THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

M. L. THOMAS, Publisher.

RED CLOUD, - - NEBRASKA.

CENTENNIAL ODE.

The following is the Centennial Ode, written by Paul H. Hayne, which was sung at the recent Yorktown (Va.) Centennial:

I.

Hark! hark! down the century's long-reaching slope,
To those transports of triumph—those raptures of hope!
The voices of main and of mountain combined,
In glad resonance borne on the wings of the wind;
The bass of the drum and the trumpet that thrills
Through the multiplied echoes of jubilant hills!
And mark! how the years, melting upward like mist,
Which the breath of some splendid enchantment has kissed,
Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore,
The proud pageant of conquest that graced them of yore.

CHORUS.—Wheeled forever in love as in fame,
See! the standard which stole from the starlight its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

II.

Oh! stubborn the strife, ere the conflict was won!
And the wild-whirling war-wrack half-stifled the sun;
The thunders or cannon that boomed on the lea
But re-echoed far thunders pealed up from the sea—
Where guarding his sea-lists—a knight on the waves—
Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff bull-dogs of Graves—
The day turned to darkness, the night changed to fire,
Still more fierce waxed the combat, more dreadly the ire—
In mad gray advance, behold where they rode
Undismayed by the gloom—o'er the red battle-side.

CHORUS.—Those banners united in love and in fame—
The brave standards which drew from the starbeams their flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

III.

No respite! no pause! by the York's tortured flood
The gray Lion of England is writhing in blood!
Cornwallis may chafe, and coarse Tarlton aver—
As he sharpens his broadsword and buckles his spur—
"This blade, which so oft has reaped Rebels like grain,
Shall now harvest for death the rude yeoman again."
Va'n boast! for ere sunset he's flying in fear,
With the rebels he scouted close, close in the rear!
The French on his flank hurl such volleys of shot
That even Gloucester's redoubt must be growing too hot.

CHORUS.—Thus wedded in love, as united in fame,
Lo! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame—
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

IV.

Oh-morning superb! when the siege reached its close!
See! the sundawn outbloom like the alchemist's rose!
The last wreaths of smoke from dim trenches upcurled
Are transformed to a glory that smiles on the world.
Joy! joy! Save the wan, wasted front of the foe,
With his battle-flags furled and his arms trailing low,
Respect for the brave! In grim silence they yield,
And in silence they pass with bowed heads from the field.
Then triumph transcendant! So Titan of tone
That some vowed it must startle King George on his throne!

CHORUS.—O! wedded in love, as united in fame,
See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame—
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

V.

When Peace to her own timed the pulse of the land
And the war-weapon sunk from the war-wearied hand,
Young Freedom, upborne to the height of the goal—
She had yearned for so long with deep travail of soul—
A song of her future raised, thrilling and clear,
Till the woods leaned to hearken, the hill stopes to hear!
Yet, fraught with all magical grandours that gleam
On the hero's high hope or the patriot's dream,
What Future, tho' bright, in cold shadow shall cast
The stern beauty that haloes the brow of the Past?

CHORUS.—O! wedded in love as united in fame!
See! the standard that stole from the starlight its flame,
And type of all chivalry, glory, romance—
The fair lilies, the luminous lilies of France!

THE MOUNTAINS FALLING.

Details of the Land-Slip in Switzerland—Scores of People Swallowed Up—Elm and How It Was Destroyed.

A terrible calamity has fallen upon this once lovely village of Elm. Nine years ago on a bright June morning I saw Elm for the first time. To well describe Elm as it appeared on that bright day would be no easy task, yet even the dullest pen could not fail to gain some inspiration from a recollection of the scene. No other spot in all the Alps could boast so many and such varied attractions. Three thousand and odd feet above the level of the sea, it nestled half in the valley, half clinging to the hillside in a deep basin formed by great mountain peaks which towered above. Just over the village rose the Plattenberg and Mittaghorn to a height of from 4,500 to 6,700 feet, while beyond and all about the Piz Segnes, 9,308 feet high, the Sardonstock, 9,162 feet high, the Hausstock, 9,456 feet, and the Vorab, 9,075 feet, all crowned with everlasting snow, reflected the summer sun back into the green valley below. Three well-sized streams coming from the glaciers completely near at hand, united above the village to form the little River Sernf, which flowed through it to the lowlands far away. On its banks broad fields spread out through the valley, and, though the season was always short, so carefully were they cultivated that the people never wanted for an abundance of vegetables and fruit. So situated, so blessed by nature, the 1,100 inhabitants of Elm, well housed in strong dwellings of wood and cement built after the Alpine fashion, lived industrious, healthy, and contented lives.

