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PRACTICAL benevolence: An old story is being revived of a prayer-meeting held for a poor fellow's relief who had broken his leg. While Deacon Brown was praying a tall fellow with an ox-goad knocked at the door, saying, "Father could not come, but sent his prayers in the cart." They were potatoes, beef, pork and corn.

AN OLD GERMAN BALLAD.

A shepherd maiden led her lambs
With mild and graceful air
To greener fields of clover sweet
Where daisies blossom fair,
Then heard she, in the twilight's fall,
Clear and distinct the cuckoo call—
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

She sat down on a grassy bank
And to herself said she—
"To pass the time, I'll count to know
How long my life shall be.
A hundred—ten"—nor was that all,
For still she heard the cuckoo call,
Cuckoo.

The shepherd maiden angry grew;
Up from the grass she sprang,
Caught up her staff and ran with speed
To where the cuckoo sang.
He saw, and to the wood he flew,
While echoed back his call—cuckoo!
Cuckoo.

She followed him with lifted staff
Still in an angry mood,
And when she turned, she still could hear
His voice within the wood.
She hunted him from tree to tree,
Yet still he called out merrily,
Cuckoo.

Tired with her chase among the trees,
Impatiently cried she—
"Sing, if you like, your hateful song,
'Tis all the same to me!"
Turning, she met her shepherd swain,
Who, laughing, echoed the refrain,
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

SELFISH JOHN CLARK.

The meeting was a good one in spite of the intense heat, and there was more singing done by mosquitoes than by the human species.

John Clark sat by an open window, where what breeze there was came in and kept him comparatively comfortable, and then he had on a clean suit which his wife had washed and ironed that day, notwithstanding the mercury mounted high in the nineties, and its freshness was an additional comfort.

His first crop of hay, much larger than usual, had that day been put in his spacious barns without damage by so much as a drop of rain. He was well, strong, prosperous, and therefore happy. The ride home was charming, and as the new horse took them through Chirnley Woods, with sure, fleet feet, he felt that life was very bright; and as he thought of Brother White's remarks about "weary burdens," "feet tired with the march of life," he concluded that the aforesaid brother was not in the enjoyment of religion.

John's wife sat back in the carriage, resting her tired body and turning over in her mind the remarks her John had made at the meeting. "Bear ye one anothers burdens," had been the subject of the evening's talk, and John's speech had been listened to with evident relish.

"Your husband has the root of the matter in him," said the pastor, as she passed out. "I hope we shall all take heed to his well-timed words."

"I think of hiring Tom Birch as a sort of spare hand and call boy generally. I find this hot weather takes the starch out of me," John said, as the horse trotted through the cool pine grove, amid flickers of moonlight.

"Will you board him?" asked Mary Clark, in a constrained voide, with the memory of her husband's exhortations still in mind.

"Of course. I want him evenings to take the horse when we come from meeting, or if I have taken a friend out. It is rather hard to go to work directly one gets home."

"You are to hire him to bear some of your burdens," said Mary, in the same hard voice.

"Just so, wife. It stands me in hand to practice, if I preach; don't you say so?'

"I do. I am glad you are to have help; as you say, it is hard to go to work the minute you get home. I have been foolish enough to have this ride spoiled by thinking of bread to mix, two baskets of clothes to fold before I sleep, of the ironing to-morrow, and dinner to get for four hungry men, and baby to care for."

"Don't crowd to-morrow's burdens into this pleasant ride. And it seems to me that it would be better to get all your house-work done before meeting-time."

"If I could, but that is impossible; milk to strain, dishes to wash, Benny and baby to put to bed—all these duties come together, and then I am tired enough to go to bed myself."

"Take it easy, Mary; keep cool, avoid all the hot work you can."

"I wish I could have a girl, John!"

"Mother used to say girls were more hindrance than help. I guess you would find them so, and then they waste and break more than their wages. I don't see how I can afford a girl. Do what you can, and leave some things undone; that's the way to work it," and John sat back with a satisfied air, and Mary thought of her husbands glowing words in the prayer-meeting.

