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To Our Railway "Managers."

Break, break, break
Your passengers' bones, for ye
Care not what 'plaints they utter:
Ye've got the monopoly!

'Tis bad for the driver and mate,
When the goods train gets in the way;
Tis bad when the mail is late,
But no one is to blame, ye say!

So the doomed express goes on
To destruction under the hill;
For want of the touch of a points-man's hand,
Or the sound of a whistle that's still.

Breakes, Breakes, breakes
Must be quickly improved, and ye
Will find that the trust ye've abused is dead,
And never revived 'twill be!

That Boy.

Is the house turned topsy turvey?
Does it ring from street to roof?
Will the racket still continue,
Spite of all your mild reproof?
Are you often in a flutter?
Are you sometimes thrilled with joy?
Then I have my grave suspicions,
That you have at home—that Boy.

Are the walls and tables hammered?
Are your nerves and ink upset?
Have two eyes, so bright and roguish,
Made you every care forget?
Have your garden-beds a prowler,
Who delights but to destroy?
These are well-known indications
That you have at home—that Boy.

Have you seen him playing circus—
With his head upon the mat,
And his heels in mid-air twinkling—
For his audience, the cat?
Do you ever stop to listen,
When his merry pranks annoy—
Listen to a voice that whispers,
You were once just like—that Boy?

Have you heard of broken windows,
And with nobody to blame?
Have you seen a trowsered urchin
Quite unconscious of the same?
Do you love a teasing mixture
Of perplexity and joy?
You have a dozen daughters,
But I know you've got—that Boy.

WITH A COUPON.

No expression of smiling astonishment was more often repeated to us at St. Grundy's than one which intoned as it were the phrase:

"Dear me! so you have never been abroad!"

The sting of the gibe was in its truth. And it certainly was mortifying that every soul in the St. Grundy hierarchy, from the bishop down to the cathedral beadle, had traveled, or, at least, had made what they called an excursion. Neither papa—the well-known Canon Perkes, whose faint tenor voice once reminded Lady Backwater "of the angels singing in the choir"—nor mamma, nor my sister Charlotte, had ever gone, I suppose, twenty miles from St. Grundy's. The fact is that I, who relate this narrative, am the only one with anything like energy in the family. This is really signified in my name. Augusta, which might seem at the first blush to belong to a person of languid temperament, but which my quick, sharp ways long ago shortened into the more serviceable Gus. Charlotte, always too dreamy, remained Charlotte; no one would have dreamed of cutting her down into Lotty or Char. Papa and mamma were, indeed, sadly helpless, he being too gentle, always looking at everybody through his glasses with a wistful benevolence that is quite provoking. Those glasses I really believe to be at the bottom of his timorous, retiring way, for the frame is so delicate that the glasses seem to float before his eyes without palpable support—their balance and structure are so frail, that half his life goes in nervously preserving them in position. Canon Blowman (who takes the bass at St. Grundy's, and gives out "The people that walk in darkness" somewhere down in the bowels of the earth) says that this criticism of mine shows "a nice knowledge of human character." It may be so, but the fact remains that the three are altogether too nervous and shrinking to get through life, and that I am the only one with a spark of energy.

Above all, I wanted to travel. Above all, I was dying to see Curebath. At St. Grundy's one might as well be buried in its old crypt for any chance there was of meeting suitable people—or, I have no false modesty in saying it, the suitable person that every young girl of spirit and proper ambition desires to meet. I am not one of those persons whose helplessness is but another name for selfishness, and who do not scruple being a burden and a charge on their families. Still I worked on that one idea, trying, as it were, to "educate my party," as they say in politics, but it was hopeless. A sort of terror of traveling weighed on my family like a nightmare—Mr. Perkes, I am sure, fancying that some box, or projection, would certainly dash against his perilously adjusted glasses, which he would never be able to bring successfully across the water.

At last I had begun to despair, when an event occurred which removed a chief difficulty. A maiden aunt shuffled off the mortal coil, though she had been so leisurely in her attempts at extrication that it seemed likely that she would remain in a state of permanent entanglement. T. is worthy relative left me and Charlotte fifty pounds a piece. I resolved, before the will was proved, that should be spent in foreign travel—every stiver of it, as Mr. Blowman was fond of saying. My plans were received with a sort of alarm, yet I could see that curiosity and interest had been awakened. I persevered, and had the pleasure of seeing that way was made. But there were appalling difficulties remaining. They shrank from the conflicts of travel, the bargaining, ticket taking, paying of bills, and discussion in foreign tongues, in which we were all, including myself, utterly deficient. However, by some interference, this obstacle was also to be removed in the happiest and most satisfactory way.

