MORNA.

BY M. S. P.

She stood upon the towering, sea-lashed cliffs,
And looked upon the waters far below,
"Dark, dark and cold," she muttered, "but the world
Is darker, colder."

Motionless she stood
A moment with her mournful gaze fixed on
The distant line where met the sea and sky,
Her long dark hair around her wildly toss'd
In mad sport by the reckless, boisterous wind;
Her hands tight clasped above her aching heart
That longed for rest.

Then turned she to her harp;
Softly her fingers touched the trembling chords,
And there floated on the moonlit air
And tremblingly stole o'er the sea, a sound
Like autumn's mournful breeze, low sighing through
The leafless branches of a tree that marks
An unremembered and forsaken grave.

Swifter the fingers fly and louder grows
The strain, till one wild burst of melody,
And then, high o'er the roar of raging sea,
And high above the wail of shrieking winds
Rises that wondrous voice, that weird, sad strain.
Then, rudely o'er those frail chords sweeps the hand
And each is severed—one triumphant shriek—
But there was in it a lost spirit's wail—
A flutter—still the awful storm raged on.

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'Tis said that when the foam-capped waves dash high,
When the mad storm-king rides the shrieking gale,
A woman's voice, and the music of a harp
Wild and sweet, mingle with the winds that sweep
Round the hut of the humble fisherman,
Who shivers as he hears, for well he knows
The sounds are not of earth.

—*Breakfast Table.*

DANDY FERGUSON.

I do not believe that Quasomodo was a more pitiably deformed creature, or Quilp a more hideously unnatural looking object, than was Dandy Ferguson when I saw him for the first time, that calm summer afternoon, laughing and joking with a crowd of boon companions in the cool shade of an awning at Quartz Mountain.

His face was seamed and distorted by peculiarly glossy scars—the ineradicable evidence of close and long contract with that shriveling element, fire. His body was bent, and he walked with a sidling movement. He was a sickening spectacle at first sight, suggesting fearful suffering in the past, and my curiosity in regard to him was thoroughly aroused.

"Who is that man?" I asked, accosting a tall, blue shirted miner who was standing in front of the post office.

"Don't you know him?" answered the man; "why that's Dandy Ferguson. I thought ev'rybody knowed Dandy Ferguson."

"Why do you call him Dandy Ferguson?"

"Because—well, because he used to be a dandy—a regular out-and-out sport. When Dandy Ferguson first came to this camp he was a gilt-edged gentleman, and no mistake. He wore a plug, and flashed a spark in his biled shirt-front as big as a peanut. He put on more dog'n a mine superintendent, an' most of the boys was down on him from the start. Thet was about three years ago, and he come up here from the Bay to get a whiff of fresh air, an' make nature an' the pines give him back what he'd lost sprecin' 'round with them sharps an' young bloods o' Frisco.

"No, he don't look like he was more'n half human, that's a fact; but I'd ruther have them scars o' his than wear the clothes of the richest man in Californy—that is, ef I'd gone through what he has an' suffered what he did. Proud of 'em! Mister, thar ain't a man in this yer county—no, sir, nor in this yer State—as is prouder'n Dandy Ferguson of what other men might grieve over an' sigh about, an' no man's got a better right to be proud, either. When he first came to Quartz Mountain he used to parade the streets with his nose cocked up so; he'd hydraulic himself with *pat* chouly an' smell-water till you could't get within a mile of him. He was a delicate looking cuss, an' his hands were as soft as a barber's. The boys used to bet that if big Bridget Sullivan—our washerwoman—was to take it into her head to jump him she'd knock spots out o' him in derned short order. That was our opinion of him when he played his small cards in this yer camp—but he showed down both bowers an' the ace before he quit the game, you bet yer life. D'ye see that quartz mill over thar on the side hill? That's the Chapparral mine, ye know, an' it's thar that Dandy Ferguson showed us what sand was.

"One night, about a month after Ferguson got here, somebody out there yelled 'Fire!' an' the camp turned out. The h'istin' works was in a light blaze, an' the flames shootin' high up in the dark. We all rushed to the spot like a pack o' mad animals—you know how a fire stirs men up an' excites 'em. Of course, nobody knowed what to do, an' for a minute we all stood round lookin' at the fire creepin' 'long the eaves, an' the burnin' shingles droppin' down the shaft. Purty soon some one says 'What!' kinder sharp an' fierce like. Then there was a little movement in the crowd, an' a man pale as death springs away from the mouth o' the shaft yellin' frantic 'Water! Water! For the love o' God, turn on the water—the night shift's in the lower drift.'

