The Manning Times.

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In Advance.

Now Winter is fighting his battles
With many an icicle lance,
But I'm writing a "gentle spring" poem
With the editors wish "in advance."

It is full, as is usual, of "violets,"
It alludes to the "robin's first peep,"
Though a blizzard's a daily occurrence
And the snow-drifts are seven feet deep.

But the editors—singular creatures,
To whom I am bound hand and foot—
Grasp at Father Time's typical forelock,
Till it's nearly pulled out by the root.

For they get 'way ahead of the season,
In a manner most wily and arch:
So that while you are reading December
They finish the number for March.

And he who would hope for acceptance
Must strike up betimes with his tune,
And sing Harvest Home in Mid-Winter
And jingle his sleigh-bells in June.

So when my spring poem is finished,
No rest does my weary pen get;
I must write a review of a novel
Which isn't itself written yet!
—Bessie Chandler, in Century.

JOY UNEXPECTED.

It was the week before Christmas, and Miss Polly Pritchard sat alone in her little room, diligently at work.

So far it had been a hard winter, with the ground all iron-bound with cruel frost; the river clad in steely links of ice, the sky full of snow, and wind, and tempest. But Miss Polly was very comfortable in the little red farm house, of which she occupied one wing, the other being rented out to Farmer Gribbage and his wife.

There was always a cheerful fire of logs blazing on the open hearth, always a plant at the window, and a cat purring on the rug.

"To be sure, it's rather lonely," said the little old maid to herself, "never to have a soul to speak to. But it is what one must expect when one outlive's one's family and friends!"

So she sat here on this grey winter's afternoon, singing some half-forgotten song, and plying her busy needle, when Mrs. Gribbage, the farmer's wife, came in.

"Dolls, I declare!" she exclaimed, looking at the boxes on the table; and, as her quick eye fell on the work in Miss Polly's hand, she added: "And, as true as I live, you're a-dressin' 'em."

"Yes," said Miss Polly, coloring a soft autumnal pink.

"For the toy-shop?" said inquisitive Mrs. Gribbage.

"Well—no!" acknowledged Miss Polly. "They are for the little girls in the orphan asylum. They don't have anyone to think of their Christmas, you know."

"Well, I declare!" reiterated Mrs. Gribbage. "Why, there's eighteen of 'em. You don't mean to say that you're dressing eighteen dolls?"

"Yes," said Miss Polly in deprecating tones.

"Humph! Well, I just came in to tell you that I'm going up to Miss Georgietta Fullerton's to tea."

"Are you?" said Miss Polly.

Mrs. Gribbage nodded complacently.

"Didn't they ask you?" said she.

Miss Polly shook her head.

"Well, it's your own fault," said Mrs. Gribbage, not without asperity. "Look at that old faded turned dress of yours. Miss Georgietta Fullerton is very particular about her dress. And now that she is engaged to be married to the minister——"

Miss Polly gave the least perceptible start at these words, and asked:

"Is she engaged to be married to him?"

"So folks say," complacently answered Mrs. Gribbage. "And I don't suppose he could have made a better match. Miss Fullerton is an excellent housekeeper, and has got a little money of her own. And it is high time there was someone at the parsonage to keep those four noisy children in order."

And Mrs. Gribbage sailed away in her rustling silk gown and red plumed hat, leaving Miss Polly alone with her dolls.

The parson sat alone, also, that grey threatening December afternoon, in his little study, with a heap of sermon-paper in front of him.

He had sat down to write his Christmas sermon; but, somehow, the ideas refused to come.

There was a general aspect of forlornness about the room, which the poor man realized, but could not explain.

"It's all very uncomfortable, said Mr. Mellen to himself, biting thoughtfully at the feather end of his quill-pen. "And, somehow, I always feel it more at Christmas time than at any other. Hear those children scream! One would think they might play without making quite so much noise. But they are not managed as they were when poor Isabel was alive. I suppose I am not a good disciplinarian, or perhaps I should have them in better training. Really, I don't know but that the good ladies in my congregation are right, and that I ought to——"

"Get married again!" Robbie Mellen's shrill little voice uttered, just at this moment. "Oh, I like that! That's a pretty note! Our father get married again! Nonsense, Bell; someone has been cramming you!"

