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Life.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides
Into the silent hollow of the past;
What is there that abides,
To make the next age better for the last?
Life seems a jest of fate's contriving,
Only secure in every one's conniving—
A long account of nothings, paid with loss,
Where we, poor puppets jerked by unseen wires,
After one little hour of strut and rave,
With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
Loves, hates, ambitions and immortal fires,
Are tossed pell mell together in the grave.
Ah! there is something here,
Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer—
Something that leaps life's narrow bars,
A seed of sunshine that doth leaven
Our earthly dullness, with the beams of stars,
And glorify our clay,
With light from fountains, older than the day.

Miltiades Peterkin Paul is Guilty of "Picking and Stealing."

Little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Going down to the post-office one day in fall,
As he loitered along the road, chanced to espy
A tree thick with fruit in an orchard close by.
"Oho!" he cried gleefully. "Fee!—Fo!—Fi!
Fum!
Those are nice looking russets—I guess I'll have some.
I can't stand by and see good fruit hang there and rot.
I really can't do it—indeed I cannot!"

So little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Having looked all around, lest perchance Uncle Sol
(That was what people called Mr. Solomon Sly,
Whose orchard it was) should be watching close by,
He got over the wall and climbed into the tree—
(Oh, there never was such a smart climber as he!)
And presently found himself high in the tree-top,
With more apples about him than ten men could eat up.

Then he braced himself firmly and tasted a few;
And finding them quite to his taste, he set to,
Devouring one after another until
In a very short time he had eaten his fill.
And he breathed a most heart-rending sigh as he ceased.
"Ah! they say that enough is as good as a feast,"
Murmured little Miltiades Peterkin Paul.
"But I can't eat enough, I'm so dreadfully small.

"I'm determined, however, I won't leave them all,"
Continued Miltiades Peterkin Paul.
"I have several big pockets, I'll just fill them too—
It won't do any harm to lay in a few,"
Which was no sooner thought of, be sure, than 'twas done.
He stuffed all his pockets quite full, every one.
Then he cautiously turned him about on the limb,
To crawl back—when a frightful thing happened to him.

Alas, poor Miltiades Peterkin Paul!
There came a great crash—then he felt himself fall
Down—down, with a rush and a bump; and I fear
That his life and adventures had ended right here,
But that, lucky for him! his gray corduroy jacket
(Which was quite new and stout) was so big in the back it
Caught him fast on the end of a limb; and lo! there
Young Miltiades helplessly hung in mid air.

Then little Miltiades Peterkin Paul,
Almost frightened to death, began straightway to bawl
At the top of his voice: "Oh, dear! Help! Oo-oo-oo!
And his cries, being heard in the neighboring lot,
Quickly brought Mr. Solomon Sly to the spot.
Who, perceiving our hero, said grimly: "Ho! ho!
What's the meaning of all this, I'd just like to know?
That's a queer sort of fruit for my trees to be bearing!

What is that that you say? Help you? Humph? Well, now, really,
I should say you'd been helping yourself pretty freely.
I am sorry I can't stop to lend my assistance;
But the fact is e'er night I must travel some distance.
Just have patience, and maybe you'll get ripe and fall,
My dear young Miltiades Peterkin Paul."

MAY'S HOME.

May Linton! sweet May Linton!" he murmured, as he went home from his business.

Home! It was only a dingy boarding-house, ruled over by a dwarfed and wizened landlady, in a purple worsted shawl. But May dwelt there—sweet May, with her girlish grace and ready laugh, and her braids twisted round a high comb on the top of her little head.

She met him in the hall.

"I'm so glad to get home!" he said.

Her face flushed a little, and her eyes grew more full of light. It was so easy to see why he was glad.

"I only came in myself a moment since," she returned, and stopped, embarrassed at having answered his meaning rather than his words.

But young men are less observing of these little inner shades than young girls, for they are not required to guard the expression of their feelings, and Harry Bender was too happy to notice, or, if he did, it sounded quite right.

They were drifting toward that hour when some word or look would prove the open sesame, to their untried hearts, and then there would be a silence full of speech, into which a kiss would come of its own accord, to be remembered ever after as the awakening from a vague, sweet dream, into the sweetest reality on earth.

It all happened just so; and then there were a few happy weeks of extra work, and much planning of days in store. One morning, with light hearts, and the unspoken conviction that not even a moral earthquake could unsettle their well-secured happiness, Harry Bender and sweet May Linton, accompanied by May's Aunt Dodo, went to church, and were married with the same ceremony which the strange minister used for the uniting of couples whom God or Mammon had joined together.

There was precious little Mammon in this case. Nobody took any bridal tour. They never thought of the little expedient practiced by the steady young business man, who, seeing that his bride had set her heart on conforming to the custom, sent her off alone for two or three days, while he worked in the office, as usual.