The terrible calamity which has overtaken them did not come without warning. Indeed, the people of Elm are, in a measure, themselves responsible for the great trouble with which they have been visited. This statement and the causes which led to the destruction of the village may be briefly explained. For years past the inhabitants of the Sernf Valley have found in the extensive slate quarries of the Tschingelalp or Plattenberg one of their chief sources of revenue. As has already been stated, the berg or mountain in question rises to a height of several thousand feet just behind what was the village. It is composed, as the event has proved, of a loose, scaly material, exceedingly liable to crack and give way. Into the base of this crumbling and treacherous mountain the quarrymen of Elm dug in former years without any regard to the laws of science or the simplest principles of engineering. Recently they have been more cautious, but their caution came too late. In a word, they cut away the foundations of the mountain, and at last, as a natural consequence, it has taken from them. That there was danger of a land-slide from the Plattenberg, a mass long been known in the past three or four years, and mud stone and mud occurrence after occurrence after warning, however for a time, beautiful home to which they were so much attached, and even experts who examined the mountain seem to have had no idea of the full extent of the danger to which they were exposed. So, in fancied security and entire ignorance of the awful fate which was in store for them, they lived on.

Meanwhile, the almost unparalleled rains of summer were slowly but surely completing the work which had been begun by the thoughtless or ignorant quarrymen scores of years ago. The end came on the evening of Sunday, September 11—in the "Saints Calendar," current in some parts of Switzerland, marked "The Day of Felix, saint of luck and happiness." During the early part of that day, the people of Elm went about their usual vocations in the usual way and without any anticipation of the terrible calamity which was so near at hand. The little church was well attended, hearty dinners were eaten, and afterward, as was the custom, most of the people, old and young, walked through the meadows or upon the mountain side. At five o'clock in the evening, while many of them were still out in the fields, some one was heard crying: "Look at the Plattenberg—the Plattenberg!" Those who followed the direction and who are still alive, say that for a moment it seemed to them as if every peak above the slate quarry was in motion; then there came a rumbling noise, like far-off thunder, and in a moment they were blinded by clouds of dust. When they could see again they found that a great slice of earth and stone had slipped down from the Tschingelalp, burying fine houses and covering acres of good land. Men and women were at the same time seen struggling among the ruins, and from all sides friends, neighbors and relatives hurried to their aid. Unhappily, they hurried also to a terrible death. Even while they were engaged in their work of love the mountain above them moved again. This time the sound of thunder was not far distant, but only too near at hand. The pine trees on the grassy slopes were seen to sink. A great cloud of dust and steam covered the whole valley, thousands of tons of stone were hurled through the air. An all-overpowering wind-pressure carried everything before it; there was a horrible crash, a sound of deadly-rushing torrents; and all was still. Then the dust and smoke cleared away, the sun shone in a cloudless sky, and it was seen that, as far as the eye could reach, the once-blooming Sernf Valley was covered with from forty to one hundred and sixty feet of black stone, moraine, dirt and slime. Forty dwelling-houses, the best in the village, together with dozens of stables and outbuildings, were buried far out of sight, torn to pieces by the air-pressure, strewn broadcast over the moraine. One hundred and eleven of the people of Elm were swallowed up in the general ruin. At least twelve strangers—Italian quarrymen—shared their fate. It was useless to think of rescuing any who fell in that awful death slough. Far out upon its edge, from a strong house, which was only partially covered with the slime and stone, four persons—a grayheaded of ninety-one years and a mother with two children—were taken out badly injured, but alive. Every other human being overtaken in the path of the avalanche was forever buried out of human sight. Fifteen lumps of torn and bleeding flesh, masses of pulp without shape or form, were taken out. The others rest in a grave so deep and strong that no man can uncover it. In one house thirteen persons who met at a christening feast, and who are known to have joked with each other in regard to the old superstition about thirteen at a table, were swallowed up as they sat. On a lonely hillside out of the way of danger, an old man and woman lived with their only son. After the first slide of the mountain the father and son hurried down to the help of their friends. They were swallowed up with the rest. A childless widow, who has become a chattering idiot, now occupies the lonely dwelling. Daughters who hurried to the help of their fathers, mothers who would have saved their children, lovers who strove to aid their brides, were together buried in the awful mortuary. It is feared that many of those who have been left behind will share the fate of the poor creature who, returning a husband and a son, has gone mad with sorrow.

