

POETRY.

FROST ANGELS.

BY MINNIE J. OWKEY.

They came last night, with mystic grace,
And paused beside each window pane,
And soon with clear, artistic face,

They painted many a fallen face,
They landscaped made, with rocky mounts
And fairy dells, where moon-beams shone
Upon the clearly flowing fountains.

They painted forests, dim and old,
With trees whose trunks were crystallized;
They clothed the maples from the cold
With snowy flakes, by warmth inspired;

They churches made, with stately spires,
And castles proude, with nobles grand;
They built strange shrines, whose altar fires
Were yet unlit by priestly hand.

And over all the lovely scene
They wreathed a wreath of shining flowers
They turned and left a mystic sheen,
Before the morning's rosy hours.

Then soared away,—we know not where;
Their forms are ever to us lost;
We see their window-pictures fair,
And bless the Angels of the Frost.

MISCELLANY.

How I was Sold.

You may remember that I lectured
late for the young gentlemen of the
Claytonian Society. During the after-
noon of the day I was talking with
one of the young men referred to, and
he said he had an uncle who, from some
cause or other, seemed to have grown
permanently bereft of all emotion, and
with tears in his eyes, this young man
said: "Oh, if I could only see him laugh
once more! Oh, if I could only see him
weep!" I was touched, I never could
withstand distress. I said, "Bring him
to my lecture. I'll start him for you."

"Oh, if you could but do it. If you
could do it all our family would bless
you forevermore; for he is very dear
to us. Oh, my benefactor, can you
make him laugh? Can you bring
soothing tears to those parched lips?"

"I was profoundly moved. I said:
" My son, bring the old party around.
I have got some good jokes in my
lecture that will make him laugh, there
is any laugh in him; and if they miss
fire, I have got some others that will
make him cry or kill him, one or the
other."

Then the young man wept on my
neck, and presently spread both his
hands on my head and looked up to-
ward heaven mumbling something
reverently; and then went after his
uncle. He placed him in full view, in
the second row of benches, that night,
and I began on him. I tried him with
mild jokes—then with severe ones. I
dosed him with bad jokes and riddled
him with good ones; I fired old, stale
jokes into him and peppered him fore
and aft with red-hot new ones. I
warmed up to my work, and assaulted
him on the right and left, in front and
behind; I funned, and charged and
ranted, till I was hoarse and sick, and
frantic and furious; but I never moved
him once—I never started a smile or
tear! never a ghost of a smile, never a
suspicion of moisture! I was astonish-
ed. I closed the lecture at last with
one despairing shriek—with one wild
burst of humor—and hurried a joke of
supernatural atrocity full at him. Then
I sat down bewildered and exhausted.

The president of the society came up
and bathed my head with cold water,
and said:
" What made you carry on so toward
the last?"

" I said, " I was trying to make that
confounded old idiot laugh, in the
second row."

And he said: " Well, you were wast-
ing your time, because he is dead
and dumb, and as blind as a badger."

Now, was that any way for that old
man's nephew to impose on a stranger
and an orphan like me?—Mark Twain.

The Coroner's Boy.

He is a boy of deep thought, and is
much given to deductions. The coroner
is not his father, but he is a lad who
was engaged to mind the office, shake
up the coal stove and ask inquiries.
He is a good boy, and has learned to
sympathize with reporters. When there
has been an inquest the boy puts on a
cheerful look and has the whole case so
that he can rattle it off from beginning
to end.

" A awful case," he says to a re-
porter. " They found the old man
hanging to a beam in the woodshed
stiff and cold. Splendid chance for you
to say that his wife-open eyes seem to
glare down upon the coroner, and that
one arm stretched out, as if to shake
hands with the grim monster death.
You can say that the body swayed to
and fro in the night breeze blowing in
through a broken pane, and that an owl
sat on the beam over the corpse and
uttered his mournful hoo-hoo!"

And then he rubs his hands, his smile
grows broader, and he continues:
" Business has begun to pick up, and
there may be an inquest every day for
a week. Hope so, for I like to see
business moving and money coming in.
I'm looking every day for a case of
murder—throat cut from ear to ear—
blood stains on the wall—blood stained
knife on the floor—marks of a fearful
struggle—desperate villain, and so
forth. If you don't happen to be around
I'll send a boy down."

