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Summer.

O, heaven's glorious blue,
So deep, so pure, so fair!
And summer's sunny air,
Sweet with a fragrance rare
From flowers beyond compare—
And all for you!

O happy, tender days!
O shades in forests deep,
And sweet, unbroken sleep,
And goldon grain to reap,
And birds that always keep
Chanting their lays!

—*Dora R. Goodale.*

Summer Months.

They come! the merry Summer months
Of beauty, love and flowers;
They come! the gladsome months that bring
Thick leafiness to bowers.
Up, up, my heart! and walk abroad;
Fling work and care aside;
Seek si'ent hills, or rest thyself
Where peaceful waters glide;
Or, underneath the shadow vast
Of patriarchal trees,
See through its leaves the cloudless sky
In rapt tranquility.

The grass is soft, its velvet touch
Is grateful to the hand;
And, like the kiss of maiden love,
The breeze is sweet and bland.
The daisy and the buttereup
Are nodding courteously,
It stirs their blood with kindest love
To bless and welcome thee;
And mark how, with thine own thin locks,
They now are silvery gray—
That blissful breeze is wantoning,
And whispering, "Be gay!"

There is no cloud that sails along
The ocean of yon sky,
But hath its own winged mariners
To give it melody.
Thou see'st their glittering fans outspread,
All gleaming like red gold—
And, hark! with shrill pipe musical
Their merry course they hold.
God bless them all, these little ones,
Who, far above this earth,
Can make a scoff of its mean joys,
And vent a nobler mirth.

But, soft! mine ear upcaught a sound,
From yonder wood it came;
The spirit of the dim green glade
Did breathe his own glad name.
Yes, it is he! the hermit bird,
That, apart from all his kind,
Slow spells his beads, monotonous,
To the soft western wind.
Cuckoo! cuckoo! he sings again,
His notes are void of art;
But simplest strains do soonest sound
The deep founts of the heart.

Good Lord, it is a gracious boon
For thought-crazed wight like me,
To smell again these Summer flowers,
Beneath this Summer tree;
To suck once more, in every breath,
Their little souls away,
And feed my fancy with fond dreams
Of youth's bright Summer day;
When, rushing forth, like untamed colt,
The reckless truant boy
Wandered through green woods all day long,
A mighty heart of joy!

I'm sadder now—I have had guse—
But, oh! I'm proud to think
That each pure joy-fount loved of yore
I yet delight to drink.
Leaf, blossom, blade, hill, valley, stream,
The calm, unclouded sky,
Still mingle music with my dream,
As in the days gone by.
When Summer's loveliness and light
Fall round me dark and cold,
I'll bear indeed life's heaviest curse—
A heart that hath waxed old.

—*Motherwell.*

Love and Turnips.

His name was John Goodwin Emerson, and his works and days were these: tending a pegging machine in a New England shoe shop, and thinking much of Patience Lovering, the primary school teacher. When the six o'clock whistle brought welcome release from the weary clatter of the pegging machine, he betook himself to the society of Patience or books. That is, Patience would not always receive him, and then he read books in a species of mad fury.

Patience Lovering seemed in some manner above him. He knew this, and had wisely thought to raise himself to her level. Finally the time came when the word that was in his heart came out, and upon a suitable occasion he told her that he loved her, and had hoped to make her his wife.

The result was peculiar and most unhappy. This modern maiden met love's advance with a kind of iron-clad common sense, and bluntly told him his income was insufficient. Her own earnings were enough for her support and a little more. She lived in comfort and had some leisure, to say nothing of an occasional taste of the drama and music. As his wife she would have none of these, besides many household cares, and that sort of thing.

Did she not love him? She looked at him with a sad smile, and said, "I will not say whether I love you or not; perhaps—perhaps not." Seeing that he was greatly cast down, she added, playfully, "Am I not worth winning? Why do you not try?"

"What can I do?" said he bitterly. "I am only a mechanic."

She made no reply for a moment, and then she said, slowly, "That is nothing—I mean, it is nothing against you. The point is that you must be more. It is not for me to say what or how. You are a man. I make no promises, but you may win me—if you can."

With this she turned away quickly and walked on alone before him, leaving him standing in the middle of the rural lane where they had been walking. He saw her put up her hands before her face, but whether it was in shame or grief he could not tell. It was both: shame that she had been forced to speak so plainly, and grief that—But, really, her grief was so mingled with other sentiments, that it was part sorrow and part hope.

The young man gazed after her till she had disappeared, and then he turned aside to the stone wall that bounded the lane, and looked out over the wide expanse of a very fine turnip field. There were millions of turnips in majestic row, rank beyond rank, their plume-like leaves waving as an army with banners. Of these ten thousands, one alone attracted his attention. It was a mighty turnip, fair to see, and of goodly size and shape. It was the king turnip of the field, and the disconsolate lover studied it with interest.

