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The Voyage. ANCHORED

O weary days and nights, so still, so still-. The useless sails hang flapping stiff and slow, We pine and chafe, and set our kelpless will In vain revolt at what to change, to know Is not for us. We hear the strong winds

And fret as in the east, the west, we see Great ships and small go sliding fast and free.

O fearful days and nights so dark and cold-The swift waves mock and leap on every side ;

No rudder steers ; no mast nor spar can hold We think no ear could hear us if we cried; We think God would not miss us if we died We feel forgotten, helpless, cast away; We shut our eyes and do not even pray.

O peaceful days, and peaceful nights who

Cannot be uttered! O green shores of life Beyond the body! Shall we ever cease To smile that through such hot and silly

etrife We came? That doubts and fears could grow so rife?

That we could fail to see how God's good hand Our anchorings and our driftings planned?

BLIFINCH'S WEDDING.

Rugged, saturnine and cynical as to appearance; crabbed, miserly and reticent as to disposition; such was Blifinch & Co., general merchandise brokers and provision dealers. For Blifinch was Blifinch, and Company also, the latter attachment of the firm being purely fictitious, and designed possibly for euphony—perhaps to give distinction to the firm title.

Blifinch dwelt in a ram-shackle, tumble-down old rockery in Pearl street, an establishment which had come to him strictly in the way of business, having fallen into his clutches through the foreclosure of a mortgage, by which process an estimable but impecunious family were summarily ejected into the street one raw November afternoon, from which period they vanished out of man's

As there could be found no tenant for the rookery Blifinch moved into it him-

the rookery Blifinch moved into it himself, being enabled thereby to lease his former dwelling-place, in a more agreeable location, to excellent advantage.

Blifinch was as universally disliked and contemned as it is possible for a man to be. His hardness at driving a bargain, his want of charity—either for frailty or misfortune—his absolute disregard for the customary amprilies of for frailty or misfortune—his absolute disregard for the customary amenities of life; these peculiarities caused him to be shunned by all who were not driven to intercourse with him through business exigencies. Of these latter, however, there were very many, and his line of trade was so successful in its competition with the rest of the business world that. Bliffingh had amassed no inconsidthat Blifinch had amassed no inconsiderable amount of property, which was securely invested in the best possible securities at profitable interest.

There was, however, in regard to Blifinch one single redeeming feature; he had a daughter—Polly Blifinch—whose characteristics were in such marked contrast to those of her father that they shed a halo of reflected brightness and beauty over the latter which made even the surly meanness of Blifinch seem less

obnoxious when she was by.
Polly was by this time twenty years old, and as sweetly-pretty a girl as one would wish to see. Her charms of disposition seemed to have given a special leveliness to her every expression, and her amiability and kindness went far in the estimate of those who knew both to atone for the rugged and unhandsome protuberances of character which caused Bliffinch to be so disliked.

Of course Polly had many admirers; for, though she was not permitted to see any company whatever under the inhos-pitable roof which covered her gloomy habitation, there were still ways and means innumerable by which she could form companionships, and through which these could grow into affectionate interests. But though many pleasing and wholly unobjectionable young men sought Polly from time to time with a direct view to matrimonial results, these efforts had been invariably unsuccessful until a period about one year prior to

At that time Polly had made the ac-At that time Polly had made the acquaintance of a young sailor, then mate of a merchant vessel trading with the West Indies, and who was the brother of one of Polly's special friends. Constant association with this mariner when he was on shore, and as constantly listening to his praises when he was at sea, had that their returnal effects; and when at last their natural effects; and when Sam Collier proposed, just before sailing on one of his voyages, Polly consented to be his wife before she had given Bli-finch's probable reception of the matter a single thought. When, after the first transports of the position had subsided, she did reflect upon her father's interest in the important question, her spirits went down with startling rapidity. Indeed, about five minutes of practical consideration of the subject resulted in her conveying to her lover, with many sobs and tears, the unqualified certainty that Bliffach would no more let them that Bliffach would no more let them marry than he would present his son-inlaw presumptive with a newship. Young Collier was of a sanguine temperament, however, had a very good opinion of himself, and had never seen old Bliffach; so, of course, he had no doubt on the subject, and insisted on proceeding at once to communicate with the "Captain," as he brevetted Polly's father in his reference to him. his reference to him.

that same evening Sam Collier made his appearance at the rookery, and, being introduced to Blifinch by his daughter, then and there, and in the most seaman-like language, proceeded to demand Polly's hand as an accompani-ment for her heart, of which he claimed

present possession.

