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REMINISCENCES OF HONOLULU.

By E. H. J.

On the 23d of January, 1839, the volcano of Mauna Loa broke out with a roar, the greatest eruption ever witnessed by mortal eyes. The new crater was situated on the north side of the mountain, at an elevation above the sea of some 10,000 feet, whence the liquid lava flowed at such a rapid pace that it reached the sea at Waimanalo, about midway between Kewahae and Kailua, and some forty miles from the crater, in the space of eight days. At first the people of Honolulu, who had been a repetition of the danger that had threatened them in 1855, as the new crater was apparently not far from the one of that year, and the flow seemed to be running parallel with the former one. But it was soon apparent that the numerous streams into which the lava branched out, were all tending to the west of north, following the slope between the two mountains, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, and to the westward of Honolulu.

On receipt of the news of the eruption, at Honolulu, parties of excursionists embarked for the scene were hurriedly made up, cheerfully facing the discomforts and delays of a schooner navigation, for there were no inter-island steamers then, in anticipation of the grandeur and sublimity of the scene that awaited them. The best point from which to proceed to the flow was the village of Kailua, in Kona. Among the tourists were Professor Alexander, of Oahu College, H. M. Whitney, of the *Advertiser*, and A. F. Judd, the present Chief Justice. I cannot do better in giving my readers an idea of this wonderful eruption, than to transcribe some of the accounts as written at the time by those who were favored in witnessing it:

"Our camping ground is located on the elevated table land lying between the two great mountains of Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, sixteen miles from Kailua, and some ten miles in an air line from the crater, which lies over against us on the side of Mauna Loa, distinctly in view. This plain is some 5,000 feet above the level of the sea."

During the day time the light of the crater and the lava streams are hardly perceptible. It is the time for observation. Soon after the sun had set, the molten streams began to show their courses, while the spouting of the lava from the crater became more and more distinct. The reflection of the numerous fiery streams rolling rapidly down the side of the mountain and across the plain, lit up the overhanging clouds, making it as bright as day. Light for many miles around. As night advanced, and every little stream and light became more distinct, the scene was grand, majestic, and sublime. The lava stream, as it came, although it could not easily be approached, to be about 400 feet across. The rim was made up of cones of lava, from the scoria thrown out, and which were constantly varying in size, and frequently tumbling in. The lava did not run out from the crater like water from the side of a bowl, but was thrown up in continuous columns, as water in the celebrated Geyser springs. At times this spouting appeared to be feeble, rising but little above the rim of the crater, but at others, it was eager to escape from the pent-up bowels of the earth, it rose to a height equal to the base of the crater. These columns and masses, however, were ever varying in form and height. Sometimes a spire of lava would shoot up, like a rocket to a height almost to double the base of the crater—seven or eight hundred feet."

"Come, music, with thy sweet mysterious power, And breathe a spell upon this passing hour." Rubenstein is to write a march for the coronation of the Czar of Russia. Venezuela is making efforts to obtain a national hymn. The musical necrology of 1883 bids fair to be very large.

List has decided not to appear as a public concert player in any country. He claims that his 72 years disable him as a pianist. Patti receives \$4,400 for every performance. As she is on the stage about two hours at every entertainment this should give her about \$33 per minute for singing.

Mr. Isaac Woodward, of the firm of Woodward & Brown, piano-makers, Boston, Mass., is dead. There are quite a large number of his firm's pianos in this island.

Dr. Eben Tourgie who founded the New England conservatory of music in Boston, has presented that institution to the Board of Trustees. It is the largest conservatory in the world.

Gustave Dore, the lately deceased painter, was also passionately fond of music, his favorite instrument being the violin.

The best musician is he who masters the art in its entirety, and devotes his effort to what is best and noblest in it. The perfect musician is made through the knowledge of both the instrumental and vocal art. When pupils take lessons, they should show their appreciation of their teacher's worth by industry, application and the most level playing. Pupils ought to expect to receive a good and thorough lesson from their teacher. They should remember that very little can be done for them if the previous lesson has not been practiced and well acquired.

Wagner memorial concerts are being held all over the world. Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig, May 22d, 1813, and commenced his musical studies at a very early age. His principal works are "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg," "The Flying Dutchman," "Lohengrin" and "Parsifal." Wagner, it will be remembered composed the "Grand Centennial March," that was performed in Philadelphia on the first day of the Centennial Exhibition.