It is a curious fact that sometimes, when the mind is suffering from a great shock or sudden revulsion of feeling, the most trivial things absorb the attention. It is as if the will was too weary to trouble itself about directing the mind, and any chance object absorbed the whole attention. The young man considered this superior turnip with profound interest. Why was it so mighty while all its million brothers were no more than ordinary turnips? Traces of an old compost heap near by seemed to explain the turnip's glorious proportions. At once his mind skipped nimbly to the future. If this turnip, so goodly in shape and size, were selected for seed would not its seed retain something of its noble proportions? If the fittest were made to survive, would not a superior race begin?

Having considered these deep and momentous questions for some time, the young man turned away and went home, feeling much better. Such is the effect of labor, particularly mental labor, on sorrow. The next day they both resumed their labors in school and shop, and none guessed that aught had passed between them.

Months passed away, and already the winter was far spent. She taught the infant mind, and he tended the pegging machine, and it seemed as if all were lost between them. Wait! The spring sun already mounts the sky, though the wind blows and the snow flies. It was the 15th of February when the young man went to the savings bank and drew out some money. He remembered the days when he had saved these dollars for another purpose, and now it was all over, and he might as well spend the money in another direction. Before night he had purchased two hot-bed sashes, a load of stable manure, and a few boards. From these he constructed a hot-bed, such as he had seen gardeners make for early lettuce. Two days after, he found a chance hour when the wind was lulled, and he opened the hot-bed. The soil was soft and warm, like a bit of spring land in the midst of snow. Taking a paper from his pocket, he began to sow a quantity of seeds—white turnip.

Now it happened that the yard where he worked was next the street, at the side of the house where he lived with his mother. He was aware, after a while, that some one had stopped in the way and was looking over the fence at him. Little caring who it might be, he went on with his labor. Presently there was a little cough—a highly suggestive cough, full of curiosity, and dashed with pique. He looked up. It was Patience Lovering.

"What are you doing?"

"Sowing the seeds of good fortune," said he, gravely.

"Dear me! how interesting! Have you any of that kind of seed to spare?"

"No. But you shall have the whole crop."

"Ah! thanks. You are very kind. I hope it will bear 'some an hundred-fold, some two hundredfold.'"

He stood up and looked at her, with a new light kindling in his eyes. "I hope it will be a thousandfold, if you will accept it."

This disjointed speech he uttered with ill-suppressed eagerness, and she observed it, and blushed. Nothing more passed between them save a few commonplaces, and then she moved on, and he finished his work with renewed hope and courage.

Weeks grew to months, and still he tended the pegging machine, and slowly added to his savings in the bank. With all this, he was not patient. He had not Patience, and yet she daily walked before him. Thus was he doubly sorrowful, for he had neither the woman nor the virtue. He cast about in many ways to see whereby he might better himself. Moreover, he read books, and thus, while he knew it not, he grew in mental stature.

Meanwhile the turnips grew. They sprang up quickly in the gentle heat of the frame, and, acting on the advice of a gardener in the neighborhood, and such books on horticulture as he could find, he transplanted the tiny plants to small flower-pots. As they grew he removed them to still larger and larger pots. When the spring came he hired a few rods of ground outside the town, and in June removed the turnips from the pots to the open ground. He gave each turnip three square feet of space, and he digged about each plant and enriched it to the utmost. The result was as he expected. In August he had some hundred or more most mighty turnips. The like had never been seen in all the land. Envious passers-by looked over the fence and remarked that "them roots would eat bad too big and corky, you know." To all of which the young man said not a word.

In all this Patience Lovering took no interest. She could not understand it, and she had belied her name. She had become weary of waiting. Instead of leaving his pegging machine and starting out in the world to make his fortune, after the manner of the various knights of whom she had read, he went to that dull shop every day—and cultivated turnips. The truth is, she was blind. She saw not the cords of duty that bound the young man to his pegging machine, that his widowed mother might live in decent comfort. With the summer came her vacation, and she went away to the sea-shore for a little pleasure trip. It was her first journey away from home, and it is small wonder that she met, and was dazzled by a creature of seemingly fair shape. He made love to her, and—poor little goose!—she accepted him without even asking whereby he earned the wherewithal to be clothed in such gorgeous apparel. There is a trace of the eccentric in every mind, and the wise virgin who counselled her poor lover accepted a rich one without a question. She returned to her native shoe town with a diamond ring and announced that she would teach school but one year more.

It was admitted on every hand that the like of these turnips had never been seen before. A single turnip was sufficient for a family of six for two days—half a turnip at a meal. The turnips grew to the serse and yellow leaf, and then they were carefully gathered and stored for the winter in the cellar of Mrs. Emerson's house.

Suddenly there appeared in the town a creature new to the experience of the sober inhabitants. The younger feminine populace declared it was "Patience Lovering's beau." So it seemed to the cultivator of turnips as he came home from the shoe shop and met Patience on the man's arm in broad daylight. He bowed to her as they passed, but she only replied with a distant nod. The young man stood for a moment gazing after them, and then he hastened home and put on his best suit as if to go out. No, he would not. She would not listen to his warning; she would probably resent it. There was nothing to do but to suffer in silence, and to be as patient as he might.

