

Written for "THE DESERT NEWS."
REFLECTIONS IN THE GRAVEYARD
AND ON THE RE-URRECTION.

JOHN LYON.

Peace to the ashes of my absent friends
Who lie interred, beneath these mould'ring
heaps
Where now the solitary tombstone keeps
Sentinel, and where the seared sunflower bends
To every passing breeze; you once were gay,
And full of wisdom, joy, and social mirth,
The talented, the smart men of your day—
Tho' here all mute, and mingling with the clay
You wait in silence, for your earthly birth.
Mysterious change! and shall their bodies rise
From earth, to meet their spirits from the
skies—
When worms, and putrefaction have destroyed
The last remains of all their vestige here
That's now, with all the elements alloyed,
Earth, Air, Gases, of this mundane sphere;
Start not ye sceptics, but ye Salm's rejoice,—
There's nothing lost, great Nature ne'er des-
troys
Herself! Tho' low and rotting with the clod,
The seed of human form will from it spring
And rise immortal in the form of God,
When free from sin, and sin's destroying sting.
Yes, ye shall rise and, these elements all,
From which your bodies on this earth were
made,
By eating, breathing, will beat a call,
Bones, flesh, nerves, sinews, butfully arrayed
To form again, your bodies from the shade
Of dark forgetfulness and dreary death.
Say, shall the great designer not have power
To say, Return into your form again,
The prestige of your first estate and dower,
And live forever without toll or pain,
With life, and light, and keys of heav'n's
pow'r—
Free from the curse of earth's turmoil, and
storm
Where nature will not need again, Reform?
Come then, my soul, keep fast the faith di-
vine
While gazing o'er the tombstones of the
dead
That you'll arise, as 'twas of Jesus said
When he commanded *Water into Wine*.

MANAGING A MAN.

Nellie Davis was the prettiest, sweet-
est, best and dearest little girl in Hills-
burg, and when Tom Carter fell head-
over-heels in love with her, nobody
blamed him in the least.

And when the parson gave consent,
and they went to housekeeping in a
cosy, birdnest of a little house, on the
south side of the town, everybody proph-
esied all sorts of happiness for the pretty
bride.

And, truth to tell, Nellie Carter was
very happy. It is a very pleasant thing
to go to housekeeping for the first time,
with everything spick-and-span new
and shiny, and if you have some one
you love very much for a companion, it
is still pleasanter.

Now, Nellie did love that great blun-
dering Tom Carter with all her might
and main, and there was only one thing
to disturb her perfect peace. She was
the very pink of tidiness, and Tom the
most careless fellow alive.

He kept his person neat and nice—but
he kept his personal belongings any-
thing else. In vain did Nellie braid a
handsome merino case, and tack it in-
side the closed door for Tom to put his
slippers in—Tom would persist in tossing
his slippers under the parlor sofa "to
have 'em handy." In vain did she gen-
tly suggest that the rack in the hall was
the place for his hat and overcoat. Tom
would fling his overcoat, wet or dry, on
her pretty, smoothly made bed, and
drop his hat anywhere.

In vain did Nellie make a place for
everything, for Tom invariably tossed
everything down in some other place.
Now little Mrs. Nellie was only human,
and Tom's slovenly ways annoyed her
exceedingly. She was resolved not to
spoil the peace of their cosy home by
scolding, but how to cure him she could
not tell.

She bore with him with the patience
of an angel, until one morning, after he
had gone up town, she went into the
parlor, broom in hand, and there lay
Tom's heavy shawl, right across the
centre-table, ruthlessly crushing be-
neath it the pretty trifles which lay up-
on the marble top.

"Now I can't stand this, and I won't!"
said Nellie, as she carefully raised the
shawl from the delicate treasures, and
discovered the ruins of a favorite Bohe-
mian vase.

"I don't know what to do, but this I
won't have!" she continued, with the
little bit of wifely snap which every
good wife must have if she expects to
get along at all with that occasionally
unreasonable animal, a man.

