

My Dear Remis

The Warren News.

VOL. I. NO. 15.

WARRENTON, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—\$2.00 per Annum

The Crowded Street.
Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
And the sounds of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.
How fast the fitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face—
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Whose secret tears have left their traces.
They pass to toil, to strife, to rest—
To halls in which the feast is spread—
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the bed.
And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.
And some who walk in calmness here
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear,
Its flower, its light, is seen no more.
Youth, with pale cheek and tender frame,
And dreams of greatness in those eyes,
Goes to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?
Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes, lower they now,
Or melt the glittering spires in air?
Who of this crowd to-night shall read
The dance till daylight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er the untimely dead?
Who writes in throes of mortal pain?
Somp, fam'd, stark, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours, how slow the light,
And some who faint amid the throng
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.
Each where his tasks or pleasures call,
They pass and heed each other not;
There is One who heads, who holds them all
In His large love and boundless thought,
These struggling tides of life, that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end.
—William Cullen Bryant.

OUR NEW NEIGHBORS AT PONKAPOG.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.
When I saw the little house building,
An eighth of a mile beyond my own,
On the Old Bay road, I wondered who were
to be the tenants. The modest structure
was set well back from the road,
among the trees, as if the inmates were
to care nothing whatever for a view of
the stylish equipages which sweep by
during the summer season. For my
part, I like to see the passing, in town
or country, each man to his own
proprietor, who seemed to be the
architect of the new house, super-
intended the various details of the work,
with an assiduity that gave me a big
opinion of his intelligence and executive
ability, and I congratulated myself on
the prospect of having some very agreeable
neighbors.
It was quite early in the spring, if I
remember, when they moved into the
cottage—a newly-married couple, evi-
dently, the wife very young, pretty and
with the air of a lady; the husband
somewhat older, but still in the first
flush of manhood. It was understood
in the village that they came from Bal-
timore; but no one knew them personally,
and they brought no letters of in-
troduction. (For obvious reasons I re-
frain from mentioning names.) It was
clear that, for the present at least, their
own company was entirely sufficient for
them. They made no advances toward
the acquaintance of any of the families
in the neighborhood, and consequently
were left to themselves. That, appar-
ently, was what they desired, and why
they came to Ponkapog. For after its
black bass and wild duck and teal, sol-
itude is the chief staple of Ponkapog.
Perhaps its perfect rural loveliness
should be inhaled, lying high up
under the wing of the Blue hills, and
the odorless breath of pines and
cedars, its chance to be the most en-
chanting bit of genuine country within
fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover,
can be reached in half an hour's ride by
railway. But the nearest railway station
(heaven be praised!) is two miles
distant, and the section is without a
flag. Ponkapog has one mail a day,
two mails a week and regular place
servants.
The village, it looks like a compact
village at a distance, but unravels and
disappears the moment you drive into it
—has quite a large floating population.
I do not allude to the peach and pickel.
Along the Old Bay road, a highway even
in the colonial days, there are a number
of attractive cottages straggling off to
ward Milton, which are occupied for the
summer by people from the city. These
birds of passage are a distinct class from
the permanent inhabitants, and the two
seldom closely assimilate unless there
has been some previous connection. It
seemed to me that our new neighbors
were to come under the head of per-
manent inhabitants; they had built their
own house, and had the air of intending
to live in it all the year round.
"Are you not going to call on them?"
I asked my wife one morning.
"When they call on us," she replied
lightly.
"But it is our place to call first, they
being strangers."
"This was said as seriously as the cir-
cumstances demanded; but my wife turned
it off with a laugh, and I said no
more, always trusting to her intuitions
in these matters.
She was right. She would not have
been deceived, and a cool "not all home"
I had been a bitter social pill to
me. We had gone out of our way to be
good.
I saw a great deal of our neighbors,