Mr. Blowman had been in town to see a spinster cousin, who admired his under-ground voice vastly, and to whom he paid a visit regularly every half year. He always came to us on his return to relate his adventures, which were of the most entertaining kind. On this evening he was more than usually excited. He was going away for his health. The doctor had ordered Curebath, and the "spinster," as I always called her, had behaved in the most liberal style. "She says," continued Mr. Blowman, "that I must take care of my voice, and that she will take care of me. How I wish that we were all going to Curebath!"

The feebly organized members of the family looked at each other wistfully. In their hearts they wished they were going to Curebath. But my father thought of the delicate balance of his glasses, and shook his head. "The worry," he murmured, "and the hurry, the paying the bills, and the fuss at the railway offices! I never could get through it."

"Exactly my view," said Mr. Blowman, eagerly. "I have never traveled either, and should be like a child among the foreigners. So my spinster said. And—"

"And was she so very liberal?" said my mother, faintly. "Was it a handsome present, if I might ask?"

"She did not give me a halfpenny, nothing that I could jingle on a tombstone, or even—for I have too much respect for my cloth to be seen so engaged—upon some more becoming gaming-table."

"Some Bank of England notes would save you from employing your time in such a pastime," said I, a little smartly. "Her benefaction, I suppose, took that shape."

"Not got it yet," said he, humorously. "I mean the solution. No, I'm not to have any cash. Yet she pays all expenses. See here," he said, pulling out two little books.

"Not tracts?" I said, scornfully.

"No," he said, "though I am to give them away piecemeal. They are talismans, or talismen. In short, they are coupons."

"Coupons, what are they?" We all looked at them with a mysterious curiosity, as though expecting they would change suddenly into precious metal or notes.

"You know," he continued, "I am methodical in my ways, and the moment I heard of the famous coupon system I hailed it as being made for me. In fact the whole of human life ought to be transacted in coupons. It would save a world of trouble and anxiety."

"But," said my father, mildly, "you have not explained. What is a coupon? What do these things in your hand mean?"

"See here. London to Dover; no money or ticket, but merely tear out and present coupon. Packet ditto, T. O. and P., that is tear out and present, coupon. (I abbreviate.) To Paris, T. O. and P. coupon. At hotel, breakfast; garsong, bill. Here you are, coupon. So with dinner. So with bed. Coupon here, coupon there. Coupons to the right of them, coupons to the left of them. Fire 'em off in all directions. And so you see you can travel, board and lodge for a month, be taken away, kept and brought back, without putting your finger into your purse once the whole time."

We were enormously interested. Was there not something piquant and engaging in this ingenious subversion of all ordinary forms of human arrangement? There was, as he said, a beautiful simplicity in the system; and it was certainly the first successful attempt at doing without the root of all evil. The vulgar element was eliminated, and one could at last travel without losing all sense of romance. How we wondered, as he explained how the director of the system, lived and directed in town, whence he dispatched every day and every hour, crowds of travelers to the ends of the earth, furnishing each with nothing but his little book of tracts. He then unfolded a sort of broad sheet or programme of arrangements, in which, besides giving information, the founder chats agreeably with his patrons—rather was he not their patron?—tells them his prospects, what he is going to do, and what he has done.

"So there is the way it stands," said Mr. Blowman, rising, "and I am to be transported to Curebath by boat and rail, maintained there at the Golden Stork a fortnight, and returned to my friends, without any expense or trouble beyond offering a little slip of paper as I come or go."

This revelation made a deep impression. The seed was sown, the difficulties vanished of themselves. The system commended itself as something almost fascinating. Before the next evening all was arranged, and though my father naturally felt some trepidation as to the fate of his glasses, still the danger he felt was reduced almost to a minimum. We were to go with Mr. Blowman.

To carry out the principle in its most perfect style, Mr. Blowman declared that "not more than a few shillings in cash" were to be brought by the party, just to defray the charges of cabs, porterage, and so forth. We should trust ourselves implicitly to our coupons, and, as we agreed, give the thing fair play. It should be the coupon, the whole coupon, and nothing but the coupon.

In a day or two the die was cast, or rather a post-office order was dispatched to the coupon-founder, who by return of post promptly returned three stout little pamphlets, and one for each of a smaller little tract, each having a portrait like an enlarged postage stamp, which was to be in common for the hotels. We set to work, got on packing, and at last started, my father slightly tremulous about his glasses. But Mr. Blowman liberally guaranteed their safety.

Everything was delightful and worked admirably. Coupon here, coupon there; up, down, everywhere, they were all graciously honored like cheques. It was universally agreed that it was the most charming way of traveling that could be. We—that is, I and Mr. Blowman—heartily wished the principle could be introduced into all the transactions of life. Dover, Ostend, Brussels, all were strictly couponized; then on to Cologne and the Rhine, where coupons were administered largely. The only drawback was that our small cash for cabs, porters, and so on, began to disappear with alarming rapidity, and we discovered with alarm that it would not hold out to the end of our journey.

