Orada, with her little stove. Was frying fritters 'neath the trees. The sizzling noise through all the grove

Was wafted by the summer breeze. The tempting odors that were spread Lured all the creatures of the wood, Who sat amid the boughs o'erhead, Or round her in a circle stood.

Each begged a fritter of the maid. Who frowned, and whirled her tittle brox "Cook your own dinners. Go!" she said. "For idlers I've no food or room."

A hungry fairs, through the wood, Came to Cleada's kitches door, Dis, uised in a gray pligrim's bood; She seemed so weary and so poor. "O dear Cleada, give to me

A little, little food, I pray,

No title tramp am I, my dear;

And let me cut it 'neath this tree I've wandered hungry all the day." No, no-be off !" Cleads said, And stormed, and knit her angry brow. "I will not give you food or aid, No idle beggurs I allow."

I spend my time in useful work, And many a night I guard you here While bears and wolves around you lurk And once I sursed your mother old When she was very ill and weak. So, dear Cleada, do not scold; But grant the little boon I seek." "Be off. I say !" the maiden screamed. And drove her out and banged the door Alas' ales! she little dreamed

The angry fairy waved her wand And changed her to a locust there And ever since through all the land, Her race this insect's body wear. And in the August hot and still, Their sizzling swells upon the treeze And all the locusts, as they trill, Seem frying fritters in the trees.

The punishment for her in store.

AN INVERTED LANGUAGE.

"Back-Klang," the Grotesque Vernacular of the London Cotermongers.

One of the peculiar types of human-ity that are to be met with in this meity that are to be met with in this me-tropolis is the "coster," or costermon-gers, numbering nearly fifty thousand in London. Their dress is peculiar, generally tight, horsey-looking pants, and short, tight-fitting jacket, with an indescribable kind of skull-cap as a capillary covering, from beneath which their closely-cropped hair peers forth, having all the appearance of the "jail-crop." A "coster" invariably smokes and drinks, using for the former luxury a highly-discolored, short—very short clay pipe, while his bibulous appe-tite leads him to indulge usually in deep draughts of porter, after which he betakes himself to gin.

What is a costermonger? Well, a costermonger may be defined as a peri-patetic vender of vegetables and fruits. The "coster's" outfit consists usually of a donkey, or as they in their slang, term the animal, a "moke," and a non-descript kind of vehicle, balf way between a hand truck and a spring wagon. Early in the morning the "coster" starts off to one of the vegetable and fruit markets of the metropolis and displays his keenness in bar-gaining for the various vegetables of the season which he can dispose of.

The costers are an exclusive set. Like other low tribes they boast a language or secret tongue in which they hide movements and other private affairs. This coster speech offers no new fact or approach to a fact for the philologist. It is not very remarkable for originality or construction, neither is it spiced with low humor as other slang; but the costermongers boast that it is only known to themselves; that it is far beyond the Irish and puzzles the Jews.

The main principle of this language is spelling the words backward, or rather pronouncing them rudely backward. Sometimes, for the sake of haring it backward from what the unitiated person would have expected. One costermonger told your correspondent that he often gave the end of a word a with a fol de rol. Beside, the coster tion the coming year?
has his own idea of the proper way of spelling words, and is not to be convinced but by an overwhelming show of learning, and frequently not then, for he's a very headstrong fellow. By the time a coster has spelled an ordinary word of two or three syllables in a proper way, and then spelled it back-ward, it has become one no etymolo-gist could unravel. The word generalize,' for instance, is considered to be shi.ling spelled backward. Sometimes slang and cant words are introduced. and even these, when imagined to be tolerably well known, are pronounced backward. Other words, such as 'gen,' shilling, and 'flatch,' a half-penny, help to confuse the outsider. After a time this back language or back slang, as it is termed by the costermongers themselves, seems to be regarded by the rising generation of street sellers as a distinct language.

as a distinct language.

The women use it sparingly, but the girls are well acquainted with it. The addition of an "s" always forms the plural, so that this is another source of complication; for instance, woman in the back-slang is mawmow and namus, but namows is women, not nemow. The coster, then, in undoing the backslang and turning the word namus once more into English, would have suman, a novel and extraordinary rendering of woman. Where a word is refractory in submitting to the back rendering, as in the case of pound, letters are grass alone.

