## PUNISHMENT WITH THE LASH.

BY UNCLE LUTE.

("Official whippings are continued regularly at Newcastle, Del., and are regarded as a matter of course by the residents. On a recent occasion five convicted thieves were punished, among them a boy of 15. At the first stroke he desperately forced himself loose by pulling his hands out of the staples." A handkerchief was then used to fasten him, but, before the prescribed twenty blows were completed, he got loose again and pathetically begged the brutal Sheriff not to strike so hard.")
—*Floating paragraph.*

Ah—hark! My God, what sound is that I hear?
'Tis not the voice of grief, nor hardly pain,
Though caused by pain. "The wind," you say.
'Tis false.
I know the wind's each mood by heart. It laughs,
It cries, it groans, it whispers, and halloos
Alike round misery's cot as round a throne.
But no such sound—hark! once again it falls
Upon my ear—a wail for pity's ear;
And, though suggestive, it I cannot name.
"Imagination?" 'Tis a lie. No sound
Like that was ever bred in fancy's brain.
To justice's, mercy's, pity's state, it first
My senses melts; with madness next I boil
That cause should be devised for such a sound.
If long I hear it, mad in fact I fear
I'll be. "Crazy?" Not I. Methinks thou art
The crazy one, for—can't you hear it now?
A human voice it is, and every word
It utters now distinctly I can hear.
That's what I meant. You ask, and you heard it!
And you think naught of it! You are a brute,
I think, and worse—uncivilized heathen
In eyes of God, if not by human law.
Look yonder, sir! I'll see from window it comes.
You say: "A hat, far down here by Blue hen bay?"
That patch of land, "Diamond," some fool hath named,
And blurred the man's pure page with, Delaware!
Ah, now I see! There is an open yard,
A post is there, with chain from staples hung.
On many links are stains of human blood,
And on the filthy ground it lays in pools.
Over the post a human form is bound—
A boy but fifteen years of age, or less.
Naked is his back, as is the souls of them
Who made it so. A fiend, called man, stands nigh,
And in his hands the flail of "justice" swings.
Each hellish blow, some crime to recompense,
A furrow makes deep in the poor boy's flesh.
Around, a throng of jeering heathen stand.
What! "Christians?" Yes, you're right; with God left out.
They're cursed of God; the devil moveth them.
"Some petty crime, and he deserves it!" One
Would surely think an angel had been raped
And jealously was wreaking out its wrath.
A civil punishment—no fiendish scourge—
I: what we deal for crime in Michigan;
Here, where kind mercy hoardeth not her tears
To scald her soul, and pity's aching heart
Is never broken quite; where great men live
And fiendish scoundrels find it hard to thrive.
Ah, look! Thank Heaven!—the boy has broken loose.
The crowd will save him now. "They'll not," you say?
See—go at!—they head him off and force him back
Into the Sheriff's clutch, and all for Christ!
May Heaven's indignation veil that State
And spell the people who uphold such laws
Until they blot them from their statute books,
And no be a craven wh left to execute
Such measures, they who row doth feign to bask
In smiles of God, as Moses taught of old.
Such doctrine doth my soul abhor, that God
Is pleased with beast y deeds that good may come.
No God of mine a nature do I know.
It is the devil's voice and smiles they heed,
Then libel God by saying it is He;
While every lash that cuts the quivering flesh
Base insult is to all that is divine.
Were possible a hell beyond this life,
What souls its lurid flames would leap for first!
Perverters of God's nature; saying it
Doth correspond to heir own narrow minds,
With strife and vengeance rife—not mercy, love.
The sheriff leads him back, as butchers lead
A beef to slay. My heart grows sick—for, see!
O hear! he pleads, and they'll not hear his plea.
Great God, is there not one broad mind, not one
Warm heart in all that narrow, snail-paced State?
Not one strong voice to sound a victim's plea?
Shame! shame! that while you kneel in palace-throne,
In worldly pomp, and selfish pride, to shrive
Your souls, at yonder stake is human kind,
Save his misfortune, like unto yourselves.
'Tis as the devil personifies himself.
This may be Christian; righteousness 'tis not!
"Do unto others as ye would," says God,
"That they should do to you," and this doth bind
In all affairs and deeds of human kind.
O, worthy Judge! O, Lucre's Prince! would you
For your own children hold this fiendish creed?
And vote a Sheriff's public scourge, should they
Misstep? Ah! chink of coin doth change the phase,
When well-appeased, stern Justice veils his face.
That poor boy's plea, when hope was dead within,
Will sting your ears, and probe your frozen hearts.
Till death's door opens to your timid knock,
"O Sheriff! Sheriff! please don't strike so hard!"

## AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY W. H. S. ATKINSON.

Away on the dear old Yorkshire wolds in merry England, just at the foot of the bold hill known as the Beacon Top, resting there secure from all but the south winds, is the pretty and quaint village of Beacondale.

