

DON'T DRINK TO-NIGHT.

left my mother at the door,
My sister by her side,
Their clasped hands and loving looks
Perbade their doubts to hide.
I left, and met with comrades gay,
When the moon brought out her light,
And my loving mother whispered me,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

Long years have rolled away since then,
My jetty curls are gray,
But oh! those words are with me yet,
And will not pass away.
I see my mother's loving face,
With goodness, radiant light,
And hear her words ring in my ears,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

My mother is now resting sweet
In the graveyard on the hill;
But her kind words come back to me
And haunt my memory still.
I've often, often passed the cup,
Oh! then my heart was right,
Because I heard the warning words,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night!

I've now passed down the road of life,
And soon my race is run;
A mother's warning listened to,
An immortal crown is won.
Oh, mothers, with your blessed smile,
Look on your boys so bright,
And say, as you alone can say,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

These words will prove a warning, when,
In the thorny path of life,
Thy boy is in the tempter's wiles,
And warring in the strife.
Thy words will stop the morning cup,
And revelry at night,
By whispering back a mother's voice,
Don't drink, my boy, to-night.

BREVITIES.

"My articles do not receive a very warm reception of late." "Our fair correspondent is mistaken," replied the editor: "they meet with the warmest reception possible. We burn them all."

The Wisconsin man who had to pay twenty dollars to prove his right to fourteen chickens desires the address of the person who says this is the best government the world ever saw.

A lawyer of large experience and some observation, defines the art of civilization as getting your neighbor's money out of his pocket and into your own without making yourself amenable to the law.

A Missouri divine left the Lord's vineyard to be a clown in a circus. His reasons were that three square meals a day and \$50 per week are better than \$400 per year, payable in dried apples, hay, and old clothes.

A New Orleans girl thus exposes a wretch of a man—"There is a man in this City, his name is unknown he is married sixteen years he has four or five children with his wife now he wants to run away with a woman that has \$10,000 worth of jewelry."

It is easier to raise a hundred dollars for the purchase of a gold watch to be presented to somebody who does not need it, than it is to collect the same amount for some poor man, from the same persons who owe him the money.—*Missouri Paper.*

"Sarah, you're a good gal, but there ain't no gal a-going to call for two plates of ice-cream on me and keep me for her feller!" were the closing remarks of a young gentleman of Chicago upon parting with his innamorata.

A young lady, after reading attentively the title of a novel called "The Last Man," exclaimed, "Bless me, if such a thing were ever to happen, what would become of the women?" "What would become of the poor man?" was the remark of an old bachelor.

"It does very well for the London Times to talk of the conversational shriek of the female American voice," said John Henry, "but if it ever sat down on its wife's spring bonnet, it would think of such things only in the secret recesses of its heart, and then only with fear and trembling."

Said a distinguished politician to his son: "Look at me! I began as an alderman, and here I am at the top of the tree; and what is my reward? Why when I die, my son will be the greatest rascal in the city." To this the young hopeful replied: "Yes, dad, when you die—but not till then."

Little Bessy is the daughter of a clergyman of Freeport, Me. Not long since, when her father was away, and she was playing in the yard, a stranger came along and inquired if the minister was at home. "No," she replied, "but mother is in the house and she will pray for you, you poor miserable sinner."

A clergyman being applied to in less than a year after his appointment to put a stove in the church, asked how long his predecessor had been there, and when answered twelve years, he said: "Well, you never had a fire in the church during his time?" "No, sir," replied the applicant, "but we had fire in the pulpit then."

The way they resign in "Ole Virginia": "When I was a first-rate new minister?" inquired the deacon of a colored church in Virginia of a brother darker the other day. "Why, I thought 'o' had one," replied the friend. "So we has," continued the inky deacon, "but we's jus' sent him in his resignation."

"When I married," said Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer Lowe at a London dinner party, "I declared, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' although I hadn't a shilling in the world." "But," chimed in the wife, "you had your splendid talents." "Yes, my dear; but you know I didn't endow you with them," was the right honorable gentleman's reply.

On the walk a hat did lie
And a gallus chap called by,
And he cut a lively swell—
He was a clerk to a hotel;
And he gave that hat a kick,
And he came across a brick—
Now upon a crutch he goes,
Makes half a pound of tick.

Three Months of Freedom.