"I will do all I can," said Mary, in a weary voice. "What I am obliged to do is much beyond my strength. The three meals come near together, washing and ironing must be done, baby shall not be neglected, and of course I must keep the clothes well mended."

"One thing at a time is the way to think of your duties. Pick up all the comfort you can as you go along. I have made up my mind to do so in the future."

"So I see, by your thinking of having an extra hand."

"Yes. I feel that I must take care of my health for your sake and the childrens'."

"Certainly," Mary answered in a sarcastic tone, "how thoughtful you are for us!"

John made no further comment, but inwardly wished that prayer meetings did Mary the good they had once, and wondered why his wife was so changed.

"I am going with 'Squire Towne to see a reaper, he says he hardly wants to buy without my opinion." This was next day.

John left his wife ironing, with the half-sick baby sitting by the table in the company of an army of flies; and in spite of the home scene, enjoyed his ride along the pleasant road, well pleased to be seen so much with the great men of the town. At supper time he came home with the new reaper behind the wagon.

"By taking two we made a handsome saving; and, as I intended to buy one, I thought I might as well take it now," he remarked, by way of explanation. "It will save time and strength and pay for itself in a year."

Mary made no comment, but set her teeth tightly together when she remembered that she had asked in vain for something to make her work easier. A sewing machine had been pronounced "hurtful; better have fewer changes of clothing than run a machine," John had decided when the subject was discussed; "a clothes wringer would be constantly getting out of order. To bring water into the house, would be just to spoil the water. Nothing, after all, like the good old bucket. Mother would never have a pump in her day!"

"My mother used to say all men are selfish, and I begin to think she was right," Mary muttered as she went to the kitchen for the plate of hot biscuit John was so fond of for his tea.

Her husband's appetite was good, but from fatigue and overheating herself, Mary could not eat. His ride and the society of the genial squire had acted like a tonic, but there is no tonic in the air of a hot kitchen.

"A commonplace life," she said, and she sighed, as she cleared away the tea dished, while John tilted back in his arm chair on the cool, draughty porch and talked over things with neighbor Jones.

"Why don't you buy Widder Patch's cranberry medder?" asked Mr. Jones; "it's going dirt cheap, and you can afford it." The sum was named, figures that astonished Mary, and she was more surprised when she heard her husband say:

"I've half a mind to do it. I've just had an old debt paid in, and, to tell the truth, affairs in the money market are so squally, I don't know just where to salt it down."

No tears came into Mary's tired eyes, but her heart went out in one mighty sob as she stood, dish-pan in hand, before the disordered table, and thought how cheaply she had sold herself, really for $2 a week and her board, to the man who had promised to love and cherish her until death. The beautiful piano she had brought to the farm was never opened, but looked like a gloomy casket in which was buried the poetry of life. The closed "best parlor" had long since assumed the grimness and mustiness of country best parlors, of which in her girlhood she had made so much fun. John was a rich man, and in spite of his marriage vows and his glowing prayer-meeting talk, was allowing burdens grievous to be borne, to press on her shoulders, in order to "salt down" his dollars.

Had she not the duty to perform? Ought she to allow him to preach and never to practice? Had she not rights to be respected? which were not by her husband; for, she reasoned, if he allowed her to do what could be done by an ignorant Irish woman for $2 a week, then he rated her at that price.

"Widder Patch has had a tough time on't," said neighbor Jones; "she is going to the West'rd to Tom, if she sells the med'er, and Jane is going out to work. "She's tried sewing, but it don't agree with her, and Dr. Snow recommends housework as healthy business."

"'Tis healthy business," chimed in John. "Now my wife is a good deal better than when I married her. Why, she never did a washing in her life until she came to the farm. I think washing and general housework is much better than piano playing and reading."

"So I say to the girls, who pester me to buy an organ; better play on the wash board, enough sight, was the elegant response.