"There was an awful agony in that man's voice; he had jist remembered thet his brother was down there, and that the fire under the biler of the engine was banked, that the cage was too heavy to work by hand, an' the timbers in the shaft pitch pine, an' dry as a bone, with great sparks droppin' down like flakes in a snow storm. You've heered how fast a man thinks in times of danger. Jim Slocum thought of his brother, the dry timbers, the engine, the cage, an' water all in a second, but thet was all. He didn't hev time to think of the fact thet there wasn't a bar'l of water within a mile of the mine.

"Somebody rushed up to the tank—ther was about a tubful there. The fire was playin' round the biler an' the engineer hed turned the safety cocks to let thet out. They a'l rushed every which way yellin' fur ropes, ladders, anything as ef ladders could reach down two hundred feet to where the men was. They was clean gone with excitement, an' didn't know what to do, an, the fire roarin' and cracklin' like the devil's own blaze.

"Some rushed one one way an' some another, while some of them stood starin' into the hot black smoke an' yaller fire, dazed, scared, helpless. Quicker'n it takes a man to tell it a man jumped through the door of the histin' works an' caught hold of the chains. His coat and hat was gone, an' he looked like an angel—almost—as he swung over the shaft in his white frilled shirt an' his long, yaller hair.

"It was Dandy Ferguson.

"He didn't wait fur nobody, but jammed a big scantlin' thet two men couldn't a lifted, down over the shaft. Then he yelled fur a rope, an' told some men near the door to fetch him the old win'lass thet was lying outside, near the dummy.

"You never see men work like they did as soon as thar was a head. The rope an' the win'lass was brought into the works on the jump, an' fastened to the scantlin'. Down went the rope and Ferguson shouting after it. 'I'm here, boys, an' I'll stay till I roast.' Then he grabbed the crank an' spun the rope round the bar'l faster'n it ever was rolled before. He used one hand first an' when she tightened he laid the other on.

"Si. Holden wanted to help him, but he wouldn't hev no interference. 'Time enough,' says Ferguson, 'when I drop.' It wasn't long before a half naked body came up, an' they got the rope off as quick as they could, dragging Harry Miller out of the works more dead'n alive, tremblin' like a leaf. They thought at the time thet he was seared at the danger he'd been in, an' didn't notice how much exhausted he was, but they found out afterwards thet he'd played it down in thet shaft as mean as one man can play it on another at sich a time.

"You see there was five of 'em in the lower drift, an' when the burnin' timbers of the upper works began to drop down they all made a rush for the main shaft. The cage was on and they couldn't get out till a rope came down. They could see a flicker of light above, and yelled till they was hoarse watching thet glimmer growin' brighter'n brighter every minute, and knowing thet the shaftin' timber'd blaze mighty soon an' cut off all hope o[illegible] ever gittin' out.

"It was [illegible]ght, and you can't blam[illegible]ocum fur grabbing the rope a[illegible]s it dropped down to 'em. Ha[illegible]iller jumped alongside of him ye[illegible]

"'Let g[illegible]e, let go! They can't lift two [illegible] go yourself,' shouts Slo[illegible]rnin' round on him like a tiger.

"'[illegible]My old mother's up there,' yelled Slocum, pointin' up the shaft.

"'My wife's waitin' fur me,' howls Miller.

"An' with thet he knocks Slocum down in the drift an' goes up the rope hand over hand before the others could stop him—they'd a' killed him on the spot ef he hedn't climbed the rope as he did. Sarved him right. Kerrect, mister, they'd a sarved him mighty well an' no mistake, but he beat thet gamer He'd jist strength enough to tie the slack 'round his waist w'en he give way all at once an' hung to the end of the rope like dead weight, an' Dandy Ferguson a haulin' him out o' the fiery jaws o' death.