nevertheless. Their cottage lay between
us and the potato-field—where he was
never to be met by any chance—and I
caught frequent glimpses of the two
working in the garden. Floriculture
did not appear so much an object as ex-
ercise. Possibly it was neither; maybe
they were engaged in digging for speci-
mens of those arrowheads and flint
hatchets which are continually coming
to the surface hereabout. There is
scarcely an acre in which the plowshare
has not turned up some primitive stone
weapon or domestic utensil, disdainful-
ly left to us by the red men who once
held this domain—an ancient tribe called
the Punkypos, a forlorn descend-
ant of which, one Polly Crow, figures
in the annual Blue book, down to the
Southern war, as a State pensioner. I
quote from the local historiographer.
Whether they were developing a
kitchen-garden or emulating Prof Schlie-
mann at Mycenae, the new comers were
evidently persons of refined musical
taste; the lady had a voice of remark-
able sweetness, although of no great com-
pass, and I used often to linger of a
morning by the high gate and listen to
her executing an operatic air, conjur-
ably at some window up-stairs, for
the house was not visible from the pub-
lic road. The husband, somewhere
about the grounds, would occasionally
respond with two or three bars. It was
all quite an ideal, Arcadian business.
They seemed very happy together, these
two persons, who asked no odds what-
ever of the community in which they
had settled themselves.
There was a queerness, a sort of mys-
tery, about this couple, which I admit
piqued my curiosity, though, as a rule,
I have no morbid interest in the affairs
of my neighbors. They behaved like a
pair of lovers who had run off and got
married clandestinely. I willingly ac-
quitted them, the one and the other, of
having no legal right to do so; for, to
change a word in the lines of the poet,
"It is a joy to think the best
"Is way of human kind."
Admitting the hypothesis of elopement,
there was no mystery in their neither
sending nor receiving letters. But
where did they get their groceries? I
do not mean the money to pay for them
—that is an enigma apart—but the gro-
ceries themselves. No express wagon,
no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any de-
scription, was ever observed to stop at
their domicile. Yet they did not order
family stores at the sole establishment
in the village—an inextinguishable lit-
tle bottle of a shop which I advertise in
gratis) can turn out anything in the way
of groceries, from a handkerchief to a pocket-
handkerchief. I confess that I allowed
this unimportant detail of their house-
keeping to occupy more of my specula-
tion than was creditable to me.
In several respects our neighbors re-
minded me of those inexplicable per-
sons who sometimes come across in great
cities, though seldom or never in sub-
urban places, where the field may be
supposed to be restricted for their opera-
tions—persons who have no perceptible
means of subsistence and manage to
live royally on nothing a year. They
hold no government bonds, they possess
no real estate (our neighbors did own
their home), they toil not, neither do
they spin; yet they reap all the numer-
ous advantages that usually result from
honest toil and skillful spinning. How
do they do it? But this is a digression,
and I am quite of the opinion of the old
lady in David Copperfield, who says,
"Let us have no meddlering!"
Though my wife had declined to risk
a ceremonious call on our neighbors as
a family, I saw no reason why I should
not speak to the husband as an individ-
ual, when I happened to encounter him
by the wayside. I made several
attempts to do so, when it occurred
to my penetration that my neighbor had
the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved
to put the suspicion to the test, and one
forenoon, when he was sauntering along
on the opposite side of the road, in the
vicinity of Fisher's saw mill, I delib-
erately crossed over to address him. The
brusque manner in which he hurried
past was not to be misunderstood. Of
course I was not going to force myself
upon him.
It was at this time that I began to
form unfavorable suppositions touch-
ing our neighbors, and would have been
as well pleased if some of my choicest
fruit trees had not overhung their wall.
I determined to keep my eyes open
later in the season, when the fruit should
be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a
sense of the delicate shade of difference
between *meum et tuum* does not seem
to be very strongly developed in the
Moon of Cherries, to use the old Indian
phrase.
I was sufficiently magnanimous not to
impart any of these sinister impressions
to the families with whom we were on
visiting terms; for I despise a gossip. I
would say nothing against the persons
up the road until I had something definite
to say. My interest in them was—
well, not exactly extinguished, but
burning low. I met the gentleman at
intervals, and passed him without re-
cognition; at rarer intervals I saw the
lady.
After a while I not only missed my
occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim
figure, always draped in some soft black
stuff with a bit of scarlet at the throat,
but I inferred she did not go about the
house singing in her light-hearted man-
ner, as formerly. What had happened?
Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse
already? Was she ill? I fan-