We were in great spirits, which we bestowed—that is, I and Mr. Blowman—liberally on a dry, elderly, wiry-haired Briton, one of the true type we all know, who has the air of taking his bank abroad with him. That sort of commercial superiority is really unendurable, and we noticed that he smiled contemptuously as the guard came in and tore out our coupons.

"You find all that sort of thing answer, I suppose," he said.

Mr. Blowman answered him readily. "It speaks for itself," he said; "it is the one, the only system, and, depend upon it, we shall all have to come to it, whether we like it or no."

"I am fond of the old ways," said Briton, "at least till the new ones are fairly established."

"That was what all the social Tories said when steam came in. We'd never have had a railway if those principles had prevailed."

"Perhaps so. I only wished to know how the thing answered. Have you found it satisfactory?"

We had all the ardor of neophytes, and answered. Had we not gone in for the thing thoroughly? Could we show a greater proof of our confidence than having embarked so great a stake in the matter?

"Look here, sir," said Mr. Blowman, "we are couponed through, over and over again. See this and this. Boat, rail, breakfast, coffee or tea, with eggs, all coupon; meat ditto, a separate or supplemental coupon. Dinner, bed, we are all coupon, sir. We deal with our fellow-man in no medium but coupons, and look here, I suppose the united contents of the purses of the whole party would not amount to the sum of five shillings. What do you say to that, sir?"

"It only seems to me that you have burned your boats, as the saying is, and that you are determined to give the system its fullest trial. Such faith ought to move mountains."

"There are always skeptics in every age," said Mr. Blowman, with spirit. "This is an age of skepticism."

"Not an age for putting all your eggs in one basket."

On this we all set on this stuck-up Briton, and as Mr. Blowman said, happily, "couponed him with a will." I must, however, think he was tolerably good humored under our roasting.

"Perhaps I am old-fashioned," he said, "but, at all events, you cannot blame me for waiting. I ought to tell you that Curebath is full to overflowing now."

"We are independent, sir," said Mr. Blowman, "and are provided for."

The day passed over. Gradually our spirits began to flag a little, for we were growing tired. Papa and mamma both showed signs of weariness, and, I must say, pettishness; mamma wishing that "she was back at St. Grundy's."

Towards ten o'clock, we began to draw near to Curebath. The starcéed Briton was asleep. At last there we were! and the exiles of St. Grundy's, as Mr. Blowman amusingly called our party, found themselves set down in Curebath.

It was very bewildering—the strange town—the lights—the foreign language—the odd people; and I own, for the first time, I felt my heart sink a little, and wished myself, as mamma did, again in St. Grundy's. Mr. Blowman, who had been appointed—rather he had appointed himself—director-in-chief and coupon-holder of the party—seemed to exhibit signs of despondency, and was quite helpless and bewildered. A number of German porters were clamoring noisily round him, I suppose demanding payment for the luggage. He was quite cowed, and came to us to the cab door.

"Give me some money for these fellows," he said. "I haven't a halfpenny left, not as much as I could jingle on a tombstone."

This poor jest he delivered with a ghastly smile.

"You know I have none, Mr. Bowman," I answered, somewhat tartly. "You should have kept some for this occasion."

"How could I?" he answered, as tartly. What am I to do with them?"

Papa, in an agitated way, said:

"Offer them the coupons—they are received everywhere, you know."

"Stuff and nonsense," he answered, roughly. "They wouldn't take 'em; know nothing about 'em. What are we to do?"

It was embarrassing, and all his fault. Still it was the only thing to be done. They might accept them. So he drew out a "breakfast with meat" coupon, and tendered it. It was received with a chatter and a howl. Mamma suggested, what oddly enough proved to be the only sensible course, that we should bid them accompany us to the hotel, where the host would satisfy them. This was explained to them by signs, and seemed to be cordially accepted with many a "ja! ja!" and Mr. Blowman assured them, in the same language, that at the Golden Stork they should be handsomely remunerated.

Strange to say, this was received with a chorus of rude laughter, and a roar of "Nein! nein!" It was growing intolerable. In a moment of rage, and seeing that Blowman was of no more use than an old woman would be, I bade the coachman drive on quickly, which he did, with a loud crack of his whip.

I felt that we were attended behind by our persecutors, but it was a release. Inside in the dark interior, Mr. Blowman and I fairly quarreled. I said he ought not to have taken upon himself the direction of the party, if he felt that he could not be equal to such a little difficulty as that. He said that, if I hadn't interfered, all would have gone well. It was not a pleasant drive. We were now passing through dark streets; every one seemed to be in bed. I wished again that I was back in my own snug one at St. Grundy's.

We had stopped in a long, dark street, before a gloomy arch, with closed gates like a prison. There was a gold stork over the door.

"Here we are," said I and Mr. Blowman, uttering an undeniable truism at the same moment.

The coachman got down and voiced some unintelligible sounds.

"Tell him to ring the bell," I said.

Mr. Blowman pointed to that mode of attracting attention, uttering vehemently the words, "Bell, bell!"