"Down went the rope agin, an' Slocum was tied on an' hauled up, Ferguson workin the win'lass like a giant. The cords stood out on his neck like blacksnake whips, an' the sweat poured off him like a sluice stream. Two Cornishmen stood by him tryin' to make him let them roll up the rope while he rested, but he cussed 'em and told 'em to dry up; he said he was at the wheel, an' he'd stay there ef he died fur it. W'en Slocum came up, the fire was all around an' over the win'lass, an' the two Cornishmen grabbed Bill an' carried him out—they couldn't stan' the heat. Ferguson sent down the rope agin', an' up come Sam Hildreth, with jist strength enough to make fur the door. The roof over the biler and the pitch on the door-posts was smokin'. Jist as the rope went down fur the fourth time, an' we loafin' round on the outside watchin' every minute to see him drop, an' not a man of us with gumption enough to think of what was wanted, a woman rushes into the fiery furnrce an' slings a wet blanket over the bravest, gamest, man in the State o' Californy.

"'Thets's the ticket,' shouts Ferguson.' 'You're a trump, whoever you are, my girl, an' I won't forget ye, live or die.'

"An' he didn't. It was Sam Hildreth's sister, Maggie, an' when she came out o' the smoke and flame with her dress in a blaze, she calls out sharp to the men:

"'Keep thet blanket wet. There's water in the tank. I'll marry the fust man thet throws a bucket o' water over Dandy Ferguson—I'll marry him ef he's a Chinaman.'

"Them's her identical words, mister. The men didn't need no further orders, cause, you see, Maggie Hildreth was the han'somest girl in the country, an' the best, an' hed ev'ry young buck fur miles aroun' close at her heels all the time, handicappin' each other fur smiles. But her brother Sam saved her from them galoots—saved her fur a better man, by wettin' the blanket himself.

"About this time the heat was terrible; one man in the drift an' another half way up, crawlin' slowly to the ragin' furnace on top, crawlin' fast enough in 'ordinary circumstances, but hardly fast enough with death racin' down on his savior at a two-forty gait. W'en Jack Harmon came out o' the shaft he stood a minute on the scantlin', swayin' back and forth like a drunken man, blinded by smoke, an' bewildered, an' ef Ferguson hedn't caught him he'd a gone back again.

"Two more of us hed got in with the buckets of water—'bout all there was in the tank; but it seemed to dry off as fast as we poured it on, fur the blanket was smokin'. Wen the rope went down fur the last time, to haul up Joe Harper, the scantlin' was burning and the upper timbers was beginning to blaze. The whirlin' smoke hid Ferguson from us, but we know'd if he didn't come out purty soon the whole shebang 'd give way and bury him; the sides was in a light blaze, and the place where the windlass stood was the only place where even Dandy Ferguson could a worked. It must a bin an awful strain on him—the last pull—but he never owned it, an' bymeby up comes Joe, the bravest man in the camp, I reckon, barrin Dandy Ferguson, cause, you see, he wouldn't tech the rope till they'd all bin hauled up; he hed every man on except the coward, Miller, and then he came through the blazin' shaft himself, watchin' the little tongues of fire shoot out from the side every once in awhile, as if they'd lick the life-thread in two.

"As Joe grabbed the upper chains the shaft lit up with a hiss and a roar, as if the fire was mad at losin' its prey. Joe got out and Ferguson staggered away from the win'less, but his luck went back on him at the last minute. He stumbled an' fell just as he came to the tramway at the door, and the whole side of the building come down on him with a crash.

"A hundred men forgot danger and death, and rushed into the flames; but Miller, the man that played it so sneakin' and mean down inthe shaft, got th him first, an' dragged him out.

"Everybody though, he was dead, an' the crowd carried him an' Miller—who dropped insensible after he got Ferguson out—to the camp. But Dandy Ferguson lived through it, though fur weeks an' weeks he lay between life an' death, an' fur months he didn't stir out of a dark room. But there wasn't no lack of help and prayers and faithful nurses to bring him round. No, sir; and there wasn't a man, woman, or child wi[illegible] hundred miles of the Chapp[illegible]e that wouldn't a crawled on [illegible]nds and knees to watch one ho[illegible] his bedside, and thought it one of the biggest kind of honors—you kin bet your life on thet.

"Yes, sir; Dandy Ferguson is a king in this yer country—he's better'n four kings most of the time, and that's cause any man thet knows him would lay down four bullets any day if he held them against Ferguson; it would be like takin' advantage, ye see, to hold 'em out on him. He can hev anything or do anything he likes. We'd send him to congress if he would go; but he won't. We've got him here, though, an' I guess he'll never leave; I wish I was one of them poetry writers; I'd write one of the bulliest poems about Dandy Ferguson you ever read—you hear me.