On the March 13 has played an important role in Wagner's life. He was born in 1813, and it was on March 13, 1869, that "Tannhauser" failed in Paris. Wagner died after 13 years of wedded life, and upon the 13th of February. Finally the number of letters that compose his name is 13.

The Anglican Chronicle speaks of a hymnal service given in the Episcopal Church on Easter Monday evening, and adds that it was an improvement on the organ recital. A correspondent suggests: "Perhaps so, but one people's musical abilities are so dull that organ music is really too much for them to understand and appreciate."

Make our young men musicians, musicians in the true sense of the word, and the rum-shop, the billiard saloon, and other questionable resorts, will be chased out of the greater part of their customers. Unfortunately, it is a wide-spread opinion among business men and others that it will incapacitate a boy for business, make him volatile, and unfit to meet the exigencies of this hard, matter-of-fact life, if we teach him music. Nothing could be more erroneous. As sure as the study of the classic writers of ancient and modern times will benefit a young man by elevating his mind, giving him moral strength and consciousness of his inhumanity, just so sure will the thorough understanding of the words and the immortal masters of music ennoble his character and take his most earnest and beneficent hold of his soul and heart.

Lord Dufferin is now very busy reorganizing Egypt's government. He, more than the Khedive, is ruler of Egypt. How complete this organization will be cannot yet be told, but it will certainly be a great improvement over anything Egypt has had for many years. Who will carry out this planned improvement? The Khedive is altogether unequal to the task, even if he had the cordial and vigorous support of all his subjects. No one can be in Egypt long without seeing that the native population is incapable of any present successful self-government. American residents in Egypt are in favor of continued English occupation and government.

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great art to keep yourself content and happy, and it requires a

MARJORIE GRAY

BY ANNE M. WILSON

By the side of a mountain lake
Tangled in the branches of a tree,
Marjorie Gray, a young girl,
Was sitting there.

Look! the red sun is setting,
Starry and gleamy and long and low,
Came to Marjorie on her way—
Laid down there!

How was the road beneath the tree,
Clear and bright through the green grass,
White as the road in the sun's bright glow—
Warm the glow!

But Marjorie, waiting there,
Had not for long her foot a step,
Knew not that she and the road were
One and the same.

How was the little girl's heart,
Waiting to meet her with gentle hand,
Laying and springing over the ground—
Fondly hand!

Further on, with gaze profound,
And gentle forehead slightly bowed,
Her eager eyes that looked found—
Gladly found!

She was a little girl from the town,
Dainty in manner and face and gown;
He was a poet of the mountains,
Far from town.

Yet the happy eyes were brown,
Under the poet's smile or frown,
Gleamed, with joy, as they looked down,
Soft and brown.

And that one could not leave them so,
Maiden and poet of long ago,
Meeting with joy by the old bridge—
Long ago.

But Marjorie, waiting there,
With gaze of dream and smile of awe,
Had wrapped the path in still and glow—
How and how.

Marjorie married the son of a peer;
Marjorie's life was short and dear,
Forgotten, she, for many a year,
In churchyard drear.

While to the poet's record clear,
Came sweet fame and a long career,
Fiction, and love, and all things dear—
Blessed career!

But that she never passed away;
Happy the little maid, she says,
Tender the poet that sunny day—
Tender day.

Flows are the birds from tree and spray;
There is sweet little Marjorie Gray;
Dances the honored poet's lay—
Welcome!

—Harper's Magazine.

LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

It was a little village called Blunder—not in Fairy-land but in Maine land—just out of the shadow of the solemn forests, and where it could see and flash back the smile of the restless, dancing, meaning sea; and perhaps that was the reason that it was such a busy little village, for, although it had only one street and a church and a schoolhouse (oh! and a blacksmith shop), it was the most uneasy little place imaginable—and so cozy.

In the middle house of the right-hand row lived the musician of the place—a little wrinkled old man, with a wooden leg, ratty hair and a hooked nose, and a face that was always wrinkling up, as if it were making a note to catch ideas. They called him "the professor," and the squire's daughter and the doctor's daughter and the lawyer's wife, and the two rich maids that are to be found in every village, and six of the minister's "olive branches," took lessons of him. And on summer evenings, when he used to sit playing Herr Worstanndrum's adagio movement, in G double-sharp minor, all the village used to gather round his house, and say, softly, one to another:

"What a great man is the professor, and what a wise and enlightened and noble and art-loving people are we Blundernarians!"