The wizened landlady had hurt their feelings by raising the rent of the room prospectively.

"A family is a great disadvantage," she had said.

But Harry and May thought a family was just the nicest thing in the world, and after their wrath had died down, tried to pity the landlady for not seeing the matter from their stand-point.

At last the family was born. It was a very small one, and Harry addressed it as *couleur de rose*.

Three or four months later they moved, for May declared she would not live "where darling baby is considered a nuisance."

Harry wrote to Aunt Dodo about this time, and May put in a postscript.

THE LETTER.

"DEAR OLD ANGEL,—Nothing particular is happening except perfect happiness. We are living in a nasty little piggy room, twelve by twelve, which May keeps as nice, or nicer, than can be expected; and we don't often condescend to pay attention to the outside barbarians.

"May is the prettiest picture at this moment. She has got Miss Bender in the bath-tub, and Baby is splatting the water all over everything, while May has gone off into a gale. I must go and keep things from falling, for when May laughs she gets so weak. Her laughing so much, sensibly depreciates her market value as a wife and mother, of course.

"My salary is riz twenty dollars a month, and I am saving to buy—well, never mind what; you shall come and see us when it is bought.

"Your not infelicitous
"HARRY BENDER.

"May will a'd a P.S."

MAY'S P.S.

"DEAREST AUNTY,—If you were only with us—though, to be sure, I don't know where we could put you, unless you could go to sleep under my painting table, now transformed into an ironing table, or curl up in the baby's bath-tub.

"The idea of Hal's pretending to keep the great secret a mystery to you! That was only his sweet way of leaving me the pleasure of telling it.

"You know, Perth, where the Woods went that summer? Well, there is a little house of four rooms not ten minutes' walk from the depot of the Long Branch railroad, which goes near that little old village. The little house is not very pretty now, but it can be made so, and, oh, joy! it is dirt cheap. (This is Hal's cultured remark, and of course good enough for Hal's wife!)

"Aunty, think of it! I am nearly wild: a home, a little house to be the mistress of, and for Hal to come to!

"Well, we have saved one hundred and seventy dollars, and only need three hundred and thirty more, which Mr. Chace is going to advance to Hal.

"There is a brave old oak, and plenty of greenery all around us, and the great wide bay in sight, where Hal says the bloggest ships that
'Sail the seas over'
can come right in, and there are walks to lovely places. So you see we are going to a healthy neighborhood for my precious lamb of love.

"I am so well, and life is so sweet! I often have little weeps all to myself for sheer happiness. Happiness is good for people, Aunt Dodo. Away with the false theory of the uses of adversity! I am not half so selfish and thoughtless as I was. I may be a trifle vain, but Hal keeps telling me that my temper is only a little lower than the angels, and that I am his *litty bitty pa'idge*. (Isn't that too frantically imbecile?) It is lucky that baby cannot understand Hal's nonsense. Hal must learn to speak English in the bosom of his family before Miss Bender's talking days come.

"You had better read my end of the letter first, and call his the postscript. I meant to tell you all about baby, but I have no time now. You are coming to see us as soon as we get settled. Babs sends a honey-kiss. Good-by.

"Your beatitudinous MAY BENDER."

Five years passed. May and Aunt Dodo sat together in the cottage which was to have been an earthly paradise. Nothing had gone wrong that anybody could have helped, apparently, but somehow the glory had rubbed off. May seldom laughed till she was too weak to hold the baby nowadays. Her arms were oftener inclined to feel heavy from fatigue; but then this was the third baby, and a much more exacting one than "Miss Bender" had been.

It was delicious June. The white sails went up the bay, and took Venetian colors from the sunset.

"You look tired, May; give me the baby."

"No, Aunt Dodo; it would only save a drop in the bucket of my tiredness. It is quite chronic," said May, with a laugh, which I am glad Harry did not hear. Laughter without a heart in it has a bad effect on a man in his own home.

"Do you always have that pain in your back? Doesn't it ever stop?"

"Never," answered May. "That is, it never does when I am awake, and I often dream that I am being sawed in two at the spine, so it is to be supposed it goes on when I am asleep."

"I wish you would see a doctor," said Aunt Dodo, peeling apples.

"Harry thought as you do," May remarked, when she came back from putting the baby to sleep in its cradle in the next room.

"Thought what?" asked the old lady, wonderingly.

"Oh, nothing. About the doctor."

"What was that? I forget. Oh yes, about your pain."

"I wish I could forget it one minute in my life. One minute's utter rest!" said May. "Harry did go to one," she continued, "though I begged him not to waste the money, for, as you know, we shall lose the house if that mortgage is foreclosed, and every dollar tells; but he would. Poor Hal!" said the wife, wiping her eyes. "He said my temper needed curing, if my back didn't. It's very hard on him, my being so nervous. What do you suppose the doctor told him?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

May laughed again.

"He advised him to take me to Europe."

