



SOMETHING NEW IN SORGHUM MANUFACTURE.

Prof. Mot, best known as the successful sugar beet experimenter in Ohio last season, has completed an experiment with the bagasse of the common sorghum, at Kankakee, in this State, that bids fair to somewhat revolutionize the manufacture of sirup and sugar, and give a new impetus to cane growing in the West.

It has long been a favorite idea of Mr. Mot that the process of maceration by water could be made available in the manufacture of sugar from the cane as well as from the beet, as practiced in the German States. Accordingly, last week at the sorghum works of Mr. Brainerd, he made his experiment upon the bagasse as it came from the mill, cut with Mr. B's newly invented cutter, 2000 lbs. of frosted cane were taken and put through a common roller mill, giving three gallons of sirup, at 40 de. Beaume. This bagasse was then taken by Mr. Mot and submitted to his system of maceration, using but one water, and yielded four and a half gallons of sirup at 45 de. Beaume, the latter sirup being superior in taste and color to that expressed by the sorgho crusher.

The Professor's apparatus was of course rude, but for a first experiment, has surpassed even his own sanguine expectations. His theory is that the common cane mills both here and at the south, leave a very large portion of the best sugar material in the bagasse, and that they cannot be made by any amount of pressure to get it out.—[Prairie Farmer.]

HORSE STABLE FLOORS.

On this subject the Ohio Farmer says:—As the winter approaches, the prudent horseman will look to the condition of his stables, that they may be in order to receive his stock when they can no longer be left to range upon the fields, where a good firm and dry footing can be secured, it is better to have an earth floor than to stand the horse on planks. We were particularly pleased with the stables of the Ladd brothers, of Jefferson County, during our visit to that place. The brothers Updegraff also have their stable bottom of earth, which on their limestone hillside is firm and dry. Wm. H. Ladd has a nice smooth bottom, both to his horse stables and sheep yard, made from quarry waste packed like a McAdamized road, and so cemented with its own dust as to defy water or horse shoes from penetrating it.

With an earth floor, horses need less bedding than if compelled to stand upon planks. Speaking of bedding reminds us of the fact that in this season of scarcity of fodder it will be well to look out for bedding other than straw, which can be used for fodder. For this purpose the best material is saw-dust, and now before the heavy fall rains set in is the time to lay in a lot for winters use.

WOOL.

The history of the growth of wool is very curious. Fifty years ago not a pound of fine wool was raised in the United States, in Great Britain, or in any other country except Spain. In the latter country the flocks were owned exclusively by the nobility or by the Crown. In the year 1794 a small flock was sent to the Elector of Saxony as a present from the King of Spain, whence the entire product of Saxony wool, now of such immense value. In 1809, during the second invasion of Spain by the French, some of the valuable Crown flocks were sold to raise money. The American Consul at Lisbon, Jarvis, purchased fourteen hundred head and sent them to this country. A portion of the blood of these pure unmixed Merino flocks is to be found in Vermont at this time. Such was the origin of the immense flocks of fine woolled sheep in the United States.—[Prairie Farmer.]

MILKING.

Milking is performed in two ways—stripping and handling. Stripping consists in seizing the teat firmly near the root between the face of the thumb and the side of the forefinger, the length of the teat passing through the other fingers, and in milking, the hand passes down the entire length of the teat, causing the milk to flow out of its points in a forcible stream. The action is renewed by again quickly elevating the hand to the root of the teat. Both hands are employed at the operation, each having hold of a different teat, and being moved alternately. The two nearest teats are commonly first milked, and then the two farthest. Handling is done by grasping the teat at its root with the forefinger like a hoop, assisted by the thumb, which lies horizontally over the forefinger, the rest being also seized by the other fingers. Milk is drawn by pressing upon the entire length of the teat in alternate jerks with the entire palm of the hand. Both hands being thus employed, are made to press alternately, but so quickly following each other that the alternate streams of milk sound to the ear like one forcible, continued stream. This continued stream is also produced by stripping. Stripping, then, is performed by pressing and passing certain fingers along the teat; handling, by the whole hand doubled, or fist,

pressing the teat steadily at one place. Hence the origin of both names.