He was a very absent man, this professor; for his brain was so full of crotchets and quavers that he couldn't tell a cup of coffee from a sheet of music, and wore his wooden leg upside down half the time; and whenever his daughter Martha (who was a sort of Maine fairy, and kept his house in order, and his queer old ideas straightened out) would say, "Father, the squire's daughter, or the doctor's daughter, is waiting for you," off went the professor like a shot—his faded dressing-gown streaming in the wind, his ratty locks uncovered, and his sound foot, without shoes or stockings, hopping through the streets like mad; and then all the Blundernarians would raise their hands and say once more, one to another:

"Oh, what a great man is the professor!"

But, after a while, there found his way to the village a young man, with dark, thoughtful eyes, and long, curling hair, who unpacked his trunk and set up a huge sign, announcing that he was a professor also. And all the neighbors, as they went by, used to sniff at it and say:

"I guess he can't play Herr Worstanndrum's pieces!" And there was a greater crowd round the old professor's house than ever.

The young man, however, didn't seem to take it much to heart; but one evening, when his neighbor had finished the adagio movement in G double-sharp minor, he sat down to his piano; and all the Blundernarians laughed—for the first few notes were not a bit like Herr Worstanndrum's.

He heard the laugh, but he played on; and, presently, there came through the window sounds like the rustling of pine and the murmur of water, and the song of birds, and shouts of children, and tinkling of bells; and all the Blundernarians who didn't carry handkerchiefs fell to wiping their eyes on their aprons and jacket-sleeves; and bang! went the window of the professor, who had been listening. And all that night he sat in his easy-chair, and wouldn't speak a word to his daughter Martha when she urged him to go to bed.

After that, the squire's daughter found out that handsome eyes the young professor had, and told the doctor's daughter; and then all the Blundernarians discovered that the old professor was out of date, and shabby, and crusty, and queer, and a goose instead of a swan; and in a little while his pupils had all dropped off. And the crowd was around the young man's window, who had always something new to play; and the old man sat scowling in his easy-chair, or played Herr Worstanndrum with the loud pedal, and half-suffocated Martha and himself, because he wouldn't have the windows opened.

Poor little Martha went around with her blue eyes swimming in tears, and her long lips quivering all the time; and whenever she passed the young man's

window she used to dart such savage glances at it as, if they had been pistol balls, would certainly have made an end of him—as he always happened to be there when she went by.

So matters went on, till one evening, when Martha was almost as sulky as her father—because that day she had lost one of her two handkerchiefs—in her indignation at the professor's presuming to bow to her, the door opened, and the dark-eyed stranger came quietly in, holding her handkerchiefs as a flag of truce.

Martha reddened, and her father was so tart and crusty that she was frightened; but the young man would not go till he had heard Herr Worstanndrum's adagio—whereupon the old professor, who was flushed and angry, played it terribly out of time, made false notes, and at last got his poor old hands so entangled that he gave a terrible bang and came away, cowing that the piano was entirely out of tune.

There was quite a silence, and then the stranger rose to go; but the early old man fancied that he was frightened at Herr Worstanndrum; and would not hear of his stirring till he played like-wise.

With a deep sigh, the young man seated himself at the instrument. The professor wrinkled his face, took off his spectacles and cocked his ear critically, while Martha turned her back to hide her tears—till, hearing a great sniff behind her, she saw that her father was weeping, and making the most terrible grimaces to hide it.

When he had finished, the old professor got up, and shut the piano without a word; and Martha, flushed and trembling, went with the stranger to the door—for she knew from her father's look that he was saying to himself that he would never play again.

On the door-step she thought to look at the handkerchiefs; but it was fiercer than any she had ever owned, and beautifully embroidered.

"Take it," she said, handing it back. "This is not mine."

"I know it," answered the young man; "but I kept yours purposely. Gold would not buy it of me." And, with a grave bow, he went away.

"What was that young jackanapes saying to you?" asked her father, when she came back.

Martha, who did not know how to deceive, told him every word.

"Oh, ho!" growled the old man. "I'll have him! If he has stolen away my pupils, he shan't have my daughter. The next time he comes, you're not to let him in—do you hear, Martha?"