"Some way must and shall be discov-
ered to cure Tom of such performances

as this!" went on Mrs. Nellie as she re-
moved the ruins of her vase, and all the
morning she went round at her work
with scarlet lips closely compressed and
a little flash in her brown eyes, which
argued well for Mr. Tom's domestic sub-
jugation.

Woman's wit having a will, seldom
fails to find a way. And when a deter-
mined little woman says "must" and
"shall," masculine insubordination
might as well surrender at once.

Before Mrs. Nellie closed her bright
eyes that night she had arranged her
plans for the campaign against her liege
lord, who slept the sleep of the innocent
at her side.

But she meant to give him one more
chance. So, after breakfast, when Tom
drew on his boots and gave his slippers
their usual toss under the sofa, she gently
said:

"Tom, dear, hadn't you better put
our slippers in the case?"

"No; let 'em alone, so they'll be han-
dy to-night."

"But, Tom, dear, they look so untidy."

"Why, no, they don't. A thing looks
as well in one place as another. What's
the use of a man's having a home if he
can't keep things where he wants to?"
said rebellious Tom.

"What's the use of keeping a woman
on her feet all day to pick up things af-
ter you?" asked Nellie, without the least
show of temper.

"Don't pick 'em up. Just let 'em
alone, and then I can find 'em when I
want 'em," declared Mr. Tom, as he
gave her a kiss, and took himself off.

And the moment the door closed on
him, Nellie's red lips compressed again,
and her brown eyes wore the same look
they had worn yesterday.

"War it is, then!" she said to herself.
"Now, Master Tom, we shall see who
wins the field!"

She set quietly about her morning's
work, and when Tom came home to din-
ner, everything was in its usual good
order. It remained so, and Nellie
busied herself with her sewing until
nearly time for Tom to return to sup-
per.

Then she arose and put away her
work, and prepared, as she said to her-
self, "to open the campaign."

First she put Tom's slippers where he
always left them, under the sofa. Then
she tossed his shawl upon the piano, and
his best hat on the centre-table. She
brought some of her dresses and flung
them across the chairs and on the sofa.
Her furs and sacque reposed in Tom's
especial arm-chair, and her best bonnet
kept Tom's slippers company under the
sofa, while her own slippers lay on the
mantel.

And then, thinking that feminine in-
genuity could make no greater sacrifice
than her Sunday bonnet, she took a
piece of crochet work and sat down.

Presently the door opened, and in
walked Master Tom. He gave a low
whistle of surprise as he glanced at the
unusual disorder, and at Nellie, sitting
calmly in the midst with her crochet
work, and then came into the room.

"House-cleaning, Nellie?" he asked.
"Oh, no. Why?" said Nellie, looking
up in sweet unconsciousness.

"I thought may be you had been;
that's all," remarked Tom, dryly, as he
looked for a place to sit down.

Nellie quietly pursued her work.
Presently Tom said—

"Paper come this evening?"

"Not yet," answered Nellie.

Tom gave a half sigh.

"Nellie, I met Grauger up-town, and
he'll call round this evening."

"Very well. Probably he won't come
before tea. It will be ready soon," said
Nellie, working away in demure inno-
cence.

"Hadn't you better pick up things a
little before he comes?" said Tom, glanc-
ing uneasily around the room.

"Oh, no. Just let 'em lie," answered
Nellie, sweetly.

"But they look so bad!" said Tom.

"Oh, no, they don't," said Nellie as
sweetly as before. "A thing looks as
well in one place as another."

Tom's face reddened.

"I never saw your room look like this
before," he said, hesitatingly. "I
shouldn't like to have any one step in."

"Why not?" said Nellie. "We might
as well keep things handy. What's the
use of having a house if you can't keep
things where you want to?"

Tom's face got redder and redder. He
tried to look sober, and then broke into a
laugh.

"Oh, that's your game, is it?" he said.

"Trying to beat me with my own
weapons, are you, little woman?"

"Well, don't you like the plan?" said
Nellie, demurely.

