

A PERFECT DAY.

I. F. M.

Along the rock-bound shore the sun-shine crept;
Our little boat upon the summer sea
Rocked lightly, and a merry crew were we,
Yet eyes were there which bitter tears had wept,
And hearts were there that lonely secrets kept.
Even as on the reefs lay winter wrecks
Of riven masts and ruined quarter decks,
While in the sunny sea the dead men slept;
And tears will fall again, and storms will break,
Hearts will beat low, and faces will grow pale;
And yet new dawns will blush and sea birds wake.
Our God was with our gladness. Come what may,
Nothing can rob us of a perfect day,
Nor of the faith that such days shall not fail.
—The Quaker.

Nobody knows but Mother.

Nobody knows of the work it makes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—but mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender prayer,
Nobody—but mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of leaving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—but mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Less darlings may not weather,
The storms of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the Heavenly Father,
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love,
Nobody knows—but mother.
—H. C. Dodge, in *Deloitte Free Press*.

FRIENDSHIP.

Like music heard on the still water,
Like pines when the wind passes by,
Like pearls in the deep of the ocean,
Like stars that enamel the sky,
Like June and the odor of roses,
Like dew and the freshness of morn,
Like sunshine that kisses the clover,
Like tassels of silk on the corn,
Like notes of the thrush in the wood-land,
Like brooks where the violets grow,
Like rainbows that arch the blue heavens,
Like clouds when the sun dipseth low,
Like dream of Acanthian pleasures,
Like colors that gratefully blend,
Like every thing breathing of pureness,
Like these is the love of a friend.
—Josephine Canning, in *Good Housekeeping*.

A HAPPY HOME.

A Happy Home is the brightest spot on earth that the eye of God looks down on. Love and peace in his home send a sunshine round a man wherever he goes; but disorder and trouble bring misery everywhere. There are few worries of life which a man cannot now and then shake off, but who can shake himself free from the skeleton in the closet, from the worry in the household, and the blister on the heart? A day will tell how many a man carried that with him without wincing, down to the grave. When husband and wife are helpmates to each other in the best sense, when order and love and goodness prevail in the house, then the man who has a hard battle in life to fight can leave his struggles behind him when he enters there. With all our faults, we are the most home-loving of people and that is the reason why we are the greatest of people. Whoever helps home-life is a national blessing whatever hurts home-life is a national curse, and the greatest curse that can touch these blessings is what would tamper with the peace and blessedness of our homes. It is in the family life that man's petty gets tested. Let the husband be cross and a snoring bear, and a cuff there, and see how out of sorts everything gets? The wife grows cold and unable too. Both are turned on one key. They vibrate in unison, give tone for tone, rising in harmony or discord together. The children grow up saucy, and savage as young bears. The father becomes callous, peevish, hard, a kind of two legged brute with clothes on. The wife bristles in self defence. They develop unnatural growth and sharpness of teeth, and the house is haunted by ugliness and domestic brawls.—*Battleboro Headlight*.

GOOD ADVICE.

TO THE RISING GENERATION OF YOUNG MEN.

PHILOSOPHER MONFORT INDULGES IN A BIT OF FATHERLY COUNCIL FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS HOPEFUL OFFSPRING.

My boy, first of all things learn to know what you know. That is, don't make pretensions to knowledge, when really you have none. If you are ignorant of a thing, do not be ashamed to own it. If you fail to comprehend a point do not be too stiff, too narrow minded to say so. Many people lose a great deal of the chance to learn by knowing too much—by a refusal to listen to those who are wiser than they. Be careful not to form too great an opinion of yourself. Do not get the idea into your head that you know all that is worth knowing. There are persons who do this, and their lives are checkered all the way through by failures and blunders. No man knows everything—no man ever gets too wise to learn a great deal more. You will realize this after a while—this is one of the valuable lessons you will learn as you grow older. And we can learn from those who do not know half so much as we do. The wisest man can learn a great deal from unlettered. This may seem strange to you my boy, but when you grow older you will realize it.

There are thousands of little lessons to be learned—small in themselves, to be sure—but great in the aggregate; and if you are mindful as you travel along the pathway of life you will find many of them. They spring up along the way, and can be culled from the rubbish of time as flowers are picked from the wilderness of briars. As you walk down the unknown channels of time—down through the fading darkness of the future, you want to keep your eyes open for the beauties as well as the snares. If you do this and gather all the flowers and the fruits, you will find life worth living. You will find more pleasure than sorrow—more of life than death.