ciated she was ill, and that I detected a
certain anxiety in the husband, who
spent the mornings digging solitarily in
the garden, and seemed to have re-
linquished those long jaunts to the
brow of Blue hill, where there is a
superb view combined with sundry ven-
erable rattlesnakes with twelve rattles.
As the days went by it became certain
that the lady was confined to her house,
perhaps seriously ill, possibly a con-
firmed invalid. Whether she was at-
tended by a physician from Gaston or
Milton I was unable to say; but neither
the gig with the large white allographic
horse, nor the gig with the homoeopathic
sorel mare, was ever seen hitched at
the gate during the day. If a physician
had charge of the case, he visited his
patient only at night. All this moved
my sympathy, and I reproached myself
with having hard thoughts of our
neighbors. Trouble had come to them
early. I would have liked to offer
them such small, friendly services as
lay in my power; but the memory of the
repulses I had sustained rankled in me.
So I hesitated.
One morning my two boys burst into
the library with their eyes sparkling.
"You know the old elm down the
road?" cried one.
"Yes."
"The elm with the hang-bird's nest?"
cried the other.
"Yes, yes!"
"Well, we both just climbed up, and
there's three young ones in it!"
Then I smiled to think that our new
neighbors had got such a promising
little family. —Atlantic Monthly.

A Domestic Comedy.

Here is a little comedy which was
acted out in the southern suburbs of
Louisville a few days ago:
Scene I.—Pa (who together with Ma
is going to spend the day at Aunt Sal-
lie's in the country)—"Now be a good
boy, Frankie, and take care of things
like a little man."
Frankie—"Es-sir."
Ma—"And don't go near the cistern
nor meddle with the clock nor chase the
chickens."
Frankie—"No'm."
Pa—"And don't go about the stable,
and remember you are not to touch the
horse. If I hear of you even going into
the stable I'll make you see smoke. Un-
derstand, sir?"
Frankie—"Es-sir."
Pa—"And maybe I'll get you a pair
of skates to-morrow. You are not to go
about the horse, now?"
Frankie—"No, sir."
Pa (patting his head)—"That's right;
you are pa's little man."
Ma—"And ma's" (kisses him good-
bye).
Scene II.—(Two hours later)—
Frankie goes to the stable, bridges the
horse, rides into the street, knocks
down an old woman's apple-stand, col-
lides with a milk wagon, and is finally
stopped and taken home with no other
damage than a broken bridle-rein.
Scene III.—Frankie sitting on the
woodpile chewing hour after hour the
broken end of the bridle-rein.
Scene IV.—Ma (on her return)—
"And you haven't been near the cistern,
nor meddled with the clock, nor
chased the chickens?"
Frankie—"No'm."
Pa—"And you haven't been about
the horse?"
Frankie—"No, sir."
Pa—"That's a fine fellow! Here are
some chestnuts Aunt Sallic sent you."
Scene V. (at the stable)—Pa—
"Frankie!"
Frankie—"Es, sir."
Pa—"Come 'ere, sir!" (loweringly)
"What does this mean? Look at this
bridle! Didn't I tell you not to go near
the stable, sir?"
Frankie—"Es, sir; but not to go near
the bridle 'all, I ain't, an' it looks
like like the cal has been a-chewin' of
it again—'t does."
Pa—"It does that way; that ever-
lastin' cal! I'll sell him to-morrow.
It's the second new bridle he's ruined."
Scene VI.—A call led to the butch-
er's; a father buying a pair of skates
out of the proceeds; a happy boy on the
ice.

A Buried Forest.

It has been recently discovered that
an oak forest lies buried in the valley of
the Fulda, near Rosenberg, Hesse
Cassel, Germany, at a depth of from six
to nine feet below the surface. The
wood flourished at a very remote period.
The greater number of the trees discov-
ered were in good preservation; but,
owing to the action of the water through
unnumbered ages, they have become
thoroughly black in color. They have
also become very hard and close, so that
they would be good material for carving
and ornamental cabinet work. Some of
the trees are of great size; one taken
out of a gravelly portion of the bed op-
posite the village of Bambsach, and
since sent to the geological museum at
Berlin, was fifty-nine feet long, nearly
five feet in diameter near the root, and
about thirty-eight inches at the top.
Even larger specimens have been
found. It is reported that the furniture
and fittings of the geological museum at
Marburg are to be made from this long-
buried timber. It is not yet decided
whether these buried oaks belong to a
species still existing or to an extinct
one.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD

Household Hints.
Clean a brass kettle before using it
for cooking with salt and vinegar.
See that the beef and pork are always
under brine, and that the brine is kept
sweet and clean.
Lamps will have a less disagreeable
smell if you dip your wick-yarn in
strong hot vinegar, and dry it.
Woolens should be washed in very hot
suds and not rinsed. Lukewarm water
shrinks them. Never iron flannels.
Hatchorns will restore colors taken out
by acid. It may be dropped upon any
garment (especially black) without do-
ing harm.
Do not wrap knives and forks in
woolens. Wrap them in good, strong
paper. Steel is injured by lying in
woolens.
Bottles that have been used for rose
water should be used for nothing else;
if scalded ever so much, they will kill
the spirit of what is put into them.
Those who make candles will find it a
great improvement to steep the wicks in
lime-water and saltpetre and dry them.
The flame is clearer, and the
tallow will not run.
Indian meal should be kept in a cool
place, and stirred open to the air once
in a while. A large stone put in the
middle of a barrel of meal is a good
thing to keep it cool.
Spirits of turpentine is good to take
grease spots out of woolen clothes, to
take spots of paint from mahogany fur-
niture, and to cleanse white kid gloves.
Cockroaches and all other vermin have
an aversion to spirits of turpentine.
A warming-pan full of coals, or a
shovel of coals, held over varnished
furniture will take out white spots.
Care should be taken not to hold the
coals near enough to scorch; and the
place should be rubbed with flannel
white warm.
Spots in furniture may usually be
cleansed by rubbing them quick and hard
with a flannel wet with the same thing
which took out the color; if rum, wet
the cloth with rum, etc. The very best
restorative for defaced varnished fur-
niture is rotten-stone pulverized, and rub-
bed on with linseed oil.
Silk, or anything that has silk in it,
should be washed in water almost cold.
Hot water turns silk yellow. It may be
washed in suds-made of nice white soap;
but no soap should be put upon it.
Avoid the use of hot irons in smoothing
silk. Either rub the articles dry with a
soft cloth, or put them between towels,
and press them with weights.
Manure for Orchards.
Wood ashes are, doubtless, excellent
for orchards, but instead of being put
around the trees, they should be spread
over the land. But where are the ashes
to come from in this region? We have
little or no wood, and, of course, little
or no ashes. In our limited experience
we have learned one thing about or-
chards, as well as fruit trees of every
kind that we have cultivated, and, as
we believe, the principle can be applied
pretty much to everything that grows
upon the earth, which is, "that the
application of manure benefits them all."
Ground occupied by fruit trees should
be manured as liberally as are other
portions of the land used for the rais-
ing of wheat or corn. It is the neglect
to do so, in connection with the negli-
gence with which the orchards are
treated in many sections, that makes
them unprofitable, and to be worn out
permanently. And as to the kind of
manure with which orchards ought to
be treated: While any kind, almost
without exception, will prove an ad-
vantage, there is none in the world to
be compared with barn-yard manure.
A liberal application of this only every
third year, while careful pruning, scrap-
ing, and washing the trunks of the
trees, will make a prodigious change in
the orchard. This top dressing can be
applied at any time when the ground is
not frozen, and it not bestowen in too
heavy lumps so as to injure the (or-
chard) grass, will yield a couple of tons
of good hay. We have known three
full crops of hay to be cut from one or-
chard. —Germantown Telegraph.

Protecting Trees in Winter.
Many fruit trees are lost every year
for want of a little care at the proper
time. Many young trees are destroyed
by rabbits, and many almost every winter
by the heat of the sun in warm days
toward spring. Frequently the rays of
the sun, shining on the south side of
the trees, will take out the frost, and, if
near spring, start the sap, and probably
in a day or two it will turn very cold.
This sudden thawing and freezing will
cause the bark to crack up, and perhaps
frequently kill or cripple the tree. A pre-
ventive is to take what is called "straw
board," or the thick paper used under
the ceilings in building houses, or to
take tin, or basswood or hemlock bark, or
put around the tree, and let it ex-
tend pretty well up around the body of
the tree, so it will keep the sun from
taking the frost out. When setting
trees, they should be marked, so that
the side of the tree that stood to the
north in the nursery is set to the north
when put in the orchard. This will also
save many trees. —O. S. Temple, in
Country Gentleman.

