

From My Arm-Chair. TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE, Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree.

"I have come prepared to hear no objections," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your health, and must go out. So get yourself ready."

"All," was answered. "They were precious to me—very precious—but God took them."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. What the New Agriculture Teaches. The following hints are taken from an essay on "The New Agriculture" by Dr. J. F. Nicholas, a distinguished agricultural writer: "Apples carelessly grown will bring poor prices; but those well grown and well cared for and properly packed will bring best prices even in these times. The best corn will make the best meal. Some farmers make their cider from rotten or otherwise worthless apples and put the cider into musty casks. Such cider, however, is of little value compared to that made from good apples and put in clean sweet casks. Pork fed from slops and kept in dirt and filth is not near as valuable as that fed on good meal and always well littered. Good food is always worth paying for. A pan of butter has been spoiled by the farmer going into the milk room with his boots covered with manure; but butter and milk absorb odors rapidly; it is a safe habit to aim at excellence in everything. Fodder-corn is good feed if properly grown, but it is not good when sown broadcast and thick. It is as foolish to say that either milk or beer can be produced from food which chemistry says lacks the elements of which they are composed, as to say that dung will produce milk or beer. Fifteen cows, allowed to stand on one hour on a cold day, shrunk in milk nine quarts; ice-cold water given to a cow will shrink the milk; cows allowed to stand in water on a hot day will also shrink their milk. Cows never should be allowed to stand in a draft. A good, careful man, placed in charge of a badly managed herd of cattle, has increased the yield of milk to an extent sufficient to pay his wages. Putting salt on the hay mow is a useless practice. In this case it has no curative properties. In the old agriculture the idea was prevalent that dung was dung from whatever source produced; that from meadow hay being supposed equal to that from the best hay or the best of meal or grain. The new agriculture forbids farmers letting their wet manure rot in their stacks. If they have finished their hay, and are equal to July to go to work next day to reclaim other lands. The new agriculture teaches us the different amount of nutrition in the different kinds of corn. Under the old system twenty to forty bushels were considered a good yield, but the new one teaches us that seventy or eighty will only be considered a fair yield. It also teaches us that the nutritive value of the cob is superior to that of wheat or rye straw, and equal to that of oat straw, besides containing a much larger amount of potash than any of the straws. Eastern corn ground with the cob is equal in feeding value to the Southern corn without the cob; but to obtain the best results from any grain it should be ground very fine. The amount of potash taken from the soil by the cultivation of corn is enormous. Sweet corn makes the best fodder to feed green to cows."

fixed upon wheels for distributing it. When the plants are sending out runners, I wait until a few young plants have begun to take root; then with a pair of sheep-shears I stand astride the row and with one hand gather up the runners and clip them with the shears in the other. This I repeat two or three times during the season. When marketing I use the lat crate made for sixty boxes, but I take out fifteen, thus leaving forty-five; removing one partition and putting a couple of strips at each end, dividing the crate into three tiers instead of four. The upper strip at one end should be set lower than the other, and the lower strip at the other end. By this plan the fruit gets plenty of air, and I can round up my boxes well with berries and there is no danger of their getting mashed, if carefully handled; and when exposed for sale they present a much finer appearance and command a much better price than is received for loosely packed in large crates. —James Hunter, Jr., Fairfax county, Va., in New York Tribune.

Signs of a Prosperous Farmer. When you see a barn larger than his house, it shows that he will have large profits and small affections. When you see him driving his work instead of his work driving him, it shows that he will never be driven from resolutions, and that he will certainly see his way to prosperity. When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three months or more, it shows that he will be more than a ninety days' wonder in farming in his home state. If he is not sleeping in his house during the summer months, when his sled is housed in summer and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of his early life and in the winter of old age. When his cattle are shielded and fed in winter, it evinces that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is merciful to his beast." When he is seen subscribing for a paper and paying in advance, it shows that he will never get his walking papers to the land of poverty. —Minnesota Farmer.

Roots of Cattails. A writer in Vick's Monthly says: "The rooting of slips I have found a very easy matter in a double pot. I take an eight-inch pot, cork up the bottom hole, and put it into enough clean sand to raise the top of a four-inch pot to the height of the eight-inch pot when placed thereon. I then place the four-inch pot in the center without corking, fill around it with sand, place a warm, sunny position, and fill with water by pouring into the small pot. Slips placed in the sand near the outer pot will root rapidly if kept warm and plenty of water is kept in the pot. In summer I place the pots on a fence in the hottest place I can find, and in winter in a south window of a warm room. As soon as rooted, the slips must be transferred to good soil. I have never found any trouble in rooting anything in this way."

