BALLAD OF THE COLORS. A gentleman of courtly air. Of old Virginia he;

A damsel from New Jersey State, Of matchless beauty she; They met as flerce autagonists-The reason why, they say, Her eyes were of the Fedral blue, And his, Confederate gray.

They entered on a flerce campaign, And when the fight began, It seemed as though the strategy Had no determinate plan. Each watched the other's movements we While standing there at bay-One struggling for the Federal blue, One for Confederate gray.

We all looked on with anxious eyes To see their forces move, And none could tell which combatant At least would victor prove. They marched and countermarched

skill. Avoiding well the fray; Here, lines were seen of Federal blue, And there, Confederate gray.

At last he moved his force in mass, And sent her summons there That she should straight capitulate Upon conditions fair. "As you march forth the flags may fly. The drums and bugles play:

But yield those eyes of Federal blue To the Confederate grav." "You are the foe," she answer sent, "To maidens such as I;

I'll face you with a dauntless heart, And conquer you, or die. A token of the sure result The vaulted skies display; For there above is Federal blue Below. Confederate grav. Sharp-shooting on each flank began,

And 'mid manœuvres free The rattle of the small-talk with Big gans of repartee, Mixed with the deadly glance of eyes Amid the proud array. There met in arms the Federal blue And the Confederate gray.

Exhausted by the fight at length They called a truce to rest; When lo! another force appeared Upon a mountain's crest. And as it came the mountain down Amid the trumpet's bray, Uncertain stood the Federal blue And the Confederate gray.

A corps of stout free lances these Who poured upon the field, Field-Marshal . apid in command Who swore the 7 both must yield; That both should conquer; both divide The honors of the day: And proudly with the Federal blue March the Confederate gray.

His troops were fresh, and theirs were

worn: What could they but agree That both should be the conquerers And both should captives be? So they presented arms, because Dan Cupid held the sway, And joined in peace the Federal blue With the Confederate gray.

Twelve years have fled. I passed to-day The fort they built, and saw A sight to strike a bachelor With spirit-thrilling awe. Deployed a corps of infantry, But less for drill than play; And some had eyes of Federal blue, And some Confederate gray. -Thes. Dunn English, in Harper's Bazar.

POONTHIE'S TURKEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S BABIES." Nobody can have everything while in this world; it was probably in accordance with this well-known law that Frank and Hester Gracely, who thought that they had the loveliest child in the world, had very little else. Indeed, their all, aside from their little daughter, seemed alarmingly little, except at such times as they had to change their abode, and wanted to keep moving expenses at the lowest possible figures.

But their bare room seemed exquisitely furnished when under the influence of their daughter Poonthie. Of course, the child's name was not as outlandish as here spelled; she had been christened Prudence-partly, her father explained, so there might be prudeuce of some kind in the family; but the pronunciation of the name had been changed by the child herself whose lisping tongue could not approach any nearer to the original sounds. She certainty was a delightful little witch; her hair was a mass of sunshine, her checks were full of roses. and her eyes were really as much like violets as her mother thought them. Her parents were not much older than she when they played with her, which one or the other did most of the time when she was awake, so she was generally full of smiles, and abounding in quaint speeches, such as are made by most child-

While Poonthie's parents were looking at her, they were the richest couple alive; but when they were obliged to look into their closet or pantry they wondered how any other couple could be poorer. They had married solely on love, and their capital had increased largely by natural accumulation, but 'twas not the sort of thing with which one would try to buy bread and butter, or pay a milkman's bill. Frank had fallen in love with Annie berause she was lovely, and Annie had loved him because he sang charmingly, composed music for his own songs, and played the violin. Their plan had been to live on the proceeds of such songs as Frank might compose and sell, for had he net once sold two in a single week, and got fifty dollars for them?

ren who have adults for company.

But the music publishers had no soul for really exquisite songs, Annie said, so for several years the little family sub sisted on what Frank could earn by play ing the violin in the orchestra (so-called) of a little theatre in a little city, where there were performances two or three times a week. There always was enough food for Poonthie, and the parents did not starve, but sometimes, when they pretended they were not very hungry they could not he'p thinking how dread ful starvation must be when a mere approach to it was so shockingly discom-

forting.

Poonthie had no such troubles, however; her nearest approach to them was when, one day, she diverted her attention for one instant from buttered toast, poschod egg and a mug of milk, and lisped:

When I getth to be big folkth will I like water instead of milk, an' not est any butter on my bwead?"