Next in o harmony. Thus we have dunop, a pound, instead of dnoup, which nobody

could pleasantly pronounce.

This singular back-slang has been in use nearly fifty years. It is soon acquired, and is principally used by the coster-mongers for communicating the secrets of their street tradings, the cost and profit of their goods and for keep-ing their natural enemies, the police, in the dark.

A farmer must be something besides a laborer. He must be a man of resources, and rise by his own energy to any emergency.

A Pertable Frace.

Let me describe the temporary fenc-I use. I make blocks or sills about three feet long, and eut a dove-tail notch in one side to insert the post in. This notch should be a little wider on top than below, so that if the post shrinks it will tighten as it settles. Place the blocks where you want the posts to stand, and stake them down at each end with shoulder-stakes. Mortise the posts as for post-and-rail fence, insert the rails, pin the top rails through the posts and the fence is complete. It can be taken apart and moved or laid away till needed, and is handy for fencing stock or any temporary purpose. For hill-sides place a stone or block of proper size under lower end of the block, or make the notch incline to suit the ground.

Experiments in Wheat Cultiva-

Experiments have been made in Mich igan in cultivating wheat, and the results are not only satisfactory but astonishing. A committee was appointed to oversee the experiments and make the report. Sixty-eight pounds of seed per acre were sown in drills 16 inches apart, and 90 pounds per acre were drilled in the usual way; that in 16 inch drills was cultivated with a horse wheat hoe once in the fall and twice in the spring; the other of course was not cultivated after sowing. The report says that the 16-inch lot did not lodge or crinkle, while the S inch lot did so badly; the average yield was 69; per cent greater in the 16 inch drills than in the 8 inch drills. The Agriculfurisf remarks: "It is as reasonable to believe that grain crops should be benefited by cultivation as that of potatoes. corn, cabbages and other crops should be. Hocing wheat in Europe is not an uncommon practice, and farmers in this country have begun it with marked success.

Importance of the Corn Crop.

ew York Shipping List. The importance of the country's corr crop is hardly understood by the gen-eral run of readers, since they do not know what a wide basis of prosperity it constitutes. It is the basis of an annual pork crop, comprising at least 10,000,000 head of hogs; its consumption as buman food is very large and increasing in both hemispheres; it is more universally fed to stock of all kinds than any other cereal, and is, in a word, one of the most valuable of agricultural products. The acreage of last year in corn reaches 50,369,000, and the yield probably not less than 1,500,000,000 bushels. The exportation of corn has increased from a little over 7,000,000 bushels per annum ten years ago to nearly 90,000,000 at the present time. At this rate of increase corn promises to become the king of commerce. In this connection it is interesting to know that the production of grain of all kinds in the United States is forty bushels per capita against only sixteen bushels for all Europe.

Bras as a Pertiller.

One of our correspondents, Mr. Kern, of Lehigh County, Pa., tried bran as a one third. Another experiment on corn germinate in dry bran, it would be well to compost it before using it. Mix it with two or three times its bulk of rich mould from the woods, sprinkle enough manure water on it to make it heat, and then shovel it over until thoroughly mixed. If this is done two or three weeks before using, it will partially decompose it so that in contact with the seed it would not injure it. We read that tobacco growers of the Connecticut Valley use bran in large quantities, importing it from lows and Minnesots mony, an extra syllable is prefixed or annexed, and now and then the word is for experiment in home-made fertilizgiven quite a different turn in renderers, which farmers should work up. There is a fascination in the work of conducting these experiments, which pays for the trouble itself, besides the that he often gave the end of a word a useful knowledge obtained. How many new turn, just as if he had chorused out of our readers will test the bran ques-

Some Pine Jersey Cattle.