T. J. London, one of the American jubilee singers now in England, writes to the *Pittsburg Gazette* as follows:

I have never known practically the meaning of the word freedom in its highest sense but three months in my life, and though it is with shame for my own boasted land of freedom I say it, yet it is true that those three months have been spent in Great Britain.

And I now affirm that no black man, born and raised in the United States of America, can realize what it is to be absolutely free. And I further assert that no black man in America can realize what he suffers, and what a depressing and humiliating influence his manhood and higher nature is under, until he is able to rise above and breathe an atmosphere untainted by the deadly and polluting poison of American prejudice. Think what it would be to be able to go to any hotel, restaurant, or confectionary, or any place of amusement, and not simply be able to make your way in at the point of some law, but to be absolutely welcomed—no better, but just the same as any other man who pays his money—and then not be stuck away in some hole or corner, lest some of the other customers may see you and become indignant because a "nigger's" money pays for just the same as his does, and is just as gladly received! If it is possible just imagine what it is to be from home at meal time, and, without the slightest hesitation, walk into any restaurant or eating house, and get what you want without anyone to make you uncomfortable, and not be compelled to walk by half a dozen or more places in order to find some man who dares defy public opinion at the risk of his business by letting you have, in some secluded nook, what you want, and taking your money for it. If you go into a store for goods the clerks do not all suddenly get too busy to wait upon you, and cast a significant smile at the one who, after all, is compelled to wait on you, or who happens to be just as willing to wait on you as any one else, as if to say: "Ah! you have to wait on a nigger," as is very often the case in America. If you enter a "bus" and there is no American (I mean white), there is no one to draw up her dress lest you black it, or turn up his nose or look scornful at you. If for any reason you walk the streets with a white person of either sex, no one says, "Look at the nigger with a white person," or looks upon the one with you as if henceforth they are to be regarded as lepers. Perhaps some will say that this is because we are "Jubilee Singers." If so, to such I would reply, I was a jubilee singer in America before I was in England.

How different was their treatment here. For three weeks they sang in one of Mr. Moody's meetings. A hall had been built for him in the east of London, with seatings for about 12,000. The choir consisted of about one hundred persons. Seats were assigned to us in front and next to the stand. Every member of the choir received us with the utmost kindness, and instead of trying to insult us, they tried in every conceivable way to make us feel welcome, and near the close of the series of meetings a tea was given for the stewards, officers, and choir, about 175 in all; we were invited. We spent an hour or more socially with them before tea, then promiscuously the ladies and gentlemen coupled themselves off, and arm in arm went into the tent to partake of the sumptuous repast provided for them. No two of the jubilees sat together, and no one was there to insult or in any other way to make us feel unwelcome. We were simply treated as any white people would have been under the circumstances.

We stopped one day in London, at a fine, private boarding house in Queen's square. While we were there, or rather the day we got there (for we were out at the time which I now speak), a man from Indiana came there and engaged board for himself and family. He sent his luggage and was to come himself the next day. But when they came the next morning we were just through our morning devotions, and of course, all in the house. They walked in and saw us and walked out and left us; went two doors below and sent for their traps. The landlady did not know what to think of such conduct. We knew; but for our country's sake we were ashamed to tell her. But had

they known it they need not have gone, for we left in a couple of hours ourselves.

On reaching the station (or depot, as you call it,) we saw a tall man and woman, whom we suspected of being Americans. Soon our suspicions were confirmed when we saw him looking after some ponderous trunks marked "Ky." We resolved to have some fun at our friend, brother and fellow-citizen's expense. So, as there are eleven of us, we could pretty well have one in each of the first-class compartments of the train, and the last I saw of our good Kentucky brother he was hurriedly passing from one compartment to another, evidently looking for a first-class compartment without an "infernal nigger." Whether he succeeded or not I am unable to say, but I know we got to Edinburgh "just the same," and we stopped at Darling's Regent Hotel, a first-class temperance hotel, where may be seen floating from the flagstaff the stars and stripes in honor of our presence. Some of us have been foolish enough to think that some of our fellow-countrymen, of whom there are many in the city, feel like tearing it down, when they come to learn for whom it is hoisted, and find that it is to do honor to negroes.

How to Hatch and Raise Poultry

There is an establishment at the pleasant village of Hicksville, L.I., which would well repay a visit from our farming friends and others leading a country life. The place in question is owned by Prof. Adolphe Corbett, a Belgian gentleman, who there carries on the very profitable business of hatching and raising poultry of every description by artificial methods, he himself being the inventor of the process.

