

# The Oxford Democrat

TERMS TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS IN ADVANCE.

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## Farmers' Department.

"SPEED THE PLOW."

DARIUS FORBES, Editor.

The arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—AGRICULTURE.

### Agricultural Meetings.

The Cheshire Agricultural Society in New Hampshire, have adopted the plan of extending the money usually paid in premiums, to the support of agricultural meetings in the different towns in the county. The last of these meetings was held in Marlborough, on the 21st of January, and we find an account of the proceedings reported in the New England Farmer. The time between the regular addresses was occupied by inquiries, in which much practical information was elicited. The Farmer says:

"There is no doubt on our mind but this is the true mode of expending a considerable portion of their funds, as a hundred dollars will go far towards holding a meeting in every portion of the county. Like the morning paper, it brings the intelligence desired to the very heart of the people, and lays it before them in an informal and agreeable manner. But more than all else, it leads them to express their own views, publicly, upon matters of vital importance to their interests, and introduces a spirit of discussion and investigation which will not fail to work out the happiest results."

The plan seems to us to be well adapted to diffuse information among the farmers, and what is perhaps more practical value, excite a healthy emulation among the members of our County Societies, to present their finest animals and productions. Much objection is, and always will be made to the system of giving premiums. The premiums of themselves are scarcely sufficient to make it an object to carry animals to the fair, while the feeling which generally prevails in relation to unjust awards, often operates to keep away more and better animals than are presented. A series of Agricultural conferences held at different points within the limits of a society, with suitable speakers provided, would of themselves be of great value in arousing an interest in agricultural matters; and it is a question worthy of consideration whether this interest would not be sufficient to offset any lack of premiums, in drawing out a large display at the annual fair.

### Warming Water for Cattle.

The Somerset (Mass.) Telegraph states that Mr. Peter Malbon, of that town, has devised a very curious and ingenious apparatus to warm the water for his cattle, as well as to prevent the ice from collecting in the tub. It consists of a small cast-iron chest, or box, about twelve inches square, made water-tight, fixed in the fire-place, in such a manner that one side of it forms so much of the back of the fire-place, and is exposed to the heat of the fire. The water of the aqueduct, in its course from the fountain to the yard, is made to pass into this box at one end, and thus becoming heated, passes out at the other end, and continues to the yard, which is across the road, and about six rods from the house. Mr. Malbon, previous to adopting this plan, had a good deal of trouble with the ice burning in his tub, but has very little of that kind now. He says his cattle drink much more than they would if the water was cold, and he believes it to be more healthy for them. The calves enjoy it so much, that when let out to drink they will fight for the warm end of the tub.

### Hen Manure for Indian Corn.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, thus gives his experience of the value of hen manure for Indian corn:

"On cleaning out my hen house last spring, I had more than a wagon load of clear hen manure. I drew this into my barn intending to drop it on the hills of corn as soon as the corn made its appearance. I planted one acre on the 1st of May, but after that the weather was so unfavorable that it was the end of May and beginning of June before I got through planting. Long before this the manure began to heat at such a rate that I had to unload it on to the barn floor, and on going into the barn in a few days after, the effluvia from the escaping ammonia was so powerful that I was glad to escape from the barn. Having some plaster on hand I mixed it thoroughly with the manure, spreading the latter thinly over the floor and bruising and chopping it very fine. It was then thrown into a heap and remained on the floor until the corn was ready for it, and there was no further perceptible escape of ammonia. With this I top-dressed all my corn, eleven acres, and had a barrel left over for other purposes. So well satisfied am I with the result that for the future I intend to prepare my hen manure in the same way and apply it to the same crop. I mixed enough plaster with it to make it dry and quite insensible to handle. I can speak of this from experience, as I dropped it over four acres myself. Now here is a manure as is too often the case, so highly do I esteem this manure that I make it my business every night to see that all my fowls are within their proper house."

### Cure for Scab in Sheep.

I have had the scab disease break out several times among my sheep, and have never failed in effecting a cure by the application of tobacco juice. If taken in time, the cure is quite easily effected; but if allowed to spread among the flock it is a work of considerable labor. Wash the parts affected with a pretty strong decoction of tobacco, and repeat every two or three days until the skin of the animal resumes a healthy state. It is a sure cure. An extensive farmer in this vicinity, who kept several hundred sheep, had the scab among his flock, and allowed it to be spread so extensively that many of them were covered with the eruption to the ears and eyes, and the only way that he could devise to make a speedy cure, was to fill a large cask with the decoction, and immerse each sheep, merely allowing a sufficient portion of the head out for breathing. No time should be lost; apply the remedy immediately.

