

**FARM.**

**THIN AND LATE SOWING OF WHEAT.**

The average yield of wheat per acre in this country is not quite twelve and one-half bushels per acre. The average quantity of seed sown is very nearly six pecks per acre; hence, the wheat increases less than nine fold. It is no uncommon thing for a stool to contain fifteen culms, each bearing an ear containing an average of forty grains; hence, the grain producing this plant has increased six hundred fold. Wheat has been made to increase twelve hundred fold. It is evident that much of the wheat sown must fall to mature. The severities of fall drouth and winter freezing destroy many plants, yet the greatest cause why many do not reach maturity is because they have not room for growth. We sow too much seed. In going through a wheat field one may find isolated stools. The plants for some inches round about have died. It is significant that these stools are always large ones. If the root-fermentation of one of these stools be carefully uncovered, it will be found to occupy quite closely all the ground for a space twelve to fifteen inches in diameter. This much soil is certainly not too much for a vigorous wheat plant to have for feeding ground. The feeding roots of the wheat plant rarely go deeper than four inches; hence, if there are fifteen culms in the stool, and it has a space of ground twelve inches in diameter, each culm will have only thirty cubic inches of soil to feed from—say a mass four inches in depth, three in length, and two and one-half in width. Measure out such a mass of earth and see how small it is. But if you sow six pecks of seed to the acre, each plant will have less soil than this. As the seed cannot be distributed with perfect uniformity, some must have much less than even a surface two inches square. There can be but one result—death from starvation. Those plants which "get the start" by reason of germinating nearer the surface, or of greater natural vigor, will smother the others out. The "struggle for existence" is well illustrated. Some of the plants may not be smothered out before winter ends; for a time they struggle; but they are so weak that the frost removes them. Even the strongest plants are injured, for the struggle must weaken them. With less seed there would be more plants in the spring; surely more culms and ears at harvest time. Making liberal allowances for drouth, insects, etc., three pecks yet seems too much seed for an acre of land. This quantity is now sown by some of our most successful wheat growers. We sow practically as much seed as our fathers did fifty years ago, yet at less than twice as much seed then as now was the proper quantity. The land was more productive, hence the plants might be closer together. It was impossible, with the implements then at command, to prepare the seed-bed as we do now. The condition of the ground was not near so favorable to germination and growth, hence it was necessary to sow more seed. But what, more than anything else, made more seed necessary, was the imperfect manner of distributing the seed. It was impossible to so cast the seed that some would not fall more thickly than others, while some were not covered at all, and some were buried as deep as the barrow-teeth penetrated. Now the seed is distributed very uniformly, and on a well-prepared seed-bed the drill covers each grain at practically the same depth; we have the ridges to protect the plants and hold the snow over them during the winter.

Late sowing is to be commended where there is a probability of attacks from the Russian Fly, or other insect enemies. If sowing is delayed until October 1st, the flies will have deposited their eggs before the wheat plants become large enough to receive them, and there will be no time to suck the life out of the wheat later on. Very often the ground is so dry in early September that if the seed germinates the plant will not thrive and may wither beyond recovery. If sowing is delayed until the fall rains have moistened the ground, the plants will be as far along until winter steps their growth, and there will be more of them. It is now possible, and certainly profitable, to so prepare the seed-bed and apply fertilizers that the plants, though started quite late, will reach sufficient size and have a root-growth strong enough to withstand the water. It is not necessary to sow so early as half a century ago. Better implements for preparing the ground and sowing the seed, and better methods for fertilizing, with under-draining, have so changed conditions that the rules relating to wheat and other crops, found good for the conditions of 1836, must now be varied somewhat.

**DIAMONDS OF THOUGHT.**

Life's evening brings its lamp with it.—Joubert.

It is pleasanter to give than to bequeath.—Pope.

It is easier to blame than to imitate.—Apollodorus.

There is no greater unhappiness than to remember happiness in misery.—Dante

The choicest blessings of life lie within the ring of moderation.—Tupper.

The very gods rejoice when the wife is honored; when the wife is injured, the whole family decay; when the contrary is the case it flourishes.—Menu.

We over-educate the memory, while the temper and the feelings are neglected, forgetting that the future will be governed much more by the affections than by the understanding.—London.