Then came another surprise. Patience Lovering, the wise and sensible school-teacher, suddenly resigned her school, was married at the minister's house, and went away before the village had time to say a word. After that the tongues wagged nimbly, but the young man minded his pegging machine, and kept his thoughts to himself.

Again the advancing sun warned of spring, and the gardeners got ready their frames. The young man selected from his monster turnips a number of the best, planted each in a large flower-pot, and put them in a new hot-bed. Day by day he watched them grow, tending them with minute care and persistent nursing. They rewarded him abundantly, and by April showed signs of throwing up flower-stalks.

Patience Lovering disappeared utterly. It was said she had gone to Boston, but some said it was New York, or London. Yet one remembered and knew, because he still loved her; but he held his peace—for grief.

At last it came—the harvest of seeds. He had now seeds of the monster turnips. By every means possible he kept some of the turnips back late into the summer as samples of the variety. He called it the "Good Friend Turnip," with a touch of sentiment, and he took pains to make it known that he had seed of this superior variety of turnip for sale. He raised a new crop in the same manner as before, and at the horticultural exhibition he exhibited the "Good Friend," greatly to the astonishment of the rural mind. The like of these turnips had never been seen, and every farmer for miles around was in want of the seed. A certain seed dealer came anxiously to the house one evening, and asked the price of the whole lot of seed—about half a pint. The young man suddenly changed his tactics, and said that there would be no seeds of the "Good Friend" for sale till another year. The result was that every one was the more eager to purchase, and the young man took orders for the next crop of seeds, at the rate of twenty cents for a single seed.

The snow covered all the land and blocked the railroads in every direction. It was past nine o'clock when the last train came in from the city, four hours late. The passengers straggled sleepily out of the snow-covered cars, and stood shivering in the desolate station, fearing to venture into the deserted streets of the town. The tall shoe shops stood grim and white in the night, their many windows, dull like glazed eyes, staring out on the night and storm.

"All out, John?" said the station-master to a brakeman who had passed through the train.

"No; there's a woman asleep here. What shall I do with her?"

"Rout her out. We can't stay here all night."

The brakeman did his duty as kindly as he knew, and the woman took up her child, wrapped it in a faded shawl and stumbled out of the car, and crept along the platform to the street door. The station-master stood by the door, keys in hand, as if to lock up. The woman paused a moment at the entrance of the deserted snow-covered street, and asked if there was a cheap boarding-place near by. The man knew of none, save the hotel up in the town, and then he moved the door as if to urge her out into the street. She took the hint and went out, and she was alone in the streets of her native town. She tried to recall the houses and streets, but could make nothing familiar, so greatly had everything changed.

She walked on for some time, little heeding or caring, so long as she went on from the terror behind. She passed several streets, and then saw a light, and going toward it, found it was a warehouse, where the clerks were still busy late into the night. By the aid of the street lamps she made out the figure of a golden turnip, with this legend beneath it—"The Good Friend."

Suddenly the door opened, and some one came out and started to walk briskly up the street. It seemed as if her knees gave way beneath her, and she sank down in the snow.

"My good woman, it is late to be out. Why do you not go home? Ah! pardon me. Perhaps you are ill?"

He took a match from his pocket, and when it blazed up he held it close to her face. She tried to hide her face with her arm, but he gently drew it away. Suddenly there was a loud call, and—that was all she remembered, till some time after she was awaked to sense and feeling by warmth and light. She was upon a bed, and an elderly man stood over her with a bottle and spoon in his hand.

Seeing that her eyes wandered, he said: "Never fear; I am the doctor. The child is safe."

She sat up on the bed, and looked round the room.

"This is not the hospital?"

"No; something better. Drink this, and you will soon feel stronger."

She drank, and then lay back on the pillow and tried to recall her scattered thoughts. On the wall was a lithograph of a number of turnips—absurd and monster turnips, fit for the feeding of a mighty family. Besides this there were pictures of other vegetables, and all of inordinate proportions. Suddenly she laughed, and then the tears came. It was all so strange and so wildly improbable.

There were footsteps in the room, and she listened eagerly. A shadow fell on the bed, and some one stood before her.

"Patience."

She was startled and turned away in mingled shame and grief. It was true; it was his house, his home, and— Ah! there was another near—a woman.

"Patience, do you not know me?"

What could she do or say? Her mouth was parched, and the sobs choked her speech. She did nothing, till at last he took her hand, and then her thin fingers tightened round his as if seeking help, protection, forgiveness—everything. But that woman—who was she?

"Mother, she knows me. Please leave her to me."

Her fingers tightened closer on his, and there was a movement of the arm as if to draw him nearer, till at last her head was pillowed on his arm. For a moment she lay thus in silence, while the tears flowed. At last she said, slowly: "Can you forgive me, John?"