"Are you going to buy the cranberry meadow John?" Mary asked, as she saw her husband making preparations to go from home.

"Yes—why?"

"Can you afford it?"

"We shall have to figure a little closer in order to do it, but it is going cheap."

"You will have to give up Tom Birch, won't you and do the chores yourself?"

"I have thought of it, but Tom is poor, and to give him a home is a deed of charity. No, we will save some other way."

"How much do you pay Tom?"

"Three dollars and his board. And, by the way, he says you didn't wash his clothes. Washing and mending was in the bargain."

"I think Tom will have to go, for I have hired Jane Patch. She will be here to-night. Two dollars a week I am to give her. You want to practice 'Bear ye one another's burdens,' as well as preach from the text, so I will give you a chance. I will take my turn in sitting on the cool piazza after tea with a neighbor, while you do the chores. I think the time has come for some of my burdens to be lifted. By exchanging Tom for Jane you will have $1 a week for the cranberry meadow. You say strong, active Tom is in need of a home; he can make one for himself anywhere. It is a deed of charity to give Jane a home, and an act of mercy to give your wife a little rest."

Before John could recover from his astonishment, Mary walked out of his sight, and taking the children, went to the shut-up parlor. Throwing open the windows to let in the soft summer air, with the baby in her lap, she sat down at her piano and began to play "a song without words," a piece John had loved to hear when he used to visit her in her home, where she was a petted girl. The song crept out through the open windows and around to John as he sat on the porch, and memory compelled him to give the song word. Not musical poetry, but rather sober prose, wherein washing, ironing, hard days at the churn, hours of cooking for hungry men, stood out before his mind's eye in contrast to the fair promises he had made the pretty girl he had won for his bride.

Jane Patch came that evening, and at once took upon herself many of Mrs. Clark's cares, and no one greeted her more cordially than the master of the house. Nothing was ever said about her coming, and Tom Birch did not go away; so Mary knew that her husband could well afford the expense.

She told me how she helped to make one man thoughtful and unselfish, as we sat on her cool piazza one hot August night; and I was glad that one woman had grit enough to demand her rights. If John Clark had been poor, his wife would have borne her burden in patience, but she had no right to help make him selfish, and indifferent as to her health and comfort.

Mr. Bancroft's Roses.

Mr. Bancroft the Historian, who resides in Washington has a hobby. It is rose culture. Fancy this of a man who spends his days in setting up the dry bones of facts, and breathing into them the life of history! His winter home is a double brown-stone, and had originally a small strip of ground on each side of the entrance. There was one blaze of color from February to June. Such hyacinths surely never bloomed outside of a poem; and the tulips looked as if some tropical bird had been plucked near by, and its plumage scattered broadcast over the over the beds. Every shade and color in nature's paint-box was represented, and under the wooing sun and soft air of midwinter they thrust up from the mold long before the leaves were out or the spring prince had kissed the sleeping world to life; and in the snows and storms that follow such a weather-truce they would stand erect and glowing and hold their ground until the green was washed into the hills, and the cat-tails began to frisk on the trees.

But all of this was only a prelude to his rose garden. He bought a large lot which joined his property at right angles, facing on Seventeenth street; of course he paid a fancy price for it, as it was in the heart of the West End. Straightway he planted it all in roses.

Such flowers! They ranged in color from the palest bloom of Provence to the passionate heart of the Jacqueminot; Marechal Niel bends in stately courtesy to Marie Gillot, and sighs in perfume for the Cloth-of-God and the memories of the Malmaison; Madame Melsh shakes her petals at the White Croquet, the Attar rose, the pale Safrona, and the Damask Blush, the Micrafilla lifts up its white cups to the sun, and Maria Cook faints in the glow of a sisterhood whose very names I have forgotten. The garden is like a temple where a thousand spices are burning in flames of as many colors, and the venerable historian is the worshipper.