He did not, or would not, understand.

"Ring it yourself," I said, impatiently.

He was becoming more and more stupid every instant, but he got out, and did so. The man stamped impatiently, and poured out a volley of gutturals. At the same time the porter persecutors arrived, and, crowding around the window, gesticulated violently at the large gate, as if they were threatening the golden stork.

"They are touts for the other hotels," said Mr. Blowman, in his stupid way, "and infuriated that we did not go with them. What are we to do now?"

"Ring again, of course," I said, thoroughly disgusted with him.

Catch me take an underground bass abroad again. Of all the spectacles of effete stupidity! He tried to ring the bell, but they interposed, and gesticulated more furiously still. They would not allow him to touch it even. It was growing serious. My mamma began to cry. Suddenly a gentleman pushed through the crowd. I stood at the window. With what joy I recognized him as our traveling companion, the starched Briton!

"I saw you were in some difficulty," he said, "so I followed. Can I assist you?"

"Oh do, kind sir," I said, in despair. "Get rid of these wretches."

He spoke to them in German, and a dozen voices, including that of the cabman, answered him. The wretches used their arms to point excitedly at the walls and gate, the coachman followed suit with his whip.

"It seems," he says, "that the proprietor of this hotel died last week, and it has been shut up. His heirs are not carrying on the business. It is going to be pulled down, and re-opened as the Grand Hotel of the Golden Stork."

A cry of despair broke from the interior of the cab. The coupons!

He spoke again to the porters. Again gesticulations.

"Not a room to be had in the whole town," he said. "The Crown Prince arrived this evening to open the new bath-house. All the other hotels are full to bursting."

"But we have our coupons," said Mr. Blowman, in his idiotic way. "They are money cheques; they must take us!"

"I fear not," said he.

What was to be done? We had coupons, but not a farthing of money; nothing that "we could jingle on a tombstone."

"Look here," said Mr. Blowman, imbecile to the end, "Here is a breakfast coupon, with or without meat; a dinner ditto, a bed ditto——"

"I fear they would be of no use to you," said our rescuer. "The only thing that I can suggest is this. I telegraphed to secure a room at the Eagle, which is quite at the service of the two ladies. The gentlemen must rough it."

What gratitude we felt! Our rescuer satisfied the porters, and we drove away from the closed Stork to the Eagle, Mr. Blowman being turned out on the box-seat to make room for our noble preserver. We spent a miserably uncomfortable night at the Eagle, but were told that we ought to consider ourselves lucky. And, indeed, we were grateful.

The next day, however, things brightened a little. The Crown Prince was going away in the evening, and comfortable rooms were given us. And such was the esteem in which the worthy coupon-issuer—who was not responsible for the accident—was held, that his little drafts were promptly honored by the proprietor of the Eagle.

We shall never travel, however, with Mr. Blowman again.

The number of shipwrecks on the English coast in 1872 exceeded that of the previous year by 383—the total of the past year being 1,956.

A Buffalo Fight.

The challenger advanced from the herd to within some four feet, getting angrier and angrier as he came. Suddenly there was a crash that had in it something Homeric. One rattling onset of that kind leaves one in no doubt as to why the short, strong horns of the buffaloes have a splintered appearance at the apices. Then there was a long, steady push, in which every tendon of the huge bodies of the buffaloes was strained to the utmost. Then there was a strategic easing off, then a sudden gladiatorial thrust, which pressed the huge heads to the ground in an even balance of strength. Neither beast dared relax a muscle or retreat an inch, for fear of that fatal charge upon the flank, or that dangerous twist of the neck, which means defeat.

A momentary relaxation of the tremendous strain only resulted in the shaggy heads coming together again with a dull thump, and a renewal of the dogged pushing which might have moved a freight train. It was a matter of lungs and endurance, and the white froth began to drop in long, tenacious strings from their lips, and the red eyes to glare dimly through what seemed clots of blood. I could hear the labored breathing where I lay, and see the tendons stand out across the thighs and along the thick necks.

But this dead set of strength could not last always. Every moment of time was telling disastrously upon the shorter wind and decaying strength of the old crusader, who still fought for the loves of his youth. His foot slipped, and the intelligence of this slight disaster seemed to reach his antagonist quicker than a flash of light. No gladiator ever urged his advantage more suddenly. There was a huge lunge, a sound of horns slipping upon each other, a spring forward, and the horn of the younger bull had made a raking upward stroke through his antagonist's flank. The fight now became brisk. Again and again the old one turned and tried to make the old stand of head to head, and as often his more active antagonist caught him behind the shoulder. With the red agony of defeat in his eye, and the blood trickling from the long wounds in his flanks, he still refused to be conquered. With failing strength and limbs, which refused any longer to serve him, he finally stood at bay, with open mouth and hanging tongue, unable to fight and disdaining to retreat. His antagonist pushed him, and he yielded dotgedly. He made no attempt to shield his flank, and pitifully endured all that came. The original plan of non-interference was abandoned, and the young lords gathered around him, and snorted and shook their heads, and gave him an occasional dig in the ribs by way of expressing their contempt for him. The cows came and snuffed at him, and indulged in spiteful feminine butts and walked away. Their manner implied that they had always regarded him as a disagreeable old muff, and they were glad he finally understood their heartfelt sentiments in regard to him.