"Did you ever?"

"He told Hal that five women out of ten had more or less of the same thing, and that rest was the only cure—rest of body and mind."

"Did he know how you were situated?" asked Mrs. Pinkham.

"I don't imagine he could have taken Hal for a millionaire," replied May. "I rather think it was veiled satire on the doctor's part. There is a resort, I understand, where the most absolute repose both of body and mind is enjoyed."

"Where, my dear? If you could only go!"

"Yes, I think so sometimes," said May; "but there is little hope for a long time yet. We do a deal of bending before we break, Aunt Dodo. Besides, there are the children." She looked up fiercely. Was this hollow, despairing face that of "sweet May Linton?" "The life of mothers in poverty is more cruel than that which criminals lead as punishment for their crimes," she said, with bitter conviction.

Aunt Dodo said nothing, but while May took a heavy pot from the fire, she wiped her aged eyes with her sleeve, still holding the apple knife.

"Why, aunty," said May, turning, "are you trying to scalp yourself?"

Aunt Dodo dropped her arm, and May knelt at her side and put her arms about her. A tall form stopped in the doorway, but neither saw.

"It is not quite what we expected of life, is it, aunty?" said May. "But God and heaven and hope and love remain just the same, only the present is hard, and hides the truth from us at times. You must not believe," she went on, "that Hal and I are less dear to each other than of old; but when he comes in, full of his politics, and angry at this man, and eager about that one, and finds a cross, faded wife, who somehow seems to blame him, I dare say, though she never means it, and when the children trouble him with their noise, and don't look as neat as they used; and I feel all the time while I'm getting the supper as if I could die of pain, and weariness worse than pain, or give one dreadful shriek and go mad, and get rid of it all; and I have to fight it down, and go on seeing to fifty things at once, don't you see, dear, we cannot exactly be as we were five years ago? And yet if I were to die, don't you suppose I know how Hal would feel, not counting the need of me for the children or the work, but just the loss of me and my love? And if Hal should be brought home from one of those political meetings to speak no word of anger or hope about any man, or any word to me ever again"—May rose and clasped her hands—"aunty, it would be worse, a thousand times worse, than it would have been five years ago, when I was his itty bitty pa'idge." And May sobbed wildly.

A deeper sob, like an echo, startled them, and they saw Harry, who, with his head on his arm, had sunk into a chair by the door.

"My May! my poor little love!" he cried, as he took her in his arms and looked into her eyes, "I came home tonight a very angry and obnoxious fellow. I have lost the election, and, what is worse, Martin has gained it. But now I am glad, and not sorry, for I am going to spend my time and strength in serving my May instead of my country."

And Harry was as good as his word. Six-eighths of the time he had given to political excitement he restored to his business, and the mortgage was cleared from the homestead in a short time. The hours at home were hours of mutual help and harmony; for a strong determination will carry all before it, like the turn of the tide.

Many a rest on the little lounge, while the maid-of-all-work was putting the kitchen to rights after tea, did May enjoy.

Many an evening, when the children were asleep, her husband sat beside her, her sensitive clinging spirit resting in his loving presence, and her strained nerves relaxing from their long fatigue.

"Harry," said Aunt Dodo, during a flying visit, "happiness is the best and truest condition, of course, but I think you will agree with me that the happiness we have fairly won is worth the most; and, May, we can not really deserve it until we have learned the *uses of adversity*."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Burglar's Ruse.

Tim Brady, alias Oscar D. Peterson, recently captured in New York, after a long chase and desperate resistence, has been known to the policeas a shrewd, daring and successful burglar for a number of years. He was brought up in New York city, and was probably born there, and is about thirty-five years of age. The manner in which he spent his youth is unknown, but his acquaintance and standing among the "professionals" seem to indicate an early start in rascality. In all his operations Brady has been celebrated for coolness, impudence and success. The robbery of a Philadelphia bank about seven years ago furnishes a good illustration. The bank was about to close for the day, when Brady, in a policeman's uniform, entered the office and told the cashier that the police-sergeant of that precinct had ordered him to step in and say that suspicious-looking men had been seen hanging around the bank, and it was deemed necessary to send assistance to the night-watchmen who regularly guarded the bank's vaults. This was reported to the watchmen, and they were not surprised when four men in uniform came to the door just as darkness was setting in, and said they had come to help in guarding the bank. Suddenly Brady uttered an exclaimation, and pointed up the street. "What's the matter?" asked one of the watchmen. "Two men just slunk around the corner," whispered Brady; "let's us follow them," Brady and the watchman stole out of the building and spent a quarter of an hour prowling about the corner. When they returned to the darkness of the bank building, the watchman was suddenly knocked down, gagged and bound, as his companion had been, while he was at the corner with Brady. The robbers then proceeded in the most leasurely manner—having a whole night before them—to rifle the safes, which they easily forced open, and they departed without molestation in the morning. Brady was credited with the success of this crime, and the watchman to whom the police gave a private view of the burglar thought they recognized him, but dared not swear to his identity. Hence he escaped, though evidence has since been found which could convict him.