He is an early riser, and many a morning I have been awakened by cries and comments, incoherent as to words, but ringing with pleasure! I would go to my window, and there, bending over rose after rose, would be the slight, elastic figure of their adorer—his white beard and hair sweeping the freshness from their chalices, and getting the first perfumes of the young day. He carried a book in one hand and "a three-legged stool" in the other, and spent two or three hours just wandering from bush to bush in an ecstacy of content—sometimes kissing the flowers, sometimes caressing them with his fingers, and frequently dropping on his stool under some specially odorous cluster to read his book to the accompaniment—sound sense and sweet scents!

His house at Newport is surrounded by a sea of bloom and fragrance, and he makes his roses the calendar by which he tells off his seasons. He stays in Washington until June and the Jacqueminots die together; then he flies to his northern garden, where he lingers until the hardiest of its denizens are dead and the ghosts of their petals fall in snow from the clouds of November. His house in Washington is stored with interesting things, the specialty being that there is one of everything and that one of the very best. His hospitality is lavish and elegant, and his library what Ruskin would call "A tomb of the kings." In build the historian is, as I have said, slight his hair and beard are like cream colored silk, his dark eyes tender with the fires of thirty, and his movements are quick and graceful. He rides every day on a fiery black horse, and can tire out his young companions in a hard trot every time.

Cat Fishing.

Some years ago, says a writer I had a cat whose fishing proclivities and fondness for the water was, to say the least of it, extraordinary. Her eccentricities, so far as I knew them, dated from the first moment I saw her. A friend and myself were fishing in a forty-acre lake, in a large park, on a bitter November day, with the wind a dead nor' easter. Just as we were thinking of desisting, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, my friend called my attention to a half-grown kitten which stood mewing bitterly on the bank some 30 yards from us. We called it once or twice, and, to our surprise, it took to the water without the slightest hesitation and swam to the boat. After drying it as well as we could, we wrapped it up in old rug, and gave it some of the bait from the punt's well, which it devoured greedily. I took it home after its very Arthurian advent, but it never became a domestic animal. Tabby's chief delight, on the contrary, was to wander in and out the sedges of the stream, by which my house stands catching rats, moor hens, or sedge warblers, and in summer to poach in the shallows for small fish. I have frequently found her doing this, and my bait can was never safe unless actually fastened, for even if the lid were down, somehow my lady Tabby would get it up and be at the contents in a trice. I kept her some four years, and at last was forced to shoot her, for she took to game poaching in right good earnest, and ended by living in a rabbit's burrow, from which, after trying to coax without success, she was incontinently drawn and shot. I have often thought she was a forest-born cat, of parents getting their sustenance in the coverts, and living there as cats will often do, after the first departure from virtue in the direction of game poaching.

We must learn to infuse sublimity into trifles; that is power.

Flattery is like false money, it impoverishes those who receive it.

It is a great point of wisdom to know how to estimate little things.

"Ordering Dinner."

Society may be considered with regard to the joys and troubles of dining, as divided into three great zones or sections, whereof one alone is for the most part greatly exercised with the daily problem:—"What shall we eat?" There is, on the one hand, a privileged and much-envied class that can eat pretty nearly whatever it chooses, and which leaves the task of selecting and providing the dishes for the chef meal of the day to some trusty subordinate. The unfortunate persons who belong to this section have usually a chief who has found out what are their favorite viands, and who with a moderate share of ingenuity can compose each day a bill of fare with which the master or mistress of the house will be pleased, or at least contented. Very possibly this class may not be so large as the vulgar herd suppose, and a glance into the interior sanctum of some fine house might discover a Cabinet Minister or the wife of a Knight of the Garter engaged in the undignified and unstatesmanlike proceeding of holding a morning colloquy with the cook. But the class, wehther large or small, undoubtedly exists, and one of the most notable specimens of it was the great Duke of Wellington, who was never observed either to know or care what he was eating, and would have found it far more difficult to draw up a menu than to win a pitched battle in the field. On the other hand, there is the class of unfortunates—or fortunates, as the philosophers call them—whose fare is regulated by a very simple rule, for it consists of what they can get. Not only prisoners and pensioners, school-boys and lodgers in seaside boarding-houses, must put up with the food that is set before them by their caterers, but a large number of perfectly independent subjects of her Majesty, living in their own dwellings, are reduced to a similar necessity, and spared the difficulty of making a choice. The cottager who has invested a suitable share of his Saturday wages in a joint is thereby committed to a diet which he cannot vary for the next two or three days, or at least can only vary, if he dines at home, by cutting a different vegetable from day to day from his garden. But between these two extremes lies the broad zone, including the whole of the middle classes, of those who have daily to answer, either personally or by deputy, the question, "What will you have for dinner to-day?"