"But it's true," retorted little Bell, full of indignation, "and you needn't laugh. I heard old Miss Grampus say so to Miss Collyer, last week, when they all thought I was asleep on the bed, at Sewing Society—that papa was going to marry again."

"Who was it?" breathlessly demanded Janie, a tall girl of eleven. "The lady, I mean?"

"They didn't say," Bell answered.

"Miss Georgie Fullerton, I bet!" shouted Robbie. "Oh, I wouldn't like her for a mother."

"Who would you like?" retorted Janie scornfully.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Robbie. "Not her, anyhow. She scowled at me one day when I stepped on the train of her dress. And I heard her say, 'Clumsy boy!' to her sister."

"And she was very right," didactically observed Janie. "You are a clumsy boy, Rob."

"Perhaps," said John, "it's Mrs. Bricknor. There's a stunner for you. Ain't she always dressed like the Queen of Sheba?"

"I can't bear Mrs. Bricknor," said Bell. "She laughs too loud, and her false teeth don't fit, and I don't think she likes little boys and girls. She looked real cross at the birthday-party when we had them funny games, and told Mrs. Fenwick that she didn't think children ought to be allowed to make so much noise."

"I'll tell you who does love children, though," suddenly exclaimed Janie; "and I love her too, and I wish papa would marry her. Miss Polly Pritchard."

"What, that Miss Polly that has the blue Maltese cat, and the red cardinal bird?" said Robbie. "Well, it ain't a bad idea. She gave me some bread-and-jam the night I got lost blackberrying on the hills, and told me such a nice story about Fortunatus and his Purse when I was resting on her sofa."

"Yes, and what do you think?" eagerly struck in Janie. "She's dressing eighteen dolls, now, for the poor little orphan girls in the asylum, and she has bought eleven jack-knives, because she says all children ought to have a Christmas."

"She's a trump!" declared Robbie, pounding both hands down upon the table. "I declare I've most a mind to marry her myself! But look here, Janie, ain't you going to help a fellow with these long-division sums, before papa calls us in to recite?"

And then the noise of four talking together drowned the sense of what they said, and Mr. Mellen, smiling to himself, pushed back his pen and sermon-paper.

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," he said mildly. "Who knows but that these little ones' voices have been sent to guide my footsteps aright? It was a sweet and gracious idea, that of preparing a Christmas for the little homeless ones who have no parents to take tender thought for them. I think I will go out and quiet my troubled meditations with a walk."

And his walk led him to the little red farm house in whose wing Miss Polly Pritchard sat diligently at work over the eighteen dolls.

The parson was a sensible straight-forward man, who comprehended none of the sinuous wiles of society. He knocked at the door and walked in.

All looked cosy and comfortable there, from the big geranium in the window and the Maltese cat on the rug, to the shaded lamp and the work-basket beside the prim little spinster.

And Miss Polly herself, with her thick brown hair coiled in a knot at the back of her head, and a faint carnation-like bloom on her cheek, was not the least attractive element of the scene.

"So these are the dolls for the little waifs and strays of humanity?" said the parson, looking kindly at the maiden lady.

"Yes," said Miss Polly. "But I don't know how you heard anything about it, Mr. Mellen. It was to be a profound secret."

"I will keep it, most profoundly," said the parson.

"You see," blushingly explained Miss Polly, "I am fond of children, and it's a real pleasure to me to do anything for the little things. I've often thought I should like to adopt a child."

"Miss Polly," said the parson bluntly, "that is the very business I have come to you about. What do you say to adopting four?"

"Four?" repeated Miss Polly.

"Yes," said the parson. "Mine! And their father thrown into the bargain. What do you say, Miss Polly? Will you marry me?"

"I—I'm afraid I am not good enough," said Miss Polly, with a little gasp, as if the tide of unexpected happiness was surging up into her very throat.

"If ever there was a good Christian, Polly, you are one," said the parson. "Or else," putting his hand lightly upon the tiny heap of dolls, "you never would have taken all this trouble for Christ's orphaned little ones. Only say 'Yes,' Polly. That is all I want."