"Yes, he's married; got married after he came out.

"Talk about weddings! That *was* a wedding; everybody got an invite, and everybody piled in to see the gamest man in the State tied to the gamest woman on God's footstool. Who was she? Why, Maggie Hildreth, of course. Who else would it be, I would like to know?

"What ever became of Harry Miller? Well, that's purty good. Miller, ye see, came out all right, and you bet he did not rest until he had begged Bill Slocum's pardin fur leavin' him in the shaft as he did; but Bill wouldn't hev it; said thet Miller'd balanced accounts by savin' the life of Ferguson, the man thet saved him. But thet's played.

"You want to know what become of him. Well—say, look here mister, I don't like to own it, but I'm the cuss—I'm Harry Miller. Interdooce ye to Dandy Ferguson? Of course I will, an' you'll never git an interduction to a gamer man, or one it's more honorable to know.

"And mister, ef ye ever tell about the Chapparral shaft, and how Dandy Ferguson stood by thet win'less in the red hot histin' works, jest throw it in somewhere thet he's better'n four kings in this camp—it'll top off the story fust rate, an' besides, you bet it's no more than the solid truth."

What should be the Aim of the Modern Teacher.

As soon as physiologists had discovered that all the faculties of the intellect, however originating or upon whatever exercised, were functions of a material organism of brain, absolutely dependent upon its integrity for their manifestation, and upon its growth and development for their improvement, it became apparent that the true office of the teacher of the future would be to seek to learn the conditions by which the growth and the operations of the brain were controlled, in order that he might be able to modify these conditions in a favorable manner. The abstraction of the "mind" was so far set aside as to make it certain that this mind could only act through a nervous structure, and that the structure was subject to various influences for good or evil. It became known that a brain cannot arrive at healthy maturity excepting by the assistance of a sufficient supply of healthy blood—that is to say, of good food and pure air. It also became known that the power of a brain will ultimately depend very much upon the way in which it is habitually exercised, and that the practice of schools in this respect left a great deal to be desired. A large amount of costly and pretentious teaching fails dismally for no other reason than because it is not directed to any knowledge of the mode of action of the organ to which the teacher endeavors to appeal; and mental growth in many instances occurs in spite of teaching rather than on account of it. Education, which might once have been defined as an endeavor to expand the intellect by the introduction of mechanically compressed facts, should now be defined as an endeavor favorably to influence a vital process; and, when so regarded, its direction should manifestly fall somewhat into the hands of those by whom the nature of vital processes has been most completely studied. In other words, it becomes neither more nor less than a branch of applied physiology; and physiologists tel. us with regard to it that the common processes of teaching are open to the grate objection that they constantly appeal to the lower centers of nervous function, which govern the memory of and the reaction upon sensations, rather than to those higher ones which are the organs of ratiocination and of volition. Hence a great deal of which passes for education is really a degradation of the human brain to efforts below its natural capacities.

—*Popular Science Monthly—September.*

Mining Dictionary.

Under this head a few of the mining terms most frequently used are correctly defined to more readily assist comprehension in pursuing mining reports.

Amalgam—Bullion and quicksilver, before separation.

Adit—A cut across of into a mine.

Bed rock—The rock, slate or clay formation underlying the pay dirt; in quartz, that underlying an ore deposit.

Broasting ore—Taking ore from the face of a mine.

Blind Lode—A mine that shows no croppings on the surface.

Bastard Quartz—A species of quartzite or quartz containing no valuable mineral.

Croppings—The reef of quartz rock that appears on the surface, indicating the presence of a fissure.

Chute—An incline from an upper tunnel or level to a lower one, through which to slide ore.

Cap Rock—The formation overlying the pay dirt, or ore.

Drift—A short tunnel run from the main tunnel or shaft. In placer mining a tunnel run on bed-rock through which to work the pay gravel in deep diggings.

Dump—The place where ore is put after being taken from the mine.

Face—The extreme end of a tunnel, drift or excavation where work is prosecuted.

Foot wall—In defined fissure quartz veins, the lower rock formation dividing the ore from the country rock.

Float rock—Portions of the main lode separated from it and thrown at a distance by volcanic action or the elements. Mines are found by tracing the "float."

Hanging-wall—The generally smooth rock formation overlying the mineral bearing strata.