(Cor. Co. Gent.)

CULTURE OF RHUBARB. I noticed an article in your paper in which a correspondent wants to know why his rhubarb dies away in the summer after making a good growth in the early part of the season. Your correspondent does not state what kind of soil his rhubarb was grown in, or what treatment it received. If the soil is of a sandy or porous nature, (unless well watered with sink water or liquid manure,) it will be likely to die in the month of August or September. The soil for rhubarb should be rich and moist. The best treatment for rhubarb that I know of (and it will apply to most of plants,) is to take the surface from the plant to the depth of 3 or 6 inches, and put in three or four quarts of old soap grease around the plants. With the above treatment I have grown good rhubarb from what were before very poor plants.

(Co. Gent.)

PICKLED EGGS. Boil the eggs until very hard; when cold, shell them, and cut them in halves lengthways. Lay them carefully in large mouthed jars, and pour over them scalded vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few pieces of ginger, and a few cloves or garlic. When cold, tie up closely, and let them stand a month. They are then fit for use. With cold meat they are a most delicious and delicate pickle.

BECKWITH Cakes. Take a convenient sized jar or dish, that will hold more than is wanted for a meal, and mix at night with sour milk, letting them stand until morning; leave a little for seed, and afterwards use sweet milk; add saleratus the last moment before frying. In all cases where saleratus is used, it is better to defer putting it in as long as possible before cooking.

(Essex Journal.)

LITTLE GRAVES. Sacred places for pure thoughts and holy meditations are the little graves in a churchyard, says a writer. They are the depositories of the mother's sweetest joy—half unfolded buds of immortality, humanity nipped by the first frost of time, ere yet a canker worm of corruption has infected among its embryo petals. Callous, indeed, must be the heart of him who can stand by a little grave side and not have the holiest emotions of the soul awakened to thoughts of that purity and joy which belong alone to God and Heaven—for the mute preacher at his feet tells of life begun and ended without stain; and surely if this be vouchsafed to mortality, how much purer and holier must be the spiritual land, enlightened by the sun of infinite goodness, whence emanated the soul of that brief sojourner among us? How swells the heart of the parent with mournful joy while standing by the earth-bed of his little ones? Mournful, because a sweet treasure has been taken away—joyful, because that precious jewel glitters in the diadem of the Redeemer.

COLD WATER TO CURE SCALDS. I placed a large tub full of cold water, with plenty of ice in it, by the side of a large kettle full of water, which was boiling very fast. I then rolled up my sleeve above the elbow, and thrust it into the kettle of boiling water up to the elbow, then immediately back into the tub of ice water, letting it remain a few seconds, then into boiling water again, repeating this process ten times a minute, without injury or inconvenience, not even making my arm look red. From this experiment I suggested the propriety of using cold water baths instantly after being scalded. I have practiced the above remedy with entire success during the last ten years. Cold water is always handy where there is hot water. The sooner cold water is applied after scalding, the surer will be the cure. (Ohio Cultivator.)

FEED FOR CHICKENS. According to a former number of the Agriculturist, a subscriber living at Rock Island, Illinois, found it difficult to raise chickens. So did I, while I fed them with fine Indian meal. I improved by mixing whole buckwheat, rye and wheat with Indian. At last I had corn cracked the average size of rice, or samp, which I fed to them while young, and increased the size as they grew older. Before they were as large as quail, they would scamper for the largest piece. I find they do best to run out after the dew is off the grass, but should be kept in during wet weather. Since I commenced this plan of feeding, my loss has not been over five per cent. Last spring I had seventy chickens hatched, and lost but three, and one of them was killed by the scap falling on him. I hope "Rock Island" will try this method, and publish the result.

(American Agriculturist.)

