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The Water-Lily.

Oh, star on the breast of the river,
Oh, marvel of bloom and grace,
Did you fall straight down from heaven
Out of the sweetest place?
You are white as the thoughts of an angel
Your heart is steeped in the sun;
Did you grow in the golden city,
My pure and radiant one?

Nay, nay, I fell not out of heaven;
None gave me my saintly white;
It slowly grew from the blackness
Down in the dreary night.
From the ooze of the silent river
I won my glory and grace.
White souls fall not, oh, my poet;
They rise to the sweetest place.

—*M. F. Butts, in Sunday Afternoon.*

Harvest Time.

We sing of fields when harvest yields
Its bright and golden sheaves,
And sun and rain have filled with grain
The barn from floor to eaves,
And new-mown hay, all night and day,
It scented fragrance leaves.

The early dews, the drowsy ewes,
The call of chanticleer,
The sleepy stock, the grain in shock,
The thresher and its gear,
The waving corn, all greet the morn;
'Tis harvest of the year.

The breakfast call, to one and all;
The viands spread with care,
The uttered grace, each in his place
Partakes the housewife's fare,
And man and beast, at plenty's feast,
Its gathered bounties share.

The bearded men to labor then,
With brawn and horny hands;
The cradle swings, the reaper sings,
All through the well-tilled lands,
And keeping time, till sultry noon
They bind the grain with bands.

They seek the shade of friendly glade,
And swift the moments fly;
Find sweet repose, as stream that flows,
Or sailing clouds on high,
And hear the breeze among the trees
Sweep softer than a sigh.

Oh! harvest days, we sing thy praise,
From hill to river's shore!
For field and tree, for bloom and bee,
And fatness running o'er!
For tasseled corn, for night and morn,
And God we bow before!

—*Joseph G. Waters.*

"A Tourist From Injianny."

BY BRET HARTE.

We first saw him from the deck of the Unser Fritz, as that gallant steamer was preparing to leave the port of New York for Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Perhaps it was that all objects at that moment became indelibly impressed on the memory of the departing voyager; perhaps it was that mere interrupting trivialities always assume undue magnitude to us when we are waiting for something really important; but I retain a vivid impression of him as he appeared on the gangway in apparently hopeless, yet, as it afterward appeared, really triumphant altercation with the German-speaking deck-hands and stewards. He was not a heroic figure. Clad in a worn linen duster, his arms filled with bags and parcels, he might have been taken for a hackman carrying the luggage of his fare. But it was noticeable that, although he calmly persisted in speaking English and ignoring the voluble German of his antagonists, he, in some rude fashion, accomplished his object without losing his temper or increasing his temperature, while his foreign enemy was crimson with rage and perspiring with heat, and presently, having violated a dozen of the ship's regulations, he took his place by the side of a very pretty girl, apparently his superior in station, who addressed him as "father." As the great ship swung out into the stream, he was still a central figure on our deck, getting into everybody's way, addressing all with equal familiarity, imperturbable to affront or snub, but always doggedly and consistently adhering to one purpose, however trivial or inadequate to the means employed. "You're sittin' on suthin' of mine, miss," he began for the third or fourth time to the elegant Miss Montmorris, who was revisitig Europe under high social conditions. "Jist rise up while I get it—'twont take a minit." Not only was the lady forced to rise, but to make necessary the rising and discomposing of the whole Montmorris party who were congregated around her. The missing "suthin'" was discovered to be a very old battered newspaper. "It's the Cincinnatty *Times*," he explained, as he quietly took it up, oblivious to the indignant glances of the party. "It's a little squoshed by your sittin' on it, but it'll do to refer to. It's got a letter from Payris, showin' the prices o' them thar hotels and rist'rants, and I allowed to my darter we might wart it on the other side. Thar's one or two French names thar that rather gets me—mebbee your eyes is a little stronger," but here the entire Montmorris party rustled away, leaving him with the paper in one hand—the other pointing at the paragraph. Not at all discomfited, he glanced at the vacant bench, took possession of it with his hat, duster and umbrella, then disappeared, and presently appeared again with his daughter, a lank-looking young man, and an angular elderly female, and so replaced the Montmorrises.

When we were fairly at sea he was missed. A pleasing belief that he had fallen overboard, or had been left behind, was dissipated by his appearance one morning, with his daughter on one arm, and the elderly female before referred to on the other. The Unser Fritz was rolling heavily at the time, but with his usual awkward pertinacity he insisted upon attempting to walk toward the best part of the deck, as he always did, as if it were a right and a duty. A lurch brought him and his uncertain freight in contact with the Montmorrises; there was a moment of wild confusion, two or three seats were emptied, and he was finally led away by the steward, an obviously and obtrusively sick man. But when he had disappeared below it was noticed that he had secured two excellent seats for his female companions. Nobody dared to disturb the elder, nobody cared to disturb the younger—who, it may be here recorded, had a certain shy reserve which checked aught but the simplest civilities from the masculine passengers.