Horse—An immense bowlder crossing the quartz vein, or a point where the walls come together, losing the vein from sight.

Incline—A tunnel run into a mine at an incline from vertical.

Petering—The ore body giving out the mine has "petered."

Pilgrim—A fresh arrival from the States.

Salting a mine—Loading rock or gravel beds with gold dust for the purpose of swindling greenhorns.

Stoping—Breaking down ore from the roof of a tunnel or ore chamber.

Shaft—A vertical excavation for the purpose of prospecting mines at depth, and from which tunnels or levels are run.

Winze—A shaft connecting an upper with a lower tunnel, for air circulation and other purposes.

Whim—An appliance for raising ore or dirt from a shaft.

Theories of World-Making.

Acco ding to the crude opinions prevailing during the infancy of modern science, matter and motion were al required for cal ing a world into existence; but it was soon found that unless in the beginning, the materials which formed the solar system moved with a certain order and regularity, they could never have arisen from the chaotic o the cosmical condition. As all the planets move round the sun in the same direction, Laplace was led to believe that in remote times all must have been connect d together; and such primitive connection might be afforded if the sun and his attendants were originally a vast fire mist, their matter being so much attenuated by heat that it extended far beyond its boundaries of the solar doma n. He s pp s d that such an immense rarefied mass, on being set in motion by some cause which he does not specify, would ultimately be compelled by its own friction and by gravity, to rota e with a uniform angular velocity in all its parts and around a common center. In accordance with the principles of physical astronomy he concluded that this rotation would become as rapid as the immense solar nebula cooled and contracted, until at last the c ntrifugal force became great enough to ove come gravity and to throw off matter from the equator of th whirling m ss. Laplace con idered that, under the most probable circum stances, the nebulous matter thus thrown off o abandoned by the shrinking spheroid, would all collect together to form a planet; but that, in some unusual cases, it would assume the expanded figure of a vast solar ring; and that under certain conditions, it might break up into a number of asteroids. The singular group of bodies revolving between Mars and Jupiter, is supposed to have come into existence in consequence of some rare accident, which made the great solar ring a prey to many centers of aggregation, instead of allowing it to coalesce around a single one. In all other cases the cooling and contraction are said to have been successful in giving birth to a great planet wherever the centrifugal force became sufficient to separate the equatorial portions of the rotating solar nebula. According to the views of Laplace, Neptune must be regarded as the first-born world of those already known; while Uranus is next in age, and the other planets were launched into being in a succession depending on their dist nces from the sun; so that Mercury is the youngest member of the solar family.

—*Prof. Daniel Vaughan in Popular Science Monthly for September.*

A New Prophet.

According to a story told among the Mohammedans of Northera India the prophet has lately visited a priest at Medina and informed sa'd priest that, contrary to the accepted belief that every Mohammedan killed in battle goes straight to paradise, only seven Mussulmans have attained to eternal bliss since his own admission. This state of things is so unsatisfactory that the Almighty has decided that the sun shall rise in the west instead of the east, on July 11, 1879; and that on that day all who call themselves true believers shall be struck with blindness, and dissolution follow immediately. "If there be a word of falsehood," adds the priest, "in what I have stated, let my face be blackened forever." He will probably have to leave Medina on snort notice.

Prayers of Savages.

