Behold a stalwart striker strong, And list to the song he gaily sings; Ho, I'm a joily striker boid, No Factory Prince can me oppress; I strike as the workmen struck of old; For a humble home in the wilderness. Aithough my stake to-day is small, A side of pork and a sack of meal,

Two willing arms, and that's not all; I've four good pounds of bright sharp steel And an eighty-scre plot of loam, Where thickly grows the forest tree, And here each day from sun till sun, My as heats Freedom's reville. Tis a july strike, for a precious prize, I strike for a realm arout the size

Of a happy home for Miza Jane. She told me one short your ago: 'John, get a hore before we wed; As the obiding lovers used to do.' And so I state to be an an exercity Striking down the too with case; Striking on the good old became a plan-

arcking down the torest trees Strike, strike from morn till meht. The sharp, beight steel rang-loud and clear Striking in my south delight, Striking like the oid promeer. And thus he strikes from day to day, Though annible new, with highest aim,

Striking in the good old righteons way, For love and home, and Eliza Jane. -Detroit Post and Tribune.

FARMER BROWN'S SUMMER BUT-TER.

his pail of yellow milk over, Miss Dolly a kind heart -a handsome fortune. wouldn't like it. Dolly's got to make though, let me tell you, my dear young the butter this summer, and you and I lady reader. must do all we can to help her. Guess The milk-room in the Brown house she thinks you know just about as much as I do. But I'd like to kiss her once, daintiest city lady would have thought anyhow; wouldn't you, Bess?"

Brown's hired man, to his particular a dish of strawberries and allowed to confidant, the handsome Alderney cow, help himself to some of the sweet, rich whom he had named "Queen Bess." Ding! dong! went the breakfast-bell, self to the straining of the milk, to be swung by Dolly's plump, strong arm, sure that no particles of dirt were left in and the young farmer turned his cows it; but she soon found she could trust into the pasture, one by one, "Brindle. George Sterling. Ebony, Speckle and Bess," and then cool milk-room.

you to help me, I can make some nice butter this summer."

ing sunshine. The large, old-fashioned morning's bread. "That is true." brightening and beautifying the yard him. The floors were painted spruce vellow and were smooth and clean. An oldfashioned light-stand stood near a window and on the white spread which covered it was a basket of stockings. Dolly, one morning when the butter with balls of mending yarn, and a brass came with a little more difficulty than candlestick, with an inch or two of usual. "I used to think so last winter," candle in its socket. A low kitchen- returned George. "Winter cream is chair with rockers stood near, and the hard to manage, and then you were not last weekly newspaper hung over its here to help me," and he looked up at

The breakfast-table would have appeared inviting to any one in health and good temper. A fairly clean, white she hardly knew it, an added tint glowed cloth, spun and woven by the grand- in her bright young cheeks. mother of the family; a small pitcher of cream for the coffee: sweet, vellow b nter and fresh rolls; light dougnuts, fried brown: potatoes, eggs, some kind of stewed fruit, and a pitcher of fresh milk, keep turning the crank. for any who wished it.

Did they have napkins and silver forks? Notexactly. That is, they didn't have the forks. Aunt Sally made such a fuss that, with a'l Dolly's other burdenshe did not think it best to "stand the was wrong to yield; but persisted in doing as she ought and endured whatever came. She had been away for two years. responsibility of the housekeeping rested shoulders. Dolly did many things as seven cents as the latest price, and they Aunt Sally directed, but in the matter of advised the Browns not to sell for a few napkins she was firm. She felt it both a days, etc. duty and a pleasure to accustom her little brother and the young farmers whom her father hired to refined ways of living. She herself was pleasant to look at, as she sat at the head of the table ther father wished her to sit in her mother's place), pouring the clear coffee into pretty cups, a clean linen collar at her throat and her hair nicely brushed. A passing observer would have thought it table that summer morning-farmer Brown opposite his daughter, Aunt Sally and Dolly's young brother at one side, and George Sterling, the hired man, at the other.

"Father, I'm going to put down my first tub of butter to-day," said Dolly.

deal due to him if it's good."