A few days later it was discovered that he was not an inmate of the first, but of the second cabin; that the elderly female was not his wife, as popularly supposed, but the room-mate of his daughter in the first cabin. These facts made his various intrusions on the saloon deck the more exasperating to the Montmorrises, yet the more difficult to deal with. Eventually, however, he had, as usual, his own way; no place was sacred, or debarred his slouched hat and duster. They were turned out of the engine-room to reappear upon the bridge; they were forbidden the forecastle, to rise a ghostly presence beside the officer in his solemn supervision of the compass. They would have been lashed to the rigging on their way to the maintop but for the silent protest of his daughter's presence on the deck. Most of his interrupting familiar conversation was addressed to the interdicted "man at the wheel."

Hitherto I had contented myself with the fascination of his presence from afar, wisely, perhaps, deeming it dangerous to a true picturesque perspective to alter my distance, and perhaps, like the best of us, I fear, preferring to keep my own idea of him rather than to run the risk of altering it by a closer acquaintance. But one day when I was lounging by the stern rail, idly watching the dogged ostentation of the screw, that had been steadily intimating, after the fashion of screws, that it was the only thing in the ship with a persistent purpose, the ominous shadow of the slouched hat and the trailing duster fell upon me. There was nothing to do but accept it meekly. Indeed my theory of the man made me helpless.

"I didn't know till yesterday who you be," he began deliberately, "er I shouldn't have been so onsocial. But I've always told my darter that in permiskiss trav'lin a man oughter to be keerful of who he meets. I've read some of your writins—read 'em in a paper in Injianny, but I never reckoned I'd meet ye. Things is queer, and trav'lin' brings all sorter people together. My darter Loueze suspected ye from the first, and she worried over it, and kinder put me up to this."

The most delicate flattery could not have done more. To have been in the thought of this reserved, gentle girl, who scarcely seemed to notice even those who had paid her attention, was

"She put me up to it," he continued, calmly, "though she has kind o' prejudise again you and your writins—thinkin' them sort o' low down, and the folks talked about not in her style—and ye know that's woman's nater, and she and Miss Montmorris agree on that point. But thar's a few friends with me round yer ez would like to see ye." He stepped aside and a dozen men appeared in Indian file from behind the roundhouse, and with a solemnity known only to the Anglo-Saxon nature, shook my hand deliberately, and then dispersed themselves in various serious attitudes against the railings. They were honest, well-meaning countrymen of mine, but I could not recall a single face.

There was a dead silence; the screw, however, ostentatiously went on: "You see what I told you," it said. "This is all vapidity and trifling. I'm the only fellow here with a purpose. Whiz, whiz, whiz; chug, chug, chug!"

I was about to make some remark of a general nature, when I was greatly relieved to observe my companion's friends detatch themselves from the railings, and with a slight bow and another shake of the hand, severally retire, apparently as much relieved as myself. My companion, who had in the meantime acted as if he had discharged himself of a duty, said. "Thar ollers must be some one to tend to this kind o' thing, or thar's no sociableness. I took a deppytation into the cap'n's room yesterday to make some proppysitions, and thar's a minister of the gospel aboard as ought to be spoke to afore next Sunday, and I reckon it's my dooty, onless," he added with deliberate and formal politeness, "you'd prefer to do it, bein', so to speak, a public man."

But the public man hastily deprecated any interference with the speaker's functions, and, to change the conversation, remarked that he had heard that there was a party of Cook's tourists on board, and—were not the preceding gentlemen of the number? But the question caused the speaker to lay aside his hat, take a comfortable position on the deck, against the rail, and drawing his knees up under his chin, to speak as follows:

"Speaking o' Cook and Cook's tourists, I'm my own Cook. I reckon I calkilate and know every cent that'll spend twixt Evansville, Injianny, and Rome and Naples; and everything I'll see." He paused a moment, and laying his hand familiarly on my knee, said: "Did I ever tell ye how I kem to go abroad?"

As we had never spoken together before, it was safe to reply that he had not. He rubbed his head softly with his hand, knitted his iron-gray brows, and then said meditatively: "No! it must hev been that head waiter. He sorter favors yon in the mustache and gen'ral get up. I guess it was him I spoke to."

I thought it must have been.

"Well, then, this is the way it kem about. I was sittin' one night, about three months ago, with my darter Loueze—my wife bein' dead some four year—and I was reading to her out of the paper about the Exposition. She sez to me, quiet like—she's a quiet sort o' gal if you ever notissed her—'I should like to go thar.' I looks at her—it was the first time sense her mother died that that gal had ever asked for anythin', or had, so to speak, a wish. It wasn't her way. She took everything ez it kem, and, durn my skin ef I ever could tell whether she ever wanted it to kem in any other way. I never told ye this afore, did I?"

"No," I said hastily. "Go on."

