

COUNTRY LIFE AND WORK.

THE DEAR OLD SONGS OF HOME.

O' warm sunbeams of thine time,
Turn backward in your flight,
Ring out the chime in fairy rhyme
Of boyhood's music bright!
Like bells of joy outstringing,
Those memories old are ringing,
Now faint, now near again I hear
In accents clear where'er I roam,
My mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

Makes me a boy, with boyhood's joy,
As in the days of old,
When ruddy blush before our gaze
Went up in sparks of gold,
I see the kettle swinging,
The shadow round it clinging,
Till once again in sweet refrain,
On land or main, where'er I roam,
I hear my mother singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

At set of sun, when day was done,
Like silver chiming bells,
Soft on the air, with evening prayer
The song we loved so well,
Still in my ear they're ringing,
And memories old are bringing,
Like gentle shower, of boyhood's hour,
With subtle power, where'er I roam,
Of mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

No time can blot this fragrant spot,
This chime of silver bells,
But oft my heart with sudden start
The secret surely tells,
Then 'mid the glad bells ringing,
With holy thoughts upspringing,
Now faint, then clear, again I hear
In accents dear, where'er I roam,
My mother sweetly singing,
Singing, sweetly singing,
The dear old songs of home.

MULCHING STRAWBERRIES.

It is said that the strawberry growers of Kentucky have adopted a new mode of protecting and mulching strawberries that growers even in this section of country might do well to pattern after. Their practice is to sow rye early in the fall between the rows of plants; this gets a good start before the winter and serves the full purpose of winter protection. In the spring, as the rye continues its development, it is either cut down or pulled up and laid upon the ground to serve as a mulch. Without a trial it is difficult to judge how efficient rye would be as a winter protector to strawberry plants, but it would seem as though the rye cut in the manner indicated would serve an excellent purpose as a mulch and in assisting to retain that moisture in the soil that is absolutely essential to the perfect and full development of the fruit. At the same time it is not probable that such a course would be as economical and attended with as little trouble as any system of protection and mulching that could be adopted.—*Correspondent New England Farmer.*

SPREADING MANURE.

Many hours of valuable time are lost by bad management in handling manure. The average man will unload in a small pile a load of manure weighing 2500 to 2800 pounds in ten minutes. A man must be active to spread that amount evenly and shake it to pieces thoroughly in forty-five minutes. A little practice will enable a man to unload and partly scatter the load in fifteen minutes. Preparatory to spreading with a drag I distribute as follows: Partially scatter on one side of the wagon, making the manure cover a space on the ground as wide as the drag is, say four feet, drive the wagon in a straight line until unloaded, begin with the next load where you started with the first and throw the manure off so that a space of about four feet will remain uncovered. After unloading say twenty loads in this way and before the manure has had time to become hard and dry, cross these rows with the drag, making the horse travel rapidly. A fast walk does well, but a slow trot is better. Very good work can be done in this way. In one and two-third hours I have spread twelve to fifteen loads, unloaded as above directed. The most of it was pulverized better and finer than you would ordinarily do with a pitchfork; some long manure needed spreading with the fork afterwards. The manure was dragged three times. Notice the time saved. Placing the time of a team equal to that of a man, nearly six hours' labor is saved by spreading with a drag.—*J. N. Muncy in Country Gentleman.*

CELLAR WINDOWS.

The cellar window should be opened at night as late as practicable, and should be protected from thieving cats and other prowling animals by strong open wire screens. The cool air of the night, which is drier than the air of midday, will enter and purify the room. The windows should be closed before sunrise, if possible, and kept closed and shaded all day. If the cellar is ventilated in the daytime the warm air rushes in and meets a current of colder air, and thus the moisture held in suspension by the warm air is deposited on the cellar walls and may often be seen running in streams down the sides. The cellar soon becomes damp and mouldy. A number of cases of that fungoid disease, diphtheria, according to a recent issue of the London Lancet, have been traced to the presence of common mould fungi, such as grows in damp cellars. It pays to sit up late and get up early to open and close the cellar windows.—*New York Tribune.*

WOMEN AS FLORESTERS.