And Polly said "Yes."

Mrs. Gribbage was quite incredulous when she came home and heard the news.

"I thought it was to be Georgietta Fullerton, sure enough," said she. "But how ever came Mr. Mellen to think of you?"

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Polly with humility.

So, like the old-time fairy stories, our tale ends. "And they lived happily ever after." For Mrs. Mellen was a model stepmother, and the four young rebels at the parsonage loved her heartily.

This was Miss Polly Pritchard's last Christmas in loveless solitude. For when the next Christmas came she was the happy little mistress of the parsonage

How Many Hours for Sleep?

There is an old saying that has frightened a great many people from taking the rest that nature demanded for them. "Nine hours are enough for a fool." They may be; and not too many for a wise man who feels that he needs them. Goethe, when performing his most prodigious literary feats, felt that he needed nine hours; what is better, he took them. We presume it is conceded by all thoughtful persons that the brain in very young children, say three or four years of age, requires all of twelve hours in rest, or sleep. This period is shortened gradually until, at fourteen years of age, the boy is found to need only ten hours. When full grown and in a healthy condition, the man may find a night of eight hours sufficient to repair the exhaustion of the day and new-create him for the morrow. *But if he discover that he needs more sleep he should take it.* There is surely something wrong about him; perhaps a forgotten waste must be repaired. His sleep, evidently, has not been made up; and until it has and he can spring to his work with an exhilaration for it, he should sensibly conclude to let his instinct control him and stay in bed.—*Margaret Sidney, in Good Housekeeping.*

Miss Guiney, the new poet of Boston, is described as tall and as lithe as a willow wand, with a face that has that delicacy of contour and refinement of feature betokening a sensitive nature, the poetic nature in a high degree. Her mouth and nose are lovely, but she mars the expression of her eyes by wearing eye-glasses, the customary insignia of Boston's intellectual women. Miss Guiney is, however, near-sighted, and would rather see what she is doing than to look pretty. She is fond of outdoor sports, handles an oar like an old tar, and is a tremendous pedestrian.

Thirty-two daily newspapers are published in New York.

THE HUNTING LEOPARD.

A Singular Kind of Sport which is Practiced in the Jungle.

I think it was here, writes a correspondent to *Our Indian Stations*, that I witnessed the only instance I ever saw of the black buck being run into and killed by the cheetah, or hunting leopard. Many consider this a low kind of sport, but I think it is equal to partridge shooting, besides being a beautiful sight. I shall therefore describe as well as I can what I saw. On arriving with my friends at the place of meeting in the jungle we found a few rough-and-ready-looking natives in charge of three carts, or rather small two-wheeled platforms, drawn by bullocks. On each vehicle sat, in an erect attitude, a beautiful leopard, strongly chained and with a hood over his eyes, similar to those used for hawks. We were soon under way and driving toward the herd of antelopes which could be seen grazing in the distance and which had been marked down beforehand. There was no difficulty in getting the carts to within 120 yards of the deer. Then one of the cheetahs, a fine male, was unhooded and set free. Its departure from the charry and its decision in choosing the most covered line in the open plain for rushing on its prey were so instantaneous and rapid as to be quite marvelous. It seemed to vanish from the cart and appear simultaneously half way toward the fine black buck it had singled out for attack. When at about thirty yards from the unsuspicious troop they suddenly became aware of the deadly peril they were in. One and all sprang into the air with galvanic bounds, and no doubt expected to escape easily by flight. But the hunting cheetah is, I suppose, for a hundred yards, by far the fleetest of all wingless things, and this one was soon in the midst of the affrighted throng, which scattered wildly and panic-stricken in all directions, as their leader—a fine black buck—was struck down in their midst. There he lay, alone, in his death agony, in the deadly clutch of his beautiful and relentless foe. We ran as hard as we could and were soon surrounding the strange group.

