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A Vision.

A lovely being sweet and fair,
Lips parted as in blessing,
A bright'ning halo round her hair,
Hands outstretched for caressing.

And night by night her glad wise eyes
Foreshine their nearer glory,
With glimpse and gleam of paradise,
And grand prophetic story.

But morn by morn I wake to find
The old unlifted sorrow,
And just as far away, the kind
Dear vision, called to-morrow.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

A wide cook-kitchen, after the airy fashion of New England, with the breath of grape blossoms coming in at the open windows, and a glistening tin pan on the table full of dewy, scarlet strawberries waiting to be hulled—this is our scene, and our *dramatis personæ* consist of Mrs. Perkins, whose drowsily-clicking knitting-needles keep time to the purr of the overgrown Maltese cat, and a pretty young girl, with rather a flushed face, who had just entered from a door leading to the hall.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, looking up with that ineffably wise expression which is imparted to the human countenance by round silver spectacles perched obliquely on the bridge of the nose, "he ain't asleep, is he?"

"Yes, he is," was the answer.

"Glory be thanked for that at least," said Mrs. Perkins, apparently impaling herself on a long knitting-needle, which, however, entered harmlessly into the horn sheath that she wore at her side, encased in a scalloped red flannel. "There shall be five minutes of peace at least. You are tired, ain't you, Dorah?"

"Yes," said Theodora White, "I am rather tired."

But her languid voice spoke plainly that the more accurate phrase would have been "very tired."

Theodora White was a slender, soft-eyed girl of eighteen, with a complexion of pearly clearness, and a rose apiece on her cheeks—a girl with a dimple on her chin, and a pretty, pleading way of looking at you when she spoke. She sat down beside the window, where the mignonette-scented grape blossoms were swaying in the summer air, and leaned her forehead against the casement.

Mrs. Perkins eyed her with an owl-like glance of sympathy.

"It's a shame, so it is," said Mrs. Perkins, emphatically. "A man hasn't no business to be so tryin'; no, not if he was sick forty times over. Scold, snap, snarl, this ain't right at all, and t'other thing is wrong! That's the way he keeps it up. I'd as soon wait on the 'old boy' himself."

Theodora smiled faintly, and arched her eyebrows.

"Why, Mrs. Perkins, you don't mean to compare my Uncle Joseph with so obnoxious a person as you allude to?" she said, demurely.

"Well," said Mrs. Perkins, reflectively, "they ain't so unlike after all. I do declare sometimes when he gets in his tantrums, I've two minds and a half to give him a good shakin'. There ain't no sense in a man's bein' so unreasonable. You can't please him no way you can fix it."

"We can at least try, Mrs. Perkins."

"Yes, and that's jest what's a spilin' him. He knows very well that if he was to want the moon, you'd hunt up the longest step-ladder and try to reach it down. It al'ays did spile children to let 'em have all they want, and your Uncle Joseph ain't nothing but a growed-up child."

"But I don't let him have all he wants, Mrs. Perkins."

"And a pretty kettle o' fish there'd be if you did. Humph!" and the old housekeeper pounced upon her ball as if she had, for a moment, identified it with the personage under discussion.

"It mightn't be such a bad idea," said Theodora, after a moment's thoughtful silence.

"Be you crazy?" demanded Mrs. Perkins, tartly.

"Hush!" Theodora started from her seat with uplifted finger. "He's awake; he wants me."

And she was gone, swift, noiseless as a white-winged dove, before Mrs. Perkins could volunteer to go in her stead.

"Yes," said Mrs. Perkins to herself, "it is a shame. He seems to think she's made of cast iron and India-rubber—the old torment!"

With this rather illogical expression of her opinion, Mrs. Perkins resumed her knitting more vigorously than ever.

Meanwhile Theodora hastened upstairs into a closely-curtained sick-room, where a querulous old gentleman lay, tortured with a great deal of "hypo," and a very little actual illness. But Uncle Joseph White chose to believe that he was very ill; and who, pray, was a better judge of the state of his bodily health than himself?

He screwed his face up into the semblance of a nut-cracker, as his niece hurriedly entered the apartment and came up to his bedside.

"I've been thumping on the floor till my arms were ready to drop out of their sockets!" he groaned. "Are you deaf down stairs? or has old Perkins forgotten there's any one in the world but herself and her snuff box?"

