☞ All communications intended for this paper should be addressed to the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

LUCKY DAYS.

When May with apple blossoms
Her loving-cup is brewing,
With beams and dews and winds that get
The honey from the violet,
With hopes on which the heart is set,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for suing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When August calls the locust
To sound the year's undoing,
And, like some altar dressed of old
In drapery of cloth of gold,
High pastures thick with broom unfold,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for suing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When brown October pauses,
The ripened woodland viewing,
And all the sunny forests spread
Their fallen leaves, as heart's blood red,
A carpet fit for brides to tread,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for suing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!

Oh, listen, happy lover,
Your happy fate pursuing:
When fields are green, when woods are bare,
When storms are white, when stars are clear,
On each sweet day of each sweet year,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for suing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing.
—*Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Bazar.*

A CYCLONE VICTIM.

Colonel Kirk's Story of His Thrilling Experience.

For several days following the awful cyclone at Washington C. H., Ohio, it was the all-absorbing topic of conversation in our town.

Great crowds of excursionists went down to view the wrecked city, and returning told of the terrible effects of the devastating storm.

These accounts were listened to with great attention, but as most of them were inclined to spread it on a little, it was pretty hard to separate truth from fiction. So when Colonel Tom Kirk, whom we knew was a citizen of Washington C. H., strolled into our office, we felt certain that we were about to hear a true account of the great blow.

The boys all gathered around him, gave him the seat of honor on the railing, presented him with a cigar, and settled themselves down to listen.

"Well, boys," said the Colonel, after a few preliminary puffs, "you want to hear about the cyclone, I suppose, eh?"

We told him that, entertaining as we did a firm belief in his unimpeachable veracity, such was our unanimous desire.

"Well," contined the Colonel, "let me tell you first that I have come up here to stay. I've got enough of Washington C. H. You know when I went down there to live, people here all told me it was situated in an open country and liable to heavy storms; but I never listened to their talk. I wish I had now. I never knew such a town for storms, and they were mighty queer ones, too. I've seen all sorts of storms, from typhoons and tornados to, ahem! domestic storms, but never saw any act like those.

"Why, if we would happen to leave our clothes out on the line after dark, along would come a miniature cyclone and sweep my best shirts off, leaving some worn-out things I should have been glad to get rid of. And strange to say we wouldn't hear any noise, either. It would slide around and do its work so quietly that when I would ask my neighbor about the storm next morning, he'd declare there hadn't been a cloud in the sky the entire night.

"Then, again some morning I would wake up to find that my melon patch had been visited by a cyclone, and the rinds were strewn all over my neighbor's yard. I would call his attention to the fact and he would clasp his hands and say 'Wonderful! Wonderful!' that he wouldn't have believed it if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes; but that cyclones were queer storms, and that he had heard of just such occurrences.

"Then my wood-pile commenced to disappear. As many as ten sticks would blow away some nights. One day I tried the experiment of weighting some down with about a pound of gunpowder inserted in a knot-hole, but that night they disappeared just the same.

"The next morning I got up early, just in time to see a cyclone strike my neighbor's kitchen. Honestly, cyclones are the most curious storms in creation! It never harmed the roof of the kitchen, but swooped down through the door and boosted the heavy cook-stove right through the window in sections.

"I never saw such a wonderful thing in my life! Then, after wrecking the stove, the cyclone quietly moved on and disappeared without inflicting further damage. You may not believe this, but it is the truth nevertheless.

"Well, I could have stood these baby cyclones, and in time, perhaps, have got used to them, but when the old parent cyclone came monkeying around the other night, I concluded it was about time to pull up stakes and leave.

"That night I was sitting upon the steps in front of my house enjoying my evening's smoke. I saw the storm gathering. The somber-hued clouds had massed themselves in awful majesty above the horizon, and come rolling along like horrible monsters hungry for their helpless prey, while mingled with the lightning's blinding glare came the mighty roar of Jove's artillery, causing the stoutest heart among us to tremble and to cower!"

Right here, the boys got up and fanned the Colonel vigorously, bringing him back from his soaring flight of eloquence to cold, cruel earth again. In a short time he recovered and continued:

"Well, you fellows may think it wasn't a storm, but it was. Why the sky was as black as the record of the opposing candidate.

"I remained outside until cook-stoves and such things began to fly around kind of lively like, and then I concluded it was about time to go in and take my wife and children down cellar.

"But before I could get inside the door, along came the heaviest part of that cyclone, lifted me upon its bosom, and cried could say a word in remonstrance, I was gliding along over the housetops like a meteor. Below me I could see the houses being destroyed, the people flying for their lives, and I about gave myself up for lost. I had been struck by the center of the cyclone, and was being borne out into the country at lightning-express train speed, but being on the top of it, I experienced no more inconvenience that I would have felt in a Pullman sleeper. But after awhile I begin to think what would happen when I stopped. I confess I was but poorly prepared for the trip that was forced upon me. In the hurry of my departure I had neglected to take my pocket-book with me, and as the cyclone was taking an easterly direction, I began to wonder how I should return in case I landed somewhere on the Atlantic coast.