But there are other days when he is
sad, and says to the reporter:
" Nothing to-day. I'm sorry, but you
know we can't push business as grocers
do. Advertising wouldn't help us a
cent's worth, and the holiday season is
no better than any other season. I wish
we had a case for you, and if anything
turns up I'll come down myself and
give you the points. There's lots of
folks who might as well commit suicide
as not, but they don't seem to care
whether the coroner has one case a
month or none at all. Be patient, and
we'll try and turn up something to-
morrow."

Who can help but contract a rever-
ence for such a boy?—Detroit Free
Press.

AGRICULTURAL.

MANGE IN HORSES—This disease is
produced by an insect, *Acarus equi*, of
the same family as the itch insect in
man. Mange is highly contagious.
Every other animal should be removed
and closely watched. The slightest
contact, or the use of the same clothes,
brushes or currycombs will carry the
disease. This *acarus*, has eight legs,

ending cup form, which enable it to ad-
here. They burrow under the epider-
mis or scurf skin. The cure is seldom
effected without recourse to medicine.
The horse must be fed with cooling
food, bran mash, and sound hay and
oats.

If the animal is in good flesh, give
two ounces of Epsom or Glauber
salts, dissolved in a pint and a half
of warm water to be given when cool.
Then take of powdered mandrake, sul-
phur, cream of tartar and sassafras,

each two ounces; rub them thoroughly
together; divide into twelve parts and
give one night and morning in the feed.
Wash the animal thoroughly with
strong soap suds; or, better, with a
suds made of chrysolis soap; then
sponge the surface with lime water, and
when dry, anoint by means of a sponge
with the following:

Four ounces of pyroligneous acid;
three ounces of linseed or lard oil; one
ounce of spirits of turpentine; and one
ounce of flowers of sulphur. Put all into
a bottle and shake thoroughly before
using, rubbing it thoroughly. Apply
once a day for three days, then wash
as before directed, and again apply, and
so until a cure is effected, keeping the
animal warmly clothed all the while.

Every portion of the stable, manger,
rack, etc., must be washed in strong
soap suds in which an ounce of car-
bolic acid crystals to each gallon has
been dissolved; after which every por-
tion should be washed with a lime wash
in which carbolic crystals in the pro-
portion of one in a hundred have been
dissolved. All the clothing, curry-
combs, etc., must be thoroughly
cleansed, in boiling soap suds, in which
an ounce of carbolic acid to each gallon
has been dissolved. The harness and
halters must be taken apart and washed
with the same preparation as hot as the
hand can bear, and thereafter thor-
oughly fumigated by hanging in a close
place, over the fumes of burning sul-
phur.

It would be well to keep, for a con-
siderable time, a mixture of half a
pound of sulphur in a pint of oil of tar,
and rub thoroughly in any parts that
may be suspected, washing it off every
third or fourth day with warm soap
suds.

Horses affected will give this itch to
cattle, and dogs to horses. Therefore,
we have been thus explicit in directions
for cure; for once in the stables, it will
never be eradicated without the most
thorough means to this end.

EARLY SPRING VEGETABLES.—We sup-
pose that not even the most practical
epicures enjoy their dainty dishes more
than the average human being does his
early vegetables; and considering how
comparatively easy it is to have some of
these the wonder is that more is not
done to get them. The reason, perhaps
is that few think of it till the spring-
time comes, when it is too late to do
much in the way of getting them. This
is the time to begin to think about
these things. Many vegetables start
into growth with very little heat, and
even the protection of a fence will often
bring things forward some days before
those which have ground and bleak
winds to contend with. We know a
garden in Montgomery County, near
this city, which has but a low wall of
about four feet high around it; but
even this is a wonderful screen from
cold winds. Up under the north wall
of the little garden, in the full southern
sun, is the rhubarb and the asparagus,

and this little advantage alone gives
them near two weeks start on their
neighbors with these two vegetables.
It is not always convenient, or even de-
sirable, to have a wall like this, but al-
most anyone can have a thick arbor-
vite hedge, which will answer nearly
as well.

Let all who have gardens look around
just now and see what can be done.
They will find more chances for these
little family enjoyments than many of
them ever dreamed of, and no doubt
will thank us for the suggestion when
they find how well their thoughtfulness
now is rewarded by the fullness of early
spring garden things.