"Yes, indeed, father; but I'm going all be." to work just as band as George does, and "Why. Aunt Sally," answered Dolly, famous butter in the country, you sold. Buyers generally come along about

brag about your butter." interposed we need worry about it."

thing for it." "No, don't fret yourself. I guess if ! house never does anything but Dolly. But I can remember twenty years before cent. she was born, and there was butter and cheese made in them benighted days,

and in this house, too." "O, well. Aunt Sally." said Brown. "Dolly's a young housekeeper and needs encouraging a bit. Mebbe and what'll he care, 'f he does know?" she'll have a poor tub or two; but, if she does the best she can, we shan't find

George Sterling said nothing; but he longed to box Aunt Sally's ears soundly, to. I don't expect you'll care whether and, if his confidant, Queen Bess, had the butter's ever sold or not." been near, he would have told her that Dolly knew that it was no use to reply, he longed to kiss away the tears that he so she took her candle and went to her saw glistening in Dolly's sweet eyes, as little chamber over the sitting-room. she cleared away the breakfast things. She tried hard to sleep, knowing that

The birds that sang in the trees near no hands but hers would prepare it. Dolly's chamber window woke her each | About two o'clock Aunt Sally burst morning with their joyous carols, and at into the room, her cap-strings flying and night the distance-softened song of the frogs away in the meadows lulled her to not been in bed at all. sleep. Aunt Sally rose early ten morn- "Dolly," she called, in loud reproving ings during the entire summer, walked tones, "it's raining hard," majestically into the milk-room and "What is it. Aunt Sally? Are vou skimmed the milk. Those were happy days in the Brown family. The exercise "It's raining hard, I tell you. Don't and the fresh breakfast disposed the you hear it?" molecules of Aunt Sally's physical system a little more amicably toward each What harm will it do?"

THE JOURNAL. often results from a little instilly exercise made life considerably more enjoyable to the Brown family on those particular days than was generally the case. It has been said that every house has a Entered at the Postoffice, Columbus, Meb., as second skeleton in its closet, but happy that house whose skeleton occupies its own closet and stays where it is put. In Farmer Brown's dwelling it ate and drank, weighed one hun fred and sixty pounds, and made the day trouble-some

> and the night weary. The young and strong can and will be happy, but for those long burdened by the cares and duties of life such skeletons are hard to have in the house.

George Sterling thought it was no man's duty, or woman's either, to endure such petty vet enormous trials as Dolly and her kind father daily submitted to, and he and Queen Bess had many an emphalic conversation on the subject. The Queen George found a very interesting companion, for she listened well and let him do all the talking. He could talk better to her than to most of the people about him. George had ideas enough, but, like "Richard Hathaway," he could not always express them. He was the direct opposite of Aunt Sally; he was more famous for doise than for talling, yet no one who ever heard her could doubt that out of the fullness of her heart Aunt Sally spoke. George Sterling's faithful heart was, so to speak. gone. Dolly, with her sweet ways, had carried it away, quite beyond recovery. At first he was appalled and troubled: later, he grew quiet, resolving to do his best, and doing it, and so gathering strength to bear his fortune, whatever it should be. He considered Dolly somewhat above him, especially in mental cultivation; and, besides, he was young "Stan' steady, Bess. You're the boss and had as yet very little in the world low, you know, and if you should tip except excellent, industrious habits and

was a pleasant place. I'm sure the it nice. It was large, clean and cool, So spoke George Sterling, Farmer and happy the person whom Dolly gave cream. Every evening she looked her-

"Do you wish more light, George?" carried the brimming pails into the large. she asked, one evening, as she left her chair on the south piazza and stepped to "You're a good milker, George," and the milk-room door, "Yes, if you Delly smiled up at him as she looked at please," answered George. Dolly soon the clean, rich milk. "I believe, with appeared with a candle, saying: "Here is just what you wish for, then." and she smiled brightly as she dipped out It made a pretty picture in the morn-some of the warm milk for mixing her red farm-house, with windows and doors George: but his eyes rested on Dolly, invitingly open, flowers and tall trees instead of the candle she had brought

and garden. There were lilac bushes | In the early mornings they churned and hollyhocks, pinks, poppies, mari- and worked over the butter together. gland varieties. Inside the house every- then an exquisite little passage of poetry thing looked comfortable. The kitchen in it, too. When George stopped for a was large and airy, having two outside moment to rest and take breath, Dolly doors opposite each other and both open- would offer, with sweet feeling in her ing on to wide, clean-swept piazzas. tones, to churn for a little while, and he would let her try for a turn or two of the

> "It takes hard turning to get the richness out of things, doesn't it?" said Dolly with an expression of such intense appreciation of the state of things when she was there to help him that, though

"Yes," he went on. "I used to think some mornings that life to an earnest man was a good deal like ohurning winter cream. But then I, for one, shall He spoke quietly and with a smile, but Dolly felt, with an instant thrill of pleasure, that strength and excellence were

near and ready to serve her. The summer passed. The floor of the storm" which would have broken over butter-cellar was nearly covered with her head had she used every day the well-filled tubs. A little before the time sacred company silver forks. Dolly was for selling Farmer Brown had been a brave girl, and did not yield when it called to a distant western State, on account of the sickness of his only and widowed sister. He was detained several weeks, and finally wrote to George attending an excellent school, and the that they must do the best they could dut, of clearly and in some sense with the butter and no longer rely upon beautiful living had been strongly im- him to attend to it. On the evening after pressed upon her bright young mind. they had received the letter two neigh-Her mother had died, and now the main bors called and reported that they had sold for thirty cents a pound. The evenupon the daughter's eighteen-year-old ing papers had reported only twenty-

> During the evening, as the two mer were talking, there were occasional indications that a storm was about to break over the luckless members of the Brown family. There were low mutterings of thunder, a few short, sharp flashes of lightning, and now and then a barbed arrow flew through the air.