You ought to see Beacondale, for it is the very sweetest of English rural villages, whether you look at it from the "Top," or from the low-lying south, or walk up its one street. Its church is worth a long walk or drive, whether you see it inside or out, or both—such a pretty house was never erected elsewhere for the worship of God. It is small and old, but most handsomely fitted and furnished through the generosity of the Squire, who owns all the surrounding property, and it is plenty large enough to hold the rustic congregation which assembles there Sabbath by Sabbath. Adjoining the church is the vicarage, where dwells the good man, who, notwithstanding his weakness in favor of tapers and vestments, faithfully tells these simple villagers the old story of God's love. Not but what heresy in the shape of dissent has planted its fort in this wold village. For on one side of the street is a little square box, capable of holding perhaps forty people, known as the Primitive Methodist Chapel; while opposite, and on the same side of the street as the church, stands a similar brick box—only that this Wesleyan Methodist stronghold can look down somewhat upon its neighbor across the way; for has it not a porch almost as large as the chapel itself? However, church and dissent get along pretty amicably together on the whole.

Methodist farmers and Church of England farmers meet and are the best of friends every Saturday at St. Olaves Market, and their laborers, following their example in a humbler way, drink a glass together at the village tavern every pay-day, without discussing their theological opinions and principles. But to go on with our village. There is, as hinted, a tavern, a postoffice and a couple of general stores (each of which displays its stock-in-trade in a small, four-paned cottage window), and these, with two or three farm houses, a small foundry and forge, and about a score of cottages, ranged on either side a broad road and stream running alongside each other, make up as pretty a village as could be discovered in a life's travel.

About two miles from Beacondale, toward the south, stood a lonely homestead. The house was ancient and in bad repair, but was nevertheless a real comfortable old home, and was occupied, together with a large farm of several hundred acres, by a hale old bachelor of 60, and the mistress of the house was his widowed sister, who lived there with her daughter. John Fielding and his sister, Mrs. Mitchell, were fair specimens of Yorkshire folk—hearty, honest, lively—keeping open house for any one and every one. Among the occasional welcome visitors to this hospitable home was a young fellow named Ferguson, who at first invariably came with his particular friend, George Mitchell, Mrs. Mitchell's son. After a while, however, he took to visiting more frequently, and for some months every other Saturday saw Ferguson at the Thorpe farm, where he staid until Monday.

Will Ferguson was confidential clerk at an extensive engineering establishment at Milton, some fifteen miles, over the wolds, from Beacondale. His position was a good one, and, although barely 22, and scarce two years connected with the firm, his employers implicitly trusted him with their financial affairs and the management of their business. There was nothing particularly attractive about Ferguson. Tall and plain-featured—rather ugly than handsome—a pleasant companion, generally kind and thoughtful to all whom he knew, attentive to business, he was perhaps as well liked as any other young fellow in Milton.

Will Ferguson had often visited Thorpe farm, because his chosen friends were relatives of old John Fielding, and he, therefore, accompanied them frequently; besides, he liked the drive and was fond of the Thorpe folk, and he also liked on Sundays to attend service at Beacondale church.

One bright Sunday morning in October, Ferguson and George Mitchell drove over to Thorpe for the sake of the ride over the wolds and a quiet day at the old farm-house.

Evening came and, as usual, they walked down the lovely lane which led to the village and church. This was not their first visit to Beacondale church by any means, so that they walked in and took an accustomed seat. The service had commenced, and the young men were hastily finding the place in the prayer-book, when they became aware of strangers occupying the seat immediately in front of them. They were bonnie strangers, too—three pretty girls, and evidently not natives of Beacondale. One of them, the prettiest, handed a prayer-book to the late arrivals, and from that moment Will Ferguson was a gone man. His heart was no longer his own. He felt that he had met his fate, and all through that service he was trying to devise some plan whereby he could become acquainted with this girl who had so completely captivated him at one glance, and little attention did he pay to what the clergyman said that evening. After service he returned the book, which gave him an opportunity of saying one word, and hearing that same word—"Thank you"—from those pretty lips.

That evening, on their way home, the two friends called on an acquaintance, and, while seated there, puffing cigars, they heard soon the sound of merry, girlish voices, and into the room walked the three fair strangers of the village church. They appeared perfectly at home here, and the mistress of the house introduced them as Miss Handford, Miss Annie Handford and Miss Maggie Handford. Miss Handford and Miss Maggie might just as well have been still at church for all Will Ferguson saw of them. He was too much occupied in gazing on Annie—the one who had lent him the book at church—the one with whom he fell over head and ears in love at first sight.

I am not going to describe Annie Handford; I might differ in my opinion from Will's and hurt his feelings, and I could never get him to say what she was like, as he used to declare that he couldn't do her justice. I will say that she was not one of your awfully-pretty girls; she was pretty, but I think it was her general behavior and movements and her conversation which were more calculated to win a man's love.

