justice.

"BE careful how you punctuate the store." is the latest. It means not to put tod much coless.

It's not only hard work to put the question, but it is equally hard to question the rop about 40 stored in bland a corn on his toe. "No." he said, "but I've got lots on the ear."

CERVANTES has said, "Every one is

A MAN may have a Boston look in his

son of his own works." This makes the great Krupp a son of a gun.

eye simply by letting his imagination dwell on the things that have beau.

JUST as soon as ladies' berts are made to look like sureingles horses will demand a change of fishion for them-

Don't judge a man by his clothes.

Can you tell what the circus is going to
be like by looking at the Italian sunset
pictures on the fence.

Jos has been marked down in history

as the patient man. The fact is that at

one time he was just boiling over with

Ir the surrounding circumstances are congenial, it is fair to conclude that the position preferred by lovers is juxtaposition which suits them.

A PROJECTILE weighing 1,700 pounds, shot from a cannon charged with 425 pounds of powder, is the latest. Why not use the earth for a cannon ball?

An Irishman should patronize the

concrete pavement, because every time they look upon it they will see their country's emblem—sham-rock.

KANSAS school-teacher: "Where does

FULL many a flower was born
To blush unseen,
And many a man takes his corn
Behind the screen

"I AM glad that painted belts are in

style," said a frisky fellow, as he artis-

tically decorated the one he received

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know

what is an affinity. An affinity, my dear sir, is something that exists be-tween a small boy and his neighbor's

A MAN's clothes are not always indicative of his character; for a fellow may

A RATHER gaily dressed young lady

The answer was honest but

over the eye the previous day.

out grain go to?" "Into the hopper."
"What hopper?" "Grasshopper," tri
umphantly shouted a scholar."

I've got lots on the ear."

BY THE SEAST COLD OF MY J. B. CHRYSTAL. My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair, In sitting on my knee, and games eagerly afar,

But, while she lengths so merrify.

My heart is far away;
And, as I look upon the shore,
Where found and long the breskers ross.

My and soul seems to say!

The sea is like a buman life. is breaks upon the shore time, with a resistless might, d, when the goal is just in eight, Dies to return no more.

and gaze upon the sea, y blue-eyed pet, with golden hair, hose heart has never known a care, hose voice is music in the sir

Her head is sesting on my broast—
Her eyes in slumber deep:
The same rough sea, whose breakers roar
and madity, feepely lash the shore,
Has billed my shild to sleep.

THE FLOWER GIRL.

BY MINNIE HOLBROOK.

"Millicent, Millicent, where is sup-

"God only knows, child." There she sat staring into the little fire on which their last atom of wood was burning, and seeing in the red ashes into which the light wood dropped so quickly, pictures of the past. They had never been rich people, but always co-

Her father was a seafaring man-fitmate of an ocean vessel-and her mother a tidy housewife, who made everything bright and cozy. How he used to sit telling his adventures to them when he

there not been sea-serpents and mermaids in them, but nothing was wonderful for not. There were steps. She heeded them those loving folk at home to credit; and indeed he probably believed them him
"What a beautiful rose!"

There were steps. She heeded them not. There were voices. It mattered not to her. Suddenly some one said:

"What a beautiful rose!"

There were steps. She heeded them himnot. There were voices. It mattered not that these gin-houses are worth nor and indeed he probably believed them him-

That was not all; the love was gone, the tender care that parents have for faintly.

The mother lay in her green grave in a far-off cemetery; and who can point elderly man stepping forward. "W the place of a shipwrecked sailor's the price, my lass? Will that do?"

away that last time-how she looked after him, her mother and herself-how they waited for news, and waited in vain until at last there came to them a sailor, saved from the wreck of the "Flying Scud," who told how she went down in mid-seas at the dead of the night, ablaze from one end to the other; and how Roger Blair, the first mate, was among

After that, poverty and sorrow; departure from that dear old home; toil by buying the rose. Thank you very and a strange city, sickness, friendlessness, and the crowning woe of all, the mother's death.

The girl had done her best for her little sister ever since, but she was not a very skillful needlewoman, and could not earn as much as some others; and now work had given out altogether, and now work had given out altogether, and she pretty and sweet and good, and help-been about your age if she had lived." ful in a daughterly way about the house, was not quite sure that she could win bread for two in any way-bread and shelter and fire.

I don't know what to think, You look shelter and fire.

I don't know what to think, You look like him-you. I'm Millicent Blair, My estimate fitted to his information. We She was only seventeen, and a Irail

little creature, with very little strength in her small body, and now that matters were so bad, who can wonder that she

"I suppose it isn't quite supper time et:" said little Jane again. "What shall I do?" said Millicent to herself, a she looked about the room.
"I have sold everything—the clock the books, even mother's week hard before the widow had left her little from the looks." books, even mother's work-box and the parrot. There is nothing left. The child will starve before morning. Oh, dhome by some one who had been in what shall I do.

what shall I do?"

