ascends the enormous stream, leaving behind her a vast trail of smoke, and and allowing no weeds to grow about the when the wharves are thronged with plants. In manuring, care should be

agents, passengers and laborers. taken or you may seed your bed with weeds. I prefer to use bonedust, or some reliable composite in zer of Reports from Minnesota, Wisco Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Michi which I know the ingredice and the

souri show that the yield of winter The words fell from the bouldet was wared to find, "To use of the bould be been wheat for the year will, it is thought, the row before planting, and a free ap-the row before planting, and a free ap-the row before planting, and a free ap-wheat for the year will, it is thought, pain." He fainted on the spot. -Salem seless, and so reason was not attempted. a sister in sorrow.

land. They found a curious race of Malay stock. These aborigines did not the hottest place I can find, and in win-ter in a south window of a warm room. know what money was good for. Nor had they ever used tobacco or rum. They gave the officers goats and pigs for transferred to good soil. I have never found any trouble in rooting anything tin pots and brass buttons, and hung in this way." round the vessel all day in their canoes

waiting for a chance to dive for some-thing which might be thrown overboard. Scenes on the Levees at New Orleans. Edward King writes as follows in the Boston Journal: If one were to judge They wore clouts only, ate toro and yams, and had axes, spears and knives Boston Journal: If one were to judge simply by the appearance of the levees along the Mississippi river, as he enters New Orkani from Mobile, he would think the town enjoyed a full tide of prosperity. Dozens of long, dark-bod-ied steamers from England, from Normade of common iron. Their canoes were made without nails, and were ornamented with geometrical lines. They wore the beards of goats and small shells

as ornaments. Such is the account of these strange people given by Dr. Seig-fried in a letter read at the last meet-ing of the Philadelphia academy of way, from Russia, and scores of ships from each of those countries are loading with cotton. The tall white steamers natural sciences.

> True Success. "_____the men who speak With the loudest tongues do least."

impatient steeds. foaming at their fiery It was a favorite remark of an old nostrils with anxiety to depart. An army of whites and blacks scurries from sea captain whom Causeur knew, that he learned in youth never to talk about anything that he had determined upon. "Men waste their energy in talk," he would say, "and have none left for their enterprises. But if they are wise steamboat to cotton-press or broker's office, from ship to shore, from dancing boat to crowded wharf. The "roust abouts" sing and shout in their peculiar and almost incomprehensible dialect, as enough to keep still, and devote them-selves to *doing*, they will find that their actions speak for themselves and that they dexterously handle the "cotton hooks." The lines of mules pass soberly, with the hot sun glistening on their talk is unnecessary." Good advice this, but many find it hard to follow. Man backs, which have long since become impervious to any sensations except those produced by severest beatings. Draymen urge their mules to gallop is a social animal, and there is a certain pleasure in discussing one's plans with a friend and enjoying their fruits in through sloughs of mud, and the wananticipation. Some go through the world in a ocld-blooded, calculating derer on the levees is quite sure to come

away well spattered and covered with little tufts of cotton. John Bull's rosy way, seeking advantage at every turn, and doubtless finding it, but are they, after all, the best patterns to model after? Is not a little human weakness face and shapely form is seen here, in sharp contrast with the saturnine features of the planter from up river. Everybody is talking cotton, shouting cotton, breathing cotton, for the dainty white fibers float in the air. Morgan's Louisiana and Texas railroad, a line as not incomplete but uppring to host of this sort rather amiable, on the whole? It certainly is true that he who keeps his mouth shut and his ears open, lays deep plans, and watches his oppor-tunity as a cat watches to take the fatal yet incomplete, but running to boats which ply on the gulf, has hundreds of cars scattered on the levees. Here are spring, stands a better chance of what the world calls success than the more confiding kind. But what is success? Is it simply to lay up store of this world's goods? The many so view it, but those who have looked deeper feel that he is most truly successful who has borne his share of life's burdens and troubles, who has opened his heart to his fellow-men, whose thoughts have not been of self alone, and the work-

ings of whose mind have not been wholly concealed. Of course prudence is to be observed, and care must be taken in the choice of confidants. And moreover

one mind as to general politics, but soul too tightly. It needs an occasional local matters allow of hundreds of airing.—Causeur in Boston Tran-

points of difference, none of which do script, they fail to improve. Sometimes discus-Rome Sentinel Brevities. -The dollar is mightier than the sword.

