

She is Mine.
Only one song can I sing—
She is mine;
All things with the echo ring—
She is mine.
Ever young and ever old,
Love laughs at the story told:
She is mine.
In her eyes, I read each day
She is mine.
In each word I hear her say
She is mine.
Music, roses, light, perfume,
Fill for me the wide earth's room:
She is mine.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Cows.—When spayed, continue to give a somewhat reduced quantity of richer milk for some years, when they gradually fatten and dry up.

PEAS should be sown early. If on sod-land, we should plow as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and drill in the seed, 3 bushels per acre, as fast as the land is plowed and harrowed. After drilling roll the land smooth.

OATS do not require as careful culture and nice judgment as barley, but they will repay far better treatment than they generally receive. They will grow well on land too mucky for barley, and a great crop is sometimes obtained on heavy clays.

Cows.—Treat them gently. Card freely, water regularly, and feed liberally. Nothing is better for a cow at calving than good hay and warm bran-mashes. Give all the water the cow will drink, but for a week after calving take the chill off it.

HARROWING MEADOWS AND PASTURES is often very beneficial, and we are surprised that the practice is so generally neglected. Put three horses to a harrow, and get on and ride. Harrow the field both ways, and lap, if necessary. The result will justify the trial.

OATS AND PEAS sown together is a favorite crop with some. If the land is rich enough and in good order, and the crop is sown early, a great amount of valuable fodder and grain may be obtained per acre. We would sow two and a half bushels of peas and one and a half bushels of oats per acre.

HORSES that have little to do during the winter, and have been kept principally on straw, should now be fed more liberally and gradually accustomed to work. Let them be well groomed. When brought in heated, rub them dry. Do not suffer them to be blanketed in the stable, unless very much exhausted from hard driving. In this case put on a blanket, and rub the legs, ears, etc.

BARLEY, taking one year after another, is a well-paying crop on good land and in the hands of those who know how to manage it. But it is a poor crop on poor land. Oats will pay better—or rather, lose less. As a rule, the earlier barley can be sown, the better. On very rich, mellow soil, sown early, one and a half bushels per acre, drilled in, is sufficient seed; but on average good land two bushels is not too much.

A LATE writer says: "The wasteful practice of spreading manure on surface to the soil, and allowing it to lie bleaching for weeks, and even months, before being plowed in, is still carried on in some countries in England, and stoutly defended by hosts of clay-land farmers," and he expresses the opinion that "if the perpetrators of such an enormity be right, science is at fault, analysis is an illusion, and ammonia and all its kindred a family of impostors."

TO CURE COLDS.—To cure colds, and slight catarrhal affections, drink freely of hot composition tea, on retiring, which should be made as follows: Add one-half teaspoonful of composition to one pint of boiling water, and cream and sugar to suit the taste; to be drunk while hot. If the cold is in the head, a teaspoonful of pine tar should be poured upon some hot coals, and the smoke allowed to remain in the sleeping room and inhaled during the night. A repetition of this treatment for one or two nights is usually effectual.

The following directions for the making of a hot bed are given in an English work, published A. D. 1771: Dig a grave of what length and breadth you please, where the sun shines most, sheltered from the North and East winds, about two feet deep, tread it full of horse-litter and the dung; and cover the dung near half a foot thick with fat earth sifted, covering it with pease-straw or mats, only in cold nights; the seeds also of musk melons, colliflowers, cucumbers, purslain, and Lettice, may be sown therein. The same writer says: The boughs of fruit trees, that grow too near each other, may be set at some certain distances, with weights or cords, to remain so for four or five weeks.

An incubator worthy of coming into general use has not yet been invented in this country. The *Poultry World* holds the same view. The clap-trap of valves and self-regulating lamps cannot, it says, compete with the nicely-gauged heat fed by vital fires consuming grain for fuel. "We admire your ingenuity, O, Yankee, but we want none of your artificial appliances so long as a good motherly biddy is available." The *Ohio Farmer* also has "yet to learn of a single instance where apparatus for artificial hatching has been successfully employed in raising fowls for market. Every year, almost, some improvement is announced which trials do not justify." Again, "incubators are excellent p.aythings."

