

supposed to take his crown from the hands of a valet! There are his gloves, withal; he always wears gloves, as much as a Saratoga fine lady, and would no sooner touch anything without gloves, than such a lady would a glass of Congress water.

Among the ideal stage-drivers of New Hampshire, before the advent of the railroads, were Charles Sanborn, of Pittsfield, who drove between Centre Harbor and West Ossipee, and H. P. Marden, who drove between Plymouth and the Profile House, White Mountains, during the summer months, and also James F. Langdon, of Plymouth, the three being among the last to give up the reins and the whip, when called to that far-away country "from whence no traveler returns." In 1861, Mr. Sanborn drove between Centre Harbor and North Conway, a distance of thirty-five miles. He drove over that route eleven years, at first requiring but forty horses, while in 1872, no less than 120 were in constant use, besides a large number of coaches, wagons, sleighs, etc. On one of his round trips, Mr. Sanborn took \$350 in passenger fares alone, while the express business was proportionately large. Of course all this seems small to those who know little or nothing of the days before railroads ran by every man's door yard, but those who have "staged it" in the old times will understand what a busy time the driver on such a route must have had. Mr. Sanborn was over six feet in height and of Herculean frame, his broad shoulders and sturdy gait betokening a strength, which gave his passengers the greatest confidence in his ability to carry them safely through any accident. He seldom lost his temper, even under the most trying circumstances, but was a jolly man withal, whose jollity was of the solid kind, like his person, and shook his portly form with a depth of power which reminds one of the rumbling of the earthquake. On his route he had the good will of everyone, and in Pittsfield, where he always made his home, he was highly esteemed for his sterling character and strict integrity.

Maori girls in the North island of New Zealand are being tattooed by a Urewera tohunga for \$15 apiece.

This should be looked into at once by the Tattooers' Union. It is worth \$18 of any man's time to tattoo a Maori girl, and \$20 if a verse of scripture is included. The Union cannot afford to have business demoralized by any old Urewera tohunga cutting rates on them.

**MORE TROUBLE.** There has been a certain pleasure in reading the papers of late, for even if you did not care to study the war news, you could look up and down the columns and be glad that no naked prizefighter was thrust in your face. But no sooner is peace declared than those industrious artisans come forth once more. A domestic

occurrence which wiped out the family of one of the profession reduced that gentleman to tears, we are told, and may cause a postponement of an encounter he was thinking of having shortly with a friend of his. Now we shall have much reading matter about it, with pictures of him feeling bad, pictures showing how he would have looked if he had fought, and many other pictures.

One might almost wish it had not happened.

**SOME PUZZLES OF THE WAR.** Our peaceable fellow-citizens of religious tastes have received so many new ideas lately, that they have hardly known sometimes what to think of this war.

It appears that the battleship Iowa is commanded by a Mr. Evans, who is called "Fighting Bob."

This causes a shudder.

But he got this name in his school-days, by successful resistance to a superior who would have had him remove a Sunday-school motto, which he wished to display upon the wall of his room.

That is better, excellent, indeed.

But somehow he appears to have said "Damn" several times since the war began.

Dear, dear—still in the excitement of battle—

But then there is Mr. Sampson who postponed an operation against the Spanish, on one of his captains saying "Why, Commodore, tomorrow is the Sabbath." And there is Captain Philip, who held religious services as soon as the Spaniards were all beaten.

Yes, but Captain Evans was just going to do the same thing, when somebody told him there was more enemy approaching. And he has sent to New York for an Aeolian, to use at prayer-meeting if his organist has his fingers shot off.

Well, but they were not at worship when they ought to have been on the first Sunday in July. The Spanish came out just at church-time, expecting of course to find them in prayer, but found them at anything but that.

True. But war is hell, and hell has always been hard to explain.

**STORAGE FOR RAINFALL.** All the states west of the Mississippi, and especially those west of the Missouri, should have deeper plowing and more pulverization of their soils. Nebraska and Kansas have, to a limited extent, tried deeper plowing and with most satisfactory results. The loess formation prevails throughout nearly all of the counties in Nebraska and Kansas which are bounded on the east by the Missouri river. The soil along the banks of this stream is very similar, except in color, to that found in the valley of the Rhine, and because of its being loess, requires for the more perfect development

of its fertility deep plowing—subsoiling. The fields in eastern Nebraska, in Burt, Washington, Douglas, Sarpy, Cass, Otoe, Nemaha and Richardson counties which have been plowed deepest have made the best return in cereal, root and fruit crops. Deep tillage makes a storage for the rainfall. Shallow cultivation with the old-fashioned mouldboard plow brings smaller pay for the labor bestowed. The draft on the mouldboard plow is downward. The earth is the fulcrum, the plow is the lever, and the furrow turned over is the weight lifted when that plow is used. The bed or bottom of the furrow is indurated, by the down pressure at the end of the plow beam, into a subterranean drain and thus the water is conducted off from instead of into the undulating surface. The demand of intelligent and thinking farmers on these gently rolling prairies is for a plow which shall deeply cut into and pulverize the soil and leave it in a receptive and retentive condition for the rains and the melting snows.

Such a plow will be and must be a complete innovation. It must have no down pressure with which to compact the earth and make it almost impervious to water. It must stir up and grind, as into a flour of fertilization, every clump and lump of soil. Therefore this coming plow must be of the revolving disc variety. The draft may be heavier but the work will be better and the result ten times more satisfactory than that obtained by the old-style plow. No implement of husbandry has improved and changed so little in twenty centuries as the plow. It is time for an entirely new soil mover and pulverizer. A new implement for the primary preparation of the earth for the reception of seed is imperatively demanded. Revolving discs are already at work advantageously in Nebraska. Can they be improved?

With such discs running to a depth of fourteen inches, a storage for precipitation will be secured. No water that falls on fields thus tilled will be wasted. No torrential rainfall can then pass through indurated troughs, to the valleys and creeks and take with it tons of fertile loess. Then there will be no diminution of fertility by erosion. The loss of arable land from erosion alone in only the state of Ohio has, in twenty-five years, amounted to more than seven hundred thousand acres. Let us with a new and practical plow prepare a storage for the rainfall. With such deep tillage, cereal crops can be grown with a precipitation of twenty inches that shall out-measure and out-sell those grown with twenty-eight inches of rain on fields which have been shallowly plowed.

The days wasted by idle mortals in each year are enough to make what might have been a life of plenty for a million of people yet unborn a life of poverty and distress.