

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

MIDSUMMER GOLDEN ROD.

Bliss't thou the summer hasten,
The fields and hill-sides glisten
With early snowflakes fallen,
Midsommer golden rod.

Wouldst thou banish crimson clover
The blackbird and the plover,
Whil'at thou broad fields reign o'er
With golden rod.

Like sunshine is thy face;
Modest and sweet thy grace;
Yet thou and all thy race
Weird rebids are.

Thou tall'st of wind and cloud,
Tempest and thunder loud,
Dark forms of demons proud,
Dread winter's away.

Delay still yet a while;
Pace not on us thy smile,
Be sweet, so full of guile!
Thou golden rod.

Loe we'll welcome thee,
When from each shrub and tree,
No more comes forth the glee
Of festive song.

When summer skies grow pale,
When autumn breezes wail,
Then gladly these we'll hail,
Bright golden rod.
—E. J. CARPENTER in the Pilot.

THE SEASON CHANGING.

It is quite evident that the seasons are changing somewhat in this particular; that so far as relates to farming operations they can commence as early and are more lengthened out in the Fall. As a general rule it was expected that all hoed crops would receive full attention and be, so to speak, out of the way before haying commenced. But in these times it is not an unusual thing for haying to commence after the first hoeing, and frequently is pressing even at that time. Even now, with haying at hand and some pieces cut, we know of corn-fields only prepared for hoeing. The reason seems to be that work cannot commence at Spring as early as formerly, and at the same time the growth of grass remains, in season, about the same time. This condition of things suggests the advantage of underdraining, thereby the soil is fitted for much earlier working than in the case if left to the removal of surface water by the mere natural method of surface evaporation.—Exchange.

PROFIT IN FEEDING.

The profits in feeding animals are graduated by age. There is more growth in proportion to the food consumed the first year than the second; more the second than the third; more the third than the fourth. When an animal gets its growth, profit in feeding ceases, except to fill it up. This is limited and only takes a short time. After this period food only repairs waste, and there is no profit in this unless an animal is at work. The repair of waste, or restoring it in its kind, is repaid only in the fertilizing material it affords. When there is growth with food, there is double profit. This is the farmer's placer.—Farm Journal.

SPREAD THE ASHES.

In farmers' families that use wood for fuel, there is a constant accumulation of ashes that possess a high fertilizing value and should be spread from time to time, so as to get the benefit of their virtues, rather than allow them to accumulate and deteriorate in quantity by being stored in the cellar or other places. They are especially valuable for spreading about fruit trees of all kinds or small-fruits, and their use for this purpose is probably as valuable as any that they can be put to. Do not waste the ashes, even if they are coal ashes.

THE CHECK REIN.

Never use a check-rein upon a horse at work, it being calculated to worry and injure the animal more than the work. If a man has a heavy load to draw he lowers his head by bending forward and throwing the whole weight of his body against it. So does a horse, if he is permitted to do so. But if the man's head were so tied back that he could not bend forward, he would lose the advantage of his weight; just so with the horse. By taking off or loosening the check-rein on a horse at work, you not only increase his muscular power, but abandon a fashion which is both cruel and foolish.

TREATMENT FOR A KICKER.

The Calistogian gives this prescription its warmest indorsement: If you have a horse that is in the habit of kicking, put him in a narrow stall that has both sides thickly padded. Suspend a sack filled with hay or straw so that it will strike his heels, and let horse and sack fight it out. Be sure to have things arranged so that the horse cannot hurt himself. The sack will be victorious every time, and in the end the horse will absolutely refuse to kick the sack or any thing else.

CHAFF FOR FEED.