"Yes, sir," answered Martha. And, letting fall a pile of plates, broke half of them, tore her only gown in trying to save them, burned her fingers when she lighted her father's pipe, got well scolded and went crying to bed.

After that, every morning was laid on the door-steps a brace of birds, a basket of fruit, or some fine fish, always for the professor, who began to fancy that some of his old friends had at last remembered him, and chuckled mightily over them to Martha, who blushed red as a rose, but never said a word.

One morning, however, the old man—who was as curious as a woman—took it in his head to find out whether it rained fish, birds and fruit, or whether he had still a friend in Blunder; and, posting himself behind the curtains, watched the door-steps as a cat would a mouse, till, to his horror, he descried the dark-eyed young professor in the very act of depositing a superb bunch of venison.

"You scoundrel! you villain! you coward!" shrieked the old man in a fury, throwing open the window; "you wretch! you poisoner! you pettifogger! you knave! you mummy! you—"

Here, as he could think of nothing else, he threw his wooden leg at him. The young man picked it up, and politely handed it to Martha, who came running to the window, as by this time she did also half of the Blundernarians—who, being only half awake, and hardly dressed at all, decided that the young professor had been trying to poison the old one; that he was discovered in the act of trying to do with Martha; that the house was on fire; that the old professor was crazy; that he was drunk, and a variety of equally consistent and sensible opinions. But the truth of the matter leaked out (as it always will, little ones, no matter how deep they bury it), the Blundernarians exclaimed, with one voice, that the old professor was an idiot and an ass, and, as idiots and asses have no right to live, unanimously resolved to starve him out, by depriving Martha of the little work by which she had been able to support her father and herself.

Only the minister's wife couldn't be made to see that she ought to starve a fellow creature because he was poor and crusty, and between her and the dark-eyed stranger, who used to smuggle his contributions now into the kitchen, they managed to struggle on for a few months longer.

At last, one day, Martha found the dark-eyed stranger himself in the kitchen, and was going to blush and scream, but concluded to cry, when he told her that he was going away.

"I have ruined your father," he said, sorrowfully, "and he won't let me repay him; so you see I must go."

"It will do no good," answered Martha. "Some one else will come. You have taught other people too much. They will never come back to Herr Worstanndrum."

"But there is another reason," he said. "I am very unhappy. I love a little blue-eyed girl, who is my next-door neighbor, but her father hates me, and I don't think she would marry me without his consent—do you?" And he looked straight into Martha's eyes, as if he knew anything about it.

"I don't think she would," answered Martha. "It is a good girl."

"She is very good," he said, positively; "so you see there is no hope for me, and I must go."

On which Martha whispered something in his ear—to which he said: "Do you think so?"—to which she answered: "I know so!"—on which he said: "I'll try," and went away.

That evening the professor was quite alone, and the door was open. He was wondering what best Martha so long.

and grumbling terribly as he smoked his pipe, when in came the dark-eyed stranger.

"I came to make my peace with you," he said, mournfully. "I am going away."

"Take a seat, sir," said the professor, growing civil at once.

"I am going," he repeated, seating himself close to the old man. "For two reasons. The first is, that I love your daughter Martha, and am sure you won't let me have her; but the principal one is—Herr Worstanndrum."

"Herr Worstanndrum?" repeated the old man, opening his eyes very wide.

"Yes, I am tormented by the recollection of your superior excellence. My style of playing phrases; it is popular. Why? Because the vulgar can understand and appreciate it—just like the children like the primer better than Clever's orations. Yours is the true school—the only fountain of excellence. But it is only great minds like yours that can comprehend the meaning of such wondrous melodies like those of Herr Worstanndrum; but to play them—ah! that is reserved for you. I have tried, and failed—"

"Really?" interrupted the old man, hugely delighted.

"Yes, really. I am continually trying to recall it, but in vain. It haunts me; it crazes me; and since I cannot bear the torture, I fly—"

But the professor was already at the long-closed piano.

"You shall not go away, my poor boy. I will play it for you every day, and perhaps you might learn it by degrees. It is not your fault, you know, if you did fail."

"Impossible," returned the young man, sadly. "You are only too good; but I cannot stay—"

"Not if I will give you Martha?" urged the old man—as eager to keep him as he had ever been to drive him away.