Do you know that life is what we make it? Do you know we are all the architects of our own characters? And in the end, my boy, if we fail we cannot blame our failures to others. Whatever be the results of life, be they good or bad, we are compelled to stand by them.

Then it behooves us to be careful. It is our duty to so live that in the end we can stand by our record and face the world calmly, and without fear or shame. Of course we cannot live perfectly. Every life has some flaws, but we can live so that our good deeds, our good intentions will cover up all the bad ones. We can so live that when our characters are weighed in the balance, the scale will turn in our favor, and that is a great deal, my boy. It is more than a great many do.

Then, my boy, strive to learn all that is good—strive to learn the value of time—the value of incidents—the value of knowledge. When you learn these facts you will find it easy to make use of them. But be very careful that you know what you think you know. Those who know everything never learn anything. Those who will not listen never succeed.

You want to live for some object for which it is glorious to strive. You have your eye fixed upon something away up above the things of today. Then you must strive to reach it. You must learn this. You learn patience. Learn to labor on in the face of opposition. Learn to keep a firm step, a stout heart, and a determination to succeed. Learn to care nothing for failures—learn to never grieve over losses—learn to laugh at disappointments. Learn to do your part and trust to God for the rest.

There is a round of life away above the medium round of existence, my boy, and in that sphere none but those willing to learn and labor ever walk. You can attain to as much as any other, if you wish and will try. But it requires energy, grit, and a disposition to keep up a warfare; a disposition to never give up; a disposition to make the most of life, of opportunities, of the lessons that can every day be learned.

The boy who will not take advice will never be able to get the good things out of life. Even the wisest persons do not know much of the great things that are to be learned

of the great problems of this life, much less those younger persons who know nothing. One of our hardest lessons, and one of the first reasons to learn is to know how little we know. A great many minds fail to comprehend this fact and as a consequence, fail all the way through life. My boy, you must learn—you must learn thousands of things that you do not think of, but which will in time come to you as a natural following of your efforts to make the best of what you have.

Thos. P. Monfort in *Squib*.

BE WHAT YOU CAN BE.

Boys, be whatever you attempt to be, and be it all over. Make a full band at whatever you tackle. Strike something of your size—something that you can make a success of.

One great trouble with some people is they attempt to fly too high, and their intellectual wings get so strong they suddenly collapse with such force as to break them all up. It is better to venture a little cautiously at first, but all the time keep venturing a little farther up in the pursuit of high entertainments.

But be careful to always keep within the limits of safety. Don't attempt too much. Great attempts do not count anything for us except they result in success, and besides, every failure, to a great degree destroys our self-confidence.

It is better to be a living mouse than a dead elephant. Better to be a successful blacksmith than a broken down statesman. Better to make an independent living on the farm than to go through life a half starved professional man. Better to be a success in little things than a failure in big ones.

There are thousands of men now trying to eke out a miserable existence in the various professions, who would find it better for their own good to tackle something a little lower in the scale of duties—something that requires more muscle and consequently brings more of a recompense. Brain work is good, and to it the world is indebted for many of its great advancements. But brains will not keep the world moving. Brains alone will not build machinery. Brains alone will not construct bridges, erect foundries, Brain may plan, but it is muscle that must do the work.

The world is full of people who are trying to live by their wits, and while a few make a grand success, there are plenty of them who live, it is true, but who merely live and nothing more. Except one is possessed of very extraordinary ability, he had better rely chiefly on muscle. While the brain market may be full, there is always room and opportunity for a profitable display of muscle.

Of course there must be men to fill the professions, and of the boys now growing up, a certain proportion of them must become professional men. It is not our object to cry down the professions. But we would merely impress it on the minds of the youth that except one has extraordinary abilities, he would succeed better in life by following a vocation wherein he is not so entirely dependent on the public. A man can raise just as good corn without friends as with them, but when it comes to a professional life, if he has no friends he will find it an uphill work indeed to attain success, and he will find further that only those who are possessed of strong nerve and a disposition to push forward even under the most adverse circumstances are able to come to the front at last.—*Kansas City Squib*.

THE COW AND THE RABBIT.