"Forgive you? Yes, and more. Now that I have you safe, you shall never more leave me."

"But, John, he—"

"He is dead—he was killed in some street brawl yesterday. It is in all the evening papers."

She neither cried nor in any manner noticed this, save to say, sadly: "I am glad. He—he was not a good man. I loved him once; but it is better so."

Then he found words to say all that had been in his heart all these years.

She heard it all in happy silence, and then she said, with a faint trace of her old manner; "How came you so rich, John? You are well off. I see it plainly."

"Turnips, my love, only turnips. The house of 'Emerson & Co., Seed Growers and Dealers,' is founded on turnips. You shall have a quarter section of a Good Friend Turnip for dinner as soon as you are able to come down."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Grecian Beauty.

Much has been said in praise of Grecian beauty, and the men are handsome in every sense of the word; we might well imagine them to have been the models of Phidias and Praxiteles. Their large eyes, black as jet, sparkle with glances of fire, while the long, silky eyelashes soften the expression and give a dreamy appearance of melancholy. Their teeth are small, white and well set; a fine regular profile, a pale-olive complexion and a tall, elegant figure realize an accomplished type of distinction. As to the women, they seem to have left physical perfection to the men; some possess fine eyes and hair, but as a rule they have bad figures, and some defect in the face generally spoils the good features. It is among them, however, that the old Oriental customs are most strictly preserved; while the men are gradually undergoing the process of civilization they, in a moral point of view, remain stationary and are just as they were fifty years ago. It may, indeed, be said that, with the exception of Athens, the women possess no individual existence and count as nothing in society; the men have reserved every privilege for themselves, leaving to their helpmates the care of the house and family. In the towns where servants are kept they are of the poorest class of peasant who know nothing and receive miserable wages. The families are generally large—seven or eight little children demand a mother's constant attention. The morning begins by directing the work of each servant, repeating the same thing a hundred times, scolding, screaming, even beating them, to be understood. In the evening, when the children are sleeping, if there remain some little time, the poor worn-out mother sits down to her spinning-wheel to spin silk, to sew or knit, or, if it be summer-time, to look after her silk worms and cocoons, happy if she has not to do the work of her incompetent servants [over again.—*London Society.*

TIMELY TOPICS.

The debt of the city of New York is $125,000,000 in round numbers.

The population of France on the last day of 1877 was 26,905,799; of Paris, 2,410,349.

A sheep ranche as large as the State of Rhode Island has been established in Tom Green county, Texas.

Any one who waters milk that is offered for sale in Wisconsin is liable to be fined not less than twenty-five dollars.

Marshal Bazaine is living in Spain in very embarrassed circumstances. He has appealed for aid to all of his old comrades, including President MacMahon, but in vain.

Among the assets of a bankrupt Kentucky farmer was an elephant, which he had bought at an auction sale of circus property a year before, and which had doubtless hastened his financial disaster.

The renewal of velocipede riding is extending throughout New England. The students of Harvard and Yale have taken to the sport with much enthusiasm. The machines have very large wheels and are said to run faster and easier than those formerly used.

At Montreal, recently, George Lessard, aged ninety-eight years and six months, married Thirtice Legault, a spinster of fifty. The groom served under Napoleon in the campaign of Egypt, fought in Canada in 1812, is still hale and vigorous, and declares that he will not die for twenty years to come.

Recently a band of Arkansas horse thieves, being fearful that one of their number who had been arrested would "peach," got up a mob of indignant citizens and helped them to lynch him. These tactics, however, are not novel, having been employed in one memorable instance on the Ohio river.

One of the exhibits attracting much attention at the Paris Exposition according to the London *World*, is that of Thomas B. Oakley, an American, who contributes three works of art from the private collection of Mrs. Sunderland of San Francisco—a portemonnaie, a powder box and puff, and a jewel casket, all made of solid gold and quartz rock, beautifully interspersed with mosaic.

A very peculiar crime is that of which William Norris, of Independence, Ohio, is accused. Norris, a married man, twenty-six years old, wished to get rid of little Allie Berry, so he chloroformed her, made an incision with a knife in her foot, injected poison into the wound, and then raised the alarm that she had been bitten by a snake. The child, at last accounts, was in a dying condition, and Norris was under arrest, with imminent prospects of being lynched.

The following story is told of Mr. Bryant by one of his business associates: One morning, many years ago, after reaching his office, and trying in vain to begin work, he turned to me and said: "I can't get along this morning." "Why not," I asked. "Oh," he replied, "I have done wrong. When on my way here a little boy flying a kite passed me. The string of the kite having rubbed against my face, I seized it and broke it. The boy lost his kite. But I did not stop to pay him for it. I did wrong. I ought to have paid him."

On the day of the great national fete at Paris, admission to the Exposition was reduced to twenty-five centimes (five cents), and no tickets were issued, nor was change made. The 130,000 visitors brought bronze coins, each one from three to five, in such number that it took four wagons to carry the receipts for admission to the Minister of Finance. There were 202,713 visitors to the great show on Whit-Monday, and then the tickets gave out, leaving 15,000 persons unable to gain admission. The largest attendance in 1867 was 172,000.