A great hero rises to the occasion and Aunt Sally rose. The family were left a pleasant group gathered around the alone about nine o'clock. Dolly went to the kitchen to make some preparations for the morning's breakfast. Aunt Sally followed, with heavy, threatening step-"Have you noticed how lovely the moonlight is, Aunt Sally," asked Dolly.

"Moonlight! What do you s'pose ! care 'bout moonlight when the butter "So you see it's an important day in my ain't sold? 'N' I know jest how 'tw'll be. 'T won't be sold 't all: 'tw'll stay "Yes, my dear, and I hope you'll gain in the sutter all winter, 'n' we shan't git the day and put down a good tub; but I fifteen cents a pound for it. I should suspect after George has churned and thought you and George'd known enough washed the butter, the credit'll be a good to 'tended to it 'fore this time. Never see such a tarnal easy set as this family

iddly Brown's butter will be the most | "it hasn't been a week since the Smiths this time. Father most always sells to "You'd better wait till fall before you some of them, you know. I don't think

Aunt Sally. "If the buyers won't pay No, you won't worry, I'll warrant, nothin for it, you won't feel so fine, I No danger of anybody's worrvin in this house, but me. I don't s'pose, if the "Well, I shall try hard to have it house was burnin' down, one of ye'd good," returned Dolly; "and I'm not stir, unless ye was pulled out by main going to bother myself all summer by strength. Talk about your father! Who fearing that the buyers won't pay any-ever knew him to do anything? 'Stid o' stayin' to home 'n' mindin' his own business, he must go galavantin' off to didn't skim the milk, you'd find your Kansas, to see his sister, 'cause she latter'd be a pretty mess. It makes a happened to be sick. What if she hain't sight o' difference how milk's skum. no husband? Folks have to die, I s'pose. The rest ain't nothin' in comparison. What'd she ever do for him, I'd like to But, then, of course, nobody in this know. 'F she was wuth a million o' money, I don't s'pose she'd give 'im a

> "Well, I guess to-morrow morning George 'll know what to do, and we'd better go to bed now, Aunt Sally. I'm very tired." "George! What'll he know about it.

> "Would you like this candle, Aunt?" "What do you keep talking to me bout candles for? 'F I wanted a candle, couldn't I git it. Go to bed, 'f you want

The summer days came and went, breakfast must be ready early and that

other, and the spiritual elevation that | "What harm will it do? Do you s'pose

Why, it's only two o'clock. The books and magazines.

The butter won't be sold 't all. You'd handsome leaves once more. deaf's an adder and blind as a bat."

"I shall go out o' this room jest 's you think the butter'd come all the same. ened her. skimmin' or no skimmin': 'n' now we monty enough to keep from starvin' to death in his closues to cover our naked-But there - one thing about it: I won t pinch 'n' be economical a bit mind to. What I one o' them city buyers should come in the pouring rain? We should it know whether to trust 'im or not. I wouldn't let 'im touch the "Do you know the book?" butter unless he paid the money down. T's jest the meanest thing that ever ing it. happened sense the world begun that we didn't go to S -- a week ago'n' see 'bout sellin' it, 'n' not wait till this jest's the rest o' the neighbors have, I side this house again, 'n' the' shan't one | can.

o' the family, 'f I can help it." But Aunt Sally at length ran down and Dolly knew that, unless she had a strong cup of tea or a little sleep, she wouldn't be in running order again for several hours, and she prepared to enjoy herself accordingly. By six o'clock she was busy preparing breakfast, running out "between times" to freshen her heart with a look at the Link and purple morning glories that grew up over the south piazza. She was as bright and pleasant to her little brother as though her night's rest had been untroubled and filled with sweetest dreams. The prospect for a cosy, quiet breakfast was brightening when half a dozen geese, smitten with total depravity, walked hurriedly toward the house and held one of their most spirited conversations directly under that you meant Dolly Brown's butter to

couldn't have been more excited if they | finished reading. had been dis ussing the family butter and its prospects. out walked Aunt Sally, looking quiet but | would never have gone abroad."

"Did the geese wake you up. Aunt Georg a boy big as you be. I'd keep geese in to go. their places; but nobody in this family ever sees to anything or ever will."

have the typhoid fever, 'n' I shall have | Dolly, won't you come?" it, too. If I had anything to do about | She looked up slowly, with tears in her in' and see 'bout sellin' that butter; but, like John Halifax?"