Neither animal moved, for the buck was paralyzed by fear—his starting eye-balls and dilated nostrils alone gave evidence of life. The cheetah, on the other hand, with his body spread out over the prostrate form of his victim, seemed to strain every nerve in pressing his prey against the earth, as, with his long, sharp fangs buried in its delicate throat, he continued the process of strangulation. He was very motionless, but his eyes were fixed upon us with a glare of extraordinary ferocity that became intensified as his keepers rushed forward and seized the deer by the hind leg. The brute now growled fiercely, and, tightening his clutch, looked so extremely dangerous that I was far from envying those who were in such close proximity to him. But they knew their trade. With a long, sharp knife they cut the deer's throat and caused the warm blood to spout in torrents into the face of the half-wild beast, whose whole frame now seemed to thrill with ecstasy. One of the operators, in the meanwhile, caught a quantity of the crimson life stream in a wooden bowl, and forced the steaming fluid under the very nose of the excited leopard, who, quitting his hold, at once began to lap with avidity. While engaged in this process the leather hood was swiftly clapped over his eyes, and the collar, with two chains attached, was adjusted round his neck. While this was going on a third man had cut off one of the bucks hind legs, and this, the "lion's share," was held close to the bloody chalice, which was no sooner emptied than the brute seized the meat thus provided with a vice-like grip. Each chain was now grasped by a different man, who, by keeping apart so that the tether remained taut, kept the leopard between them in such a way that neither was within reach of his claws or teeth. Then the third individual, who had ever retained his hold of the shank-bone of the leg of venison, gently drew the cheetah to the little cart that had now been brought close up. As soon as the beast felt himself again on the edge of his own familiar chariot he sprang lightly upon it and proceeded to demolish his succulent morceau at his ease. I now inspected the carcass of the deer, with a view to ascertaining, if possible, how the cheetah had been able so instantaneously to strike down such a powerful animal immediately on getting up with it. I at once observed a single long, deep gash in the flank, which was evidently caused by the decisive blow. But I could not imagine with what weapon the leopard had been able to inflict this very strange-looking wound, for the cheetah has a foot like a dog and his claws are not retractile. Turning then to the beast as it sat on the cart I inspected it closely and saw that the dew-claw, which in the dog appears such a useless appendage, is represented in this brute by a terrible-looking talon exactly suited to the infliction of such a gash.

Gates o. Happiness.

All men and women should rejoice to remain part child all through life, however long its course may run. The games, the dance, the anecdote, the assembly of friends, the feast, are as much a part of humanity as its natural power to laugh or to perceive the points of wit. Amusement is one of the forms of human happiness. This happiness, like old Thebes, has a hundred gates for its coming and going—the gate of tears, for man weeps when he is happy, amid music or in revisiting his mother's home, the gate of pensiveness, for he is happy when he reads "Gray's Elegy" or walks in the rustling autumn leaves; the gate of admiration, for man is happy amid the beauty of nature and of art: the gate of friendship, when heart finds its companion heart: the gate of hope, for man is happy when the coming days are pictured with these angel figures of expectation. Of these hundred gates of happiness amusement makes one—planned by the Builder of human life. It must open before us and we may all pass in and out as long as the heart shall remain unbroken by death or grief.—*Rev. David Swing.*

Gen. Butler continues to appear in the United States supreme court. His residence is in Lowell, but he maintains law offices in Boston and Washington.

"As Ye Sow so Shall Ye Reap."

To marry or not to marry, is a question nearly all must answer. To one side it is an unfair position, for they must needs choose from those who ask or go without, and the uncertainty of future opportunities are so great as to greatly influence the answer, and so often do after events prove the mistake thus made, one cannot help wishing each person was stamped with the address of their partners for life; this much settled, one factor of mistake would be removed, and whatever fault-finding there must be could not be aimed at either. As such a state of things cannot be, we must make the best of matters as we find them. No doubt there is trouble on both sides, but it certainly is not more than half on the side of the woman. The present rules of society are most favorable to both intentional and unintentional deception: neither party can know much of the home life of the other until the irrevocable step is taken. Young people are allowed to mingle together, forming associations from impulse: taught to believe love will go where sent, and that love is blind, and all such nonsense, instead of knowing for a certainty that reason should judge all things, and that matrimony means more than unlimited freedom, with some one to constantly anticipate one's wishes.