Now, to a great many managers of house-holds—young wives, especially, and nervous widowers this question is fraught with untold terrors. It is the one great trial of the day, never fully provided against, ever new though always old, a perpetual anxiety and exercise for the mind, whose inventive powers seem somehow or other to be never in so slack a condition as at the moment when the inevitable housekeeper appears with the well-known formula on her lips. No amount of experience or practice can overcome the absence of that originality which is essential to a good domestic caterer, but which Nature has denied to so many worthy ladies capable of excelling in all other departments of the housewife's art. For the epicure, or at least the female epicure, is born, not educated; and no amount of teaching in the most approved school of cookery will atone for the absence of that essential qualification that the orderer of a dinner should feel an interest in the work. Thus it is that the wife who is deficient in this natural gift may be heard among her most intimate friends entreating to to be posted up in some nice new dishes which will serve to ornament and enliven her bill of fare for a month or so to come. Lists are then made out, or pencil marks scored against the recommended delicacies in that cookery book which the uninventive housewife never fails to have at hand. But the entrees and entremets which looked and tasted so nice at the friend's house, present very often quite a different appearance and flavor at home; and the expected successes are as often as not dismal failures, especially when any particular merit is expected in them. This sad result will sometimes follow even "in the best regulated households," and when the cook is not only competent but honestly desirous of giving the new experiment a fair trial. But how many cases are there where this autocrat of the lower regions is either unable or unwilling to achieve the proposed feat!

Kleptomania.

M. Pierre Giffard gives some interesting information about that fashionable disease known as kleptomania. He says that no less than 4000 women are annually caught stealing from Paris counters, and the number of titled ladies seized with kleptomania while examining the fashions is almost incredible. Among recent culprits were a Russian princess, a French countess, an English duchess, and the natural daughter of a reigning sovereign. Of course, people of this quality never appear in the police court, but arrange a quiet settlement with the proprietors, often making a round contribution, occasionally as much as $2,000, for the relief of the poor, as a condition of being let off. The police authorities, it appears, consent to such settlements.

Good-Day Sir.

There is a young man in the county of Wayne, State of Michigan, who is going to be terribly astonished before the year 1883 is more than a month old. The law will reach out and clasp his throat just above the Adam's apple, and he will get such a shaking up and mopping around that he will seem to feel his heels beating a tatoo on the back of his neck.

They were in to see a lawyer-Mary Ann and her mother. Mary Ann was a little embarrassed, but the old woman was calmness itself. When they spoke about a breach of promise case the lawyer asked:

"What evidence have you got?"

"Mary Ann, produce the letters, "commanded the mother, and the girl took the cover off a willow basket and remarked that she thought 927 letters would do to begin on. The other 651 would be produced as soon as the case was fairly before the court.

"And outside of these letters?" queried the lawyer.

"Mary Ann produce your diary," said the mother. "Now turn to the heading of "Promises," and tell him how many times this marriage business was talked over."

"The footing is 214 times," answered the girl.

"Now turn to the heading of 'Darling,' and give us the number of times he has applied the term to you."

"If I have figured right the total is 9254 times."

