

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

THE MONTH WE CELEBRATE.

September! and in mirthful mood,
Whose rays from the sky become
From sandy shore and shady wood
Reluctant turn the summer;
Sunset her glance the waters nod.
Still faint to be her vassals,
And as she goes the golden rod
Uplifts its royal tassels.

With her departure, from the fields
Their sweet enchantment passes,
To tawny tints and colors yields
The verdure of the grasses;
And where the sirens sang their song
Beside the silver surge,
Soon will recound, the coast along,
The equinoctial dirge.

Now flock the dryads to the grove,
Beneath whose leafy cover
With winsome ways each seeks to prove
The fondness of her lover;
The maples blush to view their grace,
White, with more princely manners,
The oaks and birches screen the place
With gold and scarlet banners.

Thrice fortunate is he whom fate
Now grants a little leisure
To wander in the woods and wait
On autumn for his pleasure;
Whether, with Nimrod for his guide,
The freckling game he follows,
Or saunters peacefully
Some streamlet in the hollows.

He hears the good-bys that the birds,
Eleg to their trying years,
The secrets of their parting words
With all the trees and flowers;
He sees the loveliness which soon
The latest buds that blossom
Before they fall asleep upon
The earth's maternal bosom.

O golden days of autumn time!
O season full of sweetness!
In which the year attains its prime,
And nature her completeness;
Who fancies summer's sunny moods
Her dalliance may remember;
But ah! the beauty of the woods!
The splendor of September?

—Boston Pilot.

ECONOMY OF LABOR.

Work improperly done is sometimes a waste of labor, and on the farm there is often, says the farm-hand of the Philadelphia Record, too much work done for the results gained. Nor is such work mistakenly performed always, for often it is premeditated and in defiance of experience and of reason. It is well known that all plants require a sufficient amount of food, heat and moisture to enable them to reach maturity and yield to their fullest capacity, and where the ground is annually devoted to crops the great difficulty is to retain its fertility and secure from it all that should be derived under the best possible conditions. Any diminution of the soil, must be resupplied in some shape, and the smaller the amount of plant food possessed by the farmer, and the greater the area to be supplied, the more the difficulty of recuperating the soil will be increased. In the face of this fact farmers do not always take into consideration the propriety of curtailing the area to be cultivated, by which means they would be enabled to supply a greater proportion of plant food to a limited space, and at the same time save a vast amount of labor. It is not so economical to grow thirty bushels of wheat on two acres as it is to produce twenty bushels on one acre, for, while in the one case the farmer secures an extra ten bushels by reason of cultivating more land for that purpose, yet he has been compelled to perform twice as much work and to spread his manure over double the area of surface. There should be no more land put under cultivation than can be properly manured or fertilized, as it is much better to have one acre of strong, vigorous plants, than two acres of plants improperly provided for, while it requires just as much cultivation, seeding, harvesting and hauling for the inferior as for the better one. Nor does the influence end with a single crop. Land that has been bountifully fed will be in a better condition for a succeeding crop, while that which has been overtaxed will gradually lose fertility and entail an additional expense every year. It is an old rule that proper field culture should be the same for a garden spot, which is to use plenty of manure on small areas, work the soil to a fine condition for the seed, keep down the grass and weeds, and make every inch of space produce to its fullest capacity, instead of wasting time, labor and manure over large fields that can not be properly cultivated.

PERCHERON HORSES.

If the wide-spread dissemination and general popularity of Percheron horses in America has been a good thing for the agricultural interests of our country (and who will venture to dispute it?), then M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill., may well be classed as a public benefactor; for certainly it will be admitted by those who are well informed upon the subject that he has done more to popularize and bring this breed to the front than any other ten men that can be named, and we do not know but we might say than all others combined who are now or have been in the business. A man of wonderful energy and activity, original in his methods, bold even to audacity, he had the foresight to comprehend a long way in advance of any other importer or breeder the magnitude of the demand that would spring up in America for these horses; and with him to conceive was to execute. The fame of his Oaklawn breeding establishment is world-wide, and he is himself recognized as the high priest of the Percheron interest on both sides of the Atlantic. It must also be set