Girls have learned that however sensible they may be, unless they can put on style and look bewitching, ten chances to one instead of being honored for it, they will be snubbed and left to languish on the parental bush until the frosts of fall have come; if young men cannot afford to marry it is their own fault, for they have put a premium on dress and accomplishments in women, and its not their fault all women are not extravagant and selfish, which thanks to innate good sense is not the case. Were men not so near stone blind on this point they would have less trouble in finding sensible wives, for in every town there is at least a score of just as good, economical, sensible girls, as the good mother, men are so fond of quoting. She probably does not excel in roller skating; I doubt if she knows how to dance, but she can and does help mother, plays for home amusement, and enjoys reading of the more substantial kind, but let me tell you young man if you are going to find her you will need more of a recommendation than a gold-headed cane, a love of a mustache and a rhine stone pin can give, or you will very likely fail to win her for a wife. It is more than probable she can take care of herself and will need to see she is gaining a helpmeet before she consents to give up her liberty and her name. But young men will not get their eyes open until mothers take the matter in hand and train their boys from the cradle up to be Men Fit For Husbands. It is a lamentable fact that mothers seldom think of having this object in view. It seems to be the general opinion, that some woman will be able to live with the man, who, as a boy, possessed such a violent temper it was almost impossible to live with him, who was coaxed, petted and spoiled from the cradle up, until by some fairy process he is to outgrow all these little failings and develop into a Man Fit For a Husband, just as easily as nature gives the downy upper lip when manhood's estate is reached. The facts will bear me out in saying this is not always the case—"as ye sow, so shall ye reap"—the ungoverned boy will make a more or less tyrannical husband.—*Amelia A. Whitfield, in Good Housekeeping.*

Effects of Competition in Rates of Transportation.

The effect of free competition in trade is to bring the greatest competition to bear on those things in which there is the greatest trade. Thus, there is the smallest margin of profit over the cost of production on the necessaries of life, the next smallest on the common comforts, and the largest on the luxuries. This effect is not caused by any design on the part of traders nor from any beneficent legislation on the part of politicians. It results from the operation of natural laws of trade. The operations of the same laws produce the same effect on the rates of transportation. We find, as a rule, the lowest rates on coal, wood, petroleum, iron, lumber, etc.; the next lowest on flour, grain, provisions, etc.; we then have boots and shoes, cotton and woolen goods, clothing, etc.; and then a varying list of more costly or perishable articles and luxuries which are consumed in decreasing quantities. All the natural forces of competition which tend to reduce the rates of transportation co-operate in producing this discrimination in things which are moved in the largest quantities, and which are, of course, consumed in the largest amounts. The aim of the railroad manager is to secure traffic. To do this he must make lower rates on cheap commodities, with those things which comprise the necessaries of life. It results in distributing the charges for transportation where they are most easily borne. Not only do the necessaries have the lowest rates and the luxuries the highest, but the necessaries consumed in the largest quantities have lower rates than those consumed in smaller quantities. We consume more fuel than bread, and more food than clothing, while the rates of transportation follow the opposite order. This discrimination, though in favor of the necessaries, and common comforts of life, is none the less a discrimination. It actually results in favoring classes. Those who consume but the necessaries, the day-laborers, are the most benefited; the artisans who consume, in addition to the necessaries, many of the comforts, the next; and so on as higher wages provide more of the comforts, and these merge into the luxuries.—*Gerrit L. Lansing, in Popular Science Monthly for February.*

The Indian wife of "Warm Spring Johnny," a white man, who since his childhood has lived with the Indians, died near Albany, Ore., recently, of lung fever. The husband, whose real name is unknown, was well known in the early days of Oregon as an Indian scout, and also served in the United States army during the civil war. He was captured when a child by the Indians and with them has ever lost his own name. He has lived for many years with his Indian wife in a little cabin near the Calapooia River.

Ensilage for Stock.

A REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES—LET OUR FARMERS PONDER THE SUGGESTIONS CONTAINED HEREIN.