Poultry-breeders are well aware that the use of the hen is entirely unnecessary so far as hatching is concerned, her value beyond egg-laying being confined to sheltering and warming the chickens after they burst their shells. A hen lays on an average some 100 eggs annually, but she only sits once, hatching seldom more than seven during her period of incubation. If she could hatch the whole number she lays, or four-fifths only, there would clearly be a far greater chance of profit for the breeder; and many devices have, in consequence, been set on foot to substitute artificial means for the motherly duties of the hen. Prof. Corbett claims to have accomplished this result by his discovery; and as he is carrying out his invention on an immense scale at Hicksville, the readers of the *Tribune* may learn something from a report of his operations.

The area of the estate covers 100 acres, and is handsomely fenced in. Most of the land is under grass, the chickens have full liberty to roam over it, while other portions are given up to the cultivation of corn and buckwheat wherewith to supply them with food. The buildings for their convenience are numerous and extensive, but yet might be increased tenfold when occasion demands, without unnecessarily crowding the immense area. The principal edifice is a frame structure, 200 feet long by 23 feet wide and 25 feet high; it is in two stories, and 100 windows give ample amount of light and ventilation throughout. Here the operations of incubation and nursing are carried on, the sole caloric agent employed being horse manure. The so-called "incubators" are peculiarly shaped wooden boxes, capable of hatching 100, 200, 500, or 1,000 eggs at a time, according to size of apparatus. The eggs being placed in their proper receptacle, the incubator is then covered around and over with the strongest horse manure—that produced from oats and corn, not grass, hay, or clover. A ventilation chimney carries off the gases and effluvia from the box, and also enables the operator to regulate the temperature of the interior at the required 104 deg. Fahrenheit. The apparatus might now be left entirely alone for the usual term of incubation, that differing according to the species of fowl being hatched; but it is customary to examine each egg separately on the third or fourth day, the "clear" or unproductive ones being returned to the basket.

When the chickens are hatched they are forthwith removed to the "artificial mothers," and the little ones apparently take to these scientifically constructed shelters with

as much gusto as to a living hen. These mothers caused the inventor two years' severe study and an enormous loss in eggs; and it was not until he discovered how to do away with all corners in the apparatus, and to make the cover or roof rest without weight on the backs of the little ones, that he accomplished his purpose. This included the gradual rising of the cover with the growth of the birds, as also the proper selection of material of construction so as to insure the exact amount of heat required within. No stronger or healthier chickens can be seen than those hatched and raised by this process; and there is an entire absence of lame chicks which we always find when brought up with brood hens.

Another building, 100 feet long by 14 feet wide and three stories high is set apart for the young pullets and egg-laying hens. Professor Corbett, who is an accurate observer of the habits of domestic poultry, and a well-known writer and authority on such subjects in France and Belgium, has done away with the nightly fighting, scrambling, pushing, and fowl swearing at roosting time by placing all his perches at the same level. Most truly democratic is this not in our party, American sense, but according to the old Greek meaning—*demos*, the people. So the fowls, young and adult, go to rest affectionately.

A first consideration in stock-raising of all kinds is pure, fresh water and absolute cleanliness. In the establishment described the drinking fountains are scattered over the grounds, some being of earthenware, others in iron, and the water is changed frequently. All the buildings are lined inside with brick and plaster, constant use of whitewash on the interior and the sprinkling of carbolic acid on the floors insuring perfect cleanliness.

Not far removed from the last named building, but completely isolated, is an extensive duck-house, with a lake in front. The ducks, like all other fowl in the establishment, are hatched and nursed by the simple use of horse manure, and their goodly appetites, sleek and close plumage, and quickness of movement, show their perfect healthfulness.

All known descriptions of domestic poultry are hatched and raised on this estate by the above means. These descriptions include common barn-yard fowls, Dorkings, Game, White Leghorns, Black Spanish, Brahmas, Shanghais, and, as some amateurs choose to call them, Cochins-Chinas, and Brahmopootras. They are all alike amenable to the same system, as well as geese, turkeys, ducks, partridges, &c., and all of them are equally productive and remunerative.