Blifinch heard him through quietly, and then, turning to his daughter,

said:
"Polly, is all this true that this
young man has been saying?"
"Yes, father."

"And you want to marry him, do

"If you please, father."
Blifinch meditated for about two minites; then, turning to Collier, he said:
'You are mate of a ship, you tell me,

young man?"

"Yes, sir," replied Collier, patterning his replies after Polly's laconic style.

"How would you like to be captain of a ship?" said Blifinch.

"Very much," replied the sailor.

"Very well," continued Blifinch, returning as he speed to some papers he

turning as he spoke to some papers he had been examining when he was interrupted, "Come to my store to morrow at noon. I will get you the appointment of captain of a ship in which I am inter-

of captain of a ship in which I am interested; she sails next week for Callao. If you make a good voyage on her, you can marry my daughter—when you come back. Good-night."

Polly turned pale and staggered visibly; Sam Collier's face brightened, and seizing Blifinch by the hand he thanked him effusively and the two left the room together. ogether.

Sailorlike, Sam thought nothing of an extra voyage, and was fairly choked up with delight at his new dignity. Polly, on the contrary, foreboded all sorts of evil; and when a week later Sam sailed as captain of the bark Polly (newly christened), she surrendered herself to the glacomicat anticipations. These would the gloomiest anticipations. These would probably not have been lessened had she eard a remark made by Blifinch as the bark left her moorings. He was stand-ing on the dock beside Polly, and as he waved his hand for the last time to Capt. Collier he said—under his breath: "Yes, you can marry my daughter, when you come back!

Four months passed—five, six—and the Polly put in no appearance; nor was there word of her nor of Capt. Samuel Collier, her commander. The bark was an old vessel which had barely espand condemnation effer her received caped condemnation after her previous voyage by a promise on the part of her owners that she should be thoroughly overhauled and refitted. She had certainly been cobbled up in a way and had received a third-class rating; she had likewise been heavily insured with an extra-hazardous premium; and when seven and eight months had elapsed and no tidings were heard of her, Blifinch did not seem to see the matter in that

That Polly should grow pale and care-That Polly should grow pale and careworn, refuse sustenance, and mope herself almost to death generally was no matter of surprise to those who observed the phenomenon; but that Blifinch, who was supposed to have no more heart than one of his own firkins of lard, should turn dejected and nervous, haunt the exchange for tidings of his ship, sleep restlessly at night, and toss and sleep restlessly at night, and toss and mutter with bad dreams, as Polly averred he did—that this condition should oppress the hard-headed man of

themselves in Blifinch's condition of mind seen him one afternoon about a year from the date of the Polly's departure from New York, and after the insurance had been duly paid over, and Capt. Sam Collier mourned as dead by girl who loved him and was dying for him—had Blifinch been seen on this occasion, new light would have been thrown upon his untoward behavior. For, sitting at his desk, with his head bowed upon his hands, which clutched his tangled gray hair miserably, the old man moaned such phrases as these: "I did it! I killed him!—killed both of them, God forgive me! I'm ruined now and damned for hereafter! Poor Polly!" and here Blifinch broke down and wept. There was a tap at his door, and a clerk announced a visitor—a seafaring man, he said, and Blifinch cursed him and told him to show the gentleman up, which he

That evening Blifinch came to Polly, as she sat by a dim fire in the sitting-room, brooding over her sorrow, and called her:

"Polly. "Yes, father," she said, quietly.
"I want you to come to my wedding

o-morrow. "Your wedding, father !" "I said so; why should not I have a wedding? Is there to be no more marying or giving in marriage because an

nfernal, rotten old bark goes to the "But this is so sudden, father," said

Polly, gently.
"How do you know it is sudden?"
"You must do said Blifinch, savagely. "You must do as I tell you and don't make remarks! want you to go to my wedding at ten o'clock to-morrow. Dress up in your best and I will take you. It is to be at the chapel on the dock; do you hear?'

"Yes, father," said poor Polly. "I hear, and I will be ready."

Bliffinch went to bed, and Polly to

weeping, as was her nightly custom. But at half-past nine the next morning she was ready to accompany her father, and the two walked arm in arm to the little mission chapel on the dock, not far from the house. As they entered the door of the chapel Polly was met by a Polly consented finally, as the shortest denly clasped her in his arms, revealing way of surmounting the difficulty; and

was displayed weeping, congratulations, smiles and other evidences of feeling of

There were introductions to a respectable and amiable looking clergyman,

and there was a wedding.