"I am very sorry, uncle,"

"Actions speak louder than words," snarled Uncle Joseph, ungraciously.

"How do you feel now, Uncle Joseph?" asked Theodora, soothingly.

"I'm worse."

"Are you?"

"Pulse higher—skin hot—face flushed; of course I'm worse. The confounded hot room is enough to throw one into a fever; open every door and window—quick!"

Without an instant's hesitation Theodora unbarred the blinds, and threw open four large windows and two doors. The light from the western sky streamed like a flood of fiery radiance in the room; the draft, whirling through, caught newspapers, fluttered the leaves of books, and even upset Uncle Joseph's pet bottle of medicine.

"O-w-w-w!" roared the sick man with vehemence, that proved his lungs at least to be free from disease; "do you want to blind me—to blow me away?"

"You told me to do it, Uncle Joseph."

"Shut the windows quick—draw the curtains," groaned Uncle Joseph. "Who's that battering down the door?"

"It's only a very gentle knocking, uncle."

"Then I'm nervous. Go and see."

Presently Theodora returned.

"It's Major Crowfoot, uncle; he sends his compliments, and wishes to learn how you are."

"Tell him to go to the deuce."

"Yes, uncle."

"Well," said Uncle Joseph, as his niece returned to his bedside after a momentary absence, "what did he say?"

"He seemed very much offended, uncle."

"Offended! at what, pray?" demanded Uncle Joseph.

"I suppose at being told to go to the deuce!" answered Theodora, quietly.

"Girl," ejaculated the invalid, raising himself half way upon his elbow, "you didn't tell him to go to the deuce!"

Joseph White fell back, flat and motionless, among his pillows.

"Theodora, you're a fool!"

"I'm very sorry, uncle," said Theodora, beginning to whimper.

Uncle Joseph stared at her in surprise. Could it be possible that the dreary days and weeks of her steadfast attendance had weakened her intellect and turned her brain?

"Give me my water-gruel," he said, briefly, after a few moments' pondering over the unwelcome possibility.

Theodora brought in a neat little china bowl, with a silver spoon lying on the snowy, folded napkin that flanked it on the tray.

Uncle Joseph took one taste, and threw down the spoon with a petulent sound not unlike a bark.

"Trash! trash! Insipid as dish-water. Throw it to the pigs!"

Theodora took up the bowl and started obediently for the door.

"Here, here!" roared Uncle Joseph. "Where are you going to?"

"To the pig-pen, uncle."

"Are you crazy, girl? The gruel's well enough, only Mrs. Perkins forgot the nutmeg."

"But, uncle," said Theodora, tasting daintily of the contents of the bowl, "it's insipid as dish-water."

"Will you allow me to have an opinion of my own?" snarled Uncle Joseph. "It's very good, if that old crone down stairs will add the nutmeg and give it another boil. Quick now—I'm getting hungry. A man must eat, even if he's at death's door."

A minute afterwards Mrs. Perkins was surprised by Theodora's entrance.

"Well," said the housekeeper, "what's awanting now?"

"A little grated nutmeg in this gruel, and uncle would like it warmed up once more."

"What are you smiling about, Dora?"

"Was I smiling?"

"Your eyes were, if your mouth wasn't," said Mrs. Perkins, keenly.

"Will you be as quick as you can, Mrs. Perkins?" said Theodora. "He says he is hungry."

But when Theodora re-entered her uncle's room, the invalid had taken another tack.

"Why didn't you stay all day?" he growled.

"Indeed, uncle, I hurried all I could," pleaded Theodora. "Here's the gruel all smoking."

But Uncle Joseph shook his head.

"It's too late; I've lost all my appetite," he moaned.

"Won't you have the gruel, uncle?"

"No, I won't."

And Uncle Joseph closed his eyes, as if to signify he was too weak to debate the question further. He waited anxiously for Theodora to press the question further, but she did not, and presently he opened his eyes the least little bit in the world.

"Theodora?"

"Sir?"

"I'll just try one spoonful of that gruel before it gets cold."

"Why, uncle, I threw it away."

"Threw—my—gruel—away?" gasped the sick man, breathlessly.

"You told me you did not want it, uncle."