A man at Albany, Vt., who had been a sufferer of dyspepsia for twenty years, died recently, and some peculiar circumstances in his case led to a *post mortem* examination. This revealed in the lower end of the stomach thirteen well preserved cherry stones, so imbedded in the lining of the stomach as not to be discovrable to the eye, and causing a thickening of the stomach-case some three-fourths of an inch. These stones had worn a hole through the stomach, and death was caused by dropsy, or drowning. It was the opinion of the physicians that these stones had been there for many years.

The Shah of Persia left twenty-five of his thirty-six caskets of gold at Paris, where he spent $600,000. His expenses at the Grand Hotel were $680 a day. Extracts from his disputed bill at Fontainebleau are published. He was charged $300 for flowers, $12 for a melon, $1 for a cigar, $160 for three carriage drives and $4 each for twenty chickens; his rooms were set down at $10 a day each, two boxes of cigarettes cost $10, $300 were charged for flowers, $2 a piece for a dozen peaches. He received during his stay at Paris 5,400 begging letters, asking amounts varying from $10 to $600,000, the aggregate amount sought being nearly $10,000,000.

A vessel recently arrived at Liverpool with the extraordinary freight of three living whales, brought from the coast of Labrador, and intended for public aquariums. They were each about fourteen feet long, eight feet girth, and weighing half a ton. On the voyage they were placed in long wooden boxes, reposing upon a bed of seaweed, and being flushed with water from a bucket every few minutes. The flushing had the curious effect of peeling off strips of their skin, so that the coat will be entirely shed by the time that they get into their permanent tanks. No food was given them on the voyage. When they were being removed ashore two of them, it is said, emitted a very peculiar kind of scream.

The New York *Tribune* waxes jocose about the exportation of American coffins. It says: Americans are exporting coffins to London and putting them in the market at prices little more than those charged by her majesty's native undertakers. The Yankees began with sending washing machines, apple-parers and egg-beaters; then they shipped window-sashes, doors, panels and wainscots; within a year they have been exporting ready-made furniture of all kinds, from the commonest kitchen chair to the most elegant drawing-room table, and now they are following the hless Briton even to his grave, and packing him underground in brand-new American coffins with patented handles and reversible lids, vastly superior to the English-made article, and with prices to suit the times.

The Vanceburg (Ky.) *Courier* says there is a rich old bachelor, by the name of Shaw, who lives on a five-hundred-acre farm in Lewis county, dresses like a monk of the thirteenth century, and devotes his whole time, talent and fortune to flowers and tropical fruits. His farm is surrounded by a high fence, without gate or bars for ingress or egress. His house is completed covered with rare vines; he has fig trees twenty years old and flowers by the acre. He never derives a cent from his outlay of money and labor, but delights in "multiplying curious growths and combining nature and art in wonderful forms. He calls his large colony of bees his children, and the birds that feed from his table his little angels. The birds follow him through the walks and take the berries from his hand."

"Montana Charlie," a scout, who lived in the Sioux country for about twelve years, says there are two white men in Sitting Bull's camp. One is Major Pease, who was dismissed in disgrace from the Fourth Infantry of United States troops in 1861, while stationed somewhere in Kansas, since which time he has been living and acting with the Indians. He has the full confidence of the Indians, stands high in the estimation of the great Sioux warrior, and is to all intents and purposes an Indian—a renegade from and an enemy of his race. The other man is named John O'Brien, and he was taken prisoner at the time of the Custer massacre, and is held in captivity. He has been adopted into the tribe, and has a squaw wife, but is under the strictest surveillance to prevent escape. The scout has seen and talked with both of these men, and knows that they are with these Indians under these circumstances. O'Brien is supposed to be the only survivor of the Custer massacre. He was wounded twice, and while lying in the bushes was saved by a squaw whom he knew some time previous at Fort Abercrombie.

Fashion Notes.

The short walking dress is already a success.

Corsets have been very much improved lately.

The Charlotte Corday is a fashionable cap now.

Fichus are worn with nearly every style of costume.

Polonaises of colored goods are no longer worn over black skirts.

Ostrich tips are in great demand and will be worn all the season through.

Laces for trimming dresses should always be set on plain, never gathered.

Pale-colored grenadines form some of the most admired toilets of the season.

Summer suits of small checked or striped silk are very pretty for young girls.

The flower bonnet, which it was thought would become popular has been abandoned.

A large cluster of natural roses and violets is worn at the waist, and long lace mittens are stylish.

A very pretty cap for morning dress is of white muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace and Sultan ribbon bows.

Striped silk vests are considered especially elegant in black cream, or beige brown, with satin stripes of the same shade.

Crape cloth is a favorite material for evening wear in white and all the delicate hues, which just now are considered stylish.