Some ladies in Southern Illinois are engaged in raising bulbs for the market, tuberoses and gladioli, and there is a

similar firm managed by a lady in South Carolina. The leading florist of Cleveland is a woman of culture and refinement, who began without any capital save brains and willing hands. She is very successful in business, and has the distinction of being one of the most artistic designers in the trade. Of course, every flower-loving woman is not fitted for this work, but the fact remains that it is an honorable and fairly remunerative employment, and may well take its place among occupations for women.

A READY POULTICE.

Wounds made by rusty tools, or nails, or by the teeth of dogs and other animals, are not only very painful, but generally quite dangerous. To allay the pain, extract the poison and hasten the healing process, there is nothing we know of so wonderfully effective as raw, fat, salt pork and onions, equal parts, chopped up together and applied in a thick layer either directly to the wound or folded into a single layer of linen. Leave on until healed. Even a slice of raw salt pork tied over the wound made by a rusty nail, will draw the inflammation all out, render the flesh clear white and heal up the injury in a shorter time than any drug known to us will do it. This is the best use that can be made of fat pork, as we do not believe in its free internal application, especially in Summer.—*Orchard and Garden.*

INJURY TO CORNSTALKS.

In many places I learn that the hay crop is shortened by drouth, though hereabouts a fair crop was secured. Possibly scarcity of hay may prove a blessing in disguise to those farmers who have heretofore left the corn fodder go to waste. The wasteful Western plan of stripping the ripened ears from standing stalks and leaving the latter to the storms of winter has never obtained here. Some stock farmers leave stocks of corn out all winter unhusked, or else husk it and leave the stalks in moderate-sized bunches until ready for use. If the stalks are put up properly this is not a bad way, though the bunches should be drawn and set on sod rather than in the cornfield to be muddled when wet weather begins and frozen down a little later. In saving cornstalks outside the silo it is unsafe to put them either green or wet with rains in large bodies before cold weather. High, narrow stacks built around a pole keep them better than they will in barns, and as each stack is small it is not long exposed to the weather after being opened. But until so put up some care should be taken to set up fallen stocks of corn and stalks in the field. A great deal of valuable fodder and grain is wasted by needless exposure during the fall.

PUMPKINS FOR COWS.

Although this has been a good corn year there are also plenty pumpkins, a rather unusual circumstance, as the two crops trying to grow on the same ground generally injure one and entirely spoil the other. Pumpkins are excellent feed for cows raw if given in limited quantities. Most cows are ravenously fond of them, and if fed too freely will run to fat rather than to milk. The seeds are strongly diuretic, and if fed with the pumpkins will set the urinary organs to working rather than those for milk secretion.

HERE AND THERE.

If only the farmer's wife would take her hands out of the dish-pan, wisk on her best bonnet and climb up into the wagon every time her husband hitches up to go down to the store.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Keep that permanent pasture in mind when seeding down. Timothy and clover will last but a few years when nipped by animals. Add red top, orchard grass, blue grass and tall meadow oat grass. Our climate is not favorable to pastures as is that of England, but once get a field well set with good perennial grasses and sprinkle a little manure every year on any spot that begins to look thin and land will run many years without plowing.

It seems to be generally admitted that skim milk should be made blood warm before feeding it to calves. But it is just as necessary to warm milk for little pigs as for calves. So says Edward Burnett, and it sounds reasonable.

It is a very good plan some farmers have of prying fast stones out when the ground is soft after a rain, and later when the ground has again become firm drawing away where they will not obstruct tillage.—*Husbandman.*

In the competition promoted by the English Jersey Cattle Society at the Reading show of the Royal Counties Agricultural Society, for cows judged by butter test in the same way as at the London Dairy Show, the first-prize winner, Brown, gave two pound, four and one-half ounces of butter. This is three ounces behind the first-prize Holstein at the New York Dairy Show, but six ounces in advance of the best Jersey tested there. A writer points out that the decisions of the judges by appearance and by actual results were widely divergent. The first-prize cow in the butter test was only "highly commended" and received no prize at all in the judging ring, the second-prize winner had no recognition at all in the judging ring; the third was only "highly commended."

