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Good-Night.

God keep you safe, my little love,
All through the night;
Rest close in his encircling arms
Until the light.
My heart is with you as I kneel to pray,
Good-night! God keep you in his care away
Thick shadows creep like silent ghosts
About my head;
I lose myself in tender dreams,
While overhead
The moon comes stealing through the window bars,
A silver sickle gleaming 'mid the stars.
For I, though I am far away,
Feel safe and strong;
To trust you thus, dear love—and yet—
The night is long—
I say with sobbing breath the old fond prayer,
Good-night! Sweet dreams! God keep you everywhere?

A Wish Fulfilled.

In the following poem Mr. Bryant expressed a wish which is happily fulfilled in his death in the first month of June—*New York Evening Post.*

JUNE.

I gazed upon the glorious sky,
And the green mountains round,
And thought that when I came to lie
At rest within the ground,
Twere pleasant that in flowery June,
When brooks send up a cheerful tune,
And groves a cheerful sound,
The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
The rich, green mountain-turf should break.

A cell within the frozen mould,
A coffin borne through sleet,
And icy clods above it rolled,
While fierce the tempests beat—
Away!—I will not think of these—
Blue be the sky and soft the breeze,
Earth green beneath the feet,
And be the damp mould gently pressed
Into my narrow place of rest.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
The golden light should lie,
And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
Stand in their beauty by.
The oriole should build and tell
His love-tale close beside my cell;
The idle butterfly
Should rest him there, and there be heard
The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts at noon
Come, from the village sent,
Or song of maids beneath the moon
With fairy laughter blent?
And what if, in the evening light,
Betrothed lovers walk in sight
Of my low monument?
I would the lovely scene around
Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know that I no more should see
The season's glorious show,
Nor would its brightness shine for me,
Nor its wild music flow;
But if, around my place of sleep,
The friends I love should come to weep,
They might not haste to go.
Soft airs, and song, and light and bloom
Should keep them lingering by my tomb.

These to their softened hearts should bear
The thought of what has been,
And speak of one who cannot share
The gladness of the scene;
Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green;
And deeply would their hearts rejoice
To hear again his living voice.

Thusie's Fourth of July.

It was different from any other Fourth of July. There wasn't a man, woman, or child in Bayfield whose blood did not tingle with a patriotic desire to "celebrate," not only because of the birthday of our nation's liberty, but for the glorious anniversary of old Bayfield town itself. One hundred years old on this day! Little Thusie Bassett wouldn't have been in the least surprised if the sun had stood still. It would only have been just what ought to have happened on this "Centennial Day."

The day was everything that could be desired. Early the crowds began to assemble, and the village green was gay with the happy folk who came proudly from their simple homes. Was ever anything quite so fine—the singers marching into the dilapidated old church with their books; the tables in the grove of fine maples just a little distance off fast becoming resplendent under the fingers of ambitious matrons and rosy-cheeked maidens; the grand new band, blaring and drumming so joyously that lazy farm horses came hurrying up the steep hills to be there in time; the little streamers of red, white and blue bespangling the harnesses; the big flag floating from the church belfry; the cannon booming on the village green.

Thusie just clasped her hands and sighed. She had "run and raced herself most to death," as Aunt Martha observed, thus early in the day. She had fallen down and scraped the skin off from a large place on her knee; she had torn a hole in her best frock; but what cared she for such slight mishaps? Was she not part and parcel of this glorious Fourth of July? Tired as she was she swung her own small flag bravely, and glanced with pride at the little bunch of red, white and blue ribbons that Aunt Fanny had pinned on her white dress; and then away she went again, her small figure curvetting and frisking in and out as she "celebrated" with the other children.

"Thusie come here!" called Sarah Jones. "I want to tell you something. No, Nelly Smith, you ain't camin'! You'll go and tell!" And Sarah dragged Thusie off, and with an arm around her waist and persuasion in her voice she told of a secret—O, such a great one!—and enlarged enthusiastically upon it to the two or three other girls who were graciously allowed to join.

"Now you see, girls, this is what we're going to do. Don't you never tell—'certain true, black and blue, hope I may die if I do!' you must say; because, you see, it's a great secret."

"O, no Sarah!" said timid little Frasie Newcomb, "that's wicked."

"Poh! no, you goosie! it don't mean anything."

What Sarah wanted them to say it for if it didn't mean anything, the girls didn't clearly see; but they repeated the magic words.

"There now! I can tell you with some comfort," said Miss Sarah, seating herself on the grass in a sheltered nook, which example was followed by the others till they formed a circle; then, in a low voice and with many mysterious gestures, she unfolded the wonderful news.

"Well, girls! you know the fireworks to-night? Well, you all know we can't see anything on the Green, the folks crowd and jam so; so we—that is, us five—are going up into the old belfry!"

"O!—O!" screamed two or three of the girls.

"Sh! if you don't want all the boys coming."