"I told you so? Furies and fiddlesticks! You might know by this time that I don't mean what I say. Get me some more, quick! If I hadn't been bed-ridden for a year, I could go twice as fast as you do!" he added, grumblingly. "I never saw such a snail in my life. Oh, dear! to think I shall never walk again."

Uncle Joseph lay counting the seconds until his niece brought in a second bowl of gruel, this time so deliciously made that even he could not find fault with it.

"Uncle," said Theodora, as she set it on the table at his bedside, "the doctor said yesterday that he really thought, if you were to try, you could walk as well as anybody."

"The doctor's a fool," said Uncle Joseph, "and you may tell him so, with my compliments."

"I will, uncle, the next time he comes."

"Theodora?"

"Sir?"

"If you do, I'll disinherit you."

"Very well, uncle."

"Theodora, you'll have to feed me. This annoyance has weakened me terribly."

"Yes, uncle."

"Stop, stop—it's hot—you're choking me!" But Theodora kept resolutely on.

"S-t-o-p!" spluttered Uncle Joseph, springing nimbly to the other side of the bed. "What do you mean, Theodora? Didn't I tell you to stop? I don't believe there's an inch of skin left on my throat."

"You told me yourself, uncle, that you don't mean what you say. How was I to know that this was an exception?"

An irate rejoinder trembled on Uncle Joseph's tongue, when suddenly he caught sight of a blue column of smoke wreathing up under his window.

"What's that smoke?" he ejaculated.

"I think it's Mrs. Perkins, sir, putting fresh kindlings on the fire."

"It isn't!" yelled Uncle Joseph. "The house is on fire!"

Theodora dropped the spoon and bowl, and rushed out of the room, shrieking:

"The house is on fire! help! murder! thieves!"

The servants below stairs caught up the cry and echoed it in shrill dismay. Uncle Joseph listened with bristling hair and dilated eyes.

"Help! help!" he bawled, but no one responded. Louder still he yelled, but yet in vain.

"Am I to stay in my bed and be burned to death?" he asked himself, and scrambled out with an agility that fairly surprised himself.

The servants were arrayed on the lawn, staring in all directions to find the exact location of the fire, when the gardener uttered a shriek:

"If there ain't master, as hasn't left his bed for years, a-runnin' as if a tiger was arter him!"

"Where—where's the fire?" panted Uncle Joseph, gazing wildly around him.

Mrs. Perkins rushed to the front door, her cap-strings streaming.

"I never saw such a pack of born idiots in my life," she gasped. "There ain't no fire—only a few pieces of green wood I put on the kitchen fire. One would think you'd never seen smoke afore, and—why, if there ain't master!"

"Theodora," said Mr. White, looking somewhat seepish, "where did you see fire?"

"I didn't see it, uncle, but you said the house was on fire," Theodora made answer demurely, "and of course I thought you must know. Please, uncle, go back to bed again."

"I won't!" said Uncle Joseph, gathering the skirts of his wrapper about him.

"But, uncle, you're sick."

"No, I'm not!"

"Uncle, do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do, Theo!"

And he did mean it. The cure had been effected; and Theodora mentally congratulated herself on the success of the plan of treatment. And Uncle Joseph never alluded to the day on which his niece had taken him so implicitly at his word.

A Watchman and Detective.

The late event at Bay Ridge, near New York, where two professional burglars of the worst type were detected in the act by means of an electric burglar alarm, is a forcible practical illustration of the usefulness of these ingenious arrangements, some varieties of which are coming extensively into use. The parts common to all electric burglar alarms are a galvanic battery, wires connecting it to doors and windows, and the alarm proper, usually consisting of a bell, which, by the opening of the door or window, is brought in connection with the battery and worked by the same. All such contrivances may be strongly recommended to all who desire effectively to protect their property, and perhaps their lives, against the attacks of those outcasts of human society who appear to be unable, or rather unwilling, to earn an honest living.

A Pass Revoked.

A person who lives on the line of the Boston and Providence railroad, and who holds an important position under Uncle Sam, has for some time been riding at the expense of the company on a pass from the superintendent. Recently a conductor asked the gentleman mentioned for his ticket. "I have a pass from the superintendent," was the reply. "I suppose you have, Mr. ——, but I have received instructions to see them all." "Do you doubt my word?" asked the passenger. "No, sir; but I must see it," says the conductor. At this the gentleman became exceedingly wrathful, and commenced a tirade of abuse. Upon his arrival in Boston, the conductor reported the case to President Clifford, who promptly issued an order revoking the pass, and gave the gentleman a piece of his mind by letter.