-"No I'll try to brace up," as the man said when he bought a pair of sus-

penders. -"That takes the cake," as the compositor said when he removed the piece of fat poetry from the hock.

-The "Faille Bridal Toilet" is illus.

ing is more calculated to convince you of the correctness of the Darwinian theory than to have him stare and blandly inquire: "What's the point?"

Words of Wisdom.

Circumstances cannot control genius; it will wrestle with them; its power will bend and break them to its path.

Let every one sweep the drift from his own door and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Friendly letters should be written because the words spring spontaneously from the heart, and not from a sense of duty.

One moment of true love and happiness among years of sorrow is worth more than a lifetime of quiet, even monotony.

They who prepare the soil of the world for the seed are but little known; for unto those who sowed is ascribed the golden harvest.

Looking up so high, worshiping so silently, we tramp out the hearts of flowers that lift their bright heads for us and die alone.

The man or woman whom excessive caution holds back from striking the anvil with earnest endeavor, is poor and cowardly of purpose.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing. A weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less in-jurious than a bad reply.

A Farmer's Square Meal.

Years ago there lived some miles from Philadelphia a farmer named Jerry Fos-Philadelphia a farmer named Jerry Fos-ter, noted for eating much and spending little. One day he took a wagonload of butter, eggs, potatoes and ready-dressed pigs to the city; and before he had been in the market disposed of all his stock save one pig. Driving round to a tavern, the landlord of which was wont to supply market folks with a dinner for twenty-five cents, he sold his roaster to Mr. Bandolph for seventy-five cents, and de-narted to while away the time until dinparted to while away the time until dinner hour. Jerry was punctual to the minute, and found no one ready for the meal but himself, the landlord and his wife. Just as they were sitting down, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were called away, the former telling Jerry not to wait for them, but go ahead. Before him, nicely crisped and brown was his own roaster, with plenty of potatoes, cranberries, turnips, bread and butter; and the farmer went ahead to such good purpose that when the host and hostess returned to the room they found Jerry leaning back in his chair picking his teeth, complacently regarding all that remained of the porker-its bones. He never dined there again.

Authors' Ages,

Charles Reade is 64 years old; Jacob. Abbot, 75; Edmund About, 50; William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), 56; A. B. Al-cott, 79; T. B. Aldrich, 42; Berthold Auerbach, 69; George Bancroft, 78; Robert Browning, 66; Carly'e, 83; S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain). 43; G. W. L. Clomens (Mark Twain), 43; G. W. Curtis, 54; Darwin, 69; Disraeli, 73; Hepworth Dixon, 57; Emerson, 75; J. A. Fronde, 60; W. E. Gladstone, 69; Bret Harte, 39; J. G. Holland, 59; Dr. Holmes, 69; Julia Ward Howe, 59; -After you have related a rich joke to a friend, and you expect to hear him burst out into uproarions laughter, noth-in viscour into uproarions laughter,

types which you never see save on the Mississippi river, the active, devil-may-care, laborious boatmen, who have rough struggles all their lives, and some of whom die violent deaths, but who are thoroughly in love with their amphibious existence, and could not be persuaded to change it for anything else. Men from far Arkansas' head waters, from the muddy bluffs of Mis-souri, from the fat lands of "Egypt," from the water-invaded plantations of from the water-invaded plantatio

Mississippi and Tennessee, are huddled together, discussing the latest political excitement, or the price of the staple in which they all trade. They are all of But don't seal up the windows of your