He felt his knees for a moment, and then drew a long breath. "Perhaps," he began deliberately, "ye don't know that I'm a poor man. Seein' me here among these rich folks, goin' abroad to Paree with the best o' them, and Loueze thar—in the first cabin—a lady, ez she is—ye wouldn't bleeve it, but I'm poor! I am. Well, sir, when that gal looks up at me and sez that—I hadn't but twelve dollars in my pocket, and I sin't the durned fool that I look—but suthin' is me—suthin,' you know, a way back in me—sez you shall! Loo-ey, you shall! and then I sez—repeatin' it, and looking up right in her eyes—'You shall go, Loo-ey'—did you ever look in my gal's eyes?"

I parried that somewhat direct question by another: "But the twelve dollars—how did you increase that?"

"I raised it to two hundred and fifty dollars. I got odd jobs o' work here and there, ever-time—I'm a machinist. I used to keep this yer over-work from Loo—saying I had to see men in the evenin' to get pints about Europe—and that—and getting a little money raised on my life insurance, I shoved her through. And here we is. Chipper and first-class—all through—that is, Loo is!"

"But two hundred and fifty dollars! And Rome and Naples, and return? You can't do it."

He looked cunningly at me a moment. "Kan't do it? I've done it."

"Done it?"

"Wall, about the same I reckon, I've figgered it out. Figgers don't lie, I ain't no Cook's tourist; I kin see Cook and give him pints. I tell you I've figgered it out to a cent, and I've money to spare. Of course I don't reckon to travel with Loo. She'll go first-class. But I'll be near her, if it's in the steerage of a ship, or in the baggage car of a railroad. I don't need much in the way of grub or clothes, and now and then I kin pick up a job. Perhaps you disremember that row I had down in the engine-room, when they chucked me out of it?"

I could not help looking at him with astonishment; there was evidently only a pleasant memory in his mind. Yet I I recalled that I felt indignant for him and his daughter.

"Well, that fool of a chief engineer gave me a job the other day. And ef I hadn't just forced my way down, and talked sassy at him, and criticised his macheen, he'd hev never knowed I knowed a eccentric from a wagon wheel. Do you see the pint?"

I thought I began to see it. But I could not help asking what his daughter thought of traveling in this inferior way.

He laughed. "When I was gettin' up some pints from them books of travel, I read her a proverb or saying outer one o' them, that 'only princes and fools and Americans traveled first-class.' You see I told her it didn't say 'women,' for they naturally would ride first-class—and Amerikan gals being princesses, didn't count. Don't you see?"

If I did not quite follow his logic, nor see my way clearly into his daughter's acquiescence through this speech, some light may be thrown upon it from his next utterance. I had risen with some vague words of congratulation on his success, and was about to leave him, when he called me back.

"Did I tell ye," he said, cautiously looking around, yet with a smile of stilled enjoyment in his face, "did I tell ye what that gal—my darter—sed to me? No, I didn't tell ye—nor no one else afore. Come here!"

He made me draw down closely into the shadow and secrecy of the roundhouse.

"That night that I told my gal she should go abroad, I sez to her, quite chipper like and free, 'I say, Loo-ey,' sez I, 'ye'll be goin' for to marry some o' them counts, or dukes, or potentates, I reckon, and ye'll leave the old man.' And she sez, sez she, looking me squar in the eye—did ye ever notiss that gal's eye?"

"She has fine eyes," I replied, cautiously.

"They is ez clean as a fresh milk pan, and ez bright. Nothing sticks to 'em. Eh?"

"You are right."

"Well, she looks up at me this way"—here he achieved a vile imitation of his daughter's modest glance, not at all like her—"and looking at me, she sez quietly: 'That's what I'm goin' for, and to improve my mind.', He! he! he! It's a fack! To marry a nobleman, and improve her mind! Ha! ha! ha!"

The evident enjoyment that he took in this, and the quiet ignoring of anything of a moral quality in his daughter's sentiments, or in his thus confiding them to a stranger's ear, again upset all my theories. I may say here that it is one of the evidences of original character, that it is apt to baffle all prognosis from a mere observer's standpoint. But I recalled it some months after.

We parted in England. It is not necessary, in this brief chronicle, to repeat the various stories of "Uncle Joshua," as the younger and more frivolous of our passengers called him, nor that two-thirds of the stories repeated were utterly at variance with my estimate of the character of the man, although I may add that I was also doubtful of the accuracy of my own estimate. But one quality was always dominant—his resistless, dogged pertinacity and calm imperturbability! "He asked Miss Montmorris if she 'minded' singin' a little in the second cabin to liven it up, and added, as an inducement, that they don't know good music from bad," said Jack Walker to me. "And when he mended the broken leck of my trunk, he abholutely propothed to me to athk couthin Grace if thee didn't want a 'koorier' to travel with her to 'do mechanics,' provided thee would take charge of that dreadfully deaf-and-dumb daughter of his. Wothn't it funny? Really, he'th one of your characters," said the youngest Miss Montmorris to me as we made our adieus on the steamer.