Alabama clears some \$30,000 a year
working out her convicts.

TIMELY TOPICS.

Street thieves in Montreal snatch fur
caps from the heads of ladies.
Workmen in Philadelphia have
over \$70,000,000 invested in co-opera-
tive loan associations.
The finest wheat in the world is grown
in Barbary and Egypt, a fact which has
always existed and always will, on ac-
count of climatic influences. The Scotch
is the poorest.
The total number of periodicals pub-
lications in the United States is 8,703,
against 8,340 a year ago. There are
thirteen more daily and 307 more weekly
newspapers than this time last year.
The United States government will
make a determined effort in 1880 to as-
certain the number of Indians in this
country. Just now very little about it
is known. Cpl. Meacham says 265,000,
and Gen. Sherman puts it at 222,000.
Caleb Cushing, it is said, could read
sixteen hours a day for a month and
never forget an important fact obtained
in that time. While attorney-general
he would have his meals brought to him
and laid on his writing-desk. His cus-
tom often was to eat the entire meal
without looking at it or resting from his
work.
St. Louis has a free lodging house,
where from 300 to 600 persons, mostly
tramps, sleep every night. A new rule
is that every lodger must be vaccinated,
and on the first night of its enforcement
the physicians operated on nearly 400
tramps. Many objected, but the alterna-
tive was a night in the streets, and as
the weather was bitterly cold, none
chose it.
The robbery of a Chicago jewelry
store in broad daylight was bold and
successful. Three men rode up in a
sleigh. One stayed in his seat and held
the reins. One went quietly to the door,
and fastened it on the outside by put-
ting a piece of wood in the latch, so that
nobody could come out of the store.
One smashed the show window with a
hatchet, and grabbed two bags of dia-
monds worth \$5,000. All three rode
rapidly away with the plunder, and have
not been caught.
A correspondent mentions a source of
danger in the use of kerosene lamps
which seems to have been generally
overlooked, namely, the habit of allow-
ing lamps to stand near hot stoves, on
mantelpieces, and in other places where
they become heated sufficiently to con-
vert the oil into gas. Not unfrequently
persons engaged in cooking or other
work about the stove will stand the
lamp on an adjacent mantelpiece, or even
on the top of a raised oven; or when
ironing will set the lamp near the stand
on which the heated iron rests. It is
needless to enlarge upon the risky char-
acter of such practices.
How to Burn Coal.
A very common mistake is made and
much fuel wasted in the manner of re-
plenishing coal fires, both in furnaces
and grates.
They should be fed with a little coal
at a time, and often; but servants, to
save time and trouble, put on a great
deal at once; the first result being that
almost all the heat is absorbed by the
newly-put-on coal, which does not give
out heat until it has become red hot.
Hence, for a while the room is cold; but
when it becomes fairly aglow, the heat
is insufferable. The time to replenish
a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin
to show ashes on their surface; then put
on merely enough to show a layer of
black coal covering the red. This will
soon kindle, and, as there is not much
of it, an excess of heat will not be giv-
ing out. Many also put out the fire by
stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is
put on, thus leaving all the heat in the
ashes, when it should be sent to the new
supply of coal. The time to stir the fire
is just when the new coal laid on is pretty
well kindled.
This method of managing a coal fire is
troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives a
more uniform heat, and prevents the
discomfort of alternations of heat and
cold above referred to.
Where the Timber Goes.
To make shoe pegs enough for Amer-
ican use consumes annually 100,000
cords of timber, and to make lucifer
matches 300,000 cubic feet of the best
pine are required every year. Lasts
and boot-trees take 600,000 cords of
birch, beech and maple, and the han-
dles of tools 600,000 more. The baking
of bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of
wood, or what would cover with forest
about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph
poles already up represent 800,000
trees, and their annual repairs consume
300,000 more. The ties of railroads
consume annually thirty years' growth
of 75,000 acres, and to fence all the
railroads in the United States would
cost \$45,000,000, with a yearly expendi-
ture of \$15,000,000 for repairs. These
are some of the ways which American
forests are going. There are others:
packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874
\$12,000,000, while the timber used each
year in making wagons and agricultural
implements is valued at more than
\$100,000,000.