"I guess you counted pretty straight, for you are good in arithmetic. Now turn to the heading of 'Woodbine Cottage,' and tell us how many times he has talked of such a home for you after marriage,'

"The footing is 1,305 times."

"Very well. This lawyer wants to be sure that we've got a case. How many times has Charles Henry said he would die for you?"

"Three hundred and fifty," answered the girl as she turned over a leaf.

"How many times has he called you an angel?"

"Over 11,000, mamma."

"How about squeezing hand?"

"Over 384,000 squeezes."

"And kisses?"

"Nearly 417,000.

"There's our case!" said the mother, as she deposited basket and diary on the lawyers table. "Look over the documents, and if you want anything further, I can bring in a dozen neighbors to swear to the facts. We sue for $10,000 damages, and we dont settle for less than an eighty acre farm, with building in good repair. We'll call again next week—good-day, sir!"

Cost of Running Churches.

New York's total church expenses foot up about six million five hundred thousand dollars each year. The figures include the pay of pastors, the building fund, the cost of running the various churches and the outlay for missions and all benevolent purposes. The Roman Catholics lead the list. They have some seventy-five churches, and their total annual out-lay is estimated at two millions two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, half of which goes in charity. The Episcopalians come next. They have seventy-nine churches and chapels, with twenty-five thousand five hundred communicants. Their outlay is one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars—six hundred thousand dollars for church expenses, and five hundred and fifty thousands dollars for benevolent purposes. After the Episcopalians come the Presbyterians, with sixty churches, having a membership of twenty-one thousand five hundred, and an expense of seven hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars something over half of which is for church purposes." The Methodists have sixty-five churches, but their membership is only thirteen thousand three hundred, and their total expenses are set down at two hundred and forty-three thousand dollars—two hundred thousand dollars being for church purposes. The Baptists, with thirty-six churchs and a membership of twelve thousand seven hundred, expend nearly one hundred thousand dollars more than the Methodists, their entire outlay being three hundred and twenty-eight thousand dollars. The Dutch Reformed and the Lutheran combined have forty-one churches, with a membership of sixteen thousand, and their expenses foot up three hundred and sixty-three thousand dollars. The Congregationalists have only six churches, with two thousand four hundred members, and a total expense list of ninety-six thousand dollars. Next come the Jews, and they make a very good showing. They have nineteen tabernacles, with a declared membership of three thousand (the regular attendance, though, is at least four times that number) and an expense of over three hundred thousand dollars.

Sympathetic Justice.

A gentleman was arraigned before an Arkansaw justice on a charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. He had entered a store, pretending to be a customer, but proving to be a thief. "Your name is Jim Lickmore," said the justice. "Yes, sir." "And you are charged with a crime that merits a long term in the penitentiary?" "Yes, sir." "And you are guilty of the crime?" "I am." "And you ask for no mercy?" "No, sir." "You have had a great deal of trouble within the last two years?" "Yes, sir, I have." "You have often wished that you were dead?" "I have, please your Honor." "You wanted to steal money enough to take you away from Arkansaw?" "You are right, Judge." "If a man had stepped up and shot you just as you entered the store you would have said: 'Thank you, sir.'" "Yes, sir, I would. But, Judge, how did you find out so much about me?" "Some time ago," said the Judge with a solemn air, "I was divorced from my wife. Shortly after you married her. The result is conclusive. I discharge you. Here, take this $50 bill. You have suffered enough."

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

The greatest evidence of demoralization is the respect paid to wealth.

All the scholastic scaffolding falls as a ruined edifice before one single word.

The Lumber Region on the Russian River.