Trade Unions.

The number of trade organizations in the United States are comparatively few. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, who figure so prominently in the present great railroad revolt, was organized in 1863, and has a membership of about 14,000, and nearly 200 branches. Candidates for admission to the Brotherhood must be white men, not less than twenty-one years old, able to read and write, of temperate habits and good moral character, and with at least one year's experience as an engineer. The following is a list of the societies with branches in different States:

		Established.	Branches.	Mem'rship.
International Typographical Union	1852	175		10,950
Machinists and Blacksmiths	1859	164		8,000
Iron Molders' Association	1859	152		7,500
Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers	1863	192		14,000
Journeymen Tailors National Trade Union	1865	40		2,800
Coopers' International Union	1870	68		5,000
Cigar Makers' Union	1871	103		5,000
Miners' National Union	1873	347		35,315
United Sons of Vulcan	1874	...		4,000

The Miner's Union comprises organizations which existed for years in different States—Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Maryland, Missouri, Kansas, Tennessee and West Virginia. The society of the United Sons of Vulcan comprises iron puddlers and other workers in metals. The local unions are called "forges." In addition to the above, there are the Bricklayers' National Union, the United Order of American Plasterers, the House Painters' Union, the hat Finishers' Association, the Knights of St. Crispin (shoemakers), the Order of Morocco Dressers, the Journeymen Horseshoers' Union, the Society of Locomotive Firemen, and the Mule Spinners of Cotton Factories.

An Uncommonly Sharp Fox.

The Somerset (Me.) *Reporter* is responsible for the following story: The fox which Mr. Fairgrieves now has occupies a yard back of the store, to which Mr. Fairgrieve's dog has free access. The dog and fox are great friends. They frolic together, play "no end" of jokes on each other, and live in the most perfect harmony, save at "meal time." The discussion that a choice bit will call forth is sometimes most interesting. Mr. Fairgrieves gave the fox a bone the other day. The dog had been taught by experience that it was no use for him to try to capture it, so he retired into the store to watch the proceedings, doubtless hoping something would turn up in his favor. The fox ate what he wanted of the bone and preferred to lay it away for future use. The dog pricked up his ears, but yawned and betrayed no especial interest. The fox dug a deep hole, placed the juicy bone in the bottom, and, covering it over with earth, "patted" it down. He then went into his kennel, brought out an old dry bone that he had kept away from the dog for several days "out of pure cussedness," placed it in the hole over the sweet one, covered it up with apparent care, and retired to his kennel to watch operations. The dog saw the fox safely housed, and, as he had done before, stealthily approached the treasure, resurrected the dry bone and trotted off.

Pearls of Thought.

He that rises late hurries through the day.

Example has more influence than authority.

Let a lie alone, and it will run itself to death.

Complainers are always loud and clamorous.

The wisest of men is he who has the most civility for others.

It is the heart and not the mind that makes the true gentleman.

To be at once in any great degree loved and praised is truly rare.

Greatness may build the tomb, but goodness must make the epitaph.

Everywhere endeavor to be useful, and everywhere you will be at home.

Life is an outward occupation, an actual work, in all ranks and situations.

Keep the horrors at arm's length. Never turn a blessing round to see whether it has a dark side to it.

It is one of the most difficult things in the world to persuade overselves that any one can love those whom we ourselves dislike.

However many friends you have, do not neglect yourself. Though you have a thousand, not one of them loves you so much as you ought to love yourself.

Whosoever pays a visit that is not desired, or talks longer than the hearer is willing to attend, is guilty of an injury which he cannot repair and takes away that which he cannot give.

Winter, which strips the leaves from around us, makes us see the distant regions they formerly concealed; so does old age rob us of our enjoyments, only to enlarge the prospect of eternity before us.

He that never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes; and he who was never wise enough to find out any mistakes in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

The man who writes, speaks or meditates, without being well stocked with facts as landmarks to his understanding, is like a mariner who sails along a treacherous coast without a pilot, or one who ventures in the wide ocean without either a rudder or compass.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world: to despise it, to return the like or to endeavor to live so as to avoid it. The first of these is usually prevented, the last is almost impossible; the universal practice is the second.

With many persons the early age of life is passed in sowing in their minds the vices that are most suitable to their inclinations; the middle age goes on nourishing and maturing these vices; and the last age concludes in gathering, in pain and anguish, the bitter fruits of the most accursed seeds.

Do not imagine that the apppearance of sadness indicates sanctity; it may mean hypocrisy. To conceal one's own griefs for the sake of cheering others betokens a self-denying sympathy which is the highest kind of Christianity. Let us present the sacrifice of praise in whatever company we may be.

