

Agricultural.

[Correspondence of the Chicago Times.]

SORGHUM CONVENTION.— DOMESTIC SUGARS & SYRUPS.

JACKSON, Mich., Feb. 24.

The Michigan State Sugar-cane Growers' Association closed its forth annual convention at a late hour last evening. The convention has been a success, in so far as concerned the attendance and the interest evolved by the proceedings. Samples of wine and alcohol from sorghum, which were exhibited, were thought very pleasant and interesting, although they did not particularly pertain to the sorghum convention. The same is to be said of the corn sugar and syrup exhibited by Mr. Joseph Hirsh, of Chicago. Mr. Johnstone exhibited some silks dyed with dyes from the stalks of 1863 by Dr. Henry Erny, Washington. The colors were rose, pink and purple. He further exhibited some seed, sugar, syrup and alcohol made from sorghum, with and without the aid of chemicals. Mr. Brainard, of Chicago, exhibited some sorghum wine resembling Madeira. He also showed some sorghum sugar, having all the appearance of grape sugar.

There were exhibited very many samples of both sugar and syrup, and the committee reported that they had found it quite difficult to decide on the merits of several of them. This was particularly the case with the syrups, of which there were many samples that were almost equally good, and many of them sufficiently so to prove that the manufacture has arrived at a high state of perfection, and that sorghum syrup must at once take a prominent stand among the products of the country. The committee deciding the merits of the various samples of syrup subjected them to four tests, namely: color, density, flavor and clarification, and, in their award, decided on their merits by this standard. The committee made favorable mention of the specimens of sugar and syrup manufactured from Indian corn and exhibited by Mr. Joseph Hirsh, of Chicago, commending the manufacture of the same as a subject which was attracting much attention and was worthy of the consideration of the association.

That the preponderance of testimony before the convention is in favor of the common or regular variety of Chinese seed for the main reliance of produce. It does not, in all seasons, mature its seed in this latitude, but it ordinarily acquires a maturity sufficient to afford a good yield of superior syrup. That early Chinese cane ripens from two to four weeks sooner than the late variety; its quality of syrup is regarded by some as not so good; its product per acre is less, probably, in proportion to the diminution of the time required for maturing. Oomseana ripens in about the same time as the regular Chinese; when properly treated it yields a portion of crystallized sugar; the flavor of its syrup is not so good, and its saccharine yield not generally reported equal to regular Chinese.

Necazana, or white imphee, matures in about the same time as the Chinese. It is said that this variety may be worked at an earlier stage of maturing than any other canes, and stands up more vigorously than any of the foregoing.

Liberian is two weeks later than regular Chinese, grows very heavy, stands up against all winds; and the quality of syrup is said to be fine. An entirely new variety in this latitude, it is distinguished by a close particle, with small quite round seed, neatly packed, and of the cranberry red color.

Otaheitan, which is regarded as identical with Oomseana, yields sugar freely under favorable circumstances.

BOYS ON FARMS.—The time was when boys were considered of but trifling account upon the farm. They answered to run of errands and to do the light "chores" about the house and barn. To keep them out of mischief, when not attending school, they possibly did some service astride the horse to mark out the corn ground, and cultivate the corn and potatoes. But if ambitious to join the men in the field or elsewhere they were equipped with the most worthless cast aside tools, such as rusty hoes, dull, worn out scythes, old-fashioned forks, used up shovels, dull axes, battered hammers, unfired saws, and so on through the whole catalogue of farm implements. They grew weary using them and so would men have done accomplishing only the same amount of labor. It would not be strange if such treatment first planted dissatisfaction in the heart of many a farmer's boy, which finally ripened in-

to utter disgust, the seeking of employment behind the counter of the village store, or perhaps, in something less honorable, which in the end resulted in iniquity or ruin.

But now, boys upon the farm are equal to the men of those days. By the aid of the new class of implements they are equivalent to several men with the old implements. Boys have indeed wonderfully increased in importance in these last few years, and nothing is too good for the brave, willing, ambitious little fellows. And they most richly deserve their newly gained importance. Two and one half millions of men taken from the industrial pursuits of life for the purpose of war—more than one half of these direct from farming population, and yet an increased number of acres in cultivation, and an increased yield in agricultural productions save where the vicissitudes of seasons or the ravages of insects have interfered. How could this have been accomplished without the aid of the noble boys who have remained at home. Their work has been scarcely less creditable or important than that of those older "boys in blue" they have labored in those other fields where the harvest has been the harvest of death.

