

in the wood shed, and a bathing tub full of oil in Church, and a wild buffalo to cut steak from—and oysters large as Lincoln's majority, and boots with round toes and square heels, and a seat in some fashionable church, and new hoop-skirts, for all my hired girls, and I will employ so many niggers to wait on me, that oil I'll have to do, will be to be happy. Oh Pete! Let me kiss you for your Ma! And I'll lay a bed mornings, and I'll sit up all night, and bore my friends oil day, till they can't bare-it! Talk about honest industry, sawing wood for the dust, opening oysters for the shells, blacking boots merely to see your face in them, and being honest forty years waiting for some rich man to adopt you! Played! Petroleum is the boy. And now I'll live high. Out of the house vain pomp! Away from me, cold nuts, crackers, cheese, then mush boiled, No. 5 mackerel, warmed up soup, and brilliant appetites. I've struck Pete!

Now, when I go on the street, folks run to the windows and smile. And they smile at me on the street. And they ask me to smile in Ginuel Cock Tail's house. And they all have a kind word. O, Pete! you're the Roleum for me! Things in my limited kingdom isn't as they use to once was! Farewell, ragged habiliments. Good-bye, hungry stomach! Oil River, cold shoulders! Its oil right now. Ten years ago Buggins wouldn't speak to me, cause I was not well, financially speaking. Buggins is now as cordial as horse-radish or hot whiskey. And when I would wedlock those rich girl who so sweetly was unto me, her cruel parents said. "O, poor, but honest youth, entice thyself hence! And I enticed—nobody! Now, those girl, and those cruel parents, wish me to call. How are you, bettered circumstances? It is good to remember oil these things! And the time dwells in those fond recollections of mine as how I was not wanted at fashionable parties. Now the doors fly wide, and ebony angels of shoddy swing the panels for me to enter and revel. O, Pete! you're oil right, my boy!

Money! More than would wad a columbiad! Everybody is willing to trust me now. I have no need for credit. Rich folks are deuced glad to see me. They bow very low to me now. They didn't once. Great is Peter Oleum, and boring is its profit! Just to think of it. How I used to once dig potatoes on shares—turn grindstones for fun—milk cows for the buttermilk—cotton-strings for suspenders—boss's old boots or freeze toes—hired man's hat or get tanned—second table or not at all—"dirty fingered typewriter" or poor mechanic—go afoot or stoy behind! Oil is a dream now. Stare, hilarious days, for poverty are over, and shoddy is indeed envious.

Guess I can kiss Matilda Jerushanow and her dad won't object, for I've struck ile! Recon tailor will have time to make those raiments for I this week. Think landlord won't insist upon moving out of his abode. Things is working now. Another vein is opened! And you don't know how nice it is. If I go on a "bum," folks look over it now. When I was poor, they looked into it. I can kick boot blacks, snub poor people, break car-windows, throw goblets at waiters, visit questionable places, hurrah for any man I wish to, wink at whose wife I wish to, tie my team to shade-trees, stand on church-cushions with dirty feet, jam people's hats down over their eyes, tell a man he is a liar, spit on the carpet, get drunk or sober, swear or not as I please, and its oil right, for I've struck Pete! And I can sit up oil night, and raise much harmony. No one objects. Mrs. Stiggins says I is the nicest man she ever sawed. Mrs. Piggerly says I is the most delightingest gentleman she ever knowed. The Stiggins girls say I am mostly exquisite! Its oil on account of Peter Oleum, who has lately come to see me.

And I'm on it now. Have left my measure for set of diamonds size of a coal-bed. And I have ordered silk shirts, satin stockings, moire antique elastics, and a gold shaving-cup. And I'll have a guitar, harp, organ, piano, and tinkling cymbal in the house, oiled with petroleum, so they will play easy. And my hair, my whiskers, my pocket-handkerchiefs, my big clothes and my little clothes, shall bask in a barrel of petroleum while I sleep. O, Pete, I'm fixed at last. I'll found a church, or found a horse. I'll buy a horse-rail-road, and run it with petroleum; hire religious editors to puff me into Christianity; buy a nomination for fat office, and become as stiff as oil-boiled silk. Go way, poverty, wearied of your carresses! You have a large society, but I don't appreciate your grip. Your by-laws are right, but against my constitu-

tion. Now I can give advice, and it will be heeded. It's nice to havestruck ile—one has so many more friends than he ever thought for, and people take such an interest in you. I can go on change, buy a few thousand shares on call, sell gold long or short, deal in stocks at buyer's option, have a private box at the opera, shake hands with old Mrs. Nabob, and sing what tune I please. Young man, bore for oil. Strike, Pete, and be happy! Cause the earth to gush into your lap, and beauty will gush oil over thee. Strike oil and be great.

The question once was, who inflicted a blow under the auricular of William Patterson. Farewell, Pat! The interrogation now is: "Who struck Pete?" I've struck him, and once more am happy. If society wants to come forward and shake a new brother's hand, society can now do it. If young ladies of fashion wish to carry me sweetly once ere I become die, they will please step forward and not rumple my clothes! If any seeker after notoriety wishes to kiss me for the Sanitary, they can now do it, and one of my niggers shall hold the stakes. I've struck Pete, and the result is, much gorgeousness of apparel—many good things heretofore known to me only by observation.