And when Polly, after being duly married to Capt. Sam Collier aforesaid, asked her father about "his wedding," Blifinch replied: "Isn't this my wedding? Isn't it my daughter and my soningless and even't they going to have my in-law, and aren't they going to have my money? My wedding!—I should say so, rather"

And so it never came out that Blifinch had privately hired a man to scuttle the bark Polly, and that he had failed to do it because she sprung a leak off Cape Horn and sunk without his assistance. Sam Collier was taken off with the rest by an English ship bound to Liverpool; got wrecked again; was carried half round the world, while his communications failed to connect—and all that time Polly was dying of love and disappointment, and her father of re-

Blifinch became a changed man ever thereafter, and as charitable and lenient as he had before been hard-hearted and miserly-alterations which the neighbors always attributed facetiously to that extraordinary subterfuge known as "Bli-finch's Wedding."

A Tough Engagement.

The Carlisle (Penn.) Herald says: Mr. Jesse Laverty, of East Pennsboro', living near Booser's mill, was lately very much annoyed by rats, which carried off his eggs and made sad work with his corn in the crib and then invaded his granary and commenced destroying a bin of wheat. Mr. Laverty, on examination, of wheat. Mr. Laverty, on examination, found there was but one place where the rats got in. He therefore resolved to kill the rats by an artifice well worthy of the cause. He stewed corn meal liberally on the floor of the granary, and about one hour later he nailed the hole shut; he then called his dog (a Spanish terrier) and armed with a club went forth to battle. Now the door of the granary is fastened by a long wooden latch extending full across the door and can only be opened from the outside, and Mr. Laverty on entering the granary drew the door shut and heard the latch fall. He then thought the enemy was his, but this was an error, for the rats were more numerous than he expected, and, finding no way of escape, attacked both Mr. Laverty and his dog with great fury. Mr. Laverty laid on his blows hard and fast, and one blow, aimed at a rat, unfortunately hit he dog on the head and billed him. Mr. Laverty head and killed him. Mr. Laverty, thus deprived of his faithful ally, would have fled, but could not. He then commenced calling for help; the rats mean-while kept skirmishing around his legs, ran up his body, bit his hands, and one, bolder than the rest, bit his nose. It is impossible to say what the result of this unequal contest would have been, had not a passing neighbor, attracted by the noise and cries, gone to the relief of Mr. Laverty, who presented a shocking spectacle, his face and hands bloody, and his clothing torn into shreds. "Mr. his clothing torn into shreds. Mr. Laverty being washed and rehabilitated, sat down to reflect, when he luckily hit on a better plan of warfare. He went and borrowed twelve cats, which with his own made fifteen; these he, in the pusiness was curious indeed.

Perhaps had those who interested evening, shut up in his granary with the rats, and the next morning he found, on examination, ten dead cats, one blind one, and two with one eye spiece. The remaining two were unhurt, and by actual count he found 119 dead rats; of the dead dog there was nothing left but the bones and hair, the rats doubtless having eaten him while Mr. Laverty was hunting cats.

A Spirit Photograph.

This singular story is told by the Mil-waukee (Wis.) Wisconsin: There are two library desks in the show rooms of Matthews Brothers, which have been repeatedly photographed, and no matter in what light, or from what point of view the photographs have been taken, there is always on the left hand glass pane of the left hand book shelf (surmounting the desk), what a spiritualist would call a spirit picture. The shelving, which in other parts of the desk comes out with tolerable distinctness, is here dim and shadowy, and on the side where-according to the sunlight as thrown on the parts of the furniture-the shade ought to be, something light and gauzy, like fine white garments or bed clothing, is thrown into relief, the graceful head of a female finishing off the picture. It is the body coverings that are brought into the strong light. The head is in shadow, and fades into indistinctness, but the parting of the hair, the eyebrows, and outlines of the nose and mouth are plainly visible. The under part of the chin is in deep shade, as the picture of a natural person would be. The female might be imagined to be a corpse in neighbor Griffin's store, beautifully laid out in a casket, the head being just above the angle with the body of a person reclining on the back with a pillow under the head. The picture is a curious one, and has been handed around considerably among citizens of an inquisitive turn of mind.

A farmer at Troy, N. Y., recently bet \$10 with one of the sporting fraternity that his horse would weigh more after drinking a pail of water than before. The sporting gent was not slow to take a wager made by a man from the country, and the test on the horse was made, and t ue enough, the animal weighed thir unds more after drinking the water

WOMEN IN ENGLISH WORKHOUSES.