I am afraid he is not, although he was good enough afterward to establish one or two of my theories regarding him. I was enabled to assist him once in an altercation he had with a cabman regarding the fare of his daughter, the cabman retaining a distinct impression that the father had also ridden in some obscure way in or upon the same cab—as he undoubtedly had. I heard that he had forced his way into a certain great house in England, and that he had been ignominiously rejected, but I also heard that ample apologies had been made to a certain quiet modest daughter of his who was without on the lawn, and that also a certain Personage, whom I approach, even in this vague way, with a capital letter, had graciously taken a fancy to the poor child, and had invited her to a reception.

But this is only hearsay evidence. So also is the story which met me in Paris, that he had been up with his daughter in the captive balloon, and that at an elevation of several thousand feet from the earth he made some remarks upon the attaching cable and the drum on which the cable revolved, which not only excited the interest of the passengers, but attracted the attention of the authorities, so that he was not only given a gratuitous ascent afterward, but was, I am told, offered a gratuity. But I shall restrict this narrative to the few facts of which I was personally cognizant in the career of this remarkable person.

I was at a certain entertainment given in Paris by the heirs, executors and assignees of an admirable man, long since gathered to his fathers in Pere la Chaise, but whose Shakspeare-like bust still looks calmly and benevolently down on the riotous revelry of absurd wickedness of which he was, when living, the patron saint. The entertainment was of such a character that, while the performers were chiefly women, a majority of the spectators were men. The few exceptions were foreigners, and among them I quickly recognized my fellow-countrywomen, the Montmorrises. "Don't thay that you've theen us here," said the youngest Miss Montmorris, "for ith only a lark. It's awfully funny! And that friend yourth from Injianny ith here with his daughter."

It did not take me long to find my friend Uncle Joshua's serious, practical, unsympathetic face in the front row of tables and benches. But beside him, to my utter consternation, was his shy and modest daughter. In another moment I was at his side. "I really think—I am afraid"— I began in a whisper, "that you have made a mistake. I don't think you can be aware of the character of this place. Your daughter"——

"Kem here with Miss Montmorris. She's yer. It's all right."

The modest-looking Miss Loo, who had been staring at everything quite indifferently, suddenly stepped forward, took her father's arm, and said sharply, "Come."

At this moment, a voice in English but unmistakably belonging to the politest nation in the world, rose from behind the girl, mimickingly. "My! it is shocking. I bloosh!"

In an instant he was in the hands of "Uncle Joshua," and forced back clamoring against the railing, his hat smashed over his foolish, furious face, and half his shirt and cravat in the old man's strong grip. Several students rushed to the rescue of their compatriot, but one or two Englishmen and half a dozen Americans had managed in some mysterious way to bound into the arena. I looked hurriedly for Miss Louisa, but she was gone. When we had extricated the old man from the *melee*, I asked him where she was.

"Oh I reckon she's gone off with Sir Arthur. I saw him here just as I pitched into that fool."

"Sir Arthur?" I asked.

"Yes, an acquaintance o' Loo's."

"She's in my carriage, just outside," interrupted a handsome young fellow, with the shoulders of a giant and the blushes of a girl. "It's all over now, you know. It was rather a foolish lark, you coming here with her without knowing—you know—anything about it, you know. But this way—thank you. She's waiting for you," and in another instant he and the old man had vanished.

Nor did I see him again until he stepped into the railway carriage with me on his way to Liverpool. "You see I'm trav'lin' first-class now," he said, "but goin' home I don't mind a trifle extry expense. "Then you've made your tour," I asked, "and are successful?" "Wall, yes, we saw Switzerland and Italy, and if I hedn't been short o' time, we'd hev gone to Egypt. Mebbee next winter I'll run over again to see Loo, and do it." "Then your daughter does not return with you?" I continued in some astonishment. "Wall, no—she's visiting some of Sir Arthur's relatives in Kent. Sir Arthur is there—perhaps you recollect him?" He paused a moment, looked cautiously around, and with the same enjoyment he had shown on shipboard, said: "Do you remember the joke I told you on Loo, when she was at sea?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't ye say anything about it now. But dem my skin if it doesn't look like coming true."

And it did.

Tea and Coffee.

It may never have occurred to our readers to consider the age of these favorite beverages among our European ancestry. In England, down to the Revolution and after, beer was the favorite beverage of all classes. It is reported by statistical calculation that in the year after that civil war a quart a day was brewed for every man, woman and child in England; whereas the same calculation makes the amount in the present day sixty quarts per annum, or just one-sixth. It is to two beverages that have since passed into common use—tea and coffee—that the diminution in the amount of beer is due.