I would not be a poor man—  
I would not if I could.  
But I need not fret about it,  
For I could not if I would

while the earth divulges its hidden secrets into my lap at the rate of three hundred barrels. It's oil right now. Once I was merely a bore. Now I am a successful borer, and my troubles have been drowned in oil by the genius of success—Peter Oleum.

Oilways thine,  
"BRICK" POMEROY.

## Agricultural.

### HINTS ON RAISING CALVES.

Calves are raised for veal, or to become milk producers, or to bear the yoke, or still unbroken to be used as beef. Where the production of veal is more profitable, it is usually best to give each good cow two calves to feed, and let them run with her, and have all the milk they will draw. In winter and early spring this cannot be done, and the calves must be brought to the cow, three times a day for the first week or fortnight, and twice a day after that; if the calves leave any milk, the cow should be thoroughly stripped each time. This plan saves much labor in milking, and so soon as one pair of calves has been sold to the butcher, another pair may take their places. Cows will usually own any calves given to them after one or two milking times, and they may then be left to run together in the pasture. The calves should be nearly of an age. No cow that will not give plenty of milk for two calves, ought to be kept for anything but beef; and it is an excellent plan to make the short-teated cows nurses in this way. The calves which are to be raised either for beef or breeding, should have all the milk after they are six or nine weeks old.

Where butter is made, and the milk can not be spared to the calf, the plan of the correspondent of the *Agriculturist* may be followed. He writes:

"Shortly after the calf is dropped, take it from the cow and put it in a dry, well littered stable. Part of each day, it should be allowed the range of some adjoining yard, for exercise. By separating cow and calf thus early, the former is sooner weaned from her offspring, and the latter learns to drink more easily than if allowed to suck for several days. Milk the cow at once, and feed the calf all it will drink. To teach it to drink, give it your fore-finger with the back of the hand immersed in a pail of milk; a few trials will suffice. During the third week, give about one quarter of skimmed milk; in the fourth week, one half, and after the sixth week, let it be all skimmed, but sweet and warm as newly drawn milk. After two months, weaning from milk should begin. Feed a little Indian meal wet up in milk or water. Give once a day, a little soft, sweet hay, he will soon learn to nibble it. A pint of oats per day may early be given. Soon he will learn to eat grass, and then in good pasture, will take care of himself."

The practice of removing the calf from the dam we do not commend, though it is very generally practiced. After the labors and trials of maternity are over the cow ought to have the satisfaction of suckling her offspring, at least so long as it is necessary for the calf to have nothing but pure milk. The cow will often worry and pine if the calf is taken away too soon, and a tendency to

garget or caked bag is often the result. Moreover, if the calf be fastened in a calf-pen or elsewhere, and allowed to go to the cow three times a day, entire separation will be much more easily borne after a few days. Where the milk is sold, and it is best to wean the calf from the cow as speedily as possible, it may be removed after a few hours. Meanwhile the cow will have licked it and nosed it to her heart's content, giving the little one notion of matters and things about it, setting its blood in circulation, and getting it well on its feet. The calf will have taken its first meal, and "butted down the bag" as they say. The first milk should never be withheld from the calf; utterly unfit for human food, it is aperient in its action, and cleans out the bowels of the calf as no medicine can. Serious results follow, if this does not take place; in case the bowels do not move, a dose of two ounces of castor oil, with a teaspoonful of ginger, ought to be administered. The removal of the dark, gummy feces with which the bowels of a newly born calf are more or less filled, is very important. After the calf is removed, it is kept away from the cow except at meal times, three times a day. After about the third or fourth day, it may well be taught to drink from a pail. The milk must be freshly drawn at first, the next day, part skimmed may be used, and by the time it is a week old, it may be fed on skimmed milk altogether. Then begin to add a little thin gruel, being careful to check any tendency to scouring, by scalding part of the milk with fine flour. Bran added to the gruel is loosening, fine wheat flour and boiled milk have the opposite tendency. So that with careful watching, a calf may be easily set right without physic. Where calves run with the cow, and can nibble grass a little, they seldom have any ailments. After a calf is three weeks old, and often earlier, the milk may be withheld altogether, and a tea made of clover hay used to mix with the gruel. In this way a calf may be fatted for the butcher or raised successfully, but it will usually be more economical to feed milk unless it is worth more than 2 cents per quart.—[*American Agriculturist*.]

HOW CAN FARMING BE MORE ATTRACTIVE?—The following are some of the scraps and shreds, drawn at various times from the discussions of a Farmer's Club:

1. By less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can do well, and consequently work too early and too late.

2. By more system. The farmers should have time to begin and stop labor. They should put more mind and machinery into their work. They should theorize as well as practice, and let both go together. Farming is healthy, moral and respectable; in the long run it may be made profitable. The farmer should keep good stock and out of debt. The farm is the best place to begin and end life, and hence so many in the cities and professional life covet a rural home.