"But, Sarah, I don't see how," said one of the girls. "They won't let us. You know Deacon Smith said nobody must go up there; 'twan't safe, he said. He said the old shell would break through or tumble off, if a great crowd got in."

"Anybody knows better than that, and besides, we ain't a crowd! I guess 'tain't coming down for five girls! And just think how we can see the rockets and comets from the big window!"

"It would be splendid," said Roxy Thompson, "but I should be frightened most to death, Sarah."

"And isn't there mice—and things?" timidly asked Lucia Russell.

Thusie said nothing. She knew her mother never would hear to the lovely plan. Besides, she was to go with the rest of the family to "Uncle John's." O, dear! if she could only do as she was a mind to, like Sarah.

"Besides it will be dark, Sarah," pursued Lucia.

"No 'twon't; it'll be as light's anything. Why, the fireworks go shooting up, whiz! bang! all through the sky,"—and Sarah suited the action by an expressive fling. "I've seen 'em when I went down to Boston last year." And Sarah descanted on the glories and wonders in store for them till she got them wild with delight and ready for anything. Having a head for contrivance, she had the plan ready for getting into the church.

"You know, girls," she said, "they've decided to ring the bell when they're ready to set off the fireworks. Well, when Joe Vance goes up to ring it, we must be all ready to creep up after him. He's awful slow, you know; and besides, he'll be making such a noise with the bell he can't possibly hear us. And I'm going to have my pocket full of candy, and we can sit up there and see the whole thing just elegant! So, Thusie, you be sure and be here. We're to meet under the big oak tree. And Frasie, if you tell, there'll be the most awful things happen to you! And Su, don't wait to wash all the dishes for your Aunt Betsey; she can do 'em for once. And Tildy—"

"If you want any dinner, come along; they're all sitting down!" screamed Rob Davis, poking his head into their retreat with a whoop that made them jump.

Away they all ran, and fireworks and belfry were so forgotten in the glories of that table—a real Fourth of July celebration table! Flowers, pyramids of cakes and flags flying from the apex, cookies, tarts, iced loaves—every cook had done her best.

Sunset was coming on before the last left the tables, and even then Thusie had scarcely thought over her promise. She only vaguely realized what a forbidden thing she and the others were going to do. I think if she had really and fairly reflected upon it, she would have refused to have anything to do with the whole thing and stood firm. "My think always comes afterwards," a little girl once said, and it's most always a sorry think!

Well, the sun went down. Great gold and red clouds came out all over the sky; there was one cloud nearly white, with deep red borders and a rosy center, on the blue patch that had been so bright through the day.

"See, it's put on red, white and blue!" called Henry Carter, and all the children rushed to see.

"Thusie," said her mother, as she drew her little girl who was racing along with the others towards her, "I am going home now to put Gracie to bed, and when you get ready you run right along up to Uncle John's. Aunt Fanny went an hour ago, she was so tired."

Thusie's heart gave a naughty little leap. Was anything ever so convenient! Merry groups were already getting "the best places" for a good view. She knew it must be time to be at the meeting-place under the big oak. Away she ran with rapid footsteps and was soon under its shelter. She was the first one there, but in a minute Sarah Jones and Tildy Thompson rushed up and threw their arms around her; then Lucia came—all there but Frasie.

"Why don't she come, the stupid thing!" fretted Sarah. "There's old Joe crossing the Green, now; we can't wait for her any longer."

That moment Frasie, panting and frightened, hurried up and was pulled into their shelter.

"What made you so late?" demanded Sarah.

"Oh! I couldn't help it," panted Frasie. "I had to run every step of the way. My little brother Teddy and cousin Augusta would come, and old fat Mrs. Brown wanted me to get her a chair, and then I tumbled down and—"

"Well, never mind," said Sarah, "you're here now, at last. Come, girls, now for it!" And with many a whisper and giggle they stole along under cover of the darkness after old Joe who was blundering up the stairs, making so much racket himself that he couldn't hear anything else.

"Oh, mercy!" whispered Sarah, "I ran my head into a horrid cobweb and it's all in my eyes."

"Sh! Sh!" And on they sped lightly.

"Frasie Newcomb, you shan't scream, so there!" A big mouse, unaccustomed to such interruptions, had flounced across the floor right across the children's feet. Clang—clang! clinkity—clang! How queer the old bell sounded up here.

Joe they could see above them as his figure swayed back and forth, and they wondered how he could possibly get up there upon the rickety little ladder. Wasn't it delightful, though, up in this dim forbidden spot—all shadowy nooks and mysterious recesses—lighted weirdly by the lurid glare from the firework stand outside. How queer all the people looked moving down on the Green.

"There's Miss Priscilla Bascom," announced Tildy with a soft giggle. "Ain't she funny? My! look at her nose—it's a yard long!"

"Yes! but O, see what they're doing there!" whispered Sarah excitedly.