She are and went to the window, and looked down into the street. It was dren were dead also. dirty and narrow, and swarmed withfilthy children.

Opposite was a little drinking shop, about which a blind man with a fiddle drew a profitless audience.

Nothing sweet, or fresh, or pure met her eye there, but between that scene and screen, and there was wafted to her through the broken glass an exquisite

On the sill without stood a rose in broken tea-pot: She had picked up the slip among the rubbish cast out by a neighboring gardener, and it had grown well in its

handful of earth.

To day it had bloomed; a perfect rose, exquisite in shape, perfume and color, drooped from one stem, and beside it a half-blown bud gave promise of another flower as lovely.
Until this moment Millicent, in her

anxiety had forgotten her one treasure. But for a gentle shower that had fallen that morning it might have withered where it stood, for she had not even watered it. Now a bright thought flitted through her mind. She had often seen children selling flowers in the street, and ladies and gentlemen seemed glad to buy them. She would force herself to be courageous. She would go out into the street with this rose and its bud, and some one would give her enough to buy a loaf of bread, or at least a roll for little

She would do it-she would. She tied on her hood and rapped her shawl about her, and plucking the flower and a less or two, and that bright bud, that seemed perhaps the fairer of the two, bade Jane be good and wait for her, and went down stairs and out from the dingy cross street into Broadway. There every one save herself

gay and happy, and well dressed. She seemed to be a thing apart -s black blot in all this brightness.
She stood at a corner and held out her flowers, but it seemed that no one heeded

At last she gathered courage to touch one of the ladies that passed, and say: "Buy a rose, lady-buy a rose! Please

buy a rose." But the woman hurried by as the rest did. It would not do to stand still.
She walked on slowly. Whenever she caught a pleasant eye, she held out her tiny bouquet and repeated her prayer.

"Buy a rose! buy a rose!"

But the sun was setting, and she was opposite the City Hall Park, and still no one had bought her flowers. She was growing desperate. Some one should buy it. Jane should have bread that night.

Buy a rosel Seel Look at it! See

how pretty it is!" she cried, in a voice sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look! sharpened by hunger and sorrow. "Look!
You don't look at it, or you'd buy."

"These street beggars should be suppressed," said a stout man she had addressed. "Young woman, I'll give you in charge if you don't behave yourself."

"He don't know; he don't know" said Millicent to herself. "Nobody

could guess how poor we are. Oh, what a hard, hard world!"

Then she went on, not daring to speak again, and her rose drooped a little in her fingers, and still no one seemed disposed to buy it.

further than she knew. She was far down Broadway, and before her was Bowling Green, with its newly-trimmed grass plot and its silvery fountain.
A little further on the Battery, newly

restored to its pristine glory, and on its benches some blue-bloused emigrants, with round, Dutch faces, and their bareheaded wives with woolen petticoats and little shawls crossed over their bosoms and knotted at their waist. As they stared about them, it struck

the girl that they, fresh from the sca, might be tempted by the fresh, sweet rose she held in her hand, to spend a few the varis are spin from the seed cotton. pennies; but when she offered it to them. This fact, which is a fact, annihilates she saw they were more prudent. They only shook their heads solemnly,

and looked away from her. and looked away from her.

And this last hope gone, despair seized upon Millicent. She sank down upon a beach and began to weep bitterly. The twilight was deepening. She was far from home and little Jane. She was faint with weariness and hunger. You the present moment all seemed an utter blank to her. She covered her the server of the contrary, the cost—the expense of keeping the gins in order and of employing labor to run them, the cost of bagging and ties—is in a moment turned into ready cash, which the farmer retains in his pocket. This is the first and immediate result of the new process. Let us, in this connection, present some more figures that are at least approximately correct. At the very lowest mately correct. face with her hands; the rose dropped from her lap unheeded. She cared for it no more. Fate was against her, that was at home.

He would not have been a sailor had flower like that from her.

"What a beautiful rose!"

The rooms had been pretty with shells and coral branches, and bright parrots in swinging cages and pictures of ships upon the wall upon the wall.

It had been so different from this wretched place in which the two girls now lived.

That was not all; the love was gone, the tender care that parents have for the tender care that parents have the tender care that paren

"Please buy this rose?" "I'm glad to get it," said a stout slderly man stepping forward. "What's

He tossed three or four foreign-looking silver pieces into her lap, and took the flower. Then looking at her very closely, he spoke again:
"What's the trouble, lass? Don't be afraid to tell me. I had a little girl of

my own once. She's dead now. Tell me, can I help you?" Millicent looked up. The man's face was half hidden by his hat, and he was

stouter and graver than her father had been, but she fancied a likeness. "You have helped me, sir," she said,

My father was a sailor too; and much. he was ship-wrecked." "It's a sailor's fate," said the man.

sailor's orphan has a claim on a sailor, 'Millicent!" screamed the girl. my name is Milligent. I'm frightened.

father was Roger Blair. Is it a dream? have merely given the cue; but any It can't be true. It can't be father!"

given him back to her.