We visited the Democrat Farm Herd, at Davenport, Iowa, the other day. We went to see a choice co.lection of Jerseys, and we were not disappointed, but will only mention a few of the latest purchases. Our attention was first di-rected to Miss Blanche 2d, the choicest heifer in Iowa. She will be two years old in April; color, rich fawn, with white markings, and individually a rare specimen of her kind. She was selected frem the herd of Judge Luse & Son, of Iowa City, and it has been said that she is the most promising an-

imal they ever owned. In the next stall we found another attraction—Boma—a solid French grey heifer that will be three years old next April. And she is a beauty, with all the fashionable points and marks; was selected from the Beech Grove Herd, Indianapolis, at a fancy price; has been in milk one season, and gives promise of being a great butter producer. Mr. Geo. Jackson, proprietor of the herd above named, gives a most extraordinary account of the richness of her milk, and we extract from his letter:

"A test of the milk a few days before sending her away, exhibited fifty-six per cent cream, which I consider pret-ty good for a heifer." Mr. J. owns her dam, and says he has made fourteen pounds of butter per week from her on

Next in order is the squirrel grey Bonnibel, and we took a long look at her. She was selected recently from the celebrated herd of Moses Ellis, of Farmingham, Mass., by Mr. J. J. Rich-ardson, as the finest heifer he could find in Massachusetts. She is self-colored. with black tongue and switch, and really the handsomest Jersey cow we have ever seen west of the Mississippi, and carries unmistakable indications of be

ing as prolific in cream and butter as she is in beauty. There are other cows and helfers in this herd of gilt edged butter stock that laborer. Before I was thirty years old are prize winners, whose records have I was the son of one of the richest men already been made public. Much might in the country."

PARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD, be said of the stylish yearling Viva. bred by Sharpless, of Philadelphia, and the young cow Pansey both take red ribbons wherever exhibited.

And they are indeed finely shaped their soft, slick-like coats of hair making them beautiful and attractive; they are the handsomest we have ever seen. and breeders from various parts have come to see them.

A Butch Dairy Parm.

Mr. J. Howlett, of Syracuse, N. Y. writing from Europe on a Dutch dairy farm, says: "After feeding the horses and resting a little while, we drove about eight miles further on to one of the best stock and dairy farms in Hol land. They used the very same stable at the farm that they did in the fourteenth century. They have little rings in the ceilings with cords passing through them, by which the cows tails are held up to keep them from getting dirty. The stable was carpeted and had plants and flowers in it. The floor of the stables was of small bricks. At the back of the stalls was a trough of masonry about eight inches wide and nine inches deep, with a ditch or reservoir of water at one end. As soon as the trench was dirtied they turned on the water, and all the manure, etc., was carried out to a covered vat, whence it could be removed to the fields or whereever they wanted it moved to. cows were as clean, if not cleaner, than your horses. All the fastening they have is a little cord around their necks. and they are so gentle and quiet that they do not require anything stronger. They use brass milk pails instead of wood or tin ones. We saw the way they make the round cheese that are sent to America. They have wooslen molds in the shape of two bemis pheres or half balls. These are hollow and fit together. The cheese curd is first roughly pressed into shape and then placed into the molds; the lower half of the mold is stationary, while the upper part is fastened to a kind of a screw working in a beam overhead; the upper half is screwed down tight. and the cheese is left for a week. the end of a week it is screwed down tighter and left another week. At the end of a third week the cheese is ex posed to the air, and the curing begins It takes three months for a cheese cured, and a year before it is fit for the market. Everything was as sweet and nest as any parior I ever saw; the stables and stalls for the horses were covered with matting. You have no idea how clean everything was, without seeing how it was done. They use the same kind of churns, the same kind of cheese presses and the same kind of pails, etc., that they did 500 years ago: they think that it is showing disrespect to their ancestors to make any improvements in the implements that their forefathers used. I inquired the price of the cattle, and found that the cows cost from 200 to 350 guilders and the bulls from 300 to 430 guilders, or, in our money, cows from \$50 to \$140 and bulls from \$120 to \$180 or \$200 each.

CHAPLAIN LITTLE.