Accustom yourselves to overcome and master things of difficulty; for if you observe, the left hand, for want of practice, is insignificant and not adapted to general business, yet it holds the bridle better than the right with constant use.—Pliny.

It is a wonderful advantage to a man, in every pursuit (or avocation), to secure an adviser in a sensible woman. In woman there is at once a subtle delicacy of tact, a plain soundness of judgment, which are rarely combined to an equal degree in man.—Bulwer.

We have certain work to do for our head, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our drowsiness, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts but with a will, and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.—Ruskin.

**MEN AND WOMEN.**

Neal Dow is crowding the eighty-third anniversary of his birth.

Sully Prudhomme, the wealthy French poet, thinks twelve lines of poetry a good day's work.

Miss Harriet E. Colfax, a cousin of the late Schuyler Colfax, is, and has been for the last twenty-five years, keeper of the lighthouse at Michigan city.

The wife of John Boyle O'Reilly, the Irish exile, is travelling through the Emerald Isle now and meeting everywhere with a most hearty welcome.

Mrs. Cleveland has received as a present from a firm of shoemakers in Wobam, Mass., a pair of French kid slippers, hand made. The size is three and a half.

A Brazilian journal gives an account of a great reception given to Prince Leopold at the White House in Washington, on June 15, "at which Prince Cleveland was present."

Profile Diaz, President of Mexico, is said to be a trifle brigandish in appearance and with something of the air of a lucky adventurer. His career has been full of romantic adventure.

Charles Menckey, inventor of the Menckey wrench (ignominiously called the menckey wrench), is living in poverty in Brooklyn. He sold the patent for \$2,000, and now millions are made annually out of the invention.

Miss Winnie Davis, youngest daughter of Jefferson Davis, is in Richmond, Va. Miss Davis was born in the Confederate executive mansion, at Richmond, not long before the close of the war, and for that reason her father calls her "The daughter of the Confederacy."

Max Adeler, the grim humorist, has accepted the Prohibition nomination for the Legislature in Montgomery County. He will probably be able to write a book on the fun that he will get out of the campaign. But, he believes in spending money in politics.

Mrs. Adeline Robinson, of Knex, Me., who is 77 years old, recently went into a well twenty feet deep and cleaned it out. She was assisted by her daughter. The ladder being too short they attached a rope and lowered it, Mrs. Robinson clambering down by rocks till she reached the ladder.

When Bismarck goes to Gasteln he always stays on the upper floor of an old haberdasher's shop adjoining the Badesehluss. They made him comfortable there when he was poor, and comfort is all he wants. When it comes to style Bismarck is a hepler, lamentable, disheartening failure.

In a French paper there is a matrimonial advertisement from a widow with 200,000 francs, who seeks a husband in one who must, at least, have a like sum of money, with other equally pleasant recommendations. Her postscript is emphatic. She says, if a negro, he must have double the sum else requisite.

The Rev. Chew Ju Tien, the first Buddhist priest who ever visited New York, is now located in Mett street, looking after the theological interests of that locality. He is a learned man, speaking and writing Sanskrit, and reading with ease several of the modern languages of Europe, though he speaks none of the latter.

Lady Randolph Churchill goes to the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons almost every day since her husband has become Chancellor of the Exchequer. She sits in a corner of the gallery on the Ministerial side, where Mrs. Gladstone was often seen in former times. Her photograph and that of her husband are now seen in London more frequently than those of anybody else.

The queen of Portugal wears the Paris life saver's medal. In 1874 she was bathing with her two sons, Charles and Alphonse, aged 11 and 9 years, at the watering place of Ocascaes. A big wave carried off the two children, and the Queen boldly swam out to their relief. The sea running high, and the lady and her boys were nearly lost in the surf, when the lighthouse keeper, seeing their danger, dashed into the water and succeeded in bringing all three to shore in safety. Her Majesty wears her medal proudly as the reward of her bravery; but there is no record of any medal or any other reward having been given to the lighthouse man.

**"The Old, Old Story"**

What a depth of pathos there is in those words. How as in a mirage shifting scenes float before us of happy homes, and hearts once made glad, now desolate.