Owed to winter—A bad cold.

Butter Making in America.

There is not within the whole range of agriculture so large a product liable to so large a per cent. of depreciation as butter. The amount of the butter crop of the United States is estimated at $70,000,000. Of this it may be said one-half might be sold for three cents more per pound. At the present time scarcely one firkin in four opens perfectly sweet. This deterioration arises not from any real chemical or practical difficulty, but solely from want of knowledge or want of care in its manufacture.

Butter is mostly an oil so well fixed that it is quite unsusceptible of chemical change. Cream is a peculiar mixture of this oil and certain watery fluids found in the milk. Churning consists in so agitating the cream as to cause the butter globules to adhere to each other. Now, as the principal part of the butter is not exposed to decay, it becomes a fair subject of inquiry, What is the cause of so large a per cent. of butter losing its sweetness so soon.

Milk being of itself one of the most perishable of animal products, its decomposition may have gone so far before the removal of the cream as to contaminate the fluids of the cream; and if so, then the butter, when first made, has already within it putrescent material which will soon infect the whole. Even if the cream were entirely sweet, the milk remaining in the butter will soon decay, and if not removed will, of course, deteriorate the butter. The practical questions, then, are when to remove the cream and how to free the butter from the buttermilk. As to the first, it is desirable to allow the milk to stand as long as possible in order to secure all the cream; but in doing this, there is risk of spoiling the whole. The real decay of the milk is indicated, not by its thickening as it sours, but by the watery effusion following the thickening. The cream may remain till this thickening process is complete, without exposure to the butter, *but not longer*. The cream should not, for the same reason, be kept too long after being removed before churning.

The processes of churning and dressing, or working the butter, are as various and valuable as there are intelligent housewives; but in every successful method there must be one essential—the thorough removal of the buttermilk. To accomplish this, some recommend two or three washings of the butter in cold water till the water brings away no buttermilk, whilst others rely upon thorough workings. But whatever method is used, the removal of the buttermilk is a *sine qua non*.

As the milk is warm in the process of churning, the first requisite of the butter on being removed is to be cooled. A small amount of salt may be worked in with as little stirring as possible, and then it should be placed where it will cool rapidly. After a few hours it is worked, adding as much salt as may be needed to prepare it for market. Care should be taken that the salt be pure and good. A little more than an ounce per pound is sufficient. Five or six hours after, the butter is to be worked again, the manner of working being to press with a ladle or butter scoop, not to cut it through nor "spat" it, the most common method and poorest of all.

For keeping for family use, stone jars are unquestionably the best; for packing for market a new tub should never be used till it has been thoroughly saturated with strong brine. Cover the bottom of the tub with a thin sprinkling of salt, and pack solid; and, placing a cloth over the top, sprinkle on a thick layer of salt, pouring on a gill of water to form an air-tight covering of brine. When it is to be sent forward to market, the brine should be poured off and a new coating of salt laid on.

In Prison Together.

David Bowser arrived at the Columbus (Ohio) penitentiary from Miami county, having been convicted of burglary and larceny, and been sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Along with him came Lulu Bowser, convicted of participation with David in the larceny, and also sentenced to one year's imprisonment. Lulu loves David earnestly, and David reciprocates the tender passion. Since arriving at the prison Lulu, confined in the female department, has opened a correspondence with her lover, and here is one of her letters:

"Dear dave you must try and keepe a good heart do not get discouraged think my darling how soon we will be to gather and do not let your love die out think always of your Lulu oh my darling how I wish I could be with you but that cannot be at least not at present, there is only one thing that worries me and that is that you will not love me the same when we get out I never will love any one else but you no matter if it is a hundred years from now did they cut your mustach of or not, the guards treat me very kind they are not what folks say they are. try and be good to your guard and they will treat you kind to, do not get put down the hole if you do you will not get out the same time I do and then you may lose me and I know you do not want that good by darling and may god bless you From your loving lulu"

With the address of the letter was an appeal to the guard to "please read it" to David, who could not read.

Early Wesleyan Preachers.