Many Sundays passed on, but each one found Ferguson over at the Thorpe farm and always to church in the evening. Sunday was the bright star which he kept his eye upon all the week before, and he generally contrived to see Annie for a few moments at their mutual friend's on their way home.

It appeared that these young ladies and their mother were spending a few months at this charming village, in a house rented for the purpose by their father, a man of business in the West Riding; and, as the winter drew on, they began to think of returning to their home in the busy town. Will, to all appearance, was no nearer gaining the affections of Annie than before he saw her, and yet he felt it was a step, and, indeed, a stride, in the right direction to have her acquaintance. It so happened that on the day the Handfords went home Ferguson started on a business journey, and contrived to travel by the same train as his lady friends. He met their train (of course by accident) at St. Olaves Junction, and there enjoyed the immeasurable delight of a two-hours' ride in a railroad car along with the girl he was anxious to win. What matter if her father and mother were in the same compartment? It was enough to sit beside her and talk idle nothings and commonplace bits of stale news, and then it paved the way to something bolder. When they parted he took her glove, and, as the train moved on, bearing her to her home, he dared to throw a kiss while her parents were not looking, and, as she nodded and smiled, he knew for the first time that at least he had made a fair beginning.

Time wore on, and Ferguson, in the course of journeys which he often made in connection with his business, occasionally called, and once spent a whole Sunday at the Handfords' house, at Hamilton. After a time the Handford girls went to Beacondale on a visit to the Vicar, and then once more Ferguson was a regular attendant at the church, and once the girls spent Saturday and Sunday at the Thorpe farm, and he drove them to church in his gig. And all the time Will Ferguson was being bound tighter and tighter by love chains which he could not throw from him. So he resolved to follow matters up, and at the first favorable opportunity to speak to Annie and her father of his feelings, and ask for a chance, at any rate, if only—

That if only. It was gnawing at one side of Ferguson's heart, as his love for Annie was gnawing the other. Something lay heavily on his mind, and his friends noticed that he walked often with bowed head and knitted brows. He stuck to the office until late into each evening, instead of leaving, as was his wont, at 5 o'clock, to spend his evenings with genial companions in various ways. Yet no one but himself knew what the trouble was. The fact was he was short in his cash—he had rashly used some of his employers' money in some mad speculations which had failed, and, to make this loss good, he speculated again. This also proved a failure, and he grew reckless and took more and more. He never kept account of how much money he used, and he was at last afraid to balance the books to see. However, he at last sternly resolved to do something, even if he must borrow money, and, in doing so, tell the whole story.

He was the only one who need take the books in hand, and his employers would take his word entirely as to the balance, without personal investigation; and, after the annual stock-taking, etc, he would have a whole year to refund the money. He had a good salary, and he would save, and borrow from his friends, and quit this mad and foolish practice which he had called borrowing, but which he saw now was nothing less than theft.

Alas, this chance was not given him. Just toward balancing time he was laid on a sick-bed and kept there for many weeks, during which time one of the partners, in a spirit of kindness, and to save Ferguson additional work when he recovered, set to work to balance the books. Not a word was said to Ferguson, but, soon after he was well enough to attend the office, he opened a drawer and there saw a sheet of paper containing names and figures, and at the head he saw jotted in pencil, "Accounts marked off the ledger, but not in cash book." It was Saturday, a busy half-day at the works, and Ferguson went through his duties mechanically. On his way to the bank for the wages, he called in at his lodgings, packed a couple of valises with a few necessaries, and also called to say good by to some of his particular friends, saying he was going to Manchester for a few days. Having finished his work at the office, by 2 o'clock he was seated in the railway train, with little cash and a heavy heart, fleeing from Milton, his friends and the law, and going he knew not whither.

The next week's Milton *News* contained the following paragraph:

"A warrant has been issued for the apprehension of William Ferguson, lately in the employ of Messrs. Noble & Croaker. It is stated that he is a defaulter to the amount of £700. Ferguson was last seen at Merthyr Tydoil, in Wales, and has been traced to Swansea."

The news came like a thunderclap on the little world of Milton, where Ferguson was well known and respected. It was the talk of the town, but like all nine-days' wonders it died a natural death. Not so, however, in a London home, where a fond father and mother were almost heartbroken at this news of the son of whom they had been so proud; not so in more than one home at Milton; not so at Thorpe Farm; and not so at the Handfords' home at Hamilton. In all these places Will Ferguson had been something more than an ordinary acquaintance, and in these places dwelt his true friends—friends even in his disgrace. Annie Handford then found out for the first time perhaps how much she cared for Ferguson, and the poor girl felt the blow keenly. But she had some natural pride, and though she pitied the poor fellow in trouble she felt she could never again have anything to do with a man who had to flee to escape a felon's cell. And so Ferguson's name gradually dropped out of conversation though not out of mind.