"Where? where?" said Frazie, trying to see.

"O, Frasie! you push bad as the folks on the Green," grumbled Sarah, not moving in the least to accommodate.

Just then a most dismal noise sounded close which made them all jump and stare in each other's faces in fright.

"Oh, what was that?" whispered Lucia, grasping Thusie's arm.

Sarah's black eyes began to protrude a little, but she said nothing.

Hush! Another awful noise that seemed to the frightened girls like thunder; something ran and pounced into a dark corner. They didn't wait to see what it was; they sped and tumbled over each other to get to the landing below. Thusie's lovely blue sash was grasped by Sarah's sticky fingers, which had been greedily and slyly diminishing the pocketful of candy in the darkness above.

"Well!" gasped Sarah, when at last they reached the foot of the stairs, "I don't see what there is to be frightened at!"

"What—did you—come for then?" choked Thusie, who had scrambled so she could hardly breathe, let alone talk.

"Why, I didn't till you all started," snapped Sarah. "But never mind, here's a splendid place to see!" and she ensconced herself at once in the best corner of the big, square, front window. It was very dirty, being covered with dust and grime, not exactly the place that careful mothers would have selected for the holiday dresses of their children.

The grand show of the evening now began. The girls held their breath as they watched entranced in the dirty old window, crouching together very uncomfortably, trying hard to think they were having a nice time. And O! it was so warm and stifling.

"Phew! How close it is! Do open the window, Sarah!" gasped little Frasie at last.

But it wouldn't open.

I wish we had staid out on the Green," wailed Tildy.

Suddenly Sarah screamed.

"Why, as sure as you're alive, they're going round to the side of the church, girls, with that splendid wheel of liberty! O, hurry, hurry, hurry!" and she began to scramble down and pick her way over the rickety landing to the belfry stairs.

"Wait!" called out Frasie; but Sarah sped on. They could scarcely see her ahead. They had all they could do to follow her, and Thusie, being last and catching her dress on a rusty nail by the unlucky hole she had acquired in the early part of the day, had to stop outright and release it, and so was entirely separated from the others. Her mates, supposing her close behind, reached the front outer door and were soon scattered in various directions among their friends, and lost in the delightful enjoyments.

Thusie turned, after going down the stairs, the wrong way. Near the foot there was a closet—a little old musty place for odds and ends—a place that very few knew existed. The door of this closet stupid Joe had left open when he went for a pole that was wanted; and Thusie, in her bewilderment stumbling along the narrow passage-way, turned into this door and fell headlong over an old worm-eaten stool standing in the middle of the floor. She struck her forehead with great violence on the floor beyond, and knew no more.

And now the show was over. Everybody was getting ready for home. Old Joe was locking the church.

Couldn't any friendly hand rouse little Thusie! Aunt Fanny, safe at "Brother John's," supposed her with her mother on the Green. This was why Thusie wasn't missed by anyone. Couldn't something have whispered to the loving mother as she sat there in her low rocking-chair—kept at home herself from Uncle John's by sick little baby Gracie, crooning soft melodies into the fretful little ears—of the danger and loneliness that threatened her little Thusie!

The old church door shut with a bang. This it was, probably, that fairly roused Thusie from the swoon out of which she was slowly coming.

In those first dreadful moments Thusie never knew what she did. She groped her way out at last to the main passage. There was a window up to which she managed to climb and press her frightened little face piteously to the pane. From time to time, as she had groped her way along, she had called and shouted and then paused to listen. She soon began to realize this was of no use.

"Oh, dear!" I don't believe I ever could have hated Uncle John's," she sobbed. "It's just the loveliest place!"

And then the bitter tears dropped down and rolled all over the soiled little cockade that had been so gay and patriotic in the early morning. Thusie was a child of great common sense. She knew nothing could actually harm her in the old church, and darkness had never for her any of those keen terrors that invest it with such horrible dread for other children; but remorse reproached her sorely.

She said over all her prayers, even those of her badyhood. And then she watched and waited. It seemed to her hours, but, in reality, it was only late beb-time through the village; the lights, one after another, went out, and all were peacefully settling for the night.

What was that! Surely nothing but a mouse nibbling at the old wood-work. Again. That was no mouse! Thusie would have said she smelt something burning, only she must have been dreaming. She pinched herself to keep awake. But no! there certainly was a little flame of fire shooting up its determined tongue right there on the very roof of the porch. Locked up in an old church, with the fire that had somehow caught from the fireworks and been smouldering, until now it had broken out! All the people at home and in bed!

Thusie knew enough to realize that the old weather-beaten structure could never withstand the test. If she could only ring the old bell! But Joe always put up the ladder and secured it by a hook when he finished ringing. She rattled the window; she screamed; she crawled to the door and tried with all her might—which was quite considerable now—to shake it; anything to make a noise.

She could see the fire slowly growing bigger. What was one flame had now become two, with a swift increasing velocity that threatened the whole building.