The mail carrier from the Court-house to Powell's Ft., is responsible for the following: A gentleman along the line of his route had a very fine cow, and suddenly, and with no apparent cause, it was noticed that the cow came up and had the appearance of having been milked. Her owner, thinking this exceedingly strange, began to notice her movements, and he discovered that every night she called at the same place as if for her calf. He went nearer and discovered that it was a large buck rabbit which she had adopted that was the cause of the trouble. He caught and killed the rabbit, and since then his cow has given her usual amount of milk.—*Elizabeth City Economist*.

THE ETHICS OF HUGGING.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE EMBRACE AND THE HUG, AND WHERE THE ONE IS PROPER AND THE OTHER POSSIBLE.

A few days ago a young gentleman residing on Polk street, Sacramento, hugged his grandmother with such fervor that three of the old lady's ribs were dislocated, and she now lies in a precarious condition. This, I may add, is an unprecedented case. Men have hugged the opposite sex with such ferocity as to endanger their lives, but then the operation was not performed upon their grandmother. About a year ago a young man in the East embraced his sweetheart, and when the hug was over he found she was dead. But she had long suffered from disease of the heart, so he was only in part responsible for this melancholy occurrence. Hugging is a comparative modern institution. Our ancestors never hugged. They calmly and dourly embraced. Now, here I pause to draw the line between the hug and the embrace. The hug is an earnest, quick, impetuous contraction of the muscles of the arms and chest, when the object to be hugged lies within the circle bounded by those arms, while the chest is the goal or final point of the hug. The warmth of the hug is determined by the extent of the muscular contraction. But the hug is not, as some anatomists assert, terminated when the object is brought in contact with the chest. On the contrary, the sweeping in is but the shell of the operation. The kernel is reached when the space between the hugger and the huggie is annihilated, and the blade of a knife could scarcely be inserted between both surfaces. That is, perhaps, the most dangerous stage of the operation. A pound, nay a few ounces, of extra pressure may result, if not in the displacement of a rib, at least in the bursting of a corset string with the almost inevitable destruction of bangs, montages and such like headgear. The release, if not skillfully managed, is also attended with danger, and should be as gradual as the elementary pressure.

Expressions of anguish on the part of the huggie may, as a rule, be regarded as hypocritical, and should have no effect in inducing the hugger to diminish the pressure. In like manner all danger signals in regard to the arrival of a third party on the scene should be investigated by the party of the first part before receiving the attention the genuine arrival of a parent or guardian might command. This may be done by a quick glance over the shoulder, and this rapid change of the direction of the head may be accomplished by a little practice without making any relaxation of pressure necessary. If the warning should prove to be without foundation the deceit may be punished by from two or three pounds additional pressure, but so gradual that none of the adornments of the person hugged may suffer. For these little accidents ruffle the temper a little embitter the memory of the operation. The small affairs of the toilet are not accomplished easily, and the female mind is ruffled by the destruction of the laborious embellishments of the morning hour.

Near relatives should be embraced and not hugged. The embrace is merely the throwing out, and partial contraction of the arms without any special attention to an objective point. An especially young and pretty aunt may be excepted, and I have known cases where an extremely juvenile and good-looking step-mother has been the occasion of the merging of the embrace into the hug. But this is rarely done, and is attended with much danger, particularly if the embracer is dependent on the purse of the old man for the necessities, as well as the luxuries of life. To embrace a mother-in-law is a low-mockery, and should be attempted only when some important object has to be attained, and even then we doubt if it is excusable. A cousin may be either hugged or embraced, as the fancy of the operator may dictate, the choice depending solely on the age and good looks of this most convenient and delightful relation.—*Ex*.

100,000,000 Per Annum.

The withdrawal of \$100,000,000 per annum from the people and hoarding it in the Treasury injures commerce, cripples industries and oppresses every branch of trade. If continued it will cause a general panic and incalculable losses and failures. Therefore, stop it by reducing the taxes.—*New York Star*.

STRONG MEN.

It is not the loud talking, boisterous man of rant and racket who is the strong man. It is not the man who deals blow for blow, and is ever warring about his manhood's rights, and challenges the world to wrest them from him, who is the strong man.

Did you ever see a man stand unmoved and unawed amid the world's buffets and wrongs, and with a calm majesty of bearing maintain his foothold, and bravely do his duty with no word of cheer from his fellows and no hope of reward from the world? This is the man spiritually strong, standing erect as if carved out of adamant when conquering himself and his will to measure out mercy to others as it has been meted out to him.