When Ferguson got into Wales, he thought he might safely take time for breathing and looking around. On that Saturday afternoon he had, on his way west, called in to take one more look at and a gloomy farewell of Annie, and he then resolved to work incessantly until he had earned sufficient to refund what he had taken and retrieve his position. But in Wales he met with no success whatever. He had no character, and no one would engage him without. Then he went south to Portsmouth, and thought about enlisting in the army, but he decided to leave that as a last resource. He made his way to London, and having a good voice and knowledge of music he obtained an engagement as a singer in the chorus at one of the opera houses. This proved a poor game and offered no chance of increased salary, and consequently Ferguson resolved to quit and cross the Atlantic. He got sufficient money from his old grandmother, and after a sorrowful farewell to his parents he started off to try his fortune in the New World. During the first six months in America he worked as a farm laborer, clerk, and sub-editor of a newspaper. Remunerative employment seemed hard to obtain, but he toiled on patiently, hoping for better things.

He had ceased to think of his attachment to Annie Handford, except as a secret memory to be treasured, but spoken of never. Yet, when Christmas came round, and with it a couple of letters—one from home, and one from an old and trusty friend at Milton—one of them contained just a common Christmas card, wishing the compliments of the season in the most ordinary way. But the wrapper was addressed in a handwriting well remembered. It was from Annie, and now Will Ferguson, in his loneliness, knew that the pure girl whom he loved, but whom he had never told of that love, did care something for him in his disgrace, and, if that was so, even though it might be the expression of a mere feeling of pity on her part, he would renew his efforts to regain an honest name, and he patiently and honestly kept his resolve, with what success, we shall see.

Five years have passed away, and changes have been wrought even in that short time. Thorpe farm is occupied by others than John Fielding and his sister. They reside at Rillbrook farm now, about three miles from Milton. It is summer time, and the house is full of visitors, the number including three of Mrs. Mitchell's daughters, and Annie Handford. Annie Handford is now a beautiful woman of 27, and the rest of the party look all the years older than in the old times at Thorpe farm. After supper, seated in the parlor, with the windows open to allow of the summer breeze filling the room with odors of the flower garden, they begin to speak of by-gone times and old friends, and some one mentions the almost-forgotten Will Ferguson. Said one:

"I heard that he came back to England to set some scheme in connection with the publishing business afloat, and that he proved most successful, and made piles of money."

"If that is so," was the reply, "why doesn't he act honorably by Noble & Croaker, and refund the money he used?"

"By the way," said George Mitchell, who was present, and now just caught at what they were discussing; "at Milton market, on Saturday, I was shown a paragraph in the 'agony column' of the *Times*. I copied it down," and, taking out his pocketbook, he read, "'Messrs. N. & C., of M., if you will let me know the amount of W. F.'s defalcations, six years ago, I will remit same with interest. R. Tape, solicitor, 650 Chancery lane, London.' That is Will Ferguson, sure enough." Shortly after he added, "Mother can you find another spare bed? A fellow I was once well acquainted with wants to come down here to knock around our wolds; he won't trouble you much, I dare say, and he's an old friend of mine. His name is Wilson."

Then Mrs. Maria Smith, Mrs. Mitchell's married daughter, talked to Annie Handford of Ferguson, and Annie said: "I never knew whether I quite really loved him; I *liked* him very well, and more than I ever cared for any other fellow, but at any rate, if I ever did, the feeling is entirely dead now, and, even if I felt sure that I loved him, I would never marry a thief."

The next day brought George Mitchell and his friend Wilson. Mr. Wilson was a tall, bronzed and bearded man, and, though George said he was only 27, he looked more like 37, and all the inmates of the house remarked that they fancied they had seen him before. However, they concluded it to be entirely fancy, as none of them knew any Wilsons resident in London.

Weeks passed away, and it was soon pretty evident that this Wilson was deeply enamored of Miss Handford, and it was also plain to the most careless observer that his love was reciprocated. One day he announced that he intended to depart on the morrow, and in the evening he asked Annie to take a walk with him. On a stile in a shady lane, with the red sunset shedding its glow upon them, once again was the same old story told. But, before Wilson obtained Annie's answer he told her that he knew Ferguson; that he had known him all his life; knew of his sin and disgrace, and also knew how bravely he had toiled to redeem his name, and that he was now a comparatively rich man. He told her that he knew Ferguson loved her deeply, though he had never known whether it was a mutual love—and he asked her to say whether it was so? "Oh, no," she replied, "it was all fancy; I never loved until now; besides," she added, "I could never wed a thief, you know." These words were like a sharp knife in Wilson's side, but he went on:

"Don't you think, if you saw him, you could love him as I know he loves you?"

"O, never, never! Don't speak about him, please; all that is gone and past years ago, and we need never mention his name again."

There was a short pause.

"Annie," said Wilson; "Miss Handford, forgive me for deceiving you. I came down here only known to George Mitchell, just to take a look at old scenes and old friends. I am Will Ferguson. I never meant to speak to you of love, but, from the moment I beheld you again, I was no longer master of myself. But I shall go away to-morrow, and never again shall you be troubled with the love of a thief." When he finished speaking she fell on the grass in a kind of dull amazement, and, as she began to see how matters really stood, she was at a loss what to do, and speak she could not.