The extent of the land-slip is almost beyond belief. To give anything like an adequate idea of it is no easy task. It is no way to be compared to the Golden slip of 1806, when, as it will be remembered, 457 people lost their lives. In the light case the mountains slid down and covered the village. At Elm a great mass of the Plattenberg, a mass 3,000 feet wide, at least 2,000 feet high above the valley, and, according to the engineers, from sixty to 100 feet deep, fell over upon the village, its farms, gardens and meadows. Tons of rock were dashed entirely across the valley, and now rest quietly 300 and 400 feet high upon the hillside. The air-pressure was so great that houses were lifted up from their foundations and carried a distance of 1,000 feet. A barn built of heavy logs and filled with hay, was carried entirely across the valley and overturned 200 feet high on the mountain opposite the Plattenberg. An iron bridge which crossed the Sernf was torn up, carried scores of feet away from its abutments, and now rests on end more than half buried in mud and loose stone. The whole valley, as far as it can be seen from the village inn, which is still standing, very closely resembles the bed of a glacier which has receded. As I have already stated, the masses of stone and earth which have fallen are everywhere piled up to a height of very many feet. At least 500 acres are covered in this way. The River Sernf has made for itself a new channel through the debris, and has flooded and ruined much of the land below—land which was not directly harmed by the avalanche of stone. So, in one way or another, the whole valley has been injured beyond all hope of repair. The loss in property will reach not less than 2,000,000 francs; at the lowest estimate 123 people have lost their lives. The State Engineers, fearing further land-slides, have forbidden those who have escaped to return to the houses which remain standing, and in consequence more than 800 men, women and children who, but a few days ago were prosperous and well-to-do, are now almost without a roof to cover them.—*Elm, (Switzerland) Cor. N. Y. Times.*

Costly Weddings.

Getting married in New York—that is, getting married in anything like style—costs money. A writer who has given the matter considerable study announces that in the city named a wedding of 1,000 guests, with ushers and bridesmaids, exclusive of bridal dress and trousseau, ranges anywhere between $1,800 and $3,500. A thoughtful father is said to have recently put his intended son-in-law up to eloping with his daughter on the express ground of economy. It is better to slide out into the rural districts where two dollars will amply requite a Justice of the Peace for tying the knot just as securely as it can be tied by a priest in clerical robes. It isn't near so much trouble, either, to do this as it is to handle a large party of white-kidded citizens of both sexes.

—Aunt Dinale, a squaw one hundred and five years old, living on the Onandaga reservation, near Syracuse, N. Y., sent twenty-five cents as her contribution to the Garfield monument fund.

—"Woman in the abstract"—a female shop-lifter.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

All About the Weather.

"Pretty warm," the man with the thin clothes said to the man in the corner seat as the South Hill car was coming down the Division street steps.

"What's pretty warm?" growled the man in the corner.

"Why, the weather."

"What weather?" more grufflly than ever.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said, looking as though he wished he hadn't begun it, "this weather."

"Well," said the man in the corner, "how's this weather different from any other?"

The man with the thin clothes looked nervously at the dun mule and said "it was warmer."

"How do you know it is?" asked the man in the corner.

The other man began to wish he was well out of it, and said he supposed it was; he hadn't heard how the—

"Isn't the weather the same everywhere?" savagely demanded the man in the corner.

"Why, no," the man with the thin clothes replied, wishing to goodness he had a newspaper to hide behind; "no; it's warmer some places, and some places it's colder."

"What makes it warmer in some places than it's colder in others?" remorselessly pursued the man in the corner.

"Why," the man with thin clothes said, piteously, "the sun; the effect of the sun's heat."

"Makes it colder in some places than it's warmer in others?" roared the man in the corner, indignantly. "Never heard of such a thing."

"No," the man with thin clothes hastened to explain. "I didn't mean that. The sun makes it warmer."

"Then what makes it colder?" pursued the remorseless man in the corner.

The man in thin clothes wiped the beaded perspiration from his pallid brow, and said, slowly, "he guessed it was the ice."

"What ice?" demanded the inquisitor.

"Why," the victim said, with every symtom of approaching dissolution apparent in his tremulous voice, "The ice that was—frozen—frozen—by the frost."

"Did you ever see any ice that wasn't frozen?" howled the man in the corner, in a fine burst of derision.

The man in thin clothes huskily whispered that he wished he was dead, and said: "No; that is, he believed he didn't."

"Then," thundered the man in the corner, "what are you talking about?"

The man in thin clothes made an effort to brace up, and spicily replied that he was trying to "talk about the weather."

"And what do you know about it?" triumphantly roared the man in the corner. "What do you know about the weather?"

The man in thin clothes lost his grip again, and feebly said that "he didn't know very much about it, that was a fact." And then he tried to be cheerful, and work in a little joke about nobody being able to know much about this weather, but the man in the corner sat down on him with a tremendous outburst.

"No, sir! I should say you didn't. You come into this car and force yourself on the attention of a stranger and begin to talk to me about the weather, just as though you owned it, and I find you don't know a solitary thing about the matter yourself selected for your topic of conversation; you don't know one thing about meteorological conditions, principles, or phenomena; you can't tell me why it is warm in August and cold in December; you don't know why icicles form faster in the sunlight than they do in the shade; you don't know why the earth grows colder as it comes nearer the sun; you can't tell why a man can be sunstruck in the shade; you can't tell me how a cyclone is formed, nor how the trade winds blow; you couldn't find the calm center of a storm if your life depended on it; you don't know what a sirocco is, nor where the southwest monsoon blows; you don't know the average rain-fall in the United States for the past and current year; you don't understand the formation of fog, and you can't explain why the dew falls at night and dries up in the day; you don't know why a wind dries the ground more quickly than a hot sun; you don't know one solitary thing about the weather, and you are just like a thousand and one other people, who always begin talking about the weather because they don't know anything else, when by the caves of Boreas, sir, they know less about the weather than they do about anything else in the world!"

