

Italian Cultivators.

An Italian correspondent, writing from the fertile region between Piacenza and Rimini, known under the name of Emilia, says: The people of the Emilia, like those of Piedmont, Lombardy and Tuscany, are diligent and indefatigable cultivators. The husbandry in the plain is almost everywhere the same; the main produce is wheat and other grain, maize, or, as they call it, "Turkish corn," or *melica* or *melga*, wine and silk. The most approved method hitherto has been to bring all these products out of the same ground, in the same season, relying on the unmatched fertility of the soil and on the most unsparring use of manure. The same field is planted with rows of young mulberry trees for the silk; every tree bears its vine hanging on festoons from tree to tree for the wine, and between the rows the ground is plowed deeply and carefully to receive the seeds of winter and spring grains. Of late some prejudices have arisen against this system of cultivation, and some of the farmers, contending that "the sun alone is the creator of all things," are cutting down and tearing up all trees and laying the ground bare for miles and miles around, thinking that a good grain crop is worth more than the little dribbling of products of all other kinds, little heeding how sadly their improvements may interfere with the loveliness of that luxuriant vegetation which made of the plain of North Italy a garden, and without which it would soon become as dreary a region as the wilds of Castile. Many of the old-fashioned people, however, and especially the small proprietors, stick to their forefathers' traditions, and it will, perhaps, be long before they give up a mode of cultivation which makes one, and the same land supply nearly all their wants. All the tilling of the ground and all farm and road work is here done by auction. Immense immense importance is therefore attached to the cattle, which attain here the very highest degree of beauty and usefulness, and command very high prices. I saw a yoke of first-rate oxen sold yesterday for ninety gold napoleons, and another of very second-rate quality for forty-nine gold napoleons. The care and love with which these creatures are tended are about the same as are bestowed in England on the best horses in a hunting 'Squire's stables. Out come these tall, bulky, short-horned, short-legged, straw or pearl-colored steers from their sheds as clean and glossy and in as good condition as the most unremitting attention and liberality can well make them. They are stall-fed almost from their birth to their last journey to the shambles, for out-door grazing is unknown here, the meadows, which are mown four times in the year, supplying green grass in spring and hay in abundance for the rest of the year. A thrifty country gentleman will tell you that his stable yields more than either his cornfield or vineyard; for the custom is to be perpetually breeding, rearing, selling, buying and exchanging cattle, and by watching the seasons and consulting the chances of supply and demand the practice of selling in the highest and buying in the lowest market is soon turned to profit. Together with the cattle a large quantity of swine, poultry, rabbits, etc., also contribute to the income of the farm. It seems easy in England to laugh at the greyhound-shape of Italian pigs, but attempts have been made to introduce the short-legged English breed here, and the experiment has turned out a failure, everything being in this country sacrificed to size. I saw yesterday at a friend's house a sow, a venerable mother of several generations, which can hardly have measured less than eight feet from the muzzle to the tip of her curly tail, can hardly stand less than three feet on her trotters, and might be ridden by a child as easily as a reasonably-sized donkey. The proud mistress of the house assured me that the creature's long and meritorious services were at last entitled to their reward; that she should henceforth live on the best of the farm afforded; and after three or four months' feeding her lank ribs would next January or February fill up so wonderfully that her legs would be no more visible, when she would attain a 300-pound weight and fetch as many lire, or say £12, at the pork-butcher's. Be it remembered that we are here in the Emilia, where the flavor of pork is so exquisite that its various manufactures—the Salami of Parma, Zamponi of Modena, Mortadella of Bologna, Spalla of St. Secondo, and other delicacies—are highly valued throughout Italy, and find their way as great luxuries to foreign markets.

Not Pretty but Good.

