

FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

Farming Paragraphs.

A British sportsman repels flies from horses by lightly sponging the neck and haunches with kerosene. During the first three miles of a recent journey the posts distressed and teased his thin-skinned, spirited steed almost beyond endurance, but after the application of oil, and during the remaining eleven miles of the trip, though still pursued by thousands of the winged bores, not one ventured to alight and present his bill.

The Kansas Cowboy says that a gentleman remarked to the editor that the recent rains would be the ruin of many a granger. Why? "Because," said he, "this is not a country for the plow, but for stock; and this is an exceptional year, such as has not been known since the settlement by the most adventurous ranchmen and the grangers will regard it as conclusive evidence that every year will produce crops, and will expend their last dollar trying, only to bring ruin upon them and their families."

A. B. Allen states that he finds wheat bran an unprofitable feed for swine. They do not seem to possess the power of digesting it, consequently much of it passes through them only partially assimilated. If mixed with corn meal it does better, and can be fed with advantage to cattle, along with cut hay, if mixed with it and well wetted, as it then undergoes a second mastication.

Planting Tree Seed, etc.

Rural New Yorker.—The proper time to gather any seeds for planting is when fully ripe; watch and wait until there is evidence that they are in this condition, and then gather them. 2. The best of all times to plant all these seeds is in the Fall. The only objection is the danger of their being eaten by gophers, mice, rats, squirrels, etc. The ground should be prepared the same as for corn; in fact, it can be used the first two or three years for corn, letting the trees take the place of every third row. 3. To keep the seeds till Spring, where vermin are so bad that fall planting is not practicable, they should be placed in sand or loam in a box, which should have some holes bored in the top and bottom, and these holes should be protected with pieces of perforated tin or iron, so that vermin can not enter. The boxes should be buried in the ground, in some place where their contents will keep damp, but not become water-soaked, and it will be all the better if in some place where they will freeze solid. In spring, plant as above directed. The ash, Box-elder and beech seed should not be planted more than a half-inch deep; the larger nuts may be planted an inch, and all should have thorough and clean culture. 4. The kinds of trees that may be regarded as "timber trees" within the meaning of the law, are specified as follows: "Ash, alder, beech, birch, black-walnut, basswood, black-locust, cedar, chestnut, cottonwood, elm, fir, including spruce, hickory, honey-locust, larch, maple, including box-elder, oak, pine, plane-tree, otherwise called cotton-tree, button-wood, or sycamore, service-tree, otherwise called mountain ash, white-walnut, otherwise called butter-nut, white-willow and white-wood, otherwise called tulip-tree." The above list was intended only as a general guide, and will not be construed so as to exclude any trees falling within the description of trees recognized in the neighborhood as of value for timber, or for commercial purposes, or for fire-wood or domestic use. Either of the following might, in some localities, be worthy of cultivation as timber trees, and several of them may be classed among the valuable kinds:—Ailanthus, blue-beech, cherry, especially the black cherry, gum-trees, hackberry, ironwood, osage-orange, peach, pear, apple, plum, etc. The general permission to plant such trees as are of general use in any section, was granted by a decision of February 10, 1882, as the omissions in the list previously enumerated, had given rise to severe criticism.

Bayadere Stuffs in Jaunty Costumes.
New York Letter in Cincinnati Enquirer.
Many women are using the bayadere striped stuffs which are brought out among fall novelty fabrics for skirts of their traveling dresses and utility costumes. With the simplest materials they contrive to produce pretty suits, of which the following may be taken as a sample: The skirt is composed of wide blue and red bayadere stripes (that means horizontal bands not vertical lines), the blue stripes being wider than the red ones, thus making blue the predominant color. The tunic is of fine blue serge, turned up at the edge with striped revers. The plaited corsage of the same serge is open at the neck over a plastron of the striped material, the stripes running across the chest, as in waistcoats worn under sailor blouses. The moderately tight sleeves have cuffs of the striped stuff. Now, is not that a pretty model, containing a great deal of suggestion for other suits in other colors.

Gorgeous Wedding Dress.