Tea, or, as it was always then pronounced, tay

("Here thou great Anna, whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea."—*Pope.*)

was first brought into England by the Dutch nearly a century earlier; but during the whole seventeenth century it was regarded as a rare luxury. Mr. Pepys drank his first tea September 25th, 1661, describing it as "a China drink, of which I have never drunk before." In the reign of Charles II. the East India company presented the king with two pounds of tea. But during the latter part of the century and through the reign of Anne its use as a beverage rapidly spread. Just after the accession of George II. the consumption amounted to seven hundred thousand pounds, and the price, depending upon the quality, varied between thirteen shillings and twenty shillings a pound. The amount imported into England in 1872 was one hundred and eighty-five million pounds. Coffee was making its way at the same time. It was imported from the Levant, which is easily reached from Arabia, its home. It was first brought into England by a Cretan gentleman, who made it his common beverage at Baliol college, Oxford, in the year when the "long parliament" first met. Coffee became a social power earlier than tea. The Greek servant of an English-Turkey merchant from Smyrna is said to have started the first coffee-house in London, in the time of the Commonwealth. About the end of the seventeenth century coffee-houses were very common, and important as means of social and political intercourse between men. They filled the place that is now filled by London clubs. Some were chiefly political places of resort for only one party; others, especially the famous Wills, in Covent Garden, were literary. Those who wished to see, to hear, or perhaps to bow to a prominent literary man—such as Dryden—would find him at the coffee-house. The houses had great influence in the formation of opinions. Men nowadays often take their opinions from their newspapers or the club. Then they took it from the coffee house.—*National Repository.*

The Ex-Empress Eugenie.

I have seen a letter from Ems, which gives this description of the ex-empress: "I have just seen the ex-empress at Ems. It is hard to understand how she could have selected these springs. The beautiful village Ems is, as it were, the funeral monument of the Bonaparte dynasty. She is accompanied by Duchess de Monchy and Marquis de Piennes. She is clad in deep mourning. Hazard has cruel ironies. In German spas each house has its sign. The home of the ex-empress bears over its door L'Elysee—the same name as the palace where the future emperor wooed the future empress. When she reached Ems and came out of the railway station the throng, which contained people of all nations, spontaneously took off their hats. I do not believe the empress was ever saluted with greater deference and deeper sympathy. Time, cares, sorrows and exile have done their work. Years ago I saw her on the beach at Trouville with one of those long canes which she had put in fashion and which gave to the fine ladies of those days so 'fast' a look. She still carries a cane, but 'tis not the light bamboo of old times; she now carries a stout walking-stick, a man's walking-stick, on which she leans as she walks along. I could not, when I saw her, help thinking of the broken, violence-scarred walls of the Tuilleries—majestic though in ruins. The day the Countess de Pierrefonds (as the ex-empress now styles herself) reached Ems Prince George of Prussia called on her. He repeated his visit the next day, and during her whole stay at Ems he was most attentive to her. He took care that she should have at Ems something like her old grandeur. He made the authorities and public functionaries show her a thousand courtesies. The postmaster ordered a letter-carrier to attend to her alone, and to carry her all letters for her the instant the mails were opened. The telegraph-master did the same thing. The visitors, seeing these honors paid her, became still more deferential. Whenever she walked precedence was given her, and she seemed very much touched by this courtesy. I saw again upon her lips the enchanting smile of happy days."—*Paris Letter.*

King David a Candidate for Office.

When Lamartine assumed office, after the revolution of 1848, he was assailed with applications from persons who desired to obtain employment under government. Lamartine often drew up a list of those whom he was anxious to oblige, and this list was submitted to the different ministers who had vacant appointments at their disposal. Among the appointments which appeared in the official journal one day was that of M. David to the consulate of Bremen, no Christian name or description being given. Several weeks passed without any one coming forward to fill the post; and, as there was a good deal of business to be transacted, inquiries were made with a view of discovering him. These inquiries were fruitless, and Lamartine was at last referred to. He could not tax his memory with having recommended any one of that name; and on looking at the list upon which the name was written, he suddenly remembered that while noting down several names one day, he had been, as often happened, thinking more of poetry than of politics, and had jotted down the name of the psalmist in order to write some verses about him at the first opportunity. The official journal of the next day announced that "Citizen Marchand is appointed consul of France at Bremen, in the room of Citizen David, who is called to other duties."

"This is the season," says the *Free Press*, when the girl, whose stern father has kicked her lover out-doors, packs up a few things, writes an eight-page letter to her mother, drops a clothes-line from her chamber window, and at midnight, when silence reigns, raises the sash, sees how dark it is, and—jumps into bed as fast as she can."

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

On Plowing.

As remarked by an observant farmer, there is a short statement of truth which has made some men rich. It is this: "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The farmer who does not recognize this truth and act according to its requirements will always be of the opinion that "farming does not pay." Therefore, we say, do not profane the plow with your touch if you do not intend to plow well; not that, only, but first-rate. To this end observe the following rules:

1. Always have your plow sharp. Never go to the field with an instrument which is not in a condition to do good work. A good workman may be thwarted by bad tools, and dull tools are a good indication of a lazy farmer.