The group at the table were silent: only now and then saving a word or two. as they served each other. Dolly felt the essential vulgarity of all family contentions, and, in general, she answered nothing to Aunt Sally's foolish and young brother to the care of stranin Mr. Brown's absence.

George Sterling left the room as quickly as he could, and Dolly followed minute over what had best be done. "George will drive down to S-

and see what he can do with the butter. rose and walked into the more genteel little daughter .- N. Y. Independent. part of the house and was not seen again for several hours. The occasional slamming of doors and windows testified to

up to thirty cents again.

delicious custard pies into the oven to minutes, to make beds. Aunt Sally, meanwhile, walked into the kitchen, which she found "cold as a barn," built up a hot fire, and sat down by the When Dolly returned, she smelt a strong odor of burning pastry, and, opening the oven-door, found that her pies were completely ruined.

"Why, Aunt Sally," said she, "didn't you smell my pies burning?" "Smell um!" returned Aunt Sally. "No, I didn't, 'n I shan't smell nothin' more till the butter's sold." And she "What a pity Dickens didn't know

about making some more pies. Mr. John Sterling, George's father, always sent away his butter to a certain trustworthy. George, therefore, suggested to Dolly that he write to his father's friend, Mr. Furness, and ask his advice about the butter they had to sell.

came, advising the Browns to send their woolen flannel is worn next the skin. butter on. It would surely net them

Harry 'n' all on it. I'd like to know?"

cents for each pound. ought to make every one of the Browns for all practical purposes, be regarded utterly ashamed, and the number of as an aggravated form of the common things the family would actually suffer kind, extended to all the joints of the for because they had lost twelve dollars body, instead of implicating only one or

was a stounding. About the middle of November Mr. | warmth, with a light and cooling diet, Brown returned, bringing with him his are great remedies .- Hall's Journal of sister, a woman of kind heart and strong Health. Before a week had gone by, Dolly felt | -There are those who think time

folks will come to buy butter in a driving cheer and help her. She found more leisure to assist her young brother in his "But it may not rain to-morrow, Aunt studies and to read her own dearly loved

shower must have come up very sudden- The winter, with its long, cosy evenings and its merry sleigh-rides, was over "What if it don't rain to-morrow, before they had enjoyed it half enough, The roads'il be all mal know-deep. Dolly thought, and the birds were sing-Nobody'd come through such mean ing again among the trees that shaded mud's we have to look at butter. They'd the house. The old butternut tree bebe fools 'f they did. It's jest as I said. hind the long row of barns had large,

know yourself 'twouldn't be, 'f you want | One Sunday afternoon Dolly took a book and went to sit in the shade of the "Aunt Sally, I think this is a little too old tree, just as she had often done ever much. I'm very tired and I want you since she was a little girl. The book to go right out of my room and leave me was "John Halifax, Gentleman," and somehow, as she read and became more and more interested in the character of quick 's I'm mind to, 'n' no quicker, 'n' the hero, she was startled to find herself the more you talk about it the more I thinking of George Sterling. The tones shan't go. Anybody'd think, to hear of voice she read of: the kind, searching you talk, that you did all the work in eyes; the erect, firm bearing-she knew this house. Who's skimmed the milk them all. They were near her. They all summer, I'd like to know? I s'pose had often quietly cheered and strength-

> the very eyes, looking straight into hers. "Why, George! How came you here?" "I've been home, and came back across the fields. Its only three miles.

> "Yes, well; and I'm glad you're read-

nicer butter?" "That's just it. After a person reads whatever work he's called to, and help

"That's fine praise," said Dolly. "Have you been to the post-office? I see you have a letter." "This came yesterday. I've been

down on the rock by her side. The letter was as follows: MY DEAR GEORGE STERLING: "Our firm will probably buy more butter than usual next fall and we want to secure as many fine lots as possible. Can you send us another twelve

hundred pounds as good as that was which von sent us last year? We'll promise to pay the highest price in the market for the next ten years, if you'll send us butter like that. Please let us hear from you soon. "Very truly yours, F. H. FURNESS."