SOOT AS A GARDEN FERTILIZER.—Per-
haps it may have occurred to some of
our lady friends that the refuse soot of
our chimneys is one of the most valu-
able stimulants and fertilizers they can
have for their garden flowers. The fol-
lowing incident of practical experience
is from a lady contributor to an ex-
change: " During two seasons we
nursed, fed and petted the Hartford
prolifer grape vines—as much for its
shade over the windows as for its fruit;
but it persisted in remaining a stunted
cane, yellow, and refusing to climb.
Despairing a shade, grapes and roses,
we finally bethought ourselves of soot
as a manure, and forthwith made a "soot
tea" by steeping a teaspoon of soot in a
quart of water. This we administered,
two doses each, to both the trees and
vine. The vine grew six feet in height
in the space of six weeks, and the rose
bush four feet in the same length of
time—both therefore rejoiced in living
green."

SUGAR FROM BEETS.—The manufac-
ture of sugar from beets needs some
delicate chemical processes to get rid
of the salts, which interfere with the
extraction of the sugar. It is this dif-
ficulty which has hitherto caused many
failures in beet sugar making, and in a
small way it would prohibit the domestic
manufacture altogether. For sweets
for home use, that can be produced
upon the farm, there is nothing better
than syrup from sorghum. This can
be made in a small way as easily as
maple sugar.

A PAINT composed of sirup and Cay-
enne pepper, and applied to halter,
manger, or neck-yoke, will not readily
rub or wash off, and is always to recip-
rocate the attention of a gnawing horse
—in fact, to give bite for bite.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.—Among
scientific puzzles is one which has long
perplexed geologists, namely, the ex-
istence of large areas of rock containing
no sign of life, side by side with forma-
tions of the same period which are full
of fossils—relics of primeval life. Why
should one be so barren, and the other
so prolific? There is now an answer to
this important question, and readers
who take interest in the exploring voy-
age of the Challenger will be glad to
learn that the answer comes from that
ship, in a paper written by Dr. Wyville
Thomson, chief of the scientific staff on
board. This paper was read last month
at a meeting of the Royal Society. It
contains the results of deep sea sound-
ings which have revealed the existence
of vast areas of barren clay at the bot-
tom of the sea, in depths varying from
two thousand two hundred to four
thousand fathoms and more. In other
parts, the bottom is composed of the
so-called *globigerina*, which live near
the surface, and sink to the bottom
when dead. There they accumulate,
building up chalk for ages to come,
when land and sea shall once more
change places. But it is remarkable
that, at the depth of two thousand two
hundred fathoms, the *globigerina* thin
off and into the barren clay above men-
tioned. The explanation is that, below
two thousand fathoms, the tiny shells
of the *globigerina* are dissolved by some
action of the water, and that the minute
quantity which they contain of alumina
and iron goes to form the areas of
barren clay. The extent of these areas
is so great that it exceeds all others
as yet known at the bottom of the
sea, and it is the most devoid of life.
In this respect, the red clay now form-
ing resembles the schist which at
present occupies so large a part of our
earth's surface.

We are all more or less familiar with
chalk and with rocks that show no sign
of fossils; and to be thus, so to speak,
made eye witnesses, of the process by
which chalk and rock were formed is
unusually interesting. An eminent na-
turalist declares that this paper alone
is worth all the cost of the Challenger
expedition.—*Chambers' Journal*.

REPRODUCTION OF OLD THOUGHTS.—
On the above theme, a writer in *Black-
wood* thus discourses: Nothing is more
strange than the incessant reproduction
of old thoughts under the guise of new
and advanced opinions. It would seem
as if the human mind, with all its rest-
less activity, were destined to revolve
in an endless circle. Its progress is
marked by many changes and discov-
eries; it sees and understands far more
clearly the facts that lie along the line
of its route, and the modes or laws
under which these facts occur; but this
route in its higher levels always returns
upon itself. Nature and all its secrets
become better known, and the powers
of Nature are brought more under
human control; but the sources of Nature
and life and thought—all the ultimate
problems of being—never become more
clearly intelligible. Not only so, but
the last efforts of human reasoning on
these subjects are even as the first.
Differing in form, and even sometimes
not greatly in form, they are in sub-
stance the same. Bold as the course
of scientific adventure has seemed for a
time, it ends very much as it began;
and men of the nineteenth century look
over the same abysses of speculation as
did their forefathers thousands of years
before. No philosophy of theism can
be said to have advanced beyond the
book of Job; and Professor Tyndall,
addressing the world from the throne
of modern science—which the chair of
the British Association ought to be—
repeats the thoughts of Democritus and
Epicurus as the last guesses of the
modern scientific mind.