Wrecked with the vessel, but not lost,

New York when she died, and who had

dren were dead also. And the news was told to Reger Blair by kindly people who believed it thoroughly, and had borne it as best he could. and had sailed the sea again, a weary,

heart-broken man. He had not found all his treasures, but her eye there, but between that scene and that some were spared was more than he herself a sudden breeze blew a beautiful had ever hoped; and the meeting between father and daughter was like that

between two arisen from the dead.

And so the rose bush had done more for Millicent than she could have dreamt; and to this day it is the most cherished treasure in the little home where the old man lives with his two blossoms fill the air with their fragrance, they crowd about it as about the shrine

of some sainted thing, and whisper: "But for this we should still be

Lapse of Memory. Two very rich Maryland planters,

brothers, died about a quarter tury ago, one of them a backglor, while the other left several children, supposed to be illegitimate. These lat-ter inherited their father's estate by the terms of his will, and on the death of their bachelor uncle claimed his property also, as being heirs at 1 dying intestate. There chim was dis-puted by a cousin of the decased, who himself insisted upon being recognized as nearest of kin, on the ground that the other claimants were illegitimate. These latter proved their legitimacy after a long legal struggle, by finding in Europe the priest who performed the marriage ceremony for their parents. They therefore obtained possession of their uncle's estate, but not until they had reduced themselves to poverty by a series of contests that ended only in

dying intestate, made a will in favor of duce such wonderful results, but they the cousin who fought so hard the supposed heirs at law, and left it with a

Washington lawyer, who went South at

Howbeit, no one need make a mistake the beginning of the war, leaving with in this matter. The Wes, ninster mill his office boy a box of papers to be de-nis office boy a box of papers to be de-livered to the person addressed in case of access. No one who has any thought of the non-return of the attorney, and the boy probably forgot. A short time by anything that may be said by enago the younster, having presumably thusiastic newspapers. The process is come to man's estate, recovered his open to inspection. We look forward to memory, and the will, the existence of the day when the bulk of the Southern

Good-night! I have to my good-night
To such a host of peeriess things!
Good-night unto the frigite hand
Allique-nly with its weight of rings;
Good-night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good-night to the periess mouth,
And all the sweetness nealed thereThe wron'y hand defains ma, then
I'll have to my good-night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read your stars aright,
I shall not linger by the porch
With my actions. Till the glood-si
You wish the time were now? And I
You do not brush-to wish it so?
You would have blood-served to d

THE TARN MILIS.

In writing recently of the results of the experiment of the proprietors of the model little yarn mill at Westminister S. C., we were led into making some ap-proximate comparisons of the amount of money that would be saved to the planters and to the South, if each neighborhood worked its cotton into yarn before sending it to market. In the very nature of things, the figures we used could be only approximately correct, but they were based upon the results of the yarns are spun from the seed cotton. the cost of cotton-gin, packing, screws, bagging and ties. Annihilates, did we say? On the contrary, the cost—the ex-

mately correct. At the very lowest estimate, the services of one hundred thousand gins are required to aid in pre-paring a crop of 5,000,000 bales of cotton in market. We will assume, therefore, that some less, but we will roughly estimate their worth at \$750, which makes the value of the Southern gin-houses \$75,-000,000. How often does this property have to be renewed. We can give no figures here, but it is sufficient to say

burned in Georgia in one year. From February, 1872, to September, 1873, according to a tolerably careful list kept by one of the editors of the Savannah News, there were 157 gin-houses destroyed in Georgia by fire. This is a terrible record, but every succeeding year has added to the list, and scarcely a day passes that our exchanges do not chronicle the destruction of one or more gin-houses. any estimate of the value of the 100,000 gin-houses in the South must be added the cost of renewing them more frequent-

It must be obvious, therefore, that to ly than any other species of property, Thismay be called the risk, and amount to a considerable per cent. of the \$75, "It's time you was getting home, lass.
This city is no place for a young girl to be out in after night. But just wait. A taken into consideration is that this property is in use on an average only one month of the twelve-which is equivalent to paying a year's interest on

000 in cash or its equivalent. In the

lieve it is a solution of a problem that has long vexed the South. In our own handwriting, which I knew well, demned to imbibe the juice of a dozen opinion it revolutionizes the prospects of this section and opens up to us a future giving reports of various services held at themselves could not cope with the perf unexampled prosperity. Are we too sanguine? This depends upon whether the Westminster mill can accomplish these results with which it has been credited by those who have seen it. We have been told that some prominent manufacturers, after looking at the machinery of the mill, have doubted the accuracy of the reports that led them thither. But they were deceived by the the highest court of the land, many very quality which gives the mill its the leading lawyers of the Nation haof value—namely, its simplicity. Used to ing taken prominent part in the strug-gle. The bachelor brother, instead of conceive how such simplicity could pro-

which had been unknown, was sent to cotton crop will be turned into yarns on the cousin's lawyer, and the case is the plantations or in the farming neigh get a little eneap newspaper notoriety." emergency. A dollar and a half pair of again to go before the Supreme Court. the plantations or in the farming neigh get a little eneap newspaper notoriety."