And the man in the corner glared up and down at the timid passengers in the South Hill car, but no man durst answer him. And, as for the man with thin clothes, he didn't know for the life of him whether he had a sun-stroke or an ague chill. He only knew that it seemed about twenty-seven miles to the Jefferson street crossing.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The London Times Establishment.

The ordinary public that reads its morning newspaper over breakfast has a very vague idea of the tremendous organization of men and means and machinery necessary to the daily journal's production. Apart from the correspondents, the telegraphists, the steamers, the railway trains, that are engaged in its service abroad, there are at home the editors, leader-writers, critics, reviewers, reporters, messengers, a multitude of persons, men of the highest culture and learning, down to the nimblest of chroniclers, telegraph clerks and messengers. These, formidable as is their power, simply supply the pabulum, the manuscript, the material for manufacture. How great and how little all this is an outsider can hardly appreciate until he has seen a leading newspaper establishment at work. The *Times* office is a vast machine-shop and factory. Everything in the place, except the paper, is made on the spot.

The top floor of the building is devoted to the bound files of the paper. Descending to the next, you come to dining-rooms and kitchens—one department for the clerks, another for the compositors and workmen generally. The service is conducted on canteen principles, and as a rule all the employes are glad to have the opportunity of taking their meals here. The kitchens are fitted up with every modern appliance. The meats are not baked, all kinds of joints together, in one oven, as is the case in most English restaurants, to the utter destruction of their individual character and flavor; they are roasted before open fires. I noticed that there is a complete staff of cooks, with a *chef*, who appears to take a special pride in his art. On this floor there are also store-rooms and other apartments. As you descend you come next to broad and high composing-rooms, lighted with electric lamps. Cloak-rooms are provided for the men, each article of clothing being checked by an attendant after the manner of New York club-houses. Here and there are quiet offices, with telephonic and other machines in use and on trial. One room is devoted to the special Paris wire. By the side of the telegraph, which reels off its message on the now quite familiar roll of paper, is a type-setter, so that the Paris letter is put into type, hot as it comes in, from the slips themselves. In another apartment are telephones connected with the reporters' rooms at the Houses of Parliament. During last session all the night reports were sent to the office through this medium. The stenographer writes out his notes as heretofore, then the manuscript is read off through the telephone. The recipients of the messages at the *Times* office dictate them to the type-setters, and so they are put into type. The manuscript comes up from the House as heretofore, and goes into the reading-room, so that the proofs are read by the original copy, thus checking the telephonic dictation. The type-setting machine is made in the *Times* office, and is as near perfection as it is likely to be in our time. In a corner of one of the great composing-rooms there are six or seven of these little machines. They are capable of "composing" three parts of the news portion of the paper, each putting up five or six columns a night. The editorial and writing-rooms occupy the next story below, and convenient to the chief's desk is a telegraph in direct communication with Mr. Reuter's office.

A pneumatic tube is used right through the premises for the distribution of "copy," proofs and messages. On the ground-floor are the machines, engines (the latter in pairs, in case of accident), founderies and publishing offices; so that the last operation of production, the printing of the forms, is conducted with the added facilities of approximation of departments. The forms come down; they are stereotyped; they pass to the machine; the paper is printed, and goes forth into the publishing-office, which opens its doors at about four o'clock each morning to the carters and porters of Smith & Sons, who are the chief distributers of the leading journal. In front of these busy rooms, cut off from the heat of the machinery, and having an outlet upon Queen Victoria street, are the advertising offices and the letter and inquiry department. From the aspect of a manufactory and government bureau in one, the establishment now assumes the appearance of a bank. The similarity is not without point, for here come in "the sinews of war." In this department there is a telephone in communication with the Royal Exchange, which can be switched off to the offices of all the leading advertising agents in the city.

The inquiry department is for the use of persons who choose to have their letters addressed to the *Times* office, for consulting the files, and for other purposes—a convenience which the public evidently appreciates. The *Times*, with all its ramifications and influences, reaching from Printing-house Square to the uttermost ends of the earth, constitutes one of the modern wonders of the world; and nothing about it is more remarkable than the fact that it may be said to have grown up in our day. The art of printing has been literally revolutionized by the present Mr. Walter and Mr. Macdonald.—*Joseph Hatton, in Harper's Magazine.*

Treatment of Hay Fever.