"Miss Handford, try to control yourself," said Ferguson, "and think no more of what has occurred; let us return."

They walked mechanically to the house, in perfect silence, and saw no more of each other that night; and when Annie awoke in the morning Will was on his way to London. Now that she had time for reflection, she felt that she still loved that man. She felt annoyed with him for deceiving her, and also with herself for being deceived; and yet, after further thought, she decided that it was a pardonable deception—but, there was that great disgrace.

She consulted with her great friend, Mrs. Maria, who advised her to wait a bit, and to let her father know all about Will Ferguson.

If Milton had felt disgraced by Will Ferguson when he fled a defaulter, it now did its best to try and give him a firm footing once more. The local newspaper contained a long laudatory paragraph, commending his honorable conduct in refunding double the amount which he had stolen, and old Mr. Noble had shaken him heartily by the hand, wishing him well and entirely forgiving him. Will was now proprietor, too, of a good remunerative business, and had good credit in the commercial world. By degrees, where his disgrace had been known, it was becoming fast forgotten, and in nineteen-twentieths of the country it had never been heard of.

So old Mr. Handford wrote to his daughter and bade her please herself; he was satisfied Ferguson had learned a lesson from the past, and meant for the future to do well. And thus it came to pass that Will, one day in October, received a letter from his friend Mrs. Maria Smith telling him to "come down and try again." He went, and, one Sunday afternoon, exactly seven years after they had first met, these two, who had waited for their fate so long, plighted their troth. And one day, when the snowdrops were peeping up above the hard wintry soil, the bells of Beacondale church rang out a merry peal. For Will Ferguson had determined to wed his wife at the church where he first had seen her; and so, after these long years of disgrace, and pain, and labor, and at last success and honor, from out the little church, followed by the blessing of the old vicar and the cheers of the villagers, stepped into the carriage, which waited to convey them to Rillbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Will Ferguson.

## A Young Doctor Sacrificing His Life for Others.

George Herbelin, 28 years old, was house surgeon at the Hospital of Sainte Eugenie in Paris, where croup and diphtheria were raging. M. Herbelin's devotion to his young charges was the subject of much remark among the visiting physicians, and the sisters connected with the hospital. While at the bedside of two children suffering from diphtheria, symptoms of the disease were noticed in himself by another medical man, who insisted upon young M. Herbelin going home. He did so, and died in a few days. While M. Herbelin was on his deathbed, the circumstances were related to M. Grevy, who had an interview with Gen. Vinoy, Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, at whose instance the cross of the order was awarded to the young surgeon. It was taken to the dying man, who, overjoyed at the news, exclaimed:

"I am decorated! I wish to live—I will live. Cure me, my friends!"

He sank upon his bed exhausted, and died clasping the ribbon attached to the cross. The Hospital of Sainte Eugenie was founded by the Empress Eugenie under circumstances of a peculiar character. The Municipality of Paris had voted the sum of 600,000 francs to be spent in the purchase of a diamond necklace as a wedding present to the Empress in 1853. The money was preferred to the diamonds, and was devoted to the foundation of this hospital for children, since become so famous. M. Lepere, Minister of the Interior, M. Herold, the Prefect of the Seine, several Municipal Councilors, and a number of leading physicians and medical students attended M. Herbelin's funeral. A detachment of infantry rendered him military honors. Several speeches by professors of the faculty were made over his grave. Deceased's father, who was a doctor, lost his life in the same way.

## A Colored Brother's Philosophy.

Hanner, dat was a pow'ful sarmon we hearn Brudder Wilkerson disco'se t'om de pulpit las' Sunday. De tex' was dis: "Shall we know each odder dar?" but I'se kinder mixed in my 'pinion 'bout de 'clusion dat he cum ter—dat we would. All I got ter say is dis: I'se been er gsine wid you to Brudder Wilkerson's meetin' 'ouse, an' a payin' as I go, now gwine on fo' long yeahs, an' I ain't got 'quainted wid mo'n fo' or five o' de congregashun yit, an' all I got ter say is dat, 'cordin' ter Brudder Wilkerson's ideer, if dey's as long gittin' 'quainted wid one 'nudder "ober dar" as dey is in dat 'ar congregashun o' his'n all I got ter say is, dat dey'd better begin to interdoosin' one 'nudder w'en dey're young, or dey won't "know each odder ober dar." Hit'll be "ober dar" jes' as 'tis down hyar—de upper crus' won't mix wid de common trash, an' turn dar noses up at one 'nudder jes' de same as dey do in dat meetin' 'ouse. Ef dey don't know one 'nudder down hyar, dey won't know one 'nudder "ober dar," an' Brudder Wilkerson knowed he wuz a givin' dat 'ar congregashun "taffy an' pea-nuts" w'en he wuz a disco'sin' t'om de pulpit.