"Then I recollected that the thing had no brakes, and if I stopped at all it was going to be mighty sudden, and I had not made my will.

"These things alarmed me somewhat. Suddenly I saw some huge object coming toward me. It whirled right under me and I grabbed it. It was a mattress from some poor fellow bed. I was saved!

"I gave myself no more uneasiness, but laid right back on that mattress, struck a match, lit my cigar and proceeded to enjoy myself as well as possible under the circumstances.

"After I had traveled several miles out into the country I began to think about my wife and children I had left behind. I concluded the cyclone had done wrong in thus tearing me away from the bosom of my family, and I said as much to it.

"I explained to it how worried my wife would be because I had gone away without bidding her good-bye, and that as much as I appreciated its refined society, I would feel extremely obliged if it would return me again to my native vine and fig-tree.'

"Well, boys, I never knew a cyclone had such a tender heart; but that cyclone somehow or other took a return sweep, and before I knew what was which, I and my mattress were lying upon the roof of my residence and not a hair harmed.

"I opened the scuttle in the roof and descended to find my wife nearly dead from fright at my sudden departure. She said right there that we had to quit that town at once, and so I've come up here to stay."

For several minutes a horribly intense silence reigned in our office. Then one of the boys said gently:

"It must have been a pretty stiff breeze, eh, Colonel?"

"Stiff breeze!" said the Colonel, in disgusted tones, "why, that doesn't even attempt to describe it!"

Then another of the boys recovered and said:

"You say, Colonel, you laid right back on that mattress——"

"Yes!"

"While you were tearing along in the midst of the tempest——"

"Yes!"

"And you struck a match and lit a cigar——?"

"Yes!" well, er—that—is, you see—I——"

Then a small cyclone seemed to strike the Colonel, and his place on the railing was vacant.—*Peck's Sun.*

STRANGULATION.

Death from Hanging Said to Be Free from Suffering to the Victim.

Dr. Taylor states that "death from hanging appears to take place rapidly and without causing any suffering to the person." Prof. Tidy, also, speaks of the painless nature of death from hanging; while Prof. Haughton, in his paper read before the Surgical Society of Dublin, says that "the old system of taking a convict's life by suffocation is inhumanly painful, unnecessarily prolonged and revolting to those whose duty it is to be present." Those who speak of the painless nature of death by strangulation arrive at this conclusion from the fact that many cases of suicide are not completely suspended, and that if they wished they could easily relieve the constriction by assuming the erect posture, and in other cases of recovery from attempted suicide by hanging, there is no recollection of any suffering. It should be remembered, however, that there is a great deal of difference between the mental attitude of the suicide and one who is about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. In the former case he is regardless, and perhaps also not very sensitive, of a little suffering, while in the latter every nerve is braced up to resist the inevitable result. Moreover, in these cases of recovery the loss of recollection of suffering does not prove that there was none. It might almost as well be said that, because in many cases of recovery from meningitis there was no remembrance of any suffering, therefore there was none. No doubt, the pain in hanging can under no circumstances be very acute, yet when we see a culprit heaving his chest and almost raising the whole body in his struggles for breath we must conclude that there is at least a considerable amount of mental torture.—*Science Monthly.*

Salt Lakes in Afghanistan.

Sir Peter Lumsden's paper on his experiences in Afghanistan, read before the Royal Geographical Society, in London, contains an account of the curious lake upon which the Tekke Turcomans are dependent for their supplies of salt. This lake is six miles square, is situated at an elevation of about fourteen hundred feet above the sea-level, and is surrounded on all sides by a steep precipitous descent. The yield of salt is practically unlimited for the bed of the lake is one solid mass of level rock salt, covered only by an inch ortwo of water, the depth of the deposit being unknown. A second lake furnishes the Saryks of Penjdeh with salt. This lake is much larger than the one just described, and the salt in it does not present such a smooth unbroken surface. The salt is dug out in the form of flakes about four inches in thickness, which are packed into bags and carried on camels to market without any kind of preparation.—*N. Y. Post.*

A Serious Undertaking.