We wish to urge most carefully upon our farmer friends the importance of putting up ensilage every year, with which to feed their stock. Experience has proved it to be the best and cheapest food that can be fed to cattle, and every farmer ought to use it. The silos are buildings, formerly pits, in which the green food (called ensilage) is kept. In order that our farmers may know how to make their silos we copy the following letter written to the Richmond *Dispatch* by Mr. C. W. Garrett, of Halifax county, North Carolina. He relates his own experience and his letter ought to be carefully read, and every farmer ought to build one or more silos. The following is Mr. Garrett's letter:

ENFIELD, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. C.,
December 3, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am just in receipt of your favor of the 27th ultimo, inquiring about my experience with ensilage. I gladly comply:

I have been cutting up ensilage and my experience causes me to value it more and more highly as I learn how to take care of it more cheaply. When I built my first silos, in the summer of 1880, the idea was that only those built of cement or brick, in the ground, would answer the purpose, and costing at least $5 per ton to build. Now they are built upon the top of the ground, entirely of wood and earth, and at a cost of 75 cents to $1 per ton. These keep the ensilage as well as those constructed of cement or brick, and much more convenient, and involve less labor to feed from. I have two wood silos, built in 1881, above ground, and holding 180 tons, both costing not more than $125, which are now in good order and full of ensilage, and have been filled every year since they were built. The contents, without exception, have been fed in good condition. The silos I built in 1880, (of cement below ground), held 125 tons, and cost me about $3 per ton. These also have been filled every year since—sometimes twice a year—and the ensilage was not any better preserved than in those built of wood. Since I began to make ensilage, in the fall of 1880, I have fed my horses, mules and cows almost exclusively on it, and have yet to see any bad results from it; on the contrary, I have been able to keep them in much better condition than before I commenced its use. In the year 1879 I had nine mules and horses, and about as many cattle, and besides the long forage I could conveniently make on my farm, I paid out over $700 for hay, bought by the car-load in Richmond. I am now feeding fifteen head of horses and mules and thirty head of cattle, and pay out nothing for hay, and my farm is no larger than it was then. The extra manure I now produce pays me fully, I am persuaded, for the cost of the ensilage. I use corn and cow-pea vines exclusively for ensilage—the former I use is cheaper; the latter makes the best ensilage.

For the past three years I have used corn constantly for this purpose, after it was sufficiently matured to sustain no injury, when the blades were ripe enough for fodder. I pull the corn, then cut the stalk down to the ground—blades on—haul and cut them in three-quarter inch lengths, and pack in the silo; then weight as usual. This makes a very desirable food; the stock all like it, and I have never seen any bad effects from it. During the three years named I have put up 100 per year from this source, My experience is that land producing five barrels of corn to the acre will make five tons of ensilage, or a ton to the barrel. I regard the ensilage as more valuable than the corn, and the cost of putting it into the silo is less than seventy-five cents per ton. I grow no corn exclusively for ensilage; most of it made in the United States is from corn grown expressly for the purpose. I am of the opinion that at the time I cut it it is as valuable for ensilage as at any period of its growth—hence a great saving in making a crop of corn and ensilage—I see that others are adopting this plan to advantage.

My great plant for ensilage is the ordinary field or cow-pea. Of this I put up about 200 tons yearly, and it is greatly preferred by my stock to that made of corn. This pea crop I grow chiefly after wheat and oats. I break the land as soon as the wheat is taken off, then plant in drills three feet apart, eight to twelve peas in a hill, using the Eureka corn planter, dropping every twenty inches; side them up once or twice, if need be and grass is troublesome; plant from the 25th of June to the 10th of July, which gives ample time for the maturity of the plant for ensilage, producing from five to ten tons per acre, at a cost not exceeding $1.50 per ton, worth 25 per cent. more in feed value than corn at any stage of its growth. With this plant properly utilized with the system of ensilage, the South can feed and raise sheep, cattle, mules and horses as cheaply as any portion of the United States, except the very far West. This fact will be demonstrated some day. I have often seen published a statement that corn stalks or any other suitable material made good ensilage without chopping up fine with a cutter. For fear of loss I have been afraid to try it. A neighbor who built a silo three years ago had his silo, machinery and cutter burnt up last winter. The silo was rebuilt last summer and filled with corn stalks, pea vines, uncut. This ensilage is as good as any I have ever seen—sweeter than mine, which was cut fine, and is little more trouble to take from the silo than that cut fine. I shall put up a large portion of mine next year without cutting. This fact renders it possible for every farmer who makes a one-horse crop to put up ensilage, as the great bar of their doing so was the outlay of money for cutter, machinery, &c. This may all be obviated now. The only outlay required is the building of a silo, at a cost of not over $1 per ton, and which any one can do, of mechanical capacity, without the help of a skilled mechanic. Knowing its great value, I earnestly hope the Southern people will adopt this system. It is an outrage that, having such advantages, we should be so dependent.