Prof. J. B. Hannay writes to *Nature*, (London): Some years ago Prof. Helmholtz, in a letter to you, gave an account of a remedy he had found for "hay fever." This was simply to treat the part of the nose, which seems to be the seat of the trouble, with sulphate of quinine solution by pouring it into the nose with a pipette, while lying on a sofa with the head turned upside down. Having had the most enjoyable part of the summer destroyed by hay fever ever since I can remember, I have tried every remedy I have heard of, including internal doses of arsenic, and I have found them all to fail. Prof. Helmholtz's method only gives me relief for ten minutes or so, and cold water does the same. I have tried solutions of sulphate of zinc and tannin, and many other astringents, but all to no purpose. As many others knew that I was experimenting upon myself in this matter I have had several patients trying all the remedies that I have tried, and I can therefore say with certainty that no remedy yet published will cure hay fever. I have, however, succeeded in finding a method which is a really effectual cure, and, as I know that many are rendered miserable during the most enjoyable part of the year, I hasten to give them the benefit of the result of my inquiries. One thing which misled me was that my eyes were often very much inflamed and pained during an attack, and I often tried remedies for my eyes, which had sometimes gone wrong when I had no hay fever, when they were only affected in sympathy with my nose. I found that the only thing required was to prevent the entrance of the pollen grains into the nose. When there are not too many in the air, as during or after rain, it is simply necessary to stop the nose with a spring clip. I have used a piece of brass or steel ribbon bent double, and having only sufficient spring to close the nostrils without undue pressure. This causes the patient to breathe by the mouth, but one soon gets used to the inconvenience. I found that to stop the nostrils with cotton wool was far too irritating, especially as those afflicted with hay fever are so owing to the tenderness of the internal coating of the nose. When going among hay a further precaution must be taken, viz.: plugging the ducts from the eyes. I used for this purpose dumb-bell shaped pieces of glass, which are quite easily slipped into the ducts, and can be removed when wanted. Thus protected, any one who is troubled by hay fever can go into the camp of the enemy and stir up hay in a field with as much impunity as one not troubled with this "sixth sense." The season for hay fever is nearly passed now, but I hope that the publication of this note will be the cause of relief to many during next summer, and on that plea I ask its publication in your valuable journal, and I hope that medical men in the south of England, where hay fever is common, will give it a trial and report upon it next summer. In Scotland hay fever is practically unknown.

A Genuine Swedish Dinner.

Now, no one who has lived all his days beyond the borders of Sweden knows precisely what a peculiarly formal, and, at the same time, what a peculiarly free-and-easy feast, the genuine Swedish dinner is. Sui generis as it is, the following description may do partly what only participation can wholly do: The company is standing in little groups, and, as the preparations for lunch are completed, the buzz of conversation gradually ceases. *Var sa god* (please), says the genial hostess, bowing to the chief guest, and she walks up to the side table, spreads a piece of bread with butter, and walks away eating it, standing meanwhile, and entering again into conversation, while the others (ladies first, then gentlemen) follow in turn. At the outset, too, the gentlemen feel the need of a wineglass of brandy as an appetizer, and some drink two or three, but most of the ladies desist. One or two pieces of home-made biscuits, or of the particularly thin, hard-baked barley bread, with slices of cold meats or boiled eggs inlaid, follow; and the lunch ended, the company sits down to dinner. A roast and boiled potatoes are brought steaming from the porter's lodge. The same rules of etiquette are observed as before. Each helps himself and begins eating at once. If he wishes more bread it is not passed, but he leaves his place at the table for it. All eat heartily of the first course of the dinner, as, properly speaking, it is—wisely, the doctors will say—the last. Then, pudding for dessert is eaten; and the busy hum of conversation—bright and remarkably intelligent conversation, too, it is—continues for a half hour, when fruit is eaten, and a cup of coffee with toasted bread finishes our Swedish dinner.—*Cor. San Francisco Post.*

—Two hundred years ago it was a capital crime to use tobacco in either Russia or Turkey, and in Italy any one caught taking snuff in church was excommunicated.

When and How to Speed the Plow.

There are but few operations on the farm that require more judgment than the time and manner of plowing. The requirements of different soils and localities must be met, therefore definite rules can hardly be laid down by which to govern the matter under all circumstances, but each field must be considered by itself and broken up at a season and in a style best suited to its own peculiarities.

Whether to plow during the fall or in the spring is a problem that is always arising and about which there are endless discussions; the number of intelligent cultivators who advocate fall plowing are on the increase, it must be said, and on lands of certain character the advantages of fall plowing are manifold. Strong arguments in its favor are: the teams can plow in the same length of time a much greater area in the fall than in the spring, there is more leisure time for accomplishing the work and less fatigue to both man and beast, and, where it is properly done, fall plowing affords sufficient drainage to dry the land, so that it is ready almost or quite a fortnight earlier for the plow in the spring.

Many farmers consider fall plowing equal to a dressing of manure, inasmuch as it places the ground in condition to assimilate all the fertilizing properties of mineral and atmospheric plant-food. Soluble matters which have leached down too far for the feeders to reach are also brought to the surface by the turning over of land. Weeds, grass and the stubble of harvested crops are covered in the soil, where they will undergo decomposition and in the right place for the rootlets to feed upon when the crops start. In this connection it may be well to remind those who complain that plowing under of certain weeds only tends to encourage a more luxurious growth, that weeds which are propagated by seed ought to be turned under before the seed ripens. Of course, if the process is delayed a foul crop of weeds is planted in place of being destroyed.