Through all this the old fellow stood unresisting, whipped, but still obstinate. Gradually they all left him to himself, and the herd wandered further away. He did not even look around; he was probably forced at last to accept his sentence of banishment, and go and live as long as he could alone, and fight his last fight with the coyotes and die.

A Model Farm.

I have already mentioned the farm of Mr. Stillson, says a New York *Tribune* correspondent, writing from Oshkosh, Wis., which I visited the other day. Besides other land which he owns and cultivates, he has in one piece adjoining the city 960 acres of as beautiful prairie land as I ever saw. It slopes gradually toward Lake Winnebago, which is visible from all parts of it, and, now that he has blind-ditched the portions where there are depressions, there is not on the whole farm ten square yards of waste land. Mr. Stillson drove me out into one field of 160 acres, just half a mile square, opposite his house, a part of which bore a crop of hay this year, while the remainder of it had been in wheat. It was the finest field I ever saw.

Mr. Stillson raises about 140 acres of wheat a year, and has sent to market in the last 23 or 24 years more than 40,000 bushels of that grain alone. I think he said his average crop in 23 years had been more than 22 bushels to the acre. He keeps between 1,700 and 1,800 head of sheep, and has now in his barn 7,700 pounds of fine wool of this year's clip. It is not for sale until the price is better than it is now. He has about 150 head of cattle and horses, and these, with his sheep and pigs, consume all the hay and coarse grain that the farm produces. His herd of short-horned stock is a very promising one, although now only a year or two old. His barns are, I think, the largest and best in the entire West, and contain ample room to house about all the grain and hay that he raises, so that very little of it is stacked out. I am told that when Mr. Stillson came here he was not rich, and that his lands, to use a Western phrase, "were plastered all over" with 24 per cent. mortgages. He has raised himself to his present position as one of the first, if not the very first, farmers in Wisconsin by an intelligent attention to his business, by high cultivation of his land and by not raising, two years in succession, any crop which did not pay a profit.

The Squirrel Pest.

To an Eastern reader, says the San Francisco *Call*, it will sound strange that squirrels should exist in sufficient numbers to become a pest. They will hardly be able to realize that there are certain localities in the valleys and on the side-hills in California—in the grain fields and adjacent thereto—where there are colonies comprising thousands and tens of thousands of these pests. They have multiplied rather than diminished since the Americans occupied California, which may be attributed to the fact that, as farms are opened up, their supply of food is more certain and abundant. In sections where they are most numerous it is calculated that they are capable of destroying from one-third to one-half a crop. The squirrels burrow in the ground, which renders their extermination all the more difficult. Their depredations in past years were so seriously felt that a law was passed by the Legislature authorizing the counties most afflicted to offer a bounty for their scalps. This plan was tried, and found not only to be too expensive but to effect very little in getting rid of the evil. Besides, it was complained that those farmers should not be subject to a tax whose fields contained no squirrels in order to exterminate them in sections where they depredated. The necessity of a law of a different character is felt. A number of farmers held a convention in this city on Tuesday to devise some plan for getting rid of the squirrels more certainly and in a less obnoxious manner. Another bill is to be drafted for legislative action.

BOY PATRIOTS.—Eight Cuban young lads, from 15 to 18 years of age, found hiding places on the steamer Virginius, proposing to help their countrymen to fight the Spaniards out of Cuba. They were discovered and forced away by their parents before the steamer sailed.

The English-Ashantee Quarrel.

The quarrel between the English and the Ashantees is not a very intelligible one. The English have long held a portion of the Gold Coast, other sections of which were possessed by the Danes and the Dutch. The latter have now also been acquired by the English, whose settlements, defended by Cape Coast Castle and other forts stretch along the shores between Liberia and Dahomey. Northward of these possessions are the peaceful and submissive tribes of the Fantees, Assins, and Ahantas, which are "protected" by the British Government; and beyond them, to the north, are the undefined dominions of Koffee Kalkalli. The immediate cause of the war was a series of fierce incursions of King Koffee against the Fantees, whom he drove to Cape Coast, and whose villages he burned; but the remote cause is alleged to be the resentment felt by this potentate at not having access to the sea-coast and at being deprived of the annual stipend which used to be granted to him by the Dutch. Whatever the grounds of the quarrel, it is certain that the English cabinet has entered upon a determined war. Nor is the struggle likely to be a very easy one, nor are the costs of it capable of easy reckoning. When Sir Robert Napier set out for Magdala, it was estimated that the war would cost England four millions sterling for it; she has actually had to pay nine. The Ashantee war is calculated at two millions; it is not unlikely to cost five, Koffee has been making, it is supposed, important alliances with many interior tribes; that he and his generals are skilled warriors, they have already betrayed; the English know nothing either of the numbers of his army, the manner of their equipment, or of the topographical features of the country they are about to invade; they do know that the resistence of Ashantee armies is not the only danger they have to face, but wild beasts also, and a most treacherous climate; and before they reach the promised El Dorado of the river Barra, and the capital, with its suspected golden stores, they must probably endure a long, weary, and uncertain campaign, in which they can scarcely hope to do more than to temporarily put an end to Ashantee excursions coastward.