For an American to marry in Mexico is a somewhat serious business. He must be three times married, twice in Spanish and once in English, beside having a public notice of his intention of marriage placed on a bulletin board for twenty days before the ceremony. This is the law. The public notice can be gotten around by the payment of a sum of money, but a residence of one month is necessary. The three ceremonies are the contract of marriage, the civil marriage—the only marriage recognized by law since 1858—and the usual but not obligatory church service. The first two must take place before a Judge, and in the presence of at least four witnesses and the American Consul. The civil marriage is the legal form of marriage. These ceremonies are necessarily in Spanish. Most weddings are confirmed by a church service.—*Chicago Journal.*

—"The smallest book in the world," as the Boston *Journal* learns, "is half the size of a postage stamp, and is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs, belonging to the Earl of Dufferin."

—Silas Goble, of Ocean County, N. J., has twenty-three children, after being married fifty-one years. The oldest child is forty and the youngest ten.

COVERED THE GROUND.

Senator Miller's Able Effort Before the New York Convention.

The speech delivered by Hon. Warner Miller on assuming the duties of temporary chairman of the Republican State Convention was wise and temperate, touching briefly upon each important issue pending between the great political parties of the period. Mr. Miller took strong ground in favor of the principles upon which the Republican organization is based, and after briefly sketching the history of their application in the practical conduct of government, and the results accomplished, proceeded to arraign Democracy for its numerous delinquencies in general and in detail, including its suppression of free elections in the South, by means of which minority rule has been imposed upon the Nation. This feature of the situation was dwelt upon with an earnestness which shows that Mr. Miller is in full sympathy with his fellow-Senator from Ohio, John Sherman. He waved no "bloody shirt," neither did he seek to inflame sectional animosities or fight over again the battles of the civil war. He contented himself with a protest against the injustice done to States in which the elective franchise is carefully guarded and maintained in respect of all who are entitled to its exercise, adding a warning to the South that perseverence in debauching the suffrage must necessarily result in undermining public virtue. Wrong-doing in respect of a fair ballot and an honest count is certain to involve criminality in other matters relating to the management of governmental affairs, and finally end in utter decadence of moral sense among the offenders who owe their advancement to it.

The question, as Mr. Miller pointed out, is not one of loyalty to the Union. Nobody imagines that the bulldozers and fraudulent manipulators of the South contemplate another attempt to overthrow National authority, in name at least. Nothing of that sort is or has been imputed to them. They do, however, by means of force and chicane, usurp powers not rightfully belonging to them, and so long as that continues the Republican party is bound to protest and resist the outrage with all the energy of which it is capable, in the true interest of justice and democratic institutions. There is no flavor of sectionalism in this, unless it shall be held that the North and the South are at variance in regard to the subject of honest elections, the North contending for them and the South opposing. Are the Democrats prepared to accept that as the ground of contention? In order to do this they must first concede that elections are not free in the South, and say that the North has no right to complain of the disadvantages to which it is subjected in consequence.

It can not be successfully denied that intimidation, violence and fraud are the factors by which the South has been made and is kept solid for Democracy, because Southern Democrats confess these to be their reliance in several States, and seek to justify the wrongs perpetrated by setting up the plea of necessity. They say they can not otherwise protect themselves from negro rule. But that affords no reason why the vote of one white man in the South should count for as much in determining the political complexion and policy of the National executive and of Congress as the votes of two or three white men in the North. The point raised now is not that the colored voters of the South are unlawfully deprived of rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the United States, though this feature is worthy of grave consideration. For the moment, the issue is narrowed down to the right which white voters in the North possess of exercising equal influence with white voters in the South, so far as the conduct of National affairs is concerned. If the agitation of this question is sectional the Southern Democrats can easily put an end to it, either by allowing colored citizens to vote and have their ballots counted as cast, or surrendering such portion of the representation now enjoyed by the South in the Electoral College and in Congress as is based upon the suppressed franchise. That is the position taken by Messrs. Miller and Sherman, and its fairness is unquestionable.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

NASBY.

He Preaches a Sermon, from the Text "Ye Shall Not Muzzle the Ox That Treadeth Out the Corn."

[From the Toledo Blade.]

IN A BASTEEL,
(For takin posseshun uv the Post-offis,)
CONFEDERIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky,)
October 19, 1885.

Last evening a rumor reached the Corners that the President hed relented and that I hed received my comishn ez Postmaster. Immejitly every citizen uv the Corners, wich I owed, formed into a perceshn and cum to the Basteel to assertane how I perposed to arrange fur payin uv em off. The perceshn incloodid every man in the Corners and sum from the outlyin destricks, and ez I knowd I shood never git so many people together agin, I couldn't let slip the occashun without enlightenin uv em.

