Good-Night, but not Good-By.

She lingered at the little gate.
Beneath a dark and dewy sky,
And when at last we parted, Fate
Behind the shadows whispered, "*Wait;*"
But she unheeding murmured, "Late,
Late, sweetheart, 'tis growing late—
Oh, then, good-night, but not good-by!"

I watched her flitting up the stair
And longed to be where thought could fly;
But half-way up the darkened stair
She turned and chid my lingering there;
"Even love," she cried, "must rest to bear
New buds for blooming! Only swear,
You'll not forget, ah, do not swear,
And then good-night, but not goodby."

Her voice is in my memory yet,
A still small sound that passeth by.
For who can love and then forget?
But death is deep; and somewhere yet
Love's morn will rise and never set!
Therefore close up my coffin; let
Love rest awhile from care and fret.
Sleep well, sweetheart; I'll not forget
Good-night, indeed, but not good-by!

Farm, Garden and Household.

ARTIFICIAL OYSTERS—Cut from the cob green corn enough for a pint; to this add one egg, well beaten, one cup of flour, half cup of cream or buttermilk; salt and pepper them to taste; fry in butter.

SMOKY CHIMNEYS.—If you have a smoky chimney, see that the chimney-top reaches higher than any other part of the building; that the inside throughout the whole length is plastered very smoothly with good mortar; that the throat of the chimney is not less than four inches broad and a foot long, opening into a chamber at least twice as large, and that no flue contains less than sixty square inches.

BUTTERED TOAST.—Cut thin slices the whole way round a stale loaf (it should be at least a day old); warm both sides before the fire, and toast carefully; have a hot plate ready to lay it on when done. Put some butter, cut into dice, on it; first warm it before the fire and spread the butter on each side of the toast. Toast a second round and lay it on the first; cut off the crusts and divide into four quarters. Serve very hot.

STUBBORN HORSES.—The brain of a horse seems to entertain but one thought at a time; for this reason continued whipping is out of the question, and only confirms his stubborn resolve. But if you can by any means change the direction of his mind, give him a new subject to think of, nine times out of ten he will start without any further trouble. As simple a trick as a little pepper, aloes, or the like, thrown back on his tongue, will often succeed in turning his attention to the taste in his mouth.

EXCELLENT VARNISH FOR HARNESS.—Pulverize and put in a jug or bottle half a pound to a pound of gum-shellac, covered with good alcohol, and cork tightly. Put the mixture in a warm place. In about two days, if shaken frequently, the gum will be dissolved and ready for use. If the liquid appears as thick as thin molasses add more alcohol. To one quart of the varnish add one ounce of good lampblack, and an ounce of gum camphor. An occasional coat of this is also good for rendering boots waterproof.

TO REMOVE IRON RUST FROM WHITE GOODS.—A remedy which I have tried and found effectual, is this: One ounce of oxalic acid dissolved in one quart of water. Wet the iron-rust spot in this solution and expose to the hot sun. The rust will disappear in from three to twenty minutes, according to the depth. I have just experimented by holding a rusted cloth, wet in this solution, over the steam of a boiling tea-kettle, and the rust disappeared almost instantly. In either case, the cloth should be well rinsed in water as soon as the rust disappears, to prevent injury to the article. Many use this acid to remove fruit and ink stains from white fabrics. When diluted still more, it may be used to remove fruit or ink stains from the hands.

HOW TO KEEP CELERY.—For the benefit of those of our readers who have never succeeded in keeping celery in eatible condition throughout the winter, (and I know of several) I will give a rule by which I have preserved celery, free from rot or frost, as late as the first of March. Never work at celery in any way, except the plants be perfectly dry. Earth up never before 10 o'clock A. M., or after 4 P. M., and then on a very dry sunshiny day. In the fall, as soon as the ground begins to freeze, enough to make the slightest crust in the morning, select a dry and sunshiny day, and as near noon as possible, pack your celery in boxes, (I use soap or starch boxes), placing first a layer of earth about one inch deep: then a layer of celery, placing the plants just far enough apart to not lay against each other, and then alternately earth and celery, until the boxes are filled, having the first and last layers of earth. Place the boxes where the celery will not freeze, (but not in a heated room), your celery will keep splendidly and always convenient for use.