### From the Rural New Yorker.

#### Agricultural Books and Experiments.

We have a host of books on agriculture, many, perhaps all, containing useful information, yet we sometimes throw down one of these works, exclaiming, "farmers are not much to blame for entertaining a prejudice against book farming." Perhaps we resolve to show them up with all their faults, as the only means of improving our agricultural literature. A celebrated divine, who once conducted an agricultural journal, and who, no doubt, often had the same feelings, lately remarked, "American Agricultural Literature suffers for want of just criticism." And it is too true. The Agricultural Press, we fear, in this respect is at fault, and we have often resolved upon a reform. But at the outset we find, even in the worst books, many great truths, and we fear to say aught that may prevent the circulation of the good because it is mixed with evil. The greater part may be borrowed or stolen from some previous writer, the little that is original may be unreliable, or evidently untrue, but we spare the evil for the sake of the good, and in this we have the example of Him who cannot err, who would have spared even Sodom for the sake of the righteous. Then, we console ourselves with the thought that the farmers of this country are a thinking as well as a reading class, men of good common sense, eminently capable of sifting the chaff from the wheat, and in no danger of swallowing indifferently the good and the bad.

When speaking of Agricultural Colleges, in a late number, we stated the great want was competent professors, without which College organizations and buildings were worthless. We are equally destitute of competent agricultural book-writers. Who, in all this land, is competent to give us a good and reliable work on practical agriculture? Not theories that have been proved a thousand times—not visionary ideas that never will be proved—but a book giving the teachings of experience, the results of well-tried experiments, teaching truth in a manner not to be gainsaid. A life-time and a fortune might be well spent in the accumulation of facts for such a book, but when accomplished it would be a blessing to the country and the world, placing the author's name on the roll of fame, away out of sight of the journeyman book-makers, who manufacture books to suit their employers, the publishers.

Perhaps it is better that we make poor books than none, only we fear these inferior things discourage the necessary effort for something better; for if a poor book that costs about nothing will sell, who can expect a man to spend his energies, talents and means—the best years of his life—in gathering materials for a good book, when the public taste seems fully satisfied with an article that costs so little.

The best part of our agricultural literature is to be found in the Agricultural Journals—in the communications of farmers. Here we have simple facts—truths which nature utters in her own unmistakable language. It is to be regretted that these experiments are not always made with such care as to give in all cases a "certain sound," and it is to call special attention to the importance of careful experiments, that we now allude to the subject. It is the duty of every farmer to gain all the light he can, and to let that light shine. In no way can valuable knowledge be gained so well as in watching with an eager eye the results of different modes of culture, different manures, crops &c., while the agricultural journals furnish the best means for presenting the facts to the world.

The following extract from *Farmer's Letters*, written by Arthur Young, in 1758, is as important and truthful now as it was when penned, nearly a hundred years ago: "The publication of experiments, really made, faithfully related, and sufficiently authenticated, is of great and important consequence to the public good. But the very reverse is the case of those books which are published under the title of General Treatises and Systems, comprehending more soils, articles of culture, &c., than any one man can experimentally have a knowledge of; consisting of the most heterogeneous parts, jumbled out of former books on the same subjects, without a common knowledge to discover the good from the bad. It has been said several times, and with very great justice, that what we want is a *Book of Experiments*. If any practical husbandman, who occupies a farm, would only keep an exact register of all his business, such a collection would form, so far as it extended, a complete set of experiments. What we have are the author's reflections, instead of that which enabled him to reach different conclusions. The *Experiment* is *Truth* itself; the author's conclusions, matter of opinion which we may either agree to or reject, according to our private notions."

The facts are *truth*—inferences and conclusions may be true or false. Let us then, have the facts, no matter what they teach—even should they overturn some of our most cherished notions.

POTATO APPLE DUMPLINGS. Boil any quantity of white, mealy potatoes; pare them and wash them with a rolling pin; then dredge in flour enough to form a dough; roll it out to about the thickness of pie crust, and make up the dumplings by putting an apple pared, cored and quartered to each. Boil them one hour.

Cabbage contains more muscle-sustaining nutriment than any other vegetable whatever. So says an exchange. We always supposed that peas had the first claim to that distinction.

### From the Plough, Loom and Anvil.

#### Plants Must Have Food.

Vegetation annually appropriates to itself, and removes from the soil, a portion of nutritive principles therein contained, and if they be removed without compensation in some way, barrenness will ensue. Upon the facilities which the farmer may be able to command to secure an adequate supply of food for his crops, his success must in a great measure depend.