Of these two modes, handling is the preferable, since it is the more natural method—imitating, as it does, the sucking of the calf. When a calf takes a teat into its mouth, it makes the tongue and palate by which it seizes it, play upon the teat by alternate pressures or pulsations, while retaining the teat in the same position. It is thus obvious that handling is somewhat like sucking, whereas stripping is not at all like it. It is said that stripping is good for agitating the udder, the agitation of which is conducive to the withdrawal of a large quantity of milk; but there is nothing to prevent the agitation of the udder as much as a dairymaid pleases, while holding in the other mode. Indeed, a more constant vibration could be kept up in that way by the vibrations of the arms than by stripping. Stripping, by using an unconstrained pressure on two sides of the teat, is much more apt to press it unequally, than by grasping the whole teat in the palm of the hand; while the friction occasioned by passing the finger and thumb firmly over the outside of the teat, is more likely to cause heat and irritation in it than a steady and full grasp of the entire hand. To show that this friction causes an unpleasant feeling even to the dairymaid, she is obliged to lubricate the teat frequently with milk, and to wet it at first with water; whereas the other mode requires no such expedients. And as a further proof that stripping is a mode of milking which may give pain to the cow, it cannot be employed, when the teats are chapped, with so much ease to the cow as handling.

The first requisite in the person that milks is, of course, the utmost cleanliness. Without this, the milk is unendurable. The udder should, therefore, be carefully cleaned before the milking commences.

Milking should be done fast, to draw away the milk as quickly as possible, and it should be continued as long as there is a drop of milk to bring away.—[Jennings' Cattle and their Diseases.]

A SCHOOLMISTRESS' WAYS AND MEANS.

One of Dr. Holland's letters to the Joneses, addressed to Thomas Arnold Jones, teacher, has brought out a reply from a female relative of his. We cannot do better for the class of school teachers, of both sexes, than to allow Miss Mary Lyon Jones to speak for herself: [Chicago Evening Journal.]

You addressed a letter on school teaching to my brother, but, inasmuch as there are certainly six men to one woman engaged in the occupation of teaching, I wonder you did not address your letter to me.

You find much fault with the manner of "fitting for teaching." It seems to me that generally the labor and expense employed in fitting one for any special service are somewhat in proportion to the value set upon that service by the community. Now my services, body and mind, in the business of teaching, are valued at two hundred and seventy-five dollars per year. I teach in one of the higher grades of schools. I have many scholars from the first families. They spend, as you estimate, three times as many hours with me as with their parents, and twenty-fold more than with their pastor. I feel deeply the importance and responsibility of my position. In "fitting" myself for teaching, I used all the means I could afford. You marvel that you never heard of a person traveling in foreign parts as a preparation for teaching. How far do you think I could afford to travel with the prospect of \$275 a year, or perhaps less, for there are many who get less? Four dollars a week for my board takes \$208, and leaves me \$67 with which to pay my washing bill, buy all my clothes, take the daily paper, hire a seat in church, attend lectures and teachers' conventions, draw from the library, subscribe for the Massachusetts Teacher and various other literary works, etc. About how much do you think I can afford for excursions over the country for improvement in vacation?

"Am I making progress by constant culture?" "Am I bringing my mind into communication with other minds that I may gain vitality and force by the collision?" "Am I constantly reading and studying?" "Not much." Most of my time out of school, when I am not too much fatigued, is employed in doing my sewing—my salary would not possibly warrant my hiring any of it done—or, sometimes, I have taught a little drawing, painting or embroidering, in order to gain a little extra money for a journey in vacation. You say "teachers ought to be the strongest and most angelic persons that breathe—persons of the purest motives, noblest enthusiasm, finest culture, broadest charities, and most devoted Christian purpose." Doubtless. But many an educated American woman, to speak plainly, "works herself to death for a living," in the capacity of teacher, or is resolved into a kind of human sieve from which the goodly corn and wheat are caught up and devoured, leaving only the bran.

And I feel that I am getting to be one of those dry characters you speak of, and I am afraid I shall grow dryer and dryer every day as time wears on. What shall I do? My dear sir, if you will write a letter to me explaining what and how, you will confer a great favor, not only on this member of the Jones' family, but on hundreds of her sisters in the profession, but we are at present and shall continue to be, until our condition is bettered, but as "a candle which lights others is consuming itself."

BABYLON.

A writer in *Blackwood* paints the following picture of the desolation that surrounds and enshrouds the once mighty Babylonian empire:

In the distance, high above the plain, loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals must they have been, that still showed under the roll of centuries such substantial traces! now not so much as a drop of water; no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens, where once ships must have navigated. These mighty banks that carried fertility to every corner of the ancient kingdom are now mere useless, sightless mounds.