In the old times when threshing was done altogether with the flail much account was made of the chaff as feed. Possibly some light grain was retained in the chaff, which made it better, but even without this addition I think there is a larger proportion of nutritive value in the chaff surrounding the grain

than in other parts of the straw. As usually threshed the chaff is often wasted. It settles in a mass just behind the carrier from the threshing, and the men making the stack using forks, find it much easier to handle the coarser straw. It is better to keep one extra hand on the stack with a finer fork or scoop to spread the chaff through the straw as the stack is made. In this way all will come out together evenly mixed, and the stack will eat a larger amount of straw. The stack will also settle more evenly, and the straw will keep better. The chaff left just under the carrier will be soaked through by the first rain and spoiled. It is well worth putting into the barn for Winter feed, using two or three hours the next day after threshing, if possible, for this purpose. Unless the chaff is got away before rain it will rot and spoil the stack.

SWEET BREADS IN CREAM SAUCE.

All sweetbreads should be blanched, that is thrust into boiling water, boiled fifteen minutes, then put in ice-cold water, when all the pipes, superfluous membranes and fleshy fibre should be removed. They can now be cooked in any way. They are always excellent fried. After thoroughly cleaning them wash and sprinkle lightly with salt and season with pepper, roll in the beaten yolk of an egg and then in fine bread crumbs and drop in a kettle of smoking hot fat, hot enough to cook doughnuts. Fry till a light brown, about three or four minutes. Remove the sweet breads from the fat and lay on piece of coarse brown paper for an instant to absorb any fat on the outside and serve on a platter in a circle with cream sauce poured in the centre and around them, not over them.

INSECTICIDE.

Professor Cook being asked why he did not recommend white arsenic as an insecticide instead of Paris green and London purple, replied that the arsenic was equally fatal and cheaper, but was more dangerous to human life. Men and women did not get poisoning from the material sprayed on fruit or sprinkled on potato vines. They did get poisoned sometimes in the house by mistaking arsenic for something else. The color of Paris green and London purple carried their own warning. No one ever mistook them for soda or salt or anything else than what they were. Hence, they were safer than white arsenic.

THE FIGURES SHOW.

It will be a surprise to many people to learn that our American dairy interests represent an investment nearly five times as much as the entire bank capital of the country. The banking capital is a little less than \$671,000,000, while the dairy interests amount to more than \$3,000,000,000. The number of milk cows is 21,000,000, giving an aggregate annual milk production of 7,350,000,000 gallons. Four billions of gallons are used for butter, 700,000,000 for cheese and the remaining 2,650,000,000 go down the throats of the 60,000,000 men, women and babies of this land of freedom. The value of the American dairy products for the last year was nearly \$500,000,000, or \$20,000,000 more than the value of our annual wheat yield, and nearly as much as the total value of our corn crop, which is the most valuable of American crops.

RANDOM NOTES.

Sutter and Yuba counties, California, will yield over 100,000 tons of wheat this season.

Do not keep your hogs on hand any longer than you can possibly get them ready for market. Do not wait, if they will weigh 250 pounds.

They are holding institutes to prepare gentlemen for expert judges on swine at Fairs. A meeting of this kind was held at Warsaw Ind. a few days ago.

The Secretary of the Illinois State Board of Agriculture estimates the corn crop of Illinois at 65 per cent. This will give the aggregate crop of 191,000,000 bu. against 210,000,000 bu. last year.

What cattle are allowed to shrink during short pasture, has to be made up again. Keep up the flesh of stock by green corn food. It is cheap in comparison with the dry corn, by which flesh and fat will have to be returned, if lost now.

When we see a lot of stunted calves we don't need to ask what kind of a farmer lives there. Nature puts up a sign board which says a poor farmer lives here, a man who don't read and don't think, and don't understand his business.—Capt. Pierce.

Summer following is one of the mistakes and follies of ancient farmers. The soil exposed to the sun bare of any vegetation, is injured rather than improved. The wisdom of the world has discovered a better and more profitable way of fertilizing the soil, with clover and leguminous plants.

The Secretary of the Indian Board of Agriculture estimates the corn crop of that State at 50 per cent short. The corn in the Wabash Valley, one of the most prolific corn growing sections in the Union, is reported almost entirely consumed, except where the fields approach the river banks, where a little moisture is secured.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE MAID AND SAGE.

