

My Kingdom and My Queen.
My kingdom has no dazzling throne,
No palace grand upon its
Yet 'tis as bright as e'er was known,
Or sung in loyal sonnet.
I've traveled east, I've traveled west,
Mid scenes of wealth and splendor,
But this one spot I love the best,
With all its joys so tender,
No place so dear I've ever seen,
For peace reigns here and Love is queen.
Two subjects in my kingdom dwell;
One has an eye of azure,
And smiles upon her fair face tell
Of pure and perfect pleasure;
And one has hair of raven hue
And eyes of hazel beauty,
And what'er the busy strife to do
He always does his duty.
And faithful they have ever been
To her who is my household queen.
And as life yields me newer joy
And hope divine and human,
I see one now no more a boy
And one almost a woman.
The bright days come, the bright days go,
And each brings some new pleasure
And no spot on the earth I know
Is richer with heart-treasure.
Nor happier subjects nor ever seen
Than in my home where Love is queen.
By no high-sounding royal name
Or title they address her,
As cheerily, their eyes aflame
With love, they kiss and bless her
But with a voice of gentle tone,
Which joy gives to each other,
They call her by one name alone,
The hallowed name of mother.
A name the sweetest known to man
Since time and love their course began.
—*Youth's Companion.*

"I PROMISE."

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

"Viva! Viva! I must go!"
"You shall not! You shall not. You belong to me!"
The beautiful little creature stamped her tiny foot on the turf, as she spoke; her eyes flamed with anger, a fiery flush shot up into her dark cheek.
"I belonged to my country before I ever saw you, Viva," answered Tom Creighton, in a sad but steady tone.
"You shall not go, tho! Ah! dear, dear, darling Tom, can you leave your little lassie to die of fear? Don't you love me?"
She gathered the tall fellow's hands close to her heart and clasped them there with strange passionate strength. Tom stooped and lifted her to his bosom as if she had been a tiny child.
"I could not love the, dear, so much I loved I not more."
he said, slowly, bending his head to her ear. A splendid head it was, crowned with close curls soon to fall before the shears, and its symmetry to be hidden by a forage-cap; and the face did not belie the head; its strong, regular features, its cleft chin, and resolute lips all "gave the world assurance of a man," while the expressive gray eyes revealed a possible flash of rage.
"Don't talk to me about honor!" sobbed Viva, hiding her face on his shoulder. "I shall die if you go away from me I can't—I can't bear it!"
There was no heroism about Genevieve L'Estrange; her French descent had given her inexpressible charms of aspect and manner; she was as slight as a girl of ten years, and no higher than her lover's shoulder, but the contours of her exquisite figure showed the roundness and grace of womanhood, and her piquant, glowing face was alight with all the fire of an intense feminine nature. There was nothing childish in the red mobile lips, the delicate irregular features, the brilliant dark eyes that sparkled or melted according to her mood, the abundant silky black hair that fell to her feet when it escaped from the heavy coils that seemed too weighty for the lovely little head they covered.
She was spoiled from her babyhood, being the only child of wealthy parents; not a wish had the willful creature ever been denied; never had she wanted a luxury, or failed to indulge a caprice; indeed, it was but a caprice that this very summer had taken her to the White Mountains before the great hotels were opened, to a small house near the village of Franconia. She wanted to see the spring blossoms of the North, to gather the dawn-pink arbutus she had so often bought in Broadway, from its lurking-places under the pine needles of the forest; she had heard of "the shy Linnæus," the white winter-green, and many another early flower that fades before fashion comes to explore its haunts, from a school-friend who lived in northern New Hampshire; and so, weary of the early terrors of the war looming blackly in the distance, tired from the two years in Europe that followed her school days, and the long winter of dissipation in the city, she had intimated to her obedient parents her desire to visit Franconia; and they took her to the Pine Hill House accordingly.
Here she met Tom Creighton; his father and mother lived on a farm near by and the handsome young lawyer from New York had come up to say good-by to them; for he had enlisted in a volunteer regiment and daily expected orders to the front.
Viva had met him often in society, and the two opposite natures, in a measure counteracted, had been mutually attracted. Tom Creighton was a typical New Englander, strong, obstinate, enduring, with a rigid sense of duty as his dominant trait. He did not entirely approve of the war, for he was naturally conservative; but he considered that he ought to go, and go he would. It was a thorough surprise to both the pair, this meeting among the mountains;