Aunt Sally's chamber window. They be famous?" asked George, as she "But I'm a raid you won't stay with us ten years,' said Dolly, smiling. Dolly had just served the coffee and "And, if we hadn't had you to take care taken a sip or two out of her own cup, of the eattle, milk, and churn so well, when the sitting-room door opened, and lete., I'm afraid the fame of our butter

ominous. She drew a chair to the fire | "It follows, then, that we ought to and sat black and silent for five minutes. make butter together, doesn't it?" said

Sally?" asked Willie, Dollie's little "I think it does," said Dolly, trying to look unconscious. "So you'll have "Wake me up! Guess they'd awaked to stay till the ten years are up," and anybody up that wan't dead. If I was she closed her book and half rose, as if

George, as he took her hand and drew "Won't you have some coffee, while her back, with a gentle yet firm pressure. it's fresh and hot, Aunt Sally, asked "There is something I wish to tell you. I have thought that my brother would "No. I don't want nothin', hot nor stay at home, take care of father and cold. I feel perfectly sick this mornin', mother, and always keep the old place; jest's I knew last night I shou d feel; and but lately his mind seems bent on study-I've got to have the doctor right straight in' medicine, and father thinks he'd betoff and have something to take. Here's ter go where he can have the best teacea whole month gone, 'n' I hain't had but two quart bottles of medicine. I had to left for me to do. I must go home. But lay awake all night and think about the that isn't all, Dolly. Dear old mother butter. I knew if I didn't nobody else wants a daughter. She wants a cerwould. It'll take me down sick. I feel tain sweet young girl, named Dolly this morning jest's if I was going to Brown. I want her, too, very much.

things, I should go right off this, morn-leves. "Will you be good to me? Good,

"I too, will try," she answered. "And we'll make butter together." said George, as he kissed her, smiling through her tears. Dolly would never have left her father

tirades, which were much more frequent | gers, and George used to say that Aunt Elizabeth had been sent as a special providence, so that Dolly might come to him to the piazza, where they talked a Aunt Sally's value is still, on the whole, an unknown quantity. And yet who

Dolly said, as she returned to the kitchen. answer than any of us think. She is said But Aunt Sally deigned no reply. She to be really gentle and loving to Dolly's

Common rheumausm is a disease In the afternoon George returned, and which affects the joints, the hinges of told Dolly that he could contract the but- the body, in such a way that the slightter for but twenty-five cents. The est motion of the ailing part gives pain.

to induce an attack than if the entire though her dignity had been offended. latter case, it would be certainly and speedily exchanged for dry garments. Aunt Sally," thought Dolly, as she went There are two very certain methods of rheumatism; for, a common muslin or linen or silk shirt of a person in a perinstant a puff of air strikes it, even in

He wrote, and in a short time a letter mid-summer. This is not the case when The easiest, most certain and least twenty-eight cents and perhaps thirty. hurtful way of curing this troublesome Mr. Furness promised to do the best he affection is, first, to keep the joint affected wound around with several folds The matter was talked over with Aunt of woolen flannel: second, live entirely Sally, and, after much tribulation all the on the lightest kind of food, such as tubs, with their golden weight, were put coarse breads, ripe fruits, berries, boiled into the cars and sent to the city. The turnips, stewed apples and the like. If day on which it was carried out of the such things were eaten to the extent of yard Aunt Sally's final blast was as fol- keeping the system freely open, and exlows: "There! That butter 'll never ereise were taken, so that slight come back. 'n' I shouldn't wonder a mite | moisture should be on the surface of the 'f the money never did; 'n' who's goin' skin all the time; or if in bed, the same to pay for the freight 'n' teur 'n' old thing were accomplished by hot teas and Harry 'n' all on it. I'd like to know?" plentiful bed-clothing, a grateful relief Half of Aunt Sally's predictions proved and an ultimate cure would very certaintrue. The Browns never did see their ly result in a reasonably short time. butter again: but they saw twenty-nine Without this soft and moist and warm condition of the skin, and an open state Aunt Sally thought that the social de- of the system, the disease will continue gradation resulting from getting one cent to torture for weeks and months and a pound less than their nearest neighbors years. Inflammatory rheumatism may,

two. For all kinds, time, flannel,

When to Commence Tree-Planting.

It is the desire of the farmer, says the Chicago Times, "to have a large number of trees mature at once and to commence to produce trult at the same time." Even to many farmers whose furrows are not straight and whose fences are in a dilapidated condition, the sight of an orebard with trees of different ages and not in "bee lines," would cause feelings of disgust. It is to be considered whether this demand for order and uniformity by most farmers is not a mistake and at the expense of years of enjoyment of the fruit and to the detriment of the value of the orchard.