Her parents, after choking a little, and wringing each other's hands under the table, told her they hoped not, but Poonthie was thoughtful for at least two minutes. Then she seemed to recall something, and excla me 1:

"Thay, do you know watth comin' pitty soon! I do; its 'anksgivin' Day."
"Yes," sighed Frank with a pitying look at his wife. "Thanksgiving certainly is coming, but what do you know about it. Poonthie "

"Oh, lotth an' lotth. A little gyle down thtairth told me all bout it. Itth the day when nobody don't eat noffin'

"Turkey!" echoed Frank in tragical

"Turkey !" echoed Annie plaintively. "Yeth," said Poonthie, "you'll bwing a big turkey home an' we'll jus cat, an' eat, an' cat till we can't eat no more. Then Poonthie attacked her egg and toast and milk again, and her parents looked at her until something in their eyes made them see double and then

kept them from seeing at all. "If only we could have a turkey on Thanksgiving Day!" said Annie that night, after Poonthie had fallen asleep. 'I'm ashamed of myself for the way my mind has run on the subject ever since

that blessed darling mentioned it." "I've a weakness that way myself," Frank admitted, "but even the smallest turkey on Thanksgiving Day would mean a row with the landlord on the first

of the month." "Don't let us think any more about it, said Annie. "We'll feast royally on an Irish stew that won't cost twenty-five cents; it'll taste as good as turkey—if we look at Poonthie while we eat it."

But the thought of Turkey would not disappear, for Poonthie forbade. Whenher father came into the room she would look up expectantly and shout:

"Did you bwing the turkey?" The excuse that it was not time for the turkey answered fairly for several days, but both parents soon became morbid on the subject. Frank tried again and again, to find something in the room which could be spared and sold for the price of a small turkey, and Annie spent a wretched day in wondering whether she could muster up courage enough to sneak into the one pawn-broker's shop in the city, and pledge a tiny gold pin-Poonthie's own-for money enough to buy a turkey for Poonthie's sake. But both were unsuccessful, and when, the very afternoon before Thanksgiving, Poonthie greeted her father with the usual shout. Frank took her in his arms and said: "It's too bad for anything, little

darling, but Papa couldn't find a turkey "Why," said Poonthie, with a wondering gaze, "ith that the way folkth get The position proved to have been well turkeys ?- juss find 'em ?"

"Yes," said Frank, "that's the first thing to do." "My," drawled the child, as her father dropped her so as to put his arm around his wife, who seemed to need his attention just then. A call for Poonthie to sufficient to illustrate how lucrative go play with the "little gyle down thairth," gave Frank an opportunity to districts and under good management.

use all sorts of severe language regarding

a sweet woman down to poverty, and his wickedness in bring up an angel child like a beggar's brat. It also gave Annie a chance to tell her husband what a manly, brave, uncomplaining fellow he was, and how Heaven would appreciate him, all in good time, even if | ilar varieties which bloom in valleys and music publishers didn't; in the end they lowlands; a soil rich in calcareous eleboth felt a great deal happier than if they had been rich enough to buy a whole

market full of turkeys. Indeed they were so absorbed in each other that hours might have passed unheeded had not the couple been disturbed by some vigorous kicks at the and often wanting from May to Decem-door. Frank turned the knob and in ber, irrigation is essential to the culture staggered Poonthie, bearing in her arms of the flowers, as well as of every other a turkey apparently as large as herself. "Youthe a thilly old papa," she panted, after carefully seating the turkey in her

little rocking chair as if it were a baby. 'You couldn't find a turkey an' I could. I juss athked the little gyle down are exclusively grown. The roses on thwairth where her papa found a turkey, the slopes of Seillans are the common an' she thaid down to the mahket at the pink ones, and the single white violet

"Gracious!" exclaimed Frank, "didn't the market man say anything to you?" "No," said Poonthic, scornfully; "he only thaid 'watth you goin' to do wif that turkey?' an' I thaid Ithe only goin' to take it to my papa. Then I comed along, only a whole lot of people comed along behine me, an' all of 'em was laffin like ev'ryfin."

"A nice spectacle for a child of honest parents to be making," said Frank, snatching his hat in one hand and Poonthie with the other. "I must get it back, with an explanation, before there's a

complaint against us for theft." When he reached the sidewalk he found follow poor children to their homes on holidays, but a sharn-faced fellow with his hands in his pockets.

"Your young one?" asked the man nodding at Poonthie. "Yes," said Frank, hurrying along and

praying that the fellow might not be an officer.
"Say," continued the man following Frank, "I'll give you a five dollar bill if you'll come across the street and let me have a photograph taken of that child

and turkey just as they came down street together.' Frank hesitated an instant, then he

shook his head, frowned and hurried

"You needn't feel insulted," said the man still following, "I'd do it if they were mine; I haven't seen anything so cunning since-since the time when I had a little girl who lugged around a doll as big as herself. We buried them

in the same coffin." Frank stopped. "I'll do it," he said, "if you'll advance me enough to pay for the turkey first, so the owner won't".