Idleness, as has been truly said, is the mother of crime; and it is the true road to poverty. We are all so constituted that our minds must be employed. Persons brought up idleness and luxury often acquire bad habits, which they never can throw off through life, and which aid in premature death. The associations in life are various, and all ought to be employed in some useful calling, and to faithfully discharge the duties of that calling.

Take this wise lesson. Aspire to the high places, and leave those you now have for other beginners. Aspire, but remember that you shall win them only by present content, and by doing well what you have in hand. You reach them only because you have more than filled your present place. If, because you think yourself too good or too big for, you decline its duties, you will simply demonstrate your unfitness for it; the shrinkage will slip into a smaller place.

Stand by your friends, let come what may, is a good motto. If you don't stand by them you needn't expect them to stand by you. So whether they be friends of high or low degree, in affluence or poverty, stick to them and don't stop to inquire whether it will pay or whether it will be popular. Whenever you prove traitor and desert those who have stood up for you and helped your battles, you will find yourself without any one to congratulate you upon your achievements, or comfort you in an evil hour when misfortunes comes thick and fast.

Some clear-headed fellow says there is but one road to happiness and prosperity, for either individuals or a nation, and that is economy and a faithful persistence in the legitimate paths of business. The riches that come in an hour do more harm than good. Hence we call upon all good people to stay the tide of wild excess. Let man be frowned upon in society where he is living beyond his means. Let all true and noble women express their disgust at the extravagance and indecent display of the followers of fashion. And so shall the nation be saved from the millstone that has dragged over republics to destruction; so shall our young men find larger and nobler devotion than that of money, and modesty and dignity shall not wholly desert English womanhood.

A Letter by Artemus Ward.

Mr. Charles F. Browne—otherwise Artemus Ward—once wrote a bright letter to a little eight-year-old friend of his in Elmira, N. Y., and the *Gazette* of that town now prints this letter for the first time. He tells his "dear Amelia" how much he misses her: "Why didn't I put you in a bottle and bring you down with me?" he says. "But I am always forgetting something. The other day I went off and forgot my Aunt Sarah, and she's a good deal bigger than you are. Mr. Ramsey is also a very forgetful man. He frequently goes off and forgets his washerwoman. * * * I like you very much. I should like you just as well if you were twelve years older. I am very singular about some things. You spoke to me about a boy who is my rival. I should feel very sorry to kill that boy, but he may drive me to it. I am in hopes that he will take himself into a premature tomb—that he may choke himself with a large slice of pudding—but if he does neither, I shall feel forced to load him with chains and read all my lectures to him. That will finish him. His boots may remain, but the rest of him will have perished miserably long ere I have got through!"

A Hat Stolen from a Man's Head.

The Baltimore *Sun* says that an old gentleman from the country had his new hat stolen from his head in that city, and a shocking bad one substituted in its stead by a shrewd thief. While looking in the shop windows some one came up behind him, and gave his hat a tilt, as he thought, and he paid no attention to the rudeness. He strolled down to the post office, and there discovered to his surprise that his own hat was gone, and that he had on his head a dilapidated tile. The police could not find the fellow who made the exchange.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Twelve ears of corn grated, two quarts of milk, four well-beaten eggs, one teacup and a half of sugar; mix and bake in a buttered dish; bake three hours. Sweet corn should be used.

TOMATO SALAD.—Wipe and slice about half a dozen tomatoes, lay them in a salad boil on a bed of green salad; pour over them the following: Salad dressing—Put in the bottom of a pint bowl the yolk of a raw egg and quarter of a saltspoonful of salt; stir up, drop by drop, three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one of vinegar or lemon juice and half a saltspoonful of dry mustard, stirring until smooth.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Put one cup of dark molasses, one-half cup of brown sugar and one-half cup of butter (or part butter and part lard) into a pan and set it where it will just come to a boil. Cool, and add one teaspoonful of ginger, one-half of salt and one egg. Stir in one-half cup of sour milk and two and a half cups of flour; beat well, and last of all add two even teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in one-third cupful of hot water. Bake in moderate oven until well done.

A CUCUMBER DISH.—Peel cucumbers, cut them lengthwise in half, scrape out the seeds if preferred, boil them in water well salted until tender, which takes usually about half an hour; toast nicely a few slices of light stale bread; lay the cucumbers upon them, and pour over the whole a sauce such as is used for asparagus, which should, of course, be prepared while the cucumbers are cooking.

PEACH COBBLER.—Make a rich biscuit crust; put it, rolled thick, around the dish; put in a layer of peaches, then butter and sugar, and a very little flour, then peaches, and so on till the dish is full; cover with a thick crust, cut a slit in the center, and pour in boiling water till full; bake in a moderate oven.