management, the setting of the whole

orchard at once is a desirable thing to to. In such cases, it would be attended with no particular danger, and to most people the beauty of the orchard would be much enhanced. The labor of caring for such an orchard would be oreatly increased at first, but in the and would be less. But for the majority of farmers who commence their oper ations with little means, and who have to struggle along for a number of years to make sure of their title to the soil which they cultivate, it is an impossibility to commence their orchard operations early if they insist on setting all the trees at one time. They have not the money with which to purchase the trees; the land may not be cleared, and their time is too fully occupied with gaining a bare livelihood to permit them to enter into extensive truit management. Hence the question arises, shall such a farmer wait a number of years doing without fruit entirely, or shall he set out a few trees each year in as fine order as possible, and in the end have an orchard somewhat irregular in appearance as to rows and size of trees: The average farmer will say wait, his horror of unsymmetry in the orchard overcoming all other considerations. It is well to take into consideration that a large orehard of young, growing trees is an extremely difficult thing to manage. There are so many different theories as to their needs by those who are experts, the conditions of their successful growth are so intricate and seemingly changeable, that they become almost an "elephant" even on the hands of one who has spare time and means; and the many orchards in our vicinity. the trees of which were set out at once and in perfect or ler, that are now considered failures in beauty and in worth, attest not so much to the laziness of the owners (to which they are generally attributed) as to the great deficulty and almost impossibility of bringing to a successful termination such an undertaking. The orchard at the Agricultural College is considered a failure, and there is some talk of tearing it up, root and branch. The many reasons given

or the failure are undoubtedly correct: there was poor soil, poor management, and insufficient means; but it exactly illustrates the point which we wish to make. If the Agricultural College fails in making a beautiful and paving orchard by starting it at one time, how can the average farmer, who certainly has no better soil and much less skill and means, hope to succeed?

The farmer should, as early as possible, put out a few fruit trees, and add to them year after year until his orchard is as large as he desires. There are many advantages resulting from this method over that of waiting and setting all at once, hardly compensated for by sym metry and beauty of the orchard even it they can be obtained. His few trees will cost but little money and labor, and if, in his ignorance, he makes mistakes in their care, the experience will not be dearly bought. He can gradually become accustomed to caring for them, ard his acquired knowledge can be used to better advantage on young trees than on those that have grown under the blighting influence of his ignorance. It is well to have new trees coming into expense. Good-bye, love." bearing at different times with large crops; it will equalize the yields between the different years, and thus better distribute the farmer's work. New varieties of fruit are constantly appearing and much improvement is being made, which can be taken advantage of in this way. It is the experience of many that fruit trees do not necessarily do best when associated with others, and many examples of remarkable growth and rields are given of solitary trees by the side of some road or stream. With a ittle precaution in furnishing shelter from the liercest winds, a few trees standing alone with plenty of room may do better than if they were in a large orchard. Their roots and branches will have no obstacle in the way of near neighbors, and the sun will have a better chance to do his part. There is no particular advantage in trees growing in an orchard, although mutual protection is afforded: but it is often the case that they cause mutual injury. A few trees will generally be better tended than an orchard of many trees, for they require less time, and the crop of fruit being small at the best, the farmer's home supply depends upon the closest attention, while a large orchard is almost consumption even if much neglected.-

Morning Wrappers.

At the large furnishing houses white striped and barred muslims are used for plain morning wrappers. They are made in Gabrielle shape, with fullness shirred in belew the middle forms of garment wetted by perspiration or rain, the back, and are trimmed with ruffles or water in any other form, about a of polka-dotted embroidery with scaljoint, and allowed to dry while the per- loped edges. More dressy wrappers are son is in a state of rest, is the most com- of silk surah in pale blue, rose, or mon way of causing rheumatism. A cream white shades, with festooned partial wetting of a garment is more apt paniers around the hips, giving the effeet of a Marguerite waist. Four plaits marched off into the sitting-room as clothing were wetted, because, in the very deeply folded are down each side of the front from the neck to the foot, where they meet a bias flounce shirred and edged with Mirecourt lace at top preventing rheumatism. The very mo- and bottom. The paniers, wide collar ment a garment is wetted in whole or in and cuffs are trimmed with lace : bows part, change it, or keep in motion suffi- of moire ribban are down the front. city firm, whose chief member had, as a cient to maintain a very slight perspiraboy, been brought up in the family of tion, until the clothing is perfectly dried. or navy blue is also used for wrappers, which was engaged in exploring the John Sterling's father. The Sterling's The failure to wear woolen flannel next and trimmed with white muslin endknew the firm well and knew that it was to the skin is the most frequent cause of broidery in Irish point designs, or else the creamy muli done in open star patterns. Scotch gingham wrappers have spiration becomes damp and cold the gathered ruttles of the material edged with Hamburg-work, and are usually made of the solid-colored gingham, either pink, pale blue, or buff. Lowerpriced wrappers are of the domestic cotton Cheviots with stripes of pink and blue together, or blue or brown with white, and are trimmed with colored embroidery on the collar, cuffs and pocket. Summer flannel wrappers for using at the seaside or mountains have half-inch stripes of red, blue, green and ecru, like the Cheviot stripes; these are of the simplest shapes, with the edges scalloped and bound, or else wrought in button-hole stitch. The cashmere wrappers are of pale shades, with open-work embroidery of the same shade cut from the selveges, or else they are more simply trimmed with a turned-over collar and cuffs of embroidered muslin. The small buttons down the front are wooden molds, nearly flat, as large as a silver half-dime, and covered with the cashmere. For invalids' gowns and for bath wrappers blankets are cut into shape, and the border of the blanket furn shes the trimmings. Blue and rose-colored blankets are preferred for these, but there are also white blanket wrappers with gay borders. - Harper's Basar.