"That's all right," said the man. "I paid for it when she started out-my hardware store is next to the marketso as not to have the fun stopped. Why, man alive, that child's made more fun to day than a hundred people will get

over in a week." The photograph was taken; even then the merchant lingered near Frank. Finally he said:

"I wish I knew how to get that roungster to come into my store about nce a day."

"You might do it," said Frank, with a sudden inspiration, "by giving her father a steady job at living wages."
"Hang me if I dou't!" exclaimed the merchant. There was five minutes of business talk; ten minutes later Frank astonished his wife by reappearing with Poonthie, the turkey, and a full market basket, such as never had been seen in their room before. There were a few explanations and many tears, for Annie thought selling hardware a dreadfully

prosaic life; but Frank comforted her

with the suggestion that there was more

music in a pocketful of dollars than in

all his songs. And when Poonthie was dropping asleep that night she roused herself long enough to murmur: "Thilly ole papa! couldn't fine a tur key! Poonthie found one firtht fing." In a cory little house there is now turkey's wish-bone carefully laid away in perfumed cotton, to be broken some da by Miss Prudence Gracely, when her mind leans toward wishing .- John Hab-

terton, in Godey's Ladys' Look. The pen is mightier than the sword and the blue pencil, as every newspaper writ i krows, can knock the conceit out

of the might lest pen .- . omer ill. Journal.

A FLOWER FARM.

RAISING FLOWERS FOR PER-FUMES ON A LARGE SCALE.

Great Industry in Southern France -Description of an Extensive Farm-How the Perfumes are Extracted There.

Consul Mason, of Marseilles, in a recent report upon flower farming in southern France, quotes the case of a plantation at Seillans, in the Department of the Var. This farm is about twenty-three acres in extent, and is sit, uated in the southern slope of the hills-about 2,000 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, and at a distance of twenty miles from the coast. The calcareous soil was originally naturally poor and thin, and the ofive trees, which had occupied the ground for a century or more prior to 1881, yielded but scanty and unsatisfactory returns. The slope of the surface was so steep that the waters of a spring which flows from the rocks above the tract could be but imperfectly utilized for irrigation, and the land was regarded as practically worthless. In 1881 the proprietor caused the olive trees to be removed and the land prepared for flower culture. The ground was first dug up to a depth of four feet, the larger stones removed and built into sustaining walls for the terraces, into which the surface was divided, and levelled. Along the upper margin of each terrace a shallow ditch was cut, connecting with transverse channels, which supply the spring water for irrigation.
The abrubtness of the slope will be indicated by the fact that on the tract of eighteen acres the terrace walls required to produce a series of level or tract yielded about seventeen acres of prepared ground for planting. In the autumn of 1881, 45,000 tufts of violets and 140,000 roots of the white jasmine were planted. The following spring the remainder of the ground was planted with roses, pelargoniums, tuberoses, and jonquils, and a laboratory erected for the manufacture of the perfumes. chosen, as the flowers grew vigorously and well; and in 1885, the fourth year after planting, this farm, which had previously yielded a rental of £23 a year, produced perfumes valued at £8,630, giving a net profit of £1,553. This is

From observations in Seillans and in his luck, and his foolishness in dragging the neighborhood of Grasse, where perfume flower growing is the leading in-dustry, Consul Mason says that the essential conditions appear to be an alti-tude of from 500 to 2,000 feet. Flowers grown on such elevated positions are said to be richer in perfume than simments; a situation sheltered from cold northern winds and not subject to the white frosts which in spring and autumn affect the damp lowlands. In countries like Southern France, where the rainfall is always scanty, ber, irrigation is essential to the culture

One essential principle in perfume culture is that all fancy and improved varieties of flowers are discarded, and the natural, simple, old-fashioned kinds cornner! The I went there and thure is preferred to all the larger, artificially enough there wath lotth of "em." is preferred to all the larger, artificially developed varieties. Only the white developed varieties. Only the white jasmine is used, the yellow and less fragrant varieties appearing to be either discarded or unknown. Jasmine plants are set in rows about ten inches apart, and are closely pruned; roses are grown on the lower terraces and are also cut low, and the ground between the plants heavily manured. After the roses have been gathered the stem is cut to within a few inches of the ground to preserve for the next season the entire vigor of the plant.

During the harvest season traders or middle men go through the country every day with wagons, collecting flow-ers from the farms, for which they pay himself face to face with a man who re- prices varying according to the extent garded him intently. He was not the of the crop and the demands of the benevolent old gentleman who, in books, market; their loads are hurried to the nearest manufacturer, and delivered while the flowers are still fresh and crisp. The flowers are gathered in the morning, as soon as possible after the

dews of the night have disappeared.