The velvet pouch of former days is again worn, and is found to be very convenient for purse, handkerchief, or even for the fan.

A beautiful home dress is of gray beige, trimmed with a narrow band of silk; cuffs of the same material, trimmed with a kilting of silk.

A pretty home dress is of stone colored bourrette, trimmed with kilting of the same, plastron sleeves and bows of olive green faille.

Ladies' watch-chains imitate those of gentlemen. They are no longer worn around the neck, but fasten in a buttonhole of the dress with a bar of gold.

The prevailing colors in dressy bonnets are white, black and yellow—the latter in every shade and tone, from the creamiest white to the darkest orange.

A novelty in white torchon lace is called double meshed torchon, and is without a fancy design, resembling merely eyelet-holes, with a scallop to finish the edge.

Bunting costumes are in great demand, as they are very good for ordinary occasions; also light varieties of camel's hair cloth, serges, debeiges and such materials.

Linen lawn dress, either all white or else with Japanese zig-zag figures or bars, are very pretty trimmed with Symerna lace and small pearl buttons in bullet shape, yet with the eyes through the middle.

Very pretty suits for little girls are of gingham in large plaids, which imitate the Scotch plaids in wool, but the colors are subdued, being various tones of brown or gray. They are cut all in one, and trimmed with white or colored embroidery.

The broad-brimmed Fra Diavolo, and the picturesque Peg Woffington hats are much worn by young ladies at watering places, or when out driving. Both these shapes have very soft wide brims that are richly trimmed inside with gilt or silver braid, or else plain velvet or satin, bordered with beads, or trimmed with flowers.

White dresses for afternoons at home and for young girl graduates are made of finely dotted Swiss muslin trimmed with pleatings of the same, simply hemmed not trimmed with lace. These have a basque and elbow sleeves, while the simply shaped and bouffant over-skirt has long, looped bows of pale blue ribbon, holding it up on the sides. A bunch of dark red jacqueminot roses is worn at the waist.

When polonaises are made with wash dresses they are now quite short and are turned up in front in washerwoman style. This suggests a good plan for modernizing the long wrinkled fronts of polonaises of last season. The wrinkles in the side seams are let out, the extra length of a quarter of a yard is cut off, and after being shaped to fit the edge from which it has just been cut, it is trimmed at top with plaiting, a ruffle or lace, and is sewed on again as an outside facing.

French lawns, in solid colors, will be very popular this season. They are most liked in pale sky-blue; also in delicate flesh-pink, in mastic gray, and in dark violet blue. The favorite way of making them is with a plaited basque, with yoke and close sleeves, which are quite short, reaching just below the elbows. The over-skirt is sheath-shaped, or else the style called the "Washerwoman," with the edges turned up plainly all around and the top edge of the turn-up part finished with a standing plaited frill, that may in its turn be finished with narrow Valenciennes lace.

M. Homberg relates that there is a species of ants at Surinam, which the inhabitants call visiting ants. They march in troops, with the same regularity as a large and powerful army. As soon as they appear, all the coffers and chest of drawers in the house are set open for them, as they are sure to exterminate all the rats and mice and other noxious animals, acting as if they had a peculiar commission from nature to destroy them. The only misfortune is, they pay their visits too seldom; they would be welcome every month, but they do not appear sometimes for three years together.

A JAPANESE NEWSPAPER.

Printers Who Can Set an Article in the Dark—Censorship of the Press.

A Tokio (Japan) correspondent gives an interesting account of one of the local newspapers—the *Choya Shimbun*—as follows: As one of the most important rivals of the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, the *Choya Shimbun* perhaps deserves a paragraph. With the *Hochi Shimbun* the two papers just named constitute what are known as the *San Shimbun*, or the three newspapers, and of the trio the *Choya* holds in general estimation the second place. Its office occupies an eligible corner on the principal street and well repays a visit. We enter through a doorway where on a lacquered stand is an abstract of the morning's issue elegantly written with pulverized and moistened chalk on a glossy black bulletin-board. Appended is the table of contents of the latest number of *The Flower and the Moon*, a tri-monthly periodical devoted to Chinese poetry, published at this office, which holds the highest rank as a magazine of elegant literature. A similar reputation for classic scholership attaches to this daily newspaper.