-Mr. Pinchbeck tells his colored colleagues of Louisiana that they had better stay where they are, as no climate North is suited to them, and that if they keep at it, they can make a living easier where they are than anywhere else.

Americ in II inners.

White American printers are doubt ess same time of morn improvement, they are not be the same they are fregrently relaced by foreign fords and native sport. It by good moners are meant the small sweet courseles of life," then ours wid bear comparison | EVER DISCOV with the foreign article. An American ERED; ASIT IS may not now as gracefully as a French- CERTAIN IN man, but he will sacrifice quite as much . ITS EFFECTS. personal convenience and comfort for a stranger as the Frenchman-perhaps NOT BLISTER. more. An American may not be as elegant at a dinner party as an Englishman, but he will not ride half a day in a railway car without speaking to the fellow-passenger at his elbow, as the Englishman will. A lady-whether oung or old, pretty or plain -may travel escort, and receive all the needed attentions from men whom she never saw before and will never see again. Would the same lasty be equally fortunate in a rip from London to Paris, or Paris to ome? In our street-cars a laboring man, wearied out with the day's toil. vill give his seal to any woman who enters. How many European gentlemen would do as mur 12. There is more chivalric respect shown to women in America than anywhere e'e on earth.

and such respect is inconsistent with intense "vulgarity of manners," In drawing-room accomplishments and the graces of the dancing master. and in those indescribable products of high breeding found in the circles of hereditary aristocracy. America must now- and always, perhaps-yield the nalm to Europe; but in genuine courtesy, unaffected and unselfish politeness, disposition to accommodate, readiness to go out of one's way to help othersharope has much to learn from America. Our manners are "in the rough" and need polishing; but the material of which they are made is gold, not pinchbeck. Vulgar manners are bad, but artificial worse. Let us hope and believe that by dilligent minding of our own business and making the best of ourselves without servile copying of European models, we s' 'll some day reach a point in education, manners and morals which will meet the demands of the most fastidious taste, foreign or domestic .- St. Louis Republican.

A Hasband's Preparations.

The other morning when a Detroiter sured his wife in a car on the Michigan entral to make the journey to Chicago done he took a look around him and " Now, love, if you want the window raised, here are a down gentlemen who

will break their neeks to accommodate "Yes, dear." -"If you feel lonesome and want somebody to talk with about affairs in Egypt. Noah's ark, or the ice period, don't hesitate to call upon any of these gentle-

"Lunderstand" "You won't know enough to leave the car at noon and get your dinner, and you had better ask some of them to accompany you. If they offer to pay for your meal don't be squemish about it."

"Of course and " " You may want to read to pass away ime. It so, any of these centlemen will be only too happy to purchase you half a bushel of the latest books and magazines. Be careful to save 'em for me to read when you get home."

"I'll be certain, love" "And you can say to them that we have been married four years; we do not live happily together: that I am a domestic tyrant; you have strong thoughts of procuring a divorce; you feel that you could love the right sort of a husband: you like oranges and peanuts; you are innocent and confiding; you have never traveled; you are afraid of getting lost in Chicago, and you will be ever so much obliged to any one who will get you a hack, see to your trunk, and pay all the

"Good-bye darl." And wasn't it strange that not one single man in that careven spoke to that lady in a ride of three hundred miles?-Detroit Free Press.

Ravines and Knolls Upon the Farm.

In opening up a new farm, many of the conveniences so needed in the various movements on the premises can be secured by taking advantage of the irregularities in the surface. If however, all the ground around the buildings is a dead level, then no tact on the part of the owner will avail, because there are no natural advantages to be utilized. Where there is a ravine, or if the land is in places rocky, there is liable to be a miniature bluff. In or near this formation it is not unusual to find a spring. Whether there is a spring or not there will at least be good drainage; and while such surface as we refer to is pretty much valueless if enclosed within a tilled field, it is as varding ground for swine or sheep far more valuable than the best level surface upon the farm. For poultry yards, also, it is available. and whatever character of small stock it is devoted to, will be benefited by the natural drainage, as well as by the fact that the various exposures afford places of retreat from the wind when this comes

from cold quarters. In so far as such land affords surface on which to grow grass, this can be turned to good account, for either class of stock referred to, provided the enclosure is large enough to insure the preservation of this from being trodden out by the stock. Such locations afford exellent sites for the small buildings or sheds required for shelter; and these can quite generally be given a southern exposure, in a degree secure from cold vinds. The French farmers, as well as others where the vine receives great attention, know full well the high value of these broken places, as upon these the grapes and certain vegetables grow to perfection .- National Live Stock Jour-