We have faith in the farm boys of this day and generation. The nation owes them its sincere gratitude. They are deserving of all the benefits, that shall result from the new Industrial schools that are about being established. Their early life is a preparatory school that will teach them to appreciate the benefits and blessings that the agricultural colleges are intended to dispense. Honor, encourage, and care for the boys of the farm.—[*Prairie Farmer*.]

COW IN A VILLAGE.—How to keep a cow economically is a problem that many families in the suburbs of all cities would be glad to solve. It must be done in connection with a garden. It is idle to think of pasturage. This is a waste of manure, and for the garden it is worth a considerable portion of the cash necessary to pay out for forage. If you have half an acre of ground you can keep a cow and grow all the vegetables you need by purchasing two tons of hay, or its equivalent, in a year. Indeed, we are not sure but you may get through with one, which is only half the allowance of the winter months. But you may gain the other by growing Indian corn as a second crop after all early vegetables, and with that you may have rye growing at the same time, which will give feed early in the Spring, which may be out in time to plant several other crops. Four square rods of corn planted in close drills, just as early as possible, upon well manured ground will give green food by the time the rye is gone. The stubble turned under gives a fair coat of manure. The corn will be followed by another crop, not of corn, but some kind of vegetables for use or sale. For instance, cucumbers or pickles, and with these, sown about the 10th of August a crop of white turnips or rye, for soiling and manure.

If you intend to make the garden in great part support a cow, keep no pigs. Teach her to eat all the slops and garbage of the kitchen. Don't waste a leaf of cabbage, beets, carrots, parsnips, celery or any other green thing. Every pea and bean pod, and vine, and every potato or turnip paring, and every green corn husk or cob, and every green potato tops, will be eaten with avidity by the cow in the stable. And in the stable you must keep her all the time. You need not fear any unhealthiness if you keep it cleanly. Let the floor be earth, and use fresh earth every day you will gain a pile of rich manure. With careful economy you will be surprised to see what a cow will learn to eat, and how cheaply you can keep a cow and a garden.—[*N. Y. Tribune*.]

SUGAR can be manufactured from sorghum with complete success, according to the *St. Louis Republican*, which says:

After experimenting for five years, Mr. Robt. Moore, of Bloomington, Illinois, has discovered a method of crystallization, by which the syrup from imphee and Chinese sugar cane can be advantageously reduced to sugar. During the past year Mr. Moore has made about 600 pounds of sugar, and samples sent to us show it to be of very good quality. While all kinds of cane syrup can be reduced to sugar, it is now agreed that the imphee variety is the most profitable, on account of the purity of its juice and the superior richness of its saccharine matter. Mr. Moore states that he can produce sugar in large quantities, as quickly as it is obtained from the ordinary sugar cane, and at prices far more satisfactory to consumers than

those now prevailing. The estimates are based on one gallon of syrup yielding about five pounds of sugar, leaving an excellent article of molasses.

SWEENEY IN HORSES.—Some twenty years ago I had a fine four year old horse, being a spirited animal, I let a farmer take him to break, and by hard usage he got the sweeney. I took $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. camphor, dissolved, and a pint of spirits of turpentine, and bathed the shoulder every day. While the operation is performed, it is necessary to have a strong man to hold the horse, as he will do his best to bite himself, when you put on the medicine. After a few bathings, take hold of the skin, and pull easily, and follow up this practice every time you bathe the horse till he is well. My horse was cured in four weeks.—[*I. B. Hart, in Rural American*.]

MANURE MAXIMS.—At a meeting of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, Mr. T. W. Field read a paper on manures, in which he said:

"The whole subject of manures may be stated in these propositions.

1. Manure does not waste so long as it is unfermented, or undissolved, and these conditions may be affected by drying or saturation.
2. Fresh manure is unfit for food for plants.
3. Fermenting manure, in contact with inert matter, has the power of neutralizing vicious properties, such as tannic acid of peats, and making it a fertilizer.
4. Manures wastes in two ways—the escape of gas and the dissolving of its soluble salts.
5. The creative power of manure, mixed with other substances, is capable of multiplying its value many times.
6. The value of manure to crops is in proportion to its divisibility through the soil. The golden rule of farming should be small quantities of manure thoroughly divided and intermingled with the soil."

[CONCLUDED.]

BEHIND THE SCENES.

It was nearly dusk when Miss Avery, summoning up all her resolution, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richley mansion and rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Richley at home?"