2. Remember that to plow well does not mean to turn over a clean furrow; to do that may be well, but that is not all. Good plowing is the thorough pulverization of the soil, and he who can dissolve an acre of ground into the finest particles is the best plowman, for he exposes most surface to the seed which shall be sown. The ground cannot be too finely ground up. Here lies the secret of fine crops so far as mechanical agency is concerned.

3. Plow an inch or so deeper each year, and thus deepen your seed bed, and bring the subsoil into contact with light and air for their chemical operations. You can never go too deep, provided you go slowly. Time will change igneous rocks into fruitful soil.

4. Never be in a hurry at this kind of work. If you have not the time to do your work right, just make the time. One acre well plowed is worth two acres half way done. Look out for those hard places where the instrument tries to jump out. Stop, here is an enemy that must be conquered, and you must not neglect it. These spots determine the real from the artificial workman. Try it over again.

"You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try again."

5. If a rock or root or any other obstruction is in your way, stop and get rid of it entirely. If it is a rock, put it on your fence or threw it into a sink hole. Never let it bother you again. Dispose of it at once.

6. Do not ride on your plow handles. Your team has draught enough to overcome without your laziness adding fifty pounds more. Riding on the handles never does good work.

7. Stand square between the handles, arms so stiff that you must be lifted off your feet before the plow can veer from its course; then lift a little on the handles, and you will do better work and lighten the draught by twenty-five or fifty pounds.

8. Keep your eye ahead of your team, and turn every inch; a bad workman covers, and grain is lost.

9. When done take your plow and clean it well, and put under cover out of the way of wet and moisture, which, like rot, soon destroy a valuable implement.

Farm and Garden Notes.

Onions chopped fine and mixed with the feed of fowls three times a week are pronounced beneficial by the *Poultry World.*

Mr. Meehan says that whitewash is frequently resorted to by farmers, but the great objection is its unsightly appearance; the result is otherwise good.

It is said by a farmer who has tried the experiment so often as to be sure of his ground, that buttermilk poured over the back of a scurvy pig will entirely and speedily remove the scurf.

Any man who will establish in his garden an experimental plot, can select the best heads of the most prolific wheat, sowing the next year the best heads alone, and still selecting from this the best heads, using the balance for feed use, and in this manner keeping always one year ahead. This will make good seed.

The ever-blooming roses are best for house culture in pots—because they bloom quicker and more continuously than any of the others, and besides this, their style and habit of growth is more bushy and better adapted to the purpose. They can be kept nicely with other growing plants, and with proper attention to their requirements will bloom freely.

A Russian chemist gives the following process for the preparation of bones for manure, which, it is said, has received the approbation of Liebig. Mix 400 parts of ground bones with 400 parts of wood ashes, containing ten per cent. of carbonate of potash, and add sixty parts of quicklime. This mixture is placed in a tank or barrel, with water sufficient to make the whole moist. In a short time the bony matter is completely disaggregated by the caustic potash, while the pasty mass formed is then taken from the tank, dried, mixed with an equal amount of mold, and is then ready to be distributed.

The following facts should be born in mind: Every fully developed plant, whether of wheat, oats or barley, etc., presents an ear superior in productive power to any part of the rest of that plant. 2. Every such plant contains one grain which, upon trial, proves more productive than any other. 3. The superior vigor of the best grain is transmissible in different degrees to its progeny. 4. By repeated careful selection the superiority is accumulated. 5. The improvement which is at first rapid, gradually, after a long series o years, is diminished in amount, and eventually so far arrested that, practically speaking, a limit to improvement in the desired quality is reached. 6. By still continuing to select, the improvement is maintained, and practically a fixed type is the result.

A Simple Insect Killer.

The *Gardeners' Chronicle* has the following testimony from Mr. Knight, of Floor's castle gardens, England, on the destruction of scale, etc., on plants. It is simply, he says, to syringe plants infected with bug and scale with water diluted in the proportion of one wineglassful of paraffine oil to four gallons of water. The oil and water must be kept thoroughly mixed with the syringe—one charge into the can and one on the plant. He has used it with oranges, gardenias, crotons and many other plants which had bug and scale on them, and while it is said not to injure the young leaves in the least, it is certain death to the insects.

A Woman's Promise.

Henry Carey, cousin of Queen Elizabeth, after having enjoyed her majesty's favor for several years, lost it in the following manner: As he was walking one day full of thought in the garden of the palace, under the queen's window, she perceived him, and said to him in a jocular manner:

"What does a man think of when he is thinking of nothing?"

"Upon a woman's promise," replied Carey.

"Well done, cousin," answered Elizabeth.

She retired, but did not forget Carey's answer. Some time after he solicited the honor of a peerage, and reminded the queen that she had promised it to him.

"True," said she, "but that was a woman's promise."

Enemies of Ocean Cables.