The manufacture of perfumes includes the making of pomades and oils by the process of absorption, and of essences and essential oils by distillation. Every complete establishment is provided with apparatus for all these processes. Pomades are the commercial vehicles for absorbing and transporting the per-fumes of the jonquil, tuberose, jasmine, and other species of flowers. A square frame or chassis of white wood, about 20 inches by 30 inches in size, is set with a pane of strong plate glass. On either side of the glass is set a thin even layer of grease-two parts lard to one of tallow-which has been purified and refined by previous boiling and straining; thus prepared, the frames are piled up in ranks of six or seven feet high to await the season of each special flower. When the blossoms arrive, the petals are picked from the stems and laid so as to cover the grease in each frame. These being again piled so as to rest upon their wooden edges, which fit closely together, there is formed a species of tight chambers, the floors and ceilings of which are of grease exposed Marquis. I have no doubt he will tell to the perfume of the flower leaves within; the grease absorbs the perfume, the spent flowers are removed daily, and fresh ones supplied, and this process goes on from two to four or five months, according to the desired strength of the oomade, which, when sufficiently charged with perfume, is taken from the glass with a wide, thin spatula, and packed in tin cans or stagnons, for export. By these methods the delicate odors of flowers are extracted and retained for transport to distant markets, where the grease being treated with alcohol, yields | found it to be my brother Hector! made by boiling the flowers in the shot by me, Citizen Paul Dubois, capgrease and subjecting the residue to tain in the Republican forces." same principle, except that instead of solid grease, superfine olive oil is used. With this oil pieces of coarse cotton fabric are saturated, which are then spread upon wire netting framed in wire chassis about 3 feet by 4 in size. The flowers is absorbed as in the previous

process. Essences and scents are pro-

ing copper tanks. Some of the retorts used for this purpose are of sufficient size to receive at once half a ton of fresh flowers and the requisite water for their distillation. When scents are to be produced, alcohol is used in the distilling tank to receive the perfumes. By skilful combinations of the perfumes of different flowers, sometimes with the addition of chemicals, a large variety of scents, such as "patchouli" and "jockey club," are produced at the original laboratory.

A Redoubtable Female Warrior. People in Constantinople are interested in the presence among them of Kara Fatma, the redoubtable female warrior of Kurdistan, who has come on a brief visit to the Turkish capital. Her deeds of daring date back to the beginning of the Crimean war, when she led a large body of Turkish volunteers, who fought with singular daring for Turkey. The Ottoman Government remembers her services and requites them with a monthly pension of 5,000 piastres-a sum that in her own frugal home allows her to live with ease. She is tall, thin, with a brown, hawk-like face; her cheeks are the color of parchment, and seamed with scars. Wearing the national dress of the sterner sex she looks like a man of forty, not like a woman who will never again see seventy-five. Slung across her shoulders, in Cossack fashion, is her long sabre, with its jeweled hilt; decorations shine and sparkle on her breast, while the stripes across her sleeves show her to be a captain in the Ottoman army. Watching the interest-ing figure pass along the streets of Stam-bul, one is reminded of an episode in the campaign of General Lespinasse, in the Dobrudja some little time before the allied armies landed in the Crimea. While smoking and chatting one day in his tent with several of his brother officers, the General heard at a distance gently sloping surfaces are over 2,000 a strange music, a medley of drums and yards in length. Thus terraced, the clarinets, tom-toms and piercing human cries. Whence came this weird minstrelsy? All the men in camp turned out to listen to it and discern its origin, when from over the hills they saw a band of some 300 horsemen approaching them at full gallop. At their head rode a brown-faced woman, with flashing eyes and lissome limbs, the very picture of an Amazon. Vaulting from her saddle, she gravely saluted General Lespinasse, and through an interpreter told him that she had come to fight the Russians, both she and her brave Kurds being completely at his service. That night her men were quartered in camp with the French troops; but they were ill-pleased to be so billeted. They wanted their independence, and not even their mistress and leader should barter it away for them. By daybreak they were in their saddles, riding off across the hills to meet the dawn, to the sound of that weird, strident music, which had proclaimed their approach.—Pall Mall Gazette.

The Life of a Marine. When they are in the navy yard this is the order of life for the gallant soldier tars: They are called from their rosy slumber by the shrill notes of the fife and the rat-tat of the drum at the hour of six, after which the roll call is held and the men are detailed off to "police duty," as it is called, which means "chores," such as cleaning the rooms, sweeping them, fixing the walks and the like. This is for only a quarter of an hour. The men then get ready for breakfast, which is served at half past seven. At half past eight the roll is again called and the men show up under arms, in belt and musket. At a quarter to nine they mount guard. Usually about thirty-five or forty a day are detailed for this duty. There are three relief-guards. The first goes on at nine and is relieved at eleven, which second guard is relieved at one, and the first returns again at three, and so on during the day. When they are off they can sit and smoke or sleep in the guard house. At half past ten drill takes place and lasts one hour. Saturdays and Sundays there is no drill, but every other day of the week it is a regular duty. At one, dinner. At halfpast one the roll call again-the "liberty" call-as all the blue-shirted boys can get off till the following morning at half-past seven except those on guard