## A Perilous Widow.

Democrats are the exception instead of the rule in Vermont, and it is unusual to see more than two or three gathered together. Widow —— has buried three husbands, all prominent Democrats. At the funeral of the last, many of the "unterrified" were in attendance, and as they were leaving the house a gentleman remarked, in an under-tone: "This looks like a Democratic State Convention."

The widow is soon to marry a fourth husband, who is also a noted Democrat, and, as the matter was being discussed recently, Jim ——, who is one of the "true blues," said: "Boys, this thing is getting serious; at this rate the widow will in a few years ruin the Democratic party of Rutland county."
—*Harper's Magazine.*

## Judging.

Don't judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by his speech, for the parrot talks, but the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structure.

## FARM NOTES.

PIGS need dry beds as well as other animals.

FEED the sheep well, give them fresh, pure water, and keep them out of the wet.

AMERICAN honey in the comb has become a popular article of diet in England, and very large shipments are made.

SOILS which are heavy and contain much inert vegetable matter are in England called deaf, which is a good and poetic characterization.

ENGLAND is the only country in which, for the most part, the land is owned by one man, farmed by the second and tilled by a third.

MR. WILLIAM NOLEN, of Convenience, Fayette county, Ohio, sold a calf weighing 739 pounds. He was only 8½ months old, a cross between Galloway and Devon.

MR. SEWARD, of Marengo, Ill., has learned, by actual and careful experiment, that it costs about $5 more to to make a 600-pound animal of a spring calf than it does to bring a fall calf to that weight.

CHOPPED vegetables, such as cabbages, turnips and onions, may be fed to poultry during the winter with profit, especially if a larger supply of eggs is desired. Chopped onions are excellent for all kinds of fowls, and quickly drive all kinds of vermin away.

AS SOON as I have my poultry houses closed I take the manure and spread it over my wheat field or on a poor spot on my meadow, and a man with one eye can soon see where I put it. To put hen manure in a barrel and keep it a year before placing on a crop is, according to my experience, a wrong way.
—*D. N. Kerr, Lehigh Co., Pa.*

LAST spring I sowed an ounce of sage seed, costing 20 cents, from which I now have 1,000 good strong plants. I transplant in rows about three feet apart and two feet in the row; use the plow and hoe freely, with good mulch late in fall to prevent freezing out during winter. I know of no crop more easily managed or more profitable in a small way.—*O. Moffit.*

THE St. Patrick, one of the new varieties of potatoes recently introduced to the attention of our farmers, is said to be a most excellent sort and well worthy of extended culture. It has a smooth, white skin, few and shallow eyes, producing but few small tubers, maturing early and very compact in its habit of growth. It bids fair to become a popular market variety.

WALDO says in the *Ohio Farmer* that he remembers one year making a very large profit from an acre of land, managed in this way: He first grew a crop of Tom Thumb peas, which matured in time for cucumbers, for pickles, and then he grew 500 bushels of turnips, sowed broadcast among the cucumbers. He found that these crops will mature without crowding each other, if properly managed.

A NEW and valuable variety of celery which originated near Newark, N. J., is attracting considerable attention among market gardeners. It is called the golden dwarf, and in size and habit of growth is much the same as the dwarf white kinds, except that when blanched the heart, which is large and full, is of a waxy, golden yellow, rendering it a most striking and showy variety, for either market or private use. It is entirely solid and of most excellent flavor, and one of the best keepers during winter we have ever known. The habitual daily use of this esculent cannot be too highly recommended. It is said to promote digestion, quieting to the nerves and is highly recommended in connection with good nutritious food as a sort of vegetable tonic.

THE tendency of agricultural refinement is to make a good deal of expense about butter-making. The movement is meant for the benefit of those who can afford it, however. People who pay a large price for butter will not fling away their money so long as they make certain that it is really as much better, on the average, than other butter as the price would indicate. That sort of management paying merit, and merit only, will, in the end, elevate the standard of our butter-making as nothing else will. The man who puts capital into dairying and works it there intelligently, employing the best help, and keeping the best stock of cattle in the best manner, should have his reward. After a while, be sure the good of his methods will not die with—him.

EVERY farmer, says the *Country Gentleman*, has noticed that about the time of wheat harvest, if the fowls are allowed the run of the fields and barnyards, there is a material increase in the egg supply. I think the second fact is the natural result of the first. I have fed corn, oats, barley, buckwheat, flax, and sunflower seeds, and have found nothing equal to whole wheat as food for fowls. For young chicks it seems especially adapted. After two or three days of feeding on soft food the young chickens will pick up the whole wheat quite greedily, and will thrive on it as on nothing else. Growing chickens have a large demand for lime, and especially bone material, and this is more nearly supplied in whole wheat than in any other grain. If wheat were $2 per bushel it would still be the cheapest food for young chicks. Farmers can, however, economize by feeding wheat screenings and damaged wheat, which, though unsalable, is nearly as good for chicken feed.