There was a man of knowledge, deep, commanding sweep, who knew a heap, a man who studied day and night and hardly spared the time to sleep.

This man so staid, he knew a maid, demure, afraid and half dismayed, shy as the nymph of ancient myths sequestered in some sylvan shade.

This maid so rare with golden hair and modest air, so debonair, she charmed this man of learned lore and caught him in her witching snare.

This man of thought and learned lore, his hair he tore, and o'er and o'er he loudly swore that he would cherish her for aye and he would love her evermore.

Now they are wed, in his library, books his knees he crooks, and sees his wife so seldom now, that he's forgotten how she looks.

The wife to whom the man before so loudly swore he would adore for evermore, lives with her mother, and declares her husband is a regular bore.

REWARD OF GOOD ACTING.

A Boston Sunday-school teacher who was endeavoring to impress upon the minds of her little pupils the necessity of good behavior. "You must be very careful how you act," said she, "for if you act badly you will be punished, while if you act good you will be rewarded. Now, my dears, can any one tell me what he will get if he acts well?" A bright little fellow, whose father was an actor, immediately replied: "Det talled before de turtain, I dess."

FAILURE.

I hold that no man deserves to be crowned with honor whose life is a failure. He who only lives to eat and drink and accumulate money is a failure. The world is no better for his living in it. He never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire on a frozen hearth. I repeat with emphasis that he is a failure. There is no flesh in his heart. He worships no God but gold.—Cicero.

TERRIBLE STORM.

"Terrible storm that, last evening, George." "Didn't hear it? Man alive, it thundered fit to wake the dead!" "Ha, I thought I saw lightning, but I didn't hear any thunder. An old schoolmate of my wife's is visiting here and they haven't seen each other for ten years."—Burdette.

AN IMPORTANT CONDITION.

Tommy's mother had a terrible time teaching him to remember always to say "If you please" at the table. His memory is lamentably bad.

The other day this dialogue took place at the breakfast table:

Tommy—Mama, pass me the butter.
Mamma—if what, Tommy?
Tommy—if you kin reach it.

AN UNACCOMMODATING HUSBAND.

Omaha Wife—You are the meanest ugliest thing in existence. I just hate you.

Husband—What have I done now?
„Dona! What have you not done? This morning, when I discovered that Colorado beetle crawling on my dress and called to you for help, you didn't stir, but let me set there writhing in terror until I had to shriek!"

"I didn't hear you call. What else?"
"This afternoon, when that jeweler offered us a live Brazilian beetle set in a creastpin, you refused to buy it for me."

CALM, COOL, FRIENDSHIP.

Two farmers occupying adjoining states, who were rather haughty in stock rivalry, and studiously cold, stiff and short with each other, met by the roadside on Tuesday morning.

First Farmer—Good morning.

Second Farmer—Good morning.

First Farmer—What was it you gave your horse when he had the botts?

Second Farmer—Spirits of turpentine.

First Farmer—Good morning.

Second Farmer—Good morning.

Second meeting on Wednesday morning.

First Farmer—Good morning.

Second Farmer—Good morning.

First Farmer—Did you say you gave your horse spirits of turpentine when he had the botts?

Second Farmer—Yes, sir.

First Farmer—I gave my horse spirits of turpentine for the botts and he died.

Second Farmer—So did mine.

First Farmer—Good morning.

Second Farmer—Good morning.

THE DOG.

"Your dog cross?"

"No, 'e hain't no cross. Pure breed bull, wot'll take 'old an' never let oop," says Kolman, warmed into communicativeness by the stranger's interest in his animal.

THE FLAT MEDDLER.

Proud father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy. So you got through college all right?

Father's son—Yes, father.

F. S.—Ye know I told ye to study up on chemistry and things so you'd know best what to do with different kinds of land. What do you think of that flat meddler there, for instance?

F. S.—Cracky, what a place for a ball game.

CHEEK.