Manure is a term of broad application. It was formerly confined chiefly to the excrements of animals, but now has a wider signification, and may be understood as embracing any animal, vegetable, or mineral matter, capable of improving and fertilizing the soil, or of correcting its faults and supplying its defects. Whether artificial fertilizers may or may not be profitably employed, is of far less moment for us to understand, than how to make the most of home resources; the true policy being to increase the productiveness of the farm from within itself. To accomplish this, every source of fertilizing material upon the farm should be made to contribute, and care should be taken that nothing be wasted. Not only should the solid excrement of animals, which too often is the sole dependence of the farmer, be properly cared for, but special efforts should be directed to the liquids also, which are not only more exposed to waste, but possess a superiority over others, which renders their loss irreparable. An eminent agricultural writer says: "When it is considered that with every pound of ammonia that escapes, a loss of sixty pounds of corn is sustained, and that with every pound of urine a pound of wheat might be produced, the indifference with which these liquid excrements are regarded is quite comprehensible." Another says: "The quantity of liquid manure produced by one cow annually, is equal to fertilizing an acre and a quarter of ground, producing effects as durable as do the solid evacuations. A cord of loam, saturated with urine, is equal to a cord of the best dung. If the liquid and solid evacuations, including the litter, are kept separate, and soaking up the liquid by loam, it has been found that they will manure land, in proportion by bulk, of seven liquid to six solid, while their actual value is as two to one. The simple statement, then, in figures, of the difference in value of the solid and liquid evacuations of a cow, should impress upon all the importance of saving the last in preference to the first."

Excrementitious matter, whether solid or liquid, is by no means our only source of food for plants. Almost every farm possesses an indefinite, and oftentimes a most abundant supply, in the deposits of decayed vegetable matter known as *muck* or *peat*. This, to be sure, in its natural condition, is not readily available by plants; they would rather relish and thrive upon it about as well as we would on raw potatoes, but nevertheless, the food is there, and only needs due preparation to make it both palatable and nutritious. Muck or peat is also of great value, and almost indispensable as an absorbent of liquid manure, and of the gases generated during decomposition.

In this way it not only proves a most effectual and economical means of preventing waste, but is itself, in so doing, modified or changed so as to be converted into valuable and available manure. Muck, treated with ashes, is found to do exceedingly well. Another mode of treating it, which has many advocates, is, to slake quicklime, with a saturated solution of common salt, and mingle with the muck, in the proportion of one cask of lime to a bushel of salt, mixed with a cord of muck. Thus prepared, it is not a simple mixture of lime, salt, and muck, but during its preparation as stated above, a decomposition of the salt takes place, alkali is liberated equivalent to the ashes used in the other case, and by its action on the vegetable food in the muck is rendered soluble, and thus made available to plants.

"Too much can hardly be said of the value of dried muck, to be thrown into the stable, as an absorbent for the double purpose of adding to the value of the manure, and of purifying the air of the premises."

"If convenient, it would be well to prepare this muck before applying it, and if turned over a few times, all the better."

AN OLD MAN'S ADVICE. The Rev. Daniel Waldo, late Chaplain to Congress, says: "I am now an old man. I have seen nearly a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you: always eat slowly—masticate well. Go to your food, to your rest, to your occupations, smiling. Keep a good nature and a soft temper everywhere. Never give way to anger. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must always be communicative, repeat what you have; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness. You young men who are just leaving college, let me advise you to choose a profession in which you can exercise your talent the best, and at the same time be honest."

THE WHEAT. The prospects of the coming wheat harvest in the west are favorable. The Illinois Farmer says: "So far, the wheat generally looks well. In some low spots in the fields it is injured, and always will be, so long as they are undrained. Judging from what we hear, there must have been much less ground put in wheat last fall than the fall previous."

HOT CAKE. This cake, now becoming so popular as a breakfast and tea cake, is made in the following way: Soak a quart of Indian meal with a pint of water; stir in two tea spoonsful of salt, and a little butter melted; put it, when properly mixed, into a well greased tin, and bake it half an hour.

### MISCELLANY.

From Godey's Lady's Book, for February.

#### WINTER.

OR, JESSIE THE LAME GIRL.