planters shall be transformed into a manufacturing town with its churches and its schools—when the Bouth will be as rich and as powerful commercially and intellectually as the North and tag East—when her thrift shall be as wide-

The California ranchmen have wonderful aptitude for driving, and one sees The path is wide enough for one pair of wheels only, but at intervals, in favor able places, it broadens so that teams may pass each other. To drive in such a manner as not to meet another traveler midway between these places is a special branch of the art. The huge lumberteams which carry wood from the mills in the mountains to the yards in the valleys, being unwieldly and very heavy, are especially hard to manage. Yet the lrivers always seem easy and nonchalant. First there is a large four-wheeled oaken truck, with a seat in front ten feet above the ground; behind it is another truck, something shorter, but still enormously stout. These are fastened together, and oaded with from ten to fifteen tona of freshly-sawn lumber—boards and joists. This mass is drawn by six or eight mules or horses, guided by reins and a prodigiously long whip. The first wagon has a powerful brake, worked by a long iron lever by the driver upon his seat. The driver is a man of nerve and cour age. His skill must be of the highest order. It will not do for him to take fright, even if in imminent danger, and

the way may end all in one horrible

plunge. Muscle, eye, brain, skill are

then brought to work so splendidly

together that the peril is averted, and

A Little Plain Talk.

A reporter, under the nom de plume of

"Elie Adams," in the New York Mercury,

relates the following plain side of news

paper life, of which the public generally

are so entirely ignorant. It mustrates

men who, all their lives, appear to the

less than angels: During the last ten years I have had

considerable private experence with clergymen. My position as a journalist

has given me opportunitie not vouch-safed to the general public. And I

must confess very frankly that in a ma-

meek and lowly Savior was certainly

himself and then print his efforts.

On one occasion, after delivering

you come here to make those people," pointing to the audience, "better? to do

world around them as sometning latte

was kept by two papers, the Columbus of the danger that constantly surrounds Enquirer and the Savannah News, and the him, would say his work was simple, and first made the number 146 and the latter that he managed matters with ease.

136-if we remember correctly. Add to True, he seems so. With his broad-136-if we remember correctly. Add to this those that were never reported to the brimmed hat shading his sun-burned to supply posterity with an illustration standard of production in the garden or three revolutions when they began to with carelessness, his legs outstretched, with one foot feeling the all-important brake, he jogs onward with his monster amply of indisputable immortality, such reins, and feeling his wagon start up surge; the harnesses rattle, the dust arises, the load shricks again, and the down into the valley with its struggling train—a mad rush to the other side of

a sum of money for the privilege of using it one month.

The thoughtful reader can make estimate must show a terrible array of But the next instant he had her in his figures to offset the profits of the cotton arms, and she knew that the sea had given him back to her.

crop, and the waste is worse than the of the land, regards the teamster with drain. Just here the Westminster process steps in between the planter and his gin-houses, and by abolishing the latter and rendering their renewal useless, puts seventy-five millions in the empty pockets of the South. But this is not all. At a low estimate it costs the planter \$1.50 to prepare his bale of cotton for market after it is ginned-in dress it in an appropriate suit of bagging and bind it with ties. Let us say, then, that the bagging and ties of a crop of 5,000,000 bales costs the South \$5,250,-

present condition of things it is a cost that is absolute and inevitable, and to annihilate it is to add the sum it represents to the profits of the cotton crop. This, according to the testimous of eye-witnesses, is what the Westminster mill does. The cotton is taken from the baskets as it comes from the field and converted into marketable yarns, far more valuable for all purposes of trade and commerce than the cotton that has been ginned, baled and compressed. At sweeping assertions, nor do I make any a rough estimated, 100 per cent. has been added to the price it will fetch the farmer; so that with all the cost of ginhouses out of the way, the vast cost of bagging and ties, the loss in sampling the start I want to remark that we exand stealage, the cost or weighing and storage, and the thousand and one commissions annihilated, the farmer has his cotton in the shape of yarns, and, leav-ing out of sight all the saving in the costs that are done away with, it is

THE TRUE ELIXIE VITE.

and its schools—when the bouth will be as rich and as powerful commercially and intellectually as the North and the East—when her thrift shall be as wide-spread and her industries as numerous as those of New England. Ospital is always on the alert, and it will need no formal invitation to invest in these yarn mills if the facts are as represented. The most hopeful feature of the new process is that it is inexpensive enough to allow our own people to invest in the necessary machinesy, and in every neighborhood the smallest farmers can, by cooperating with each other, set one of these little factories in profitable motion. From every point of view the matter is well worthy the serious attention of the South.