We find the following in the *Irish Evangelist* in reference to the early Wesleyan minsters: For some years no stated provision whatever was made for the preachers. At a later period the circuits were directed to pay, if they could, £3 quarterly for his clothes and books. Mather was the first who received an allowance for his wife—it amounted to four shillings a week. An additional allowance of twenty shillings a quarter was made for each child. When the preacher was at home, eighteen pence a day was allowed for his board; abroad, he lived among the people. It was no wonder that they should sometimes be "brought to the last shilling." In such a predicament it is related that Samuel Bradburn once wrote to Mr. Wesley an account of his sufferings, and that Mr. Wesley sent the following laconic reply, enclosing five pound notes: "Dear Sammy—Trust in the Lord to do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Yours affectionately, John Wesley." Bradburn replied: "Reverend and Dear Sir—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter; but I must confess that I never saw such useful expository notes upon it before. I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant, S. Bradburn." In 1787 Jonathan Crowther and Duncan M'Allam were appointed to Inverness. Their journey to it was adventurous and dangerous; their circuit was large and their allowance next to nothing, for Crowther received only fifty shillings for the whole year's labor's. He wrote to Wesley: "No man is fit for Inverness circuit unless his flesh be brass, his bones iron, and his heart harder than a stoic's. If I were doing good I should be content (if I had them) to sacrifice seven lives every year; but to live in misery and to die in banishment for next to nothing is afflicting indeed." When Thomas Taylor was in Glasgow he frequently desired his landlady not to provide anything for dinner, and a little before noon dressed himself, and walked out till after dinner, and then went home to his hungry room with a cruel appetite, and confesses that he never kept so many fast days either before or since. John Jane died in 1750, and Wesley thus notices his death in his journal: "All his clothes, linen and woolen stockings, hat and wig, are not thought sufficient to answer his funeral expenses, which amount to £1 17s. 3d. All the money he had was 1s. 4d.—enough for an unmarried preacher of the Gospel to leave."

An "Old Plantation" Christmas.

A correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, describing a Christmas in South Carolina fifteen years ago, says: "The breakfast room was all hung with garlands of moss, evergreens, and crimson berries; at one end stood the mistleto bough, and at the door a row of shining, black faces, glistening with the oil of happiness, and in most instances with two rows of dazzling teeth. From the wide-open glass door, far out on the sloping lawn, the numerous darkies stretched, arrayed in their best and brightest. 'Just come,' they said, 'to wish all a happy Christmas,' and then go away until after breakfast. 'Then you will see fun,' said Lex. A princely meal, with all its graceful accompaniments of solid old silver and solid good-will and geniality, and again we went out on the lawn. The servants each had some special greeting. To Kate, 'Lor' bless me, missy, you look like somethin' good to eat.' 'Jus' look at Mars Lex; ain't he his pa's own child?' and to little Willie, 'Bless the child, he's mos' too pretty to live.' To me, the stranger, they accorded a courtesy, a smile, and a 'Merry Christmas.' But now a fiddle was heard, and the more youthful part of the company prepared to dance. As an accompaniment to the fiddle a boy beat two sticks on the floor with most remarkable precision, and in perfect time and tune. I asked the name of the tune and was told, 'Share 'em,' but recognized 'Yankee Doodle' soon after and 'Oh, Susannah.' My host and hostess, assisted by the children, handed gifts to every one of the people present with kind words and a shake of the hand. Gay bandanas, ornamental pipes and tobacco, candy and fruit for the little ones—not one was omitted—and in every instance that I observed the gifts were numerous. A happier crowd was never seen as they bowed and scraped and bade God bless the kind donors."

Fox Hunting in Indiana.

There was a grand fox hunt or drive near Albion, Indiana. The day was bright and sunny, though quite cold. Early in the morning the various parties took their stands, and at a given signal all started for one common center. About six hundred men were out, covering a tract of about eighteen square miles. Five foxes were driven into the circle, but only three were killed, two getting through. As the men were all on foot and no firearms were used, no casualty can be reported. One of the dogs was killed by one of the party, "who kicked at a fox and killed a dog."

It is stated that the supply of black walnut, of late years so much used for nice cabinet work and house furnishing, is not sufficient for the probable demand of the next ten years, and within a few years of its value being discovered the wood is almost extinct.