Did you ever see a man hopelessly bearing his burden of toil and trial, his dumb lips bravely keeping his secret from the world and giving no sign what has broken his peace and caulked his happiness. This is the truly strong man who under temptation keeps himself pure from all taint, who though painfully sensitive to insult and indignity refrains himself and leaves the retribution with God.

Calmness and composure amid life's conflicts and wrongs can only be the result of strength of character. You cannot rob the strong man of his tenderness by your cruelty; your insult and calumny cannot harden his heart; there is no such thing as destiny driving him to excesses of anger and revenge. It is the weak man who argues thus—the strong man conquers his circumstances, and we can but admire and respect him who holds his tongue and controls his hand when strong provocation would urge him to speak or deal the blow that would fill all his after life with woe unutterable.

This strong man is never unduly depressed or elated by the world's bad or good opinion of him. He sees how honors are bestowed with cruel and ludicrous injustice upon the unworthy and how the accidental hero enjoys the worship of the populace when the man who has spent years in noble deeds and lofty sacrifices is left to perish in obscurity, and even his name forgotten amongst men. But he has that inner strength which enables him to triumph over the earth-born desire for worldly honor and distinction and looks beyond and above these fleeting things for joys unalloyed and imperishable.—*Battleboro Headlight*.

WE DO, WE DO, WE DO.

We love to look into the witchery deeps of their soulful eyes, and bathe our vision in those waves of radiance which seem brighter and more beautiful than the twinkling gleams of trembling stars which thread with luster the darkness of the night. We love to hear their voices, for a woman's voice always has a melody as sweet as the notes which slip from the music band throats of tanager robins, when they pour out to each other their feelings in the delightful ripple of their own entrancing songwave.—*Wilson Mirror*.

RYE FEED.

In looking for cheap grain feed rye is not so likely to be forgotten. It is almost the only nutritious concentrated feed that can be bought for less than one cent per pound. The drawback on rye is that it may be affected with ergot, and thus be unsuitable to animals bearing young. But it is excellent for almost every other kind of stock, and especially for young animals which it may be desired to get into heat for the purpose of inducing earlier breeding. The action of the ergot in stimulating the generative organs into activity is then just what is wished.—*Ex*.

A MISONOMER.

Protection is a misonomer. It implies superiority elsewhere. Superiority over any great industry of ours does not exist on the face of the globe. It implies infants here and adults elsewhere. Such is not our reputation. It implies that amid competition, universal where the fittest survive we shall perish. But whenever we shall release ourselves from bad laws and enter that competition unmanacled rivals will be distanced and our primary established in the markets and commerce of the world.—*Secretary Manning*.

How the President Frightens Senators and Congressmen.

WASHINGTON, Dec.—The President is set up on too high a pedestal. He has too much power. Any criticism of the President, any comparison of him with ordinary officials during his term of office, is regarded as cruel and malicious. Of sixty or seventy members who have already arrived here there is not one who does not criticize the President and his policy. There is not a single Democrat member who does not think that the Democratic losses in the next House have been occasioned by the President's policy. There is not one of them who will not say so privately, but when it comes to a question of saying so publicly they turn pale and protest. Mr. Cleveland has good reason to believe that these public men are friendly to him. With the exception, not one of them who have gone to the White House this fall has told the President the truth concerning his own opinion. Men who will stand about the hotel lobbies and say every mean, unkind thing they can about Mr. Cleveland will go cringing up to him at the White House, and say: "You are doing just right. Your policy is the correct one. Now give us a small Post Office, please." Senator Eustis of Louisiana, is the only public man who has told the President since his return to Washington that the Democratic losses are to be directly charged to the policy of the Administration, but it is probable the President will think that Senator Eustis is mistaken, as all the other public men who go to see him present different views. One of the most prominent Democratic Senators in the South said to me yesterday: "I never went into the chambers of the Senate last spring to engage in conversation with any of my Democratic colleagues without the censure of Cleveland at once began. Yet not one of those gentlemen would go to the White House and say to the President one word of anything but praise."—*New York World*. T. C. CHAFFORD.

Husband and Wives.