In all the pretty little village of Snowdonville, there was not a prettier or happier little maiden than Jessie Harris. She was the only daughter of a poor, hard-working widow, who had lost her husband and received a son on the same night. George Harris had been a quarryman in the large stone-works that were a few paces from his house, and had been killed by a fall down a deep shaft. His widow heard the news while she was anxiously waiting his return to bless his new-born son their only boy. Little Jessie, then about three years old, and George, the infant son, were thus left fatherless. Much sympathy was shown in Snowdonville for the widow; and the wealthy ladies, Mrs. Ralston, Mrs. Howitt, and some others sent her plain sewing to do, paying her a fair price and thus enabling her to support herself and children comfortably. At the time my story opens, Jessie was about eleven years old, and George eight. Jessie was the beauty and pet of the village school. With dark waving hair, soft hazel eyes, and a rich, healthy complexion, she had a right to claim the first; and her talent and industry won her the last. "As pretty and smart as Jessie Harris," was quite a saying in the village.

My story opens on a dark, blustering winter evening, when the snow fell thick and fast, and the high wind threatened to shake in the windows of the little cottage where my heroine lived. Little Harris was seated near the fire, sewing; and Jessie's nimble fingers kept time with hers as she put a patch on George's school coat. George as a special privilege, lay on the settee, ready to go to bed, but permitted to stay with his mother, because the wind made him afraid to go up stairs alone.

"Mother," said Jessie, "Miss Miles said something very nice to me to-day."

"What was it?" inquired her mother.

"She said that, if I study very hard and improved as much as I have done, I will be able to take the school, when I am old enough. She wants to give it up; but she is so attached to the girls that she will not do so until some one can take her place that she can feel confident in. Mother! mother! what was that?"

They were all on their feet with white faces and trembling figures. A fearful crash, followed by a shriek of agony, had caused Jessie's exclamation. With trembling fingers, Mrs. Harris unlatched the door. The wind blew it open, and drifted the falling snow into the room. Nothing was heard for an instant but the howling of the wind then came a low moan; and a voice cried, "Help!"

"Mother, some one has fallen into the quarry!" And Jessie sprang out. "I know every step of the way do not fear for me." Then raising her voice she cried: "Courage! I am coming!"

Her mother followed; and heedless of the raging storm, Jessie went forward to find the sufferer.

"Call again! where are you?" There was no answer.

"Mother," she said, turning round, "run to the village for help. I am small and light; I will go down into the quarry."

"God keep and preserve you!" said her mother; "for you go on his errand!" and with this blessing, she left the brave child alone in the storm.

Gathering her skirts up, around her Jessie began to descend into the quarry. The huge masses of stone, though covered with snow, were uneven enough to afford her a foothold, and at last she reached the bottom. It was a large hollow and for an instant her courage failed her as she thought of the discouraging task she had undertaken; then with a fervent inward prayer, she began to feel for the person whom she had come to seek. The darkness bewildered her; her own voice was lost in the noise of the storm, and her heart was sinking with despair, when voices above reached her ears. Just then, her foot struck against something; she stooped, and feeling, pushed aside the snow to lay her trembling hand upon a cold human face. "Here! here!" she cried, he is here!

The lanterns gleamed brightly above her at the mouth of the quarry; but no one stepped forward to answer Jessie's call. The descent which her light feet and small figure had accomplished was dangerous for large heavy men, and they were deliberating what to do. A flask of brandy and a lantern were lowered by ropes; and Jessie was directed to raise the man's head and pour some of the brandy into his mouth. She did so; and, with a great struggle, consciousness returned to the sufferer.

"Mother," cried Jessie, "it is young Mr. Ralston!"

"Ask him if he lowers a chair, if he can sit in it until we can haul him out."

"Yes, yes!" said the young man hastily. "I was coming across, and the piece of stone I stepped upon loosened and rolled down here. I lost my balance and came after it."

This was said in a low, weak voice to Jessie who called aloud: "Lower the chair!"

Slowly along the snowy sides a chair, fastened by many ropes, was lowered. It was some time before the stiff wounded man could get into it but at last it was effected.

"How will you get up?" he said, turning to his brave deliverer.

"I will come after you," was the reply, in cheerful, hearty voice. Seeing the chair safely on the way up, she began to climb the stones to go up as she had come down.

She was nearly at the top, and those above were watching her with breathless interest, when another stone gave way, and she fell back. A cry of horror rose on the air.