That our friends may not go wrong in the construction of the above ground silo I will here give a description of it in detail: These silos were built in 1881, and have been filled four times, the ensilage being well preserved. First, I dug a trench for foundation sills 43 feet long, 14 wide and 8 inches deep. Into these I put the sills, of white oak, all heart, 10 inches square, framing a sill of the same size across the middle. This makes the foundation for two silos, inside measure 20 feet long by 12 feet wide. I put studs of heart oak into these sills, ten feet long, two by six inches, two feet apart, intending the silos to be 10 feet deep, then with one-inch plank boarded up each side, studs being 10 feet high, fill the spaces between the studs and inner and outer walls of plank with sand (saw-dust will answer as well), thus making an air-tight wall, which is all that is necessary, however it may be done. The 6 feet of studding above the walls or body of the silo is necessary for the purpose of filling, tramping, weighting, &c. I have one door to each silo at the outer end, made by having the two middle studs 3 feet apart. To these hang two doors 18 inches wide, 5 feet long to the inner edge of studs, the doors to open outward. Then close the doors and nail on boards to outer edge of studs, and fill between doors and boards with earth, and you have the same wall as the other parts of the silo. When you wish to open the doors rip off the boards in front, when the earth falls and the doors open outward, exposing the ensilage. Of course, the studs are framed into plates above, which should be done in a substantial manner, as the pressure from weighting the silo is quite severe. My roofs extend 3 feet beyond the sides and ends, to prevent rain from being blown in on the ensilage. After filling the silo I first cover the ensilage with inch-plank, placing of them down lengthwise; then cover these with pine or wheat straw to prevent earth or sand from getting in; then cover with earth 18 inches deep and you may rest ussured that your ensilage is safe. I prefer common earth for weighting, for two reasons—first, it is more easily handled; and second it excludes the air better than anything else. When feeding the ensilage first take out the front doors from bottom to top, about two feet; then on each side, until the end is taken out; then put in good substantial props to hold the planks and keep the weight from bending them down, which repeat, propping every 3 feet as the ensilage is taken out, until the whole is exhausted. Care should be taken that this propping be well done, otherwise the planks above may give way and endanger the safety of the feeders.

It has been well said that "our people must learn to grow everything for man and beast before they can claim to be self-sustaining;" and more, they must learn to make it without running in debt. No general prosperity can prevail until we can make what we consume before we consume it. Easy credits will destroy any people; it demoralizes the thrifty and makes paupers of the unthrifty.

Very truly yours,
G. W. GARRET.

To MR. JOHN ORR, Secretary, &c.
Richmond, Va.

An Alleged Compromise.

The Senate committee on finance has voted to report favorably upon the nominations of a number of internal revenue collectors whose predecessors were suspended, and is likely to report all the nominations before it in a few days. A mutual understanding between the committee and the secretary of the treasury has been reached covering all suspensions from and nominations to offices which have no fixed tenure. The nature of the arrangement is not made public, but a considerable number of letters have recently been sent by the secretary to the committee in response to an equal number of inquiries, and the correspondence is still in progress. This arrangement covers all nominations before the committee.

—The feeling in Europe is a trifle more optimistic on the Balkan matter. The Berlin financiers lead the sentiment by booming the new Servian loan at rising prices. There is a recrudescence of the rumor that Lord Rosebery intends trading Cyprus for Crete with the Porte and to prssent Crete to Greece.

Wonders of the Sky.

A VISIT TO THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY AT WASHINGTON — WHAT GEN. JOHNSTONE JONES SAW THERE—SATURN, HIS RINGS AND SATELLITES; THE NEBULÆ IN ORION; THE PLEIADES A HANDFUL OF DIAMONDS; THE MOON A GREAT SNOW-FIELD.