The Houston (Tex.) Herald pictures the heights of moral courage, as follows: "In speaking of cheek one's mind naturally reverts to the drummer, the sewing-machine agent and the light-sauter man, but all these fade into insignificance when compared to the young man who can calmly

sit in church by the side of his "best girl" and never drop a nickle in the missionary box.

A SCENE IN PARIS.

A procession is passing in the street.
A Lady: I should like to know who is dead?

Gentleman: A lawyer.

Lady: And he says nothing!

SEEN IT BEFORE.

On the Howland piazza.
"Gerty, did I show you this engagement ring of emeralds and diamonds that Charlie Brown gave me?"

"Oh, I have seen it before!"

"Seen it before?"

"Yes, I was engaged to him the first part of July."

FOR THIS, THANKS.

When cigars their vapors blow,
In people's throats and choks them,
It is some comfort alight to know
They kill the dudes that smoke them.

THE BARBER'S THOUGHT.

A good story is told of our friend, Dr. Cushman. Says the Chicago Living Church. He went to a barber during the recent heated term and said, doubtless with that well-remembered twinkle of the eye: "Now I want you to cut my hair as short as you would like a sermon." In rising from his chair and ruefully surveying his bald and shining head, he was constrained to observe that the barber wanted no sermon at all.

PUTTING ON STYLE.

"Sam, how's Tailor getting along now?"
"Oh, so, so. He's putting on too much style now to please me."

"How's that?"

"Well, he's got a mild attack of dyspepsia and he calls it 'Bright's disease'—tryin' to make it appear as if he is a distinguished person. It makes me sick to see a fellow puttin' on so much style."

ANGEL CAKE.

Little Dot—"Can't I have some more cakes? I's only had three pieces."

Omaha mamma—"Three pieces! Gracious, no."

"But that cake won't hurt me. You said it was angel cake. Angels eat it don't they?"

"No, dear, it is not called angel cake because the angels eat it."

"They why?"

"Because little girls who eat too much become angels."

ALAS! A POET.

On coming out of the Mayor's office, where they had just been married, she throws herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Forgive me, dear, but I've kept something from you—I did not tell you I didn't know how to cook."

"O, never mind, dear; don't cry about that, for you'll have but little cooking to do—I'm a poet."

BRIGHTLY SAID.

Some one suggests that a bell-punch should be attached to contribution boxes.

A Williamsport physician says there's money in his coughera.

A man in Clare was told that dogs would not go mad if given plenty of water. He threw his neighbor's dog into the well.

Pedestrian—Madam, a boy who I am told is your son has just thrown a stone at me, causing a wound that is very painful. What are you going to do about it? Mother—I don't know; have you tried arnica?

Some of these days the American topist will be introduced into French dueling warfare, and then somebody will get hurt.

"Help one another" works well enough everywhere except at the table of a well-filled boarding house.

"Train up a child in the way he should go," and keep a little ahead of him in the same way during the training, to be sure he goes.

By examining the tongue of a patient physicians find out the disease of the body and philosophers the disease of the mind.

It is true that doctors disagree, but they don't disagree half so much as their medicines do.

An Aristocratic Idiot.

The semi-idiotic English nobleman so ably caricatured by poor Sothorn is by no means a creature of the imagination.

The writer once attended a fancy dress ball given to Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the commander of the southern forces in England. One of the masters of ceremonies was Lord Arthur Seymour, a person who might well have sat for the original of Dundreary. A mischievous naval lieutenant informed the sprig of nobility that one of the guests was attired as Judas Iscariot.

Lord Arthur was pleased to consider this in bad taste, and attempted to find the imaginary arch traitor. During his search he came across the writer and the following conversation ensued:

"Yoush name is—er—L, I believe?"

"Yes, my Lord," replied the humble individual addressed. "Well, I am aw told that aw a person is present who aw dressed as Judas, and positively has the aw thirty pieces of silvah in his bag. It is aw like his d—d impudence to cawwy silvah heah! Why, the daye! couldn't he aw bring sovereigns?"—Philadelphia North American.