MAKING CORN WITHOUT HOING.—After twenty years experience in the culture of corn, I am prepared to say that the hoe can be set aside as soon as replanting and thinning is over. In order to do this, the land must be well broken

and pulverized before the corn is planted. The distance between rows should be from five to six and a-half feet in the drill, according to productiveness of the land. The corn should be dropped, after going twice in the same furrow, with an eight-inch shovel. When the corn is covered, it should be four inches below the surface. The first plowing, put just enough dirt to the corn to fill the furrow half full; second plowing, the furrow can be filled. This leaves the corn level, and the ground is not too high for you to dirt the corn while plowing the third or last time. Be careful not to break or disturb the corn roots the last two plowings. Corn planted and cultivated in this way will stand a drouth much better, and the blades will not turn yellow, as they always will do when the roots are broken.

THE FOUNDATION OF GOOD FARMING.—S. W. Stebbins, Portland, N. Y., in the Farmers' Club, says that as long ago as the time of Virgil, it was held that the foundation of good farming was to have a big dung-hill. I propose to show how we in Chataqua county are effecting this desirable object. First, our farmers, especially our dairymen, find it profitable to buy Western corn; the manure thus gained, at least, is clear profit. This alone in time must result in transferring the fertility of the West to the hills of Chataqua. I have a strip of ground, with a fence on the south, much haunted by the sheep, which has become rich. I intend to move this fence, so this rich piece shall go into meadow, and the sheep may fertilize another strip. We are working gradually toward soiling. Nearly all feed corn-fodder through the latter part of the summer, and many stable their cows nights through the entire summer, feeding meal until something grows large enough to cut. I stable my cows, using forest leaves, scrapings from the wood-shed, &c., which gives a large pile of summer-made manure. In scraping together absorbents for the stable, the great thing is, to be thoroughly imbued with "the precept that 'every little helps to make a muckle.'" I have been feeding each cow two quarts of meal a day, and find they eat hay and even straw clean, and do better than when allowed to pick over and waste it, without meal. So long as butter and meal bear their present relative price, the farmer who keeps cows may fatten both his land and his wallet.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB.

A VICTIM.—S. C. Fargo, Yankton, D. T., wrote to caution the public against sending dollars to a certain party in Minnesota for Prickley Ash seed. He had done so, but he had neither seen his dollar again nor received his Prickley Ash seed.

LEACHED ASHES.—J. W. Gustin, Canoch, Mich., asked if leached ashes were good for grain, and how they should be used. A farmer present said they were, and could be used with benefit in quantities of twenty to one hundred bushels per acre. He had never known them to burn the land.

USE OF PLASTER.—A man without a name wrote to say that applying plaster was robbing Peter to pay Paul, for what one field gained another lost by it. Mr. Bragdon said he had found his crops much improved by using plaster, but his neighbors who did not use it got poorer as he got richer. He had found, winter grain and oats much improved, as well as clover. Dr. Silvester said his neighbors used it with good effect on their corn.

SHOULD HE RAISE WHEAT OR MAKE BRICKS?—Albert Force, Tyrone, N. Y., had a piece of clay land, and wanted the advice of the club as to whether he should put it into wheat, or make bricks or drain-tiles on it. The Chairman thought if this man was rightly named he would be able to determine that question himself. If he could dispose of bricks or tiles to good advantage, and his clay was of the proper kind for them, he could learn by using his own proper judgment which was best for him to do.

SUNDRIES.—A new mole-trap, adapted also to rats, was exhibited, which was declared to be worthy of advertising for the benefit of farmers.—A very promising onion-weeder was shown which cut up the weeds and stirred the ground at the same time.—A patent prairie fence was also shown.—A grape grafting machine was exhibited, by the use of which it was said that more than five per cent of the grafts was lost. Dr. Silvester had grafted grapes with success by boring a gimlet-hole in the stock, and inserting a graft made to fit closely; no bleeding to speak of took place.—Mr. Hanser recommended the Chevalier barley as the easiest to cultivate on ordinary lands.

LIMESTONE WATER FOR TROUT.—S. A. Phillips, Royaltan, Wis., asked whether limestone streams were suitable for trout raising. He had noticed that no trout were found naturally in such streams. C. D. Bragdon said he had caught trout in such streams; probably in this case larger fish had destroyed them. Mr. Smith said that the streams where old Isaac Walton had loved to fish were all in a limestone country, and generally the water was very clear in such streams; and the fish of a brighter color and better flavor than in soft or muddy streams. But in Wisconsin the trout had been fished out until none were left, which was the cause of the trouble. He would not hesitate to stock a limestone stream with trout.

VALUE OF A LIFE.—It has been an idea derived from the old Roman law that no price could be set upon the lives of citizens, as they are invaluable. The result has been that practically lives have had no value in law. The Ohio legislature has however, determined that they are worth something, and has fixed their value at \$10,000, by making that the maximum amount that can be collected from a railroad company for killing anybody.—N. O. Pincayana.