"Oh, dear! I wanted fireworks, and now I have got them," moaned Thusie.

Still the awful crackling as the dry timbers took fire, and the smoke began to come in through the big cracks. She flung herself down on the floor; she could not look up any more.

"Fire! fire! The church is on fire!" in what seemed to Thusie the voice of an angel, rang through the stillness.

It was farmer Brown going home late in his wagon. The old church porch was wreathed in flames when his first wild cry rang over the startled village.

Thusie rushed back to the window. She felt the hot rush of the flames pushing in at the cracks and the rickety window. The light of the bright fire fell upon her white dress, whiter face, and disordered hair, making a strange picture; but she was not discovered yet by the excited crowd. At last Job Sawyer, a stalwart rough blacksmith, but with a heart tender as a child's, cried out:

"Why! there's a little gal up there!"

All eyes were turned then up to the window, and a second's pause fell upon them all. Then Job sprang upon another man's shoulder, swung himself up to the railing, and with one blow from his powerful fist shattered the window to fragments. He grasped Thusie, passed her to the trembling crowd below. Thusie heard the voices about her as in a dream.

"Why, it's little Thusie Bassett!"

"Sakes alive! how did it happen?"

"What if it had been my Jane!"

"Where's her mother?"

She only knew she was in her father's arms—safe now! And she knew no more until in her own dear home she came to herself with a great gasp; and there she was looking into the blessed face of her mother. And six simple little words were on her lips, unuttered, involuntary, but never forgotten, never annulled: "*I will always mind my mother!*"—*Wide Awake.*

American Carpets.

Our production of carpets is larger than that of any other country in the world. In 1875 the value of the product was $32,376,168. In 1872 our importations of carpeting amounted to nearly $6,000,000; in 1877 they were only $674,911. In their report as to the character of American carpets, the Centennial judges said: "The proofs at the Exhibition of our attainments in this manufacture were observed with no little surprise. It was manifest, from the absence of rival foreign exhibitions, that in respect to the carpets of the cheaper and medium qualities, up to the two and three-ply ingrains, the competition is confined to our own manufacturers. Even rival English manufacturers generally admitted that in the production of Jacquard Brussels, tapestries and Wiltons, and narrow Axminsters, we have nothing to learn from them either in design or fabrication.

It is worth remarking in this connection that when American inventors undertook the task of devising carpet-weaving machinery, the work was all done on handlooms by men. Now women and boys do all the manual labor. In 1844 a man with a helper could weave not more than seven yards of Brussels carpet in a day. Now a girl will weave fifty yards in that time.—*Scientific American.*

"Can you tell me where Washington's monument is?" asked a rural gentleman in Charles street, Baltimore, the other day. "Just lift your eyes off the ground," said the person addressed, rather tartly, "and you'll see it." "Well, I have lifted my eyes," said the rural party, looking his informant calmly in the face, "an' I don't see nuthin' but a blamed old fool."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Keep weeds in check.

Attend daily to the potato beetles.

An acre of soil one foot deep contains 4,000,000 pounds.

Grape trellises may be made of wire that the vines easily cling to.

Paris green, as an insect exterminator, must be used with great caution.

Unbuckle a harness before cleaning and oiling it.

Insects on vines can be driven off by sprinkling the vines with plaster, soot or air-slacked lime.

If you will plant seed of the castor bean where moles are troublesome, it will drive them away.

A mixture of sifted coal ashes, sulphur and hellebore, will dislodge most leaf insect feeders, if sprinkled on after rain, or when the dew is on.

Do not trim up your trees five or six feet. Let the limbs of the tree come near the ground. In other words, shorten in your tree.

Real hard work is now the lot of all farmers. To do this, and keep strong and well, live temperately. Be prudent in all things. Retire early. Sleep is a great restorer of strength to the laboring man. Get all you can of it. Do not overtax your system. Do all you can without injury. Health is more important than money. Keep it if possible.

A farmer of experience says that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are almost the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and bad legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything.

Chimney soot is a very powerful manure applied at the rate of one pound to the rod. It abounds in ammonia, and consequently possesses stimulating power to a remarkable degree. Too much soot per yard will drive vegetation beyond what is desirable. One part of soot and two of guano possess more stimulating ammonia than any other manure extant. Soot forms an exceedingly rapid stimulant for peas, lettuce, carrots spinach, and most crops in a liquid state, at the rate of half an ounce to two quarts of water given so to soak down to the root. Always give soot while the plants are in an active state. Most houses make soot enough to manure a whole garden for the year.

Poultry Notes.

It is stated by an intelligent and successful poultry breeder that experiments have satisfied him that chickens from hens fed on oats are much more vigorous and hardy than from those fed on corn.

A writer in *The Poultry World* says that the effect of sunflower seed in glossing the plumage of fowls that eat them is very soon noticeable. Another advantage in this feed is that breaking the shell to get at the kernal—which they soon learn to do—is useful exercise and diverts attention in confinement from egg-eating, feather plucking and similar mischief of idle hens.

