

The Tobacco Plant.  
ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

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FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Come, children, leave your playing,  
And gather around my knee;  
And tell me all a little story;  
Awake aroint me, all a little story;  
In a meadow where the mosses  
And the grass were from brown,  
Three little maids sat milking;  
One day as the sun went down—  
Not one, but goats of the mountain,  
And here their paths were few;  
The winds they past like needles  
Through their girds of heavy wool,  
And as one hand, then the other,  
They tried to warm in their laps,  
The bitter weather from their breath,  
To protect their caps;  
And so, as they sat, their milkings,  
They grew as still as hills,  
Save when the stiff shovels on their feet  
Battled like shoes of ice.

At last out spoke the youngest—  
As she lay on her finger-nails;  
I have plumed a plan, sweet sisters;  
Let us take our milkings-pails;  
And fasten them to the mountain,  
As fast as we can;  
And help them up to the very top  
From the whitest drifts of snow;  
And let us build in the meadows  
Where we will milk our goats at night  
A house to keep us from the cold,  
With walls all silver white.

We'll set the door away from the wind,  
The door we will heap with moss;  
And gather more strips of ice,  
And shingle the new roof;

Then all the foolish maidens  
They emptied their pails on the ground,  
And bounded up the mountain-side.

As fast as they could bound,  
And came again to the meadow;

With pails heaped high with snow,  
And fastened them to the night, the moon

Bore them down to the earth,

But when the daybreak rose,  
The silver walls shone red,

The three little foolish maidens  
Were lying cold and dead.

The oxen in the frost had sowed  
Into almonds their woolen coats,

And with closely as the ice they lay  
Among their mountain home.

Alice Cary.

A Good Word Not Lost.

Field-Marshal Alexander Suvoroff, the commander-in-chief of the Russian army during the reigns of Catherine II. and Paul I., was especially fond of mixing with the common soldier, and sharing in their sports and conversations, being always highly delighted when his men failed to discover him; and this happened pretty often, for, thanks to his small stature and ugly face, as well as the extreme plainness of his dress, the great marshal looked as little like a general as any man could do. In this way he got to understand thoroughly the character of his soldiers, and had a greater power over them than any general before or after him.

His marvelous power of enduring fatigue, his insensitivity to heat, cold, or hunger, and his untiring energy on the field of battle (in all of which points he surpassed the hardest of his generals), made him the idol of the rough soldiers whom he commanded; and it's word of reprobation from Father Alexander Vasilievitch, as men affectionately called him, was more dreaded than the fire of a battery.

Before one of his Italian campaigns, Suvoroff gathered together a number of his best men, and made them one of the short pitiful speeches for which he was famous, and some of which are remembered among the peasantry to this day:

"My children, we are going to fight the French. Remember, whatever you may, *you must go forward*. If the enemy resist, kill them; but if they yield, spare them; and always remember that a Russian soldier is not a robber, but a Christian. Now, go and tell your comrades what I have said."

A few days later a great battle took place in which the day went against the French, who began to retreat about sunset; and a soldier named Ivan Mitrophanoff, who had distinguished himself for his bravery throughout the whole day, captured with the help of a comrade who was with him, a French officer and two of his men. Mitrophanoff bound up the officer's wounded arm, and seeing that the prisoners appeared faint from the loss of food, shared with them the coarse rye loaf which was to have served him for supper. He had scarcely done so, when up came three or four Russian grenadiers, hot with fighting, and raising furious cries.

"What?" cried they, "three of these French dogs living yet?" and they ran upon the prisoners, with leveled bayonets.

"Hold, my lads!" cried Mitrophanoff. "I've given them their lives; and no one must touch them now."

But the soldiers would not listen to him, and were rushing forward, when a stern voice from behind shouted: "Halt!" and a little pug-nosed, dirty-faced man, dressed only in a coarse linen shirt and a pair of tattered gray trousers, stepped into the circle. "Halt, ranged and diry as he was, the fierce soldiers could not have looked more frightened had he been a giant in full armor."

"The general!" muttered they, clinking off.