Does Farming Pay.

One of my neighbors, says an editor of the *Agriculturist*, has just sold twenty acres of his farm to a German for over \$200 per acre. The land is on a cross-road, seven miles from the centre of New York city, and has been so much neglected that it will cost at least fifty dollars per acre and two years' time to get it clean and in good condition. The farmer who sold this land does not make three per cent. on \$100 an acre from his farm, and if the German can make it pay at \$250 per acre, it will be another illustration of what industry, thrift and enterprise can accomplish. It seems to me, however, that such a man would have done better to have gone West. He certainly would if he intends to raise ordinary farm crops. But these thrifty Germans seem to have a knack of paying for land, and bid fair to become the principal land-owners in the older portions of the country. Their great forte is saving. I have a neighbor, a well-to-do German farmer, who always has money in the bank. But if he owes you anything, he never thinks of giving you a check—not he. He knows a trick worth two of that. He sells something from the farm. After he has done his day's work, in the evening, he picks up a few apples or potatoes, or squashes, or a few heads of cabbage, a basket of eggs, and a little butter or lard, or perhaps a bushel or two of nice hand-picked beans. These he puts in a spring-wagon, and the next morning before I am up he is half-way to the city, and by the time I am through breakfast he is back with the money. It is far easier to give a check on the bank. But that man would run in debt for a hundred-acre farm at \$150 an acre and pay for it. I couldn't. I can raise as good crops as he does—perhaps better—and the receipts from my farm per acre are larger than his, but he and his family do all their own work, and when one of his bright, active boys wants to get married, there is money in the bank to make the first payment on a small farm and give him a start in life.

He is withal a capital farmer, keeps his land clean, and works it thoroughly. He is a good neighbor—not inclined to borrow, and willing to lend; and if he does borrow anything for a few hours he returns it promptly. He is as cheerful as the day, minds his own business, and is always cheerful with his work. He keeps a good span of rather gay young horses that he bred himself, and which are always well groomed and full of spirit; a nice carriage that is always clean, and a good harness that is in perfect repair and well oiled and blackened, and he drives to church every Sunday in a style that many a German baron might envy. That man commenced life with nothing but good health, good habits, a pair of good hands, and a good head, with indomitable energy and perseverance. There are thousands of such cases, and in view of them it seems unnecessary to ask the question, "Does farming pay?"

THE WISCONSIN FIRES.—The condition of the people in the burnt districts of Wisconsin, has just been made the subject of a very interesting report by a Legislative Committee. From it we gather that some 1,580 families, or 6,907 persons, have been rendered almost entirely destitute through the effects of the fire which spread over the State last October. These families have since been supported, for the most part, by the relief committees of Green Bay and Milwaukee. Their horses and cattle have also been provided for. In fact, nothing appears to have been left undone to make them comfortable for the present, and give them hope of being able to retrieve their fallen fortunes in the future. Instead of dividing the aggregate amount of the contributions equally among the claimants, it is proposed to supply them with provisions enough to last until June next, and to use a certain portion of the subscription in purchasing agricultural implements and seed, and materials for the construction of new houses, and provender for the horses and cattle. In this way it is thought that the sufferers will become self-supporting in a very short time.

POTATOES.—If the farmers are correct in their conclusions, a large proportion of the potato crop lying in the fields in heaps or holes has been destroyed by the frosts of this winter. Many parcels were but imperfectly covered in consequence of the early and continued frosts, and the same destructive agent has penetrated into many cellars and did its mischief to the potatoes stored there. The conclusion is that potatoes will be scarce this spring and particularly dear in price. This feeling does not appear to have greatly affected the market's yet. There is no regular price for potatoes. Within a few weeks as many as 10,000 barrels have been purchased all of which were shipped to Cincinnati and St. Louis markets, that appear to be wanting. These shipments were taken at \$1.50 per barrel at the outside. That is not a high price for potatoes in a time of scarcity. As soon as the weather moderates and gives evidence of the opening of spring, the farmers will open the potato pits and determine what the frost has left them for seed and for sale.

HORSES IN NEW YORK.—Although the trade in horses is active, it is confined almost entirely to animals of heavy draft, the supply of fast and carriage horses being greater than the demand. Profiting by this over-abundance, dealers are inclined to hold back their stock until fairer prices can be obtained.—N. Y. Paper.

A GOOD TEMPERANCE SERMON.—One of the best temperance sermons ever delivered is this sentence, "If it is a small sacrifice for you to give up drinking wine, do it for the sake of others; if it is a great sacrifice, do it for your own sake."