A hen was found so lame she could not walk. Parasites under the scales around the joint just at the edge of the feathers, were the cause. Two applications of turpentine effected a cure, followed by annointing with coal tar. The turpentine killed the insects, invisible to the naked eye, and the coal tar healed the soreness.—*Rural New Yorker.*

H. W. Pottage, of Indiana, writes that, after having tried, without success, various remedies to remove vermin from young chicks, he has found the following to be the quickest and most effective way of disposing of the pests. Take a sponge, dip it into kerosene and squeeze dry, then mop the feathers and fluff of the mother hen; and in the evening and next morning you will be satisfied with the result. An occasional application will keep young chicks entirely free from vermin. Care must be taken to squeeze the sponge dry as it is the odor that removes the critters! We have tried this with good results.

Cayenne Pepper for Fowls.

Fowls seem to need some stimulating food, or rather an occasional seasoning of their different feeds of grain in its varied forms. Some breeders resort to prepared foods or some of the condimental poultry foods which are now so prominently brought before the public. Some of these are undoubtedly most excellent, and a breeder may be benefitted by using them knowingly. There are some of the preparations, however, which are to be tried with caution, for they are prepared by those who do not know anything about compounding preparations of any kind. Other things being equal, the simplest thing that can be used is often found to be the best. In this connection Cayenne pepper is largely used, especially for young chicks, and for young turkeys, too, but it must not be fed in too large quantities. Better feed sparingly and often than at long intervals and in large quantities. It should always be fed with soft or mixed food, especially with corn meal. Mix the pepper well with the meal before moistening it, so as to insure it being well mixed through. Poultry breeders—those who raise turkeys largely especially, know the value of Cayenne pepper, and use it accordingly. Full grown fowls, too, are very fond of it, and it serves to keep them healthy, sharpens their appetites, and helps to induce them to lay well and early.—*American Poultry Journal and Record.*

The Great Inventor.

Mr. Edison is above the medium height, and although he is only thirty-one years old, his iron gray hair and thoughtful eye show the effects of continued study. He is genial, liberal, and entirely unostentatious. His mind, day and night, is on projects; and even while eating his thoughts dwell on his inventions. His table conversation consists of occasional ejaculations regarding some new point in whatever project he may have in hand. He is at home in his laboratory, which is very large and complete in all of its appointments. He has a number of assistants, who are competent and quick to carry out his wishes, and they are often engaged on several widely different subjects at the same time. The experimental apparatus which is completed during the day is often tried at night when all is quiet and no visitors are present.

Notwithstanding his great mental labor, he avers that his health is good, and that as his occupation is pleasurable it does not tire him.

His residence and laboratory at Menlo Park are beautifully situated upon the brow of a hill that overlooks a picturesque valley. The beautiful landscape and the mountain air—Nature's best restoratives for the brain-weary—he has without the seeking.

Mr. Edison may well pride himself as to his position in the world of science, standing, as he does, first among the inventors of the day; and having, by his own energy and persistence, secured an income that enables him to carry forward on a grand scale such experiments as his prolific mind may suggest.—*Scientific American.*

Fashion Notes.

Jabots are worn more than ever.

Tinted veils are very fashionble.

The fashionable fan is of medium size.

Veils cover the whole face this summer.

Jubarry lace is popular for dressy jabots.

The "Lavense" overskirt grows in favor.

Wide collars and deep cuffs grow in favor,

Gray is the color for a mountain or seaside suit.

The "Mignon" is a pretty summer basque mantelet.

Japanese fans are still the favorites for ordinary use.

Fringe or trimming is not suitable for mountain suits.

White is the favorite garden party dress this summer.

The "Carmen" is the popular blouse waist this season.

The Mignon visite is the popular dressy wrap for the moment.

Parasols have round tops this season, and are of medium size.

The Estelle basque is an improvement on the cutaway jacket and waistcoat.

Surplice basques are worn by matrons; blouse waists by girls in their teens.

Pongee parasols, lined with contrasting color, are the thing for dressy summer toilets.

Coarse straw hats, raised on one side and trimmed with great simplicity, are suitable for mountain wear.

Blue, rose, color, and yellow are the favorite shades for tinted tuile veils. The dots are either white, black, or straw color.

Silk hosiery, embroidered by hand or machine, are stylish with low shoes.

Summer silk, in very small checks or hair-stripes, is for girls dresses.

If colored hosiery is worn, it should be either the color of the dress or trimming.

"Costume bonnets" are of straw the color of the dress, or made of the dress material.

White dresses for the country, during the summer, are long polonaise over a short round skirt.

Stylish bonnets are of black chip, trimmed with white roses, valenciennes lace and black satin ribbon.