A NICE WAY TO COOK NEW POTATOES.—Pare and slice thin; let stand in cold water half an hour; then drain and put in half a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter and a little pepper and salt, and bake in the oven one hour.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Mix three large spoonfuls of ground rice in a little cold milk; let it boil about fifteen minutes, stirring all the while. When cold add four eggs, a little lemon; sugar to the taste, and bake it one hour. Line the dish with paste, or not.

Stump Sucking in Horses.

A correspondent asks: Is the habit commonly termed "stump sucking" the manifestation of some disease? If so, please give a remedy. I have never read anything on the subject, but I know that there are quite a number of horses which have this disease, if disease it is.

Wind sucking, stump sucking and crib biting are all one and the same habit, and, in some instances, are the manifestation of a disease; in others, the habit may have been acquired from old and confirmed crib biters. Some veterinarians attribute it to a distortion of the teeth, which have become worn away on their interior edge so as to show more or less of the yellow inside instead of the enamel. Prof. Law says: These worn teeth are associated with the serious vice of wind sucking (swallowing) and eructation, which leads to tympany, digestive disorder, and rapid loss of condition. The horse seizes the manger or other solid object with his teeth, arches and shortens the neck, and makes a grunting noise. The wind sucking may exist without crib biting. It may be learned by standing idle near a crib biter, and always goes on to disease and loss of condition. The same authority prescribes the following treatment: Smear the front of the manger with aloes or other bitters; cover all exposed woodwork with sheet iron; muzzles may also be put on after the horse has done feeding. Other equally good authorities recommend putting a lump of salt and one of white chalk or magnesia in a box before the horse, and keeping these constantly within reach. As we have said, the habit may be learned, but, in most instances, it may be considered as a kind of dispepsia, and the burning acidity of the stomach prompts the horse to get relief by sucking in cool air. The salt and magnesia or chalk affords a similar momentary relief, and frequently leads to a permanent cure.

A Good Word for the Crow.

A letter to the Chautauqua (N. Y.) *Farmer* says: Let me speak for the crow. Last year as I was harrowing corn with a vibrating harrow having teeth (you know it is a noisy thing), it uncovered a great number of white grubs, which you could see all about the ground. They are very destructive to vegetation of all kinds. They ate or destroyed thousands of hills of corn that year. You could see the track of the grubs as they traveled to get something to eat, for they travel when in search of food. You could see the surface of the ground a little elevated, and checked when the surface is hard and dry. Well, you see, when I was harrowing, as soon as the crows heard the harrow at work, they would come and light on the ground that was being harrowed, and the fresher the better they liked it; when going one way they would light after I had passed along; when I returned, and came within six or eight rods of them, they would rise gently and circle around in the rear again. I have counted as many as seventeen grubs that one crow had picked up at one lighting. They take any and everything, large and small—that is, worms, grubs and beetles. Crows can't pull corn when planted with a machine; we have no fear of them from that source. Finally, wherever civilization is, there are rooks and crows.

Japanese Progress.

A letter from Yokohama, Japan, to the Cologne *Gazette* says: that the mint at Osaka, which was opened upon the direction of an Englishman, some years ago, is now in full working order; 100,000 copper coins are turned out monthly, and the number of gold and silver coins which are eventually to be brought into circulation is 50,000,000 of the former, and 3,000,000 of the latter. The receipts of the post-office for the past year amounted to $595,000. About 30,000,000 letters, newspapers and parcels were transmitted by the post, and 114 letters only were lost. The exports during the season half of the year amounted to $20,000,000; the imports to $14,000,000. Of the former $15,000,000 represent the value of silk, silk worms' eggs, and cocoons. The custom revenues for Yokohama alone amounted to $1,534,200. The rice harvest being abundant, the government permitted its exportation, chiefly to Corea, where a famine was threatening in consequence of the long continuance of dry weather. A monthly line of steamers has been established betweed Yokohama and Fusan, in Corea.

TWO BRIEF EPISTLES.—The following brief epistles lately passed between Boston and Mount Desert:

SHE TO HIM.

MOUNT DESERT, July —, 1877.

Dear John: Lots of pretty girls here. Do come down. SALLY.

HE TO HER.

BOSTON, July —, 1877.

Dear Sally: Lots of pretty girls here, too. Can't get away from business. JOHN.

Sally came back to Boston the next day.

The Turkish Minister of War.