Of dark eyes that brightened in the glow of the love that burned at the pure heart's altar, of sweet lips that smiled and from which tones issued forth, like the chime of silver bells, so full of trust were they.

Of the soft white hand laid so confidently in the apparently strong and firm one, with a perfect faith that knew no change; that "whither thou goest I will go. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

To find, and to see, that it was all for naught, that the bright hopes were windward strewn, that the love, so great, and faith and trust, had been more than the aching heart could bear, meeting no return, and so it had broken. That her love and hope and trust, like the Dead Sea fruit, had turned to ashes upon the white lips.

How the soft, little hand, had grown seamed and callous and so weary of battling alone, the clouds so dark and lowering that the erst while beautiful eyes, now dull and heavy with washed tears, could not pierce the gloom.

How with some the light of reason went out suddenly, because of the narrowness of the groove they moved in, when with just a caress or a smile, a tardy appreciation even, a life would have blossomed anew; and how she, who knew no guile until he came, was made to understand the hollowness thereof, and made "to stand without, as the Peri at Paradise longing for that she may never have." Ah, the bitterness of slowly finding out, when hope is dead and despair and reckless care troop in and hold away. God pity the wretches of the "might have been" because of the "old, old story."

A barrister, noticing that the court had gone to sleep, stepped short in the middle of his speech. The sudden silence awoke the judges, and the lawyer gravely resumed: "As I remarked yesterday, my lords"—The puzzled judges stared at each other, as though they half believed they had been asleep since the previous day.

**LATE FOREIGN NEWS.**

Mr. Gladstone received \$5,000 from his publishers for his pamphlet on the Irish question.

There are a number of Mormon missionaries in Turkey, but they are not making many converts. The Turk does not need to become a Mormon in order to have all the wives that he wants.

The yacht Sapphe, once queen of the New York fleet, has been broken up and sold for firewood at Cowes, Isle of Wight.

A reward of £100 has been offered in England for the proof of a case of drunkenness that has been cured without total abstinence.

The London Athenæum is authority for the statement that the pigment known as "mummy" is nothing more or less than your ancient Egyptian, his bones, his bandages, bitumen, and all, ground up in oil. It resembles asphaltum in its general qualities, except that probably owing to the admixture of linen fibre, the mineral oil of the ancient bitumen has disappeared, so that mummy is not quite so liable to crack or move on the canvas.

A boring made by the Prussian Government at Schladebach in search of coal is said to be the deepest in the world. The depth is 4,500 feet, its breadth at the bottom two inches and at the top eleven inches. The temperature at the bottom is 118°.

At a depth of ten meters below the ancient ground of the Parthenon, fragments of a large group of figures have been discovered, representing, it is conjectured, the labor of Hercules. Among the remains is a lion's head, with part of a bull in life size, the head being a splendid production of the sculptor's art.

Four ancient monuments of London are now slowly turning to dust with no one to do them honor. A statue of the Duke of Cumberland, erected in 1770 by Gen. Stour, Holbein's Gate, which stood on the edge of the royal grounds, on the road between Charing Cross and Westminster; the portico and colonnade that used to stand before Burlington House; and Temple Bar. Three of these still exist and could be rebuilt; the Holbein Gate, with its medallion heads is supposed to be under a certain grassy mound in Windsor Park.

In Lima there is a constant shaking of the ground. The houses are uniformly three stories in height. The first story is of brick or stone, the walls being fully three feet thick. The upper two stories are made of bamboo lashed together. It takes a pretty severe earthquake to destroy one of these buildings. The peculiar thing about a shake is that the first time you get one you are apt to take it coolly. The next time you are afraid, and ever after that you are demoralized. Earthquakes are something that no man can become accustomed to.

Lord Henry Lyndesay, who has just died, was a singular instance of a person having been by accident born a man, when nature intended him for a woman. He was by no means wanting in cleverness, he was amusing and he was a decidedly good debater, but these advantages were marred by a womanish pettiness which ruined his political career. In comparatively early life he became the medium of communication between Mr. Disraeli and the Conservatives. But he came to the conclusion that Lord Beaconsfield had not done enough for him; and after his enforced resignation, on the ground that he had been qualified as a director to boards of companies on which he sat, he never took an active part in politics. In this matter he was, I think, hardly ever considering the number of M. P.s. who had done precisely the same thing. I rather liked him and I am sorry that he has left this planet.