## The Mexican and His Lasso.

The South Texas correspondent writes as follows:

"An accomplishment of the cowboy, and one in which, to be successful, he must invariably be an adept, is 'roping' cattle, or horses for that matter, with a lasso. It is an ordinary half-inch hempen rope, usually sixty feet long, and provided with what farmers call a 'slip-knot.' The Mexicans often use a 'lariat,' which is even stronger, and, by hand, made of rawhide thongs. The cowboy, when about to use his lasso, secures one end to the strong and substantial horn of his saddle, which is itself secured to the animal he rides by two strong, broad girths of hair from the cow's tail. With the bridle reins in his left hand and the rope coiled up in his right, the cowboy gallops off into the prairies and directs his course toward some horse or cow he desires to catch. At sight of him they likewise set off at a gallop, and the race continues until the pursuer has gained sufficiently on them to use his rope. The coil is at length suddenly thrown into the air, and so accurately has the rider calculated time and distance that, although his own animal and the one he is pursuing are dashing along like a locomotive, the noose descends on the head or around the horns of the fleeing cow. So well trained is the cowboy's horse that the latter instantly stops in his career and pulls back. The cow has also been halted and secured, the rider and his horse experiencing a profound jolt, to which, however, they are not by any means strangers. A horse is caught in the same manner as a cow, only that the cowboy throws the rope around the neck instead of the horns as in the case of the cow.

But cattle and horses are not the only subjects of the lasso, which is, and has long been, used by Mexican bandits and highwaymen in assaulting and killing or robbing unwary travelers on the Rio Grande. For this purpose the stealthy thug generally conceals himself in a thicket of chaparral or behind a grove of cactus (prickly pear, which here grows higher than a man's head) near by the roadside. In this position he, panther-like, awaits the approach of his victim, who comes riding along, totally unapprehensive of danger. All at once away goes the lasso high in the air, nor does the wayfarer have time to recover from his surprise before the fatal noose has been so tightly drawn around his throat that his breathing is suddenly stopped, he is dragged from his horse in the death agonies, and soon all is over. The thug first secures the horse, if valuable enough, then waits till the last struggles are past, then quickly rifles his pockets, drags his corpse into the chaparral, and rides away on the dead man's horse.

## HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

EGGS often turn black when boiled hard. If they are put in boiling water ten minutes, and then into cold, the yelk will remain a bright yellow.

MUSTY books may be made sweet by applying oil of lavender mixed with alcohol. If this application is made to new books they will never become musty or moldy.

CIDER may be preserved and kept sweet by putting it in wine bottles, adding a teaspoonful of white sugar to each bottle and corking tightly. The corks should be tied down.

ROAST GOOSEY.—A goose should be roasted in the same manner as a turkey. It is better to make the stuffing of mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt, pepper and onions to the taste. Apple sauce is good to serve with it. Allow fifteen minutes to a pound for a gosling, and twenty or more for an older one. Goose should be cooked rare.

HAVING derived so much satisfaction from the use of a very simple remedy for ridding our pantry of those little pests, the red ants, I am tempted to send the same to your household column for the benefit of other sufferers. It is only necessary to cover the shelves where you wish to place meat or other articles of food with newspapers. The ants will not go over the printed matter. The newspapers may be covered with other paper, if desired. We and others who have tried it have found it a sure and permanent relief.

R. M. S.

PLUM PUDDING.—The quantity given here will serve for a mess of five or six. One cup of molasses, one cup of beef suet, freed from fiber, and chopped fine; one cup of sweet milk, one cup raisins, nicked, seeded, chopped, and dredged with flour; three cups sifted flour, one teaspoonful salt, one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one-half teaspoonful soda, one egg. Put soda into molasses and stir very hard; beat the egg well and stir it into the molasses, then add the flour, salt, spices, suet and fruits. Put into prepared bag and boil three hours.

STOCK FOR SOUP.—This receipt will be found useful, as in a family not too numerous enough stock can be made for a week. Take four pounds of lean beef, cut it into small pieces, slice an onion, saw a hock-bone of beef, remove the marrow, and fry the cut beef and onion in the marrow to a full brown; put fried meat, onion and fresh hock in two gallons of cold water; let it simmer all day; at night strain through sieve, and replace in kettle; throw in some egg-shell and clear; strain through a cloth into an earthen crock; in the morning skim the stock to remove grease; this stock may be used for vegetables or for any kind of soup; of course it is of a rich brown color.

## The Man of Many Obituaries.

Abd-el-Kader, whose death was not long ago announced, is not only still living, but also, despite his 75 years of age and his forty-five children, is exceedingly healthy and carries himself as stoutly as a young man. He lives at Damascus, devoting his time to agriculture and charity. He is one of the handsomest old men to be seen; enjoys life, and asks from Providence nothing better than to be able to read a few more obituaries of himself.