TO PREVENT THE FREEZING OF WATER-
PIPES.—Any plan for preventing the
freezing of water-pipes during these
cold snaps will be welcome. The fol-
lowing described plan for accomplishing
this object has been invented in
England:

It is well known that when water
freezes it expands, and that the force
exerted is so enormous that no pipe can
resist it. This invention is intended to
give the water a chance to expand with-
out bursting the pipe. It attempts this
by securing in the inside of the metal
pipe, a space equal to the difference of
volume between water and ice, so when
the water freezes it occupies the space
reserved for it instead of exerting its
force on the pipe and bursting it. This
is practically carried out by passing
through the water-pipe a small India
rubber tube, specially made for the
purpose, and of such diameter that the
space inside it is a little more than
equal to the increase in volume of the
ice. The India rubber tube is always
full of air, so that when the water
freezes it finds the necessary space for
expansion, for by compressing the air
tube it displaces the air and takes its
place. When the ice melts the tube
again expands, becomes filled with air,
and is ready for another frost, and so
on for any number of times without re-
quiring attention.

NEW STYLE OF PHOTO PORTRAITS.—
The pictures are made upon the white
ferrotype plate, which is now being
manufactured largely, and which com-
bines with great beauty the most sim-
ple manipulations, and all the advan-
tages of the porcelain picture, without
any of its defects.

The plate being of a very pure white
and properly prepared, all that is ne-
cessary, as to color, is to pour the collodion
chloride, dry it by a gentle heat, expose
it to vapor of ammonia for a short time
and then print very slightly deeper
than it is desired, to be when finished.
It is washed, toned, and fixed in a sim-
ilar manner to the ordinary mode fol-
lowed in making porcelain pictures.
The result is a picture of exceeding
delicacy and durability.

IN PLUGGING screw holes in finished
work, glue only the edge of the plug;
put no glue in the hole. Pass a sponge
of hot water over the holes, and when
dry, sandpaper and paint. The plug in
the latter case, after the wood is
swelled, will not meet the bread head.

DOMESTIC.

THERE is nothing more useful in a
house than celery. The outside will
serve as flavoring for soup, and the
heart cooked for the table, or to be
eaten with cheese. First of all, remove
the outside leaves from the hearts, and
place where the rays meet. At dinner-
time large pans of water, one of warm,
the other of cold water, wash each
outside stem of the celery in warm
water with a brush, and throw it into
the cold water, also the hearts, and all
gravel, insects, and dirt will fall from
the celery at once. Take all the out-
side pieces and pare away every faulty
and discolored bit; then split each
piece in two, or three or four, and cut
it crossways in very small bits, and put
it into a pie-dish. The hearts of the
celery must be laid aside in water, and
when a head or more is wanted it can
be taken from the water and cut in
proper shape to be served at table, but
before it is put into the last water any
discolored bit must be cut from it.
To the small celery in the pie-dish add
one or two large turnips pared thin,
then cut downwards from the head to
the root in a dozen cuts, but not separ-
ing the turnip; then turn the turnip
round in the hand and cut it the other
way in a number of cuts; hold it on a
plate and cut it across. The turnip
will now fall into many square pieces.
A carrot may be cut in the same way,
this mixture will last for a week to put
into cold soup, stock, or broth, and
well boiled; to give flavor to it. Thus
there is a trifling bit of time and thrift
of vegetables, for it takes no longer to
prepare this for the consumption of a
week than it does for one day. More-
over, celery thus prepared will keep
good, crisp and well-flavored for a fort-
night—often for a longer time.

PHYSIOLOGY OF CLOTHES.—The *Satur-
day Review* has something rather
original to say of life when its principal
object is the construction or wear-
ing of fashionable clothes. Its ob-
servations are suggested by the exami-
nation of a journal published for the
tailors' trade:

" Life all drapery, or at least, life
viewed exclusively in its relation to
drapery, certainly presents a novel and
surprising aspect. Political questions,
for example, are studied only with
reference to the gowns and bonnets
which they are supposed to be likely to
bring into fashion. It would appear
that the fluctuations of French parties
keep the drapers and milliners and
their customers in a state of perpetual
agitation. At one moment the Count
of Chambord is thought to be coming
to the front, and *heurs de lis* and
costumes of the reign of Francis I, and
Henry IV, have to be prepared in haste.
These have soon after to give way to
bees and eagles and Imperial fashions,
while, at the same time, Republicanism
has to be recognized by a revival of the
eccentricities of the *merveilleuses* and
*incroyables*. It may seem strange to a
philosophical mind that English ladies
should be obliged to change the cut
and color of their dresses whenever a
new turn is given to political intrigue
in France. Perhaps, when woman's
suffrage is established, we shall find
our own domestic questions elevated
into their natural prominence in this
respect. The weather is watched by
the draper with as intense interest as
by the farmer, but the question in
which he is interested is its probable
effect, not on the crops, but on the
style of costume."