and it was the last thing Tom Creighton intended, to fall in love with Miss L'Estrange, much less to let her know it, but he could not help himself; with characteristic impetuosity she lost her heart in these solitudes, where all the real character of the young man showed itself, no longer overlaid by the customs of society. She saw how true, how tender, how brave he was, how superior to the society men who had only bored her in New York. She had indeed distinguished him even there from a certain superiority of aspect, but now she knew and loved him and showed it with such naive simplicity that Tom, for all his good resolutions, broke down and fell at her feet. Only a day had their engagement been made known, when the summons Tom expected, came. Viva was almost frantic, it was the first time in her life that she had had been useless; but now it beat against a rock. Tired with the vain struggle repeated till Tom's heart ached to its depths, she at length recognized that his strength of character must dominate hers; and after a long wild flood of tears and a convulsion of sobs she said at last:
"If you will go—if you must—promise me to live, to come back!"
"I promise to come back if I do live, Viva. How can I say I will live? That is the chance of war and the will of God." "Promise, promise!" she shrieked. "You must promise me to live! I shall die here, right in your arms, unless you do!"
Her pallid face, her streaming eyes, the sobs that seemed to rend her slight shape, the piteous curve of her red lips, took him by storm. The lovely, unreasoning, willful creature, torn by a passion of love and grief all for him, shook his strong soul to its center. What man ever resisted such overwhelming passion, or thought it foolish when she was its object? Tom Creighton's soul blazed in his eyes as he held that tiny figure closer to his breast.
"I promise!" he said.
"So he went and she stayed. The fortunes of war befell him; but in battle he seemed to dodge the bullets that rained about him, manfully as he fought, for he felt Viva's imploring eyes upon him. "Creighton's luck" was the jest of the decimated regiment; but no man charged him with cowardice. The thrill and splendor of this new life had swept off his conservatism; the war justified itself by its dash and valor. He rejoiced in the clangor of its trumpets, the roar of its guns, the rush of its charges; and when the miasma of the marshes where he lay encamped defied his will and half-conscious for fever, when he lay self-conscious for a week in the hospital, the will to live, the intent to keep his word to Viva, urged him. The nurses wondered at his delirium: "I promise—I promise!" but those words were his talisman.
When his heart and flesh failed he seemed to see Viva's upturned, woeful face, and he said to himself, "I promise," with fresh strength each time; for he had learned faith in himself. At last the war was over; but thoroughly wedded to a soldier's life, and become a proverb among men for courage and quick resource, he was transferred to the ranks of the regular army, given a furlough of six months, and flew at once to Viva.

Poor Viva! the war had spared her Tom, but both her parents had died during his absence, and she was quite alone. To describe their meeting would be sacrilege; it was even as the meeting of those who arise together at the rising of the dead and look at the dawning of that heaven which they shall spend together. Naturally Tom desired to hasten their marriage, and Viva did not refuse; for except a salaried chaplain, she was quite alone in that loneliest of positions, the inmate of a fashionable boarding house. She did not care to waste her time or her strength on an elaborate toilette; she left all that to Mrs. Merwin; it seemed to her that she could not exist out of Tom's presence. Yet one day she could not see him; she was ill; she only saw the doctor, an old man who had watched her from childhood.
"Viva," he said to her, as he drew on his gloves after an hour at her bedside, and as soon as the nurse, hurriedly called in, had left the room on some needful errand.
"Viva, you must tell Captain Creighton."
"I will not!" she answered angrily.
"But you must!"
"I never will! After all these wretched years of waiting, do you think I will throw my life away, Dr. Sands?"
"If you do not, I shall."
"You won't! you can't!"
"But I shall. It is my duty. If you do not tell him before Saturday—this is Tuesday—I shall."
The doctor's voice was stern, but the nurse came in; he said no more.
Next day came Tom with startling news; he was ordered at once to Fort Stilling; the garrison there was needed in a struggle with the Indians; fresh troops must man the fort; there was no day to spare.
"Viva, will you go with me?"
She sprang up from the sofa where she lay, pale and sweet after her brief illness; here was her way of escape from Dr. Sands.
"Yes, indeed, I will. You shall not leave me again, Tom!"
So the next morning early, like a pair of eloping lovers, they were married in the nearest church and took the morning train for the far West; on and on the