FARM NOTES.—It pays to raise corn for winter forage—plant in drills, a bushel to the acre. Cut stalks two feet from the ground, if large; cure in stacks tied at the top till the stalk is dry (some four weeks), then house, and not stack out for rains to damage the forage. Our barns and stock-sheds are generally poor and small. This is bad economy. Split more boards, and make large and tight shed-roofs to protect both stock and stock-feed. Then cattle do better and drop their manure under cover, and out of washing rains. One load of such manure is worth more than five loads of old weathered stuff, with all the salts of amonia, potash and lime taken out of it. A farmer who would sell fine mules of his own raising for a bushel to the acre. Cut stalks two feet from the ground, if large; cure in stacks tied at the top till the stalk is dry (some four weeks), then house, and not stack out for rains to damage the forage. Our barns and stock-sheds are generally poor and small. This is bad economy. Split more boards, and make large and tight shed-roofs to protect both stock and stock-feed. Then cattle do better and drop their manure under cover, and out of washing rains. One load of such manure is worth more than five loads of old weathered stuff, with all the salts of amonia, potash and lime taken out of it. A farmer who would sell fine mules of his own raising for copper cents and think them gold eagles, would not be more mistaken than thousands are in regard to the true value of fertilizers. What all boys ten years old ought to know, their fathers have yet to learn. That is, the value of carbon and the elements of water in well-dripped out-door manure, of which they generally form ninety-eight per cent. Think of it, the precise things that form all manure are unknown to planters and farmers. Is this wisdom, or is it folly? Our best friends on the farm are named carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus and sulphur. To these add potash, magnesia, lime, iron and chlorine and you will have the elements of good manure.

SHEEP ON A POOR FARM.—Some farmers of our acquaintance feel an antipathy to sheep for the reason that they "bite close." We consider this their chief recommendation. They can only bite close where the pasture is short, and the pasture is short only on a poor farm. A poor farm will necessarily be encumbered with briars, weeds and brush in the fence corners. Under such conditions, we would say to a farmer who has twenty dollars or upward in cash (or credit for it, and then let him borrow the amount if he has to pay one per cent. a month for the use of it), invest it in as many ewes, not older than three years, as you can get for that money. Put them this summer in such a field as we have described, and give them, in addition to what they can pick up, a pint of wheat bran and oatmeal daily, with free access to water and salt. They will first "go for" the briars and clean them out; every portion of that field will be trodden over and over again, and the weeds will have no chance. Fold them on that field during winter, and carry to them feed sufficient to keep them thriving. Get the use of a good buck in season. South Downs would be preferable—and in the spring, if you have luck—that means, if you give them proper attention and feed regularly—you will raise more lambs than you have ewes. The money will be more than doubled, and the wool and manure will pay for their feed and interest. In the spring you may put that field in corn, with the certainty of getting fifty per cent. increase of crop.—*Maine Farmer.*

HINTS FOR FLY TIME.—Open your doors in the morning and let the fresh air pass freely through the house. After an hour or two, close the blinds and doors, or otherwise darken the rooms, except of course the one in which you are at work. Take care that no crumbs are scattered or milk spilt in places which are accessible to flies. Keep food and sweet things in the cellar as much as practicable, and keep cupboard doors shut. It is a great help to hang mosquito netting before your pantry shelves; and indeed a great deal more use might be profitably made of mosquito netting than is generally thought of. If you have no ice chest, a netting box is indispensible to preserve meat, pastry, etc., from flies. I dress my sitting room stove with it (the pink is pretty enough), making a kind of case that can be slipped off easily if I wish to make a fire in a cool day. No housekeeper who has not tried it, can guess how much nicer it is than to be daily taking a brush to a dusty stove. Bits of green "bushes," sprigs from the cherry trees or currant bushes suspended from the ceiling and wall make excellent resting places for flies, and walls kept thus provided will show a marked difference when house cleaning time comes. Another advantage is that at five o'clock on a coolish morning, the flies will be found by hundreds asleep on these "roosts," which may be taken down carefully and transferred to the fire, that will mercifully consume without awakening them.

Aurora Borealis.

This beautiful phenomenon has never been seen in European countries to the southward of London; at least not in modern times; and yet when we reflect upon the phenomena in early times, to which superstition affixed the appellation of showers of fire, fiery swords, etc., even as far south as Jerusalem, it is scarcely possible to doubt that they have been seen further south than they appear at present.

In Scotland, the Aurora Borealis was unknown previous to the commencement of the eighteenth century, when the Northern Lights were supposed to be prophetic of the intestine troubles that followed the Hanoverian succession. The same superstition prevails in the northern parts of England, where it is confidently asserted that they never were seen until the execution of the Earl of Derwentwater, in 1715, with which event it is not doubted but they were in some degree connected.

A living traveler relates a curious fact connected with their appearance in the Southern States of North America, which shows with what avidity the imagination raises a superstition on natural phenomena. "In the autumn of 1789," he says, "I was at Norfolk in Virginia, where a frequent subject of idle gossip was a prophecy printed in New England, stating that the world was to be destroyed by fire, on a specific day in November in that year; a prophecy which, absurd as it was, actually made a deep impression even on those who professed to laugh at it. It happened on this very day that I crossed Elizabeth river, and stopped in Portsmouth to spend the evening at a house where there was a large party of both sexes. There the prophecy became the subject of conversation; and the day being nearly past, the whole party were speedily becoming most courageous philosophers. All at once, our ears were assailed by loud murmurs outside. We rushed to the door, and were much astonished at finding the whole population of the place in the street; the greater part of them on their knees, and uttering the loudest lamentations. Attracted by the brilliancy of the she heavens, I raised my eyes upward, and observed a very vivid Aurora Borealis casting its coruscations over more than half the hemisphere. On turning round, I saw the whole party on their knees, and evidently in great trepidation. The scene was certainly awful, yet I could not restrain a burst of laughter; when my friends, with the utmost horror, begged me to desist, and not draw the wrath of offended heaven upon them.