ARNICA HAIR WASH.—An exchange
vouches for the following: When the
hair is falling off and becoming thin
from frequent use of castor, macassar
oil, etc., or when premature baldness
arises from illness, the arnica hair wash
will be found of great service in arrest-
ing the mischief. It is thus prepared:
Take elder water, half a pint; sherry
wine, half a pint; tincture of arnica,
half an ounce; alcoholic ammonia, one
dram—if this last named ingredient is
old and has lost its strength then two
drams instead of one may be employed.
The whole of these are to be mixed in a
lotion bottle, and applied to the head
every night with a sponge. Wash the
head with warm water twice a week.
Soft brushes must only be used during
the growth of the young hair.

WATER PAILS.—Wooden water-pails,
whether to be used in the kitchen, or
at the stable, should receive two or
three coats of gum shellac varnish, dis-
solved in alcohol, well laid on both in-
side and outside. This will last a year
or more, before the wood will begin to
soak water.—It is much better than
lead paint for the inside of pails. Lead
is poison and soon peels off in freezing
weather, and then the pails soak water
and get very heavy to lift; besides
which, they rot fast and leak through
the pores of the wood. Shellac may
be procured of any painter, ready mixed,
and, if corked tightly, will keep any
length of time.

AN ORDINARY LIGHT CAKE.—Mix two
pounds of currants, some nutmeg, and
an ounce of sugar, in one pound of
flour; a little salt; stir a quarter of a
pound of butter into a quarter of a pint
of milk over the fire, till the butter is
melted; strain it a quarter of a pint
of ale-yeast, two eggs, only one white;
stir all together with a stick; set it to
bake in the fire to rise in the pan it is
to be baked in. The oven must be as hot
as for bread.

OMELET SOUFFLE.—Break six eggs;
separate the whites from the yolks, and
the latter put four dessert spoonsful of
powdered sugar and the rind of a lemon
chopped exceedingly small; mix them
well. Whip the whites to a stiff froth,
and add the rest. Put a lump of butter
into the frying pan over a slow fire,
cook carefully and serve as the first one.

CHOCOLATE KISSES.—Three heaping
tablespoonsful of grated chocolate;
one pound of granulated sugar; the
whites of four eggs; beat the eggs to a
foam; not too stiff; add the sugar and
chocolate, and stir well together;
flavor with thirty drops of vanilla; drop
on buttered paper with a teaspoon;
bake in a moderate oven for ten minutes.

IN THE north of Ireland an agreeable
beverage is prepared from psalms
roots brewed with hops.

Uneducated writers and musicians
spell and play by ear.

HUMOROUS.

A LITTLE girl had seen her brother
playing with his burning glass, and had
heard him talk about the "focus." Not
knowing the meaning of the word
"focus," she referred to the dictionary,
and found that the focus was "the
place where the rays meet." At dinner-
time the family was assembled, she
announced, as grandly as could be,
that she knew the meaning of one hard
word. Her father asked her what it
was. She replied that it was the word
"focus." "Well, Mary," said he,
"what does it mean?" "Why," she
replied, "it means a place where they
raise calves." This, of course, caused
a great laugh. But she stuck to her
point, and produced her dictionary to
prove that she was right. "There,"
said she, triumphantly, "focus—a
place where the rays meet, and if they
raise meat, they raise calves, and so
I am right, ain't I, father?"

A ROCKLAND county, New York, girl,
who was recently "finished" at a fash-
ionable seminary, has begun a diary. Her
mischievous younger brother cut out
the first entry and got it into print.
Here is a portion of it: "Sunday night
—it has just struck twelve, and I am
still writing. What are these thoughts
that surge across my heart? What is
this strange looking after the unattain-
able? Am I what I really seem, or is
it, as it were, not so much the infinites-
imal as the unseparable? Let me be
calm. Ah! alas! will there ever be
another Byron? May there not be
somewhere, coming toward me from
the midst of the mountain top, or the flow-
ers of the valley, some sun crowned
youth, who—"

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson
on the degree of turpitude to be at-
tached to her son's robbing an orchard.
"Madam," said Johnson, "it all de-
pends upon the weight of the boy. I
remember my schoolfellow, David Gar-
rick, who was always a little fellow,
robbing a dozen of orchards with im-
punity; but the first time I climbed up
an apple-tree—for I was always a heavy
boy—the branch broke with me, and it
was called judgment. I suppose that
why justice is represented with a pair
of scales!"