Dear Chaplain Joe Little, where are you? It is years since I met you, filled as you were with philanthropic schemes fertilizer for potatoes last year, and re-ported to us that it increased the yield South. There may be men more capable of carrying through a practical enis recorded, where it produced marked | terprise, but there never was a more results, the rows on which the bran enthusiastic, unselfish and hardy spirit, was used soon being six inches taller A college, a theological seminary, and sand bars with nothing except their than the other rows. As seed will not a musical academy all graduated Chap-noses above water. They have been take the freshness and the oddity out of jong to clear themselves from the anhim. When spiritual adviser to a regiment of wild West Virginians, he told them stories, sang them funny songs, adopted their dialect, and won their open hearts by manly open-hearted-ness. When Mosby captured Little it was in an uniucky time. Orders had been issued on the Federal side, by General Pope, I believe, that bush-whackers should have no quarter, and Mosby prepared to retaliate by shooting prisoners.
"It looked pretty solemn," said the

chaplain, "when they cast lots to se who should inherit my horse." But he took his little nondescript har

monium, and began to sing for dear life. All the droll songs that ever were invented, this doomed captive sang to the bushwhackers there in the moun

"I think I ought to shoot you," said Mosby, at length. "A fellow that keeps up men's spirits as you do is too valuable to the Yankees for me to let him off. But let him off he did. Nobody

could shoot such a combination of goodness and drollery as Chaplain Lit-

Once, after a battle, a certain church was turned into a hospital, and wounded and dying lay all up and down the floor. It was a blue time, when men were dying not of wounds alone, but of the despair which was like an epidemic in the very atmosphere. A severa chapiain added to the terror by passing about exhorting the poor groating fel-lows to prepare for death. Chaplain Little, seeing how fatal this despondency must prove, walked up into the pulpit, planted his little melodeon on his knees, and struck up a ridiculous song known as "The Ohio Girt." Sunlight came in with the rich melody of the chaplain's voice and the humor of his song. The surgeons took heart, and life seemed to come back to battered and homesick men. But the austere chapiain in the middle of the church called out:

"Chaplain Little you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sing such stuff to men who ought to be preparing for

Whereupon a colonel, who had just had a leg amputated, raised his head. and addressing the last speaker, said:
"Chaplain Blank, I wish I had two
legs, so that I could kick you out-of-

Smith has a good opinion of himself. He has never done a stroke of work. but lives on a hard working father. Nevertheless he fancies that some credit is due him for the fortune which he enjoys. The other day, leaning against the mantelpiece, his back to the fire, he said: "I was born the son of a poor

IN ER-STATE OR ATORICA

The Next Meeting to He at Iown Oty Important Changes in Regulations.

The Inter-State Ocatorical Associa tion is an institution upon which ofo-cators should look with favor. Its purpose is to create an interest in true oratory, to cultivate social college feeling, and test college culture. The invariable choice of its judges from public life tends to repress false oratory and bombast and succurage solid thought and worthy composition. Its ege holds a "home contest," from which the most worthy contestant goes to the "State contest," and delegates are sent to a State Convention which transacts all business for the assectaon. Much interest, of course, centers in the "State controt," as the most worthy competitor here represents his State at the Inter-State contest, where the highest honor is a gold medal, and the next a silver medal. For six years the association has been conducted without wrangling, and is essentially a success. It is approved by such edu-cators as President Bateman, of Knox College: President J. L. Pickard, of Iowa University, and others; and prominent public men such as Judge Taft' of Ohio; Wm. Hyde, of the St. Louis Republican; William Harrison, of Indiana, are warm in its praise. It origi-nated at Galesburg. Its second contest was in Indianapolis, its third in Chi-cago, its fourth in Madison, Wis., its fifth in St. Louis, and its sixth will be held next May at Iowa City. College papers are discussing its proposed en-largement to include essays and examinations. The constitution is on our table, and we notice some changes. Each State now pays the expenses of her orators, and the orators are required to send in to the President three copies of their crations at least three days be-fure the contest. Miss Emma C. Bulkley is the speaker from Illinois, and B. C. Cory, of Cornell College, from lows. Iowa City is designated as the place of the next contest. It is an ap preciative and intelligent city, has the State University, and is in a position to treat the contestants impartially, as it this apparent competition of the two individuals the people burst into roars of laughter, and when the ani-bestirring themselves. They are from mal was pointed out to the pastor. rarious States, were chosen at St. Louis, and are as follows: President, Albion N. Feilows, Iowa City, Iowa; Vice President, Charles C. Barris, Bloomington, Ind.; Secretary and Treasurer, Newton Wyeth, Oberlin, O.

Mosquitors in Florida.