No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce daily returning sun. The end of her that "dwelleth upon many waters" has been brought only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation, in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the morning. We dismounted and scrambled to the top, for we had even arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this great mound of earth that we were on was the grave of the golden city.

I believe from the summit, raised some hundred feet above the plain, the walls of the ancient city may be traced. But a hot wind driving burning sand and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skins, made every effort to open an eye so terribly painful, that we gave up the idea in despair of either tracing walls, or indeed of looking about us much anywhere.

I remember seeing, away to the west, lines of willows, and a silver thread winding a way into distance; and nearer, some unsightly bare mounds, looking as if volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain, and had thrown these mounds up in the spirit of pure mischief. That silver thread was our first glimpse of the waters of the Euphrates, and the mounds all that remained of the once beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon; at least so the conjecture of men of research has accounted for them. But so completely have the prophecies been fulfilled—so completely has the "name and the remnant been cut off of all pertaining to the once mighty city, that even the great hill on which we were standing is only by conjecture supposed to be the ruin of some great building or royal palace that stood within the walls—possibly the palace of Semiramis.

We descended from the great mound, and made for those lesser mounds which are supposed to be the site of the hanging gardens of Nitocris and Semiramis. In one spot—the only thing we saw in the shape of a building in a state of ruin—was a mass of vitrified brickwork, piercing the old soil and debris of centuries, angle upwards. The bricks were square, of large size, and beautiful make; the angle of some clear and sharp, as if the brick had but left the kiln yesterday, instead of nearly twice two thousand years ago. Turning into a little hollow way between the mounds, we came suddenly upon a colossal stone lion. Time with his leaden hand had knocked away all the sharp angles of the statue. The features of the lion are completely obliterated, as are also those of the prostrate form that lies so helpless, so utterly and wholly human, beneath the upraised paw of the king of beasts.

The group presents itself to the eye, owing to the wear of old Time, much in the appearance of those vast blocks of Carrara marble which the bold chisel of Michael Angelo struck into; and then, at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest "abbozzo" of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages, so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance; but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the majesty and grandeur of the idea that once lay there so mightily embodied. This dark colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of all canopies certainly—high heaven—but never noticed but by the wind that sweeps moaning over it and the jacks that yelp around, as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel who has been good enough to die in the vicinity.

WHAT LAW IS LIKE.—Law is like a country dance—people are led up and down it till they are tired. Law is also like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it. I is also like bad weather; most people are glad when they are out of it.

SENTIMENT.—Poetry is the flower of our nature; prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love-letters are the honey and sugar; letters containing remittances are appledumplings.

—A country youth, who had returned home from London, was asked by his anxious father if he had been guarded in his conduct while there. "Oh yes," was the reply. "I was guarded by two policemen, part of the time."

WHO ARE THE HAPPY.—Lord Byron said:—"The mechanics and working men who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest of men. Poverty is wretchedness, but even poverty is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." Another author says: I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his strength and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

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WE have started our CARDING and SPINNING MACHINERY, in the building formerly Young & Little's mill on Big Canyon Creek, three-fourths of a mile east of the Penitentiary. If those who wish wool carded and spun on shares will bring it well washed, picked and greased, we will return two parts and keep one of the yarn it makes. B. YOUNG & Co.

COTTON FACTORY.

WE will CARD and SPIN, in the above named building, good, clean cotton for one-half the yarn it makes; or we will pay in merchandise forty cents a pound for merchantable cotton delivered at our Factory. 9-tt B. YOUNG & H. S. ELDREDGE.

WANTED

FIFTY TENOR & FIFTY BASS SINGERS.

THE undersigned would be pleased to receive the services of Fifty Tenor and Fifty Bass Singers, to assist at a Juvenile Concert, in connection with the Deseret Musical Association, shortly to be given at the Theatre, in this city. Singers by the old notation, as well as by the Tonic Sol-Fa method invited. Practice on Tuesday and Friday evenings, in President Young's School Room, at 1-2 past 6 o'clock. 16-tt D. O. CALDER.

FARM FOR SALE.

I HAVE A FARM, containing 40 acres, well fenced, with a Log HOUSE on it, situated two miles above Jordan Mills, on the west side of the river, which I will sell for Stock or wagons. The land is of first-rate quality, one-half of it in cultivation, the other excellent meadow land. 8-3m E. W. VAN ETTAN.

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