A MAN took a seat on the head of an
empty flour barrel on Michigan Grand
Avenue, in Chicago, the other day, and
remarked: "I got down the gun and
loaded her up heavy; and just as I was
—" At this point the head fell in,
and the man, or about half of him,
disappeared, while his legs loomed up
like a schooner's masts. He was helped
out, and a boy hired to rub sweet oil
on his back, but in spite of earnest
entreaties, he would not go on with the
story.

A GENTLEMAN, passing the play-
ground of a public school, was affronted
by the boys, and was advised to com-
plain to the principal, which he did
thus: "I was abused by some of the
rascals of this place, and I came to ac-
quaint you of it, as I understand you
are the principal."

AN OLD toper chanced to drink a
glass of water one day, for want of
something stronger. Smaoking his lips
and turning to one of his companions,
he remarked: "Why, it don't taste
badly. I have no doubt it's wholesome
for females and tender children."

A GENTLEMAN drove a sorrowful-look-
ing horse into town, recently, and,
stopping in front of Bank block, he
requested a small boy to hold him a
moment. "Hold 'im up," exclaimed the
boy, "just lean 'im up against the
post—that'll hold 'im."

"Go away! Leave me with my dead!
Let me fling myself on his coffin and
die there!" That was in Nebraska six
months ago, and now the widow has
won another trusting soul, and No. 1's
portrait is in the attic, face to the wall.

LAYING the corner stone for a wing
to his manor was the only foundation
for the new "story" that "Disraeli" was
about to take a wife, and as he has
since begun a second wing it is pre-
sumed that he purposes bigamy.

A YOUNG man, searching for his father's
pig, accosted an Irishman as fol-
lows: "Have you seen a stray pig
about here?" To which Pat responded,
"Faith, and how could I tell a stray
pig from any other?"

A SILLY fellow whose ears were un-
usually large, once smirkingly asked a
witty lady, "Will I not make a fine
angel?" "Well, no," she replied,
pointing to his ears, "I think your
wings are too high."

"A MAN'S nature should be strong as
adamant. He should never give way
to tears. That is what somebody says
in a recent novel. But the author for-
got to add that man never peels onions."

MRS. PARTINGTON wonders why the
captain of a ship can't keep a mem-
orandum of the weight of his anchor,
without going to the trouble of weigh-
ing it every time he leaves port.

AFTER waiting four years, a Michigan
lover finally popped the question, and
the girl answered: "Of course I'll have
you! Why, you idiot, we could have
been married three years ago!"

If you want to stop with a New Bed-
ford landlord a whole week for nothing
just say to him, as you enter his house,
that you ne'er saw a man who looked
so much like Daniel Webster.

THE old gentleman who spent a fortune
in endeavoring to hatch colts from
horse chestnuts, is now cultivating egg-
plants with a view of raising chickens
from them.

AN OLD wretch wants to find a way to
keep pious during Lent, and at the
same time eat terrapin.

NOAH was "monarch of all he sur-
veyed" by the flood, and he had a long
and successful rain.

A BAD pre-eminence—What is there
beats a good wife? A bad husband.

A BAD thing to put up with—An un-
accommodating landlord.

YOUTH'S COLUMN.

Chip!
I knew an old couple that lived in a wood—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
And up in a tree-top their dwelling it stood—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
The summer it came, and the summer it went—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
And there they lived on, and they never paid rent—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!

Their parlor was lined with the softest of wool—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
Their kitchen was warm, and their pantry was full—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
And four little babies peeped out at the bay—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
You never saw darlings so pretty and shy—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!

Now winter came on with its frost and its snow—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
They cared not a bit when they heard the wind blow—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
For, wrapped in their furs, they all lay down to
sleep—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!
But, oh, in the spring how their bright eyes will
peep!—
Chipperce, chipperce, chip!