"With difficulty I at length persuaded some of them to listen to me, when I assured them that all they saw was a common phenomenon in more northern latitudes. I also endeavored to convince some of the strangers nearest to me that there was no cause for alarm; but I could gain no converts. I succeeded, however, in drawing my own party back into the house, where I was considered something more than human from relieving their minds from the horrors which assailed them. Toward midnight, the Aurora dispersed, as did the fears of the good people of Portsmouth. On crossing the ferry to Norfolk, I found that the same species of alarm had existed there."

HISTORICAL AND LEGAL YEARS.—The fact that down to 1752 the historical year in England commenced on January 1, while the civil, ecclesiastical and legal year began on the 25th of March, led to much confusion in dates, as the Legislature, the church and civilians referred every event which took place between January 1, and March 25 to a different year from the historians. Remarkable examples of which confusion are afforded by two well-known events in English history: Charles I. is said by most authorities to have been beheaded January 30, 1648, while others with equal correctness say it was January 30, 1649; and so the revolution which drove James II. from the throne is said by some to have taken place February, 1688, and by others in February, 1689. Now these discrepancies arise from some using the civil and legal and others the historical year, though both would have assigned any event occurring *after* the 25th of March to the same years, viz.: 1649 and 1689. To avoid as far as possible mistakes from these two modes of reckoning it was usual, as often seen in old books or manuscripts, to add the historical to the legal date, when speaking of any day between January 1 and March 25, thus:

8 (i.e. 1648, the civil and legal year,
Jan. 30, 164 —
9 (i.e. 1649, the historical year.

or thus, January 30, 1648-9. This practice, common as it has long been, is nevertheless often misunderstood, and even intelligent persons are sometimes perplexed by dates so written. The explanation, however, is very simple, for the lower or last figure always indicates the year according to our present calculations.

JAPANESE DAYLIGHT FIREWORKS.—The Yokohama *Herald*, describing a recent Japanese festival, says: "The second day was occupied with exhibitions of the ingenious daylight fireworks, of the manufacture of which the Japanese appear to be the sole masters. As usual, these consisted mostly of bombs, which, exploding high in the air, discharged sometimes variously colored jets of smoke, and sometimes costly folded packages of wire and paper, which unfolded themselves into parachutes of great bulk and symmetrical design. They were sometimes fish, which swarmed leisurely through the atmosphere to the ground; or snakes, which writhed themselves away over the tree-tops; or great birds, that hovered listeningly and motionless for an incredibly long time. Occasionally they took the shape of cottages, temples, human beings, sacrificial crests of daimios, trees and flowers—almost anything that a lively imagination could suggest. The smoke figures, however, were the most amusing. One of the most frequently attempted was a cuttlefish, with a body of thick, fuliginous black, and arms of lighter hues. Of course the illusion was very brief, the wind not allowing the smoke to remain undisturbed for more than a few seconds; but while it lasted it was perfect."

KILLED.—The cheetah, or hunting leopard, one of the most interesting animals in the Central Park collection, has met with a sad fate. The cage occupied by this animal was next to that of a large and powerful Asiatic tiger. Sometimes the cheetah used playfully to extend a paw through the bars to cultivate the acquaintance of the latter. A few days since the tiger seized the unlucky cheetah by a protruding limb and, with an extraordinary display of strength, actually dragged it through the iron bars and killed it before the keepers had time to interfere.

A Paris shopkeeper lately posted over his door a notice that as his daughter had "made a splendid match," he would sell goods at a reduction of twenty-five per cent. for a week.

When to Transplant Trees.

If we may judge by the number of inquiries received at this office, says the *Tribune*, the interest in fruit-culture has never been more active than at the present time. Many persons are asking whether it is better to transplant in Fall or wait till Spring. This question has always been and seems likely to continue an unsettled one, even among the most intelligent and experienced men. With large fruits, including pears, apples and peaches, much more depends upon the condition and preparation of the ground than upon the season at which the transplanting takes place. At different times and under different treatment, we have instituted experiments, the results of which we hoped might serve as a guide, but as yet nothing definite on this point has been determined. On four or five occasions, in putting out lots of 200 to 500 pear trees, half would be planted in the Fall and the other half in the Spring. Twice there was a very noticeably difference in the growth of the trees for a year or two, but invariably this difference would disappear, so that at the end of five years one could not positively distinguish between them. With tall and weak trees there is serious objections to Fall planting. The Winter and early Spring winds will, unless the trees are staked, sway them backward and forward to such an extent as to seriously disturb and displace the roots. This is especially true of cherry and spindling apple trees. When this evil is guarded against, then Fall has some decided advantages over Spring planting. For instance, in the Fall there is less pressing work to be done, and therefore more time can be given in the transplanting to details that are important to the welfare of the trees. Again, the ground is usually during Autumn in better order for a longer period so that there is no necessity of hurrying forward the work, as is frequently the case in the spring. For these reasons we have on different occasions recommended Fall planting, of apples, pears, peaches, and grapes, nor do we see any good reason to change opinion in this respect. There is no doubt, however, that, all things being equal, the Spring is decidedly the best season in which to do the work. But the frost may remain in the ground till the middle of April. Following this may be a spell of wet weather, keeping the soil heavy and cold, and unfit to plant trees in, and thus the time be so shortened that if the job be done at all it has to be done in a hurry, in which event many important minor matters are likely to be neglected. Better wait a whole year than run the risk of planting the trees in wet ground, under any circumstances.