How He Got into Business.

A watchmaker at Florence, Alabama, once told us how he managed to get into business there. He settled in the place a stranger, just after the people had started a new town-clock in the tower of the court house, but nobody came to give him a job. A week or two passed on without improving his prospects, when in a kind of desperation he determined to make a bold strike for business. Everybody swore by the town-clock, of course, a fact which our watchmaker knew, so after night he made his way into the tower and changed the hands a few minutes. Heard nothing of it on the day following, and so changed them the next night. On the morning after the second change had been made, a man called on the watchmaker and spoke of employing him to regulate the town clock; but the watchmaker told him he thought no regulation was necessary, as he had noticed that the clock was running exactly with his time, and drawing forth his watch, he compared it with the clock, and, sure enough, they were exactly together. Next morning the town-clock and the watches of the place were further apart than usual, and the gentleman who had called at the watch shop the day before now again presented himself, accompanied by several friends. To their great surprise they found the watchmaker's regulator and watch still exactly with the clock, and that settled the question. They all left their watches to be cleaned, remarking that they would rather have no watches at all than watches that did not keep time. The news spread; other irregular watches came in by the score until, before the day was over, the watchmaker had the windows hung entirely full of work.

Sheep as a Renovator.

A secesh soldier while fighting under Stonewall Jackson, in Virginia, saw the benefit of sheep-raising to revive worn-out land. Impoverished in the fight for slavery, he began with only ten ewe sheep, which he put in a small field near his house, that was full of briars and weeds. They soon ate up the briars, weeds, and the grass in fence corners. He gave them daily a little meal or bran, salted them often, and sheltered them in the winter, when they had swamp hay and a few roots. In the spring he had thirteen fine lambs, worth more than he gave for the ewes, and he said the wool and manure was worth more than the cost of the food. He plowed and planted the field to corn, and got over thirty bushels to the acre, while around the shed the yield was much larger. He now keeps sheep, and grows, without the aid of guano or phosphate, fine crops of clover, corn, wheat, and turnips. How strange that the Southern farmers so persistently neglect stock-growing, which is the only means by which they can obtain continuous crops of cotton. A Yankee who farmed at the South was remonstrated with for neglecting to grow cotton; he replied that he sold corn and meat enough to buy all the cotton made in his neighborhood.

Noah's Ark.

A scientific writer gives it as his opinion, founded on certain Biblical facts, that the ark was smaller than the Great Eastern. It had three decks, and was divided into numerous compartments by longitudinal and transverse bulkheads, for the safety and order of its occupants. It was built of gopher wood, a species of evergreen timber resembling the pine in length and strength of trunk, and the white cedar in lightness. In model, it was all that a great carrier could be, chest-like, with lines straight and angles square, but the bottom and top were elliptical in outline, presenting convexity to the earth and sky. After giving the dimensions and the model of construction of the several parts, this authority tells us, as if he was equally certain on this point, that the ark "is now in a good state of preservation, but lying under an eternal mantle of snow, hundreds of feet deep, at an altitude of seventeen thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. Ever since the flood dried up, the climate of Armenia has been colder, and snow always covers the top of Ararat, rendering it impossible for any of Noah's descendants to go up and find the ark.

PLANTING WALNUTS.—Black walnuts or acorns should be placed in moist sand as soon as gathered, and allowed to freeze during the winter. In the spring they may be planted in rows three or four feet apart. The black walnuts may be transplanted, as they crowd each other. The acorns, however, are transplanted with difficulty. The oak grows much slower than the walnut, and therefore you would lose your labor if planted together. Therefore plant them separately, by all means. Walnuts should be planted about three to four inches deep. Acorns one to two inches deep. Plant in exact lines for ease in cultivation.

On the Plains.