down to Mr. Dunham's credit that he has from the beginning of his connection with the business labored incessantly to throw around it all the safeguards possible to insure purity of blood, integrity of the pedigree records, and every effort that has been made on either side of the Atlantic to that end has found in him an earnest, active, efficient advocate. We have often thought that other breeders and importers of this country failed to appreciate the value of Mr. Dunham's efforts, for everybody who has been doing an honest, legitimate business in the same line has profited by his liberal, generous and bold advertising, and the general public has certainly been the gainer. The Gazette takes pleasure in pointing to his honorable record and in recommending everybody who wants to see the finest establishment of the kind in the world to pay him a visit. A few years ago Mr. Dunham began to pay some attention to the Coach horses, to the breeding of which the French government has given so much encouragement and patronage for more than a century, and this season Mr. D. has imported quite largely of this stock along with his usual large consignments of Percherons; and here, as in everything else Mr. Dunham undertakes, his motto is "The best or nothing."—Breeder's Gazette of Sept. 1.

TO PUT THE BABY TO SLEEP.

The other night my baby would not go to sleep. At 10 o'clock, after exhausting all other expedients, I took a piece of Canton flannel, large enough when doubled to cover the whole head, and wrung it rather dry out of warm water, then put it closely over baby's head so as to cover both ears and eyes. The effect was wonderful. There was a brief struggle, then perfectly quiet, and in less than five minutes the little fellow was sound asleep. Since then I have tried it again and again, and always with the same quick results. It is a simple remedy for sleeplessness and well worth knowing and trying.—Babyhood

GOOD TEA AND COFFEE.

The secret of having good tea and coffee is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking right off to use in tea, coffee or other drinks before it is spoiled. To let it steam, simmer and evaporate until the good water is all in the atmosphere and the iron and lime and dregs left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a good many people sick, and it is worse than no water at all.—Charles Delmonico.

BOILED IN SWEET CIDER.

When boiling a ham, first and most important it is to be sure of the quality of your ham, which should be sweet and not too salt. Clean it thoroughly, scrubbing well to remove all grime and salt, and soak in hot water long enough to remove the rind; twelve hours will not be too long for a ham of ordinary degree of saltiness, then it must be trimmed and cooked slowly; here lies the secret—not in water, but in sweet cider. Lay in the bottom of the kettle a bunch of fresh, sweet new-mown hay, upon this place the ham cover with sweet cider, bring slowly to the boiling point and simmer until tender. When you can probe it easily with a sharp skewer it is done. Lift out, on a sieve to drain; sprinkle thickly with crumbs mixed with brown sugar, and set in the oven for ten minutes. Cooked in this way it will have an exquisite flavor greatly superior to that produced by any other method.

AT MEAL TIME.

Meal time should really be a little family festival of relaxation. If duty makes breakfast and dinner rather hurried, the evening meal should be a social one. The pleasantest households are those where they make a practice of lively conversation at meals; not argument or discussion, but only that which is good-tempered and amusing. It has not only the advantage of social pleasure, but is of physical advantage. There is small danger of dyspepsia when the meal is lightened by chat and gentle laughter. We should think not only of supplying well cooked food, but also subjects for conversation, so that it need not fall into unpleasant channels. Mere gossip—which is apt to become ill-natured—should never be permitted, nor should personalities be indulged in. Any bright little story or amusing anecdote should be saved up to relate at the family table. Add to this a mutual courtesy, and that family need never fear the advent of strangers as requiring company manners.—Rural New Yorker.

HERE AND THERE.

More than 250,000 cattle arrived at Chicago in the month of August. The two large packing establishments at Sioux City are likely to make a stir among competing establishments. The practice of dehorning cattle is increasing and spreading more rapidly than any previous innovation on old practices. Decide this season whether you will use that piece of land for pasture or let it grow up for a wood lot. If the former, shorten your other operations and contrive some way to cut the bushes; if the latter, let them grow and feel easy.