The amount of submarine life that comes up on a cable which is taken up for repairs after being immersed for a year or two is surprising. Three years ago the writer was with a repairing expedition on the Para to Cayenne section of the Western and Brazilian company's cables. We were chiefly at work off the island of Marajo, in the estuary of the Amazon. The cable had only been submerged about a month; yet it came on board the ship at places literally covered with barnacles; at others overgrown with submarine vegetation, crabs, and curious shells, often of singular delicacy and beauty. The seaweeds were in great variety, clinging to the cable sometimes in thick groves of red and yellow algæ, slender, transparent, feathery grasses, red slimy fucoids, and tufts of amethyst moss. We found branching coralline plants upward of a foot in height, growing to the cable, the soft skeleton being covered with a fleshy skin, generally of a deep orange color. Sometimes a sponge was found attached to the roots of these corals, and delicate calcareous structures of varied tints incrusted the stems of all these plants, and served to ornament as well as to strengthen them. Parasitic life seems to be as rife under these soft, tepid waters as it is on the neighboring tropical shores. Many star-fishes, zoophytes, and curious crabs and crustaceans were likewise fished up on the cable. The crabs were often themselves completely overgrown with the indigenous vegetation of the bottom, and so were scarcely distinguishable from it. Others, although not so covered, were found to have the same tints as the vegetation they inhabited, and even in structure somewhat resembled the latter. Others, again, were perfectly or partially transparent; and one most beautiful hyaline crab, new to science, united in its person several of the prevailing colors of the bottom. Its slender limbs, like jointed filaments of glass, were stained here and there of a deep topaz brown. Its snout, pointed like a needle, was of a deep scarlet; its triangular body was of a deep yellow; its eyes were green; and its tiny limbs of an amethyst blue.

Within a day after this cable had been laid a mysterious fault had occurred, and this we were in pursuit of. To our surprise, we found it to have been caused by the bite of some voracious fish. About thirty miles north of the Para mouth of the Amazon we found the cable bitten in many places, and in some so severely that the iron guard wires had been forcibly crushed aside, the cable penetrated to the conductor, and pieces of the animal's teeth left sticking in the core. Instances of cables having been damaged by the saw-fish were known before, both by us and doubtless by our readers. The saw-fish grubbing with its snout in the mud is supposed by Frank Buckland to encounter the cable; and becoming enraged at it, to deal it a sharp downward stroke with its saw, thereby piercing the cable from above, and in certain cases leaving its broken teeth jammed between the wires. But the bites we cut out were evidently due to another fish, for they showed signs of having been made by a direct bite between a pair of powerful jaws. Pieces of teeth were found both on the upper and under side of a bitten piece, showing that both jaws had been at work. Of what the fish really is which tries its teeth on such expensive prey, nothing is certainly known.

Fish are not the only large animals which have tried to make a meal or a plaything out of a cable. Underground cables have been found eaten by both rats and mice. In Bristol, a year or two ago, a company of rats made their way into the street pipes, and devoured the gutta-percha coating of the street cables. Not long since, at Dawlish, a mouse built her nest and reared her progeny in one of these pipes, and apparently supported both herself and her household on the gutta-percha of the wires. No doubt, as the current passed at times while she was gnawing, the little creature felt a tickling sensation of the palate, which fairly puzzled its tiny understanding, and possibly disturbed its innocent feast.

A curious submarine accident occurred a few years ago to the Persian gulf cable. The cable suddenly broke down faulty. The position of the fault was localized by shore tests, and a ship dispatched to raise the cable and repair it. It was duly grapnelled; and after a great deal of labor, caused by the extraordinary weight of the cable in hauling up, they succeeded in raising it to the surface, when they found, much to their amusement as well as surprise, that they had "caught a whale." The body of a dead whale was found entangled in the coils of the cable, where the animal had netted and strangled itself.

Remarkable Conduct of a Dog.

A Scotch paper says: A Broughty Ferry lady, writing to her friends from Dublin, gives an account of a strange occurrence by which her husband was saved from being run down in a ferry-boat. The gentleman was just about to step into the ferryboat to cross the river, when a large retriever rushed upon him, caught hold of his trousers with its teeth, and at the same time kept up a constant howl. It was only after considerable difficulty that he could get himself released, and by that time the ferryboat had shoved off into the river. The gentleman naturally felt much annoyed at being prevented from crossing, but his feelings were changed when, a minute later, he saw the ferryboat run down by a steamer which had approached without noticing the boat. The passengers were thrown into the water, but, fortunately, the crew of the steamer were successful in saving them all, some being very much exhausted, however. While thinking of the singular means by which he had been saved from the accident, the gentleman could not help noticing the conduct of the dog, which followed closely at his heels. He tried every means to get rid of it during the day, but in the afternoon the animal was still following him, and he was obliged to take it home with him. The dog has now been installed as watchman of the house, and has already shown great attachment to the gentleman and his family.

A Legend.

A day or two since a stranger in the city was making inquiries about the "Pontiac Elm" at Bloody Run, and finally accepted the offer of a bootblack to go up Jefferson avenue and point out the historic relic. When the tree had been looked over and the ravine explored the stranger asked:

"Boy, are there any legends connected with this spot?"