rushing wheels bore them; day after day they endured the separation of the crowd, till at last they arrived at St. George one winter night in January. The snow was deep, but Tom must report as soon as possible, and Viva would not let him go alone.
"It is too cold, dearest," he said.
"Not with you, Tom."
"Forty below zero, Viva!"
"If you can live in it I can. I promise, Tom."
He could not refuse her after that word with all its memories. Rolled in furs, veils, scarfs, with hot bricks at her feet, they set out on their twenty-mile journey. Warned not to speak, for the air was not fit for delicate lungs to admit in all its chill, silently they sped along. The glittering fields of sparkling snow, on which the moon made a long wake of glory, the black shadows, the creak of their swift runners, the snorting of the horses, whose nostrils were hung with icicles, all added a strange terror to the drive—a drive that seemed endless; but at last it was over.
"Come in!" said Tom, holding out his arms, as the driver drew up before the officers' quarters, where the light of a fire blazed through the deep-frosted windows; but Viva neither spoke nor moved.
Mad with terror, Tom lifted her from the sleigh and rushed into the door, making his way by instinct to the fire. Viva stirred not an atom. Hasty hands unrobed her; kind hands laid her on the sofa. Her face was set and white, her lips parted, her eyes glazed. The post-surgeon hurried in; he lifted one hand, it fell back; he put a finger on her pulse. "My God! she is dead!" he said, with a look of dreadful pity.
Tom dropped beside her.
Was it a year? Was it a life-time? Was he in Heaven when he woke out of that trance?
She was there, warm, sweet, rosy.
"You made me promise, Tom, I would not die."
Tom turned on his very face and wept like a very child; his heaven had come on earth.
Post-surgeons do not know everything any more than other men. The fact was that Viva had developed in the last two years a tendency to catalepsy—the result of an over-worn and over-excited nervous system; and when Dr. Sands told her she must tell Tom about it, she had just come out of a serious attack wherein she had lain for hours as one dead; but she would not tell him, having an idle fear that Tom might cease to love her.
The long journey and the cold drive had brought on a severe seizure, and she certainly, in appearance, justified the post-surgeon's opinion; but before morning she had come back to herself, livid with grief and as unconscious of his presence as she had been of his.
"Viva," he said, a few days after they were fairly settled in the new life, "my darling! my wife! think what might have happened if I had never known about this. Promise me, Viva, hereafter to trust me. Tell me everything!"
She looked up in his troubled, tender face with a divine smile, and softly said over his talisman, "I promise."—*New York Independent.*

Old Kinds of Leather.
It has been demonstrated that all sorts of skins may be tanned. Beasts, birds, fishes and reptiles have been alike brought to the tan yard, and the prices of their skins are regularly quoted in the price current of the *Shoe and Leather Reporter*. Alligator skins have long been a favorite material for the manufacture of pocketbooks and satchels. The high price which the first product commanded soon induced manufacturers to produce imitations. These are merely embossed leather. "The peculiar scaly nature of the alligator's hide is successfully imitated by means of steel dies, which leave a durable impression upon the leather, so perfect a resemblance to the genuine alligator skin that only experts can tell the difference. The same process is used to imitate other fancy skins, so that there is no novelty that is not imitated within three months of its first appearance. The alligator skins were first put on the market in 1876.
Kangaroo skins have only been on the market about three years. The skin of the porpoise has lately been used for shoes, and is well considered because of its fine grain, making it waterproof. It resembles a goat skin. The skin of the seal has also been made into leather, and sells for about \$40 a dozen skins.
One of the latest novelties is rattlesnake leather, which is used chiefly for making pocketbooks. The skin of the monkey has also been tanned and used for making pocketbooks. Bear skins have long been used with the hair on for caps and coats, and the hides have also been used for leather. Of course these novelties are not made in large quantities, and are mostly used for fancy trade. During the past few years the hides of horses have been successfully tanned and put upon the market as a standard article of leather.
American kid is now taking a prominent place in the leather market, and is even preferred to French kid by many manufacturers, who find it quite as soft, pliable and durable, and much cheaper. It is declared that American kid at twenty-five cents a foot is equal to French kid at forty cents. Pig skins are yet in demand for saddles.