MIRTH AND WIT.

CHILLY.

She kissed her pug—with haste across
And rained upon that creature's nose
A storm of oculations sweet;
The swall reclining at her feet
Remarked as he looked sidewise up,
"I wish that I'd been born a pup."
Then smiling coldly from her throne
She said, "And were you born full-grown!"

A TATENTED FAMILY.

The McSpilkins family is one of the most fashionable in Austin. The old man, however, is not as nice as he ought to be, but the rest of the family are highly accomplished. Somebody was speaking of them the other day, and he remarked how they all played on some instrument.

"What does the old lady play?" asked a bystander.
"She plays on the piano."
"And the youngest daughter?"
"She plays on the harp."
"And the next daughter?"
"She is very proficient on the guitar."
"And the boy?"
"He plays on the fiddle."
"Well, does the old man play?"
"You bet he does. He plays the stavingest game of draw poker in Travis County."—*Texas Siftings.*

ABADY WHO WILL BE A STATESMAN.

"What is that scratch on your arm, Jamie?"
"O, I hit it wid de cat!" was the unconcerned reply.

"STANDING MATTER."

The editor who saw a lady making for the only seat in the car found himself "crowded out to make room for more interesting matter."

AN ENURING PROOF OF DEVOTION.

"And do you really love me, George?" she asked.
"Love you!" repeated George, fervently. "Why, while I was bidding you good-bye on the porch last night, dear, the dog bit a large chunk out of my leg, and I never noticed it until I got home. Love you!"

WANTED SOME RELIEF.

"Did you ever hear me sing my new solo, Emily, 'Under the Silent Stars'?"
"No, I never have. Is it sentimental?"
"Pathetically so."
"Please sing it. I have the neuralgia so bad that anything will be welcome as a relief."

A LITTLE MISTAKE.

At the nursery door.
Marie (endeavoring to coax the father of her charges to leave the room)—*Allez vous, monsieur!*
Monsieur—Do you really? Well, I love 'oo too. Give us a kiss on it.

CONTEMPT OF COURT IN KENTUCKY.

Kentucky Judge (to Commonwealth's attorney)—Are the gentlemen ready for trial?
Attorney—They say not your Honor. One of the principal witnesses forgot to bring his Winchester rifle.
Judge (angrily)—Mr. Clerk, enter up a fine of \$10 against him for contempt of court.

DUMLEY'S DISGRACE.

Robinson—Have you seen Dumley, Brown?
Brown—Yes, I saw him today. He was walking down Broadway with an erect and soldierly bearing that would put many a Seventh Regiment Second-Lieutenant to shame.
Robinson—Poor Dumley! He's drunk again.

NO WONDER HE WAS DISMAYED.

Wife (to sick Prohibitionist)—The doctor says, my dear, that you must take whisky to tone up your system.
Sick Prohibitionist—Well, if I must, why of course that settles it; whisky is an awful curse. How much am I take?
Wife—A teaspoonful twice a day.
Sick Prohibitionist—Great Heavens! Is that all?—*Texas Siftings.*

DOMESTIC BLISS UNDER A MINISTER'S EYE.

Mr. Boller (striving to keep up appearances before the minister)—Aggie, hol' on; lemme go out arter that wood.
Mrs. Boller—O no, never min'; tain't cut.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE NEW FIRE AND BILL ESCAPE.

Drummer—"I want to sell you some rope."
Hotel Proprietor—"I've got all the rope I want."
"You don't say so?"
"Yes; every room in the house is provided with a rope."
"I'm glad to hear that. Now, let me show you a patent bolt by which you can fasten the windows so that they can't be opened."

FASHION NOTES.

As companions for ladies Skye terriers are going out of style and are considered very ennui and table d'hote.
During the winter striped s—gs will in many cases be worn decollete in the heels.

Boys pants will, during the coasting season this winter, be much worn on their sedentary parts.
Loose habits are considered fashionable in New York at present.

STRONG PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.