duty or who are punished for some offense by a week's, fortnight's or month's removal for the outing privilege. If they come back a little the worse for wear and carrying too heavy a topsail they are run into the guard house till they recover. If they come back late, punishment is given according to the character of the belated and the reason

for his tardiness. The marine enlists for five years and then may re-enlist for the same term and keep this up as long as he is able to work and wishes to be a marine. This is the monthly tariff of wages for five different enlistments: Sergeant major, \$52, \$27, \$28, \$29, \$30; quarter-master sergeant, the same; drum major, \$22, \$26, \$27, \$28, \$29; first sergeant, the same; sergean,t \$17, \$21, \$22, \$23, \$24; corporal, \$15, \$19, \$20, \$21, \$22; drummers and fifers get the same as the privates—viz., \$13, \$17, \$18, \$19, \$20.—New York Herald.

A Nobleman's Peculiar Clothes. "There is a story told of an English lord who was visiting in Germany during the Emigration," said Dr. Hammond to a New York Journal reporter 'Many French noblemen were present, and one, the Marquis H'Ebaire, wore such a peculiar waistcoat and breeches that the Englishman was singularly attrained by it. He communicated his carriesity to the Duc de Bellecourt, and the latter with a smile said: "Permit me to present you to the

you all about his notable vest and breeches. "'Ah, you have remarked my clothes, said the Marquis, with dignity. I do not wonder. No man has ever worn the like. I see your eye is fastened on this red spot over the waistcoat pocket. I

waistcoat is. Be seated. "One day as I was riding through the spring, when it is again exposed to the woods I came across the body of a sun and a circulation of air, for a cellar young man hanging to the branch of a is not a good place for making vinegar. tree. I reined in and examined it. I the perfume to the stronger vehicle it was a card saying: "This is the body material that will keep out the flies, and produces the floral waters and ex- of Hector Anatole Marie Louis H' The bungs must not be put in except tracts of commerce. Coarse pomades are | Ebaire, a colonel and an aristocrat, pressure. The spent pomades are used my brother down, strung his body across for toilet purposes and in the manu- my horse and escaped with him. I facture of fine soaps. The process of puried his remains in the family vault preparing perfumed oils involves the at night and had his skin made into a waistcoat. Here is where the bullet passed into his heart. We were together in life. You see we are not separated in death. "Then the object of my life became

to find Captain Paul Dubois.
"But, said the Englishman, interrupting the Marquis, and with his eyes fixed on the breeches, 'the breeches, Marquis? You have not told me of them

"'Ah! the breeches,' replied the Marluced by ordinary distillation, in which quis, casting his eye downward. 'The breeches. They are the skin of Captain the flowers are boiled with water in large alembics. The vapor carries off breeches. The the perfume and is condensed in adjoin-

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

Apple Raising.

The question with orchardists now is, how the apple orchard can be made to pay? What with non-bearing years, occasional depredations of aphides causing injury to the extent of the loss of the crop and weakness of the tree the succeeding year, the constant loss by the codlin moth, loss by other insects and by unfavorable weather, and the or-chardist must be one of great business capacity who can surmount all the difficulties and can find a profit to place to the credit of his orchard. But one thing is very certain—it can not be done by letting things take their course and accepting what comes.

The fertility of the orchard must be kept up by liberal manuring in some way, and how to do this most economically is a question each one must solve insects must be watched for and de stroyed, the trees must be regularly and properly pruned, not by severe operations that will seriously tax their vitality, but by gently and continuously controlling their growth, so as to distribute the fruit-bearing wood over a large surface and allowing a full exposure to light and air. The fruit from such trees will be smooth, of good size, and free from blemishes. - Vick's Magazine.

The Color of Fruit. As the market value of fruit is much ffected by its color, a handsome red cheek giving a higher price to a pear or apple than a dull green skin, it becomes a matter of interest to inquire what in-fluences affect color. An eastern fruit dealer remarked to us that if a red cheek could be given to the Anjou pear it would stand at the head of the list as a profitable sort. Orchardists who sell ears are familiar with the high prices obtained for crimson-shaded Clairgeaus. In some years the red color is more intense than in others. It is not always the hot sun which causes this difference. At an exhibition of apples in Ohio it was observed that the same varieties grown in northern counties were of higher color than those from the southern part of the State. A deeper color is frequently seen in cloudy and rainy summers than otherwise. It is well known that a Bartlett pear ripening in a dark drawer has a deeper crimson than if remaining in full light. Mr. Brodie of Canada stated at a horticultural meeting that Golden Russets grown on sandy loam were much lighter in color than those on gravelly loam, and he observed the same difference in the color of the Fameuse. Other members thought that the use of particular fertilizers affected color. It is a subject worthy of observation and ex-periment.—Albany Cultivator.