Dark brown and dark blue cambrics and linens are for girls' summer dresses. Hats of brown or blue straw are to match these fabrics.

Ostrich feathers tipped with marabout showered with gold, silver and pearl, are elegant novelties. Plumes of marabout alone are sprinkled with all three decorative additions.

Live Old Men.

Prince Gortschakoff was born in 1800, Lord Beaconsfield in 1805, and Prince Bismarck in 1813. The youngest of the three is 65, the next 73 and the oldest 78. The Emperor of Germany was born in 1797. The late Pius IX. died this year at the age of 86, and his successor, Leo XIII., is but 68. Lord Lyndhurst was born at Boston, Mass., in 1772, and lived to be 91. Lord Brougham was born in 1779, and lived to be 81. Lord Lansdowne was 89 when he died, and the late Earl Russell was 86. Guizot was 87, and Thiers was 80. Count de Waldeck, French artist and archæologist, died in 1875 at the age of 101. All these old men were very much alive up to their last breath. So were Lord Brougham, who died at 89, and Lord Palmerston, at 81. So are John Bright at 67, and Mr. Gladstone, who writes about old Homer, and discusses domestic and foreign politics, and cuts down trees as lustily as ever at 74. So, too, were Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, a signer of the American Declaration of Independence, who lived to be 91; and four Presidents of the Continental Congress—John Jay, 84; Thomas McKean, 82; Elias Boudinot, 81, and Arthur St. Clair, 84. The first Chief Magistrate of our Republic, George Washington, died when he was but 68. Five other Presidents of the United States lived to be 80 or more—John Adams, dying in his 92d year; Thomas Jefferson, at 83; James Madison, at 85; John Quincy Adams, when almost 81, and Martin Van Buren, at 80. Six more lived until past 70—James Monroe, who died in his 72d year; Andrew Jackson, at 78; John Tyler, at 74; Millard Fillmore, at 74, and James Buchanan, at 77. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 85. Chief Justice Marshall lived to 80, and Chief Justice Taney to 87. Charles O'Conor is 74. George Bancroft and Caleb Cushing are each 78. Simon Cameron is 80. Thurlow Weed is 81. Peter Cooper is active at the age of 87. The death of William Cullen Bryant, a victim of sunstroke, is now being everywhere mourned as premature, even at 84. Richard Henry Dana, the poet, who first introduced to the public the author of "Thanatopsis" more than sixty years ago, survives him at the age of 91. Walt Whitman is only 59. Oliver Wendell Holmes is 69. Whittier and Longfellow are each 71. Emerson is 75. Victor Hugo is 76. Charles James Mathews is 75. Buckstone is 78. Carlyle is 83.

The Cost of Cotton Culture.

One good, active hand can cultivate twelve acres in cotton or twenty-five acres of corn, which may be increased or diminished, according to the character of the soil. The length of time required will be about eleven months for the cotton and seven months for the corn. Putting the wages of this hand at eight dollars per month, eighty-eight dollars; with rations, say three and one-half pounds of bacon per week and one peck of meal, say twenty dollars; feed of the mule to plough at forty dollars and the smith bill at five dollars would make the whole cost of cultivating twelve acres in cotton, $153. If these twelve acres would yield only four hundred pounds of seed cotton per acre, then the amount made would be 4,800 in seed, or 1,600 in lint. So the expense of making 1,600 of lint will be $153, which at $9.50 per one hundred pounds would simply cover the cost. But if the land should make one thousand pounds per acre, the whole yield would be 12,000 pounds in seed or 4,000 pounds in lint; but as the one hand could not pick over half the crop, the cost of picking the balance, 6,000 pounds, would be about twenty-seven dollars, making the cost, $180, which, at $4.50 per hundred, will cover the amount, $180. So it is evident the expense of making one hundred pounds cannot be uniform as to the cost. The richer the lands the greater will be the reduction of the expense, and the reverse; for if only two hundred pounds had been made per acre, then the expense would have run up to nineteen dollars, and if the yield had been two thousand pounds, the cost would have been $2.50 per one hundred pounds; the cost of the hired hand and the feed of the mule being the same in both cases. This plan of estimating the cost will hold in making corn, though less than that of cotton, as the time of working and gathering crop need not be over seven months instead of eleven.—*Southern Home.*

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Some of the Objects of Interest to be Seen at the Great Show.

A Paris correspondent writes about the Exposition as follows: To observe the progress made in the manufacture of the article in which he is interested, or which is the specialty of his country, with what means, processes and appliances this progress has been made, whether it is available and would be profitable with the resources of his own land to rival, or to excel this; such to the thoughtful, practical man are the uses of these world's fairs, which are as old as Leipsic and Novgorod. As art expositions they charm those of æsthetic tastes; as great shows they delight the curious and the numerous class who, like the Athenians, are continually seeking something new. This present is more than twice as large as any of its predecessors; has about 56,000 exhibitors, and it would be hard if in some of their varied displays every visitor could not find something to interest him and reward him for his visit.