"That might alter the case," he said, hesitatingly. "But would you play the adagio every day?"

"I will if you like." And he did.

"The young professor, with his arm around the waist of his blue-eyed wife, smiles as the old man craves away at 'Herr Worstanndrum,' saying pitily: 'Poor fellow! he can never play it!'

Reader, it is not probable that there are any such cross-grained, quaint, crotchical, fog-brained old curmudgeons nowadays; but if ever you should chance to stumble on any, find out their particular 'Herr Worstanndrum,' and go and do likewise.

ANONIMOUS.

In a recent sermon Mr. Beecher spoke of the agnostics, the know-nothings in philosophy, who say that what they admit as true must be demonstrated. They say there may be a God and a future life, but they don't know, and not to know is as bad as not to believe. "I have no venomous feelings against these men," they have drifted so that the verities of religion are matters of ignorance to them. Things are true which are not susceptible of material proof. The soul is not measured by the tests of reason. Every man knows the difference between calm reason and being tongue-tied mad, but he cannot explain it. The man who gives up all he can't prove, must give up honor, poetry, heroism, and much that is best and richest in life. It is all beyond the last analysis of science.

A CHANGE OF COOKS.

He was a commercial drummer, who had just returned to Chicago from a Western trip. The hour was half-past 7 a. m., and the landlady, observing that her boarder seemed disinclined to get his dollars in the piney forests of Fresno county.

"Nothing much," said the drummer, positively, lifting a fish-bone from his plate by a long yellow hair to which it was securely anchored. "I was just wondering why you had changed your cook."

The Brooklyn doctors examined a man to see if he was insane, and as they found six letters from other men's wives concealed in the lining of his coat, where his own wife had never found them, concluded that he was able to transact business.

Domestic Economy.

A small square piece of citron on the top of a sugar cookie improves the flavor and the looks of the cake.

CORN CAKES.—One quart of flour, one pint of meal, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of sugar, three table-spoonfuls of melted lard, sweet milk enough to make a thin batter; add salt enough to suit your taste.

RICED BUNS.—One pint of flour, one pint of sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one table-spoonful of cloves, one of cinnamon, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in square tins and frost, or you may omit the spice, and bake in bread tins.

EGGS.—The yolk of a hard-boiled egg cut in bits with a sharp knife makes a pleasing addition to the sauce made of butter, flour and water for baked or boiled fish. A safe rule to follow when breaking eggs is to break each in a saucer by itself, to make sure that it is fresh, and not run the risk of spoiling the dish you are making by putting in a bad egg.

FROSTING.—When very thick frosting is to cover the top of a large cake, dissolve a heaping teaspoonful of gelatine in hot water (use just as little water as possible), while hot rub it over the top of the cake, then put on the frosting. If this precaution is not taken the sugar, when hard, is almost certain to crumble off, and the cake might as well not be frosted at all.

VINEGAR CAKE.—One pound of flour, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda well rubbed into it, a quarter of a pound of lard, half a pound of currants and half a pound of moist sugar. Put two table-spoonfuls of vinegar into a half-pint cup, and fill it up with milk, mix the cake well with it, and, if not moist enough, add a little more milk, put it into a plain tin, well greased, and bake it the usual time.

EFFECT UPON EUROPE OF THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

The voyage of Columbus in 1492 was in many respects the greatest event which had occurred in the world since the birth of Christ. Politically and socially it was the beginning of an entirely new chapter in human history, and it wrought effects upon men's speculative thinking which, though perhaps less conspicuous, were not less real or remarkable. In much more than the mere geographical sense was this the discovery of a new world. It was the first in a complicated series of events which four centuries have not yet fully rounded into a period; the foundation of a new Europe in America, in Africa, in Australia and in the islands of the Pacific; the rise of the English race to political and commercial supremacy, and the advance of the English language toward what may become universal dominion; the reorganization of government upon a higher plane than the middle ages had ever been able to foresee; the renovation of society in the old Europe through countless subtle influences; the permanent triumph of the industrial over the predatory spirit; the successful assertion of individual freedom against the paralyzing absolutism inherited from the Roman empire; the overthrow of sacerdotalism, and the Christianization of the world. It would probably be too much to assert that some of these desirable results might not have been attained, so far as the old Europe is concerned, even if the lands beyond the sea had never been explored and colonized. It is unquestionable, however, that the progress would have been much slower and much more subject to interruption. The part performed by England, for example, in the work of European civilization since the age of Elizabeth has been so immense and so complicated that no laborer at the anvil of description can do it justice. Yet England in Elizabeth's time was hardly a first-class power, and but for the colonization of America in the seventeenth century it is difficult to see in what way she would so surely or so soon have gained the commercial supremacy which gave her in the eighteenth the dominion of the ocean, and thus secured her the foremost position in the world. To those—and there are many such in America—who are in the habit of regarding American history as a dry and uninteresting study, it may be a profitable matter of reflection that since the beginning of the seventeenth century it is impossible to follow intelligently the affairs of the old Europe through a single generation without constant reference to the New World.—John Pike, in Harper's Magazine.