LOVE'S DESERTED PALACE.

Regard it well, 'tis a lordly place,
Palace of love, once warmed with sacred
fires,
And lo! from end to end with joy of lyres,
Fragrant with incense, with great lights
ablast.

The fires are dead now; dead the festal
rays;
No more the music marries keen desires,
No more the incense of the shrine aspires,
And of love's godhead there is now no
trace.

Yet if one walked at night through those
dim halls
Might it not chance that ghostly shape
would rise,
And ghostly lights glide glimmering down
the walls,
That there might be a stir, a sound of sighs,
And gentle voices answering gentle calls,
And gentle wandering wraiths of melodies!

—PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

MAKING CANDY.

From the rapid increase in this country it would seem that the proverbial sweet tooth of the past has now increased to a full upper and lower set. One of the members of a Chicago firm engaged in the manufacture of candy remarked recently that the increase in the consumption was marvelous. He did not pretend to account for it, but it was a fact that the rate of consumption of candy increased about 100 per cent last year. "In Chicago alone," he said "there is nearly \$4,000 worth on an average disposed of each day."

There has also been a decided improvement in the quality of candies made in recent years and many new varieties introduced. For instance, fifteen years ago chocolate candy was a rarity. Now it is one of the most popular varieties made. Caramels, now so popular, especially with the ladies, are comparatively a new grade of goods. They were first introduced in this country by a Chicago confectioner. There are now a number of varieties of the caramel made, but the most popular is the chocolate, among the others the most salable being maple, lemon, vanilla, cream, banana, honey strawberry, and opera caramels.

It is also a matter of some surprise to note the demand for cocoanut candy. One firm in this city manufactures over sixty different kinds of this candy and consumes an average of 1,000 cocoanuts per day. So important is this one branch that a separate department is set apart for it, skilled workmen employed, and expensive machinery designed especially for the manufacture of cocoanut candy used. When placed upon sale it is usually in long thin strips or slabs, with a blending of different colors. The colored cakes are placed together and run through a sort of cutting-box that converts them into slices, when they are rolled in sugar and packed in boxes.

Cream enters into the modern candy production as a prominent ingredient. One Chicago candy firm consumes from eighty to one hundred gallons a day. It is required in the manufacture of a number of varieties of candy, and especially in what are known as hand-made cream goods. Various nuts are also used extensively, including peanuts, pecans, black walnuts, almonds, etc. A few of the aromatic seeds are also required, such as caraway, cardamom, and a few others. Of the colors used the chief substance is carmine. A little blue and yellow is also required. The common belief that the coloring used in the manufacture of candies is poisonous or unwholesome is apparently without foundation.

Unique designs in French and other candies are molded. A pattern is made and corn-starch used in the manner an iron molder uses a certain kind of sand. The impression is made in the corn-starch and the fluid sweet poured in through a funnel. Some varieties of candies, gums, and pastes require drying, and a room is arranged where the temperature is kept at a high degree for that purpose. This grade of candy is usually molded and is dried in the mold.

The class of goods known as bonbons are shaped in imitation of small animals or bugs, the mouse being the most frequently honored, on account of its size probably. Different flowers are also imitated, and slices of various kinds of fruit are popular as a bonbon figure. These are generally of the finer grade of goods and are classed among the creams. Cold made glaze goods or extra fine hand made creams are sculpture work representing the busts of prominent men, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Paine, Whittier, Victor Hugo, Thackeray, Homer, etc.

Something of a novelty in the manufacture of candy is the whisky, cordial, brandy, or wine drops. These are little button shaped candies with a small amount of one of these fluids on the inside. For the general trade a sort of cordial is used, but since the passage of the prohibition amendment in Iowa the whisky and brandy drops are said to have met with a large sale in that State. One of the Chicago candy dealers says that these brandy drops were a prominent feature on the table at the public dinners given at the White House during the administration of President Hayes. In any event just now the fluid substance is placed in the little piece of candy and it sealed up so nicely, has puzzled many a youth-

ful mind, while some older heads were not clear on the subject. The piece of candy is not first molded hollow, filled with the fluid, and then "soldered" up, as that would be entirely too slow a process. It is accomplished by a chemical process causing a crystallization of the outer surface, the wine or brandy being placed in the substance when in a fluid state. The crystallization naturally takes place on the surface and thus the fluid is forced to the center where it is retained by the hard nonporous crust.