Approaching the place, you will observe a curious method of advertising. A restaurant by a huge captive balloon, shaped like a bottle, which bears high in the air the name and business of its proprietor painted on its sides in great letters. Another captive balloon has commenced making regular ascents into the sky, carrying ten passengers at a time. On one of the outer towers on the grounds France has an electro-magnetic machine, driven by a steam engine, to produce the electric light-house lantern at the top; and there is another one, designed for the mouths of rivers, to show the state of the tide, one color for high water, and another for low. Among the freshest novelties, Norway shows a pulp for paper manufacture and for ornamental mouldings of frame houses, made out of pine wood, all the processes of preparation being shown, from the thin strips cut from the log to the liquid pulp, like glycerine, in the bottle. And Italy shows cloth and clothing made from asbestos, which can be washed, or rather cleaned, by the simple process of passing it through the flames.

Italy now makes a great and imposing display. There is statuary in great profusion, but made more to sell than to illustrate art or exemplify progress. Focardi's expressive groups in plaster excite constant admiration and will doubtless find speedy sale. His two newsboys, struggling together for the sale of a newspaper to a customer, are full of expression, and if taken, as I fancy, from Neapolitan models, should be full of life also. A superb, and apparently a very effective fire-escape for the loftiest buildings, is in strange juxtaposition to all the statuary. Near this is a group of life-like models of Italian soldiers, the mounted gendarme and hussar and the dashing bersaglieri, looking most natural and as if they were actually keeping rigorous guard over the treasures around them. The Durano Company, of Venice, show glassware so delicately thin that one fears to touch it lest it crumble in the hand. The other Venetian glass fabrics, of Salviati and the Murano Company make, with this, a wonderfully glittering and imposing front along the central aisle. My Lucchese friends have sent a beautiful collection of wax in all the processes of manufacture. The exquisite gold and silver filigree work of Genoa and Venice is here in glittering profusion; and it was right pleasant to be greeted by the exhibitors, in their musical tongue, as an old acquaintance. Rome, with her peculiar mosaics and jewelry, presses both these cities hard in the race for excellence. While the corals and tortoise-shells of Naples add to the display, which is unique and most attractive. Italy's display, with the recent additions, is indeed a rich and varied one, and worthy of the genius and skill of her industrious sons.

I observe from the affixed cards that a great number of articles in the Japanese section are already sold, and that they are marked with preposterously high prices, too. Only think of finding in this section an exhibit of books, charts and other educational appliances used in the Japanese public schools, together with specimens of the school work of the pupils. The maps are well executed, although the lettering was too much for me; the old-fashioned abacus for counting looked primitive enough. Here were little pamphlets of rule and regulations for her primary schools, and actually terrestrial revolving globes of paper stretched over wire frames like a parasol, and others with the mountain chains raised on the surface.

I went out from here into a court adjoining to a Japanese band of twenty-four musicians in full blast. It would puzzle Handel or Haydn, or even Wagner, to have named either instrument or tunes. Near by is a collection of Chinese coins from B. C. 220 to A. D. 1851, each with a hole in its center to string them together by. How can Chinese mothers and teachers and policemen ever tell these people one from another. For they all dress and look exactly alike to me. In their section the beautifuly embroidered shawls of the famous Canton crape are gaining the eyes and winning the hearts of the ladies.

The Austro-Hungarian section is as large as that of England, and more beautiful and attractive; although not so useful nor so intensely practical. The immense exhibit of Bohemian glass, in all its varied shapes and colors, is an exposition in itself; it is surpassingly beautiful and awfully dear.

The Austrian porcelain compares but poorly with the work of neighboring Italy and England, and the quaint, rich profusion of Japanese and Chinese ceramic art. What astonishingly and amazingly gorgeous specimens of manmillinery and military frippery the gallant Hungarian and Austrian warriors bedizen their handsome bodies with! No one can have an idea of the riotous extravagance of military tailoring until he has seen these and the German uniforms.

The rich leather goods, of which Vienna has a specialty, are here in abounding variety and taste and pungent fragrance, and the Viennese book-binding seems peerless in richness, if not in substantiality. Hungary makes a gigantic display of her great variety of wines. The Japanese also make a display of their wines, with cabalistical signs and hieroglyphics on their labels and queer colors inside; and a hospitable Jap exhibitor, seeing me taking notes, invited me to "sample," but their fearful national music was lacerating my ears at the moment, and I argued from analogy and declined with thanks.