"I guess there's one," replied the lad.

"What is it?"

"Well, as near as I kin remember, a feller got a boy to come up here with him and look around and answer questions, and when they got back down town he never paid the boy a cent—not a red!"

"He didn't? And what happened him?" asked the stranger as he lifted his left eye.

"He got drowned the same night, while the boy is rich and high-toned, and wears a velvet vest!"

"Hum!" mused the stranger, as he passed out a quarter without further delay.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE POWER OF CHEMISTRY.

A Professor's Fate—The Terrible Destructiveness Latent in some Chemicals.

A most unfortunate accident which has occurred at Prague recalls in many of its details and circumstances the quaint traditions that were once prevalent with regard to the mediæval alchemists. Professor Fischer, of the Prague gymnasium, a young man only twenty-five years of age, and of the highest eminence in his profession—that of chemistry—has come to an untimely end, under the most melancholy circumstances. No one needs to be told that cyanide of potassium, a drug largely used in photography, is a poison of the most deadly character. Its active ingredient is prussic acid. Prussic acid in its pure, or—as chemists would term it—"anhydrous" form, is a substance too dangerous to be kept, or even manufactured. If a glass capsule containing a wineglassful of pure prussic acid were broken in the pit of a theater, those among the audience who were nearest the doors might perhaps escape, but the great majority would be killed on the spot. The prussic acid ordinarily sold, and occasionally used for killing dogs and cats, contains about a drop of the pure acid to a quarter of a pint of water. Pure prussic acid no chemist dare keep. He might as well compress a ton of dynamite into a single cartridge—supposing such package to be possible—and then leave the deadly parcel lying loose upon his table.

Cyanide of potassium is not, like prussic acid, volatile. It is a white powder, rather resembling flour or chalk. It is, however, so poisonous that a mere pinch of it, sprinkled over an open wound or sore, will cause almost instantaneous death; that a fragment, almost imperceptible to the eye, will, if swallowed, prove equally fatal, and that its mere smell has before now produced immediate death. It was, it seems, the ambition of Professor Fischer to discover some means of rendering cyanide of potassium harmless. We can do this with gunpowder—although the analogy is not strictly exact, the means employed with gunpowder being mechanical, while those for which Professor Fischer sought were chemical. We know what happens if a light is applied to a keg of gunpowder. If, however, we mix the powder with four or five times its bulk of sawdust, a torch may be held to it with impunity. The mechanical resistance of the sawdust makes it impossible for the explosion to at once spread to the whole mass, and the consequence is that a sort of splutter ensues, like that of a squib or blue light. Professor Fischer's idea was that if cyanide of potassium were thoroughly mixed with sal ammoniac, it would be as harmless as gunpowder mixed with sawdust, but would still remain equally available for all those purposes of photography for which it is at present absolutely indispensable.

In the course of his researches, Mr. Fischer made a mixture, of which in his own mind he felt assured that it would meet the conditions of his problem. He compounded the cyanide with some other substance, and then—turning to his laboratory assistant—said:

"Science has now so far advanced as to be even able to render harmless so dangerous an agent as cyanide of potassium."

With these words he tasted the mixture, and was almost in an instant seized with the most violent and excruciating agonies. He at once implored his assistant to send for medical aid. Cyanogen, however—whether as prussic acid or as cyanide of potassium—kills almost instantaneously. In a few seconds Professor Fischer was beyond help. We are told that there is possible reason to suppose that a deliberate suicide had been planned and carried out, under the mask of experiment. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the professor had met the fate which befell only too many of the early chemists and their predecessors, the alchemists.

We know, now, what will happen to any experimentalist if he dips blotting-paper in nitric acid, washes it, dries it, and then incautiously treads upon it. What happened to the man who is believed—for his record perished with him—to have first discovered fulminate of silver, is matter of scientific record. That he was engaged in researches upon the fulminates of the higher metals, was well known. How it precisely came about that he disappeared as he did will remain matter of conjecture. There came one day a puff, a slight shock, and a smart noise as if some one had inflated a paper bag, and then burst it between his hands. Of the professor himself, of his laboratory, of his apparatus and of much else within the radius of some yards, not a vestige or trace was left.

So it used to be with the alchemists—the heritors of the hidden wisdom of Bohme, and Roger Bacon and Albertus Magnus. They were always blowing themselves up, or asphyxiating themselves with some noxious vapor. For a man who knows nothing, or next to nothing, of chemistry, it is a very dangerous game indeed to mix together a couple of substances of which he knows nothing, and then bray them in a mortar. Common sulphur is harmless stuff enough, so is charcoal, so is nitre; but let an ignorant man mix the three and apply a light to them, and the result will much astonish him.

Apart from the sad fact that a young man with a bright and indeed brilliant future before him should be thus suddenly cut off, the death of Professor Fischer has another moral. Chemistry—whatever Mr. Lowe may have to say in praise of civil engineering—is the science of the world and of the future. The bridge