How the English Paupers Live-Romand of the Marylebone Union

The task of ascertaining what women do in workhouses, says the London News, appears suddenly narrowed on entering one of the long rooms at Mary-lebone workhouse, and discovering what class of women it is that chiefly populate these metropolitan houses of refuge. The room, in addition to being long, is lofty, well lighted, apparently well ventilated, and certainly very warm. Running through three-quarters of the length of the room, by either wall, are rows of little beds, forty in all, and up in the for corner in wightle on all led refer the far corner is visible an old lady far advanced in the preliminary preparations for retiring to rest, albeit it is only half-past four o'clock. But the majority of the ecupants of the room are seated tables at the present of the room are value. at tables at the rear end, on to which the doors open, and by which a great fire is burning in a bright stove. Not one is under sixty years of age, many are over seventy, eighty is by no means a rare age, and there are some who have passed four-score y ars and ten. It is evident that these windled money with the that these wrinkled women, with their skinny hands, bent backs, and wheezing breath, can do nothing that might come under a record of active life. It seems that-death has forgotten them, and that that-death has forgotten them, and that they are sitting here in the firelight waiting to be called for, and are, in the meantime, drinking as much warm tea as the regulations of the board of guar-dians will permit. "I suppose death comes for them, poor things, when he has a spare minnit from attending on better folks," a young lady philosophic-ally remarked in reply to a casual obserally remarked in reply to a casual observation on the extreme old age of some of the inmates. She was sitting on the curbstone in the covered cart entrance to the courtyard, in company with another young lady, who confessed to being "seventy-five come Michaelmas." They were both vigorously puffing at short clay pipes, and sat here because it was rather damp in the exercise yard, and smoking is not permitted on the prem-

At six o'clock in summer, and at 6:45 At six o clock in summer, and at 6:30 in the winter, the bell rings, and the old ladies begin their toilet. At 7:30 breakfast is served, consisting of five ounces of bread and a pint and a half of gruel one week, and four ounces of bread and a pint of cocoa the next, and so on in regular alternation. At 12:30 dinner is regular alternation. At 12:30 dinner is announced. On Sunday the bill of fare comprises five ounces of boiled beef and half a pound of vegetables, stewed beef being substituted once a month—whence it may be noted, par parenthese, it fol-lows that in social or literary intercourse the workhouse population use the term "atewed-beef day," where the outside world would say "red-letter day." On Monday they dine off four ounces of bread and a pint and a half of soup; on Tuesday beef or bacon appears on the board, being served out in five ounce portions, with half a pound of vege-tables; on Wednesday, bread and soup again; on Thursday, six ounces of bread, two ounces of cheese, and "an onion, lettuce, or other vegetable;" on Friday, beef and potatoes; and on Saturday the bill of fare is reduced to the sweet simplicity of suet pudding, of which everyone gets one pound avoirdupois. On Sundays, Tuesdays, and Fridays supper, which is ordained to be served at 5:30, consists of five ounces of bread and a pint and a half of broth; on the remaining days of the week an ounce of cheese is served with the bread in place of the broth. This is the regulation fare: but each inmate over sixty years of age, that is to say, the larger proportion of the women at Marylebone, may have for breakfast and supper a pint of tea, half an ounce of sugar, and half an ounce of butter, in lieu of the gruel, the cheese, or the broth. At eight o'clock the bell rings bedtime, but, as a matter of fact, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, the master and matron, while maintaining necessary discipline with a firm hand, manage to mingle much gentleness with their treatment of the old people, and leave them a considerable latitude in the matter of their movements. This specially induces a good deal of eccentricity in the matter of going to bed. From five to six seems rather a fashionable hour of retiring for the night, particularly these dark cold days. But some aged females begin looking out their night-caps at four clock in the afternoon, take their tea in bed, and then lapse into a profounder state of somnolency than that in which they have been peering about their narrow world since they had their first tea in the morning.