BARK PEELERS.

A Day Among the Woodsmen of the Catskill.

The Work of the Choppers, Fixers and Spudders.

The men were at work some distance up the side of the mountain, which was a spur of great Peakmoose, and I was guided by a man who was taking them some addition to their dinners. The road ceased altogether, soon after we left the shanty, and it was not long before even the path disappeared, so that we had to force our way through the thick woods up the steep slope, guided only by the sounds of chopping and the crash of falling trees which came to our ears.
Most of the men were young fellows, with tall, strong, active frames and frank, honest faces. One or two of them wore flannel shirts which looked very picturesque among the green trees, and all of them made so merry over their hard work that the falling of huge trees and lopping of stout branches seemed rather play than labor.
When bark-peelers go into the woods they divide themselves into parties of four or five who work together. Each one of these parties contains choppers, fixers and spudders.
The beginning of operations belongs to the first class. The chopper chooses the first good-sized hemlock that is seen, and it is attacked near the root, with sharp and skillful axe until it tumbles headlong in just the desired direction. The fall of one of these trees, especially if it is a large one, is an impressive sight. The chopper cuts a broad opening on one side fully half through the great trunk, yet the tree stands firm and pays no attention to the blows, nor to the heavy chips that continually fly away from its dark, red heart-wood. Then the chopper goes around on the other side, and cuts a new gash, a little lower than the first one, since he intends the tree to fall to that side. Here, too, he cuts deep in before there are any signs of conquest. As the axe begins to touch the center, however, the topmost limbs are seen to tremble, then to sway, and a cracking sound follows the repeated blows which warn the poor tree that its time has come. Then there is a tottering, a little leaning toward the weaker side, which has the lower cut, and the woodman, keeping his eye upward and his feet ready to jump, hurls one last powerful stroke into the overstrained fibers. They fly apart with a loud noise, the great grown bows toward the earth, gains its after motion as it descends, and comes crashing down upon the weak and resistless brushwood with a noise like the hummed roar of a whole battery and a force which shakes the earth.
Now comes the work of the "fixers," who leap upon the but of the fallen giant, and, striking at the lowest limbs, first cut off every branch until all are lopped away to where the trunk grows too narrow to be worth trimming. As fast as a little space of the trunk is cleared, one of the men cuts a notch through the bark and around the trunk—"rings" it, as he would say. Four feet further on he cuts another ring, and then slits the bark lengthwise from one ring to the other, on three or four sides of the tree. This goes on every four feet, as fast as the tree is trimmed, until the whole length has been thus "fixed."
Last of all comes the "spudder," whose duty it is to pry off the great flakes of bark which have been notched and split from him. He takes his name from the tool he uses, which is a sort of small, heavy, sharp-edged spade, with a short handle; perhaps to call it a round blade chisel would describe it more nearly. To pry off the bark in this way seems very easy, but they told me it was the hardest work of all, and that it required considerable skill to do it properly.
When the bark has been removed it must be made up into regular piles so as to be measured, for it is estimated and sold by the cord. This is hard work, for the green and juicy bark is very heavy and rough to handle. Sometimes a tree will be found so large as to furnish a cord, or even more, alone; but the average rate of yield is much less, so that experts calculate that four trees must be cut down to obtain a cord of bark.
It is only when the new wood is forming just underneath, and the cells are soft and full of sap, that the bark can be stripped from the log in large pieces. Peeling, therefore, can be carried on only during May and June. The cords of bark piled then are left to dry all the summer and fall, and are hauled out in winter by ox-teams with sleds, when the deep snow makes a smooth track over even so terribly rough a road as the one I have mentioned.
The bark-peelers were a very jolly lot of fellows, singing and joking as they worked, and at dinner there was one incessant rattle of stories and fun. They worked hard, cut heartily, go to bed as soon as it is dark, and rise at dawn. It is interesting work, but it leaves a ruined forest behind.—*S. Nicholas.*

Do Look Serious for Elliott.