THE PINE FOREST OF CALIFORNIA.

The mountains of California are heavily clothed with pines; two of the most valuable being the sugar pine and the heavy-wooded pine. A writer on the vastness of the supply of timber in the State says: There is probably more timber, and of a quality not surpassed in the State, in Fresno county than in any other in California. The timber belt extends along the Sierras a distance of fully 200 miles and varies from ten to forty miles in width. When the timber in the more accessible sections is exhausted, this valuable belt will be attacked, and its almost inexhaustible supply will give employment to thousands of persons, and will require millions of capital to handle it. The first incentive will be the California Central railway. This will tap the same belt now being worked by the Madera Plume and Trading Company, but in time other roads will be built to tap the pines on the south side of the San Joaquin and of King's rivers. There are millions of dollars in the piney forests of Fresno county.

CLOVES.

Few condiments are in more general repute than clove-spice, the product of a tree growing in the East Indian Archipelago and denominated caryophyllus aromaticus by Linnaeus. This clove-tree is indigenous to the Moluccas or Spice islands, where, as well as in Sumatra, Mauritius, Bourbon, Martinique and St. Vincent's, it is now extensively cultivated. For a considerable time the Dutch managed to restrict the growth of this valuable tree to the Moluccas, but the selfish policy has completely failed in its intent. Many parts of the clove-tree are odorous, but the cloves of commerce are the dried flower-buds; these being found to contain the odorous principles characterizing the spice more highly developed than any other part. The flower-stems, however, are nearly as strong; and these, broken up into small lengths, frequently mingle with the cloves of commerce. The dried clove-flower-bud, with stem attached, bears a striking similarity to a nail; hence the French name clou, from which the word clove is derived. The fully-expanded flower is much less pungent and spicy than the yet undeveloped bud; hence care has to be taken lest the development proceed too far before gathering. When sufficiently ripe, the buds are collected either by hand or else by beating or hooking down—very much as hazel-nuts are plucked. They are either dried by fire-heat, or what is preferable, by exposure to the sun. The chief virtue of cloves resides in a pungent volatile oil, present to such an extent that it may be forced out and made evident to the eye by pressure. By distillation most of this volatile oil may be drawn off, leaving the cloves unaltered as to shape, but, of course, deteriorated. The Dutch used to perform this ingenious operation, and sell the exhausted cloves afterward. They went to work ingeniously, as the following statement attests. It has been already remarked that so rich in volatile oil is the clove that exhalation takes place on pressure. The Dutch operators, having extracted the odorous oil, made good the appearance of the same by a glaze of olive oil; a practice altogether more ingenious than commendable. Commercial cloves being the undeveloped flower-bud, it follows that these, if not plucked, would grow into flowers, and the latter into fruit. The name of moth-clove has been given to this fruit, which but rarely finds its way to table country.

ARTHUR AS A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

How the President Organized Himself Into a Committee of One to Enforce Order and Discipline in a Country School.

(From the True Times.)

In the year 1853 the writer attended the district school at Cohoes. The high department did not enjoy a very enviable reputation for being possessed of that respect due from the pupils to teacher. During the year there had been at least four teachers in that department, the last one only remaining one week. The Board of Education had found it difficult to obtain a pedagogue to take charge of the school, until a young man, slender as a May-pole, six feet high in his stockings, applied for the place. He was engaged at once, although having been previously informed of the kind of timber he would be obliged to hew. Promptly at 9 o'clock a. m. every scholar was on hand to welcome the man who said he would "conquer the school or forfeit his reputation."