It has been remarked that there are six "I's," by any of which a stranger may know a man and woman to be husband and wife. These rules, it is said, are infallible in just interpretation. They may be resorted to with confidence as they are deduced from every day experience:

1. If you see a gentleman and lady disagree upon trifling occasions, or correcting each other in company, you may be assured they have tied the matrimonial noose.
2. If you see a silent pair in a hackney or any other coach lolling carelessly, one at each window, without seeming to know they have a companion, the sign is infallible.
3. If you see a lady drop her glove and a gentleman by the side of her kindly telling her to pick it up, you need not hesitate in forming your opinion; or
4. If you see a lady presenting a gentleman with anything carelessly, the head incline another way, and speaking to him with indifference; or
5. If you meet a couple in the fields, the gentleman twenty yards in advance of the lady, who perhaps is getting over a stile with difficulty, or picking her way through a muddy path; or
6. If you see a gentleman particularly courteous, obliging and good-natured, relaxing into smiles, saying smart things to every pretty woman in the room excepting one, to whom he appears particularly reserved, cold and formal, and is unreasonable cross—who that one is nobody can tell.—*Courier-Journal*.

DEFICIENCIES IN MANURE.

It is customary to speak of manure from the barnyard or stable as the standard, and many good farmers say if they could get plenty of that they would use no other. But there is great variation in stable manure. It generally contains something of everything that the plant needs; but the fact that with it grain grows enormous yields of straw with deficient heads shows that it sometimes lacks in the mineral element most essential to successful production of grain. This is very apt to be the case where grain or milk have been sold from the farm for a long series of years, and only straw and hay used as food for stock. Clover hay makes rich manure alone. Other hay needs grain feed with it.

THE CIVIL SERVICE QUESTION.

WHY THE DEMOCRACY ARE OPPOSED TO MR. CLEVELAND'S PECULIAR NOTIONS.

"It is exceedingly strange," says the President, referring to the civil service, "that the scope and nature of this reform are so little understood, and that so many things not included within his plan are called by its name." Does Mr. Cleveland not see that he himself is larger responsible for the misunderstanding that excites his wonder? What were the suspensions of Benton and Stone but "so many things not included within his plan?" By what other than "its name" are we to call Executive orders? levelled at the very foundation of the American's birthright of free thought, free speech, and free election, and calculated, if not designed, to replace our constitutional system of political government, based on party accountability with the revolutionary importation of the political pastry cooks, and entitle a non-partisan civil service based on business principles, which is only another form of describing a perpetual office-holding class, abhorrent to all our institutions?

The Civil Service act relating to a few clerks was no great matter. It is as an entering wedge that though few people begin to question it and as interpreted by the President to embrace a scope and nature not contemplated at the time of its passage that it ceases to be the simple reform of an abuse, and becomes the threatened revolution of a system.

We confess that we are at a loss to understand just what the President means when he describes the underlying principle of the civil service theory as "the safest guarantee of American institutions." What underlying principle is here specified—the principle that because a man becomes a Government officer he shall cease to be a citizen; the principle that would exclude men from office because of their active interest in elections; the principle that would divorce office from politics as will exchange party responsibility for personal responsibility? We know of no such indispensable condition to American institutions. On the contrary, exactly the reverse. It is the President's assertion of it, and the danger arising therefrom to old and established principles of Government, which inspire the protest of the rank and file of the party, whose only hope of escape from the consequences of this perversity of judgment in their Chief Magistrate, after the hope that he will abandon it, lies in the very poor consolation that the Republicans, if they should come into power, will make short work of it, undoing whatever he has done, and all at the expense of Democrats.

Herein lie all the criticisms we have passed upon the President's utterances and actions in this regard and is constituted the whole of the case of the party against his policy. It involves an organic difference of opinion, and, to some extent, a party disappointment. The latter is, the course, remediable; for slowly but surely the President is "turning the rascals out." But to the extent that English and French bureaucratic ideas are engrafted upon our way of transacting the public business has a base and misleading philosophy taken root in Democratic America, to bring forth what fruit the future alone can tell.—*Courier-Journal*.

We will bet the marble top of the Washington monument against the bronze black bar of the Statue of Liberty that there is not one of those gentlemen who will not admit that, of all the legislative shams and frauds that ever got through Congress, the Civil Service act is the most transparent.—*Courier-Journal*.

PAPER FOR WARMTH.

There is no cheaper mode of keeping out cold than by the use of paper, provided it is kept dry. It is impervious to wind and two or three thicknesses placed between two blank ets or even sheets, will preserve as many spaces of confined air, which is even a better shield from cold. Tanned paper can be obtained quite cheaply, and is better for fattening sheds and stables than are the boards generally used for this purpose.