The Sioux Indians, abusing their Great Spirit for sending them storms, or the Kamschadals cursing Kutka for having created the mountains so high and the streams so rapid, expose a state of thought relating to the gods which is most difficult to reconcile with the savages' habitual dread of them, but which is too well authenticated to admit of doubt. Franklin saw a Cree hunter tie an offering (a cotton handkerchief, looking-glass, tin pan, some ribbon and tobacco) to the value of 20 skins round an image of the god Keposchikan, at the same time praying to him in a rapid monotonous tone to be propitious, explaining to him the value of his presents, and strongly cautioning him against ingratitude. If all the prayers and presents made to their god by the Tahitians to save their chiefs from dying proved in vain, his image was inexorably banished from the temple and destroyed. The Ostiaks of Siberia, if things went badly with them, would pull down from their place of honor in the hut and in every way maltreat the idols they generally honored so much; the idols, whose mouths were always so diligently smeared with fish fat, and within whose reach a constant supply of snuff lay always ready. The Chinese are said to do the same by their household gods, if for a long time they are deaf to their prayers, and so do the Cinghalese, so that the practice is more than an impulsive manifestation of merely local feeling. That such feelings occasionally crop out in civilized Catholic countries is a matter of more surprise; but it is an authentic historical fact that the good people of Castelbranco, in Portugal, were once so angry with St. Anthony for letting the Spaniards plunder their town, contrary to his agreement, that they broke many of his statutes in pieces, and taking the head off one of the specially revered, substituted for it the head of St. Francis. Neapolitan fishermen are said to this day to throw their saints overboard if they do not help them in a storm; and if occasion calls for it, the images of the Virgin or of St. Januarius, worn in Neapolitan caps, are in danger of being trodden under foot and destroyed. And once during a famine the latter saint received very clear intimation that unless corn came by a certain time he would forfeit the saintship. It is, perhaps, a refinement of thought when a present becomes an advisable accompaniment to a simple petition; but the principle of exchange once entered into, the relations between man and the supernatural lead logically from the offerings of fruits and flowers to the sacrifice of animals and of men. Some Algonkin Indians, mistaking once a missionary for a god and petitioning for his mercy begged him to let the earth yield them corn, the rivers fish, and to prevent sickness from slaying or hunger from tormenting them. Their request they backed with the offer of a pipe. The whole of the savages' philosophy of sacrifice is contained in this ridiculous incident. Prescott, coming with some Indians to a lake they were to cross, saw his companions light their pipes and smoke by way of invoking the winds to be calm. And the Hurons offered a similar prayer with tobacco to a local god, saying: "Oki, thou who livest on this spot, we offer thee tobacco. Help us, save us from shipwreck; Defend us from our enemies. Give us good trade and bring us back safe to our villages. In the island of Tanna, the village priest, addressing the spirits of departed chiefs (thought to preside over the growth of yams and fruits), after the first fruits of vegetation had been deposited on a stone, on the branch of a tree, or on a rude altar of sticks, would pray: "Compassionate father, here is some food; eat it; be kind to us on account of it;" and in Samoa, a libation of ava at the evening meal was the offering, in return for which the father of a family would beg of the gods health and prosperity, productiveness for his plantations, and for his tribe generally a strong and large population for war. In Fiji, again, when the chief priests and leading men assembled to discuss public affairs in the yaquona or kava circle, the chief herald, as the water was poured into the kava, after naming the gods for whom the libation was prepared, would say, "Be gracious, ye lords, the gods, that the rain may cease, and the sun shine forth;" and again when the potion was ready, "Let the gods be of a gracious mind, and send a wind from the East."—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

George Eliot.

As George Eliot (Mrs. Lewes) has never had a photograph taken, the great majority of her admirers are compelled to view her only through pen-and-ink sketches. This "counterfeit presentment" is given by a recent visitor:

"She is a woman who must have passed her fiftieth year. Her hair is dark brown, and has none of those silver threads one might expect where the burden of a half a century of years is added to incessant labor, and experiences full of desolation. She is not at all handsome; her face is long and very pale, with a small, sensitive mouth; eyes dreamy, introspective, and sad always. Her hair is worn low over her intellectual forehead, and her slender figure has no robust energy about it. George Eliot's is the energy of mind, not of physicial power. She is one of the greatest living conversationalists. She is one of the most accomplished amateur pianists in England, and a first-rate linguist, and seems to know as much about the healing art, history and philosophy. What the witty Mrs. French said of Madame de Stael—that she is consolingly ugly—applys to George Eliot; but her plain features are made beautiful by her expression. She composes slowly and methodically, not more than sixty lines a day; and report says that when she has completed a book her nervous exhaustion is such that her husband takes her abroad at once to recruit her failing health. While writing she must be scrupulously arranged as to surroundings and person. She is not only a wonderful authoress, but a clever housewife, too; and her home-life is perfect in all its details."

Fernando Wood, although a Quaker by birth and inclination, was at one time an actor in a small way.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

When calves are turned out and are wholly fed on grass the flesh is rendered poor, dry and tasteless, and is usually dark-colored.

The wheat crop of the northwest, as it is being threshed, is turning out better than was reported, both in quality and quantity.

The peasantry of Sweden subsist on on rye cake chiefly, which they bake only twice a year, and which are therefore generally as hard as ship-biscuits.

About 1,200 varieties of grasses grow in the limits of the United States. So says professor Collyer, of the Agricultural department, at Washington.