The unpleasantness between Gen. Bullinger and the Baron Larenty reminds *Le Matin* (by contrast, probably) of a peculiarly sensational duel fought in Paris in 1815, between the Bonapartist Col. Barbier-Dufal and a young Captain of the Royal Guard. The two adversaries were put into a coach and bound together in such wise that only the right arm of each was left free, and in each hand was placed a long, keen dagger. Then the doors of the coach were closed, and before being opened again it was, according to the terms of the duel, driven deliberately three times around the Place Carrousel. The seconds sat on the box, in the coachman's place. When the doors were opened the young Captain was found dead, pierced by many deep wounds. Col. Dufal was in little better plight, having received three terrible thrusts in the breast, and his whole left cheek having been torn off by the teeth of his adversary. Nevertheless, the tough old Col. got well, and even before he was quite cured, fought two more duels, one with Col. de Saint Morys, and the other with Gen. Montlegier, in each case gravely wounding his man and himself escaping unhurt.

**Moslem Teetotalism.**

The celebration of the tenth anniversary of the accession of the reigning sultan, Abdul Hamid, was observed with a patriotic devotion that showed no flagging. The 20th of May is the 1st of July for Turkey, and the thunder of cannon, the gayety of the decorations, the brilliancy of the fireworks in all the large centers were hardly inferior to the patriotic displays in other lands. There is, however, a certain sobriety in oriental festivities which is indicative of good sense. One contrast was especially noticeable: there was no drunkenness. The police reports of Beyrout for the 20th of May would not probably contain a single case of arrest for disorderly conduct caused by wine or liquor. In fact, the Mohammedan world is a teetotal world, and wine-drinking among the Moslems is extremely rare, and when practiced has to be shrouded with all the secrecy of the back cellar of a grog-shop. Beyrout has a large European population as well as many native Christians who use wine, and a number of wine depots are licensed. Yet I have never yet seen a person under the influence of liquor in the east. Before the advent of Europeans there was but little wine-drinking if any in Beyrout. Things are changed for the worse in that particular. The Moslem religion, however, is a vast teetotal society, and its beneficent influence will always keep a check upon the customs of the country.

"Did you ever ask any one else to be your wife?" she queried, in much doubt. "No, darling," he answered, tenderly; "I assure you this is my maiden effort."

**EARTHQUAKES IN CITIES.**

**How the Phenomenon Affects Great Centres.**

The recent calamity to one of our sister cities naturally recalls the story of similar disasters in the past, and it is worthy of notice how seldom cities have suffered severely from earthquakes. London has frequently been shaken by them, but has never known any serious consequences. Its earthquake of February, 1751, is the most startling it has ever known. It was preceded in January by a remarkable aurora. At night an intense red light spread over the northeastern sky, and men fancied a great fire must be raging over the land. In February a fearful storm with peals of thunder, flashes of lightning, a tempest of wind, and blinding hail and rain terrified the whole island. At last on the 8th of February the earthquake came. Between twelve and one o'clock in the afternoon the city was shaken to its centre. Houses trembled, furniture moved on the floors, the bells rang of their own accord, china and pewter rattled on the shelves, and a deep sound was heard like that of the fall of some heavy object. The shock was felt only in the city and its environs. The terrified people were soon reassured. But a month afterward, between five and six o'clock in the morning, a still more violent shock aroused them. It was ushered in by flashes of lightning and a low rumbling noise like that of a carriage rolling over a hollow pavement. Again furniture rocked, bells were rung, houses shook to their foundations, and the terrified people rushed from their beds half-dressed into the streets. But this was all. No life was lost; no houses fell. A mad prophet foretold a still greater shock that in a month would destroy London and Westminster, and all was consternation. Thousands left the city. On the 8th of April, the day foretold, people fled from their houses and gathered at night in the parks and fields. But no new shock came. The terror passed, and London has never since felt the destroyer's power.