Before planting see to it that the ground is in good order, thoroughly pulverized by plowing, cross-plowing, and subsoiling, until every part of it, to a depth of 18 inches, is well disturbed. For fruit trees, ground should be in good heart, but it is a great mistake to suppose that they need to be planted in rich garden soil. Ground that will give 150 to 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre is strong enough for them or for grapevines. Well-rotted yard manure applied a year or two in advance will keep bringing the soil up to the standard of quality. At the time of setting, some finely ground bone or super-phosphate of lime to sprinkle around the roots will be of service. As the season, however, we repeat that with a good soil in good order, properly mellowed, it will be safe to transplant apples, pears, peaches, or grapes, either in Spring or Fall.

BABY FARMING.—An excellent Act of Parliament, framed for the better protection of infant life will come into operation in Great Britain on the first of November. The object of the new law is to guard against the iniquitous system of "baby farming." The act states that the houses retaining or receiving for hire two or more infants, for the purpose of nursing, are to be registered. The age of an infant is under one year. The local authority of the place is to keep the register and may refuse to register unless satisfied that the place is suitable or the applicant of good character. A person so registered is to keep a register of all infants received, and to produce the same when required. A local authority, for serious neglect, or when a person is incapable of providing proper food and attention, or if the house is nuisance, may strike the house and name off the register. An inquest is to be held on an infant dying in a registered house, unless a medical certificate is produced to the coroner. The punishment for an offense under the act is not to exceed six months, with or without hard labor, or a fine of twenty-five dollars. Fines and penalties recovered are to go to the local rates. The statute extends to the United Kingdom, and the "local authorities" are specified. These are stringent rules, but the abuse of baby farming had in England become so unbearable that something of the kind was imperatively demanded. In the metropolis the Metropolitan Board of works is the local authority, and in the city of London the common council.

A WHOLESOME FRIGHT.—A venerable minister adopted a shrewd and successful plan to abate the nuisance of neighbors' hens. One neighbor and himself kept their hens shut up, so as not to annoy others. The other neighbor, though often expostulated with, would let his run at large and they made sad work in the garden of the minister and the other neighbor. One day the man who kept his hens shut up came to the minister in great trouble, saying, "Mr. H., I really do not know what to do; I have just put my garden all in fine order, and neighbor ——'s hens have scratched the beds all up, and undone all my work. I don't want to make trouble in the neighborhood, but what can I do? The venerable minister immediately said, "Look here: I have two hens I wish to kill. I will let them out and they will go right into your garden. You shoot them. You may throw them over if you have a mind to; but you shoot them." He went home. The hens were let out and were soon in his garden, and he shot them. The news flew through the neighborhood that the man had shot the minister's hens. The other neighbor heard of it, and said to himself, "If he will shoot the minister's hens he will mine," and at once shut them up and the annoyance ceased.

WEALTH.—What is the wealth of any of the biggest millionaires of Europe or America to that of Ptolemy Philadelphus, of Egypt, who amassed a little property of £70,000,000? And which of our extravagant young ladies in these boasted times, ever gave her lover, as Cleopatra did, a pearl dissolved in vinegar (or undissolved) worth £80,000? Then there was Paulina, one of the *ton* in Rome, who used to wear jewels, when she returned visit's, worth a million. Cicero who was a poor man, gave £40,000 for his house, and Clodius paid £150,000 for his establishment on the Palaline, while Messala gave £400,000 for the house of Antony, Seneca who was just a plain philosopher was worth £2,400,000. Tiberius left a property of nearly £24,000,000. Cæser before he entered into any office—when he was a young gentleman in private life—owed £3,000,000. Marc Antony owed £300,000 on the Ides of March, and he paid it before the Kalends of March.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.—An industrious housewife reports the following as the products of a barrel of flour: 103 loaves of bread, 26½ dozen doughnuts, 67 pies, 40½ dozen buscuits, 18 loaves of cake, 22½ dozen cookies, 4 batches griddles. The above lasted a family of two adults and three children three months, and would cost, if bought at the bakery at moderate prices, $35. Hence it appears that, considering the eggs, sugar, butter, milk and yeast needed to make the above mentioned goodies, the fire required to cook them, and the time of the aforesaid industrious housewife, and the first cost of the flour, that she would better have patronized the bakery.