"Do you suspect any of the clerks?" asked the detective, who had been called in to investigate a robbery.
"Decidedly not," replied the merchant. "The only one who has the

handling of the money is above any suspicion. He is such an exemplary young man that he curtails his time for luncheon so as to be able to read the Bible he keeps in his desk."

"Point him out to me," cried the detective, rubbing his hands in delight. "He's the very man I want."—*Judge.*

HE OUGHT TO BE A FIGHTER.

Customer (observing the grocer as he weighs out sugar)—"Were you ever a fighter?"
Grocer—"No, indeed. If there's a fight going on I always get out of the way."

"What a pity you ain't a fighter—a man of your sand!"

NO WONDER HE PAINTED.

While Judge Cowing, in the New York Court of General Sessions, was giving his charge to the jury in a burglary case, one of the jurymen fainted. His Honor had just said, impressively: "Gentlemen of the jury, in arriving at a verdict you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defense into consideration and give them full weight."

At the words, "must give them full weight," the jurymen swooned away. He was a coal dealer.

AT THE COLORED BALL.

Jim Webster—"Isay, Sam Johnson, don't yer see how dat yaller barber am a-firting wid yer wife?"
"I see him."
"Ain't yer a victim ob de green-eyed monster?"
"What's dat?"
"Ain't yer jealous?"
"No, I jess wants dat yaller moke ter get better acquainted wid my wife. I has a spite at him."

A PANIC AVERTED.

A.—"There came vey near being a panic at the theatre last night."
B.—"Ah, indeed?"
"Yes; some fool called out fire, and as the theatre was crowded and there was a strong smell of smoke there would have been a fearful catastrophe, but, fortunately, just as the audience was about to rush for the door, the ballet-dancers came out on the stage, and every man in the audience took his seat and leveled his opera glass. This restored confidence and the panic was averted."

LUCY'S LAST CHANCE.

Lucy Yegger, the eldest daughter of Col. Percy Yegger, is well on in years, phenomenally ugly and unmarried. A few days ago Col. Yegger happened to mention that old Professor Snore of the University of Texas was somewhat absent-minded.
"Is he really so very absent-minded?" asked Mrs. Yegger.
"Yes, he is the most absent-minded man I ever saw. He does and says the most extraordinary things."
"Well, hadn't you better invite him to call and take supper with us? Perhaps he will propose to our Lucy if he is absent-minded as you say. He is about the only chance the poor girl has."
"I don't think he is quite as absent-minded as all that," replied Col. Yegger.

THE PRESS AS A MANSLAYER.

"People who are connected with the press do not live long," said the professor. The continued mental and physical effort is very wearing, and a man breaks down sooner or later."
"Yes, that's true. I had a brother who adopted the press as a profession and it killed him the first day."
"Indeed! How could that occur?"
"Why he fell into it. It was a hay press, you see."

Zachary Taylor's Granddaughter.

Washington Post: Those who can travel far enough back into the past to recall the career and Administration of Gen. Zachary Taylor will remember the beauty and attractions of his granddaughter, Miss Betty Taylor, who, before her first marriage with Lieut. Kingsbury, of the army, was a noted belle in New Orleans and Washington. Death dissolved this marriage very soon after the knot was tied, Lieut. Kingsbury having been killed at the first battle of Bull Run. A lucky investment in Chicago and the favorable issue of a lawsuit there have given to his son, the only child of the marriage, a handsome fortune. In the meantime the widow, after a successful society career in the different cities of the Union married the one-armed hero, Gen. Gallatin Lawrence, with whom, however, she remained but a few years, and then disappeared with Mr. Van der Nest, Secretary of the Belgian Legion at Washington. After a years seclusion in a small continental town, pending the divorce proceedings on this side, Mrs. Lawrence was married to Mr. Van der Nest and continued to reside abroad until his death, which occurred about two years since. A few years ago Gallatin Lawrence also died, and the wife of three husbands has now taken to herself a fourth in the person of an English gentleman who was an early friend of Mr. Van der Nest—a tolerably romantic career, and one that the old hero, President Taylor, hardly anticipated for his "darter," as he always called her.