3. By taking care of health. Farmers have a healthy variety of exercise, but too often neglect clean linen, omit bathing, eat irregularly and hurriedly, sleep in ill ventilated apartments, and expose themselves to cold. Ninth-tenths of the human diseases arise from colds or intemperance. Frequent bathing is profitable, so is fresh air, deliberation at the dinner table, and rest after meal.

4. By adorning the home. Nothing is lost by a pleasant home. Books, papers, pictures, music and reading should all be brought to bear upon the in-door family entertainment; and neatness, comfort, order, shrubbery, flowers and fruit should harmonize without. Home should be a sanctuary so happy and holy that children will love it, women delight in it, manhood crave it, and old age enjoy it. There would be less desertions of old homesteads if pains were taken to make them more agreeable. Ease, order, health and beauty are compatible with farm life, and were ordained to go with it.

[CONCLUDED.]

[From the New York Ledger.]

### CHARITY AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"No, thank you," returned her sister-in-law, "I think I can find objects of charity nearer home than Poland."

"But there is a society, of which you are a member, that I think I should like to join," she resumed after a moments thought, "the one for clothing and providing for destitute, neglected children."

Mrs. Shaw's countenance brightened.

"We shall all be delighted!" she exclaimed. "The initiation fee is only two dollars, together with the weekly payment of eight cents."

"I believe I paid the initiation fee about a year ago, when it was first organized. I did that cheerfully, though what I then considered to be duties nearer home prevented my doing more. I will pay it over again, however, only I must have the privilege of bringing a destitute child with me. I often see a little boy roaming about the streets, whose forlorn and neglected appearance fills my heart with pity."

"Certainly; that is what we expect and desire every member to do as she has opportunity. We have a number of little jackets and pants made, and there'll be some among them that will fit him. Our next meeting is just a week from to-day, at Squire Mayo's."

There was a twinkle in Mrs. Lane's eyes that night, as she superintended preparations for supper, which ever and anon deepened into a smile; but though the children were anxious to know "what she was smiling about," she kept her own counsel. The next afternoon, a score or more of ladies were seated in Squire Mayo's parlor, with busy fingers, and still with more busy tongues.

"There is Mrs. Lane coming up the walk," exclaimed Mrs. Mayo, who was seated by the window. "Just see what a wretched looking boy she is leading by the hand!"

Mrs. Shaw was too busy distributing work to even glance out of the window.

"I forgot to tell you, ladies," she said, "that my sister-in-law joins our society this afternoon. The boy with her is, no doubt, the one she spoke to me about the other day as a fit subject for our charity."

"I take considerable credit to myself," she added, complacently, "for persuading her to this step. Sister Lane is such a home body—so wrapped up in herself and family."

"Mrs. Lane is a kind-hearted woman," remarked an old lady, who was knitting in one corner of the room; "and does a great deal of good in a quiet way!"

"Sister Lane means well," said Mrs. Shaw, with a magnanimous air. "But according to my way of thinking, charity, without system and organization, is worse than thrown away."

By this time Mrs. Lane was in the room.

"Good afternoon, ladies," she said, glancing around with a pleasant smile.

"You see, Sister Shaw, that I kept my word and did not come alone," she added, as that individual fixed her eyes in undisguised astonishment on the boy, whose reluctant hand she held.

"I found this poor lad!" she continued, "in an alley-way, playing marbles with a number of profane and vicious boys, and who were uttering words in his hearing that I shudder to think of. The black eye he has got in a fight with one of them in which it seems he had the worst of it. He is very dirty and ragged as you see; but I offer no apology for bringing him to you in this condition, as I know your society was formed for the benefit of such, and trust that under your kindly care he will soon present quite another appearance."

Twice did Mrs. Shaw essay to interrupt the speaker, but anger and shame choked her utterance. When she had concluded, she sprang to her feet.

"Malinda Lane!" she ejaculated, "do you mean to pretend that you don't know that this is my boy?"

"Your boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Lane, starting with well-dissembled amazement. "Is it possible? Now that I look at him closer it does look like Johnny. But who would have thought it! I leave it to you," she added, addressing the other ladies, if the mistake was not a very natural one, as if ever a child, apparently, stood more in need of your friendly offices?"

This assertion could not be denied by any present, certainly not by Mrs. Shaw, who was completely silenced, though she looked unutterable things.

Not long after she could have been seen with poor, luckless Johnny 'in tow,' taking a round-about course in the direction of home, for, unlike her sister-in-law, when she escorted him thither, she went by the darkest and least frequented streets.

This sharp but much needed lesson had a most happy result, as was evident by not only Johnny's improved appearance, but by the increased comfort of the whole family. Mrs. Shaw learned, what it is to be feared that too many forget, that no object, however, praiseworthy, can excuse the wife and mother in the neglect of home duties. That as there lies her truest happiness, so are there found the dearest objects of her care who have the first claim upon her time and affections.