A TRUE PICTURE.—How many men there are who have ground and ground to make money, that they might be happy by and by, but who, when they have got to be 50 or 60 years old, have used up all the enjoyable nerve that was in them? During their early life they carried toil, and economy, and frugality to the excess of stinginess, and when the time came that they expected joy, there was no joy for them.—*Beecher.*

A Sad Story of the Wreck.

The saddest scene of the Metis disaster was that in the saloon of the Narragansett, where sat the disconsolate widow Mrs. Martin, weeping silently near the spot where the body of her husband lay. She said that she and her huspand resided in Philadelphia, and had taken a berth in the Metis en route to one of the sea-side resorts. At eleven o'clock they retired with their two children. The first thing she knew next was being awakened by the shock occasioned by the collision. Her husband did not awake at the time, and she aroused him and he got up to see what had happened. The poor babes then commenced to cry, and while she was endeavoring to pacify them another shock was felt and her husband came rushing in, saying that the people were all rushing out of their berths, and that the captain was shouting there was no danger. She did not know what to do, and her husband was about to get into bed again when great alarm was occasioned by people running about. In a minute or two after one of the officers—the steward, she thought—came to the berth and told them to hurry out and put on life-preservers as the vessel was sinking. This was a terrible shock, and for a moment or so neither of them could attempt to do anything. Her husband got the life-preservers from under the berth while she put on some of her clothing, and he fastened one of the life-preservers around her and gave her one of the children, aged six months. He then hastily put on the other and took the other child, a boy of three years, from the berth and fled from the stateroom, which then had about a foot of water in it. In the dark and with the roar of the storm, which was tossing the vessel about, it required a great struggle to get to the deck. The poor children clung to them screaming. On reaching the saloon it was almost knee deep with water. With one hand she clung to her husband who pushed forward in the dark, and the next thing she heard was the plunging of the people in the water. Her husband caught her round the waist, shouted to her to grasp the baby tight, and then she found herself struggling in the waves. They kept together for a short time, but the sea ran so high and with the cold of the water she had to let go the babe. Her husband then got it in his other arm and together they kept it for half an hour when a high wave washed both children away, one of whom she believed was dead with the cold water and fright. The boy of three years was dashed against her twice and she succeeded in laying hold of him, and the little fellow clasped his arms around her neck, but in a short time after he released his hold, whether from death or not she could not say, but he was carried away. All around the people were floating and shouting to each other, but soon they were widely separated by the billows. In two hours, during which time she had clung to her husband, he got unconcious and disappeared. This horrible reality, and seeing her two children also perish, almost maddened her, and she was tossed on the billows like a cork. She felt herself sinking, for the life-preserver got loose, and just as she was overpowered and exhausted and about to sink the Moccasin came up, and she was rescued, after being fully four hours in the water. "But, oh! what is it to be thus recalled to life when there lies the body of my poor husband, and the poor babes lie in the sea?" she exclaimed, and commenced to weep aloud.

Captain Allen came into the room, and sympathized with her. On the way to the city the passengers, on finding out the state of affairs, and that the poor woman had lost everything except what few clothes she hastily got on her, made up a purse of $145 and presented it to her. A few hours after the arrival here she obtained a permit from the Coroner's office and proceeded en route to Philadelphia, where her parents reside, and where the remains of her husband will be interred.

How to Catch Trout.

A writer tells how a girl in the mountains of Virginia caught trout. The major and myself soon hooked a pretty string of small and medium-sized fish. There were, however, some magnates we saw moving about in the crystal water who could not be tempted by any bait we had to offer. They would glide out from beneath the cool shadows of the boulders, approach our traps with a certain majestic deliberation, sometimes even rubbing their noses against the hooks, then, as if satisfied that it wasn't worth the risk, would retire contemptuously, and let the minors take a bite, tickled, no doubt, at seeing how rapidly the youngsters snapped and went up. While we were worrying with these sly old rogues, Martha came down armed with a hickory wand, with a running noose of horse-hair attached to the end. With an arch smile she requested us to hold off for a while, and let her try her hand. Creeping like a cat along the rocks, she marked a grand old voluptuary half dreaming among the shadows. Silently and gradually dropping her slender noose into the water, she drew it toward him. As the encircling hair touched his fin, it suggested a slight suspicion of mischief, and he slowly retreated to the distance of about half his length, then resuming his indifference again, lay balanced and immobile, very possibly feliciting himself on the superior wisdom which had enabled him to detect the gilt and feathered shams displayed to deceive the small fry of his race, and the lofty virtue which had taught him to resist the allurements of casual appetite. The next moment he was whipped from the water by an invisible noose of horse-hair, and wriggled in Matha's cat-like clutches. At this success the black eyes of the mountain nymph sparkled, and her plump cheeks pitted with rosy dimples. Quieting our applause with a gesture, she readjusted her trap, and presently lifted out another beauty, then another, and another, until she had captured four of the largest fish we had seen—one weighing two and a half pounds, and surpassing any we had taken with the hook. Having thus justified her own skill, she handed her angle to the major, at the same time instructing him how to use it. But neither he nor I had the dainty gibness of hand to execute the trick successfully, and after several awkward failures each, we gave up and returned to the house.