"No, by George, I don't!" cried
Tom.

"Well, then, I'll make a bargain with
you. As long as you keep your things
in their places, I'll do the same with
mine, and whenever you don't—"

"Oh, I will!" interrupted Tom. "Come
Nellie, I'll own up like a man—you've
beat me this time. Only just straighten
up this awful room, and I'll never
throw anything down again. There,
now, let's kiss and make up," as the
children say."

Nellie rose, and laughingly held up
her sweet mouth for the kiss of peace.
And then, under the magic influence of
her deft fingers, confusion was sudden-
ly banished, and when Grauger came
round to spend the evening, he decided
that nobody had a prettier wife or a tid-
ier home than his friend Tom Carter.

Wise little Nellie, having once gained
possession of the matrimonial field, took
good care to keep it until Tom was quite
cured of his careless habits.

Sometimes he seemed threatened with
a relapse, but Nellie, instead of scold-
ing, only had quietly to bring some-
thing of her own and lay it beside what-
ever he tossed down, and it was sure to
be put away immediately, for Tom sel-
dom failed to take the hint.

And if some other little woman, as
tidy and wise as Nellie, takes a hint al-
so, this story will have served its pur-
pose.—*Record and Farmer*.

AGRICULTURAL.

IMPORTANT TO BREEDERS.—A fact
which breeders of animals should never
forget or undervalue was stated by
Agassiz, when he said: "No offspring
is simply the offspring of its father and
mother. It is at the same time the off-
spring of the grandfather and grand-
mother on both sides; in fact this de-
pendence of offspring or liability to
produce family characteristics extends
much farther up the ancestral line."

GOOD MEN MAKE GOOD HORSES.—A
horse is never vicious or intractable
without a direct cause. If a horse is
restive or timorous, you may be sure
that these faults arise from defects in
his education. He has been treated
either awkwardly or brutally. Com-
mence the education of a horse at his
birth; accustom him to the presence,
voice and sight of man; speak and act
gently; caress him, and do not strike
him. All chastisement or cruelty con-
fuses the animal, and makes him wild.
They are good men who make good
horses.

KEEP THE CATTLE GROWING.—The
most successful breeders of horses, cat-
tle, sheep or swine, know from expe-
rience that although they may possess
the best breeding animals they will not
be successful in producing superior
stock, if a continuous growth of the
young animals is not kept up. In order
to begin in time at this indispensable
preparation for success, the brood mares,
cows, ewes and sows are most carefully
and suitably fed while with young, and
as soon as the young animals make their
appearance, they are taken the greatest
care of, the dams being suitably fed
while suckling, and when the young
ones are weaned, they are not supposed
to want for food or drink a single hour.

By this means a continuous and rapid
growth is kept up, and the animals
attain a large size and heavy weight at
an early age. When breeding animals
are not properly fed and comfortably
sheltered, in winter, the bad effect of
such treatment is not confined to their
own want of condition—it is shared by
their progeny, and can never be
remedied. When young stock are not
fed well and comfortably sheltered in
winter, their growth becomes stunted,
and no subsequent amount of good
treatment can repair the damage. Young
animals may suffer for want of proper
provender in summer and autumn, as
well as in winter, and when this hap-
pens it stops continuous growth, and
prevents ultimate success in the object
of the breeder.—*Working Farmer*.

FARMING A DULL BUSINESS.—Talk-
ing with a very bright and ambitious
young woman, a farmer's daughter,
where we stopped over night, she said
farming was a dull sort of life. "Yes,"
said a young man of twenty-two years,
"there is no incentive to work; it is all
hum-drum, routine, and hard work—no
relaxation of effort, and nothing to
stimulate the mind."