I took for my text the passage: "Ye shel not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." I did not give em the chapter and verse, ez I hed forgotten em, but that made no differense, ez nary one uv em cood hev found it, owing to the pervailin inability to reed among the Dimocrisy uv this visinity. One Dimocrat did learn to reed last year, and the cuss immejitly turned and votid for Blane. This is, however, a digresshun. I opened out onto em thus:

"My breethren—I am sorry to say that you are heer under a error. I wish that wat yoo hev heerd wuz troo, that President Cleveland hed relented and sent the commisshun wich I am entitled to, but he hezn't. The nigger Lubbock is still postmaster, and I am keepin a chare warm in a Basteel, ceptin when, like a caged lion I pace my weery cell. Wat I owe the Corners will stay owed till jestis is done me.

The text sez "Yoo shel not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." It wuz the rackit in Joodee to thrash wheat and sich by makin a floor and hevin oxen tred ever it, and the text insists that the treddin ox shel not be muzzled, that he may, as he needs, take a hack at the provender.

Grover Cleveland hez violated this plane injunxen uv the Skripters in the most crooel and onjestifiabl manner. Who wuz the oxen that he put his corn, let me ask? It wuz me and yoo. It wuz the civil servis Dimocrisy uv all the States North, and the noble Dimocrisy uv the South, wich, shot-gun in hand, refoosed to hev the ballot-box contaminated and polluted by permittin niggers to vote, thus carryin their States triumphantly for the Dimocrisy. And what sez the Skripter?

"*Ye shel not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*"

Wat did me, this pertikler ox, tred on the threshin floor fur? Why did I contribbit to the coz two-thirds of the $3.50 wich I borrered uv a Louisville drummer wich wuz so drunk that he mistook me for a solvent citizen? Wuz it to keep Lubbock in the post-offis at the Corners, or wuz it to hev that place myself so that I cood pay yoo, my breethrin, wat I owe yoo? [Applause.] Wat did Beekin Pogram and Issaker Gavitt and Kernel McPelter go over into Injeany fur and there vote the Dimekratic tikket at the risk uv the penitentiary? Wuz it to keep Pollock and that pest Joe Bigler in the offises they till? Not much. We are the oxen that trod out the corn, and wat sez the Skripters?

"*Ye shel not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*"

Wat sort uv men does Grover Cleveland take us fur? Does he spose that he wood hev been elected hed he announced in advance that at the close uv eight months uv his administrashen ther wood hev bin a Republikin in offis from Mane to Texas?

My frends, he wood hev stood no more chance than a muskeeter in Iceland. Hed he made sich a announcement, Blane wood hev kerried Kentucky. The shot-gun wood hev dropped from the nervelis hand uv the Missippi Dimocrat, and the eleckshun wood hev gone by default. We shood never hev enthoosed over civil service or any other kind uv reform, on them terms. Fur wat sez the Skripter?

"*Ye shel not muzzle the ox wich treadeth out the corn.*"

Hez Grover Cleveland heerd from Ohio? Wat wuz the matter in Ohio? Why wuz Coal-Oil McLane defeetid, notwithstandin the money he spent in buyin votes, and why wuz Hoadley defeetid? It wuz Post-offis that did it. How cood any disinterestid Dimocrat wich hed waited hungrin and thirstin fur twenty-four long and dreery yeers, go into the canvas with any zeel when he saw the Post-offis, wich wuz hizzen, in posesshun uv a Black Republikin and no move being made fur histin him? Wat sort uv incentive wuz it fur work, when the provender fur wich they wuz workin wuz within site, and every blasted one uv em with a muzzle on? Ef Blane hed bin electid we cood hev fought on and fought ever, fur we shood not hev expected anything from him, but after hevin elected a Dimekrat President, to hev the promised land within site and reech, and not bein permitted to enter and grab, it is too much. No wonder the Dimocrisy uv Ohio wilted.

"*Ye shel not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*"

Wat will the harvest be? We are muzzled and Grover Cleveland is the muzzle. He stands like a adamantine wall betwixt me and wat I labored fur. Don't he know that a Democrat can't contnyoo a Democrat without a post-offis, or, at least, the hope uv one? Under my weary feet is the corn wich I hev trodden out fur him, but he hez put a muzzle on my mouth and I can't git a nip. Across the way is the post-offis but it is not fur me. To the rite is Bascom's bar, but it is not fur me. A little beyont is McPelter's Distillery but it is not fur me. In the White House sits Grover Cleveland, put there by me and sich ez me, but he is cold and immovable. Wat to him is my empty stomach? Wat to him is it that this minit I am without a shirt, my sole one bein in the wash? I thot I wuz a ox—methinks now I am a mule. I trod out his corn and am muzzled. Wat a violashen uv Skripcher!

"*Ye shell not muzzle the ox wich treadeth out the corn.*"

My breethrin, ez I am martered fur yoor sake, I implore yoo to take up a subscripshen fur my benefit."