The pasha of Bagdad is the despotic ruler of the largest and most important province in Turkey. He has the command of a large army which is stationed at Bagdad and other towns within his pashalic, which is bounded on the east and south by the Persian frontier and the Gulf. More than once ambitious men holding this position, so remote from the home government, have been suspected of designs to render themselves independent sovereigns—a design which was successfully accomplished in 1830—by Mohammed Ali, pasha of Egypt. At the time of my visit to Bagdad, says a writer in *Scribner's Magazine*, the governor was the present Turkish minister of war, Redif Pasha, a successful general and a man of unquestioned energy and ability. Once while I was in Bagdad, he had an opportunity to show his power as a despotic ruler, and he acted with nerve and energy worthy of all praise. The Tigris, which had been on the rampage for two months, at last broke through the dirkes some ten miles above the city, and the torrent sweeping down with irresistible force, did great damage to the crops, and in a single day turned the broad plain at the back of the city into an immense lake. The water was only kept from flowing into the city by an embankment outside the walls, which in many places was out of repair. Great fear was felt of such an inundation as occured in 1831—the year of the pleague—when seven thousand houses fell in a single day. Here was an emergency calling for prompt action. The pasha issued an order closing all the bazars and shops, and for four days impressed the whole male population (foreigners excepted) to work on the dirkes. Half the force was sent up the river, and the balance set to work to repair the embankments around the city. I rode out in that direction one morning, and witness a lively scene. Several thousand men were at work, and the pasha himself was on the spot, surrounded by a brilliantly uniformed staff, superintending the operations. These energetic measures saved the city. The break in the dike up the river was stopped, and the water gradually subsided.

Upon my entrance to the audience-room of the pasha I found him seated at the further end of the apartment, near a large table covered with papers, and as I entered he rose and advanced toward me, shook hands, and courteously motioned me to a seat beside him. He is a large man, tall and quite portly, perhaps forty-five years old, with a full face, brown beard, and eyes sharp and piercing. His dress was entirely European, except the *fez*, without even a button to indicate his rank. His countenance indicates energy and firmness, and his manners are courteous and pleasing. Several officers of rank standing near were presented to me, but no one was seated except the pasha and myself. As he spoke only Turkish and Arabic, Mr. Stanno, a Levantine in the seavice of the government, was summoned to act as interpreter. Our conversation was necessarily slow, but the questions and replies were very readily translated, and I felt quite at my ease. I found the pasha very intelligent as to the geography, and government of foreign countries, and he seemed fully to comprehend that England and America were two distinct and separate countries. He offered me every facility for seeing Bagdad, and said that, as I was the only American who had ever visited him, he hoped I would receive a favorable impression of the country.

A Comedy of Errors.

Here is an amusing comedy of errors with a Parisian edge: Mme. de V. was very jealous, and determined to watch her husband. One day he told her he was going to Versailles, and when he went out she put on her bonnet and followed him. She kept him in sight until he turned into a passage which shortened the way to the railway station, where she missed him. She stood for a few minutes in the passage looking about, and suddenly saw a man coming out of a glove-shop with a rather overdressed lady. From the distance she made sure the man was her husband, and without a word of warning she gave him three or four sounding boxes on the ear. When the gentleman turned around to confront his assailant, she perceived that she had made a mistake, and at the same moment she caught sight of her husband, who had replenished his cigar-case at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. What could she do? It goes without saying that she fainted in the arms of the stranger whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady ran off as fast as she could to avoid scandal. The stranger, who was a comedian, was astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms; and while his ears were still tingling from her blows, he was again startled. A gentleman collared him, and shaking him roughly, asked him what he meant by embracing a lady in the street. "Why, she boxed my ears and fainted!" screamed the actor. "She is my wife," shouted the irate husband, "and would never have struck you without cause!" The infuriated gentlemen shook their fists until the lady, who had been carried into a shop, recovered sufficiently to explain how it had happened.

A Little Mixed.

A newspaper correspondent strolling among the dancers at a ball at one of the Virginia mountain watering places, heard the following amusing bits of conversation: "Delightful affair; Mr. Smith, have you seen the"——"snake killed on the mountain this afternoon measured thirteen feet and"——"he does look splendid; he always did in uniform; they say"——"the poor man had two cows killed on the railroad track yesterday by"——"Speaker Hanger, you know; he presided at the convention last week and"——"breaks hearts right and left; it's her first season out and that black moustached"——"nurse took the children out this morning and found them"——"a charming tarletan overskirt, but such a bustle! big enough to"——"mine coal near here, don't they, for the Richmond gasworks? I wonder"——"who is that tall girl; the blonde one I mean with her hair in"——"butter is very good here. Col. Peyton always particular about the quality of his"——"cot-bed out on the lawn to-night; the house is full and he was obliged to"——"allow me the pleasure of the next dance"——

Jilted Rock Sues for Damages.

The New Haven *Palladium* says: A rather novel breach of promise suit has just been begun before the superior court for Windham county. David L. Rock, a sturdy young man of Wauregan, two years ago began to pay his addresses to a bright, black-haired, black-eyed girl by the name of Agnes Greenea. The swain bought little presents and paid his sweetheart the most undivided attention, but Agnes didn't think enough of David to become his partner for life, and plainly told him so. David didn't like the "mitten" a bit, but watched every opportunity to enjoy the company of Agnes. About three months ago John La Rose appeared on the scene, and his attentions to Agnes were reciprocated, and after a short courtship they were married. After the knot was tied, all the chances of David Rock were gone, and he now brings a suit for $200 damages against the girl and her husband.