Many queer outfits are seen in Greeley, making long journeys over the plains, or who come hither from a distance to trade. We have first the man and his family in a two-horse spring wagon, having come through from the Missouri, or from Montana, or Oregon, seeking some new location, or they are simply traveling to see the country or to visit their friends. They are light-loaded and generally there are but few children. There are always bed-clothes, pillows, a trunk and a box for holding provisions, often a couple of chairs and sometimes a rocking chair. They are worn with travel, dusty, sun-burned and generally dilapidated, and women and children look out from under the wagon curtains with a curious gaze. Sometimes a better class will come under some trees along the river, wash up, and put on their good clothes; then they will come into town with the wagon curtains up, feeling full as good as anybody. The men wear nice clothes, though considerably wrinkled, and the women have black silk dresses, just a trifle out of fashion, or nice calico, ironed under a tree. In all their journeying they have slept in the wagon, have cooked their own provisions and picketed their horses on grass, though grain is always fed. Some of these outfits belong to invalids, more or less wealthy, who are in for a long trip along the base of the mountains, extending from the Platte to the Rio Grande, or even into Old Mexico, which country they mean to reach by winter. They have tents which they pitch near town, and there they sleep and cook, and after looking around as long as anything pleases them, they are up and off.

The regular mover's outfit consists of several wagons, well-loaded, with plenty of dogs behind, and lots of children within. Some are genuine Missourians, belonging to what is called the catfish aristocracy. They "don't know about this hur errygation; it looks like it was a heap o' trouble. May be they'll stay, but they allow a push on to the Arkansaw, where they can make corn and keep a gang of hogs." So they roll out with their dirty wagons and a few hoof-creaking cows.

The outfit of the Texas drover is a scientific affair. There is seldom a cover to the wagon: it is too much trouble, and the whole load is exposed to the public gaze. There are kegs of molasses and jugs of vinegar, and of something else, boxes of bacon, of flour, sugar and a variety of other provisions. Some things are strapped to the sides in a helter-skelter, but perfectly secure manner, and sometimes there are bundles of kindling wood tied to the hind axle. These outfits are seen almost every day of the season standing in front of the stores, while everything needed for a long journey to Utah, Montana, or Idaho is carefully brought together. Meanwhile, their immense droves are wending their way up the divide, south of the town, or around the colony fence on the north, and at last they too take up the long line of travel across the plains.

Then we have the supply teams for some timber camp or herder's ranch in the mountains, coming in by three, four or more days' journey, after flour, bacon, vegetables and groceries. When asked why they do not trade at the towns at the base of the mountains, the reply is that they cannot get all they want there, and that if they could, they can buy everything enough cheaper in Greeley to pay for making the journey. Another reason why many such come hither is because they want to see friends; possibly the young men want to see some girls of their acquaintance, and most of them get their letters and papers here. Invalids, all kinds of travelers, explorers, business men and tourists look for letters here.

Besides the railroad teams that take supplies down the Platte, are scientific parties, who have a wagon and a few riding mules, and here they get their flour, bacon and groceries before they issue into the solitude, to be gone for weeks and even months. Then we have our own people, some of whom are all the time on the move, either down the Platte or up in the mountains. The Platte characters mean business; they no longer wear broadcloth, but instead the roughest gear. Some of them wear buckskin pantaloons, with suitable fringe, and they always wear slouched hats. They are haying or herding, or something else, and if not too far away, they come back with loads of hay, on which they gracefully recline. Sometimes they bring up butter, and in the season buffalo meat and robes. Those who make the mountain trip are pleasure-bound, but having an idea it is a little rough there, the men wear old clothes, some of the women bloomers, away they go at what they call "bright and early," that is, 10 or 11 o'clock, and by hard pushing they camp within the foot hills. The next day they climb and climb; sometimes they get lost, but they go on two or three or more days, according to their strength and the stock of their provisions, and after a while they have a real pleasure, that is, when they come back dusty, hungry, feverish with what they have seen, and loaded down with specimens which in a few days they throw out at the back door. A particular friend of ours, a New York city gentleman, came back after a stay of ten days. He had on a shocking pair of pantaloons, held up by a big leather belt, a short-waisted coat, and a flannel shirt. He had lost the skin off his nose, and he was so lame he could scarcely hobble along, but he was enthusiastic about the things which he had seen, and he saw so many that the telling of them will last him so long he is not likely to go again soon. The women always go to bed, and it is several days before their noses resume the natural color.—*Greeley (Col.) Tribune.*

Protect the Quail.

Last winter the heavy snow storms destroyed the quail by thousands, and a great part of that destruction and suffering might have been prevented if people through the country had protected and fed them. The best way to do this is to drive stakes in the ground about ten feet apart, and a foot or two in height, then lay poles across and cover them with brush and leaves. This should be done before winter sets in, and some grain thrown under and around, to entice them to it; then when a heavy storm occurs they would resort to it as a shelter, as well as a feeding place. A few winters ago nearly every quail was killed throughout the Northern and Middle States, and special laws were made for their protection till the country was restocked. "An ounce of protection is worth a pound of cure."