"I am alive!" she cried; "don't fear, mother; it has only fallen on my legs; lower the ropes; I can hold on by my hands."

With frantic eagerness she tried to raise; but the heavy stones across her limbs held her pinned fast. Awful visions of dying there floated with fearful distinctness through her brain, and with a wild cry, she fainted.

Struck with admiration at her heroic conduct, and horror at her accident, one of the men placed himself in the chair and was lowered to rescue her. When he again came up, with the small, insensible figure lying so still and pale in his arms, there was a unanimous murmur of sympathy though the now large crowd. The squire's son, young Ralston, had fainted again on reaching the mouth of the quarry, and been carried home; and all the rough men and sympathizing women who had braved the storm to aid the "man lost in the quarry" gathered about the little figure. Gentle hands lifted her from the arms of her deliverer; and she was carried to the little cottage. Her mother, chilled and despairing, laid her upon the little bed; while George crept from his stool by the fire to look at his sister, whom he had last seen so full of life and energy, and who now lay so still and white. The room was cleared of all but a few sympathizing neighbors; and the doctor bent over the little inanimate form.

I spare my readers the details. Five weeks later, Jessie sat upon her little arm-chair, with the consciousness that that was her place for the rest of her lifetime. If you had raised the shawl that covered her limbs, you would have seen that both her legs had been amputated just below the knee. It was hard—it was bitter to have all her young dreams of life end in this. Jessie murmured loudly. Her mother in vain tried to check the bitter tears that would fall from the poor child's eyes. She had been sitting alone, one afternoon, full of bitter, melancholy forebodings, when a carriage stopped before the window. A young man, wrapped in a large cloak, got out first, then a lady. Jessie knew them. It was young Louis Ralston and his mother. Mrs. Ralston had been very kind in sending him to school, and during her illness, but she had not visited her before. Mrs. Ralston was out, had gone to take home some sewing; and George was with her; so the visitors, entering the little kitchen, found Jessie alone. They came to her chair and stood, one on each side. For a moment, there was a deep silence and then, with a great cry, Mrs. Ralston bent over the child. "My child! my child!" she cried and then she knelt down, and buried her face in Jessie's lap, while her whole frame shook with convulsive sobs. The young man seemed as powerfully affected, and unable to speak. At last bending down, he said: "My preserver, may God in heaven bless and comfort you! Oh, Jessie! Jessie! that this should be your reward for saving my life!"

"Mr. Ralston," Jessie began—

"No, no! call me Louis; we are brother and sister now; this has made us so. I should have been here before now, but the physicians forbade it. I was somewhat injured, but am well again."

"Jessie," said Mrs. Ralston, "if a mother's prayers and gratitude for the savior of her son's life can comfort you, oh how truly are they yours! But for you, I should be childless. You will think of this my child, and let it comfort you."

"I will! I will! God forgive me for complaining when he has let me save a life! And for the first time, great peace shone in the child's face."

From that day, there was no desire of Jessie's heart that was not granted. Young Ralston himself provided her with books, pictures, and instruction; and his mother let no day pass without visiting the cottage. They would have been very glad to take the poor child to their own luxurious home; but Jessie refused to leave her mother. The child's whole career of thought had changed since the Ralstons first visited the cottage. With prayer, with hopeful, loving trust in the Almighty hand that had seen fit to prostrate her, she still held all her hopes, and was truly grateful for love and kindness shown to her.

Six years passed on; and again I wish to take my readers to the little cottage. The widow is at her sewing still in the chair by the fireside; opposite to her is seated Jessie, who looks older than when we last saw her, and in other respects somewhat changed. The rich dark hair is gathered off from her broad white forehead, and falls in soft curls over her shoulders. Her face is pale, but very beautiful in its sweet, loving expression and the large soft eyes, shaded by long dark lashes, are full of intelligence and pure holy light. Her small, slight figure is covered with a soft white shawl, and the tiny white fingers are busied in knitting. George, a tall manly youth, is seated beside her, bending over a sam.

A low sigh from Jessie made her mother look up.

"What is the matter darling?"

"I was wishing, mother, that I was of some use in the world."

"Why, Jessie you are of use. You help me in my sewing; you draw now most beautifully, so Mr. Ralston says; and you knit a great deal."

"Besides helping me in my studies," chimed in George.