Leonard Swett's Bride.

The marriage of Leonard Swett, the famous Chicago lawyer and friend of President Lincoln, to Miss Marie Decker, a member of the bridegroom's law firm, was a strictly private affair, fewer than a dozen persons witnessing the ceremony. The bride was born in Cologne, on the Rhine, thirty years ago. She came to Chicago with her parents in 1869. Her father had been well to do in Germany, and when he came to this country brought considerable means which he invested in business property in Chicago. All was swept away in the great fire and the family was left almost without means of support. Fortunately, Miss Decker had been well educated at Catholic convents in Germany and Belgium while yet but little more than a child, so that she possessed the ability to write and speak fluently the German, French and English languages, besides many other accomplishments, especially music.

When the crash came in 1871 and Mr. and Mrs. Decker were left without home or money, their eldest daughter, Marie, at once became the support of the family. She threw aside her much loved music and struck out into the world of business. Her knowledge of book-keeping and mathematics, her familiarity with foreign languages and her energetic spirit were irresistible. From the humble beginning of book-keeper in a small firm, she rose, step by step, first to an important position in the Post Office under Postmaster Palmer, then to the chief clerkship of Mr. Swett's law firm, later to a partnership interest in the firm, and finally, to become the bride of the great lawyer at whose hands she sought a modest clerkship seven years ago. For fifteen years she has served either in the capacity of clerk, cashier or manager, and during that time has turned over to her parents to assist in the support of the family, in addition to clothing herself, the handsome sum of \$10,000.

As a local paper says, it would be impossible to tell the story of the life of Leonard Swett's bride in a single paragraph. Her first decided success was achieved in the Post Office, where in the management of foreign mail matter her knowledge of the languages came into service and her accuracy and reliability were recognized by all. She had already established a valuable name in Chicago business circles when she presented herself to Leonard Swett for a position in his law offices. Her application was at once accepted and in a short time she became practically indispensable to the business. Starting out as book-keeper she was soon placed in charge of the vaults and was the only one connected with the firm who knew where to place hands upon important papers connected with all the varied interests entrusted to the firm.

In two years she became cashier and has for four years handled every dollar of the firm's immense law business. Three years ago she was admitted as a partner, her interest the first year yielding her \$2,500, the second \$3,500, and the last year over \$5,000. This growth is representative of the increase of Mr. Swett's business since he regained his health, which he claims is largely due to her abilities. During Mr. Swett's illness, when for two or three years he was travelling in the South and other parts for his health, Miss Decker—the bride of today—was the mainstay of the business. She looked after the collection of fees, and kept the business intact, remitting funds to the sick man abroad, and to the late invalid wife at home, proving herself equal to the most serious emergency.

Progress of the Negroes.

The negro is slowly but surely advancing to a higher plane of civilization and development alongside of the white race, thought it will be separated from it by lines which neither will care to cross. Even now, although occupying a much lower plane from the standpoint of intelligence, the negroes are organized upon the plan of the white people. They have their social grades, their church organizations, their secret and benevolent societies, their prominent men and their tramps, their rich and poor, and their good and bad people. Whatever there is in the society of the white people exists among the colored people on a smaller scale. Here in the South some very marked changes have been witnessed within the last twenty-five years among the negroes, an changes still more marked will be witnessed in the next twenty-five. The negro lawyer, doctor, and merchant are almost unknown now, but they will be known before another quarter of a century. If men will seek business among their own race, and that race will furnish it. The negro is bound to accumulate wealth, and though his progress in that respect may be slow, yet in the course of time there will be a very fair sprinkling of rich and well-to-do colored men in every Southern State. They will use their money just as the white people use theirs; and, therefore, it may be expected that they will be found in every profession and in all kinds of business. They are in the South to stay and increase.—Savannah News (Dem).

A schoolmaster, although, perhaps, by no means a lover of dogs, has always use for a pointer.