Goliah Sampson sed that ought to be done, and gittin a sheet uv paper they hed Pompey Gavitt, wich kin rite, put down ther names, and I wuz delighted to see how promptly they cum up and make ther marks ez he wrote em. Not one uv em subscribed less than two dollars, and I felt that I wuz agoin to get throo the fall in comparitive comfort till I red wat every blasted one uv em hed affixed to his legle signatoor. It wuz these chillin words: "To be credited on account." That settled it. I am more muzzled now than ever. Wat good duz it do me to "credit on akkount." I would take ten cents on the dollar, cash, fur that subscripshen. I kin postpone my dets, but the cravin uv my Dimekratic stumick for stimulants is towunst.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
(Cast-down.)

WHAT THE VICTORY PROVES.

The Ohio Election Has a National Meaning—A Blow at the Administration.

In the first place it proves that Republicans have not lost faith in the party which has shown its trustworthiness on so many occasions and in so many ways. They still believe in its principles and are ready to sustain them by their votes and their efforts. They saw it thrust from power a few months ago by unworthy means, but that defeat has only brought the Republican army into the field again stronger than ever to win an inspiring victory against a party which sits in power at Washington as well as at Columbus.

The result in Ohio proves also the strength and vigor lent to a party in a political campaign by good nominations. All the candidates on the state ticket were unexceptionable in every respect and worthy of the places they have been elected to fill. Judge Foraker has shown in two campaigns his mettle as a leader and the wisdom of the Republicans in selecting him their standard bearer. The canvass he has made stands unparalleled in the political annals of Ohio, and the joint debates proved his ability to cope with one of the most astute lawyers in the country. His associates on the ticket worthily followed his leadership.

Again, the election proves the value to a party of having distinct and well-defined principles. The platform of the Ohio Republicans asserted clearly and forcibly the political doctrines held by the organization, and they were maintained fearlessly upon the stump. There was no attempt at evasion any where.

Finally, the victory proves that the discipline of the Republican party is still unbroken. The prophets who so eagerly predicted the disruption of the organization can now see their mistake. On a field where the National and State Administrations were against it, and with an unlimited corruption fund in the hands of its opponent, it not only maintained its ranks unbroken, but made converts from its enemy. This election is, in fact, the strongest proof of its vitality which the Republican party has ever given, and illustrates more decidedly than anything else could have done the wonderful hold it has upon the love and admiration of the intelligent and sturdy voters in the Nation.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—"Papa, dear," said a Hartford girl at breakfast, "are you to use the horse to-day? I want to get some autumn leaves." "No, my dear, but if you will quietly tell Rignold de Smallbrains not to call again it will be an autumn leave that will be very agreeable to me." There was sorrow in the maiden's heart, but it won't last long.

THE VALUE OF STRAW.

An Inexhaustible Mine of Wealth Suffered to Go to Waste.

What use do you make of your straw, and what value do you place upon it? As it is "the little foxes that spoil the grapes," so it is the aggregated little wastes of the farm that prevent the business from giving a fair profit, and one of these wastes more common than perhaps any other is the management of the straw. If you will ride with me through the eastern counties of Indiana I can point out to you scores of farms on each of which you can count from three to as high as eight straw-stacks, the accumulation of as many years, and they are located here and there over the farm, in the wood lot and fields, and no use of any kind made of them. I probably place a higher value on straw than most farmers do, for I believe that if it is managed as it should be, it will pay all the expense of hauling the wheat from the shock and threshing. Many careful tests have been made at our experiment stations to determine the relative weight of straw to grain, and these show the average to be about two pounds of straw to one of grain, or a little over sixteen bushels of wheat to one ton of straw. I utilize every pound of my straw, either for food or as an absorbent to add to the bulk and value of the manure pile, and should just as soon think of piling corn or hay in the woods and leaving it to decay as to do the same with straw.

Both chemical analyses and the experience of our best farmers show that wheat straw, if saved in good condition, has more than half the feeding value of average hay, and that it can be combined with other foods, so as to furnish not only a cheaper but a better ration for cattle than an exclusive hay diet. I mean by this simply that an animal may be fed straw in connection with the richer nitrogenous foods, oil meal, corn and bran, so that the cost will be less and the grain and condition of the animal greater than if it was wintered on hay alone. Cattle that run to a straw stack and are fed six or eight pounds of the above-named foods mixed each day will winter in better condition than if fed all the hay they will eat without grain.

Straw pays in the additional comfort of the stock. Our cattle needs a little out-door exercise each day, and it is not a good practice to allow them to roam over the farm or stand in the muddy barn-yard, and by stacking the straw in a small, well-drained yard convenient to the barn, so that the waste from the mangers can be scattered over it, the waste from the straw—tak with this will keep the stock dry under foot, and in bright winter days the cattle are the picture of comfort as they stand to the leeward side of the stack. Then the horse stable will be comfortable and pleasant if the horses are furnished a generous bed, and the urine, instead of escaping through the floor, will be absorbed by the straw and add greatly to the value of the manure.