Gen. Johnstone Jones, son of Col. C. Jones, of York County, recently visited the Naval Observatory at Washington, and upon his return home wrote his father an interesting letter descriptive of what he saw there. We have been permitted to make the following extracts from the letter;

Remembering your suggestion as to looking at Saturn through the great telescope, I procured a letter of introduction to Commodore Belknap from his son-in-law Dr. Westray Battle, who resides here, and called at the Naval Observatory. The Commodore received me kindly, and invited me to look through the telescope the first fair night. The night of February 9th was tolerably fair, and I visited the Observatory, and in company with the Commodore and his wife called upon Professor Hall, who has charge of the great instrument. I saw Saturn, his rings and satellites; the nebulæ in Orion; Sirius; the Moon; the Pleiades, and the star Aldebaran. Of all these eight Saturn was the grandest and most beautiful; but the nebulæ in Orion the most sublime and impressive.

Saturn appeared a perfectly round, smooth ball, with well defined edges, as yellow as gold, and without scintillation. The sphere was encircled by two bright, flat rings of the same color as the planet, separated by a dark line, supposed to be empty space between them. All along the interior edge of the inside ring was a cloudy or vaporous appearance. The rings had clear-cut edges and seemed to be solid bodies. In the black space surrounding these luminous bodies shone the eight satellites—each a brilliant star—a diamond point of clear, steady, silvery-white light—at unequal distances from the rings. It appeared to be about the size of the full moon. The wonder of the spectacle is greatly increased when we reflect that it is 790 millions of miles distant from the earth, or 880 millions from the sun, and that it is more than fifty times as large as the earth. Compared to this ringed-wonder of the skies our planet is small, commonplace and insignificant.

The Pleiades under the power of the telescope spread out into about thirty beautiful stars. They seemed a handful of diamonds strewn on the sky, without order or system.

Sirius, the largest of the fixed stars, if not the nearest, was brilliant beyond description. It scintillated violently, blindingly, flashing out a reddish, yellowish light.

The Moon seemed a great snow-field, with the crater, the mountains, and the shadows of the mountains all plainly visible. These shadows, made by the distant sun, filled me with a feeling of indescribable awe. I had always thought the moon appeared dark under the telescope, but the only dark spots about it are the shadows of the mountains on the plains and valleys.

The most sublime spectacle is the nebulæ in Orion. It is a faint, whitish cloud, shaped like a ploughshare. In the centre are four brilliant stars—called the *Trapezium*—flanked by two stars that appear to be in the cloud—veiled, as it were. Whether they are in this nebulous matter, or on the other side of it, seen though it as through a veil, is an unsolved and most puzzling question. Off below the point, which juts out into the black, empty space, appear two beautiful stars, with no nebulous matter around them. This field of cloud must be many millions of miles in extent, and the stars each a great sun, the centre of some mighty solar system, perhaps. At this immense distance Saturn would not be seen at all, even with the greatest telescope; our own sun would appear but a small point of light—size of a star as it appears to the naked eye. This nebulæ and the Trapezium cannot be seen with the naked eye. When I meet you again I will tell you more of these wonders of the sky. The subject is one all unfamiliar to my vocabulary.

William J. Florence, the actor, was once anxious to enter the diplomatic service, and was cordially indorsed by men of both political parties for the Turkish mission. President Arthur, to whom the application was made, was greatly impressed with the strength of the petition, but just about that time the attention of Mr. Florence was attracted to a new play, and he concluded not to go abroad for some years.

A New York shoeblack attracts trade by distributing cards that tell how nicely he shines shoes in the following simple Bostonese language: "Pedal teguments artistically illuminated and lubricated for the infinitesimal remuneration of 5 cents. Antiquated teguments (pedal or surpedal) expurgated judiciously and resuscitated with expedition for nominal compensation. Of the innumerable foretastes of heaven enjoyed by every patron I would simply state: From the eventuation of the operation even to its ultimate successful completion the patron reclines superincumbent on cushions which a Sybarite might envy, in a superlatively luxurious attitude in which the horizontal and perpendicular are gracefully blended."