We do not find displayed here such a spirit of innovation as is observable in the *Nichi Nichi* office, yet everything is pleasantly and ingeniously arranged on national models, and the effect of scrubbed floors, low stands and native methods of work in lively operation is very striking. We are conducted to the reception room on the second floor, and here introduced to the responsible persons in the establishment, with whom we exchange polite civilities and enter into conversation through the more or less opaque medium of interpreters. For while most of the leading editors and politicians have a working acquaintance with English as a written language, comparatively few conquer or attempt to conquer our mysterious orthoepy. It follows that some of the best native scholars cannot speak a word of our language, and are utterly incapable of carrying on the most limited conversation. The type-setting does not differ materially from the operation as observed in the other office. We again see the long stands filled with the five thousand characters required in the ordinary work of the newspaper, between which the compositors walk to and fro at their tasks. Yet, incredible as it appears, we are assured by the manager that the more competent hands can set up an article in the dark! Each issue of the newspaper contains about eleven thousand characters, including three thousand, or an equivalent space, required by advertisements. These are not set with all the necessary spacing, as with us, but first in simple solid column, and afterward spaced and punctuated by men employed for that special duty. The work then passes under the eye of the proof-readers, who must be fine critical scholars, as they have to detect errors of taste, imperfect characters and other inaccuracies, almost inevitable in the use of so complicated a means of expression. Next to the composition room is the editorial room, where the eight gentlemen of the staff do their routine work. Down stairs we find the press and mailing rooms and the business office. The printing paper, until recently imported from Germany, is now made at a large manufactory in the pretty suburb of Oji, while the type, also home-made, is cast nearer by in the district of Tankiji.

The circulation of the *Choya Shimbun* is about seven thousand copies daily. This is rather less than the list of the *Nichi Nichi*, and considerable below the circulation of the *Yomiuri*, which is distributed widely among the lower classes; but this kind of statistics does not gauge very accurately the influence of a newspaper. Its literary ability is acknowledged, and its subtle opposition to the government is equally well known, so that it is the natural mouthpiece of the disaffected among the more intelligent classes. The recent suspension is not the first time that the newspaper has felt the heavy hand of authority, as several years ago it had the temerity to assert that no government exists by inherent right, but derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, for which bold assertion of popular sovereignty the nominal editor underwent a long term of imprisonment—the nominal editor, because the rigor of the press regulations has had the effect of substituting a figure-head for the real directing power in the editorship, who is paid a comfortable sum to assume any awkward consequences of his employer's indiscretions. But a recent change in the press laws may do away with this absurdity, for in the future violations of the regulations are not to be visited by confinement but by confiscation of a deposit made by all newspapers before their license is granted.

A Rainbow.

The time of day at which a rainbow appears is generally regarded by farmers, shepherds, and others accustomed to out-door work as a weather-sign; thus, if it appears in the morning it is looked upon as the precursor of wet and stormy weather, but if it appears in the evening, then it is thought to precede dry and fine weather; hence the following doggerel:

"A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight."

Meterologists tell us that there is some truth in this popular notion, and the reasons they give are these: A rainbow in the morning is seen in the west when the east is clear. It is indicative of the advance of the rain-cloud toward the observer, and, moreover, from the time at which it happens—morning—it points to the increasing moisture of the atmosphere. Wet and stormy weather is the natural sequence of such conjuncture of circumstances. On the other hand, when a rainbow is seen in the evening, we have a reversal of these circumstances, for the bow appears in the east when the west is clear; the rain-clouds are receding from the observer, and the atmosphere is becoming dryer. Fine weather necessarily follows.

Consumption as Affected by Locality.

The physicians in charge of the "Mountain Sanitarium" for pulmonary diseases at Asheville, N. C., state that in the treatment of pulmonary diseases several historical periods or epochs may be recognized—that in which the sea climate was considered as most beneficial, that in which dry climates were advised, and that in which elevated regions were recommended; the most recent theoretical investigators, as well as many physicians, now agreeing that, in the removal of the patient to elevated regions, the best possible course is pursued. It appears that the success attained by the removal of the patient to southern climates, without securing a greater altitude, amounts simply to a relief of the symptoms, only warding off fresh injury—the patient, after returning home, not having acquired that power of resistance which alone can prevent a new catarrh or inflammation from attacking the lungs; the general effect, on the other hand, of a mountain climate, is to be considered an active one, since increased demands are made upon the functions of the organism from all sides.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Hints to Young Farmers.

When commencing your agricultural life, remember that industry, economy and integrity will ensure success, and form the best capital that can be employed.

Plow deep. The wealth of the soil is not all within six inches of the surface.

Cultivate thoroughly if you wish to reap abundantly. Do not waste your means, and fritter away your time by raising a crop of noxious weeds with your cane or cotton or corn.

Keep a watchful eye upon the farm and its surroundings. But it does not follow that you should imbibe "eye-openers" at public houses, beer shops, or corner groceries.

Shear your sheep at the season when you shed your coat for the season. Then be careful that some smart "traveling agent" does not pull the wool over your eyes and shear you.

Dress your lands with fertilizers rather than yourself with broadcloth. The one reimburses the amount expended with interest—the other returns nothing, but continually clamors for further disbursements.

After your crop has been raised, it will be wisdom to raise any mortgage which may be resting upon the farm. This will raise a heavy load from your mind, and raise your courage and spirits beyond measure.

Do not curry favors with the rich or great. If you must do something of the kind, just curry your cattle and horses. This will do them good, and benefit you also.

When by reason of inclement weather, you cannot cultivate the soil, it will be wisdom on your part to cultivate the mind. A valuable harvest will reward all earnest and faithful culture.