The women who fill the workhouses

may be roughly divided into three classes—those who are too old to earn their living, and have no friends able or willing to keep them; those who are hopelessly handicapped with a family of young children, and single women who enter "the house" to be confined. Amongst the few really able-bodied paupers I saw on the women's side at Mary-lebone was a respectable, hard-working person who was here, and had been here for many month, because she had five young children whom she could not maintain by her own labor outside. The number of girls, chiefly domestic servants who flee to the workhouse to give birth to illegitimate children is a serious item in the parish balance-sheet. The average in a year for this single workhouse is three hundred. Another class of inmates, though their reception is only temporary and they are passed on as soon as possible to the school at Southall, is the foundling. I made the acquaintance of an odd little woman who toddled into the workhouse sixteen years ago led by a friendly policeman who found her wandering about the streets, and briefly summed up her history in the formula, "Father dead; de-

serted by mother." Emily is now in her nineteenth year, and has grown to be as tall as four feet nothing. She is a very willing good-natured girl, but is hopelessly afflicted with a blank mem-ory. The old women call her "Whac-key Emily," "Whackey" being a word used in Marylebone circles to hint that somebody is not endowed with as full a measure of intelligence as the rest of us. Amongst her favorites in the nursery, before its removal to the school, was another foundling whose history is not without a spice of romance. The little thing, aged three years, was found at ten o'clock on the night of June 28, 1872, wandering about Cavendish square, tottering under the weight of a framed and colored photograph about eighteen inches long by one foot broad. The por-trait represents a tall, well-dressed gentleman leaning in an easy attitude against a library table. All that has ever been ascertained respecting this little waif is that the tall gentleman is its father, who deserted the unmarried mother, and she in her turn deserted the child, endowing it, as sole fortune, with a framed and colored photograph of its father.

among the Mormons. The approaching trial of Lee, the Mormon prophet, charged with being engaged in the Mountain Meadow massacre, in Utah draws, near, and a corre-spondent says the Mormons are pre-paring for some startling developments. It is beyond question, he says, that not only were obnoxious Gentiles put out of the way in Salt Lake City without any trial, but even many of "the brethren" were watched when out of doors and quietly led to a place convenient for butchery, and there had there "throats cut for the double purpose of keeping them from "opposing the kingdom" and atoning for their sins of unbelief. It is said of Isaac C. Haight, who was the lieutenant colonel of the militia regiment that committed the massacre at Mountain Meadows, that he grew so fasupervisory authority that he did as he pleased and disposed of the lives of the obnoxious with all the freedom of a doge of Venice. In the little town of Cedar, the headquarters of his militia, he is said to have kept two of the breth-ren—Stewart and Macfarlane—for that special purpose, and to aid at odd times in harassing and stealing from the pass-ing immigrant Gentiles.

No fewer than ten men were taken down into the cellar beneath Haight's

house, and from there they never came out alive, and the only answer that was ever made to any inquiry about a missing person in those days was the la-conic sentence, "He has gone to California."

To listen to the tales that are now told by men and women of the early times of blood one feels carried away in reflection to dark ages and barbaric nations, and it is this history that Brignations, and it is this history that Brigham Young has good cause to dread being brought to light in the forthcoming investigation of the Mountain Meadow massacre, and I do not see how he can prevent its exposure.

The investigation, when once begun, will be like the letting out of water—the dam, once pierced, the breech will widen and widen until it all is out, and the revelations of crime will startle the

the revelations of crime will startle the nation. Its ultimate result will be the breaking down of a fearful superstition and despotism and the deliverance of a people who deserve to be free.

The United States Postal Law.

In the New Jersey Senate Mr. Hill offered the following: Whereas while Congress has imposed on the people of the country additional high rates of postage, it is to be regretted that they have also in part re-enacted the "frank ing privilege," thus granting free use of the mails and privileges to a favored few at the expense of the many; there-

fore, be it Resolved (House of Assembly concuring), That postage reform might not go backward, as is the case in the enact-ing of this new law, justice and equilty alike demend that the law of June 23, 1874, regulating the postage on transient newpapers, etc., be restored by repealing the amendments to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill increasing double rates of postage, and that on the assembling of Congress in December next we do recommend and respectfully ask that this be done.

Resolved, That our Senators and

Representatives in Congress be requested to use their influence for the repeal of the law.

A Great Farmer.