There are now four extensive establishments in the city producing fine candies, while the places where the common grades are made are numerous. One of these establishments employs 165 hands, fully one-half of the number being girls. The girls earn fair wages, the average being about \$5 a week. They are mostly engaged in boxing the goods. This firm uses about twenty-five barrels of sugar a day, or 150 a week. Nothing but the best grades of sugar are used, as the proprietors say it is cheaper to use the best. An approximate idea of the quantity of candy made during a twelve month can be ascertained from the fact that this one firm uses during that time about 8,000 barrels of sugar.

Dealers say there is a steady demand for candy the year round, but it is increased during the holiday season. This is especially noticeable with the cheaper grades of candies. A local candymaker remarked a few days ago that "some people eat candy the year round but during the holidays everybody eats candy." He also says candy is extensively consumed at church fairs and it is of the cheaper grades. These church festivities coming generally during the Christmas season constitute a prominent feature in the holiday candy trade and are sought after by the dealers. Candy also enters largely into the holiday present demand and most of this is also of the cheaper mixed varieties. It is said, however, that the cheaper grades of candies are not necessarily adulterated, but are priced low because the more expensive materials and flavors are not used in them. Pure sugar is now used by all reputable candymakers for all grades of candy.

A Miser's Death in France.

In Paris the race of misers flourishes vigorously. The French are a preeminently thrifty people, and it is no uncommon thing to see men wearing the garb of beggars, depositing large sums of money from time to time in the National Savings Bank, or rushing in haste to subscribe to new loans. The faces of such people are as pale and attenuated as those of starving paupers; their ragged clothes hang loosely and limp around their shrunken shanks; they shiver without fire during the winter in cheerless garrets, down the chimneys of which sweeps the icy gusts of December, and yet their names are inscribed in many a banker's books, and their loathsome counterpanes cover many a heap of gold. That this is no exaggeration may be proved by the annals of the Prefecture of Police. The latest Parisian, Daniel Dancer has just died, leaving a fortune of 1,000,000f, or \$4,000,000, behind him. The Pere Denizot, as he was called, lived in an old house, No. 10 Rue de Broesses, in the Quartier des Archives. He was the laughing-stock of all the neighbors and the street boys as he hobbled along in his mendicant's rags. He lived all alone, and used to make his own soup, driving hard bargains with butchers for bits of offal that almost dogs would refuse. He succumbed alone and unattended yesterday to an attack of apoplexy. The District Inspector of Police came to verify the death, having been summoned by the neighbors, and he had just drawn up his report and was going away when he knocked over a rickety old table, out of the drawer of which several rouleaux of gold fell on the floor. Surprised beyond measure the officers poked about the wretched abode and found in divers and sundry hiding-places sums of gold and silver amounting in the aggregate to £4,000. With these were numerous securities and bonds, which enabled the authorities to make a tolerably accurate estimate of the value of Pere Denizot's succession—the heirs, assigns, and executors of which will be the State, as the old worshiper of Mammon seems to have had neither chick nor child to claim a part of his golden heritage.—Paris Letter.

An English Cannon Interdicts Mustaches.

Young men blessed with mustaches who have presented themselves for ordination at Worcester have returned to their friends shaven and shorn. This, says the Yorkshire Weekly Post, is due to one of the Bishops' chaplains, Canon Mandell Creighton, being unable, notwithstanding every effort (Rowland's Macassar, etc.), to get up a passable mustache upon his upper lip; so, like the fox without the tail, he insists upon all candidates for ordination at Worcester becoming forthwith mustacheless. The Bishop should put a stop to this nonsense.—London Truth.

If you have a pasture that has been overrun by weeds let it be given up to sheep, as they will eat many kinds of plants that other stock refuse.