The California Titlers Shift.

The California ranchmen have wonderful antitude for driving and one need. Schmoele has not yet turned his attention to them, but the Elixir of Life

familiar, chiefly in convivial association with hot water, sugar and a more or less copious modicum of alcohol. Blended with these materials, humanity has hitherto gratefully acknowledged its genial and exhibitating qualities, little dreaming that infinitesimal doses of immortality were floating perdus among the aromatic contents of the punchbowl. It was reserved to Dr. Schmoele to gladden the world with the disclosure that lemon-juice is the elixir vita. To rival the patriarchs in number of years, to blunt the edge of death's sickle in such sort that it shall not avail to sever the slenderest of life-threads, all that he aspirant to immoderate longevity has to do is to absorb a sufficient quan-

tity of lemon-juice daily; or, better still, to eat a fixed number of lemons, having relation to his or her age or sex, every morning and evening. Dr. Schmothe lemon-treatment which may be comface, his sinewy hands holding the reins in his own person, of his theory that

charge without trouble or concern; the bells upon the borns, breasts jingle a bird bardond skeptic, Dr. Schmoele little tune; the great wheels crush the directs our attention to the celebrated stones in the path; the load creaks like painter, Count Waldeck, who died in a ship's hull in a sudden gust; wild birds weep down into the hazy, sunny depths advanced age of 120 years. The Prosweep down into the hazy, sunny depths below; yet the driver seems to take no heed. But let a "scare" take place; let a herd of runaway cattle appear at a bend and set the horses wild, and then was in the habit, every springtide, of see what will happen. The day-dreamer devouring huge quantities of horserad-will become a giant of strength; he is up ish soaked in lemon-juice. "It was not in a flash; he shortens his hold upon the the horseradish," says Dr. Schmoele, "but the lemon-juice, that prolonged beneath him, places a foot of iron on the bis life for so many years." But we have brake. The horses snort and rear and only the Professor's word for the trath

of this postulate. It may be that the vehement pungency of the horseradish huge wheels turn fatally faster and kept Count Waldeck's vital spark aglow faster. An instant may hurl the wagon for such an inordinate length of time, and that the secret of immortality lurks within that fiery root. Besides, the Count died after all, so that lemon-juice, or horseradish, or both combined only enabled him to stay off the evil day for a period of time, which, considered in the looker-on, who knows not the ways relation to eternity, can not but be accounted as brief and unimportant.

"Makrobiotick and Eubanik," which work, we should mention, has been pub-lished by the printing-office of Bonn University, whereby it is invested with a somewhat authoritative character, teaches us what we are to do, in the way of swallowing lemon-juice, in order to your income brings you every month attain an age to which that of Methuse- "Well, what of that?" replied lah was, so to speak, mere immature adolessystem, he prescribes two lemons per diem, while gentlemen between this; can't you do as much?" ages must "assimilate" at least three lemons daily. Between fifty and sixty the dose for ladies is set down at three, for gentlemen at four, lemons a day. One lemon more per diem is ordained to each sex for every additional decade, so that centenarians must consume, if women, their eight lemons daily-if men, no fewer than nine. Upon attaining his hundred and twentieth year, therefore, like Count Waldeck, the gentleman who should at that period experience the desire further to prolong his existence, would find himself face to face with the sire." terrible prospect of having to swallow

jority of cases I have been greatly disappointed in them, or rather I should say that I was, until I came to thoroughly understand them as a class. Now I would not for several worlds be misunderstood on this subject. I do not make assertions without abundant proof. For the benefit of the reader I will narrate a few episodes in my own experience, and 4,015 lemons per annum for ten successthe can draw his own conclusions. At
the start I want to remark that we exPerhaps a decade of life would be held. pect advance agents, showmen, merdear by the majority of centenarians, if chants, etc., to request flattering senworth 100 per cent, more than the cot-ton that is prepared for market in the But ministers are assigned quite a differto even think of cating forty thousand lemons without a shadder and a convulto be enthusiastic in regard to this new process. There can be no sort of mistake as to what it accomplishes, and we believe it is a solution of a making the most prominent elegations without a stander and a convultion of the facial muscles. While on the leading paper in ______, while on the leading paper in _____, while on the leading paper and were intended for the local columns, lemons daily? The "dura ilia messorum"

as the eloquent Rev. Dr. —, and the way he used complimentary language in acid would set up within their precinets. regard to his particular labors for the Dr. Schmoele's nostrum is, however, such as has been stated, and immortality, acbewildering, to say the least. This min- cording to this sage, depends upon the ister was one of the best known of di-vines in that city, and was considered by

the general public as a very good man. He is dead now, and I trust is where he AT Pittsburgh, Pa., a young man rehas acquired some modesty. We used to cently arrived at a boarding-house and erase all of his flowery language about d the landlady he wanted to be married. She sent out and told the girls in the neighborhood, and they came in to most telling and affecting speech at a temperance meeting in Philadelphia, a leading minister of that city came to the table at which I am writing, and into the table at which I am writing, and into the table at which I am writing, and into the table at which I am writing, and into the neignborhood, and they came in the neignborhood i quired if I represented a certain news- already.