The United States machinery department has been well and apparently creditably filled; but, as I have told you, I am not a machinery-sharp. But those who are expert in such matters tell me that our display compares favorably with that of England and France, and excels that of any other nation. There certainly is a great array of whirring sewing-machines, with a great array of heavily-coiffed and rather stern-looking damsels at work at them. Our section is quite well filled. We have draped lots of gay bunting all around our section, but have totally neglected the accommodation which every other nation has afforded—a provision of chairs and lounges for the weary visitors. A Canadian manufacturer set out a lot of Windsor chairs and rockers in their section, and they were constantly filled with visitors, admiring the Dominion's show, as they rested; and, see from the cards affixed, that he has already sold every one of them to European purchasers. But perhaps we deem our central show of false teeth and dentistry instruments, and surgical operating tables, and invalid chairs, and patent medicines too gorgeous and dazzling for the human eye protractedly to gaze upon.

The Prince of Wales is making himself very popular in France by his sympathetic speeches, and by the great interest he manifests in the Exposition. I met him there several times while he was going round from case to case, accompanied by his wife, formerly the Danish Princess Alexandra, a tall, thin, graceful looking woman, straight, but of delicate appearance, with long, straight nose, intellectual look, marble complexion, dressed in a plain black silk skirt and basque, with two rows of black lace trimming, and a black bonnet unbecomingly trimmed with large yellow flowers. A gaping, staring crowd ran around after them everywhere, as another gang did after three short, insignificant looking Chinese princes, and yet another after Marshal MacMahon and his wife.

Instinct of Birds.

No subject connected with the history of birds furnishes more interesting material for study than that of instinct. Young birds of different species show that they have very different degrees of instinctive knowledge. Some are able to take the entire care of themselves, and do not need a mother to watch over them; others, on the contrary, are perfectly helpless, and need teaching before they can do anything for themselves, except breathe, and swallow what is put into their mouths. The young chicken, a short time after it leaves the egg, knows how to take care of itself nearly as well as does the year-old bird. It can run after its mother, use its eyes, pick up food, and answer the call of the old hen; and it does all this without instruction. How different it is in all these respects from the young barn-swallow! This is blind, and unable to run, or even to stand, knowing only enough to open its mouth when it hears the old bird return to the nest, and to swallow the food placed in its open bill. Far from knowing by instinct how to use its wings, as the young chick does its legs, it does not learn this until it is well grown, and has had several lessons in flying, and even then it flies badly, and improves only after long practice. After it has learned to fly, it is still very helpless and baby-like, and very different from the active, bright-eyed, independent little chick of the barn-yard—and, indeed, the young of all the *Rasores*, or scratching birds, such as the hen, the quail, the partridge, the pheasant and the turkey.

The scratching birds are not the only ones which can take care of themselves at an early age. This is true of the running birds, such as the ostrich; and the same is the case with many of the wading birds, such as the woodcock; and among the swimming birds, there are several kinds that take full care of themselves soon after leaving the shell.

Far from standing in any need of instruction, young ducks take to the water by instinct, even when they have been brought up by a hen; and they know that they are perfectly safe upon it, although the anxious hen tries in every way to restrain them and to call them back.

There are many ways in which some of our young birds show their really wonderful instincts, but there is nothing more curious in this respect than the habits of the little chickens, which most of us have opportunities of noticing, if we choose to take the trouble. These little creatures, almost as soon as they are born, understand what their mother "clucks" to them; they know that they must hide when a hawk is about; they often scratch the ground for food before they see their mother or any other chicken do so; they are careful not to catch bees instead of flies; and they show their early smartness in many ways which are well worth watching.

But, sometimes, a brood of these youngsters find something that puzzles them, as when they meet with a hard-shelled beetle, who looks too big to eat and yet too small for a playmate.—*St. Nicholas.*

How a Signer Died.

The following letter, descriptive of the last hours of William Ellery, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who died at Newport, R. I., in 1820, has never before been published. It was written by an intimate friend of the family, and has recently come to light:

MARCH 14, 1820.—Old Mr. Ellery died like a philosopher. In truth, death in its common form never came near him. His strength wasted gradually for the last year until he ceased to breathe. The day on which he died he got up as usual and dressed himself, took his old flag-bottomed chair without arms, in which he had sat for more than half a century, and was reading "Tully's Offices" in the Latin, without glasses, though the print was as fine as that of the smallest pocket Bible. Dr. W. stopped in on his way to the hospital, as he usually did, and on perceiving that the old gentleman could scarcely raise his eyelids to look at him, he took his hand and found that his pulse had gone! After drinking a little wine and water, Dr. W. told him that his pulse beat stronger. "Oh, yes, doctor, I have a charming pulse. But," he continued, "it is idle to talk to me in this way. I am going off the stage, and it is a great blessing. I go free from sickness or pain or sorrow." Some time after, his daughter finding him becoming extremely weak, wished him to be put into bed, which he at first objected to, saying that he felt no pain, and there was no occasion for his going to bed. Presently after, however, fearing that he might fall out of his chair, he told them they might set him upright in the bed so that he might continue to read. They did so, and he continued reading Cicero very quietly for some time. Presently they looked at him and found him dead, sitting in the same posture with the book under his chin, as a man who becomes drowsy and goes to sleep.

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