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

The Late Prof. Morse—A Boarding-House Romance—The Milk Question—Criminals to be Let Loose, etc., etc.

THE DEATH OF PROFESSOR MORSE.

The draping of the telegraph offices in this city and elsewhere in the sombre and emblematic crape, and the flashing words that have gone over the wires to the nation and to the world, have given to all the painful evidence of the death of Prof. Samuel F. B. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph.

He died at his residence in this city on Twenty-second street, after a brief illness, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, and his life, which exceeded man's allotted three score and ten, is a shining example of patient and persevering toil, and of glorious triumph over difficulties; a life whose energies were used up, whose fires were burned out, not for himself, but for the world's advancement; and he has gone up to his reward as one of mankind's greatest benefactors; and in recognition of all this, the public institutions everywhere are unanimously passing resolutions in honor of the departed electrician.

His life and labors have been too clearly identified with the world's greatest triumph and progress to require the biographic introduction of our pen. His fame can neither be given to us, nor taken from our cherished keeping; and while it is our nation's pride to claim him as her own, the world does reverence to his memory and says, "God gave him to us all," for indeed the brilliant gift of heaven to his brain was not a birthright of invention for any nation's selfish use, but a sacred trust of progress for every age and clime, and we enroll his name with Galileo and Hervey and Guttenberg and Columbus and Newton and Daguerrre, but brighter far in lustre than them all, for it is far up where the lightning flashes their brilliant scintillations for ever.

A BOARDING-HOUSE ROMANCE.

I heard a most singular thing the other day, and as I can vouch for its truth, notwithstanding the sensational air about it, I tell the story. A worthy couple kept a boarding house in the vicinity of Fifth avenue. They were well-to-do, and lived as happily together as married people generally, even if they do cater for the tastes of an unappreciative set of men and women, (and children sometimes) although boarding-house keepers generally protest against these latter impositions.

The man of the house attended to the marketing, and one morning, just seventeen years ago, he left his domicile, market-basket in hand and money in pocket. If I were writing a sermon, I should go into details of the happy state of mind of our hero when he set forth, of his kissing the fond and lovely partner of his bosom a fond good-bye, and all that; but as this is a "plain, unvarnished tale," I shall say simply, that he went off just the same as he had done daily for ten years, and there the simile expires—for he came not back as usual—even to this day. Although seventeen years have passed over the poor woman's widowed head, he has failed to put in an appearance. He went off, leaving no sign to note his whereabouts—no trail to show his going. He disappeared, just as many drop out of the walks of life daily, leaving none of his friends the wiser. Yesterday he was a boarding-house keeper, and to-day he was—a blank. Search was made by his widow. He was advertised far and near. He was urged to come home and dry the tears of mourning, but he came not, neither he, nor his market-basket, nor his market-money. It was a strange case, indeed, and for seventeen years the widow has mourned and hoped until the last ray of hope must perforce die away. For years our hero has been considered as one dead.

Of a sudden, there comes a sign—how, where, or whence, no one can tell. It is only said that our hero's disappearance was not of his own doing; that he was in no way responsible for it; that he was not wiped out, by the hand of the assassin, who is supposed to lurk about the by-ways and hedges of Gotham ready to snatch up unsuspecting persons. Worse, even, than all this.

There had, so runs the story, been a feud between the relatives of the man and the relatives of the man's wife. In the language of the dime novelist, they had sworn to be avenged, and their vengeance struck when and where least expected. It is said that these relatives, taking advantage of circumstances, abducted the unfortunate man, while he was unconsciously wending his way to market, and sent him to a private lunatic asylum, somewhere in New York State. It seems a singular story in this enlightened age, but I am so positively assured that what I write is truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, that I give it to you. For seventeen years the unfortunate man has lingered in the asylum, wife and family supposing him dead, and all this to vent the spite felt by brothers against a brother's wife. There was no hope of a pecuniary gain that we can discover; no chance to secure property or lay up treasures. It was purely and simply a case of spite. But who can imagine the feelings of the unfortunate man during his long incarceration within the walls of worse than a prison? Who can imagine his agony, his despair? Cut off from his family and the world, without a word of parting; shut up in a very Hades and unable to convey word of tidings or comfort or hope to her he loved so well. And the wife, too. What anguish and despair must have been hers, and what grief and sorrow are now hers as the sad and fatal truth dawns upon her. The

matter is now undergoing a full investigation, and I shall have another chapter to write upon it. When it does come, you shall have the truth, let it hit where and whom it may.