Rome has quivered at times on its foundations ever since its first settlement. All its neighborhood is volcanic. The Curtian pit that opened in the Forum was no doubt produced by an earthquake. Since then for twenty centuries the city has never ceased at times to tremble. Yet it has suffered no serious disasters. The graceful dome of St. Peter's, hung high on its lofty columns, would seem to invite the first efforts of the destroyer. It has escaped them all. "Its greatest height," said Stendhal, "makes one tremble when one thinks that Italy is constantly agitated by earthquakes, that the soil of Rome is volcanic, and that in a moment we might be deprived of the fairest monument that exists." He tells of two monks who were in the ball of St. Peter's during the earthquake shock of 1730. It produced such intense terror that one of them died on the spot. Naples, apparently still more exposed than Rome to this danger, has never suffered any serious evils. Often its great population have been driven from their homes by terror when Vesuvius has been active, or the earth has trembled around them, but Naples has remained almost unharmed. It has seen its sister cities Messina and Catania lie crushed in ruins. It is seated in the midst of volcanic lakes and geysers, under the shadow of Etna and Vesuvius.

No event ever more startled Europe than the destruction of Lisbon in 1755. It seemed incredible. Dr. Johnston refused for some time to believe it. "Why," men asked, "was Lisbon, of all other cities, selected for this dreadful chastisement?" For Lisbon had never known any serious disaster from earthquakes, and had seemed more secure than Rome or Florence, yet the city was almost levelled to the ground. A tidal wave swept over it. Thirty thousand of its inhabitants perished in that awful moment. The shock was felt across the Atlantic. Chimneys fell in Boston, and Charleston trembled. But when the terror passed away, Lisbon was rebuilt; it rose from its ruins, and for more than a century has lived on unharmed and more than ever prosperous. The Sicilian cities Messina, Palermo, and Syracuse have been the favorite victims of the earthquake. The Spanish cities Malaga and Granada, and even Madrid, suffered last year from fatal and incessant shocks. The Greek islands, Iosha (near Naples), and recently all interior Greece, have been ravaged and shaken. It would seem that an earthquake track lies amidst the fairer regions of the earth.

In ancient history the most memorable earthquake was that of the reign of Tiberius. The fairest of the Greek cities along the Ionian shore fell before it. Touched by the common sorrows of humanity, even the Emperor sent lavish aid to the suffering people. Ephesus and its sister cities arose in new splendor only to be stricken again and again by the unseen destroyer. In Justinian's reign all the known world was desolated by a constant succession of earthquakes. The globe itself seemed convulsed by some internal struggle. Yet it is remarkable that amidst these long series of disasters, reaching ever a thousand years, the finer works of men have survived them all. The Acropolis and the Parthenon lived until they were wrecked by Turk and Venetian. The Roman roads still bound them together. Roman aqueducts and bridges covered France and Spain. The column of Trajan still stands unharmed at Rome. The Parthenon still lifts its graceful dome, untouched by the storms and earthquakes of nineteen centuries.

It is these irremediable sorrows that teach us we are men; they awaken the instinct of communal love.

**Ker-Chew.**

Sneezes on Monday, sneezes for danger;  
Sneezes on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;  
Sneezes on Wednesday, for a letter;  
Sneezes on Thursday, something better;  
Sneezes on Friday, sneezes for sorrow;  
Sneezes on Saturday, joy to-morrow;  
Sneezes on Sunday, your safety seek;  
For Satan will chase you the rest of the week.

**An Interesting Conversation.**

Huband: What were you and old Mrs. Smith talking so earnestly about?  
Wife: O, nothing in particular; simply one thing and another.  
Huband: I see. She talked about one thing and you talked about another.

Eighty million pins are lost every day. What are you going to do about it?

**FALL FOLLIES.**

Wonder if the sea serpent could swallow all the stories that are told about him?

The following words, if spelt backward or forward, are the same: "Name no one man."

Young hopeful (seeing a negre baby for the first time)—"Mamma, is that a spoiled child?"

"What a beautiful form!" exclaimed Miss Titelace, the first time she saw an eel; "such a long, thin waist you know."

A clergyman was telling a marvellous story, when his little girl said: "Now, Pa, is that true, or is it only preaching?"

A writer says that "dress is a woman's greatest oannidrum." But it is hoped she will never be compelled "to give it up."