"Yes said Jessie, thoughtfully; but I have a great deal of useless time. You know it worries me to draw or sew for hours together; and I was thinking

how I can employ this time, and not be a useless burden on my dear kind friends."

"Jessie!" said her mother warningly. "Well, I won't say it again. Now, I have a proposition to make. You know that, in the village there many children who are too poor to pay for their education at the village school; and they are growing up ignorant, and some of them vicious. Can I not help to remedy this? Would it not be a good work to have them here for a few hours every day, and try to instruct them?"

"But, Jessie," said Mrs. Harris, "they are the very scum of the village. All the decent children are at the village school."

"I know that."

"Some of them swear fearfully," said George; "and I fear any of them would be impertinent, if anything displeased them."

"Will you let me try? I do so long to be of some use in the world."

"Why, Jessie! said a frank voice at the door—"is that you I hear talking in such a plaintive tone? What is the matter?"

"Oh, Louis! are you there?"

"Yes, half frozen. It is snowing."

Jessie started, whispering: "It is the anniversary."

With admirable tact, young Ralston bent over her, saying: "I left my mother praying for the preservation of her son's life."

Jessie thanked him with a bright, beaming smile, and then told him her scheme. At first, he shook his head; but, seeing that her heart was set on the idea, he consented to act as her ambassador in the village, and collect all the "little ragamuffins," that were willing to come.

One week later, Jessie awaited with a fast-beating heart, the arrival of her first class. It was very small. One little girl only had summoned up courage to come. Her report was so favorable that, the next day, three little girls and two boys came; and in the course of a month, the room was filled with five. There was something in the pale, pure face and slight frame of the teacher, that awed the class at first, then won their respectful love. No profane word ever fell on the ears of the young girl. Errors to correct she found in plenty; but, with a low, sweet voice, and that indescribable loveliness that encircled her, she drove away all impiety, all profanity. Rough boys went home with their minds filled with higher ambition and purer thoughts than they had ever before felt. Girls bent to her, at their departure, with their mind, blessing the sweet, gentle teacher who had won them from ignorance, perhaps from vice. And so passed her life. Trials she had among her class; but, with gentle patience, she made rough places smooth. Some ingratitude, too, came to trouble her; but she never failed in her efforts. It is now thirty years since Jessie Harris fell down the quarry; and if, in passing through Snowdonville, you ask who is the most useful and best beloved person in the village, they will point out a little cottage, and tell you its occupant, Jessie Harris, fills the place. Mrs. Harris is dead; George is a lawyer in the South; and Jessie lives alone, excepting her maid, one of her old scholars, who almost worships her mistress. Gentle, meek, and hopeful, she lives an example that none are so unfortunate, that they can be of no use in the world.

WENDELL HOLMES ON CONTROVERSY.—"If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think I don't understand what my friend, the professor, long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Don't know what that means? Well I'll tell you. You know that if you had a tent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand at the same height in one as in the other. Controversy equalizes fools and wise men, in the same way; and the fools know it."

I confess (said a faithful servant of God) that I seldom hear the bell toll for one that is dead, but conscience asks me, "What hast thou done for the saving of that soul before it left the body? There is one more gone into eternity; what didst thou do to prepare him for it? and what testimony must he give to the Judge concerning thee?" (Baxter.)

AN OBVIOUS INFERENCE. An Iowa orator, wishing to describe his opponent as a soulless man, said, I have heard some persons hold the opinion, that just the precise moment after one human being dies another is born, and the soul enters and animates the new-born babe. Now I have made particular and extensive inquiries concerning my opponent there, and I find that for some hours before he drew breath, nobody died. Fellow citizens, I leave you to draw the inference!"

WHERE JOHN ROGERS WAS BURNED. It was an examination day in our school—we had "read and spell"—told the sound of all the letters that had any sound, said the "abbreviations" and "modifications" without missing a word—and then we were ranged on the floor in front of "visitors," to be looked at and answer such questions as they or the teachers saw fit to ask. "Where was John Rogers burnt to death?" said the teacher to me, in a commanding voice. I couldn't tell—"the next."

"Joshua knows," said a little girl at the foot of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell."

In the fire!" said Joshua, looking very solemn and wise. This was the last question. We had liberty to make all the noise we pleased for five minutes, and then go home.