LOVE AND ICE CREAM.

The Capacity of a Girl in Love Just Five Plates.

There is some affinity between lovers and ice cream. Just what it is or why has never been disclosed and yet remains a problem for the consideration of Tyndall and Huxley. A writer, whose name is unfortunately lost, having become erased from the roll of honor by age, has computed that a girl who has been two or three times in love can corral five dishes of ice cream at a sitting. This is somewhat discouraging to the beaux and renders it necessary that the young ladies should observe secrecy concerning their love affairs lest they should become objects of terror to the young men until their day of grace is frittered away. But there is a subtle instinct that prompts the young lover to indulge the passion of the object of his affections. No matter how unsophisticated he may be or how little knowledge of the world and of women he may have this unseen prompter whispers in his ear:

If thou wouldst be loved give her ice cream.

This psychological fact has not escaped the notice of designing men, who have encouraged and fostered this passion and turned it to their own advantage as caterers to it. The last and most ambitious schemer has invented a patent scoop which is warranted to retain the precious mixture while it is carried some distance to some secluded spot, where in silence and apart the loving twain may devour it. The idea was a bright one, and was, of course, eagerly snatched at by lovesick swains. But, alas!

Whoever thinks a perfect work to see
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.

Jeffersonville, Ind., furnishes the victim. What so soothing to his burning heart as the cooling ice cream sliding down his æsophagus? So it became his custom to carry one of these new-fangled scoops filled with the seductive concoction to the house of "the maid his heart had singled from the world," and they would ramble to some "flowery dell," where, with none to molest or make them afraid, they would surround the delicacy. But every dog has his day, and the time came when the iron entered into the vitals of this young man. He had purchased a scoopful of the frigid nectar a few evenings since and was proceeding on his way to the residence of his charmer, with love and anticipation in his heart and the scoopful of ice cream in his hand, when he met her coming with another fellow to procure that which satisfied her longing as nothing else could do. Whether it was from sudden emotion, or whether he feared that his heart might crack if too suddenly cooled, he hastily shoved the scoop into his pantaloons pocket. Then it was that the hitherto faithful scoop failed him, and he became convinced of the vanity of man's intentions and woman's constancy. Jilted by the woman he loved and betrayed by a new-fangled ice cream scoop, how the pride of his life oozed away—ran down and filled his boots! His love for the girl melted like the ice cream in his pocket, and the light of his life disappeared with the polish on his boots. Seldom have we been called upon to sympathize with a sadder fate or to mourn over so much sweetness so suddenly dispelled. He who but a few short moments before had started forth with a proud heart and a well-filled scoop returns with blasted affections and a boot full of skimmed milk.

Our Commerce.

We have before us the condensed statement of the imports and domestic exports into and from the United States during the fiscal years (ending June 30,) 1875, 1876 and 1877, prepared by the bureau of statistics. The document is always of great interest, and never less so than now. With imports we find of raw and partly manufactured articles, decreases in 1877 as compared with 1875, in live animals, breadstuffs, fish, fruits, hemp, hides and skins, marble, paper material, salt, seeds, spices, tea ($6,500,000), tin, timber, wool ($4,000,000) and zinc. The totals for "crude or partially manufactured articles" for the three years are: $207,907,270 in 1875; $199,333,840 in 1876, and $189,318,002 in 1877. Our imports of manufactured articles show a heavy falling off in almost every item. We can only note, in round sums the more important: Beer, ale and porter, $1,000,000; cotton manufactures nearly $9,000,000; flax manufactures over $5,000,000; iron and steel manufactures, $9,000,000; leather, $2,000,000; precious stones, $1,200,000; silk, $3,500,000; spirits and wines, $2,000,000; tin, $3,300,000; tobacco, $1,100,000; watches and movements, $1,510,493, and in woolen manufactures the figures are $44,609,704 in 1875, to only $25,698,300 in 1877. The annual totals for manufactured articles are $325,008,157 in 1875; $261,407,350 in 1876, and $261,989,547 in 1877. The totals for merchandise are $533,005,436 in 1875, $460,741,190 in 1876, and $451,307,549 in 1877. For the same periods the imports of coin were $20,907,717, $16,935,681 and $40,774,414. The notable increase is in sugar and molasses—about $7,700,000.

The domestic exports for the three years show that in the totals for crude or partially manufactured the amounts were $492,996,479 in 1875; $577,139,920 in 1876, are $554,744 111 in 1877. The most notable increases are in petroleum, from $30,078,568 to $61,789,438, and in meats, from $39,217,176 to $67,288,758. Of manufactured articles the most important increases have been in cotton goods, from $4,071,882 to $10,235,843; copper, from