Col. Lee Jordan owns and cultivates 20,000 acres, in Georgia, the Atlanta Herald says, the original cost of which was \$450,000. He has 800 laborers, but is gradually adopting the tenant system. He raises twice as much corn as he needs. Siz overseers superintend the plantations, and raise from 1,400 to 2,000 bales of cotton. No fertilizers are used, as Col. Jordan believes them to be productive of caterpillars. Formerly he spent \$12,000 per annum in guanos and phosphates, but now makes his own ma-nure. Dr. H. H. Coleman does the practice of the plantations on the following plan: He assesses each head of a family \$3 a year, whether he is sick or not; and thus, by taxing each man lightly, it is made burdensome on none. He is a good physician, and says that it is the healthiest country he ever saw. Only two adults died last year out of over a thousand souls. The preaching is done on the same plan. There is a colored preacher on a \$3,000 salary, who rides about the country in his two-horse buggy, as happy as a prince.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Mr. De La Vergne, of New York, by invitation, addressed the convention of butter and egg dealers in Chicago. He had been in the egg busigess since a boy, and had had a large experience in packing and handling. He felt the need of improving the quality of eggs, and how it could be done was an important question. He did not believe it necessary to take eggs from the nest with a spoon, but at all events, they should be handled with great care, and kept in a light, dry place. He would make three grades of eggs, and, to maintain their grade, no time should be lost in getting them from the producer to the consumer. The production was not always good, but, on the contrary, he believed what are called fresh eggs were often imperfect, which he thought was the result of imperfect feeding of the fowls. Great care was necessary in securing straw for packing nursors. the result of imperfect feeding of the fowls. Great care was necessary in securing straw for packing purposes. The straw should be provided a year in advance, and ought to be clean, dry, and bright. He had often received eggs seriously damaged by being packed in damp straw. When the straw and eggs were what they should be, care should be taken in heading the barrels, which should be of uniform style. The breaking of a few eggs on top often spoiled

should be of uniform style. The breaking of a few eggs on top often spoiled the entire barrel. No time should be lost in shipping, and no care spared, and, above all things, the packages should never be held for speculation. He believed if eggs reached the New York market in a uniform, good condition, that the price would be twelve per cent, higher than it now is.

The liming or preserving of eggs had become a great feature in the trade. The preserving of eggs did not advance their worth, or make a bad egg good. The packing process with limed eggs, he thought, should be much the same as with fresh eggs. One of the advantages of the preserving process was that eggs could be saved in the summer months, when they are cheap, for winter use in when they are cheap, for winter use in bakeries, etc. It gave to dealers cheap eggs, for which there was a certain de-

In answer to a question as to his opinion of fruit-house eggs, he said that it was not favorable.

Farm Hints and Helps. Unleached wood ashes will benefit awn if used as a topdressing.

There is no advantage to be gained by putting lime in a hill of corn. If the soil needs lime, apply it broadcast to the entire surface.

When the mane of the horse comes out, or has come out, apply to such parts powdered charcoal, one ounce; clive oil, one pint; pyroligneous acid, five ounces; common salt, one ounce. Mix and rub on daily.

Currants can be grown from cuttings planted this spring. Make the cuttings a foot long; cut out the buds of that portion placed under ground, insert in good soil, leaving three to five buds above the surface, and you will have be difficulty in propagating all the currants you will need for family use.

Harrowing wheat in spring is beneficial. The harrowing may be repeated two or three times at intervals of a few days until the wheat is twelve inches high. The smoothing harrow, with the used. This implement does not injure the plants, while it pulverizes the soil effectually. Broadcast or drilled wheat may be harrowed equally easy, and the wheat drilled as easily across as with the

No farmer who pays any attention to the collection of home-made manure and what farmer deserves the name who does not attend to this important matter?-should be without a barrel or two of ground land-plaster to sprinkle over his manure heaps from time to time, to prevent the evaporation of their ammonia. The cost of plaster is very trifling, and is compensated five fold by preventing the waste of manures from vaporation.

Massachusetts Dairymen's Association.

Dr. Noah Cressy of the Agricultural College explained the mysteries of "horn ail," the symptoms of which were shown to include about all the ills that cattle flesh is heir to, whether they have any horns or not. They cover especially all the varieties of puerperal fever. He showed that the nearest approach of any reality to this fabulous disease is in reality to this fabulous disease is in cases of nasal catarrh, when the infiammation which originates in the nasal sinuses sometimes extends to the cavities in the horn pith. S. R. Lewis, of Chenango county, New York, discoursed of the manufacture of butter and skim cheese. His mode is essentially that of the Speedsville creamery. His experi-ence goes to show that when it can be churned and salted without breaking the grain, butter made from sweet cream can be kept any reasonable length of time by being properly cared for; that one of the greatest ebstacles to long keeping consists in breaking the grain so much as to give it a salvy appearance.

A baby with twenty-eight toes has been born in Stockton, Me. What a character for corns he will be.

It is estimated that four out of every six dollars wasted in this country in intoxicants comes from those who de-pend upon their daily toil for subsistence.

Vast quantities of dead grashoppers are found on the masses of snow lying on the sides of the Blue mountains of Colorado, where bears seek them for food, It is thought they become chilled in attempting to fly over the range, and falling upon the snow, perish.