"What nonsense," we replied. "There
is everything for a stimulus. Each
farm is a world in itself, about which
those who have lived upon it know little
or nothing, comparatively. Suppose,
for example, we were to ask you how
many kinds of grasses—*real grasses*—
grow on your farm—could you tell us,

with their correct names, habits and
history? Suppose we ask you how many
species of plants are indigenous on your
farm, and the names of these plants,
time of flowering, color of flowers, soil
and locality in which they grow—could
you tell us? Suppose we were to ask
you how many species of birds visit
your farm every year, the time of their
arrival and departure, their habits while
with you, their names and their habits
while absent from your locality the bal-
ance of the year—could you tell us?
Suppose we ask you how many spe-
cies of insects are to be found on
your farm—their names, history, habits,
whether injurious to you or not, upon
what trees or plants they live, when
and how often they appear, and how
long they stay—could you tell us? Sup-
pose we ask you to show us specimens
of the grasses and other plants, the
birds, insects, &c., which may be gath-
ered within your boundary fences,
could you show them to us? And yet,
if you were to undertake to acquire the
knowledge we have suggested by these
inquiries, you would find your life too
short; yet the knowledge you would
gain, the interest you would soon take in
it, and the knowledge of your own impo-
tency you would acquire would prove to
you that it is not the farm that is a dull
place, but it is you who are dull!—*Mass.
Ploughman*.

FEEDING FOR BUTTER.—Messrs.
Magendie, Sandras and Bouchardat
have shown that the "fatty principles
of our food, minutely subdivided, or
made into an emulsion by the act of di-
gestion, pass without essential change
into the blood, where they are held at
the disposal of the animal economy."
Boussingault claims that "fatty substan-
ces are only produced in vegetables, and
that they pass, ready formed, into the
bodies of animals, to undergo combus-
tion immediately, so as to evolve the
necessary animal heat, or are stored up
for future use."

Dumas, Payen and Boussingault, after
a long series of experiments, gave a ta-
ble of the percentage of fatty matters
used in the different articles used as
food for stock. Oil cake and maize have
about 9 per cent.; bran and oats 5 to 5½
per cent.; hay 3½ to 4; wheat flour,
peas, lentils, beans, straw, etc., about 2
per cent., and roots 1 to 1½ per cent.

By a long series of experiments made
by Boussingault, he shows conclusively
that "the cow extracts from her food al-
most the whole of the fatty matter it
contains; and she converts this matter
into butter." He says: "The fattening
ox fixes a certain proportion of these
principles in the same way as the cow.
There is only this difference, that the
cow returns with the milk she yields a
considerable quantity of the fat she finds
in her food. There consequently exists
an obvious relation between the forma-
tion of milk, and fattening."

Allowing these deductions to be true,
this accounts for the results claimed by
L. W. Miller and others as to the value of
sowed corn as compared with corn meal.
Nearly all the dairymen at that meeting
agreed with Miller, that corn meal is
the best accessible food to increase the
quantity of butter. One dairyman said
to me that the meal he fed his cows in
the summer, brought him \$2.00 per
bushel, when he sold butter at 30 cents.

The practice and experience of our but-
ter makers singularly coincides with the
statements of Boussingault, as to the com-
parative butter-producing value of dif-
ferent kinds of food for milk cows. The
experiments of Boussingault show but
little butter-producing value in roots of
any kind, and farther, that in no case
does the fatty matter in the milk and
other excretions equal that in the food
eaten, but that a certain portion is used
in keeping up the animal heat. He also
shows that there is the most complete
analogy between the production of
milk and the fattening of animals; and,
lastly, that "fat food"—food which will
afford fat in the digestive canal—"ap-
pears to be the indispensable condition
of fattening" (or of producing butter).

We find, then, that the peculiar fat-
tening grain crop of America—maize—is
the almost necessary adjunct to hay
or grass in the production of butter, and
as in the case of the Chautauqua dairy-
man, it will pay double its cost in its
transformation into butter. Our butter
makers, East and West, should not hesi-
tate to feed liberally of corn meal, being
certain of a liberal return for the money
expended. As expressed by a success-
ful dairyman: "Your cow is a mill,
and the richer the grist put into
her hopper, the richer will be the grist
ready for market."—*Corres. Live Stock
Journal*.