Disintegration is one of the secrets of the beneficial results from fall plowing. Its action is twofold; it is both mechanical and chemical. Land broken by the plow holds a greater per cent. of water. It freezes in this wet state, then it thaws, and the disintegration is complete. Moisture received on the surface filters through the pulverized earth evenly, and consequently the manurial properties in the water reach every particle of the soil and are retained. Another advantage of plowing is the greater surface of soil exposed. Compact ground presents but one surface to the air, while that which is well broken exposes every side as deep as the tilth goes. The tilth is also deepened, and clay subsoil thrown on top becomes subjected to atmospheric actions which prepare it for any solvents that may be applied.

The unearthing of pestilent insects from their comfortable hiding places in the fall and exposing them to the weather is one of the incalculable benefits arising from fall plowing. While these and other benefits accrue in very many cases from fall plowing, there are conditions that render spring plowing preferable. Light sandy lands, generally speaking, are best broken up in the spring, and experience appears to have demonstrated in most instances that land near the sea, which is rarely covered with snow, produces better when plowed in the spring than if this is done in the autumn.

Farmers generally agree that sandy or dry soils require flat plowing, which tends to consolidate the land, while on low or strong soils they prefer to leave the furrows on edge. Much is written and said each year against breaking up ground that is too wet; the other extreme is seldom mentioned, and yet it is frequently demonstrated—especially in heavy clay land—that running the plow through ground too dry is almost as pernicious in its effects as plowing it when too wet. Sufficient moisture is required to cause the furrows to fall loosely from the plow, with no appearance of packing and no lumps.

The question of deep and shallow plowing has perhaps caused more controversy at clubs and farmers' meetings than almost any other subject. Here again no rigid rule can be laid down by which to govern widely diverse circumstances. The question of deep or shallow plowing must be determined by the depth of the soil and the character of the subsoil. In a general way it may be said that the subsoil ought not to be brought out of its bed except in small quantities to be exposed to the atmosphere during the winter and spring, or in a summer fallow, nor even then except when such fertilizers are applied as are necessary to put it at once into a productive condition. Two indifferent soils of opposite character—as a stiff clay and shifting sand—sometimes occupy the relation of surface and subsoil to each other. When thoroughly incorporated and subjected to deep cultivation these will produce a soil of greatly-increased value. River soils having natural drainage take kindly to deep plowing, as do the black, porous and fertile limestone soils.

Land that is dry, with but a few inches of good soil, will not of course produce as good crops by deep as by shallow plowing. These conditions are susceptible of improvement by a thorough system of subsoiling and liberal manuring. Deep plowing is also ill-advised when a basin is formed below a certain line in which water will settle and remain until it can escape by evaporation. Such soils require drainage, after which the plow can be set deep.

To sum up the whole matter of deep or shallow plowing briefly, thin soils with worthless subsoils must be plowed shallow until the cultivator can and will afford the labor and expense of subsoiling and heavy manuring for a number of years. This expense and labor, it need hardly be explained, will repay him in the end with a handsome interest, not only by increased crops but by enhanced value of the land. Deep clay loams and alluvial soils take kindly to deep plowing. Wet lands should be drained previous to deep plowing. The medium course, viz.: plowing from five to six inches deep, is of course exempt from the harmful results of the two extremes.

As the turns made in plowing consume time, it is economy to run the furrows in the longest direction. Experiment has proven that the time lost in turning short plots make a large item in the expense account.—*N. Y. World.*

Tin Cans.

Who can assign bounds to the demand for tinned or canned oysters from Baltimore, lobsters from Maine, salmon from Alaska, peaches from Florida and Maryland? One petroleum firm in the city of New York is said to cut up 600 boxes (thirty tons) of tin plate daily. No less than 1,600,000 boxes are already absorbed yearly by the United States, more than three-fold the consumption of the Continent of Europe, of which quantity a full tenth goes to pack sardines at Nantes. Australian meat craves an ever-increasing supply, while British biscuits, mustard and gunpowder range in bright canisters all over the world. The home consumption is variously estimated at between 500,000 and 750,000 boxes per annum: but the returns to Government have not been ample and unreserved enough for any accurate figures to be laid down.—*Saturday Review.*

—In some of the Russian towns the postman goes around but once a month, and even in the large provincial cities there is but a weekly mail delivery.

An Irruption of Quails.