"What's your business with Mrs. Richley?" asked the servant suspiciously scrutinizing the little basket, that she carried. Laura bit her lip; this manner from servants was entirely a new experience to her, yet how often must poor Ellen have endured it.

"I have called to bring home a dress that was finished for her," she said in a tone of quiet dignity.

"Oh—ah—yes; well I s'pose you'd best walk in."

The servant conducted her up stairs to a sort of sitting room, or boudoir, where Mrs. Richley, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing coal fire. Laura was inwardly grateful that the gas had not been lighted, particularly when she observed that Mr. Florian Richley was lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses. Mrs. Richley looked up as the servant ushered the new comer.

"Well, young woman, what do you want?"

Laura's cheek tingled at the tone of course insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply meekly.

"I have brought home your dress, Mrs. Richley."

"Where is Miss Waynall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well, lay down the dress, it is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiantly.

"Miss Waynall would like the money to-night, Madam—seven dollars on the old account and three for this dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But, Mrs. Richley, Miss Waynall is ill and needs the money," persisted Laura.

"There, Florian," said Mrs. Richley, petulantly, addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing gown and elaborately arranged hair, "I told you just how it would be."

"What the duce is the matter now?" snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evince any interest in what was going on.

"Why, these impertinent dress-making people are always clamoring for money, just when you have drained me of my last cent."

"Let 'em clamor, then, that's my advice," said Mr. Florian, without taking the trouble to move his head.

"Just give me back that ten-dollar

bill, Florian," urged his mother; you can't want it to-night."

"But I do want it, it happens," said Florian, coolly.

"You are just going to fritter it away in some of those gambling places, or drinking yourself stupid again," fretted Mrs. Richley. "It's too hard, getting my money away from me just to indulge in those horrid habits! Why don't you earn your own money for yourself?"

"Easy, mamma, easy," said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself to a sitting posture. "Don't lose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten dollar bill is going to help make my fortune; it shall take the lovely Laura to the opera to-night."

"Nonsense; this fine scheme will flash in the pan just like all the rest of your castles in the air. She won't have you."

"Oh yes she will, my incredulous mamma; wait and see. I shall bring her to the point very soon. Then I'll pay you back the money with interest out of my lady's bag of shiners."

"And will you leave off your gambling habits? Oh, Florian, they will be the ruin of you yet."

"Perhaps, perhaps not," returned the young man insolently. "That will be very much as I please."

Both the mother and her hopeful son had apparently, entirely forgotten the presence of the young girl who standing in the dusk shadows near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richley, turning sharply round saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked irritably. I have already told you that it was not convenient to pay you the money to-night."

Her cheeks were flushed, even beneath their artificial bloom of rouge, and her chill gray eyes sparkled with rising anger, as Laura Avery composedly walked forward. She took one of the wax tapers from its china shell and lighted the gas with a steady hand, whose flash of rich rings struck Mrs. Richley with astonishment.

"I am very sorry you cannot pay your just debts, Madame," said Laura, quietly looking the amazed mother and son in the face; "but I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the true character of Mr. Florian Richley. I will take the ten dollars, sir, to my sick friend, as you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the expense of taking Miss Laura Avery to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek had grown very pale—his knees quivered beneath him as he mechanically took the bill from his pocket-book and placed it in the hand of the imperative beauty, while Mrs. Richley sank back aghast in the cushioned easy-chair.

Florian made one desperate attempt to retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of sore defeat and discomfiture.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistake—hope you will afford me an explanation," he stammered.

"I require no explanation, sir," was Laura's cold reply, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughty and unapproachable as a statue of ice.

She hurried home through the twilight streets, with a burning cheek and beating heart, and it was nearly dark when once more she entered Miss Waynall's room, lighted only by the faint glow of the low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura?" asked Ellen, somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the wine," she said, thankful for the dim light that could not betray her tell-tale features.

"And now you must get well as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen, earnestly.

Laura stooped to kiss her friend's pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how much she had to thank Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told her of the discovery she had unwittingly made, while fulfilling the gentle mission of friendship, and no one ever knew the precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richley and Laura Avery was broken off.

There are some things that bring their own reward in this world—and the one act of kindness had saved Laura from unconsciously taking the step that would have precipitated her into a lifetime of misery.

"Children," said a considerate matron to her assembled progeny, "you may have everything you want, but you musn't want anything you can't have."

—The rebel battle cry is described as a concentration of equine, canine, bovine, porcine, and gallinaceous utterances, with an Indian warwhoop thrown in.