JUROR TRIALS.

The Trials and Perplexities of an Unfortunate Whose Name is in the Juror Box.

There are jury trials and juror trials. We can very well understand how an unfortunate juror, especially in a capital case, looks himself over and then glances at the man in the dock, wondering which is on trial for his life. It sometimes requires a great deal of patriotism to induce a man to run for office. He knows he will be abused and much mauled in public, but he consents to sacrifice himself. As things go, however, it is by no means pleasant to be summoned as a juryman, according to the New York *Times*. A man who is the pillar of a small and interesting family, and the ornament of a limited circle of friends, shrivels miserably under the hands of the opposing counsel in a criminal trial. Good and worthy citizen that he is, he is proud to obey the call of the law and do his duty in the imperiled cause of morality and good order. He is disappointed—almost outraged—to find that he is considered to be criminally guilty for not having an opinion. He has heard the case talked of, and when Smith killed Nokes he read about it in the papers. But, being a fair-minded man, he thought he would wait until the case was tried in the courts before forming an opinion as to Smith's guilt or innocence. While trying to keep his mind free of bias, he is astonished to find that he is invited to sit in the jury-box, and decide upon the case. He is still more astonished when he discovers that the fair, unwritten tablet of what he fondly calls his mind is regarded with extreme disgust by the lawyers. When they sneer at his culpable ingenuousness of character he feels very much as Warren Hastings did when so terribly impeached by Edmund Burke. He thinks himself one of the most guilty of men, and not until he escapes into the free air, and carefully goes over himself in the bosom of his own family, does he come to the conclusion that he has somehow been under a spell.

The man who not only has no opinions, but has kept out of the way of having any, is a still more dangerous culprit. His offense, according to a theory in the courts, is one of great moral turpitude. He is also made to appear very funny to that vast audience, the general public. The denseness of his ignorance—compared with the rapier-like wit of distinguished counsel—makes him a cause for inextinguishable laughter. He is the pantaloon of the play, upon whom all the heaviest jokes fall. If he is a German, he is cross-questioned as to his knowledge of Goethe and Herder.

We can only imagine with what a sigh of relief the prisoner finds himself at liberty and dismissed from the jury-box. "Not proven" is the verdict in his case. Another variety of victim is one who does not have all his wits about him when he is put on the rack. He thinks he heard somebody preach on a certain day; he unguardedly says so in the course of the desultory conversation with which he lightly opens his own examination. Some sharp lawyer picks him to pieces before he knows it, proves an *alibi* for the minister whom the would-be juryman thought he heard preach, and, to that individual's complete dismay, makes him out to be one of the most designing men who ever attempted to enter a jury-box. The wide range of subjects and general scope of inquiries brought before the mind of the appalled juryman is also one of the distressing features of his case. The astuteness which prompts this kind of investigation is too deep for the average juror, to say nothing of the general public. He is pelted with questions relating to the most distant topics, the reason for which seems buried in the wonderful mind of the learned counselor. It is as if a Pacific Mail Investigating Committee should institute inquiries as to the relations of the subjective and the objective.

But, after all, the great trial of the juror who is on trial is the perfectly heartless way in which the counsel go into his private life. These learned gentlemen learn all about him as they drive him on. They are like the Abyssinian peasant who subsists on the animal he rides, cutting a steak from his steed as he pursues his journey. The unhappy juror under the microscope reveals all his family affairs. He is compelled to tell how many times he has married, how many children he has been blessed with, and what he has done with them, and woe to him if he fails to account for even the most insignificant of his offspring. His business, income, habits, and especially his daily reading, are all subjects of the most searching inquisition. It may be remarked in passing that the practice of newspaper reading is reprehended with great severity by the bar. The man who, in this nineteenth century, never reads the newspapers, not even the "headings" nor the "small articles," is usually made welcome to the jury-box. But the average juror often fares worse than the man in the dock. The accused is not compelled to convict himself out of his own mouth. He may hear his character torn by his neighbors, but the helpless juror, like honest Dogberry, writes himself down an ass. Guided by the blandishments or driven by the terrors of the opposing counsel, he becomes his own worst enemy. If he has an opinion, he is disqualified; if he has none, he is a base imposter. If he is intelligent, he knows too much; if he is a dunce, he is laughed out of court. His private affairs are extensively advertised, and his personal character is made a concern of wide public interest. His neighbors look on him with distrust, and he becomes an object of pity to himself. And yet, many good people think it strange that men shirk jury duty when they can.