A Melancholy Sacrifice. The fate of the French Expedition melancholy sacrifices to science. According to the latest news, which the Consul of the Argentine Republic in Tapiza received from Tavija, the whole company of nineteen men were butchered by Indians of the Tobas tribe. The expedition had not long before left Rio de Janeiro, where they were received with the warmest sympathy by the Union Pacfic Land Office Emperor of Brazil. A dispatch from them, dated January 15, stated that they had come across the ruins of an old Inca town, a few kilometers from Salta. On January 24, they were arrested by an over-zealous Argentine official in the an inquiry he released them, and permitted them to go forward along their intended route. It is possible that the news of their arrest may have reached the native tribe, and aroused a suspicion as to their purposes. They had just ascended the Pilcomayo only a few days later, when the Tobas fell upon them and slaughtered every member of the expedi-

changes in the constitution cannot be made without the consent of the Council, a kind of Executive Committee, and this has been refused. accompanied the Jeannette expedition. has used the \$1,000 given him by Mr. Bennett to establish a laundry in Wash-

ington, which he calls the "Jeannette."

-The Massachusetts Medical Society

voted, 104 to 60, to admit properly

qualified women to membership; but

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Youn stown, Ohio, May 19th, 1880. B. J. Kenda'l & Co., Gents: I had a very valuable Hambictonian coll which I prized very highly, '- had a large home sprying on one joint and a small one on the other, which is do im very lame; I had him under the charge of two voterinary from Boston to San Francisco without an surgeous who taked a cure him. I was one day reading the interfisement of Kendall's Spavit, Cate in t) Chicago Express, I determined at once to try it, and got one druggists are to serve to it, they ordered three bottles, I took them all and thought I would give it a thought trial. I used it according to directions and the fourth day the colorested to be some and the jumps had disappeared. I used but one buttle and the colts' limbs are as the from lumps and as someth as one herse in the State. He is entirely ured. The cur was so remerkable that I let take of my acceptors

FROM THE ONEONTA PRESS, N. Y.

About the time the advertisement first appeared another paper M. P. G. Scher methorn, who resings hear spilliers, and a spayined horse. He read the advertiment and a choled to . It is efficacy of the remeay, difficult his friends familied at his cred. wity, his boyd, a bottle of Kendail's spayin thate and communeed using it on the ho seems woods are with the directions, and be informed us to sweet that it effected s that a mplete cure that an expert has somen, who examined the anomal recently cond and no trace of the spayin or the place where it had been focated. Mr. Schermerho in his stace secured a copy of Kendali's Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases, which ac prive very highly and would be loth to part with at any price, provided he could not obtain another copy. So such for advertising reliable articles.

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that the burden of her daily life was out of joint because it cannot turn and much lighter with Aunt Elizabeth to go backward.

It is not to be denied that where wealth is in abundance and leisure to devote to the details of fine orchard

A slight noise from the stone wall opshan't sell a pound, 'n' we shan't have posite made her look up. There were

longer. I'll spend every dollar I'm you know, coming across. You looked perfectly happy as I come up. What are you reading?" "John Halifax," answered Dolly.

Why? Will it belp me to make time; 'n' 'f we don't git thirty cents, it, he feels that he's got to do his best in shan't never want to show my face out- along people about him's well's as he

> wanting to show it to you," and George took the letter from its envelope and handed it to her, at the same time sitting

"Do you remember telling your father

"Don't go just yet, please," said

of course, what I think's nothin in this house and never was."

"I'll try," said George, solemnly.
"And you? Will you be like Ursula?"

knows but the angels may some day solve the problem and obtain a larger

Rheumatism.

markets were full for a few days; but A creaking hinge is dry, and turns hard. her father's friends had advised him to A single drop of oil to moisten it makes wait a little, as they thought it would be a wonderful change, and it instantly moves on itself with the utmost facility. Several days passed and the question All kinds of rheumatism are an inflammaof butter was sill unsettled. Dolly was tion of the surface of the joints. Inbusy with her work, hardly getting a flammation is heat; this heat dries the minute to peep into the new Harper surfaces; hence the very slightest effort sure of furnishing enough fruit for home which George had brought from the at motion gives piercing pain. In a post-office. One day she put two of her healthy condition of the parts, Nature is Lansing Republican. constantly throwing out a lubricating bake, and then went up-stairs for a few oil, which keeps the joints in a perfectly smooth and easy-working condition. Rheumatism is almost always caused by -indeed, it may be nearer the truth to say that it is always the result of-cold dampness. A dry cold or a warm dampness does not induce rheumatism. A