The following story is told of the Duchess de Berri: She was extremely fond of Dieppe, and passed a great deal of her time there in summer; indeed, it is said that the town owes to her fostering patronage the establishment of the workshops for the production of those exquisite ivory carvings which are well known to every stranger that ever tarried at Dieppe. One summer evening a fisherman met a plainly-dressed lady walking alone on the beach. He ventured to accost her, saying that he had a petition which he wished to present to the Duchess de Berri, but that he did not know how to proceed in order to do so. "Did you," said the Duchess, "asked the lady, "No," was the answer, "but I am told that she is deuced ugly." "Give me the petition, at all events," said his questioner, "and it shall be placed in the hands of the Princess herself." The fisherman complied with the request, and a few days later he was summoned to the villa of the Duchess. What was his dismay, on being introduced to the presence of the Princess, to find that she was the person to whom he had given his petition! He commenced to stammer forth some incoherent excuse, but Marie Caroline interrupted him. "Your petition is granted," she said, smiling, "and henceforth, when people say that the Duchess de Berri has an ugly face, do you add: 'But she has also a kind heart!'"

The women candidates for County Superintendents of Schools in California fared badly in the late election, only one having been successful so far as heard from. There were women candidates in many of the counties. Are the men of the slope destitute of gallantry, or what's the matter?

A FINE SCENE was lately presented on a farm in Clackamas County, Ore. A large separator was at work threshing wheat, and about it were gathered, all at work, Mr. Garrett Palmateer, six stalwart sons, seven grandsons, with Grandmother Palmateer holding the sacks.

THEY do not run to kerosene and buzz saws much in Minnesota, but it may be said that the earliest threshing-machine is attending strictly to business and getting away with a good many legs and arms.

THE commercial experiment of shipping live cattle from Boston to Liverpool has proved a complete success.

The Destruction of Indianola, Texas.

The New Orleans *Bulletin* of Sept. 23 gives the following particulars of the terrible effects of the inundation at Indianola:

Thursday at ten a.m. the wind was blowing fearfully, the water still coming in higher, and in two hours rose six feet, submerging most of the town. The alarm spread like wildfire. Those who had boats were plying about in the waves taking women and children to places of fancied security. Families were sent up to the highest portions of the dwellings, household goods were confusedly hurried into boats and the whole town was one scene of terror.

There were no means of leaving the town and so all had to secure themselves as best they could. Midnight Thursday a heavy current set in, running through the town, and then commenced the dull crash on all sides of falling houses. The water by this time had reached a point covering the whole place fully six feet.

Looking out, nothing could be seen except house-tops and the white foam on the heavy rollers. With every crash, above the screaming of the wind and the roar of the waters, could be heard the wail of despair from drowning women and children.

Frantically clinging to the remnants of the wrecks, mothers with children in their arms vainly implored for help when all around were unable to render any. The scene begged description. Strong men, overcome with emotion, wept like children, and some wanted to rush forth to certain death rather than suffer to see the victims perishing before their eyes whilst they were powerless to render assistance. Not an eye was closed that night in Indianola. The loud splash and cracking of timbers proclaimed another house gone and the sound was echoed by piercing screams.

About daylight Friday morning the wind lulled and the water fell as rapidly as it had risen, and by noon it was possible for people to get about in the higher portions of the town.

The severity of the damage done was then fully appreciated. Not a house in the place but showed evidence of the gale. Squares completely vacant, stores and houses having been carried off by the current, leaving only the foundations to mark the spot where once they stood.

As soon as the citizens were able to get out they set to work relieving those still in peril. Those confined in the upper stories of the dangerous buildings were taken out and the corpses caught by falling timbers removed. It was a sad work, and nobly did the people respond to the call for duty. It was then that the most heart-rending scenes were met. Here a little girl, almost nude, wading in the water in search of father, mother and sisters, whose bodies lay bleaching on the sand, miles distant; there, old men, pale with emotion, looked for their grandchildren whose prattling voices were forever stilled by the treacherous waters.

No pen could portray the sad picture of Friday at Indianola. A town of 3,000 inhabitants under water for twelve hours, with 250 of their number suddenly struck down, could not but tear-stain the paper and make the hand of the chronicler tremble.

Up to Monday evening last ninety bodies had been recovered and given Christian burial. As there were no coffins left after the storm in Indianola, friends of the deceased were forced to dispose of their bodies from the graves.

The corpses of dead letters are resurrected into clean paper and are worth \$5,000 per annum for that purpose.