A Picture of the Lady of Washion.

Lady's World: The New York lady of fashion commences the day much like the Parisienne, only instead of chocolate she has coffee and crackers (biscuits) in bed. She does not take much interest in the newspapers, but languidly turns over the piles of correspondence of all descriptions which await her perusal and selects the most interesting. A picture of her at this moment would be most charming—a small, oval, spirituelle face, large, luminous eyes and well-marked eyebrows, clear complexion, and intelligent, mobile mouth, giving you at once the idea that there is a being capable of understanding most things and of taking her part in the world's work. Her hair, too—coiffure a la directoire—hardly tossed or tumbled, and her pretty pink silk night-wrapper are as carefully considered by her as if she were going to receive her friends in that guise.

The American lady loves to have her surroundings beautiful and she takes great pride in wearing elegant under-clothing of all descriptions, something of pink, pale blue, or maize colored silk trimmed with valenciennes or fine torobon lace, and sometimes of the finest and softest linen, merely tucked and gathered, but always elegant, and always of the newest design. In no city of the world is the subject of toilet studied to such an extent as in New York. The American society lady, as a rule, is not an early riser, and appears at a rather late breakfast in a pretty and elaborately trimmed morning gown. This is a more varied repast than with us, one of its chief constituents in all seasons being fruit in profusion. She then prepares herself for the promenade, or for an unwearied round of shopping, spending as much time and energy on the latter as if it were the chief object of her life.

Up to about 4 o'clock the upper parts of Broadway and Fifth avenue are crowded with elegantly-dressed ladies. A notable fact about these morning costumes is that they are composed of silk, satin, or velvet, or a mixture thereof, elaborately trimmed, and in fact, equivalent to the afternoon costumes of British ladies.

Gen. Pleasanton's "Mockingbird."

"How did I happen to be called 'Mockingbird Pleasanton?'" said he. "That came out of an incident of the war. For three months we were down there in the swamp with McCellan, with men dying around us by thousands, not a trumpet was sounded and not a band played. These were McCellan's orders. Now, I believe in bands on the field. The men were depressed and discouraged. My experience has been that a lively time will make the boys fight better. One day I went into McCellan's headquarters and told him that the morrow would be the Fourth of July. I suggested that we should have a grand review, a salute to the flag, and that the band should give us some patriotic music. Also recommended him to issue a stirring address to the troops. The idea pleased him, and he made out the necessary orders. The effect on the soldiers was wonderful, but the address, which was the famous one declaring the war to be a failure, was a wet blanket. That address, by the way was written by Col. Tom Key, a sort of a military secretary to the commanding General. It was Key's idea and not McCellan's, but of course 'Mac' had to stand it, as he had adopted it. But I am getting away from my story. Not long after that we got into action. I rode down to the front and found the line breaking. You see the men's ammunition was giving out, and even a veteran will run rather than take the chances of being shot without having the opportunity of returning in kind. I got some artillery in position to hold the line, and I saw two bands near. I ordered them to play something lively, and they gave the 'Mockingbird.' The runaways stopped when they heard the music. Ammunition was quickly distributed, and with a cheer they jumped to the front and charged the Johnnies, completely routing them. Somebody dubbed me the 'Mockingbird,' but the name never went beyond my own troops."—*Boston Traveller.*

Brave Gen. Kilpatrick.

An old soldier who fought under Kilpatrick yesterday told a Herald reporter some of his reminiscences.

"'Kil'" said the old soldier, "never forgot that he was fighting Americans. One day in South Carolina he was advancing upon Wheeler's entrenched position on the south side of the Savannah River. He asked all his staff with the exception of Capt. McCook to remain under cover. Then with the flag of 'Alice' and McCook and a few orderlies he rode out and sounded his bugle call. Wheeler's head popped up above the works.

"'Wheeler,' yelled 'Little Kil,' 'the Rebel papers say you can lick me! Come out of your hole, bring your boys out, and we will give you all you want in open field, brush, or jungle.'"

"Wheeler declined the challenge, because Gen. Absalom Baird at the moment was moving upon his left flank."—*New York Herald.*