

**FOR THE LADIES.**

**The Last Cent.**

BY W. L. BURLEIGH.

'Tis the last cent I'm owning,  
This nickel so red;  
All its jolly companions  
Have from me sped.  
Oh! how shall I spend it,  
Or what will it buy,  
And when it has vanished  
No others are nigh.

To the poor shall I send it?  
None poorer than I,  
For with this last nickel  
Goes poverty's sigh.  
Ah! who would possess it  
This lonely red.  
But the reckless unfortunate  
Who longs to be dead.

Ah! yes, who is longing  
To quit this sad world,  
And seek for that other  
Whence men was hurled.  
So nickel I'll poise there  
Here on my thumb,  
And bide thy decision  
Though thou art dumb.

Up into the heavens  
I'll twirl thee, old red,  
And join the eternal  
If thou turn'st head!  
Ah, why is it always  
My luck to fail—  
That treacherous nickel  
Turns up a tail.

Old Aunt Nellie Vick, of Wayne county may well exclaim, 'O death where is thy victory?' She's a 120-year-old night-blooming cereus, and looks like she might last till another centennial.

**Watching**

A sheriff at St. Albans, Vt., having two in sane persons to convey from the St. Albans jail to an asylum for the insane at Battleboro, Vt., called one of the lunatics aside and asked his aid in keeping watch of his companion during the journey, and then did the same with the other. The two lunatics sat side by side, silently eyeing each other through the whole route, and they have continually kept guard over each other in the asylum ever since.

**TO MEND CHINAWARE.**—Take a very thick solution gum arabic and stir into it plaster of paris until the mixture is of proper consistency. Apply it with a brush to the fractured edges of the china ware and stick them together. In a few days it will be impossible to break the article in the same place. The whiteness of the cement renders it doubly valuable.

**CORN VINEGAR.**—Steep a quart of corn in about five gallons of cold water for two or three hours, and then put it on the fire until the corn shows signs of bursting. Do not let it burst, but take it off the fire and strain the liquor into a cask, and add about two pounds of sugar to it. Set the cask in a place where the sun can shine on it, and in three or four weeks it will be found to contain five gallons of good vinegar. Less quantities can be made in the same way.

**CHICKEN SALAD.**—Mince the white meat of a chicken very fine; Chop the white parts of celery. Prepare the salad dressing thus: Rub the yolks of as many hard-boiled eggs as desirable very smooth with a spoon. Put to each yolk one teaspoonful of mustard, one half of salt one wineglass of strong vinegar. Put the celery upon a large dish, lay the chicken upon that, then pour the dressing over it. Cut the whites of the eggs in rings, and garnish the dressing. Also add a few bits of pickled beets cut in shapes, and a few sprigs of celery tops.

A convenient article for kitchen use is a hanging salt box; a wooden box a foot long by a half foot wide, with a back projecting about four inches above the cover so that it will hang firmly on a nail against the wall, answers the purpose quite well. Fill two-thirds full of salt and hang on a convenient nail near the stove. It will save many steps to the busy farmer's wife, being near at hand to season articles while cooking, instead of running to the cupboard or pantry every time for a pinch of salt.

**Mother's Love.**

In some spring freshet a river widely washed its shores and rent away a bough whereon a bird had built a cottage for her summer home. Down the white and whirling stream drifted the green branch, its wicker cup of unfledged song and fluttering, beside it as it went, the mother bird. Unheeding the roaring river on she went, her cries of agony and fear piercing the pauses in the storm. How like the love of the old-fashioned mother, who followed the child she had plucked from her heart, all over the world. Swept away by passion that child might be it mattered not, though he was bearing away with him the fragrance of the sheltered roof tree, yet that mother was with him, a Ruth all his life, and a Rachel at his death.

**Thoughts.**

Childhood is the sleep of reason.  
A good conscience is a continual Christmas.  
Most men are afraid of a bad name, but few fear their consciences.

What we call conscience is in many instances only a wholesome fear of the constable.  
There is no outward sign of courtesy that does not rest on deep moral foundation.

Without content we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

A good word is an easy obligation; but not to speak ill only requires our silence, which costs us nothing.

We must be as courteous to a man as to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

Good men need money least, yet they most affect it; but prodigals, who need it most, have the least regard for it.

To neglect, at any time, preparation for death, is to sleep on our posts at a siege; to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.

We look at death through the cheap glazed windows of the flesh, and believe him to be the monster which the flawed and cracked glass represents him to be.

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue and on God is most unflinching.

**Queen Victoria as a Farmer.**

There are three separate farms within the precincts of Windsor for s.—the Norfolk, the Fleish and the Prince Consort's Shaw farm. The last mentioned is the Queen's favorite, though a large amount of capital has been expended upon the other two, and most of the stock which have won prizes at the recent agricultural shows are kept on them. The Shaw farm consists of about 1,100 acres, more than nine-tenths of which are in pasture, nearly all in a ring fence. This is said to be as fine a specimen of a grazing farm as one could wish to see. Extensive operations are in progress for conducting the sewerage of Windsor out to a farm a mile distant. The farm buildings are convenient and well arranged. The foot-and-mouth disease, which is quite as disastrous among royal cattle as any others, has been so prevalent on this farm that no stock from there has been exhibited. The royal dairy is a gem. A large sum of money is represented in the majolica and mosaic of the walls, which are studded with medallions of the Queen, the Prince Consort and their children; the double roof and triple windows, the inner window being of stained glass, the milk pails in white and gold, and the curious inlaid floor. The butter made here is sent daily to the Isle of Wight, and to Scotland three times a week when the court is there, and fruits and vegetables are sent at the same time. Among the bulls kept on the farm is King Coffee, an Ashantee bull, brought from Cremassie, and valued only as a curiosity. The poultry house near by contains some gold and silver pheasants, and a few Andalusian fowls, and some Scotch grays. In the centre is a little cottage where the Queen used to take her 5 o'clock tea. The laborers on the farm are paid 14 s. a week, but house rent, fuel, and other advantages make their wages equivalent to a pound a week, and some of them have as much as £20 laid by.

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