UNDER A CLOUD. "Did you ever see a sadder face?" It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her window. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for the first time for months; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive command of her physician. She was in deep sorrow, refusing all comfort. Heavy clouds were in her sky—black clouds, through which not a ray of sunshine penetrated.

"Fever," answered the friend, while a shade caught from Mrs. Loring's countenance flitted across her own face. "Who can she be?" "Did you recognize her?" "No. The countenance was, to me, that of a stranger."

"I can hardly wonder that it should be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring, who lost her two children last winter from scarlet fever."

"Mrs. Loring!" The lady might well look surprised. "Sorrow has indeed done a fearful work there. But it is right thus to sit under a cloud; right thus to oppose no strong barrier to the waters of affliction that go sweeping over the soul, marring all its beauty?"

"It is not right," was the answer. "The heart that sits in darkness, brooding over its loss, sorrows with a selfish sorrow. The clouds that shut out the sun are exhalations from its own stagnant surface. It makes the all-pervading gloom by which it is surrounded. I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer that she is; but my pity for her is always mingled with a desire to speak sharp rebuking words, in the hope to agitate the slumberous atmosphere in which she is enveloped like a shroud."

"I wonder," remarked the other, "that her husband permits her to brood so long in idle grief over the inevitable."

"Husbands," was replied, "have often the least salutary influence over their wives when bowed with affliction. Some men have no patience with displays of excessive grief in women, and, therefore, more ignorant than children in regard to its treatment. Such a man is Mr. Loring. All that he does or says, therefore, only deepens the encompassing shadow. A wise, unselfish man, with a mind to realize something of his wife's true state, and a heart to sympathize with her, will always lead her from beneath the clouds of sorrow upward to the clearer heights upon which the sunshine rests. If she shows unwillingness to be led; if she courts the shadows and hides in the gloom of her own dark repinings, he does not become impatient. He loves her with too unselfish a love for this. And so he brings light to her on his own countenance. The sunshine of even affected cheerfulness that penetrates the murky atmosphere in which she sits, and warms her heart with its genial radiance. Thus he woos her with sunny gleams from the clear sky that yet bends over her, and that will make all again bright and beautiful on the earth of her spirit, she will but lift herself above the clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs. Loring that she is not blessed with such a husband."

The subject of this conversation had on that morning yielded to the solicitations of one of her nearest friends, and with great reluctance consented to go out with her in her carriage.

"I shall be much better at home," she objected to the urgent appeal of her friend. "This quiet suits me. The stillness of my own chamber accords best with my feelings. The glare and bustle of the busy streets will only disturb me deeper. I know it is kindness in you; but it is a mistaken kindness. To reason with her would have been useless, and so reason was not attempted."

Last night one of our sweetest young men gathered all his overland talents and repaired to the pavement in front of the house in which his Dulcinea was sleeping. He sang several selections, and then he threw all his soul into that tender strain, "For the pain that's in my bosom is hard to bear," and a window in the upper story was gently lifted, and a woman's face was gazed upon. "Young man, try a mustard plaster for that pain." He fainted on the spot. —Saltem Sunbeam.

Success with Strawberries. It is becoming more and more a necessity in the successful culture of the strawberry to raise only the best varieties and put them in market in the best possible condition. We often hear the cry that strawberries do not pay, and I truly believe it; for under the common mismanagement—letting the plants run up in the bed, and little or no care exercised in regard to manure. I prefer, rather than the matted-row or the hill system, to cultivate in the single row, making the rows two and one-half feet apart and the plants about eight or ten inches in the row. This will give plenty of room for the hoe and cultivator, which I use freely through the summer, keeping the soil well stirred and allowing no weeds to grow about the plants. In manuring, care should be taken or you may seed your bed with weeds. I prefer to use bone-meal, or some reliable commercial fertilizer of which I know the ingredients and the manufacturer. Clean rye or wheat straw, well rotted, is good to put under the row before planting, and a free application of liquid manure from the barnyard gives good results; I have a barrel

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