A Glacier Meadow of the Sierra.

Imagine yourself at the Tuolumne
soda springs on the bank of the river, at
day's journey above Yosemite valley.
You set off northward through a forest
that stretches away indefinitely before
you, seemingly unbroken by openings
of any kind. As soon as you are fairly
into the woods, the gray mountain
peaks, with their snowy gorges and hol-
lows, are lost to view. The ground is
littered with fallen trunks that lie
crossed and recrossed like storm-lodged
whats; and besides this close growth of
pines, the rich moraine soil supports a
luxuriant growth of ribbon-leaved
grasses, chiefly bromus, tritium and
agrostis, which rear their handsome
spikes and panicles above your waist.
Making your way through this fertile
wilderness, finding lively bits of inter-
est now and then in the squirrels and
Clark crows, and perchance in a deer or
two, vertical bars of sunshine are seen
ahead between the brown shafts of the pines,
and then you suddenly emerge from the
forest shadows upon a delightful purple
lawn lying smooth and free in the light
like a lake. This is a glacier meadow.
It is about a mile and a half long by a
quarter of a mile wide. The trees come
pressing forward all around in close,
serried ranks, planting their feet exactly
on its margin, and holding themselves
erect, strict and orderly, like soldiers on
parade; thus bounding the meadow
with exquisite precision, yet with free
curving lines such as nature alone can
draw. With inexpressible delight you
wade out into the grassy sun-lake, feel-
ing yourself contained in one of nature's
most sacred chambers, withdrawn from
the sterner influences of the mountains,
secure from all intrusion, secure from
yourself, free in the universal beauty.
And notwithstanding the scene is so im-
pressively spiritual, and you seem dis-
solved in it, yet everything about you is
beating with warm, terrestrial, human
love, delightfully substantial and
familiar. The rosy pines are types of
health and steadfastness; the robins
feeding on the sod belong to the same
species you have known since childhood;
and surely these are the very friend-
flowers of the old home garden. Bees
hum as in a harvest noon, butterflies
wander above the flowers, and, like them,
you live in the vital sunshine, too richly
and homogeneously joy-filled to be ca-
pable of partial thought. You are all
eye, sifted through and through with
light and beauty. —John Muir, in
Scribner.

The Weather for 1879.
Richard Mansell's "Almanac of Plan-
etary Meteorology" for 1879, has the
following: If the positions of the
planets affect the temperature of our
earth's atmosphere during the year
1879, as they have done when in similar
positions during the past years (par-
ticularly the positions that gave us the
mild winter of 1877-78 and early spring
of 1878), we may expect very erratic sea-
sons during 1879.
According to this theory we shall have
cool weather set in early in the autumn
of 1878; it will grow cooler somewhat
faster than the mean of the season in
November and through December, with
temperature below the mean; tolerably
steady cold weather through January,
with temperature below the mean; winter
will continue through February,
followed by a cold March.
We shall be flattered by the prospect
of spring during a few days about the
middle of April, while Mercury is about
passing its inferior conjunction with the
sun, but this will soon pass away, and
the weather, or temperature, sink be-
low the average of the season, and will
probably remain below the mean
throughout May, June and July—while
we shall move into a hot, stormy sum-
mer about the last days of August, and
these conditions continuing through
September and most of October.
Between the autumn and winter
months cool droughts will likely prevail
over large land countries in the tem-
perate zone located far from the seas,
while an excess of cool rains will probably
occur on and about the essecet countries
during the same term.
These abnormal irregularities of the
seasons of 1879 must affect the crops in
many and great parts of the earth during
the year.
"Rome Sentinel" Briefly.
Old Bore-us—The Exchange fiasco.
Old Bore-us is not very much of a prodigal
sun this winter.
"The home of the brave"—The wig-
wam of Spotted Tail.
Cassabianca probably delivered his
well-known speech on deck-oration day.
It is not so much upon the quantity
as the quality of a man's work that his
good name depends. This also applies
to his talk.
Grown people may discuss the merits
of great men and envy them, but the
average small boy knows of no man in
this world whose merits he can discuss
so intelligently and whom he envies so
much as the end-mas of a minstrel
show.
The emperor and empress of Germany
state that they do not wish any gifts at
the coming anniversary of their wed-
ding. Kaiser, why under the sun didn't
you say so a little sooner. We have ex-
pended about half of our wealth for an
elegant present, which is even now on
its way to Germany. 'Twas ever thus

Items of Interest.