Colonel Elliott F. Shepherd of the *Express* asks: "Can an editor be a Christian?" When it comes to that an editor himself has doubts on this matter, things begin to look serious.

What the Blind Learn.

At the recent anniversary exercises of the New York Institution for the Blind at Ninth avenue and Thirty-fourth street a class of a dozen blind pupils gave a remarkable exhibition of calisthenic exercises, in which several hundred movements were made in concert, with no guide to the memory but monotonous music. All the pupils but one went through the exercises without mistake. The exception was a little girl who got one movement behind all the time, to the great amusement of the spectators. Of course the child was unconscious of the stir she was creating. One of the teachers saw her dilemma, and started her afresh, and then she went on keeping time with the others. The incident served to illustrate in a striking manner how difficult is the task of teaching a class of blind pupils to work thus together.
This wonderful training of the memory is shown in other departments of instruction. In music the pupils must read with their fingers, and memorize in this way each musical composition that they play. In basket making they must distinguish the colors of woods by the various degrees of roughness that the axes impart to the wood. In sewing they must remember what they have sewed.
The institution is open for visitors every Wednesday—the morning is the best time to go—and the 250 inmates may be seen at actual work. The instrumental music, especially on organ and piano, taught by Superintendent Wait's system of point musical notation, and the vocal music taught by the same system always are interesting. The institution has received at various times very considerable gifts from wealthy families of the city. The institution receives \$250 a year from the State for each pupil. It expends about \$100,000 a year, and has about \$225,000 of invested funds besides extensive buildings and grounds.
The course of education comprises a kindergarten, common English education, music, cane seating, mattress-making, piano tuning, sewing, knitting, fancy needlework, and physical training. No intelligent person can witness the proficiency of these blind people without the reflection that when they leave the school they are even better equipped to battle with life and to earn their daily bread, than many pupils who have their eyesight and have received an ordinary common school education.

Origin of O. K.

Moses Folsom of Port Townsend sends the following sketch of the origin of the use of the letters "O. K." which, he states, was furnished him personally by James Parton:
While at Nashville in search of material for his history, Mr. Parton found General Jackson had been judge a great many legal documents endorsed "O. R." which meant "Order recorded," but often so scrawlingly written that one could easily read it as O. K. If "Major Downing" noticed a bundle of papers thus marked upon President Jackson's table, documents, perhaps, from his former court, in which he still had interest, it is very easy to see how a punster could imagine it to be "O. K." or "oil correct."
No doubt Seba Smith, who wrote under the nom de plume of "Major Jack Downing," had much to do with creating the impression that President Jackson was unlettered and illiterate, whereas many existing personal letters, military reports, court opinions and state papers show to the contrary. He lived before the day of stenographers and typewriters, and yet carried on a voluminous correspondence. Hundreds of his personal letters to old soldier friends are still preserved as heirlooms in the south, and his handwriting is numerous in Washington. He was evidently a rapid penman, and made greater use of capital letters than is the present custom, but misspelled words and stumbling sentences were few and far between.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Restored to a Home of Wealth.

S. B. Sanderson of Joliet, Ill., came to Los Angeles, Cal., a few weeks ago with his family to settle permanently. He is wealthy, and five years ago had an only daughter, Estelle, who at 16 eloped with a handsome brakeman named James O'Brien. The girl wished to be forgiven, but Sanderson turned her out. Her husband was soon killed in an accident, and she supported herself as a governess. She recently drifted to Los Angeles, but lost her position and began to make a personal canvass of houses for work. She ring the bell of her father's house without knowing the name of the occupants, and mother and daughter thus met for the first time since the estrangement. The prodigal was welcomed and restored from a hungry, homeless wanderer to a home of wealth.—*Chicago Herald.*

How News Reaches Iceland.

A letter from Reykjavik, Iceland, in the Danish *Nationaltidende* gives a long and picturesque account of the arrivals at Iceland of the first steamship last spring, the Laura. The Icelanders expected a postal steamer in March, but at last gave up all hope of the welcome visitor reaching their shores before April. When they saw the Laura in the distance, early in April, the population was literally wild with delight. An immense crowd of men, women and children gathered together, in order to get news from the "rest of the world."