"Ay the general!" roared Suvoroff, "who will have some of you shot presently, if you can't learn to obey orders better!" And you, he added, turning to Mitrophanoff, "who taught you to be so good?"

"Your highest own self taught me," answered the grenadier. "I haven't forgotten what you told us last week—that a Russian soldier is not a robber but a Christian!"

"Right!" exclaimed Suvoroff, with a brightening face. "A good word is never lost you see. Give me your hand, my lad; and you shall be a sergeant-to-morrow, and a right good one you'll make!"

And the next day he made good his word.

When clouds of sorrow dull the day,  
Can we, all trusting, turn awa;  
And look to God and humbly say:  
"Thy will be done!"

Idlelessness is the mother of vice.  
Idlelessness always envies industry.  
Idle brains are the devil's work-houses.

TO MAKE THE BREAD.

Ingredients: Flour, one and a half cupfuls of yeast, lukewarm wa-

ter, a tablespoonful of lard, a little salt.

Put two quarts of flour into the bread-bowl; sprinkle a little salt over it; add one and a half cupfuls of yeast, and enough lukewarm water to make it rather soft dough. Set it one side to rise. In winter, it will take overnight; in summer, about three hours. After it has risen, mix well into it one tablespoonful of lard; then add flour (not too much) and knead it half an hour. The more it is kneaded, the whiter and finer it becomes. Leave this in the bread-bowl for a short time to rise; then make it into leaves. Let it rise again for the third time. Bake,



Notes About Ensilage.

"Dr. R. H. Lewis has obligingly, from time to time, given the *News and Observer*, through interviews interesting and valuable information about soils and ensilage. Mr. J. H. Davis, the manager of his Glendale farm, kindly furnishes the following as the cost of forty tons of pea-vine ensilage, put in a silo below ground; vines uncut. The items of cost are as follows:

• Plowing 7 acres of land at \$1.25 per acre, \$8.75; 14 bushels of black peas at 90 cents per bushel, \$12.00; harrowing 7 acres in peas broadcast, \$1.50; labor of sowing peas broadcast, 75 cents; rolling, \$1; hauling 100 two-horse loads, mowing, hauling, covering and weighing silo, \$27.25. Total cost, \$51.50. There were two mowings of fine clover cut from this same seven acres before the peas were sowed in July. Farm hands, mules, &c., are all charged in the same rate, paid all extra labor hired. Peas were sown June 1st, mowed September 16. Dr. Lewis is now filling a silo above ground with cut mello, maize and pea-vines. It has 75 tons capacity. He has put up 340 tons of peas, corn and mulls ensilage this summer up to date, at less than \$1.50 per ton, cut up.

• **Colic in Horses.**

One of the principal causes of colic in horses is improper mastication and ensilage of feed. Many horses have a voracious appetite and are inclined to eat fast and bolt their food only partially masticated; while other horses have uneven and irregular molar teeth, rendering them incapable of masticating their food properly.

Mark an error which is often committed by non-professional traveling horse dentists. Instead of removing the sharp and irregular corners of the teeth they usually destroy one-third part of the entire surface of the molar teeth, thus forever destroying one of the most important organs of digestion. Here is a point, and a very important one, for us to examine in all subjects that are suffers from colic. If the teeth are not performing their function then we must expect indigestion, stomach and bowel trouble.—*Dr. Fair in Ohio Farmer.*

• **Farm Animals and Their Feed.**

It is a very superior ox that can make a gain of four pounds of flesh per day. Of this, two-thirds is water, leaving only one-third and one-third pounds of dry substance to nourish the beef-eater. Many cows can be found that give twenty pounds of milk per day, and of this at least five pounds are solid, dry butterfat.

The ox and the cow would probably consume about the same amount of feed each to produce these results. This being the case, it is easy to see that the cow is far the more profitable machine for converting the grass and coarse vegetation of the earth into good food for the human stomach. The little girl from the city who discovered that milk is only "eaten grass" has yet more to learn—that all flesh is grass.—*New England Farmer.*

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