Winter Care of Cows. The arrangement of the barn and ard should be such as to reduce the labor as much as possible. Excessive warmth is not conducive to robustness, health or profit. If a man's house is to them, so kept closed up and heated with stoves protection. to a temperature of eighty degrees, and his food and drink are all taken hot with a view to preventing the effects of the cold and to insure more comfort, the dwellers in that house will become sick or diseased; the impure air will poison the blood; the warmth will relax the skin, dry it and open the pores, and the slightest draft will cause a fit of shivering and induce dangerous colds. It is in precisely such houses that sore throat, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and othes diseases are so frequent, while in the house where the windows are thrown open to the breezes, and the cold, brisk, pure air is welcomed, and exercise and health give warmth, fed by the abundant oxygen of the fresh air coursing through the blood, there are health and vigor and comfort. It is the same in the dairy. Pleuro-pneumonia invades those herds which are kept in close, warm, unwholesome stables, and the dreaded tuberculosis finds there its prey; while from the wide airy stable, well ventilated and filled with pure cold air, the well fed cows will emerge to frolic in the snow, and enjoy themselves in the bright sunshine and the crisp air, when the thermometer marks down nearly to zero. Except in stormy weather, the cows should spend at least three or four hours every day in the yard, picking some rough feed and getting water and exercise. - American Agriculturist.

How to Make Cider Vinegar.

Vinegar can easily be made from many different substances, but in a country abounding in apples there is no excuse for making it for domestic use from anything but the best. Pure cider vinegar is easily though not rapidly made by the natural process, and when thus made is healthful and free from all the objections attached to the manufactured article, and never disappoints the houskeeper by degenerating to insipidity or eating up her pickles by extreme acidity. When made in large quantities from the orchard the making begins as soon as enough apples have fallen to furnish a supply. These are ground in the cider mill, as for cider, and may be pressed at once, but a better way is to keep the pomace in large vats or casks until it has become quite sour, when the cider is pressed out and again put into vats or asks to remain until well settled, when the clear liquor is drawn off into barrels not quite full. These barrels ought to be kept in the sun covered with boards for a protection to the barrels until cold weather sets in, when the barrels are removed to the vinegar-house, which should have a stove to keep it warm in the winter and hasten the process.

The barrels ought to be iron-hooped and well painted, as it is desirable, though not indispensable, to expose them to the sun in the warm autumn days, and for large operators a vinegarhouse that can be warmed artificially will tell you how it came and what this desirable. Many, however, keep their sour cider in cellars or barns until The bungholes should be kept covered On with pieces of mosquito net or other temporarily for at least a year, and where the barrels are in a position that much longer time, as the vinegar will will partially remove the left glove. the air until two or three years old.

The loss by evaporation and leakage is from one-fourth to a third of the whole quantity, but as a compensation pure cider vinegar two and three years old will bear an addition of rain water, sometimes equal to the loss and still be strong enough to meet all requirements. Indeed, the dilution with water is generally necessary to some degree, as in many cases the old vinegar is too acid to to the acid state on account of an excess of saccharine matter, which is corrected tershire sauce bottle. Mobile (Ala.) Reg. her teeth, while her smile will remain. by a proper addition of soft water. The tele.

natural process may be hastened by occasionally turning the cider out of one barrel into another, exposing it more fully to the air, also by the addition of a gallon of strong vinegar or a little mother to each barrel. Sometimes trickling it down through beech chips or shavings is practised for a more rapid making, but people who have large orchards and make large quantities never resort to any of the questionable methods sometimes used by manufacturers for making what they call cider vinegar quickly, but are content to wait on the natural process and find their compensation in the higher value placed on their products by their custon New York World.

Farm and Garden Notes. Mixing milk is considered injurious to the yield of butter.

In preparing products for market, try o please purchasers. Put dwelling and outbuildings in

order for the coming winter. A few bruised apples in a barrel may spoil the whole before the winter is over. A judicious raking and burning of the rubbish on the farm will destroy many insects.

A clover root in the soil is the promise of increased fertility, and no farm ever had too many of them.

Turnips are excellent for sheep. England the sheep and the turnips are considered the rent-payers. Keep the chickens on clear runs and

away from the manure heaps, if you want them to be free from gapes. As a few acres well tilled is best for the cultivator, so a small herd wellcared for is best for the stockman

If the bottom lands are dry enough old ditches should be cleaned out and new ones opened where required. The manure crop is one of the most

valuable on the farm, yet how many are prone to allow it to go to waste! Don't burn the straw if there is any stock in your neighborhood, for much

better use can be made of it this year. Many a farmer pays out large sums for fertilizers, while he allows his own barnyard to run to waste. Poor policy.