THE PEAR SEASON.—The season of pears is upon us, and how to preserve, ripen, stew and bake, are the prevailing questions among housekeepers. The market is overrun with splendid looking fruit, much of which is too hard for eating. How to make it ripen well and rapidly is a knowledge confined to but few. One of the most extensive fruit culturists in Pennsylvania has just given to the world his method, and we, believing the information to be as valuable as it is timely, give it herewith: The requisites are a cool room and woolen blankets. The pears are to be spread upon one blanket and covered with the second. Treated in this way they ripen rapidly and without mealiness, the Bartletts coming out a fine golden color and the Sickels rich and ruddy-looking. At least half the fruit is spoiled by the ordinary indoor method of ripening, and housekeepers will hail with delight any new and effective means of attaining the desired end without loss or vexation of spirit.—*Exchange.*

KEEPING OFF SNAKES.—In San Diego County, California, it was a custom in the Summer to guard against the approach of rattlesnakes by surrounding the couch with the horse-hair rope which is used to stake out a horse. This, made very nicely of the manes and tails of horses, is very rough, the ends of the hairs sticking out all over it, and these, it is said, the snake dislikes, as they probably irritate his skin, and feeling them he turns aside.

Of forty-two Atlantic steamers lost at sea between the years 1841 and 1872, thirty-eight were of iron and four of wood. Of the line of iron ships running into the St. Lawrence and Portland Rivers, nine were lost between 1857 and 1864, and five iron sailing vessels, all built in Great Britain and sent to sea in 1865 and 1868, have never been heard from.

Repairing Broken Axletrees.

Whenever an axletree of a carriage or lumber wagon breaks down, it usually occurs at a long distance from a shop where it can be repaired. By the exercise of a little mechanical skill at such a time, a teamster can make a temporary repair sufficient to enable him to reach home, or the place of destination, with but little delay. We will suppose, for example, that one axle arm is broken entirely off. Remove the load; block up the axletree an inch or two higher at at one end than at the other; then procure a piece of tough rail or scantling, or a piece of a small tree, about four feet ong; dress off one end, tapering with an axe, for an axle arm, so that it will fit the hole in the hub, and lash the piece to the broken axletree with pieces of rope or wire. The rough piece may be fitted to one side or beneath the axletree. After the rope has been drawn up as tightly as practicable, let two or three thin wedges be driven under the rope; after which, wet it thoroughly, and the rope by contracting will hold the temporary axle arm with sufficient firmness to enable the teamster to proceed with his load. In case no bit is at hand to bore a hole for a linch-pin, cut a groove around the axle arm near the extremity, and wind pieces of rope or twine around the arm until a ridge is formed of sufficient size to hold the wheel from running off. Should the axletree give way near the middle, rather than at one of the arms, fit a piece of scantling or stout rail beneath it, letting the piece extend from wheel to wheel, and lash the ends to the axletree near the wheels. In case it were necessary to ride several miles to obtain pieces of rope and an axe before one could make the necessary repairs, it might be far more satisfactory to do so than to procure another vehicle, transfer the load, and afterwards return for the broken one. In case a wheel were to break down, a man who is half a mechanic could easily fix a piece of plank beneath the hub, which would slide on the ground, like a runner, for several miles.

New York Dry Goods Market.

The market for Dry Goods the past week has exhibited considerable animation in all departments. The cool weather has had a most favorable effect as necessitating a lively demand for seasonable goods. The special feature has been the changes in cotton fabrics, noticed in our quotations elsewhere.

Standard Brown Sheetings and Shirtings.—Close active and in good demand.

In Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings the demand from first hands was active. Standard goods are held firmly at former quotations.

In Cotton Flannels the demand has been a little more active, but the transactions have been on a small scale.

Stripes and Ticks.—The market is moderately active. In Ticks fair sales are reported at current quotations.

Printing Cloths are dull.

Prints continue active and strong for seasonable grades.

Kentucky Jeans are inactive. Quotations remain nominally the same.

In Flannels the demand has been active. The stock in hand is small with a good demand.

In Foreign Dry Goods business has been active, exhibited steady and rapid improvement. There are few goods in the market below last year's prices, importers holding heavy stocks, thus preventing another advance in prices.

A FOX TALE.—A quaint Scotch minister was given somewhat to exaggeration in the pulpit. His clerk reminded him of its ill effects upon the congregation. He replied he was not aware of it, and wished the clerk the next time he did it to give a cough by way of hint. Soon after he was describing Sampson's tying the foxes' tails together. Thereat the "foxes in the corn days were much larger than ours, and they had tails twenty fut long." "Ahem!" came from the clerk's desk. "That is," continued the preacher, according to their measurement, but by ours they were fifteen fut long." "Ahem!" louder than before. "But as you may think this extravagant we'll just say they were ten fut!" "Ahem! ahem!" still more vigorous. The parson leaned over the pulpit, and shaking his finger at the clerk, said: "you may cough there all night long, mon, I'll nae take off a fut more. Would you hae the foxes wid nae tails at a' ?"