The song of the sea.—Nap-tune.
Running for office.—The office boy.
There's many a slip 'twixt the foot and
the ice.
A man who carries a watch is always
behind time.
The worst aches will heal, the best
heels will ache.
Fast friends—Two young men sowing
their wild oats.
Every man should be taken according
to his face value.
A photographer belongs to the tin-
type of humanity.
Coal miners dare not say nothing has
been made in vain.
In cold weather the meters are
down in the mouth.
Despite not small things; the largest
corn is always found on the smallest
toe.
A clock records time with its hands,
but a regiment marks time with its
feet.
The man who unexpectedly sat down
in some warm glue thinks there is more
than one way of getting badly stuck.
There was a young man in the city
Whose pants were so nice, 'twere a pity
To soil them; but witty
Boys splattered the proty
Light lavender pants. Hence this ditty.
—New York Mail.
A Paduash (Ky.) paper says money is
so scarce in that place that even the
change in the weather is hailed with
pleasure.
Lasting reputations are of slow growth.
The man who wakes up famous some
morning, is quite apt to go to bed some
night and sleep it all off.—Josh Bill-
ings.
In Japan the Fourth of July is now a
general holiday, because on that day
was fought the decisive battle of Uyeno,
in the contest which resulted in the es-
tablishment of the temporal power of the
Mikado.
The proprietor of a building site in
Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in
this wise: "The town of Poggis and
surrounding country is the most beauti-
ful which nature ever made. The scenery
is celestial; also two wagons and a
yoke of steers."
He took two steps,
His heart flew out,
Of shot his specks,
He glub, he did;
He flew
Steps thirty-two;
And he
"Hunt!" said he,
"No!" said he,
"But key"
The galaxy.
The Prussian returns of births, deaths,
and marriages for the year 1877 have
just been published. From the figures
quoted in the German papers it appears
that 1,092,300 children were born in the
year in question. The number for 1878
is stated to have been greater. There
were 716,400 deaths, 378,500 of males
and 337,900 of females. Fourteen per-
sons had reached the age of 107 years,
228 the age of 102 years, 3,568 were be-
tween ninety-seven and eighty-eight
years old, 27,352 between eighty-seven
and seventy-eight, and 58,249 between
seventy-seven and sixty-eight. The number
of marriages contracted was 210,300,
against 221,700 in 1876.
Large Farms.
A New York paper has the following
editorial:
The experience of the last few years
has shown that the cultivation of great
farms in the West, where they are al-
most entirely owned, has been anything
but lucrative. They have proved in
the main both injurious to individuals
and the country; the failure of the
colossal farmers in Illinois being exam-
ples of the untoward fate attendant
upon gigantic enterprises of the kind.
Farming on a grand scale, even with
the assistance of improved machinery
and implements, is a dangerous experi-
ment here, and usually terminates dis-
astrously. The majority of agricultur-
ists who have made money on small
farms have lost it on large farms, and
this experience has been repeated in
Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado,
Nebraska and Dakota. The trouble is
that our big farmers undertake far more
than they can accomplish, and their
grand ambition ends in partial or slovenly
cultivation. It is estimated that the
money sunk by large farmers during
the last ten years amounts to more than
\$100,000,000, and it is thought that
their failures have taught them a valu-
able and much-needed lesson. Much of
the success of France has been ascribed
to the subdivision of the country into
small farms, which, thoroughly tilled,
support a large population. Although
we do not usually regard France as ag-
ricultural, she produces more wheat, it
is said, than the whole of the United
States. Her crop for 1868 is represented
at 350,000,000 bushels, while ours
for the same year was only 210,000,000
bushels. Wines, silks, laces, oil, and
fine fabrics of divers kinds are not her
sole exports; she sends enormous quan-
tities of grain, butter, eggs, and other
household products to Great Britain.
Two-thirds of the entire area of France
is under cultivation, while little over
one-third—if so much—is under cul-
tivation in our country, and she farms
yield on an average, per acre, three or
four times what the broad regions of
the West do.