The wedding dress of Miss Carrie Astor, the New York heiress who will be married in November, is now being made in Paris, and will be sent over the

first of November. It is described as follows:

It is to be of a very heavy pearl white satin, made with a full princess train, which will be bordered by a plisse of the satin and on the edge a ruching of fine point lace in a wild-rose design. The front is to be covered with ruffles of rare point lace that belonged to Miss Astor's grandmother. The lace will not be cut, but will cross over in flounces, and at the sides will be caught down in a twist and held by a cluster of orange blossoms and pearls. The corsage will be cut square and bordered with the lace, while the sleeves, slightly puffed on the shoulders and reaching to the elbow, will be met by long white kid gloves, which are being made to order to fit the slender little hands of the bride. The slippers are to be made of the dress materials, and embroidered in white pearls, while the stockings will be of the finest white silk. The veil will probably be of illusion. There is a rare old-point-lace veil in the family, and this may be worn, although tulle is more becoming and preferred by the bride. It will be fastened by a half wreath of apple blossoms and caught by diamond pins. She will wear other diamond jewels and carry a large bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley, surrounded by maiden-hair ferns.

A Good Word for Homely Girls.

Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Why are homely girls always the best scholars, the best workers and make the best of wives?" This question was propounded by an observant and intelligent gentleman who has been twice led to the hymeneal altar, and is ready to be sacrificed again.

"Is such really the case?"
"I have reason to know that it is. It is natural enough, isn't it? The girl who is handsome in feature and form concludes very early in life that these are her stock in trade, and with them she enters the matrimonial market. Nine times out of ten she is soon off the books and at the head of a house. Her homely sister has hardly entered her teens until she discovers she is made to stand aside for the pretty-faced girls. All the neatness of dress, elegance of manners and proficiency in the arts of making one's self attractive she does, deliberately and for a purpose, perhaps, or possibly for no other reason than, Topsy-like she grew that way."

"The chances are she does it solely for the purpose of compensating for her lack of physical beauty."

"My observations lead directly to the opposite conclusions," replied the intelligent observer. "There is among the great laws of nature one known as the law of compensation, and I am thoroughly convinced that to it the homely girl is indebted for the tastes and disposition that prompt her to make herself useful when she can not be ornamental."

"Then, if you had the choice of two ladies, one beautiful and the other homely, you would take the homely one?"

"Experience and observation both teach me that would be the wise thing to do. The first impulse would naturally be to take the prettier of the two, but I would give the first impulse time to pass off, and act upon sober, second thought."

The old gentleman may be entirely right in this matter.

A Plea for the Country Cemetery.

Mr. Wm. Robinson, a well-known English author, in an admirable work entitled "The Parks and Gardens of Paris," makes the highly flattering statement that "the Americans are the only people who bury their dead decently and beautifully." Mr. Robinson evidently refers to our city and town cemeteries, rather than to those of the country. Surely, the average rural burying ground does not merit such an encomium. It is too often as desolate in appearance as it is solemn in its associations. It is frequently a living example of the adage that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." The fence enclosing it is often dilapidated and sometimes prostrate, or wanting; the thorns and thistles grow unmolested, while the weather-beaten stalks of last year's weeds are monuments, not to the memory of the dead, but to the shiftiness of the living.

All will agree that it would be counted a disgrace for a city to permit its cemetery to become a jungle. Why is the same thing less disgraceful in the country? Are the expenses of living, or are taxes less burdensome in the city than in the country? Are we willing to admit that people living in the city are less worldly-minded? If it is true that farmers take too little pride in the appearance of their premises; it is not less true that they show too little respect both for the dead and the living, in their burying grounds.—Rural New Yorker.

Farmer's Errors.