A Hermit Dies.

The old hermit of the Pines, in Burlington County, N. J., is dead and has left enough property behind him to make it worth the while of the heirs to come forward and prove their kinship.

Nearly fifty years ago Thomas Foster, then a young man a little past his majority, made his appearance in Shamong Township, Burlington County. He was a person of attractive appearance, engaging manners, and possessed of an excellent scholastic education; attainments that the simple country folks of that section held in awe, and he was generally looked up to and respected. With his advent came a story of the cause that led him to leave all the comforts of a home and the companionship of congenial people to take up his abode in a rude log cabin. The story was the old, old one, and a heartless woman at the bottom of it. This was told every stranger that came to town, until finally the youthful hermit ceased to attract attention, and as he devoted himself to his books, of which he had a goodly number, he soon became almost forgotten.

Finally as the years rolled by it began to be rumored that Foster had become a miser and was so careful about his expenditures that he would travel miles to save a little trifle, and he would deny himself food when his weekly allowance had been expended for something else. This had the effect of alienating from him the few friends he had and he was left alone. Last week, however, some one discovered that Foster, who is now past 70 years of age, was very ill and urgently in need of attention. Accordingly the overseer of the poor of Medford visited the cabin for the purpose of removing the old man to the almshouse. "Take me to the almshouse?" he almost shouted. "Never! I have money to pay for taking care of me here, and here are the keys to that chest open it and you will find that what I say is true."

One of the officials took the keys and found stowed away in the old oaken chest gold, silver and notes to a large amount. The gold was in a number of small bags, but most of the silver consisted of French, German and Italian coins. A large proportion of the notes were as crisp and new-looking as if just issued from the banks, but on inspection they were found to be old state bank notes of Mt. Holly and Medford, which institutions have since become national banks. These notes, together with the gold, were deposited in the Medford Bank, enough being detained to secure for the hermit such necessities as were needed. The Poor Overseer thereupon employed a man to remain at the cabin and act as nurse during old man's illness, but the latter demurred at this because as he said: "The nurse would eat so much."

At night the old man breathed his last. Just before the end came, he raised up on his pillow, pointed with his long, bony finger at the old chest, and then fell back dead. His effects were at once taken charge of by the township authorities, and the old cabin was carefully watched, as it is believed there are many hundreds of dollars stored away in its recesses. An effort will be made to discover the hermit's relatives, who are said to live in Philadelphia, what was supposed to be the address of one of them having been found among his papers.

Evolution in Girl's Names.

In a recent communication to the Bangor Historical Magazine Joseph Williamson, Esq., of Belfast, has given a list of marriages in Belfast town from 1778 to 1814 inclusive. The names of most of them are familiar to-day. We find John, James, Charles, Jacob, Henry, William, etc., occurring again and again. It is interesting to observe the names of the women. Among are Sarah, Deborah, Lois, Keziah, Priscilla, Barshaba, Theodale, Narassa, Grizel, Rachel, Phoebe, Wealthy, Love, Charity, Temperance.

The 112 girls used but forty-five Christian names among them. Polly, Betsy, Sally, Jane, Susannah, Nanny, Abigail, Methitabe, very popular names among our grandmothers, have been put away, like the old ball dresses and high-heeled slippers that figured in society in the days of General Knox. Today distinguished by such names as Annie, Alice, Mabel, Jennie and Grace, the beauty transmitted from other generations continues its perpetual way. Another thing noticeable is the disappearance of such quaint names as Wealthy, Charity and Temperance. These have gone with the Pollies and Sallies. Delight alone among the names of 1777 is left to suggest that a trace of the old Puritan sentiment yet survives. Is this evolution of names the only result of a change of custom? Or is it a natural dependent upon other causes? Perhaps the names of to-day are more refined and delicate sounds when spoken, and therefore more fitting to the young ladies of 1887, who are admitted, of course, to have added the refinement of the present to the inherited beauty of the past.

Window plants that appear yellow and sickly are generally found to be suffering from too much water and too much insect.