About four o'clock yesterday evening, says the Virginia (Nev.) *Enterprise*, a great flight of quails suddenly came into the northern part of town. It was a thing the like of which has not been seen since the time when the Israelites murmured for meat. Then, as the Bible says, "It came to pass that at even the quails came up and covered the camp." Where the quails came from no one appears to know, but the supposition is that it was from the mountains to the northward of the city. They are of the large mountain variety, and are perfect beauties. The fall of these birds extended from about Sutton avenue, on North C street, out to the Union shaft, reaching over three-quarters of a mile of ground. The birds were apparently exhausted by a long flight, as numbers of them were caught by persons who went up to them and placed their hats over them or took them up in their hands. Quite a number came down at the railroad depot, some alighting on the roof of the passenger depot and others about the platform of the freight depot. They seemed completely bewildered, and in places ran into the doors of houses. A number were caught over about the Ophir works, and out at the Union shaft; also, on North C street. At the freight depot they caught and caged three fine ones. In all we have heard of forty-five that were caught alive. Many were killed, and many were yesterday scattered about through the town. A curious thing is that those caught and caged seem perfectly tame and at home. Some are of the opinion that the quails were frightened out of the mountains in some way, but a more probable solution of the phenomenon is that the birds were migrating southward. It would seem that a great number of flocks had collected and started south, and, becoming exhausted by the long flight, fell in the town, completely bewildered, and almost unable to move.

On the strength of this miraculous flight of quails, some of the true believers of the Comstock were out yesterday looking for manna. They found none, but say it was doubtless there all the same, had they not oversleept themselves and not commenced the search until the sun had melted and dissipated it.

One of the Saddest Letters Ever Written.

The Utica (N. Y.) *Observer* says: A child of Mrs. Courtney, who keeps house in the jail, interested Edward Earl, the condemned wife murderer, and inspired him to write the following a day or two before his execution:

"As I sit at my window and look out on the beautiful earth, things seemed changed—different from what they were a month ago; the people seem more kind; the sky looks more beautiful and blue; the sun shines brighter; every mouthful of fresh air tastes sweeter, and is breathed with a thankfulness I never felt before. No—it is not that I have changed; those leaves, a month ago, were green. Now they are falling to the earth, and I know that before the last one drops I will fall and lie lower than they.

"That little five-year-old playing opposite my window is changed—a month ago she would not speak to me; now she is using all her little arts to attract my attention, and will cry when we are separated. She lives in the house with me, and every fair day she seats herself on the grass beneath my window, and we play 'keep house'; she 'makes believe' she is my little girl come to visit me; I 'make believe' she is, but it's a sad play for me.

"To-day she has been telling me that Pinkey (her doll) is very sick—teeth bother her—but its September now; when it gets to be October Mary will be well again, then I must come down and swing, and that will be, oh, so nice. I promise to be there; she laughs, thinking I am 'making believe.' We both laugh, there is music in her laughter—a tear in mine, but, when it is erected, I will be there—and swing.

"EDWARD EARL."

All You Think.

Even to your most intimate friends it is not safe to say all you think concerning them or their actions. You are not called upon to gloss over their faults; but you need not expose their follies. Brutality of speaking is too often dignified with the title of sincerity. Some persons pique themselves upon saying all they think, and are continually professing to do so. As a proof of this, they will say things the most shocking to others, and give them pain without the least remorse. Such so-called sincerity is to be suspected. The conduct which an honest heart inspires flows naturally from it; and those who say rough things in order to convince others of their sincerity give some reason to doubt of their being perfectly convinced of it themselves. Their conduct is pernicious to the peace and pleasure of society, and may also lead to very fatal consequences. They do what they can to frighten every one from what is right. If sincerity, then, discovers such a heart, disguise must appear desirable. Few consider sufficiently how much the cause of virtue must suffer, whenever a good quality is made to appear in an unamiable light. Sincerity is, indeed, the groundwork of all that is good and valuable. However beautiful in appearance the structure may be, if it stand not on this foundation it cannot last. But sincerity can hardly be called a virtue in itself, though a deviation from it is a fault. A man may be sincere in his vices, as well as in his virtues. Now he who throws off all remorse or shame, and even makes a boast of his vices, can claim no merit from the sincerity he expresses in so doing. If he who is sincere cannot appear amiable, his heart is wrong, and his sincerity, far from being a virtue, seems only to add to the rest of his faults that of being willing to give pain to others.

Gardening in Japan.

With the Japanese, the love of flowers amounts to a passion. They have distanced us in botany. Enthusiasts in gardening would fain live to see the day when every householder will have his plot of garden and will know how to cultivate it. The universal spread of such knowledge seems to be almost as hopeless as the possession of plots for its exercise in our large towns. But the Japanese are taught gardening in their schools, and all have their little plots of ground. They are instructed in practical horticulture and in the artistic arrangements of bouquets, and all classes, from the palace to the cottage, manifest a passionate love for such humanizing and healthful occupations. Nowhere in Europe, we are assured, are gardens so numerous, or the love of floriculture so extensively developed. One very curious art they seem to have brought to great perfection. Their gardens often being small, and their taste leading them to take pride in the possession of trees of the bigger species, they have gradually developed the art of dwarfing them without in any way sacrificing their general shape and proportion. Among their family treasures may frequently be found a well-arranged garden, established in some antique specimen of Japanese pottery in the shape of a capacious bowl. Within this receptacle will be walks and trees and flower-beds, with a great variety of floral favorites, and dwarfed to the proper proportions. One further development of this odd manipulation of natural objects is the patient training of the minimized trees and shrubs into the forms of birds and beasts, or any object that may strike the fancy.