Never allow yourself to be inveigled into "running in debt." When you are tempted to do so, go into your field and plant an extra acre with some edible crop.

The sheriff is an undesirable acquaintance. Avoid him as you would a pestilence. This can easily be done by paying cash on the spot for everything you purchase.

Remember that everything of value we honestly obtain is the result of diligence and intelligence. Do not, therefore, expect prosperity unless you are willing to work for it.

Make the collection and composting of fertilizing materials a constant employment. The odor of your manure heap should be more attractive to you than the smell of the whisky shop.

Of course you will become the owner and raiser of stock. No farm is complete that ignores stock raising. Get the best, which is always the cheapest in the end. Give scrubs a wide berth.

Never purchase farm utensils because they are cheap. Cheap tools are an unmitigated nuisance. The best workman in the world cannot make a good job with them. It is economy to buy the best, no matter what the price may be.

Household Hints.

A very good dust-brush may be made by cutting a crosswise strip of bed-ticking into fringe, and tacking it around a wooden handle.

Save the bags and pieces of wrapping-paper. It is a good plan to fold them smoothly when you have emptied their contents, and lay them together in a box. Put away all the strings. They are great conveniences.

Never allow a rip in the carpet or a loosened place on the stairs to remain without attention a single hour. A stitch or a tack in time saves nine, sometimes twenty-nine. Never let servants leave dust-pans or brushes lying on the stairs, and never set them so bad an example.

If one can produce a little new milk immediately after the ink is spilled on linen, and wash out quickly, there is no difficulty in taking out the stain. If this cannot be done, rub wet salt on the spots, and expose it to the sun; wash out after a few hours, and if the stain is only partially obliterated, repeat the process. Bi-carbonate of soda mixed with water is ofter efficacious.

To clean soft mahogany, or other porous wood, scrape and sand-paper in usual manner; then take a sponge and well wet the surface, to raise the grain; then, with a piece of fine pumice stone (free from stony particles and cut the way of the fibres), rub the wood in the direction of the grain, keeping it moist with water; let the work dry, then wet it again and the grain will be much smoother and will not raise so much; repeat the process, and the surface will become perfectly smooth and the texture of the wood much hardened.

A Test for the Capacity of Cows.

A commission has been appointed by the governor of Pennsylvania, to examine and report on the merits of a system which undertakes to determine in advance the probable yield of milk of cows, by certain marks upon the animals. The marks are chiefly in respect to the disposition and mode of growth of the hair near the udder, and a prediction can be made with certainty, it is said, as to whether the future cow will be a large producer of milk if the observation is made on the young calf, even shortly after birth. The discoverer of this peculiarity was a French stock raiser, M. Francis Guenon; he first promulgated it about forty years ago. Since then the theory has found favor with several French agricultural societies; M. Guenon has received medals and pecuniary rewards, and many stock raisers in Europe are said to base their estimates of the value on cattle upon this system. The mark on the animals is called an escutcheon. The mode by which the value of the system will be tried in Pennsylvania, is first to have the State commissioners inspect the marks on a series of cows in several stables, and make a record of the indications without communicating any facts that they observe to the owners of the animals. These records are to be sent to the secretary of the State board of agriculture. The owners of the cows will make statistical records of the yield of milk of each animal, and send them also to the State board. The two sets of records will then be compared and reported upon. Some of this work has already been done, and it is said that ninety-five per cent. of the opinions formed by escutcheon observation have, so far, proved correct.

A Summer Shower.

What a spur and impulse the summer shower is! How its coming quickens and hurries up the slow, jogging country life! The traveler along the dusty road arouses from his reverie at the warning rumble behind the hills; the children hasten from the field or from the school; the farmer steps lively and thinks fast. In the hay-field, at the first signal-gun of the elements, what a commotion! How the horse-rake rattles, the pitchforks fly, how the white sleeves play and twinkle in the sun or against the dark background of the coming storm! One man does the work of two or three. It is a race with the elements, and the hay-makers do not like to be beaten. The rain that is life to the grass when growing is poison to it after it becomes cured hay, and it must be got under shelter, or put up into snug cocks, if possible before the storm overtakes it.—*Scribner.*

Relics of an Extinct Race.

The Eureka (Nev.) *Sentinel* says Out in the great valley that stretches southward from the root of the Pancake range, and entirely isolated from the hills, there occur several curious shaped mounds, which are not more than 300 feet in circumference, with an average of twenty-five feet. They are four in number and in close proximity to each other. As they are situated some distance from the traveled road, and aside from the singularity of their rising from a level plain, present no very prominent features, they have heretofore failed to attract any particular attention, until about a week ago, when Mr. Leslie, a gentleman of an observing turn of mind, examined them, and came to the conclusion that they were artificial in their construction.

The better to demonstrate his theory, he provided himself with tools, and camping near them for a couple of days devoted that time to exploring them.

The surface soil on the mounds presented the same general appearance as the plain, and was covered over with a growth of sagebr