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The best soil for beans is a mellow clay or sandy loam. Prepare the land as for corn, fitted in the neatest manner. Plant ten days or two weeks after planting corn. Marrow beans require one and one-eighth bushels of seed per acre; medium, three-fourths of a bushel; pea beans, one-half bushel; kidney or other large beans, more, in proportion to size. A fair crop of twenty bushels per acre.

One of the new industries of Germany, reported by Dr. Stutzer to be "now in a flourishing condition," is the manufacture of artificial clover seed. Fragments of green are sifted until particles of a suitable size are obtained, and the substance for the seed is then shaken up with some coloring substance until it acquires the desired hue. An ordinary pocket microscope is quite sufficient, however, to expose the cheat.

I had a more some years ago that had a large wart on her side where the harness rubbed and kept it sore. In summer the flies made it worse. To prevent this I put on a good daub of tar, and disappeared. I have frequently tried it since on cattle and horses, and seldom had an occasion to use a second application. The remedy is simple and effectual.

At the State farm at Monson, Mass., the cows are milked precisely at 5 a.m. and 5 p.m., and each cow's milk is weighed and the weight recorded. The records show that fifty-five cows gave, in one week in June, 24 tons of milk, and in one week in December, 24 tons of milk. The whole amount of milk produced during last year was a little over 120 tons. Seven cows have given an average of about twenty quarts of milk each day.

Potato water, or water in which potatoes have been boiled, is now recommended in various quarters as not only an effective but an immediate remedy for lice on cows and other cattle; also for the skin.

The affected parts are to be bathed with the potato water; one application is generally sufficient. The remedy (if remedy it proves) has the merit of being exceedingly simple, easily employed, and without danger of injury to the cattle.

The use of cow's milk in nervous disorders is very highly recommended by our best physicians. They prescribe it to be used at all hours, and recommend the patient to drink as much as four quarts per day if agreeable. The constant and exclusive use of this article after a time becomes very tiresome, and the milk acquires an unpleasant taste. It may in a degree be avoided by heating the milk and adding enough salt to flavor it, in this form doing as much good as in any other.

A correspondent in the Rural World shows some points of difference between British and American methods of feeding stock, as follows: In Great Britain turnips are cut, reduced to a pulp and mixed with cut hay or straw, and allowed to ferment. Hay and straw are always cut up and mixed with meat. Stock raisers in England buy oil cake, which Americans consider too expensive. They wet and use it with cut hay and straw and meal and pulped turnips. The manure from such feeding is regarded as of great value.

Experience with the Colorado beetle should prompt the early planting of potatoes; also abundant manuring and good preparation of the soil. The latter often enables the crop. An extra 100 bushels of potatoes per acre are well worth working for, if does not pay to plant large. Small will be the most profitable when its cost is considered. After much observation there appears no difference in the crop from small and large seed. Of course there is a limit, and potatoes as small as hickory nuts are not referred to.

Regarding borers in peach trees, says the Country Gentleman, it is useful to heap a peck of dry slack lime about the peach trees after the grubs had been picked, and before the earth is drawn back to the tree. The lime kills any grubs that may be left. If a live grub is thrown into the dry lime, it will soon die; this may be tried to satisfy an inquiring mind. Having used lime in this way in 1877, the writer found no borers at all in his trees in 1878, and therefore has confidence in this means of repressing the depredations of this pest.

It exists in the grasses and most vegetable products on which animals feed. In that way they derive enough in most countries to meet the demands of their natures. They require as much as civilized humanity. With them salt is necessary as ourselves, for keeping the organs of vision in good condition. Stop the supply and blindness would be universal.

There are places in Africa where the process of disintegration of salt from the water is regularly going on, but there is not water power enough to force it onward to the sea. Hence the particles are spread abroad and mixed up with the soil. The negroes of Kalluh in northern Africa, having discovered this, were won by the salt easily when on the war-path, but almost invariably, even when plowing in their fields. Add to this a sheep skin bag containing about twenty pounds of flour, in which are imbedded some pieces of salt and goor (molasses), and the Lord is equipped for a week's campaign. [Blackwood's Magazine.]