An evergreen hedge is an excellent shelter for hens, whether it be hot or cold, and hence good summer or winter. Plymouth Rocks, both as chicks and mature fowls, are claimed to be scarcely equaled by any other breed for hardi

Spaded in among the roots of trees wood ashes will kill the insect eggs harbored there. It is also an excellent fertilizer.

Dairies, in many sections, use plenty of corn meal and mili feed, owing to the remunerative prices for butter and

Keep the ground open around fruit trees until they are ready to bear. Select such crops to be grown near them as require frequent hoeing. It may not be known that sheep left

to them, so that the cattle serve as a The Poultry Yard points out two dangerous periods in the growth of young

chicks, when they require very nourishing food: First, when about two or three weeks old, with the plumage making rapid growth; second, when they begin to put off their first feathers and assume their mature plumage. The sensible farmer will provide comfortable quarters for his poultry as

surely as for his horses or cows. He will see that they are well ventilated, free from rat invaders, sunny and large enough for the number of fowls he provide sand for them to dust in. Trimming an apple tree does not mean that one must go into the orchard and hack away with an axe and saw

simply to cut away a certain proportion of wood, but the trees should be evenly trimmed and no limbs removed except such as may benefit the tree by being cut off. Where a limb has commenced to decay it should be removed, however, as it may be caused by disease. Especially is this necessary with pear trees, which are subject to blight.

If the stems of fruit trees are wrappod with old newspapers mice and rabbits will not gnaw the bark. Another and more permanent safeguard is to mix cow dung with thick lime wash and add enough carbolic acid to it to give it a strong odor and paint this on the trees for three feet above the ground. This will also exclude the borers, whose eggs will be killed by it as they are laid upon the bark, or the parents of the grubs will not deposit eggs upon the trees so

treated. Origin of Ugly Fashions. The most frequent cause of the invention of ugly and insanitary costumes has been the attempts made to conceal blemishes or deformities existing in persons of exalted rank, and the new fashions have spread because they were at of Louis XIV. that high heels and towering perruques were introduced. The Virgin Queen patronized immense ruffs because her neck was not handsome. Short hair became fashionable in France when an accident to the King's head during a snow-ball fight necessitated the removal of his flowing locks. Full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber named Duvillier to conceal the fact that one shoulder of the dauphin was higher than the other. Charles VII. of France wore long coats to hide his illmade legs. Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, had his shoes made with long points to screen from observation an excrescence on one foot. - British Medical

The Language of Gloves.

The language of gloves is a species of telegraphy largely resorted to by young letegraphy largely resorted to by young lovers in France. A young lady says "Yes," by dropping her right glove into her left hand; "No," by rolling the two gloves together. She conveys the invitation: "Follow me into the garden" by the pantomime of brushing an imaginary speck of dust off her left arm with one or both gloves. The man ruvre of drawing one hand over them as if to smooth the leather means: "I love you does not require frequent moving it is better to keep the bungs open for a know if her feelings are reciprocated, she continue to grow strong if exposed to circumspect" is expressed by turning the ends of the glove of either hand delicately around the fingers. Lastly, if the lady has anything to complain of in her lover's conduct, she expresses her dissatisfaction by placing her gloves in the form of a cross on the table or on her

A War Reminiscence.

Confederate shinplasters got to be so numerous and so varied in the last days be agreeable, and the cider in the first of the war that a "good old rebel, yes he stage of making is often slow in turning to the acid state on account of an excess town with a label taken from a Worces-

CHIEF OF FISHES.

HERRING CAUGHT OFF THE COAST OF MAINE.

Three Different Ways of Catching

This Valuable Food Fish-Sein-

ing. Weirs, and "Driving"-

An Unlawful Method.

Edgar L. Wakeman, in a letter from

Pembroke, Maine, to the Mail and Express, gives an interesting account of herring fishing. We quote as follows: The herring are taken in three different ways: by the seine, in weirs, and by "driving"; the latter method, forbidden by American and Canadian regulations, being by far the most interesting procedure. In seining mach teresting procedure. In seining much the same means are employed as those used in taking shad, while the latter are "running" in the waters of the Chesapeake and the Delaware. While I have seen many a haul of shad made with seines of from a half mile to a mile in length, herring seines are seldom more than twenty-five fathoms long, and about twelve feet in depth, with one-half to three-fourths inch mesh. In seining, narrow channels, and locations along streams where tide water reaches some distance in-shore, are usually chosen; though herring stations on beaches where the tide "makes" strong in ebb and flow, are quite common, as herring shoals always seem to move back and forth with the tide. In this work the seine is made fast along shore, and the Quoddy boat and crew start off with the tide, hugging the shore, 'paying out' the seine as they go. - When nearly at the seine end, a sudden tack is taken, at a right angle from the shore, and then, the seine being kept taut by rapid rowing, or sailing, or both, a circling sweep is made around against the tide to land, and the haul is done. In this way several hauls can be made at each of the four turns of the tide, as the Quoddy fishermen make no hardship of toiling at all hours of day and night when anything that is herring may be brought to their nets. But the practice of seining, worse luck to the fishermen, is also in rapid decadence, owing to severe restrictions on the part of the Canadian, and some efforts by our own