Formerly a barn needed a roomy threshing-floor, whereon to swing the flails. No such thing is needed now. Two rows of posts, some beams, girts and braces, and a tight roof and walls are sufficient. An excellent cow-stable, with all the modern improvements, can be built for \$5 per cow, and how much better to have 100 cows in \$5 stalls,

than 5 cows in \$100 stalls. Another capital error—because a waste of capital—is to keep poor horses and cows. A \$50 horse is not worth one-fourth as much as one that is worth \$100. It will eat as much and cost as much for harness, and will neither do as much work nor live so long. A \$20 cow, that makes three pounds of butter in a week, costs as much for everything, labor and utensils included, as one worth \$100 and makes ten pounds a week. Another error is to work poor land. Many a man has broken his back and lost his heart on a poor farm which he has suffered to run down by bad management. He has spread his labor and capital over 100 acres, when by confining himself to twenty-five or thirty, he might have become happy and rich. The way to repair such a capital error is to begin with one field and get that into good condition, and let the rest lie, and so go through the farm. One rich field will then make it easy to enrich another or two; and while the beginning is slow, it is downhill work, and as the end is nearly reached progress is fast and easy. The worst of all capital errors is for the farmer to neglect his own improvement and cultivation. A man who has \$10,000 in a farm and stock, may easily have twice as much in himself and make his work pay 10 per cent. on his value. He is the greatest part of his capital and it is the greatest of all errors to misuse himself.—N. J. H.

Latent Power of Manure.

Sir J. B. Lawes says, in the North British Agriculturist, that it does not follow, as a matter of course, that although the application of a manure has produced no effect upon the growing crop, it may not prove effective at some future time. Years afterwards, when perhaps all recollection of the application has passed away, or possibly when some unaccountable luxuriance on certain portions of a field may indicate the burial-ground of a manure which was supposed to have failed. In one of his experiments at Rothamsted, in the year 1844, about two-thirds of an acre of land was manured with a considerable amount of potash and phosphate of lime. The crop was wheat, and the produce was 13½ bushels per acre. As the land which received no manure whatever yielded a crop of 15 bushels per acre, it was evident that the manure had practically failed. In the following year salts of ammonia were applied, and the produce was 31.7-8 bushels per acre.

Personal Gossip.

The walkers and runners of the present age are pigmies by the side of the professional runners of the days before railroads and telegraphs. Even fifty years since we find that Ernest Meusen was famed for his swift locomotion. He once ran from Paris to Moscow, a distance of 1,760 miles, in thirteen days and eighteen hours. In 1836 he ran from Calcutta to Constantinople, 5,615 miles, in fifty-nine days. He always outstripped mounted couriers. Invariably he took a direct route, climbing mountains, swimming rivers and running through forests. His food was a small quantity of biscuit and raspberry sirup. He died in 1853, while running through Upper Egypt.

The English ladies who accompany the British scientists in this country appear to better advantage than the men. Their chief physical characteristic is their fine, healthy glow of color, betokening good health and outdoor life. They are, with few exceptions, taller and larger than American women ordinarily, and have a more vigorous look and carriage. If their faces show less delicacy of expression and fewer refinements of feature, and if their voices are noticeably of greater volume, their erect figures, strong coloring and vigorous gait are compensating advantages. Their voices are seldom low and musical, and, although not pitched high, are loud and strong. They are good walkers, taking a pace in the streets which would leave their American sisters, at least those who are city-bred far in the rear.

Those who have seen the ex-Empress Eugenie within the past few weeks say that she is rapidly breaking down, and predict that she will not much longer survive her husband and son, whose memory she mourns constantly. She was persuaded a few weeks ago to leave her home at Farnborough, England, and try the effect of a secluded summer residence in Switzerland. The change, however, has not resulted in any benefit to her health, and she is now undisguisedly a decrepit, broken old woman. Some traces of her famous beauty still remain, but there is no vestige of her former vigor and spirit. She is bent, withered and querulous, and when she undertakes to walk, totters along painfully with the help of a stick.

On Sunday, the 26th of next month, Sir Moses Montefiore, the great Hebrew philanthropist, will be one hundred years old, and active preparations are being made almost everywhere to celebrate the day properly. The council of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations has issued a circular to the rabbis of the congregations belonging to the union, requesting them to hold a special service on that Sunday for the purpose of celebrating Sir Moses's birthday, and to make collections for a fund to endow a professorship, thus combining the name with the onry Hebrew collegiate institution in America. The purpose of this college is to train young men for the ministry.

HENRY CLAY.