A HACK STRIKE.—The strike among the hack-drivers of Wiesbaden has had an unfortunate termination for themselves. A Mr. Solomons, of Berlin, taking advantage of the occasion, immediately offered to prepare 200 elegant hacks of the most modern and approved construction, which he tended to the Wiesbaden Government to be used according to the newest regulations. The Government at once accepted the proposition, giving Mr. Solomons full control over the hack traffic of the city, and throwing the old refractory Jehus entirely out of employment. The police have also received full instructions to take every means for seeing the new order faithfully carried into execution.

A STORY.—A very extraordinary story is apparently gaining some credence in Madrid. It is neither more nor less than to the effect that King Amadeus was a party to what is supposed to be the assassination hoax, and designed the same with a view to the favorable results of the dastardly attack. He, says the report, was much chagrined to find one of his instruments killed, as he had no such intention towards any but his horses. The prisoners will soon be discharged it is said. Another sensation is that the Attorney-General has discovered evidence implicating the Duke de Montpensier in the assassination of Prim and demands his arrest.

A MODEL SCHOOL.—Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is to assist in founding a school for girls which is to be a model institution. It is not, like the national schools, to give a limited common school education, but will furnish a really liberal education, at a cost of not more than $42 per year. The school will be divided into three departments, preparatory, junior and senior, and a normal school will be attached to the institution for the preparation of young ladies as teachers.

SINGULAR.—At Gaylordsville, in Fairfield County, Ct., there resides an old lady named Sarah Gaylord, who is so deaf that a large bell, rang immediately near her ear, cannot be heard by her. Despite this absolute deafness, she will go to church, listen to a lengthly sermon, and then return home and be able to repeat the discourse word for word. Her entire knowledge of the sermon is gained from the motion of the speaker's lips.

A FLOATING CIRCUS.—At Strasburg, Prussia, a Yankee circus is creating a great excitement among the Alsatians. An American has brought his company over and built a covered amphitheatre on a huge raft, which is towed about by a steam-tug and anchored before any town which promises to pay well. This novel Yankee notion is now floating up and down the Rhine, having come there from Amsterdam, and is going to England. The owner makes lots of money.

SIMPLE ENOUGH.—A Westerner recently invented the neatest, simplest, and most effective method of suicide, ever heard of. He placed himself in the most comfortable posture attainable, and took in his mouth a piece of India rubber tubing, the other end of which was connected with the gas blower. He then turned on the gas and proceeded to fumigate going off to the happy hunting grounds as easily as if he was only taking a dose of laughing gas in a dentist's chair.

SLEEVES.—New sleeves for ladies dresses are simple and pretty, having all the comfort of a coat sleeve with the graceful effect of a flowing sleeve. They are, in fact, closely fitted coat sleeves with the wrist turned back from the outer seam in a triangular revers, while a pleated frill or gathered ruffle is inserted in this opening, and left to hang in the way under-sleeves are now worn.

A little temper is such a good thing in wives that they never ought to lose it.

Weekly Review of New York Market.

PROVISIONS. Pork.—Mess on the spot steady but quiet, 200 bbls. thin mess sold at $18. For forward delivery the market is steady, but rather quiet.

Dressed Hogs.—There is no change of prices. We quote city at 6 7-8@7 1-2c.

Cut Meats.—We quote hams in pickles at 13a14c.; in salt at 11a12c, and shoulder at 7c

Smoked Meats.—The market is firm. We quote hams at 13a16c.; shoulders at 8 1-2c.; and clear rib at 10 1-2a11c.

Beef.—There is no change in the market. Plain western mess at $5@7 and extra mess at $7a8@. Sales 70 bbls.

Beef Hams—are quiet. We quote old western at $20a$28 and new at $30a$32. Sales 25 bbls.

Lard—for western on the spot is a shade better. For forward delivery we do not learn of any business. At the close 9 1-2 is bid for October.

Butter—Common and medium grades come forward freely. We quote State in welsh tubs at 22a26c; western at 10a15c. for common to fair, and 18a22c. for fine and fancy.

Cheese—In quiet, and prices are in the buyers' favor. The home trade is moderate. State factory, 12a18c. for common to fine; and 14c. for fancy.

Breadstuffs—State and western flour is ten to twenty cents higher. There is a moderate demand from exporters and the trade.

Wheat—The market is less active, but prices are one to two cents higher. We quote No.2 spring in store at $1 60a$1 63 winter red western at 1 55a1 63 for new; amber western and southern at $1 64a$1 72 for new.

Rye is quiet but firm. Western at 75c.

Sugar—The market for raw is fairly active, and prices are firm. We quote fair refining at 8 5-8c., and Nos. 11 to 13 centrifugal at 9 7-8@10 1-8c. In refined the business is fair. We quote soft yellow at 10@10 7-8c.; soft white at 11@11 1-8c.; granulated at 12 1-8c.; crushed and powdered at 12@8c, and cut loaf at 13 3-8c.