Florida must be a summer paradise for sportamen. But there are drawbacks. The air is black with mosqui toes, and swarms of sandflies annoy the hunter. Jiggers are not unknown Ticks of all sizes and colors, and de cillions of red bugs burrow in a man's flesh. Scorpions visit his tent, and venomous snakes may lie in wait for him. No exaggeration can equal the truth on the mosquitoes. Natives as-sure me they have lifted their guns to shoot, and the barrels and sight were covered before they could aim. At Turtle Mound I have landed and seen the mosquitoes come up like a cloud and near me. In 10 minutes my clothes were so covered that my companion could not distinguish the color Dogs spend hours lying on the barely covered lain Little, but not all together could known to run round a cabin all night noying insects.

Horses on the seaconst are so pestered that they frequently break loose and run into the piney wood for miles be-fore stopping. Families have been driven nearly to insanity. The bars are made of unbleached cotton cloth. and there can be no ventilation. In close nights it is impossible to sleep under them, and the victim would rath er run the risk with the mosquitoes than smother. In some cases bars within bars are used, for the insects are so thick that millions steal in while the persecuted man is crawling under the cover. Nor is this all. Fleas and horseflies annoy the sportsman; the soil seems to be composed of fleas, and the air seems to be made of insects. There are thousands that do not sting, and bundreds not mentioned that do. Of course there are days when a strong wind gives the sportsman comparative freedom from these annoyances. And at such times, if he can wait for them, he will find such sport on this coast as in his hours of sleep he never dream-ed of.

"Home, Sweet Home," The "Tile Club" (of young New York artists), recently went on a trip to the eastern end of Long Island, which trip is commemorated in Scrib ner for February. We quote the fol-lowing about the home of John Howard

Payne declared that he had first heard the tune of "Home, Sweet Home" from the lips of a Sicilian peasant girl, who sang it artiessly as she sold some sort of Italian wares, and touched his fine ear by the purity of her voice. It is pleasant to think he did not crib it from any old opera, but had a certain proprietorship in the air, as well as the words, of the most popular seng

extant. The "home" he was thinking of, as The "home" he was thinking of, as he traced the deathless lyric in some London rookery, was undonbtedly Easthampton. A few years later he expanded its opening words in a magazine description of his native town. "Many an eye wearled with the glare of foreign grandeur." he wrote ("Democratic Review." February, 1838). "will, ere long, luil itself to repose in the quiet beauty of this village." The the quiet beauty of this village." The stenciled expressions of "foreign grandeur," and "eyes wearied with the glare," what are they but repetitions of the opening of both stanzas the "pleasures and palaces" of stanza one, the exile from home splendor dazzles

in vain," of stanza two? Easthampton is what supplies the sentiment, the type, the feil, the confrast of the song. Easthampton still exists, just as he knew it, like a vignette perpetuated in electrotype. The trast of the song. Easthampton still exists, just as he knew it, like a vignette perpetuated in electrotype. The "tavern sign in the center of the road" is gone, though, which he described "swinging between two posts."

stant definition from the price to the force strike his hand against ye wall, and also, to ye great wonder of all, prophainlie exclaim in a load voice.

while the goese strut with slow and Cus the woodshuck, he dr The geome still parade down the grassy and bit his hand. But on comeing street, getting between the visitor's legs every moment, and are as obtru-

my call." were gambers, and their sweetness was a him. From the age of thirteen, when he left the ample hearth of his father's house, here, the hymnist of 'Home was homolous; that is, until the theat rical structure of his latter months arose at the command of the Afrites. and he lay down to die in his Arabian Night's palace, bungering for the thatch, "the scoty chimney-throat of this delicious cot." Thatched cottages, by the by, were to be found in Kast hampton, when Payne was a youth.

An Apr a Mimiery. The following is the story of a Bar-bary ape: Father Caraubon, a famous preacher, brought up the animal in question, which, having become at-tached to him, wished to follow him wherever he went. One day when Casaubon was going to church the ape, not being made secure, followed his master to the place of worship, and, being a good climber, silently mounted he sounding-board and lay there quiet. ly and concealed until the sermon was vanced to the edge of its perch to so what was going on benath it, and to watch the actions of the orator. These were no somer observed by the able mimic than it began to perform also, and its instations of the preacher were so grotesque that the whole congregation was put in a state of great risi-The good father was alike choked and indiguant at the ill-timed levity of his audience, and began to administer some severe reprints, but seeing all his of-forts failing he launched forth into violent action, accompanied by load vociferations. His frequent gestures the ape did not fail to take up immediately with no less animation than that which inspired his master. And though highly exasperated, it is said be could hardly command his own countenance while he gave directions to have the ape removed.