Never carry over a straw-stack unless you find there is likely to be a failure of wheat and a shortage of straw the ensuing summer. I try to get all the straw under foot in the barn-yard before the last of the stock go to pasture, and if I find the stock are not getting it down fast enough, I cut it down with a hay knife and throw down a part of it at a time and scatter it over the barn-yard. After the cattle have gone to pasture, when there comes a heavy rain, all hands go to work and fork the wet straw and manure which has accumulated during the winter into flat piles four or five feet high, shaking it up and mixing it well. We then feed our hogs for a few days on these heaps so as to make the surface fine and to pack it enough to prevent the escape of ammonia. In from two to four weeks it is ready for a second turning, and the wetter it is at the time the better. This second turning fits it for top-dressing the wheat or grass land, as it will be fine enough so as not to interfere with the use of the drill.

Another use of straw which I think would be profitable, is mulching the wheat with it. If you have a field of wheat which has not made growth enough to protect the roots, and have an old straw stack, the first time the ground freezes enough to bear the team, scatter a light coating of straw over it, and I think you will find it a profitable way to use it, as it not only protects from freezing and thawing, but also fertilizes to some extent. In conclusion let me say, utilize your straw in someway. There is a mine of wealth suffered to go to waste by neglecting it.—*Waldo F. Brown, in Indiana Farmer.*

CONDITION OF HIGHWAYS.

The Disgust Created by Carelessly Kept Country Roads.

It is an old saying: "Show me the company a man keeps, and I will tell you what kind of a man he is." Can we not apply a similar rule to the farmer as regards the condition of the highway along his farm? A farmer who keeps the roadway free of stone, cuts all foul weeds and thistles, so that none of them go to seed, we at once conclude is a good and successful farmer. On the other hand, a man who neglects the weeds, lets the thistles go to seed, and blow over into his neighbor's fields, to annoy him, is generally a poor farmer, and a failure at the business. I know men who are, generally speaking, pretty good farmers, who do not seem to take a particle of interest as to the neatness or condition of the highway along their farm. When they are warned to work on the road, they manifest about as much interest in the work as does a convict in a State's prison brick-yard. They get on the road late, are very exacting and particular about the time assumed to be worked, and when told that their time is worked out, drive home, feeling that they have done their duty. Where is the thorough-going farmer, who has not had his patience tried more than once by just such men? What is more disgusting to any man of taste, than a roadway along which, on either side, there are foul weeds and briers, as high as the old fences along which they grow, and, as is often the case, the owner of the farm never giving the matter the slightest attention? And when you speak to him about it, he says: "I must attend to that, I have been so busy I have not had the time." My reader if, perchance, you are that farmer, I would say: "Take time." I never knew a person who had the disposition who did not find the time.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

—To prevent the splitting or bursting of cabbages, J. J. H. Gregory recommends to go frequently over the ground and start every cabbage that appears to be about to mature by pushing it over sidewise. Heads thus started are said to grow to double the size they had attained when about to burst.—*Albany Journal.*

ORISKANY MONUMENT.

An Historic Battlefield About Which Little Has Been Said.

Gliding swiftly eastward on the New York Central Railroad and nearing the little village of Oriskany, in Oneida County, a tall shaft on a neighboring hilltop to the right flashed by. The monument is to General Herkimer and the brave patriots of 1777, and it marks the Oriskany battlefield as well. The whole region is sacred ground. We got out of the train at the little station of Oriskany, and walked back along the tow path of the canal for the first mile, then across the latter by a bridge and along a rural lane to the highway which skirts the brow of the hill on which the monument stands. In his cottage overlooking the battlefield, we found Mr. Rollin M. Lewis, the custodian of the grounds, who added much to the interest of our visit by personally guiding us to the scenes of greatest interest, and, which being unmarked, we would have found by ourselves difficult to determine.

The monument stands where the battle was fought, on the edge of a sharp bluff rearing itself above the Mohawk Valley, on a plot of five acres of meadow purchased by the association for the purpose. It is of Maine granite, eighty-five feet high above the base, which is of the valley limestone. On each side of the die of the pedestal is a tablet of bronze six feet wide and four and a half high. Two of the bronzes are pictorial, and represent one General Herkimer directing the fight after receiving his mortal wound, the other a pioneer and Indian engaged in deadly struggle. On one of the remaining tablets is the dedication, and on the other a roster containing the names of those patriots engaged in the fight, as far as they could be learned—but two hundred and fifty out of eight hundred. The dedication was written by Prof. Edward North, of Hamilton College, and is in excellent taste. It is as follows:

"Here was fought the battle of Oriskany on the 6th day of August, 1777. Here British invasion was checked and thwarted. Here General Nicholas Herkimer, intrepid leader of the American forces, though mortally wounded, kept command of the field, till the enemy had fled. The life-blood of more than 300 patriot heroes made this battle ground sacred forever.