English farm laborers receive as pay from $2 to $3 per week, including beer. Wages have advanced ten per cent. in the last five years, and living and clothing twenty-five to thirty per cent.

In France the hog is never scalded to remove the hair. A large pile of straw is fired, and over this the hog is suspended until all the hair is singed off. The small patches are removed by means of wisps of burning straw.

No farmer in the older States can afford to sell wood ashes at any price that the soap-boilers would pay. Where oats lodge, as they are apt to do upon heavily manured land, an application of ashes would save the crop.

It is not well for the farmer of ordinary circumstances to meddle much with fancy poultry, not because poultry is an unimportant item on the farm, but because it will not pay him to breed for fancy alone. Should he do so, he will come to grief thereby.

Any country that has farms with groves of forest trees, with orchards, with vegetable and flower gardens, is beautiful and valuable. Without these no country, however rich in soil and location, is attractive. Every dollar spent in trees and flowers will add $10 to the value of the home.

Leguminous plants—such as beans, peas, and the clovers—contain a good deal of lime, and flourish best where that mineral is present. They also require sulphur. The article best fitted for the supply of these is plaster, which contains sulphuric acid and lime, and is hence considered the specific manure for the above named plants.

The access of air is essential to the fertility of the soil, and to the healthy growth of most of our cultivated crops. The insertion of drains not only makes room for the air to enter by removing the water, but actually compels the air to penetrate into the under part of the soil, and renew it at every successive fall of rain. Open such outlets for the water below, and as this water sinks and trickles away, it will suck the air after it, and draw it into the pores of the earth wherever itself has been.

Those who have not a great abundance of food for their stock through the winter, should make timely preparations for cutting up a good supply of corn. Put up timely and properly, there is no more healthy food for most animals. Good corn stocks with the leaves are much liked by cows, horses and sheep. They keep the bowels open and in a healthy condition; they help supply that variety of food which all animals like. But they should be put up in shocks that will stand upright and shed the rain.

The Custer Statue.

Some time after the killing of Gen. Custer a subscription was started to raise a statue to his memory. Miss Clara Morris, it will be remembered, raised $2,000 herself, Judge Hilton gave $1,000, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, $500, and in all $7,000 was contributed. Thurlow Weed, the late Mr. Bryant, George Hancock, Gen. Schofield, Thos. LeClear, the artist, and Algernon S. Sullivan were appointed a committee to procure the statue, and the committee selected Mr. Wilson McDonald to make it.

Yesterday Mr. McDonald gave a private exhibition of the statue (in clay) at his studio in Booth's theater. Gen. Custer is represented in the uniform of a colonel, his rank in the regular army, and his figure is of heroic size—just 8 feet high.

Sitting Bull is reported to have said that Gen. Custer was shot down, but that when the Indians rushed upon him he sprang to his feet and fought them back with his sword. It is in this attitude that the artist has represented him. The body is inclined forward, the left foot planted firmly upon a slight elevation, and the right foot slightly raised at the heel, as in the act of stepping forward; the right hand grasping the sword, is not raised, but is represented as in a position to either strike or thrust; the left hand is raised in front of the chest, as if for defense; the brows are knit and the lips firmly set. As the statue stands the hair is cut short, but Mr. McDonald is yet undecided whether he will make it long, as Custer was fond of wearing it. The drapery is thrown back, as if blown by a strong wind. On the ground are the fragments of a sword and an empty revolver. The statue will be cast in bronze, and is to stand upon a granite pedestal nine feet high, the faces of which will be ornamented with bronzes in bass relief. On the front, Custer is represented on horseback ascending a hill, his sword is pointing forward and he is looking back as if to encourage his men. On the right and left faces are the heads of a bear and a buffalo, and surrounded by Indian weapons. On the back is a bronze tablet showing the date of Custer's birth, and battles he was engaged in, and the date of his death.

The whole work, placed on the spot designated for it, is to cost $10,000. It will stand at West Point, but the site has not yet been determined. The committee is to view the statue some time this week, and devise means of raising the additional $3,000 required.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart, of New York, the widow of the late millionaire merchant, is small and slight, and very youthful for her years, having the bright complexion which belongs to light hair, with a decided tinge of auburn; her cheeks are as bright and soft as many a young girl's and she is affable, unaffected and bright; she does not look to be over forty years.