A man may read law and become a lawyer; he may study medicine and be called a doctor; but if he wants to be a blacksmith he must work at his trade.

The habit of abbreviating everything one writes is a bad one. The other day a contemporary spoke of a lady appearing at the theatre "in eve costumes."

A scientist says the earth's surface is slowly changing, and what is a valley today may be a mountain a million years hence. A man who contemplates erecting a residence in the valley should remember this and be prepared to find his house on the top of a high mountain in the year 1,031, 886.

A soldier, on foreign service, recently wrote the following terse, but pithy epistle to his wife: "Dear Mary—I halnt hered from you far so long that I hev forgot you and got married to a Egypitian woman. Trustin' this won't make no differents in our relationship when I come back, I ham your affekshunate husband, J— W—"

In one of our Western exchanges the following advertisement recently appeared: "My wife Jennie ran away, or was taken away, from me a week ago. The first person who returns her I will shoot on the spot." Now, there is a man who probably knows when he is in luck and is bound that no unforeseen circumstances shall upset his apple cart.

"Was your husband on the stand yesterday?" asked a lawyer of a woman, in a case in which husband and wife were witnesses. "No," she answered, with a snap, "he wasn't on the stand. He was on the set. That's the kind of a man he is, when- ever there is anything to set on, from a satin sofa to the top rail of a worm fence."

**"Land O' The Leal."**

There are expressions in Scotch songs as suggestive as a sermon. Lady Nairns "Land o' the Leal" is not only a picture of the land of the living that lies beyond the land of the dying, but a source of consolation to those who have been parted from friends that have gone before.

"Leal" is the Scotch for loyal, and the song lifts up the tearful eye to the land of the loyal, where

"There's nae sorrow there, John,  
There's neither cauld nor care, John,  
The day is aye fair  
In the land o' the leal."

When the late Dr. Dickson, a godly clergyman of Edinburgh, lost a sweet little girl, he sang "The Land o' the Leal" at family worship. So real was it to him, that he said, "It's a pity but what that was among the paraphrases! Since I've thought more of 'our bonnie bairn's being there, I must say that I cannot sing so heartily,

"And oh! we sanged her so airly  
To the land o' the leal!"

"For she is safe and happy in the land of 'nae sorrow,' in the land of the true-hearted."

**Protracted Earthquakes.**

The continued shocks of earthquake at Charleston, says a Boston Herald, bring to mind the fact that at the time of the great earthquake at New Madrid, Mo. in 1812, earthquakes were also felt in South Carolina.

This New Madrid earthquake was one of the most remarkable examples of continuous shocks of this kind on record. Humboldt refers to it as one of the few instances in which there was incessant quaking of the ground for several successive months, far from any volcano.

This phenomenon was extensive in its changes wrought in the surface of the earth to an appalling extent. Lake and islands were created by it. Lakes twenty miles in extent, were formed in an hour, while others were drained almost as rapidly.

The river-bank of the Mississippi for fifteen miles sunk as much as eight feet. The forest trees were turned and twisted in every direction, and the people in the country about were in the habit of climbing them to escape being swallowed, as the premonitory symptoms of the shocks were perceived.

The shocks of the famous earthquake of the Caracas continued three years. But after shocks have not usually resulted in great damage or loss of life.

**A GREAT SNAKE STORY.**

A Man Vomits a Reptile Over Eighteen Inches Long.

Three years ago John Longwell of Charlestown, Tiega county, Pa., began experiencing strange sensations in his stomach, as if some living thing was there. A year ago, by means of a violent emetic he vomited two living snakes, each over a foot in length. Two months later he felt a recurrence of the crawling sensation in his stomach, and was taken with fits, accompanied with horrible convulsions. Three weeks ago he experienced an exceptionally severe fit which nearly cost him his life. The other afternoon during another fit Mr. Longwell vomited up a garter snake eighteen and a half inches long and half an inch in diameter. His wife states that when the snake protruded four inches from the sufferer's mouth it stuck fast, but the snake was finally ejected, though not before Longwell, in his agonizing convulsions, had bitten it almost through in three places. Neighbors corroborate the account. It is supposed that in drinking from a well three years ago, Longwell sucked into his stomach the eggs from which the reptiles grew.

In Europe there are 100 people to every square mile.