DESERVING BOYS.—We like boys who
help themselves. Every one ought to
be friendly to them. The boys of
energy and ambition, who make many
efforts to do something for themselves,
are the hope of the country. Let their
anxious ears catch always words of
encouragement and cheer, for such words,
like favoring breezes to the sails of a
ship, help to bear them on to the des-
tination they seek.

It is not always as it should be in
this respect. Many a heart has been
broken—many a young man of indus-
try, and animated with honorable mo-
tives, has been discouraged by the sour
words and harsh and unjust remarks of
some unfeeling employer, or some rela-
tive who should have acted the part of
a friend. The unthinking do not con-
sider the weight with which such re-
marks sometimes fall upon a sensitive
spirit, and how they may bruise and
break it.

If you cannot do anything to aid and
assist young men, you ought to abstain
from throwing any obstacles in their
way. But can you not do something
to help them forward? You can, at
least say "God speed" to them, and
you can say it feelingly from your
heart. You little know of how much
benefit to boys and young men encour-
aging counsel, given freely and well-
timed, may be; and in the great day
of account such words addressed to
those in need of them you may find
reckoned among your good deeds.

Then help the boys who try to help
themselves. You can easily recall sim-
ple words of kindness addressed to
yourself in your childhood and youth,
and you would like now to kiss the lips
that spoke them though they may long
since have been sealed with the silence
of death, and covered by the clouds of
the grave.

ALMONDS AND PEACHES.—What a dif-
ference education can make, to be sure!
Not but an almond is just as fine in its
way as a peach, but then it isn't the
same thing by a good deal.

That is, it isn't and it is.
The schoolmistress has been reading
aloud out of a book written by a ce-
lebrated naturalist, in which he plainly
says that the peach-tree has been edu-
cated out of the almond tree.

In the almond the large, sweet ker-
nel, in its soft, smooth shell, is covered
with a thin, dry, tough flesh that is not
good for food. In the peach, the small
bitter kernel, in a hard rough shell, is
covered with a thick, soft, juicy flesh,
which you boys think so delicious. And
it is only education, or culture, or
training with a view to improvement,
that has made all the difference. Aston-
ishing; isn't it?

Some almonds are most excellent, and
I think you boys and girls would not
like to see them all turned into peaches.
You need not feel uneasy, however;
the peach-almond at the start was a
very bitter affair; miserable for an
almond and worse for a peach. It
needed the bringing up it has had, to
make it worth anything.

SOCIAL BIRDS.—It is wonderful how
the birds love the companionship of
men. Even the Indian recognizes this
liking, and puts up his gourd shell for
the purple martin; the colored man of
the South in like manner sets up a
calabash, while in our villages, are seen
martin houses, often evincing taste in
their construction. But the American
swallows formerly kept aloof from men,
and in the far west the martin still, as
of old, builds in hollow trees. Some
of our migratory birds are seen with us
in the winter. This is explained, I
think, by the agricultural habits of
men. Wherever agriculture flourishes,
so will insects, and the birds of the
husbandman are thus attracted to the
birds who come thither with their sweet
voices and good cheer. Now this fact
does, I think, in time greatly modify
the migration impulse. The blue-bird
is a frequent visitor of our gardens in
winter, though not in large numbers.
He now finds his food in the larvae of
those insects which are the pests of the
farm; and it is pleasant to watch him
peeping around palings and under
fences and rails for his food.

BIRDS have a great fear of death. A
hen canary belonging to the author
died while nesting, and was buried.
The surviving mate was removed to
another cage; the breeding cage itself
was thoroughly purified, cleaned and
put aside till the next spring. Never
afterward, however, could any bird en-
dure to be in that cage. The little
creatures fought and struggled to get
out, and if obliged to remain they
huddled close together and moped and
were thoroughly unhappy, refusing to
be comforted by any amount of sun-
shine or dainty food. The experiment
was tried of introducing foreign birds,
who were not in the house when the
canary died, nor could, by any possi-
bility, have heard of her through other
canaries. The result was the same; no
bird would live in that cage. The cage
was haunted, and the author was
obliged to desist from all further at-
tempts to coax or force a bird to stay
in it.—*Athenaeum*.

Many a child, and woman too, would
be safer walking with bare feet through
wet grass, than walking in town in
shoes supposed to be water tight. They
are not cold-tight; and it is not
water on the sole of the foot, or any-
where else which harms people, but
the chill which water induces, and
which is so injurious through the sole
of the foot as through the chest or
loins.