HOW THEY DIED.—A letter from Havana gives the following account of the execution of the Virginius's prisoners at Santiago de Cuba: The four prisoners were shot at the place made famous by previous executions and in the usual manner, kneeling close to the slaughter house wall. All marched to the spot with firmness. Bembetta and Ryan showed marked courage, although the former was slightly affected toward the last. The two others quite broke down before they were bandaged; but Ryan kept up to the last, never flinched a moment, and died without fear or regret. Bembetta and Ryan were killed at the first discharge.

Then and Now.

John B. Gough, in a late lecture, said: Fifty years ago we burned the same materials for light as they did 5,000 years ago. The lamps and torches that illuminated Belshazzar's feast were as brilliant and were probably of the same materials as those at the earlier receptions at Washington. The same might be said of locomotion. Nimrod and Noah traveled at about the same rate of speed as our fathers. He remembered traveling between Albany and Utica, and making three miles an hour straight through. Now in twenty-seven hours we could pass the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, and 100 miles into Virginia. In the old times they lived for love, and for a plain, simple home with all its happiness and comforts. In the *then* the marriage relation with its hallowed influence was the offspring of love; in the *now* it was made a matter of barter and sale, and family life was metamorphosed into a wretched struggle for fashionable display. One man married to increase his respectability, one to please his friends, another brought a wife home to spite his relatives, and another married to procure service without being obliged to pay for it. One girl married because she did not like to work, and wanted to be supported in doing nothing but crochet and Berlin work, with ample time to go out. He sometimes saw these butterflies in the street, with abundance of finery, cheap jewelry, and head-gear; and, speaking of female head-gear, he might say that no one could break the second commandment in worshipping it, because it was unlike anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath. He knew it was the fashion to make old maids and old bachelors subjects of ridicule, but would it not be better to be laughed at because you are not married, than never to laugh at all because you are married? If a girl was meek in her manner; if she was modest in the presence of gentlemen, or if she is kind to animals, she was cut out for an old maid. Neatness, modesty, thrift, order, and humanity seemed to be the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature, the old maid. But, he asked, were not some of the women whose existence was a blessing to the world of this class? Take, for instance, Florence Nightingale, Miss Carpenter, Clara Barton, Miss Dix, and a host of others. We were Christians, and yet we worshipped the meanest of all gods, and bowed the knee to Mammon. The purse-bearing scoundrel was often honored, but the moneyless scoundrel was always despised. In some of our cities it was scarcely possible to convict a man with money of crime. He did not believe in hanging a man, but he asked did they ever hear of a poor man who had three trials for murder? (Applause). The question was not one of right or wrong, guilt or innocence; but of wealth or poverty.

Adventures of a Burglar.

A man tried to burglarize the house of Mr. Smith, residing in the neighborhood of the railroad track, but was successfully foiled in the attempt. It seems that the fellow forced an entrance through the back kitchen door by prying off the hasp, about 11.30 o'clock, soon after the occupants of the house had retired. The burglar, after getting into the kitchen, commenced walking around the room. Mr. Smith, who had not yet gone to sleep, heard the fellow, but kept quiet. In a few moments more the burglar entered the hall which leads directly to the sleeping apartment. About this time Smith had gotten out of bed, and, arming himself with a bootjack and one of his heavy boots, awaited the approach of the other. It was as dark as tar, and as soon as the man came within striking distance he let fly at him with his bootjack, hitting him over the head. The fellow beat a hasty retreat, but not fast enough to escape the heavy boot, which was thrown after him. When he got into the kitchen he didn't know which way to turn, as he had closed the door when he came in. Before he knew where he was he had fallen over the stove, knocking half a dozen tea kettles and pots off with him. This created such a terrible din that Smith thought four or five burglars were in his kitchen, and was afraid to follow. Lucky for the other that he did, for he had become so demoralized by the fall that he wasn't worth a cent for fighting. Getting on his feet again, he struck for the door wildly, and this time came in contact with a rocking chair, and he fell head over heels into a tub of water. His splashing and floundering around in the tub of water terrified Smith more than ever, and he began to think his house was possessed of devils. The man at last found the door, and jumped down the steps; he ran across the yard like lightning, and this time rushed into a small hen coop, which he knocked over, and killed several of the small hens. What happened to him after this no one knows. Suffice it, he has not shown himself around those parts since.—*Vallejo (Cal.) Independence.*

Critical Periods of Human Life.

From the age of forty to that of sixty a man who properly regulates himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and all the functions are in the highest order. Having gone a year or two past sixty, however, he arrives at a critical period of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "Old Age," round which the river winds, and then flows beyond without a doubt of causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, are also in the vicinity, to waylay the traveler and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with perfect composure. To quote a metaphor, "the turn of life" has a turn either into a prolonged walk or into the grave. The system and power having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close, like flowers of sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in its beauty and vigor until night has nearly set in.

HOW TO CURE CHILLS.—A lady writer gives what she believes to be a sure cure for chills. She takes about a pint of new milk, and stirs into it a tablespoonful of