## A Wonder!

In most of the papers may be seen an announcement of a new rubber boot, made by the Candee Rubber Co., of New Haven, Ct. This boot marks a new era in the manufacture of rubber goods, and is called the "95 Per Cent. Sterling," to denote its high quality, and is covered by no less than seven patents, all owned by the Candee Co.! One of the boots, split to show its exact character, is on exhibition at the stores, and shows an article for genuine service that is seemingly indestructible. The Company warrants these boots three months, although there is abundant testimony that the boots will stand six months' hard wear every day. The "Candee" is the largest rubber goods company in the world, and its warrant is equal to a bond. One of the patents referred to covers a binding for the top of the leg, in which are engraved spaces for every day and month in the year, so that the storekeeper can punch out the date of sale, and so fix beyond dispute the duration of the three months' warrant. Altogether, it is the most wonderful boot that has yet appeared.

DR. C. E. SHOEMAKER, of Reading, Pa., is the only aural surgeon in the United States who devotes *all* his time to the treatment of deafness and diseases of the ear and catarrh; especially running ear. Nearly twenty years' experience. Thousands testify to his skill. Consult him by mail or otherwise. Pamphlet *free.*

LADIES' and children's shoes cannot run over if Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners are used.

## THE MARKETS.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **NEW YORK.** | | |
| BEEVES | $7 00 | @11 00 |
| HOGS | 4 70 | @ 5 00 |
| COTTON | 12¾ | @ 13 |
| FLOUR—Superfine | 4 40 | @ 5 15 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 | 1 41 | @ 1 44 |
| CORN—Western Mixed | 59 | @ 61 |
| OATS—Mixed | 46 | @ 47 |
| RYE—Western | 91 | @ 92 |
| PORK—Mess | 12 50 | @12 75 |
| LARD | 7¾ | @ 8 |
| **CHICAGO.** | | |
| BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers | 4 90 | @ 5 75 |
| Cows and Heifers | 2 60 | @ 3 75 |
| Medium to Fair | 4 25 | @ 4 50 |
| HOGS | 3 40 | @ 4 80 |
| FLOUR—Fancy White Winter Ex. | 6 50 | @ 7 25 |
| Good to Choice Spring Ex. | 5 75 | @ 6 25 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Spring | 1 17 | @ 1 18 |
| No. 3 Spring | 1 03 | @ 1 04 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 36 | @ 37 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 32 | @ 33 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 74 | @ 75 |
| BARLEY—No. 2 | 77 | @ 78 |
| BUTTER—Choice Creamery | 28 | @ 33 |
| EGGS—Fresh | 14 | @ 15 |
| PORK—Mess | 12 25 | @12 50 |
| LARD | 7¼ | @ 7½ |
| **MILWAUKEE.** | | |
| WHEAT—No. 1 | 1 19 | @ 1 20 |
| No. 2 | 1 17 | @ 1 18 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 37 | @ 38 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 32 | @ 33 |
| RYE—No. 1 | 72 | @ 73 |
| BARLEY—No. 2 | 70 | @ 71 |
| **ST. LOUIS.** | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall | 1 21 | @ 1 22 |
| CORN—Mixed | 33 | @ 34 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 37 | @ 38 |
| RYE | 72 | @ 73 |
| PORK—Mess | 12 75 | @13 00 |
| LARD | 7 | @ 7¼ |
| **CINCINNATI.** | | |
| WHEAT | 1 29 | @ 1 30 |
| CORN | 42 | @ 43 |
| OATS | 39 | @ 40 |
| RYE | 85 | @ 86 |
| PORK—Mess | 12 75 | @13 00 |
| LARD | 7 | @ 7¼ |
| **TOLEDO.** | | |
| WHEAT—Amber Michigan | 1 26 | @ 1 27 |
| No. 2 Red | 1 27 | @ 1 28 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 40 | @ 41 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 37 | @ 38 |
| **DETROIT.** | | |
| FLOUR—Choice | 6 00 | @ 7 25 |
| WHEAT—No. 1 White | 1 24 | @ 1 25 |
| No. 1 Amber | 1 23 | @ 1 24 |
| CORN—No. 1 | 44 | @ 45 |
| OATS—Mixed | 40 | @ 41 |
| BARLEY (per cental) | 1 10 | @ 1 55 |
| PORK—Mess | 13 50 | @13 75 |
| **INDIANAPOLIS.** | | |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 1 22 | @ 1 26 |
| CORN | 41 | @ 42 |
| OATS | 35 | @ 39 |
| PORK—Clear | 14 00 | @14 50 |
| **EAST LIBERTY, PA.** | | |
| CATTLE—Best | 4 80 | @ 5 10 |
| Fair | 3 85 | @ 4 65 |
| Common | 3 00 | @ 3 65 |
| HOGS | 4 70 | @ 5 00 |
| SHEEP | 4 00 | @ 5 75 |