paper. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, he at once asked me for a compli-PROBLEM IN ALGEBRA.-Let Mr. B. mentary notice. I was naturally disgusted, and I exclaimed: "Mr. -, did stand for x; a mad bull fanning his eight-rail fence, two and a-half seconds good to humanity, as one might infer distant from life be the emergency. The emergency. A dollar and a half pair of owner of more than three million sailing vessels. This armament is not car musts for the first correct solution. ear muss for the first correct solution. dollars.

Concentration in Farming.

There is a notable absence of capital among the mass of farmers, while farmers free from debt or those supplied with the necessary means for the full development of recovery means for the recovery.

ment of resources are the exception rather than the rule. The more limited the capital the greater the necessity for concentrated effort, for avoiding unconcentrated effort, for avoiding unnecessary outlays and expensive experiments. Finally the individual whose
only capital is a stout heart and a willing hand, must needs make every blow
count, directing his efforts only in a remunerative channel. More ambitious,
enterprising, go shead farmers are ruined
by attempting too much, than by more
thorough work on a limited scale.

Every neighborhood abounds in practical lessous concerning this subject of
concentration in farming. Many a farmer, seized with a desire for improving
his broad acres, attempts to reclaim a

his broad acres, attempts to reclaim bog, or clear a stony pasture, neglecting ful aptitude for driving, and one sees some pretty good examples among the hills. The road down the mountain-aides is entirely unguarded upon the outer edge, and the descent in most places is precipitous. A balky horse, or a fractured wheel, or a slight carelessness in handling the reins, might easily send a carriage-load of people to destruction—and an awful destruction, too, The path is wide enough for one pair of the greatest of the greatest of the greatest of the greatest of those ills productive capacity. If the manure supply is limited it is better to apply it to the productive fields, where good returns are reasonably certain, than to brewed by witches from such grisly scatter it over thin and scanty soils to mature. This precious liquor, gifted with the inestimable faculty of protracting existence for an inefinite term—the panacea for the greatest of those ills that flesh is heir to death—is no cunning distillation of weird and costly drugs, no essence of the dreadful broth brewed by witches from such grisly brewed by witches from such grisly scatter it over thin and scanty soils to "stock" as juice of toad and oll of to the neglect of stronger land. Many adder. It is a fluid with which all are an industrious farmer has proved a failure in the vain attempt to cultivate more acres than his means would justify, when if his labors had been concentrated upon half the area, success would have crowned

his efforts. It is not always the largest herd of cattle or flock of sheep that gives the best result per head, but the greatest profit to follows the best herds and flocks. In and find time to chase one until he was case of limited means it is far better for a farmer to own half a dozen good cows than double the number of poor ones. It then the snakes were the worst They is far more profitable to cut three tons of | would literally swarm out on the prairies hay from one acre of good land, than to run over three acres of half-starved soil of this kind, when the road was in to secure the same weight at the harvest. Course of construction in Livingstone Quality rather than size is the real test Quality rather than size is the real test of many a farm product. A little extra care and skill bestowed upon a dairy of place, about ten miles in the rear of the fifty pounds of choice butter, will yield a larger profit than the shiftless, haphaz- the landing of some tools and spikes,

ele's work contains the most elaborate an inferior quality.

and exhaustive rules for the practice of

It is not the number of miles traveled all morning, but cleared up about noon, in a day, or the number of blows struck, menced with equal certainty of ulterior success at any time of life. The Professor also adduces several instances of and plan of the labor which determines the efficacy with which the consumption | the profit and loss. Among our farming of lemons stimulates aged persons to evade the assaults of the phantom on the pale horse. He is as yet unable to menout definite plan, too many animals fed pale horse. He is as yet unable to men-tion any case in which the imbibition of without profit, too many acres cultivated emon-juice has enabled an authentic without fertilizers, to give the cultivators human being to live forever; but he con- of the soil that reward which should athow insignificant is the average yield of acres on the farm, and yet the the speed of the train was slackened. garden is only a practical illustration of The wheels of the engine were almost

culture, more concentrated effort, inwatchwords of that Eastern farmer who Western brother, on the broad prairie and rich bottom land of the far West. prove his methods and concentrate his energies and resources in the direction of better culture, with larger and more remunerative crops from fields already

A Rich Man on Riches.