Cockburn on a Bust.

Sir Alexander Cockburn (pronounced Colburn) is Her Majesty's Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, the highest court of the realm. He was one of the Geneva arbitrators on behalf of England on the Alabama claims, and is regarded as standing at the head of English jurists. But the labors of the Lord Chief Justice are severe, and like the smaller lords, and no lords, he needs rest occasionally, and so takes a vacation and a trip to the provinces, where "noble lords of high degree" are not seen so often, and are not indigenous. On one of these trips, as related to me by a young barrister, accompanied by one or two boon companions, amid his relaxations he had become "quite jolly." He was at first very loquacious, then garrulous and funny, and finally, at the request of some of the company, he sang songs for their edification, and danced "a regular jig." The performances went so far that, at length, without warrant from the court, the Lord Chief Justice of England was actually arrested and imprisoned—that is, taken by his friends and put to bed. The rather remarkable exhibition was, of course, "lashed up" as well as it could be, but is said one of the odd things that will sometimes happen. [London Letter.]

How It's Done.

A reading workingman has explained how he manages to support himself, his wife and three children on ninety cents a day. His meals consist in the morning of bread and coffee and mush; in the evening of bread, coffee and boiled potatoes; the dinner he carried with him to his work, and generally consists of bread, salt meat and coffee. He has been three times a week; one ham lasts the family a month, and a pound of butter about a week. In summing up the various things for a month this laboring man says: "Put for rent, \$6; meal, \$1.75, that is for two weeks; flour, 50 cents; salt, 12 cents; oil, 20 cents; butter, well, sometimes we average two pounds a week; we put butter down at 80 cents; lard, 20 cents; sugar, 60 cents; molasses, 50 cents; beef, \$2. How much would that be? \$19.07. Yet, the necessary expense for one month is larger, as I have not counted many things. This leaves only a couple of dollars for clothes and shoes for myself, wife and little ones. This is pretty short common, it is true, but after all he can't get off if he can't get all those things he would be to strike."

ONE MORE LONDON MYSTERY

Discovery of the Body of a Young Girl Murdered a Year Ago.

Shortly after ten o'clock yesterday morning, May 9th, the inhabitants of Custom Square were alarmed at learning that a discovery had been made in one of the houses there, which may prove to indicate the commission of a horrible crime. The house No. 4 is the place in which the discovery was made. It is occupied by a German named Siwerin Bersendorff, and he has lived there for about three years. Before that the house was occupied by Mr. Mills, a scullion, and a Mrs. Taylor. Mr. Bersendorff originally let off part of his house to some lodgers, who derived a load of coal from Messrs. Woods. Woods sent one of their carmen named George Pulcher, to deliver the coal yesterday morning.

When he reached the house Pulcher had occasion to go down into the cellar to loose the chain holding the grid which closed the aperture down which the coal would have to be shot. This cellar is approached through a sort of pantry, and when the carman had passed this and opened the door of the cellar, he states that he was almost overcome by a terrible stench which issued. He opened the grid, and was horrified at seeing the head and upper portion of the body of a woman starting out of the mass of rubbish which lay there. Half sickened he called to the inmates of the house, and leaving the cellar, returned to his wagon. A policeman passing saw his agitation, and learning what he had seen, at once informed a policeman. Two constables went at once to the house.

Have a Dip.

A correspondent of the Troy Times, at present traveling in Arkansas, gives the following sketch of snuff-dipping as still practiced in that State: "I went about to go, without even making intended inquiries, when our company was suddenly increased by the incoming of two other women, one of middle age, the other evidently yet in her teens. Some short ceremonial chat ensued, when my hostess with the 'divulay' laid aside her pipe, and diving into a huge black-outside pocket or reticule at her side, fished out a tin mustard box with a hole in the top, through which a dirty looking stick protruded. She first took off the top, then she sighed, then she said: 'Pearl, take this dip, it don't make no snuff dip day.' Then she took the end of the stick in her mouth and ground it awhile; then she soused it about in the box until it was well coated with snuff; then she rubbed her toothless jaws and then passed it to Liza, with the interrogatory sentence, 'Have a dip?' Liza went through with the same performance, and passed it to Tennessee with 'Have a dip?' She defiled her sweet lips with the vile stuff and passed it to Missouri, not forgetting to say, 'Have a dip?' This stately maiden indulged most plen-ously, and, turning on me an inex-pressively pleading look, she passed over the box, and gently queried, 'Have a dip, stranger?'