Probably on no coast is there so vast a number of weirs. At a little distance off shore it seems as if the entire landedge were margined with a continuous reach of reeds. They are built at times when the tide is out. Each one forms when the tide is out. Each one forms what might be called a pen of upright poles, standing like palisades in old forts. The slender saplings used are placed an inch or two apart and are interwoven with willow or alder; and the entire affair sets out from land something in the form of a printer's type of interrogation. The opening is so placed that portions of the herring shoals, moving downward with the tide, enter, and once inside, they whirl and swirl in the pasture all night with other cattle about in the great lobe of the weir, are seldom injured by dogs. They will be friendly with any animal that is kind to them, so that the cattle serve as a blind fatality of the herring is so marked that fisheman assert that not one escapes where it has entered. Taking herring in the weirs is easily accom-plished. One end of a seine is fastened at the weir-mouth; the other end, dragged by boatmen, is given a halfsweep around the weir, preceded by a boat in which are men beating the water with paddles to "flock" the fish until the seine is "bunched"; when the herring are dipped into the small boats with ordinary scoop-nets. Two or three sweeps of the seine will take every herring thus impounded. Often the turn of the tide comes in the night; and when it is remembered that there are from 4,-000 to 5,000 of these weirs upon the herring grounds some idea may be gained of the appearance of the dark rims of shore line where flash the fish-

authorities.

er's lanterns and flare their countless But there is a genuine romance and excitement about herring "driving." It is done under fear of the mighty law, and cover of pitch black nights. If the waters be sullen, dark and still, and a dense fog has stolen upon Quoddy from the sea to keep the hated officials indoors with their grog, fortune is kind indeed to the herring-fisher, who may thus turn an extra honest penny for the winter and little ones, away from the Ottawa money-bags and the bothersome surplus at Washington. Everything is snug and shipshape betimes, awaiting the night flood-tide. Softly the fisher and crew of three, in their oil clothes and son'westers, glide away from shore with muffled oars into the impenetrable darkness. Every square rod of water is as familiar to these men as the "cuddy of their own boat. The mast is left behind. There are two oarsmen, one steersman, and a "dipper." When favorable "ground" has been reached, there is a sudden flash in the boat. In a moment a stronger light appears forward, over the gunwale on the port side. There in a little wire-woven dragon, or cresset, sizzles and flames a Quoddy once imitated by courtiers who thus torch. The Quoddy Indians, at Pleastacitly flattered the original wearers of ant Point on the St. Croix, have made it them. It was to hide the short stature of birch bark. It is 18 inches long, 6 wide, 2 or 3 thick; has cost 5 cents; and

will blaze for half an hour. The moment this is aflame, the Quoddy boat fairly leaps upon the water. The greater its speed the greater its luck. Suddenly there is a tremor in the water just ahead of the flaring torch. The "dipper" stands with bared arms, resolute as if for a mighty deed, grimly grasping the stout handle of a huge scoop-net. The tremor upon the water increases to a ripple, and the efforts of the oarsmen are redoubled. The rippling soon becomes a spumy, seething volume, radiating and widening to away rearward, as if a million tiny waves, given animate life, were battling for precedence. Sud-denly there is a "swash!" and the "dipper's" net has descended. It brings back more than a bushel of gleaming, shining herring. As if for dear life the "dipper" scoops and the oarsmen row.
Tumbling, splashing, cavorting, and actually squeaking protests, as they are flung to the boat's bottom, fish by the scores of netfuls are thus taken. There is no diminution in the myriad of herring which madly plunge and leap to the fore, and tumble and "bunch" together underneath the fascination of the Quoddy torch. And not until the boat is filled with this precious fruitage of the sea and the crew stand knee deep in the finny treasure is there cessation of labor. Then the torch is extinguished, a swallow or two of rum is taken, God is thanked-for these are a pious lot of simple folk-the customs laws cannot forever grind the poor, and land is warily made through the fleecy folds of the friendly fog that has crept upon Quoddy from the sea.

Too Much Smile.

The conversation had turned on a young lady whose mouth, when she smiled, seemed to stretch from ear to ear.
"Yes, but she has such handsome