Our Young Readers.

"ALMOST A MAN."

I know a house so full of noise,
You'd think a regiment of boys,
From early morn till close of day,
Were busy with their romping play.
And yet, I'm ready to declare,
There is but one small youngster there—
A little golden-headed chap,
Who used to think his mother's lap
The nicest place that ever could be,
Until he grew so big that he
Was most a man, and learned what fun
It is to shout and bump and run.

This restless, noisy little elf
Has learned, alas! to think himself
Too old to mother's arms to creep;
Yet his blue eyes he cannot keep
From sliding beath their lids so whitely
And climbing to the sofa's height,
He snuggles down, forgets his play,
And into dreamland sails away;
And then it is that mamma knows
Why the whole house so silent grows.

—*Mary D. Brine, in Nursery.*

HOW PETER WAS PUNISHED.

Peter Keens was in most respects a very good boy; but he had one fault, which, though it might not at first thought seem a very grave one, can never be indulged in without bringing many worse ones in its train, and sadly lowering the whole tone of a boy's character. He was full of curiosity—that curiosity which leads one to be always prying into the affairs of others. The boys at school of course knew his failing, and found in it reason for playing many a trick upon him, which is not to be wondered at. One day, when a number of the older boys had remained after hours to consult on the formation of a club, he crept into the entry and listened at the door. They found out that he was there, and all got out of a window and locked Peter in, keeping him prisoner until after dark, when he was let out, frightened and hungry.

The next morning he was greeted on the playground by shouts of "Spell it backward!" He could not guess what was meant, and was still more puzzled as they continued to call him "Double-back-action," "Reversible-engine," and other bits of school boy wit. He begged them to tell him, and at last some one suggested, in a tone of great disgust: "Spell your name backward, booby, and then you it see."

He did, and he saw: Keens—backward.

But he was not yet ready to cultivate straightforward spelling. That club still bothered him; he could not give up his strong desire to find out its secrets. By dint of much listening and spying he gathered that it was to meet one night in a barn belonging to the father of one of the boys, and he made up his mind to be there. He crept near the door as darkness closed in, and listened intently. They were inside surely, for he could hear something moving about; but he wanted to hear more than that, so he ventured to raise the wooden latch. It made no noise; he cautiously opened the door a trifle, and peeped in. It was dark and quiet, so he opened it wider. It gave a loud grating creak; a scurry of quick footsteps sounded on the floor and then a white thing suddenly rose before him, tall and ghostly. In an agony of fright and horror he turned to run, but the thing with one fearful blow struck him down, trampled heavily over him, and sped away with a loud "Ha-ha-ha-ha-a-a!"

As Peter limped home, muddy, battered and bruised, he wondered if any of the boys knew that Farmer Whipletree's wretched old billy-goat was in the barn that night.

They did.

"How did you leave William, Peter?" he was asked at least twenty times in the course of the next day. In the grammar class a boy who was called on for a sentence wrote "A villian is more worthy of respect than a sneak."

"Oh no, not quite that," remarked the teacher, "but neither can be a gentleman."

On a morning in early July he received as usual the family mail from the carrier at the door and carried it to his mother, examining it as he went. A postal-card excited his curiosity; it was, he knew, from his aunt, in whose company he was to go to the mountains, and he was anxious to know what she said. But one of his friends was waiting for him to go and catch crabs and minnows for an aquarium, and as the morning hours are the best for such work, they were in a hurry. So he slipped it into his pocket to read as he went along, intending to place it where it might be found on the hall floor when he came back, that his mother might be deceived into thinking it had been accidentally dropped there. But he forgot all about it before they had gon twenty steps. He spent the morning at the creek and the afternoon at his friend's house, returning home in the evening. As he passed through the hall to his mother's room, the thought of it suddenly flashed on his mind. He felt in his pocket with a sinking at his heart, but the card was gone. Where? He could not pretend to imagine, as he thought of the round-about ramble he had taken. He got up early the next morning and carefully hunted over every step of the ground, but all in vain. It would have been well if he had gone at once to his mother and confessed what he had done; but he delayed, still cherishing a hope of finding what he has lost, and the longer he waited the more impossible it became to tell. He remembered that a boy had once said to him: "A sneak is sure to be a coward."

More than a week after this Peter was sitting on the piazza one evening after tea, reading to his mother, when his friend of the creek expedition came in.

"Here is a card I found addressed to you, Mrs. Keens," he said. "It must be the one you were hunting for last week, Pete."

She took it in some surprise, failing to observe the color which mounted to Peters's face as he saw it. As she read it, a troubled expression overspread her own.

"Ten days old, this card," she exclaimed. "'Wednesday, the 14th'—what does it mean, Peter?" She passed it to him, and he read