Burglarious Tramps.

Aurora, Ill., June 14.—Last night the house of William Coffin, of Batavia, was entered by two Chicago tramps, who stole a suit of clothes, a gold watch, and \$20 in money. They were traced to this city by Mr. Porter and Rev. Mr. Bradshaw, who, with Marshal Gates, found them in the street this morning about 9 o'clock, wearing the stolen clothes. They showed fight, but were caught after Rev. Mr. Bradshaw had shot one in the leg and Officer Gates the other in the shoulder. They give the names of John Smith and Ed. Quinlan.

Dr. Ware says "there is nothing like the health-lift for the complete waking up of every torpid molecule of brain, liver and blood." Dr. Ware may be authority on these matters, but if he wants to risk his reputation and money on this championship for the waking up of the molecules, we have a steel blue wasp, foaled in 1878, about three-fourths of an inch long, that we will match against the biggest health-lift in America. Dr. Ware can name his own time and place, he to furnish the health-lift and we to furnish the wasp, and we to try the health-lift while the doctor tests the wasp. Or, while the wasp tests the doctor, as the case may be.

A man in his carriage was riding along, a gallantly dressed wife by his side; Austin and Irene, like a queen and like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed, the carriage and couple he eyed; And said as we worked with his log, "I wish I was rich and could ride."

The man in the carriage remarked to his wife, "What I would give if I could— I'd give my wealth for the strength and the health of the man who sowed the wood."

A pretty young man with a bundle of work, a boy at the morning, was fair, went tripping a long smile of delight, While humming a love-breaking air.

She looked in the carriage the lady she saw, Arrayed in apparel so fine, And said in a whisper, "I wish from my heart, the world, whatever we enjoy in life, is for what we enjoy."

TRAPPED BY AN HEIRESS.

A cozier place than the big sitting-room at Hillcrest would have been hard to find, if one had traveled from Land's End to Joan O'Groats; and this eventful evening, when the destinies of two worthy people were about to decide, a general slice of the Cressington estates.

But the handsome young gentleman wanted to sleep and dream, instead of Mabel's laughing eyes, Irene's gentle, tender ones, and awoke somewhere in the middle of the night, unable to get to sleep again for thinking of her.

For Mabel is a good little darling," thought he, "and I will take Great-uncle Abiah's advice and fall in love with her."

He stands behind his desk, He grasps its sides, then sways back and forth, or steps slightly forward to emphasize a point. There is no ostentation, he is large physically, large intellectually, large spiritually. New England's leading favorite preacher. He strides forward to the pulpit, which is a plain rich stand. It is spacious, with an extended rail overhanging all the communion table. It reminds one of the old English custom when the table was out in the body of the church. While there is beauty about the whole structure, space and bigness are the special features impressing you.

Corresponding with the big church is the minister. He is large physically, large intellectually, large spiritually. New England's leading favorite preacher. He strides forward to the pulpit, which is a plain rich stand. It is spacious, with an extended rail overhanging all the communion table. It reminds one of the old English custom when the table was out in the body of the church. While there is beauty about the whole structure, space and bigness are the special features impressing you.

"Come, don't be shy now. Walter this is your cousin, Mabel Cressington, and this is her good friend and inseparable companion, Irene Vance, come to help entertain you. My nephew, Mr. Walter Austin, girls. And this is Aunt Cornelia—you remember her well enough, hey?"

And so the presentation was merrily over, and Walter found himself at home in the most pleasant family he had ever known.

They are remarkably pretty girls, with blue eyes, although Miss Vance's are the deeper blue and the lovely yellow gold hair.

Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vance's coiffure before he had known her an hour, and when he went up to his room that night he felt as if between the two, roguish Mabel and sweet little Irene, he would never come out whole.

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