Prof. Corbett asserts that his process enables any one to raise poultry—whether on a small or large scale—at from 20 to 35 per cent. less cost than by any ordinary method. He states, moreover, that a farmer will obtain far more remunerative results from an equal area of land in raising poultry than for anything for which land can be used agriculturally; Spring chickens, by his process, being ready for market all the year round, every month in the year, every week in the month. And his process is alike valuable to the housewife of moderate means, passing her leisure moments in the poultry-yard, as to the breeder on a large scale who seeks to supply great city markets with eggs and chickens. He makes no secret of the means he takes to insure these results, asserting that his chief aim is to see his system adopted in every farm and country house in the land of his adoption. F. N. E.

—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Sleepy Horse in a Race.

At the Dubuque fair a sleepy, poor, homely horse called Lothair was entered in every race. He began by taking the 3.15 race, then 3 minute, 2.15, 2.40, and won two heats of the 2.35 race, when a protest was entered that he had a better record than the race he was trotting in. His driver denied this soft impeachment, and challenged proof. The judges called him up to the stand and swore him. About this time he had got his wrath up, and swore he would show them a trick worth looking at. In the third heat he let the sleepy horse out and distanced the whole field easily, cutting all others out of the chance of second, third and fourth money. The swearing of the army in France

was nothing compared to those horsemen who were looped. The air got so hot that Lothair and his driver lit out in the night with several thousand dollars pulled from the greenies who played with him. During the selling of pools the owner bought the field at \$2 against \$5, and in the end scooped the whole business. The query is, "Who is Lothair, and where did he come from?" Nobody knows, further than the owner said he came from Canada. At all events he cut the eyeteeth of the sharpest horsemen in the State, and did it so handsomely that they did not discover it until he had got their money and was gone.—*Waverly Republican.*

The Reason Why "Occident" Failed to Distinguish Himself at the East.—T. W. Hinchman, secretary of the Bay District Agricultural Society, yesterday received a dispatch from the National Turf Association, announcing that Jas. L. Eoff has been temporarily reinstated until the next meeting of the board of appeals. Eoff, it will be remembered, was expelled for life by the Bay Association, at the pacing races last Spring, for using vile and abusive language to the clerk of the course. The grounds on which Eoff has been reinstated have not yet been announced. As the matter now stands, Eoff can drive on any track in the United States.

As has already been announced, Budd Double will arrive from the East during the latter part of next week with a stable of fine trotting stock. Among the number comes Occident. The "California Wonder" has failed to distinguish himself during his Eastern tour, disappointing not a few who were led to expect a series of brilliant performances in the promised contests with Eastern flyers. The cause of this disappointment is said to be the result of an operation performed on Occident's feet a short time prior to his departure from this coast. It was believed by a number of prominent turfmen that Occident could easily beat his best record if his hoofs were broadened. Accordingly the hoofs were cut down considerably, and by means of screws placed in the frog it was expected to accomplish the desired object. The operation was supposed to have been successful until the animal was placed in training on a Philadelphia track. Here he exhibited unmistakable signs of lameness, and was thus prevented from taking part in any of the races. The lameness still manifests itself, but experts say it will soon disappear and leave the horse in a good, if not better condition than ever before. Since Occident has been East he has been exhibited at Mystic Park, Boston, and at the race courses at Buffalo, Utica, and other prominent cities. It is not known yet when he will be again exhibited to the California public.—*San Francisco Bulletin, Sept. 25.*

IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.—A postal card, directed to Mr. Woodbury Jackson, sent from Boston, Massachusetts, to Placerville, has been forwarded to this office, says the *Oakland Transcript*, with a note that the person to whom it is addressed was in the employ of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, at West Oakland, some six years ago, and requesting us to publish the same, that it may find its way to the party to whom it is addressed. It tells a sad and mournful story in a few words. Will the press of the coast copy it and send it on its mission in search of the lost father?—

"BOSTON, Sept. 4, 1875.

"Dear Father—Will you write to me? Mother is dead! and I want to hear from you very much. I was but a baby when you left, eighteen years ago—now I am a young woman.

"Will the Postmaster please forward this if my father is gone from there? He went to Placerville with E. Kenny. Do this and oblige a poor lone girl.

"FLORA E. JACKSON.
119 Hanover St., Boston, Mass."
—*California Paper.*

The late James Fisk, jr.'s, father is lecturing in New England on temperance.

The fortune of General Grant is now no less than \$1,000,000, and is still growing.