Mental Life Below the Human. Autenreith, the celebrated German

naturalist, has described for us the metamorphoses through which pass the individuals of a species of butterfly named by him Nachtpfuschunge. Its grub life, like all of the same genus, is one of unbroken monotony and dull-ness. The sum total of its existence consists in gorging on leaf pulp, crawling under cover when it rains, and now and then easting its skin. It has no home life, its parents having died be-fore it began to live. It has no companionship; it seeks none. This sluggish, solitary, gormandizing, creeping worm is at a certain set time suddenly arrested by the electric thrill of some new, strange life. It stops cating and under a mysterious prophetic impulse commences to weave about its body out of belieate threads that issue from it a of telicate threads that issue from it a silken palace of double roof so ingeniously braced by innumerable supports that it both withstands violent attacks from without and yields to the almost spirit touch within of that most fragile of fairies, which out of the homely and prone body of the grub rises erawhile on brilliarily tinted wings to flutter and float like a stray bit of sunset on a summer's evening seply. By this unique contrivance this little creature escapes on the one hand from outside violence, and on the other from the sad fate of self-turial. Is it conceivable that this worm possesses such intimate acquain-tance with the occult laws of mechanics as this piece of work presupposes that it has acquired by its own exer-tions this masterful skill in architecture, or that it really discerns with clear prophetic vision approaching changes in its form, its capacities, its needs and its destiny? It has had no instructor, no personal experience, no working model. This is its first attempt, yet it bears the stamp of absolute perfection. The butterflies of other species, when the hour is ripe for them to issue from their cocoons, secrets a fluid that acts on the silk as a solvent. This grub, as if conscious from the first that such power will never be given it, constructs its case on widely different principles. To affirm that it inherits this knowledge, skill and prescience does not in the least clear up the mystery; it only carries the inquiry further back, for the first grub must have been equally able to spin a similar eccoon on the first trial, or it never could have de veloped into a butterfly and became the progenitor of a species

Siz of the Fathers Maintained by the

Apringheid Republican. One of the customs of our fathers was the habit of going to sleep during chur a service, and various and singular were the expedients adopted by the minister and the deacons to keep them wide awake. Here is an account of a funny scene in a Lynn, (Mass.) church in 1646 during the preaching of good old Rev. Samuel Whitney, D. D. It is taken from Obadia Turner's journal:

"1646, June ye lid: Allen Brydges hath bin chose to wake ye sleepers in meeting, and being much proud of his place must needs have a fox-taile fixed to ye end of a long staff wherewith he may brush the faces of them yt will bave naps in time of discourse; like-wise a sharpe thorne wherewith he may wise a sharpe thorne wherewith he may prick such as he most sounds. On ye laste Lord his day, as he strutted about ye meeting house, he did spy Mr. Tomins sleeping with much comforte, his head kept steadie by being in ye corner and his hand grasping ye rail. And soe spying Allen did quicklie thrust his staff behind Dame Bailond and give him a grievious prick upon ye hand.

dall he had committed, he seemed much shance! but did not speake. And I descriptions. You is to an unroman-tic discovery, but there cannot be a doubt of it. The birds singing sweet by," of Payne's ballad, "that came at reason of their enormous bounces. Xr. Whitney doth picasantii say it from yo pulpit he doth seem to be preaching to stacks of straw with men lotting here and there among them."

> William the Conqueror died from riolence of his passions.

> and large two Courses Wester Charles and affile, and the course of the c 26 Francisch British Habit British M. SOMETHING GOOD. AGENTS WANTED WANTED AND THE STREET STREET

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REED'S **ODAOIH**

1,000 PIANOS AND ORGANS Just arriving for the call and winder touds. By-

spendences toward. Cut this end and

FOUTZ HORSE AND CATTLE POW