Having called the morning session to order, he said that he had been engaged to take charge of the school. He came with his mind prejudiced against the place. He had heard of the treatment of the former teachers by the pupils, yet he was not at all embarrassed, for he felt that, with proper recognition of each other's rights, teacher and scholars could live together in harmony. He did not intend to threaten, but he intended to make the scholars obey him, and would try and win the good-will of all present. "I had been engaged to take charge of that room, and he wished the co-operation of every pupil in so doing. He had no club, ruler or whip, but appealed directly to the hearts of every young man and young lady in the room. Whatever he should do, he would at least show to the people of this place that this school could be governed. He spoke thus and feelingly at times, yet with perfect dignity he displayed the boys, had heard fine words spoken before, and at once a little smile seemed to fit across the faces of the leading spirits in past rebellions.

The work of the forenoon began, when a lad of 13 placed a marble between his thumb and finger, and, with a snap, sent it rolling across the floor. As the tall and handsome young teacher saw this act he rose from his seat, and, without a word, walked toward the lad. "Get up, sir," he said. The lad looked at him to see if he was in earnest, then he cast his eye toward the large boys to see if they were not going to take up his defense. "Get up, sir," said the teacher a second time, and he took him by the collar of his jacket as if to raise him. The lad saw he had no common man to deal with, and he rose from his seat. "Follow me, sir," calmly spoke the teacher, and he led the way to the hall, while the boy began to tremble, wondering if the teacher was going to take him out and kill him. The primary department was presided over by a sister of the new teacher, and into this room he led the young transgressor. Turning to his sister, he said: "I have a pupil for you; select a seat for him and let him remain here. If he makes any disturbance whatever inform me."

Turning to the boy, he said: "Young man, mind your teacher, and do not leave your seat until I give you permission," and he was gone. The lad sat there, feeling very sheepish, and, as misery loves company, it was not long before he was gratified to see the door open and observe his seat-mate enter rooms previously uttered, when he quietly and with dignity withdrew. The number was subsequently increased to three, the teacher returning each time without a word to the other scholars concerning the disposition made of the refractory lads. The effect upon the rest of the school was remarkable. As no intimation of the disposition of the boys was given, not a shade of anger displayed on the countenance of the new teacher, nor any appearance of blood were noticeable upon his hands, speculation was rife as to what he had done with the three chaps. He spoke kindly to all, smiled upon the scholars who did well in their classes, and seemed to inspire all present with the truth of his remarks uttered at the opening of the session. At recess the mystery that enveloped the school was cleared away, for the three lads in the primary department filed by the door. While all the rest enjoyed the recess, the three lads were obliged to remain in their seats, and when school was dismissed for the forenoon, the new teacher entered the primary room and was alone with the young offenders. He sat down by them, and, like a father, talked kind words and gave good advice. No parent ever used more fitting words, nor impressed his offspring with the fullness thereof, than did the new teacher. Dismissing them, he told them to go home, and when they returned to school, to be good boys. That afternoon the boys were in their seats, and in two weeks' time there was not a scholar in the room who would not do anything the teacher asked. He was beloved by all, and his quiet manner and cool, dignified ways made him a great favorite. He only taught two terms, and those who ought to know attribute the fact to increased care on the part of breeders, who have realized the value of cleanliness. Grass-fed hogs who have the run of good and nutritious pastures, with plenty of pure water, are the ones that bring the highest prices in any market. The summer feed of grass results in bone, muscle and all the good qualities of first-class pork, and a fall feed of corn just prior to marketing makes the pump and round finish considered so desirable. It is not too much to say that if swine-raisers would adopt a universal plan of cleanliness in raising and feeding their stock, it would be but a very short time before complaints of American pork would cease to be heard in any European country. Breeders owe it to themselves and they owe it to their swine to adopt such reforms as will insure them as decent treatment as possible.—Chicago Tribune.

FARM AND HOME.

From Harkings.

Labels.—Labels placed in lined oil and soaked will hold plain mark plain for years.

Soaking Seeds.—It is recommended to soak seeds in water that has been slightly acidified with nitric acid. A little ammonia added to the water will hasten germination.

White Grass.—Mixing salt with manures and composts will kill white grub as well as seeds of weeds. Afterward spread broadcast and plow, harrow or cultivate into the soil.