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dallars: "Mr. Ridgway," said a young m:n with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than

any gentleman I know."
"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgway,
"I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied.' "What, sir!" exclaimed the man in astonishment. "What, you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands Ridgway. "All I get out of it is my cence. To ladies over forty and under fifty and sixty, commencing the citronian more than one man's allowance or wear more than one suit at a time. Pray,

> "Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you "What better am I off for that?" plied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other house for other people to live in; they

> are the benficiaries, not L" "But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages

and horses-in fact anything you de-"And after I had bought them," re-sponded Mr. Ridgway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no it had to be purchased by the degluti- easier in a fine carriage than you can in tences in type; nothing is more natural tion of 40,000 lemons. The mere notion an omnibus for five cents, without the than such desires on their part, for they deal strictly in earthly thin, s, maling no pretensions in their profession or beginning to those of a sweet tooth "surcease of and hostlers; and as to anything I denote the surrous in house of a serious" by the friendly aid of the dagless we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life-cannot buy back my youth-cannot purchase cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death and then, what will all avail when in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me?

"Say, Old Man!" An anecdote of the late Mr. Otis, of New London, Conn., who left a million

of dollars to foreign missions, is as fol-He was at one of the New London fish markets on the wharfs, clad in his customary overalls, and, as ever, unassuming in his deportment, when the captain of a sinking vessel rushed ashore, and seiznest the same principle of consistency that plenty of fresh air is good, when it is not damp or foggy but draughts are

s job?"
Mr. Otis look at him a little surprised Mr. Otis look at him a little surprises and turned away, whereupon the per-and turned away, whereupon the per-sistent captain followed him up and metal to Dec. 31, 1873, is estimated at £192,050,682. This production has shown again demanded:
"Say you, don't you want a job to pump out my vessel?"

£192,050,682 This production a steady decline of late years.

As Mr. Otis remained silent, the exascoat tails with its horns equal y; an eight-rail fence, two and a-half seconds "Well, old chap, if you are too lazy to work, you will die in the poorhouse,"

The man in the overalls was then the

end at the development the Legislation in along the converge contracts them there, and A narnun generally dyes by over-[Communication in St. Leub Globe Samena.]
In Northwest Missouri, where ex-Gov.
B. M. Stawart resided years before and
after his political career, up to the time
of his death, many old citizens love to MARY had a little lamb. It was roasted and she wanted more.

Even criminals like paragraphs—that is to say, they prefer a short sentence.

It is a thic of the penturutary to cut the locks off before turning the rocks on

of his death, many old citizens love to tell of his brilliant, conversational powers and inexhaustible fund of anecdotes. The Governor often told of the difficulties which he had to surmount, and in one of his happiest moods he related a prisoner make story which I have never seen in print. In those days, said the Governor, snakes were not only uncommonly numerous, but infested certain portions of the State to such an extent that farmers would often pack up their household wares and remove the where Suring the building is the round have seen them so troublesome and numerous that the hands would sometimes stop that the hands would sometimes stop the seen than the same would some the seen than the same would some the seen than the same would seen the same would seen the seen than the same would seen the same would see the same would seen the same would seen the same would see the same would

that the hands would sometimes stop work and inaugurate a short campaign against them with shovels, axes and crowbars. The serpents were not vicious, the men being hardly ever bitten, but the great vexation consisted in their so-ciability and perfect indifference to danger. They apparently were uttarly devoid of that instinct of self-preserva-tion with which the Almighty endowed every creature. At night they would sometimes make sleep impossible by hissing and squirming in and about the tents, and during the day they would yex the men almost beyond endurance by running between their legs and otherwise annoying them. They were not considered dangerous, being of that species known as prairie hissers. It was only now and then that a rattler was dis-

track builders. I was there awaiting ard churning of one hundred pounds of: which it was intended to convey to the an inferior quality.

and when we pulled out after dinner the weather was pleasant but a little hazy. We had traveled about half the distance when the engineer-I was riding on the engine - called my attention to the hundreds of snakes crossing several hundred yards in front of us, the track for a short distance being black with them and en-tirely lost to sight. The engine-driver opened the throttle and in a few moments we were crushing through them.

yet be as mild and quiet as an autumn concentrated labor and manure. Better clogged with crushed snakes, and still the track was actually buried beneath them for one handred yards in from of We did not succeed in getting garments cover her form, the spittoon us. and three squares of Brussels carpet at hopes to secure a livelihood in competi-tion with the mammoth fields and virgin came to a standstill. We were unable the same time. soils and lands easily cultivated of his to make our way through them, and asked her Sunday-school class what was amused ouselves by knocking them off the engine. We were detained nearly "meant by the pomp and vanity of the It should be the aim of every farmer not an hour before the grand march of the world. rather unexpected: "Them flowers on to increase his acres under cultivation any faster than his capital and circumstances will warrant, but rather to import that the stances will warrant, but rather to import that the stances will warrant, but rather to import that the stances will warrant, but rather to import that the stances will warrant, but rather to import the stances will warrant. to be alive with them; indeed they

corporeal scavengers-the lungs, stomach,

liver or kidneys. Thus it stands to reason that a careful and general cleans-

ing of the skin is absolutely necessary to

the life and well-being of the individual at least once in twenty-four hours, and