John H. Harmon's Recollections of the Famous Statesman.
From the Detroit Free Press.

"It was Henry Clay's purpose," said John A. Harmon, continuing his story of his recollections of the famous orator and statesman, "to leave Washington immediately after his speech. The early fall weather was really the Indian summer season, and most favorable to such a journey as he had in mind. His speech in the senate chamber, on his farewell, quite overcame him. Though he held to the end under strong mental influence the orator never rallied again. Very much exhausted Clay was taken to his rooms at the old National hotel at Washington and never afterwards left them. The winter came and went; the session continued with it. Every day, right after prayers in the senate, the chair announced the state of his health. The announcements directly became rather stereotyped. It was usually, 'Mr. Clay is gradually failing,' after a time it became 'Mr. Clay is failing rapidly; next we heard 'Mr. Clay is sinking, but his mind is very clear. Finally it came to be understood that if he should die during the hours of the session the bells should toll in announcement of it."

"It was upon a morning in the early part of May, 1852, a season beyond all others most delightfully beautiful in Washington. The trees and shrubs of the capitol grounds and the flower beds were fresh and pleasant to look upon."

"Hannegan of Indiana, an Irishman, bright as silver, witty, eloquent and always interesting, had the floor of the senate, making a set speech on our policy with regard to foreign affairs. His seat was well up toward the rear. Being of a quick and nervous temperament, he took the main aisle, and while declaiming would work himself forward almost to the clerk's desk, discovering which, he would bound way back, going through these motions continuously until he had finished. Senator Frye, of Maine, has very much the same method. A son of Senator Hannegan, a fine appearing, gray-headed man, is one of the messengers of the senate now. He frequently asks me about his father. Hannegan was speaking in his quick impulsive manner, half way down the aisle and progressing with an enthusiastic sentence, when the single toll of a bell quivered through the air. Hannegan ceased speaking in a flash, bounded back to the rear, turned pale, and in a tremulous voice said: 'Mr. President, the probabilities are that the greatest statesman in America is now no more; I move that the senate adjourn.'

"There was no chance to vote upon it. Instantly every man took his hat and coat, and before the second toll of the bell came all were away. The same sort of proceedings must have dispersed the house, for I remember as we passed through the rotunda that it was full of members issuing therefrom."

"The rapidity with which the city was thrown into mourning has always caused me to wonder. Walking direct from the capitol, when we reached the edge of the grounds where the peace monument now is, Pennsylvania avenue was seen to be filled with streamers of black, hanging from windows, fastened to balconies, wound round columns and awning poles, and stretched across the street. It was a solemn sight."

"The National hotel was thick with crape, and so was Morrison's book store, adjoining it. It is the same store still, now kept by Morrison's son, and formerly the resort and lounging place of both Clay and Webster. There were two little back rooms, one always occupied by Clay and the other by Webster. Here, when they had leisure, both would always be found reading and studying or discussing literature, new and old, but very seldom politics, with friends and admirers who came to seek them out. Clay passed more time at Morrison's than Webster. The little rooms did not communicate, and neither statesman could be seen by the other."

The event, though long expected, shocked people to the extent that all business was suspended. Many bar-rooms, even, were closed, and in others men lowered their voices and conversed in quiet tones, as if in the presence of the dead. I was in Washington at the time of the assassination of Lincoln, and again at that of Garfield, but neither event appeared so throw such gloom over the city as the death of Henry Clay. The feeling was one of pure sorrow, unmingled with indignation or anger, such as is felt at the deeds which led to the murder of the presidents. On these occasions men were boisterous with threats and grief, but silence and gloom overspread the city where lay the dead body of the much loved orator and statesman. It was in time of peace, and the capital was unused to such shocks, and therefore men talked in whispers when all was over with Henry Clay."

"He was buried in the Congressional cemetery, and a monument was placed upon the spot, but there is nothing under it. Strangely enough for all the many years Clay had passed in Washington, his wife had never visited that city. Once he had started to take his daughter to reside there during the session, but she died on the way. Mrs. Clay always remained at their Kentucky plantation of Ashland, and managed the estate while her husband devoted himself to national affairs."