Coffee—The market for Brazils is inactive, and prices are nominal. East and West India coffees are dull and prices are in the buyers' favor.

Molasses is quiet, but steady. In domostic there is a fair jobbing trade.

Petroleum is firmly held, but there is scarcely any inquiry. Refined 24c. Cases are quoted firm at 29c. For crude in bulk there is a fair inquiry.

Wool is remarkably quiet. There are very few buyers in the market. The sales are light medium western at 42c; medium Ohio at 44c.; Ohio at 42c; tubed at 61½c.; fine Texas at 37c.; spring clip California at 38@38c.; East India at 42c.; Cape at 38@41c.

In a Lunatic Asylum.

A reporter who feigned insanity and was sent to a lunatic asylum, says he now feels that had he not been nerved with the consciousness that he was present in this place and among these scenes of agony for a purpose—a work of simple justice and truth, to be told unreservedly and dispassionately, whether it was favorable or unfavorable to the institution, he could not have endured through those few days. Had he felt his imprisonment to be hopeless and sinless—had he had no thoughts to busy and interest him but his own wrongs and sufferings to make him despair—his associations alone would have driven him wild in a month. And though he had assurances of early release, and though he knew friends without were anxiously interested in his release as himself, still the association with disordered brains, the total lack of amusements, the forced absence from the free air and sunshine, the horrible noises which alarmed the nights and defiled slumber, the filthy manner in which the meals are served, the utter separation from the world, and the other conditions of his imprisonment, had such an effect upon him that at the end of three days, in a fit of the deepest despondency, he well nigh lost courage, and was strongly tempted to abandon his mission. Cut off from all communication with his friends, without money, forced to beg an attendant even for a drink of ice-water, or to get a hand-kerchief or collar, and utterly at the mercy of unsympathizing servants and an incompetent physician, the patient became so depressed and disconsolate that (it is no exaggeration) he actually questioned his own sanity, or at all events his ability to retain his reason if he should be forced to remain where he was. He fully realized then, for the first time, how terrible must be the reflections, how wild the despair, of a sane man condemned to exile among these maddened souls after the physician in charge had, in answer to his pleadings and his protest, toyed with his pulse and postponed for a more convenient season a careful examination of his condition, or even the most ordinary inquiries in regard to his history. Imprisoned there by due process of law, the victim, perhaps, of a foul conspiracy in which physicians had been bribed or duped, and the magistrate had blindly put faith in strangers, forced to acknowledge the triumph of his foes, despairing of ultimate deliverance, and losing faith in his fellow man and almost in his God, a sane man thus imprisoned cannot fail soon to become, under the unwholesome influences of this place, a maniac in fact as well as in name.

A Watering Place Romance.

Last night I overheard the following conversation: "Now, Harry, dear, you must part. I think it is awful cruel of pa, but you know he never encouraged you. He says that you are nice enough but that a young man now a-days must be able to support a wife in the style to which she has been accustomed, and that, you know, you could not do, dear. So I must give you up. That Gus Evans I fairly hate, with his little, snapping eyes, and his bristly, ugly moustache—ugh! but he has a lovely pony phaeton, which is all at my service, and a diamond pin as big as a walnut in his shirt bosom and pa says he has lots of money, and owns real estate and railroad stocks, and I don't know what else, and he says I must be civil to him and marry him if he asks me; and I know he will, dear the other night he got right to the point and was ready to ask the all important question, when pa dropped in to look for his paper, and that ended it for the time."

"But don't you love me?" the young, manly fellow at her side asked, with a twinge and a tremor in his voice; "you know you have given me cause for thinking so, and hoping."

"Why, yes, of course I do. How silly! Love you; you know I love you, and it is really too bad that I can't have my way and marry you instead of Gus Pa might as well support us as not, but he won't, and you know I never can exist without the comforts I have always had. I must have my dresses and my diamonds, my horses, and my parties, and move in the same circle as I do now, and those things you know you could never give me. No, Harry, dear, I shall always love you, and you won't be vexed will you; but it is better that we should part, and you won't try to see me much, will you, till after I'm married?"

"Vexed, oh, no, not at you. But let us go in, and then I'll say good bye to you and my hopes forever."

His voice was hard, and he strove to be cool and unconcerned, but it trembled a little, and his face was very white as they passed me. But her smile was as sweet, kind, self satisfied, and her eye as clear as though she had not wrecked a young man's happiness, and thrown him aside for a brainless jumping-jack with money, and as though her life was not to be a rapid, tiresome round of fashionable emptiness, with none of love or usefulness to sweeten it.

THAT DEBT.—It is a small one, to be sure, and apparently not worth a serious thought. Why not then pay it? Why be compelled to suffer the mortification of a pun? Why not take that little thorn out of your finger at once? It will fester if allowed to remain, and cause ten times the trouble