—When is a literary work like smoke? When it rises in volumes.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES The Atlantic Cable is a national benefit: see are Silver Tipped Shoes for children. Never wear through at the toe. Also try Wire-Quilted Soles.

Millions of dollars would be lost yearly if all would wear **CABLE SCREW WIRE** Boots and Shoes. The easiest and most durable Shoe ever worn. Also try Wire-Quilted Soles.

SINGULAR to say, most of the bodies were not found in the town. The tremendous current swept even many of those who were caught beneath fallen buildings, and carried them back to the lake in the rear of Indianola. Along the shores of this could be seen, protruding through the sand, almost buried, the arms or heads of the victims. It was next to impossible to recognize a single one.

The action of the waters and waves had been such as in cases to completely beat the drowned. The last remnant of clothing was torn from them, and only in cases where a bracelet or finger-ring remained could friends identify the lost. It would seem almost as though the demon of cruelty had been at work. Headless trunks, armless bodies, all were scattered about on the beach, memorials of the storm's dreadful work.

BREVITIES.

Lots of trouble—Lots which are mortgaged.

NEAL Dow says that taxes should be paid in installments.

In war times people kill each other; in times they kill themselves.

FLORIDA papers are fearful that the aligator crop may be short this fall.

ONE-FOURTH of the total valuation of the real estate of New York city is under mortgage.

BEGIN to buy oxen and learn which is "gee" and "haw"; the epizootic is coming again.

EVERY Gallic man from twenty to forty is paid by the new laws to serve in the French army.

A GILMER COUNTY (Ga.) man found eight hundred and odd dollars in an old log the other day.

THE devil still finds work for idle hands to do, and the wages of sin have not been reduced.

GEREAT BRITAIN counts on the importation of 88,000,000 bushels of wheat this year to keep the wolf from the door.

In some parts of Texas the people are complaining because their cotton crops are so large they cannot gather them!

A ONE-LEGGED "beggar" was picked up drunk in the streets of Sacramento, and found to have \$171 in his pockets.

THE Clinton (W. Va.) salt furnace was sold at trustee's sale the other day for \$11,000. It cost \$407,000 when built in 1867-8.

TWO MILES south of Gilroy, Cal., tobacco grows six feet high with leaves thirty inches in length and 2,000 pounds to the acre.

CAPT. EADS' jetties, at the mouth of the Mississippi River, suffered but little by the recent great storm in the Gulf of Mexico.

THE census of Kansas, just completed, shows a loss of population in twenty-three counties in the State. The grasshoppers probably did it.

THERE are eight completed Bessemer steel establishments in the country, and according to the *Iron Age*, "every one is running to its full capacity and is full of orders."

A dog in Peru, Ind., has the fever and ague. He shakes, tail and all, every day at ten o'clock. He takes an occasional

bark, but Ferdinand bark seems to do him no harm.

In dredging Buffalo harbor the other day they found a stone war-club, and now they are digging down for the chop who used to balance it on his thumb and cry for gore.

If you have a boy, name him William. Statisticians say that there are now only 2,000,000 "Williams" in the United States, without counting the little "Willies."

There is nothing a man will look at more frequently, and resolve to do every time he looks at it, than to clean up the cellar, and yet invariably leave it for his wife to do.

HENRY SWAN, of Otsego, N. Y., called his wife to him as he was dying and said: "Mary Jane, when you feed the hogs tomorrow night you'll be the widow Swan!" And she was.

M. HENRI ROCHEFORT was evidently not born to be drowned. He swam away from his prison and now, having been capsized on the Lake of Geneva, he easily saved his life.

A PENNSYLVANIA paper is constrained to remark: "A good many of the chickens that come to this market look as though they had been hatched out of eggplants and then allowed to wither."

THE city of Brooklyn has spent an average of \$8,400,000 per annum for the past ten years. The *Argus* thinks there is something wrong, and it does look as if there were screws loose somewhere.

The largest lobster which has been brought into the Boston market for fifteen years was caught at Eastport, Me., the other day. It measured three feet five inches in length and weighed nineteen pounds.

D. HONEYMAN, an Acadian naturalist, obtained a number of army-worms and kept them under a glass case to note their development. They turned into brown moths, each having two white spots on the wings.

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