The mouth of the river, when we had gone near enough to have a good view of it from a headland, made a very noble picture. The green hills on the south slope gradually to a well-turfed base, hiding the beach, but showing a long sand-spit running out almost across the very entrance of the little bay, behind which are calm shadows. The northern headland, on the other hand, stands in bold outline—a point of sheer cliff jutting between the ocean and the river. Yet the charge of those waves rolling from the spicy archipelagoes of the great South Sea, or from the bleak coast of Tartary, is met, not by this mole, but by an outer row of gigantic, isolated rocks, overtopping the tide as the stones of Carnac rear their heads above the level plain, and the imagination can easily believe some giant of old, more powerful than the Druids, to have planted them as a breakwater guarding the harbor. Around their base curls the angry foam of swift-charging, impotent breakers, and they glory in the snowy clouds of spray that envelop their flanks, for thus the rage of the mightiest of oceans, is proved ineffectual, and the tamed waves sink behind them into sullen peace upon the weedy shore.

Such was the broad landscape of the region where we cast our lot these pleasant June days, and watched the cutting of the big trees.

Tradition says that credit for the very first attempt to make lumber with a saw in this region (for the Russians hewed all their beams and planks) belong to John Dawson and Bodega. Dawson was one of three sailors who abandoned their ship at San Francisco, as early as 1830, preferring the free and easy life of the Californians. In two or three years they became citizens under the Mexican government, and took up granted ranches hereaway, Dawson marrying the daughter of a Spanish dragoon officer. She was only fourteen when she went to live as mistress of the Canada de Pogolome, and only seventeen when she found herself the richest widow in Northern California. Dawson's lumber was cut over pits by means of a rip saw, which he handled without help. Not half a century later, steam mills in this district are turning out two hundred thousand feet of lumber daily.

Animals Against Forests.

The destruction of tress and shrubs and consequent bare, bleak, dry, unproductive and unhealthy present condition of the islands and districts of Greece and the regions around, once famous for their charms and shade, verdure, fertility and populousness is charged to the browzing of goats. The new government of Cypruss is considering how these animals can best be reduced or confined. Goats were introduced into another English island—Saint Helena, within a century, and the trees and shrubbery suddenly and rapidly died off so soon as they began to be numerous. The same obstacle in a different and less degree is a rock of stumbling in our attempts at forestry. A chief item of expense in many situations is that of fencing in the ground planted, until the trees attain a size unattackable by cattle. For best results, close planting and entire exclusion of animals are preferable. On most farms pasture is at times an utmost necessity. Every rod of ground that will yield any at all must be utilized. If there is no grass the foliage and even the stems of trees must serve. Hence, with the best of intentions for conservation, some unlucky day or pinching season occurs, when the hitherto well nursed plantation is browsed, broken and greatly injured, if not ruined.

Venus in January.

Venus is morning star throughout the month. Though she has had to descend from the proud position she occupied at the time of the transit, she is still the fairest and brightest of the starry throng that makes the morning sky tremulous with brightness. Venus makes a superb appearance now in the easthern sky in the morning. Every lover of the stars who beholds her beaming face about the 9th of the month will be fully repaid for the trouble of getting up early, the price demanded for exhibition. She then reaches her period of greatest brilliancy on the western side of the sun. She has two of those periods, one thirty-six days before inferior conjunction, when she is evening star, and the other thirty-six days after inferior conjunction, when she is morning star. In the former case seen in the telescope, she appears as a waning crescent, like the old moon. In the latter she appears as a waxing crescent, like the new moon. On the 19th Venus is in conjunctoin with Eta Ophiuchi, a star in the constellation of the Serpent Bearer, being two degrees north. The planet and star will be at their nearest point at 11 o'clock in the evening, when they are below the horizon. They will be sufficiently near to be worth getting up to see on the morning of the 20th, when Venus rises not far from 4 o'clock. Venus rises about a quarter before 5 o'clock in the morning; at the end of the month she rises a few miutes after 4 o'clock.

Shark Jewelry.

Industrial art now employs the skins of certain sharks for sleeve buttons and the like—these, when dried and polished, almost equalling the choicest stones, and greatly resembling the fossil coral porites. The vertebræ of the shark are always in demand for canes. The opening filled with marrow during life is for this purpose fitted with a steel or iron rod, the side openings are filled with mother-of pearl, and, when polished, the cane is decidedly ornamental,