THE MILK QUESTION.

"Too thin," still seems to be an applicable term to our city's supply of milk. Can it come from the example of our railroad companies "watering their stock?" The question of impurity and adulteration, through the vigorous investigation of Mr. Bergh and others, has, at last, it seems, culminated at the pump-handle and hydrant, and our children may hereafter take their lactical allowance "alf an' alf," without the danger of being sickened and poisoned on swilled and diseased milk as formerly, which fortunately produces no worse result than the striking contrast in the price of water as supplied by the milk-dealer at five cents on every two quarts of milk per day, or \$18.25 per annum, and that furnished us by the Croton Board in wasteful profusion at almost nothing. The following chemical examination recently made by Prof. Chandler before the Health Board may not prove uninteresting to our readers.

The experiment was made upon nearly three hundred specimens of milk, forty-five of which were seized while undergoing the watering process, 245 were purchased of retail dealers, and ten from the crowded stables in the city. Of the forty-five cans seized by the health authorities, the report is as follows: "Two cans contained water not any too pure; two cans contained water, clouded with a little milk; four cans contained water to which considerable milk had been added, the specific gravity varying from 1.010 to 1.017, representing by the galactometer from 37 to 60 per cent. of milk; nineteen cans contained milk, to which considerable water had been added, the specific gravity varying from 80 to 97 per cent. of milk, varying in specific gravity from 1.029 to 1.030—the large proportion of milk is accounted for by the fact that the work of dilution was interrupted by the police."

TO BE LET LOOSE.

A bombshell has fallen into the judicial camp by the announcement of the decision of Judge Allen, of the Court of Appeals, declaring the Court of Special Sessions an illegal one, and as this is one of the principal courts in which the criminals of our city have been tried, the announcement is as startling to the law-abiding community as it is joyful to the thieves, pickpockets, burglars and general criminals whom the supposed legal action of this court has consigned to the penitentiary, as it is supposed that under this decision a judge in the Supreme Court Chambers will discharge, on a mere writ of *habeas corpus*, any prisoner convicted before the Special Sessions. Out of 6,320 persons convicted before this court, 600 still remain who would be turned loose upon society again, if they or their friends furnish the means for the legal proceedings. One lawyer alone, it is said, has presented 350 applications for writs of *habeas corpus*. It is however held by some legal opinionists, that a single judge sitting in Chambers cannot discharge, and that all action will have to be considered before the General Term of the Supreme Court, and that the heavy expense consequent upon this procedure, will prevent many of the criminals from being liberated.

It is expected that the Court of Special Sessions will be reorganized under the old law, upon which it must now fall back for its existence, which requires three judges to sit, and two necessary to convict, instead of one, as under the invalid law of 1870.

Whatever may be the result of this ruling of the higher court, it is to be hoped that the 600 criminals are not to be thrown back upon our community by a general jail delivery.

FOOD FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPTICS.

Dyspeptics generally should adopt the two meal a-day system, and eat nothing whatever at any other time. Let the breakfast be composed of oat-meal mush quite dry, or oat-meal cakes and fruit, or unleavened graham bread or crackers and fruit. But one kind of fruit should be eaten at a meal, and that should be fresh and well ripened. For dinner, some of the articles mentioned for breakfast may be eaten, or some kind of vegetable that best agrees with the patient may be substituted for the fruit; or, if meat is eaten, lean beef or mutton and some vegetable. No other meat is allowable, and as a rule, nervous dyspeptics are better off without any meat. No butter or greasy food of any kind, sugar, salt, spices or condiments should be used. The patient must eat very slowly and masticate his food very thoroughly. There is no rule more important than this. He should drink nothing whatever at meals, or for two hours afterward. He should not eat more than two kinds of food at a meal, and should never eat when in the least tired or excited.

THE TREATY.—At a Cabinet meeting at Washington, the argument of Earl Granville in reply to Secretary Fish was read and discussed. It is understood that while the argument is directed against the claim for indirect damages, the note is not an ultimatum, and will therefore necessitate either an argumentative reply or a decisive one. Some days will be allowed to elapse before the Cabinet will determine the character of the next note. It is now tolerably certain that Mr. Gladstone regrets the precipitancy with which he committed his government on the claims question, and hopes to regain his former position without risking the existence of his Cabinet by a series of Fabian maneuvers.

EVERYBODY.—A gentleman having written a letter, concluded it as follows: "Give everybody's love to everybody, so that nobody may be aggrieved by anybody being forgotten by somebody."