HISTORY OF FLOODS.

The Johnstown Calamity Compared With Other Disasters.

The Previous Great Floods in Europe, Africa and India.

It may not be generally known, but it is true, that the great flood of Johnstown in Pennsylvania is the most disastrous, so far as loss of life is concerned, that has occurred in either Europe or America for nearly three centuries.
There have been floods and floods since the deluge. It has been no uncommon thing to look for reports of overflows in the Valley of the Nile, with great loss of life. Nor do floods in India cause any great surprise, for the frequency with which the Ganges and other rivers of India break their bounds is well known. The same is true of the rivers of China, and was once true of those of Spain, in the older times the breaking of dikes in Holland carried desolation into many a thousand families.
But since James I. sat on the throne of England there has been no such horror known as that caused by the floods in Southwestern Pennsylvania, with the exception of one in China, although even in our own country the Mississippi and many smaller streams have played very serious pranks with the people who happened to live near their banks.
Probably the most disastrous European flood on record within the last 500 years was caused by the failure of the dike in Holland in 1530. A general inundation followed and 400,000 persons are said to have been drowned. The greatest following this was the floods in Catalonia in 1617, when 50,000 persons lost their lives.
There have, however, been some big floods during the present century, both in this and in other countries, that were damaging enough in their way. It was but shortly after the opening of the century, in December, 1802, that the river Liffey broke its bounds and did a vast amount of damage in the city of Dublin. It was even earlier in the same year that Lores, a city in Spain, was destroyed by the bursting of a reservoir, which inundated twenty leagues and drowned more than one thousand persons.
In 1811 the Danube overflowed at a point near Pesth and swept away twenty-four villages and their inhabitants, and these floods were followed by others almost as disastrous in the summer of 1813, when whole villages in Austria-Hungary and Poland were swept away. In September of 1813 the Danube rose and swept away a corps of Turkish troops, 2000 strong, who were encamped on an island in the river near Widner. During the same year 6000 men and women were drowned in the Silesia and 4000 in Poland.
In 1816, in January, there were several floods at Strabane, Ireland, caused by the melting of snow on the mountains. In the same year the river Vistula overflowed and destroyed 10,000 head of cattle and 4,000 houses, besides numerous lives. During 1819 there was a flood in the fen countries in England, when 5,000 acres of land were inundated. In 1830 there were great floods in Wren, and in 1833 came the great overflow in China, when 1,000 persons were drowned in Canton alone. In 1840 Lyons, Marseille and other towns in France were partly submerged by a break in the banks of the river Rhone. And so the list goes. Here is something like the chronological order in which various floods occurred:
1846. Overflow of the river Loire in the west and southwest of France. Damage, \$20,000,000. The Loire rose 20 feet in one night.
1849. May—New Orleans flooded by the inundation of the Mississippi.
1852. Floods at Holmfirth in February. Overflow of the Rhine and Rhone in September. City of Hamburg flooded by the Elbe.
1856. Floods in the south of France.
1864. Bradford reservoir, England, burst March 11; 250 persons drowned.
1866. September—Great inundations in the south of France. November—Great floods in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Derbyshire, England. Mills were carried away, mines were flooded, railroads were torn up and many lives were lost.
1870. Rome was inundated and many lives were lost. The King was obliged to relieve the sufferers with money.
1872. In October there were great floods in Northern Italy and thousands of persons at Mantua, Ferrara and other towns were left homeless.
1874. The banks of the Thames river were swept and many lives were lost. May 16, the reservoir near Northampton, Mass., burst much in the same manner as did that above Johnstown. Mill River Valley was swept by the flood, 144 persons lost their lives. July 24 a waterspout burst at Eureka, Nevada, and many lives were lost. July 26, 230 persons were drowned in Pittsburg and Allegheny by the rising of the rivers in Western Pennsylvania.
1875. By the rising of the river Garonne in France a portion of Toulouse was destroyed in June and 1000 lives were lost. From July until November of the same year England and Wales suffered from heavy floods. During the same period some 20,000 persons were left homeless in India by the same

The Cliffs of the Hereafter.