"This Monument was built A. D. 1883 in the year of Independence 107, by grateful dwellers in the Mohawk Valley, under the direction of the Oneida Historical Society, aided by the National Government and the State of New York."

The first mover in the matter of erecting this monument was the Continental Congress of 1777, which passed the following resolution:

"That the Governor and Council of New York be requested to erect a monument at the financial expense of the value of $500 to the memory of the late Brigadier-General Herkimer, who commanded the militia of Tryon County, in the State of New York, and was killed fighting valiantly in defence of the liberties of these states."

But the people were too poor to give effect to this praiseworthy resolution, and it slumbered until in 1876 the Oneida Historical Society was formed at Utica, when it actively began the work so long delayed. Public meetings were held, the press enlisted, Congress was appealed to and at length induced to vote the original sum of $500, with interest amounting to $4,100, to which the Legislature of New York added $8,000 conditional to a like sum being raised by private subscription. The monument was erected in 1884, and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of a large audience, on the 6th of August, 1884, the one hundred and seventh anniversary of the battle.—*Utica (N. Y.) Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

DWELLING HOUSES.

Sensible Style Preferable to Ginger-Bread Architecture.

A few words as to domestic architecture. Our rural dwellings are, almost universally throughout the country, of wood. In consequence it is difficult to overcome their box-like appearance and identify them with the landscape. An average village, unless so embowered as to conceal its construction, looks too much like an accumulation of dry-goods crates. The nearest approach to harmonization with nature is generally to be found in old, weather-beaten farmhouses, nestling in their fields among the orchards almost as naturally as the great boulders in the pastures. A landscape photograph into which the average trim dwelling intrudes is a proof of how trying to natural beauty is the usual abode of man in this country. Well-meaning efforts have been made to remedy this ugliness by the addition of adornment, which, however, being for the most part purposeless, and adding to the cost without any corresponding benefit, only aggravates the evil. The jig-sawed work drops away, the gay paint washes off, and a distressing shabbiness ensues. Even when such a house is kept in smart repair, the change of fashion in "architectural millinery" makes it look ridiculous, like a woman with a last-year's bonnet. Really good architecture, however, looks as well fifty years hence as it does to-day, whatever the prevailing style may be. In building a house, the true way is to make its plan as convenient as possible, and let its exterior conform thereto. Symmetrical lines and good proportions give a house its artistic character, and not its ornamentation. The best houses are those which have little or no ornamentation for ornamentation's sake—although useful features, like verandas, dormers, and bay-windows, may serve the purposes of ornamentation. For a wooden house nothing more substantial, economical and pleasing to the eye can be devised than one designed in good proportions, without any ornamentation whatever, and entirely covered with shingles, stained, perhaps, in two or three tints. The stain, in wearing away, will not become shabby, like paint, but the surfaces will assume weather-beaten grays, soft and harmonious, and slightly varying according to the original hue. The stain may be renewed when desired, or the natural hues which nature gives allowed to stay, as they have been imparted by her kindly touch. Then, as vines clamber over the walls, and trees and shrubbery grow up roundabout, from year to year the house will gain character as a home and become dearer to the hearts of the dwellers therein.—*Oulang.*

A Feather in Darwin's Cap.

An orang-outang, now on exhibition in Vienna, recently showed a human trait which may be regarded as fresh evidence in favor of Darwinism. He is so tame that he is allowed to walk about freely among the visitors. The other day a lady suddenly missed her pocket-book and accused the only other person present of having stolen it. The man protested indignantly, but as he was being searched the missing article was suddenly thrown at the ceiling by the monkey. While the lady apologized, she found that her handkerchief, which she had used but a moment before, was gone, too. The monkey had stolen it while the man was being searched.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PERSONAL.

—The skull of Dr. [illegible], the Indian war chief, is used as a paper-weight by the editor of the Glenwood (Col.) *Echo.*

—Judge Swan, of Salem, Va., resembles General Grant so strikingly that the impression upon a stranger is most startling.—*San Francisco Call.*

—An ancestor of Jay Gould, Major Nathan Gould by name, was the wealthiest man in Plainfield, Conn., in 1810. Statistics show him to have been worth $1,500.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Mrs. Laura Moore, a St. Louis lady, has not only taken the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire for her splendid alto voice, but is being sued by her St. Louis husband for a divorce. She thus starts out under most auspicious conditions for a great lyrical triumph.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—In Schoharie County, N. Y., there are two women twins, ninety-four years of age. Both are described as well preserved, active and in full possession of their mental faculties. Each was the mother of seven children, the oldest of each family being alive, one at the age of sixty-five, the other sixty-eight years.—*Troy Times.*

It is said of ex-Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin that during his long public career the venerable ex-Senator has been from Maine to Washington and return one hundred times or more, has visited every State in the Union but Oregon, and has crossed the Atlantic and passed some time in Spain, and yet in all his travels he never rode on a train or a boat when an accident occurred.