Baby Farming in Massachusetts.

A coroner's jury has been engaged at Holliston, Mass., investigating charges against Nelson and Mary Reignolds, who have been engaged in the business of baby farming at that place. An extract from the evidence will show how the business was conducted:

Mary Colby, the young woman who entered the complaint before the authorities, testified as follows: Am twenty years of age; resided with Mrs. Reignolds; the first child that died was called Tommy; he died in November and was one year old; Mrs. Reignolds gave him a mixture composed of laudanum, camphor, and rhubarb, from the effect of which he slept three days and nights; tried often to wake him but failed; Mrs. Reignolds whipped the child every day and badly abused him; gave him a double spoonful of this mixture every day; the child had not been sick previous to his death; Mrs. Reignolds said he died of the bowel complaint; the next victim was a child called James, and was five months old; when he first came he cried a good deal and she gave him the medicine, after guessing at the quantity; never saw the medicine given in less doses than a spoon; she often gave two spoonfuls; she told me once that if she gave a drop too much it would have sent them to another world; little James was also whipped; after the death of James, little Maud came in December and lived four weeks; she was twelve weeks old and was sick a week; she was forced to take the "mixture," and in order to compel her Mrs. Reignolds held her nose; she gave this child twenty drops; her body was kept a week before it was buried; the next child, Agnes Forbes, came in December; she was three weeks old, and was sick for a week before she died; she was given the "mixture" sometimes by her own mother; Fredelina Pierce, the next victim, was sick three days, received the same treatment, and died; Mrs. Reignolds said there was no need of a doctor, and none was called; Mrs. Shehan dressed the dead child in Mrs. Forbes's child's clothes, but Mrs. Reignolds promptly took them off and put poorer ones on, saying, "Let the dead take care of themselves;" Mrs. Reignolds closed the child's eyes and mouth twenty minutes before she died; Mrs. Reignolds kept a bottle containing half a pint of whisky; she had seen her often apparently under the influence of liquor; never saw her without a supply of liquor in the house; when drunk, she would fight with the old man and abuse the children; have seen her strike Mr. Reignolds three or four times in the face; he would get drunk three or four times a week and sleep on the floor; have heard Mrs. Reignolds say there were three children buried on the farm; she stated so at three different times, and said it was because no one would give her a grave; when asleep under the influence of this medicine, the children rolled their eyes about and back in their head; it often made them groan and keep their eyes open.

Asiatic Snow Plains.

The following description of the snow plains of Central Asia is taken from "Campaigning on the Oxus:" "The days pass—some in wild, fierce storms of snow and sleet, that howl around us as though all the demons of the steppe were up in arms, some in bright sunshine, whose intolerable glare blinds us and blisters our faces. From time to time we drive down into darksome underground holes, hot and reeking, hover around the steaming samovar, pouring down oceans of boiling tea; then out on the silent steppe again to continue the weary struggle. There are nights when we awaken from a half-frozen sleep, and remember we are in the heart of the mysterious regions of Asia, and see nothing but the wide, snowy steppe, silent and ghostly in the spectral moonlight. For miles and miles there is no human habitation, but the burrow-like stations somewhere far ahead, buried under the snow, as though crushed into flatness by the grim uniformity above. There is something strangely oppressive and awful in the changeless monotony of these wide, snowy plains, level as a floor, where for days and weeks you see nothing but snow and sky, where you are the moving center of a horizon-bound plain that seems to move with you, and hang upon you, and weigh you down like a monstrous millstone. There is the breadth and loneliness of the ocean without its movement, the cold and icy silence of the arctic regions without the glory of the arctic nights or the grandeur of the arctic mountains—the silent desolation of an unpeopled world. Those broad, level, snowy plains, over which the icy winds from northern Siberia come rushing down in furious blasts with an uninterrupted sweep of a thousand miles, and drive the snow about in whirlwinds that go scudding over the plain like giant specters; the short days of sunshine, when the glare on the snow dazzles and burns; the long, cold nights passed in a half-frozen, half-somnolent state, with the tired beast trudging wearily forward—I shiver now at the bare remembrance of it all."