Young Orchards.—Trim trees in open weather. Scatter all the wood ashes you can get under the peach trees and cut back the new growth one-half. Sow red-rose salt and brim broadcast under all fruit trees.

Red Grass.—Red grass is almost indestructible in the hog pen or barnyard, and yet can be easily decomposed by composting with quicklime or wood ashes, when it makes valuable fertilizer, as it contains one-third per cent. nitrogen, 1 per cent. potash and a quarter of 1 per cent. phosphoric acid.

Scaly Legs.—An authority says that hens badly afflicted with scaly legs should not be used as sitters, as the disease will be communicated to the chicks, and so it would be better not to allow the hen to hood the chicks, even if she hatched the eggs. It is always well to set several hens at once, and give all the chicks to one hen. Early broods, however, had better each be taken care of by their own mother, as during the cold weather one hen cannot keep more than ten or twelve chicks warm.

Dry Cows.—A writer, referring to the common practice among dairymen to give their cows, when dry, scanty living, says: "When a cow ceases to give milk, or is dried up, any feed is considered good enough for her. I think this is a great mistake, and the result is a diminished product of milk, both in quantity and quality, when she does come in. There is a large draught on the system to sustain the calf while the cow is carrying it; and to keep the cow in good condition good feed is as important as when she is giving milk. It is my opinion that one dollar's worth of food when the cow is dry is worth \$1.50 after she comes in. An animal in poor condition cannot digest as much food as an animal in good condition. If the cow is poor when she comes in she will not digest enough food to support the system, and, at the same time, to make a large quantity of milk."

It has been estimated that unless a milk cow will pay her owner a profit every year of \$44.50 she is being kept at a loss. This fact has had much to do with the growing desire to improve dairy cows, which is resulting in increased importations of Holstein and Jersey stock, in whom a profit is ordinarily a sure thing where the cows are properly managed and cared for. Dairymen throughout the country recognize the fact that it does not pay to depend upon the old-fashioned scrub cow, and the practice of investing in high grade animals for dairy purposes is becoming quite general. Among the dairy cattle there is no breed which more completely fills the requirements of both butter and cheese makers than the Ayrshire, and there are a good many exclusive dairy farmers who insist that a good Ayrshire cross on a high-grade Short Horn will produce not only excellent dairy stock but such animals as can be disposed of for beef purposes when the time comes. Breeders of beef cattle will doubtless take exception to such a claim, but if there be any merit in the Ayrshire and beef combination the surprising Western farmers will discover and take advantage of it.

Cleanliness a Preventive of Hog Diseases.—There has been a great deal said and written upon the subject of allowing hogs to run in pastures. The discussion both in and out of the newspapers has been watched with a great deal of interest by hog raisers, who, from knowledge, acquired by experience, has enabled them long since to form opinions upon the subject. Those men, who have money invested in the business, are prone to arrive at conclusions based upon actual observation, from which they form common-sense ideas of what is beneficial to their stock, and the wise-acre who reads their long, self-conceited lectures upon subjects about which they have no personal knowledge receive but little consideration at the hands of breeders. It is a common remark that most anything is good enough for a hog, and to this senseless proposition is traced the diseases among swine owned by breeders who endorse it. Since time immemorial the hog has been called the farm scavenger, but, nevertheless, the successful breeder is he who relies the least upon the overestimated characteristic of the animal. Bad water, worse treatment in handling, and superabundance of filth are the foundations of all diseases to which hogs are subject, and it is consequently easy to believe that the health of the animal and the quality of the meat must increase in proportion to the cleanliness of his food and surroundings. It is believed that there has been less disease among swine during the past year than during any time for the past decade, and those who ought to know attribute the fact to increased care on the part of breeders, who have realized the value of cleanliness. Grass-fed hogs who have the run of good and nutritious pastures, with plenty of pure water, are the ones that bring the highest prices in any market. The summer feed of grass results in bone, muscle and all the good qualities of first-class pork, and a fall feed of corn just prior to marketing makes the pump and round finish considered so desirable. It is not too much to say that if swine-raisers would adopt a universal plan of cleanliness in raising and feeding their stock, it would be but a very short time before complaints of American pork would cease to be heard in any European country. Breeders owe it to themselves and they owe it to their swine to adopt such reforms as will insure them as decent treatment as possible.—Chicago Tribune.

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