When we scale the highest mountain
Of our holiest thought in prayer,
Thinner grows the veil between us
And the souls that overleap us
From the cliffs of the hereafter
Who keep us in closest care.
On the cliffs of the hereafter
Seraphim in glory throng,
And each yearning heavenward tending,
Is an angel reassending
That walked with us along,
For the cliffs of the hereafter
To the Prince of Peace belong.
Have you strayed at sunset's hour
By the anthem-singing sea
Without noting with what power
He creates eternally
Pictures of the hereafter?
'Tis no mirage that ye see!
On the cliffs of the hereafter
Garments threaded dark with doubt,
Woven at the loom of living,
We'll be utterly without;
But though he naked He will clothe us
In the garb of truth about.
From the cliffs of the hereafter
Back and forth the angels go,
All unseen yet seeing ever
Valley dwellers here below,
Who but sight their radiant rainment
When their dreams are white as snow.
—*Augusta Chambers.*

HUMOROUS.

High-bred people—The bakers.
A figure of speech—The talking dog.
A noose bureau—The matrimonial agency.
Retired to private life—Reduced to the ranks.
New wheat never ruined as many men as old rye.
Filing saws—Pasting old jokes in a scrap-book.
A current remark—I must make some jelly this fall.
"Don't interrupt me till I'm done," was an Irish bull recently perpetrated by an English speaker.
"But, my dear, what has that old man to recommend himself aside from his riches?" "Heart disease."
Elsie—Jam going to marry the apothecary. Aggie—Oh! how nice. He'll trust us for vanilla cream soda now.
Husband (entering)—My love the stove smokes! Wife—You wouldn't have it chew would you, like you, you brute?
"What's the matter in the sitting room, Tommy?" "Oh, the usual contest between pa and ma over the speaker-ship of the house."
The Farmer's Breakfast.
Breakfast should be cooked quickly and served promptly. Therein lies success in quality. The farmer should build the fire for he can do so and let it have time to heat the stove while his wife or the cook is dressing. The bill of fare should be simple, wholesome, substantial, and be of a kind quickly prepared, such as any one of the following:
Stewed mackerel or whitefish, French fried potatoes, hot corn pone (breakfast bread), coffee or hot milk.
Fried breakfast bacon and boiled eggs, potatoes stewed in milk, fried corn mush, coffee.
Fried ham and eggs, oat meal mush, bread and butter, coffee and milk.
The bill of fare for breakfast should in every case be decided upon the day before, and the material for it prepared and put at hand, so that no time may be lost in the morning. It is just as easy to grind coffee, slice and prepare meat, and have the vegetables ready today, as it will be tomorrow, and strength and time will be saved in the morning. It is not the cooking, but the preparing to cook, which keeps the breakfast late and puts the "lord of the manor" out of patience. When we go to cook we ought to cook. Get a good fire and get everything on the fire at once. The meal is then ready to go on the table altogether, so that no part of it is spoiled by waiting for the rest of it to be cooked. If breakfast becomes cold waiting for "me lord" to come in and eat it we have nothing to say, and neither has John if he is a gentleman. If he is a gentleman he will probably remark in such a case, "My dear, I am sorry, &c."—*Lie Stock Journal.*
Making Wood Fireproof.
If this could be cheaply and effectually done there are few improvements which would be more largely conducive to the welfare of mankind, says a writer in the *Safety Valve*. The following paragraph, therefore, which has been lately in circulation, may be fairly pronounced "important if true, and interesting at any rate."
It is stated that a New Englander has recently discovered a cheap method of dissolving zinc by combining it with hydrogen and producing a solution called zinc water. This liquid, if applied to certain woods, notably white-wood, makes it absolutely fireproof, and at a low cost. Mr. Edward Atkinson, the Boston economist, in speaking of it at Cornell University, says he regards this discovery as one of the most important of the age, and one that will surely revolutionize fire insurance, as well as immensely decrease the losses by fire. The invention is kept secret for the present. Only one foreigner, Sir Lyon P. Saffair, the English scientist, knows of it. He corroborates all that is claimed for the invention, and says that the inventor is a bungling chemist, but that he has a faculty of bumbling into the choicest secrets of nature's laboratory. As soon as patents are perfected and capital interested, zinc water will become an article of commerce.