few people who rejoice in the comfort

of cleanliness will feel that it is secured

under this amount of washing. And we

the mere passage of water, especially

scrubbing (not an unreasonable friction

which should precede the universal sponging. This last may be done with

cold water, which certainly invigorates and braces the system when followed by

a reactionary warmth. Should this not

occur, it is unwise to use it, and warmth

(from which they have not a sufficiently

active circulation to recover) as part of

that much abused system of 'hardening,'

which nine times out of ten ends in

'hardening' the child off the face of the

earth, or checking its growth. .
"' Hardening,' it must be understood,

make a child strong consists in causing

it to undergo more physical hardships

than they, with their perfectly matured

strength and age, would dream of doing.
"As people in conclusions generally

rush to extremes, it might be well here

to remark that we do not at all recom-

THE quantity of gold minted in Vic

mend codling; but no wise mother will

seemed to cover the earth.

that."

If a stole along the edgs of the patch,

Till an object his keen eyes fell on;

He smatched it up and waited away—

Twose a squash instead of a meion.

—Jeoguta M. "How came you to be lest?" asked a Bathing the Human Form.

grape vine.

things, so in washing, there are two ways of doing it. Some people take a bath who have but a dim idea of washing themselves, and are vexed and arrays and are vexed and arrays. sympathetic gentleman of a little boy he

THE other day, an old toper, recoverwhen told the result is not happy. It is when told the result is not happy. It is a well known fact, but rarely remembered, that the skin is one of the great safety-valves of the human machine—that the millions of little perspiratory tubes with which it is pieced throw out. tubes with which it is pierced throw out "JOHNNIE, what is a noun?" "Name

of a person, place or thing." "Very from the inner body an average amount of thirty-three ounces of greasy refuse and worn-out material in an hour in the good; give an example." "Hand-organ grinder." "And why is a hand-organ grinder a noun?" "Because he's a pershape of invisible perspiration and in the same time often as much as two or three sor plays a thing." pounds in visible perspiration. Should HE is a fruiter's factotum; and when these tubes or pores be allowed to remain he writes letters for his employer, and choked with their own secretions the refuse is thrown back into the other great

signs them "John Smith, per Simmons," he instinctively puckers up his lips. It is seasonably suggestive, and he A STORY in an exchange is entitled "In Two Halves." Will the author kindly inform a suffering public, blindly groping about in the misty avenues of ignorance, in how many more halves it would have been possible to have had

would also here point out the fact that that story? WHEN a young man gets so sweet ca cold water (c. g., what is ordinarily called a sponge bath), does not cleanse. her house, he has to take a running in fact, it rather has a tendency to close start, fifty yards either way so he can the pores, which, like delicate flowers get past the gate, it is almost time for shut up to a cold current of wind or him to be asking the old folks if they water. We therefore recommend, as wouldn't like to take a son-in-law to warm or tepid water tends to open the raise or find accommodations for another pores, to use that with the course of soap | boarder.

Brilliant, But a Failure.

Macaulay's feats of memory, as recorded in his biography, have astonished readers. He could repeat the whole of Paradise Lost and several other long poems. But one of his school-fellows, William Grant, an idle fellow, who preferred gomust be substituted, especially in the cases of children, who by ignorant mothers are often forced into cold water ing about the country to getting his lessons, far excelled him in memorizing.

Lord Teignmouth, also Grant's schoolfellow, says in his "Reminiscences," that he knew him, when but fifteen to seperate the whole of the Iliad, the Georgics, three books of the Ænid, and the most of Horace's Odes. Gifted as he was in this respect, he failed at Cambridge Unishould be strengthening, not 'roughing,' and many people with the best inten-tions think, very erroneously, that to versity, and in everything he undertook.

His constitutional indelence prevented An incident which occurred while he was private secretary for his brother, his rise. Lord Gleneig, President of the Indian Board, shows an inveterate incapacity to attend to his work. Macaulay was the public secretary of the India Board, and one day was attending the sitting. Some urgent affair was being discussed, when Grant entered the conneil chamber and whispered to Macaulay that he was particularly wanted outside. Macaulay replied that he could not then leave his and renewed his request until Macaulay followed him out of the room. Going to a door, the idle fellow threw it open, and pointing to a Yorkshire pie, ready

to be eaten, said,-"This is preferable to business."

Macaulay, who had a clearer appreciation of the importance of public busihis heel, and returned to the council

chamber. The onreer of this brilliant izer adds another illustration to the

put her young children in quite cold water in winter time, nor with a cold,

ness, somewhat indignantly turned on

THE Russian navy now consists of 28 iron clads, 4 frigates, 11 corvettes, 3 clippers, 21 steamers, 22 gunboats, 11 torpedo boats, 27 schooners, and 117 This armament is man- ity will compensate for the want of it-