His body was disinterred from the congressional cemetery and taken back

to his old Kentucky home. It was taken by the Baltimore and Ohio to Cumberland, as far as the railroad was then completed, and from thence in a hearse by the old National road to the Ohio river. Ceremonial obsequies were held for Henry Clay in all the cities of the country.

THE PHANTOM BEACON.

A Mysterious Light Over the Wreck of the Marine City.

A few years ago the steamer Marine City, plying between Detroit and Lake Huron ports, caught fire just off Harrisville and was run near shore when the passengers were nearly all rescued, after a struggle in the water, and the hull sank.

She had been at one time a fine craft and a favorite passenger boat. In one of my trips along that shore I chanced to fall in company with a dweller of that country and the conversation turned upon the mystery that followed the destruction of that old craft.

"Have you ever heard of the phantom light which can be seen at midnight on the anniversary of the burning of the Marine City?" asked an intelligent old fisherman.

"I never did; no, what is it?"

"Come out here on the dock with me to-night at 12 o'clock and you will see." I accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour we strolled out on the pier; and while we were on the way, "There, look," said he, and sure enough, as plain as the stars that twinkled in the heavens, a light, apparently a lantern, hovered above and around the old wreck.

I confess I was somewhat startled, and rubbed my eyes to make sure it was no optical illusion. It moved about slowly as if carried by some unseen hand. Was it not some boatman moving about? No, for it was not so dark nor so far away but a small boat could have been seen and heard.

I did not like to give it up, and so we engaged a boat and rowed up the shore toward the light. The crisp, evening air was as still as if hushed in sleep, and as I bent to the oars with a vigorous will I instinctively feathered them and handled them as noiselessly as if engaged in some midnight adventure requiring nerve and daring. Somehow the love of adventure does not seem to desert us as we creep out of our boyhood and enter the sedate period of manhood; and the desire to fathom the unfathomable is a part of most men's nature. The old fisherman entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and offered to relieve me at the oars.

"You're a good 'un at the oar, but if your hand is not in you'll lame yourself, for it's a good mile up there."

Easing up a bit and pulling more cautiously I glanced over my shoulder toward the light. It seemed to be receding, a kind of ignis fatuus; and again I doubled over the oars.

Soon we were at the old sunken hull, but the light had disappeared. We rowed around the burnt wreck resting in shallow water and looked down into its coal black depths, but could see no cause for phosphorescent lights. Then we rowed to the shore and examined the banks—sand and gravel—nothing else; no swamp or rotten wood, nor stream of water near; in fact nothing that I could discover, that would cause this will-o-the-wisp.

We got into the boat and my companion seemed depressed and inclined to silence, and I saw that he was seized with a sort of superstition, and so I thought to distract his thoughts a little and drew him out as to his theory regarding the mystery, and this was it:

"You believe that men have souls that live after death?"

"I most certainly do."

"Well, don't you believe that souls have the power to talk to us in one way or another?"

"I am not so sure about that."

"You've heard of folks dreaming about some of their friends being in danger and soon after get word that the danger was real, and possibly their friends died in the very hour they were dreamed about. Now, what would you call it?"

"Well, I should call it a communication with the spirit world that I don't care to have anything to do with until I have done with this world."

"Then you are not a spiritualist I see?"

"Not if I know myself; unless in the sense that all professedly Christian people (whether really or professedly I do not say) are spiritualists, to a certain extent. But what about that light? You are getting onto theology; the light, what is it?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you what I think it is. It was said that the Marine City was set on fire by one of the deck hands or firemen out of revenge for some real or imaginary wrong, and that he was one of the few that was lost, and my opinion is if that is true, that he is doomed as a punishment to bring that light here every night during the month in which the boat was lost, to light the others that were lost safely over the 'dark river,' and possibly as a warning to others that may be like tempted to murder or other wickedness. We can't tell what God's ways are, but we can see the warnings all around us and I believe this is one of God's beacon lights."

"Well, my friend, there is certainly no harm in the thought. I am at least ready to give it up as a mystery that I can't fathom—and here we are at the dock again."