—Kossuth has gone to the Alps and it now transpires that he was driven there by his poverty. For years the poor old soldier has been deriving a precarious support in Turin by teaching the English language, which age and infirmity now compel him to abandon, but his sons, who have a farm in the Alps, have given him a home and will take good care of him.—*Boston Journal.*

—Mrs. Theodore Tilton, though not known to more than fifty people in town, for she never goes into society, is one of the frequent visitors at the art galleries and picture-shops along Wabash avenue, says a Chicago correspondent. She dresses plainly, but very neatly. Her hair is iron gray. She makes her home with her daughter Alice, who is now the wife of Mr. Gordin, an Englishman, engaged in the First National Bank as correspondent.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—The nine now living ex-Senators who were members of the United States Senate at the beginning of the war and who took their seats at the memorable first session of the Thirty-seventh Congress on July 4, 1861, are Willard Saulsbury, of Delaware, Lyman Trumbull, of Illinois, James Harlan, of Iowa, Samuel C. Pomeroy, of Kansas, Henry M. Rice and Morton S. Wilkinson, of Minnesota, Daniel Clark, of New Hampshire, John Sherman, of Ohio, and James R. Doolittle, of Wisconsin.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HUMOROUS.

—Lillian Spencer has written a novel "After All." Some women want the earth.—*Merchant Traveler.*

—Parlor croquet has been succeeded by base-ball at cards in the library, and we may expect to hear of "Cricket on the Hearth."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

—A Pennsylvania man who has been taking medicine five years to arrest softening of the brain, was taken to jail last week by a lightning rod man. He has about concluded that his case is hopeless.—*Chicago Ledger.*

—Two ways of looking at it: "Look (pointing to stranded boat)—Beautiful effect with that old boat in the foreground." Ole Salt—"Yes, she's just in a good position to give her a fresh coat of paint.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Fanny—"Isn't it too bad that Clara Dean is so ugly? It's owing to those horrid freckles." Julia—"I don't object to freckles." "O, you don't?" "No. Not when they are on some other girl's face."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—"Thunder!" exclaimed a stock broker on board a yacht in the lower bay yesterday afternoon, "where is the Captain?" "Here I am," said that gentleman. "Well, I say, Captain, I forgot to leave a very important message for my partner. Have you got a telephone on board?"—*N. Y. Times.*

—Prof. Bickmore rises to inquire: "How does a fly fly?" Well, professor, if you parted your hair with a towel you'd know. It flies in a circle, and always manages to get back to the old stand on a bald headed man's bump of reverence in just one-eighth of a minute after it has been requested to vacate the premises. There, sit down.—*Houston Caller.*

—Her reply.—

We were standing alone in the moonlight
Looking out on the silvery sea,
And I eloquent grew as I urged her
To give up her sweet self to me.

Then she rested her head on my shoulder—
Every pulse of mine thrilled at her touch!
But it made my hot blood run much colder
When she promptly responded "Not much."

—"Will you have a piece of the pie, Mr. Goodman?" asked Bobby's mother of the minister. "Thanks, no," he replied. "Will you, Bobby?" she inquired. "No-no, I guess not," said Bobby, rather hesitatingly. The minister looked at Bobby in surprise. "I thought all little boys were fond of pie," he said. "They are," replied Bobby. "I could eat that whole pie but ma said if you didn't take any I mustn't, and she'd save it for to-morrow."—*N. Y. Times.*

—Lou is a wee lassie of four summers, with a great use of English. The intermittent coasting of a locomotive caused her to clap her chubby hands to her ears with a funny little frown expressive of disgust. "What is the matter, Lou?" her mother asked. "O, I'm fastening out that crooked noise." The other day she was asked whether she would rather go boat-riding to the island or spend the afternoon with grandmamma. "I want to go to both places," was the prompt reply.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Chinese Language.

A language which has "only some four hundred and odd distinct sounds" with which to express "ten thousand words" would appear at first sight to be in a very anomalous condition. And, as a matter of fact, many of these words are homophonous, although, "by an ingenious system of inflections of the voice, the number of separate sounds—to a Chinese ear, at least—is more than trebled. These inflections are the tones. In Peking there are only four of them, but in the south those who are knowing in such matters declare there are twelve or more." It is obvious that where the sense of a word depends on such a nice distinction as the tone of the voice in which it is uttered, the opportunities for making blunders become boundless.—*London Athenæum.*