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The Sea.

To day the great sea lies at rest—
No troubled dreams stir his broad breast—
A giant stretched from east to west.

Oh wild, tumultuous, restless sea,
What mighty spirit moveth thee?
Thou heaving, surging mystery!

The tides are out, the white sands lie
Along the beach; serene on high,
The moon rides through a cloudless sky.

A great peace broods o'er sea and land;
It may be peace lies near at hand,
Through all the storms that vex life's strand

A cool wind blows from out the west;
In the new dawn we lie at rest,
No more with bitter tears opprest.

A Dream of Autumn.

Mellow hazes lowly trailing
O'er the wood and meadow, veiling
Somber skies, with swallows sailing,
Sailor-like, to foreign lands;
And the north wind ove leaping
Summer's brink, and flood-like sweeping
Wrecks of roses where the weeping
Willows swing their helpless hands.

Flaunted high, like torches flinging
Flakes of flame and embers, springing
From the vale the trees stand swinging
In the moaning atmosphere;
While in dead'ning lands the lowing
Of the cattle, sadder growing,
Fills the sense to overflowing
With the sorrow of the year.

Fields of ragged stubble, tangled
With rank weeds, and shocks of jangled
Corn, with crests like wet plumes dangled
O'er the harvest's battle plain;
And the sudden whirr and whistle
Of the quail that, like a missile,
Whizzes over thorn and thistle,
And, a missile, drops again.

Muffled voices hid in thickets
Where the redbird stops to stick its
Ruddy beak between the pickets
Of the truant's rustic trap;
And a sound of laughter ringing
Where, within the wild vine swinging,
Climb Bacchante's scoolmates flinging
Purple clusters in her lap.

Rich as wine the sunset flashes
Round the tilted world, and dashes
Up the sloping west and splashes
Its red form against the sky,
Till my dream of autumn, paling
In the splendor all prevailing,
Like a sallow leaf goes sailing
Down the silence solemnly.

—James W. Riley.

A Drive and What Came of It.

"When two women will, they will, you may depend on't;
And when they won't, they won't, and that's an end on't.

Adele and I began our offenses by separating from our respective families at the very beginning of the season, and hunting out for ourselves a retreat in a remote country farmhouse, where, "far from the madding crowd," we elected to spend the entire summer in sublime indifference to chaperons, toilets and men—chiefly the latter.

Our plan did not meet the approval of our maternal relatives, for certain reasons pertaining to our future speedy establishment in life which the summer had been expected to further, and that our insubordination reduced to despair.

We had, however, the ears of the paters, who were not nearly so anxious to transfer our small claims for maintenance to other than the fatherly shoulders, and so we carried the day, and found ourselves right speedily established at the farmhouse of Squire Brown, in a certain particular nook adjacent to a nameless river, near a place which we elected to call Sleepy Hollow.

For a fortnight we did nothing material save sleep, read, drink milk and eat strawberries; then there came what the natives call "a spell of weather," and we awakened to a consciousness of the loveliness about us, running wild to explore the hills that lay around us, all day inwrapped in a golden haze; to penetrate to the heart of the dim, cool wildwood, where strange flowers were blossoming, and delicate ferns bowed to the vagrant breezes over fairy carpets of soft, green moss; and to follow in their vagabond course the countless laughing brooks that tumbled down the hillside or murmured under the willows, where, in the deep pools, the speckled trout lay in wait for the unwary fly, in blissful ignorance of hook and rod.

One day, while the rambling spirit was still unappeased, yet had boots and limbs put in their protest, an inspiration came to us most happy in its promise.

We would drive to the falls in the squire's one-horse chaise. Neither of us had ever drawn rein over the back of living steed; but we were persuaded that driving in the country was a very simple matter, and then Roxy, the farmer's ancient horse, was a steady piece of flesh, not likely to bring us to grief, if her owner was to be trusted—viz., that Roxy would draw the old chaise safely to the falls and back with the lines lying over the dashboard!

Accordingly Roxy was harnessed in, our basket packed with a comfortable luncheon, and we, mounting to our seats, started off.

In the matter of driving there had been a division of labor in this wise: Adele held the reins, while I carried the whip. For the first mile the road was level and smooth, and Roxy, persevering in the steady trot with which she had started off, permitted us to attain a serenity that our unusual situation may not have warranted; but just as I was beginning to get the better of any little tremors that had hitherto interfered with my entire enjoyment of the affair, Adele suddenly leaned forward, and, taking the whip from my hand, dealt Roxy a sounding thwack upon her quarters.

This was more than the most amiable beast could be expected to bear with equanimity, and certainly Roxy resented it, for she made a jump which fairly threw me from the seat, and started at a tearing pace down the road.

A horse's memory for this kind of an affront seemed not long, however, and when, by dint of shouting, coaxing and sawing on the lines our Bucephalus was gotten down to her ordinary gait, I turned to visit upon Adele something like a remonstrance. At a glance, I saw that she was triumphant in the opinion that Roxy and herself had come to a thorough understanding of relative positions, and therefore only meekly asked:

"What was the matter with her, Adele?"

"Why, did you not see her switch her tail over the reins in the most impertinent manner? A horse never does that when it knows it has a master, and I determined to settle that question at once."

Only one more little irregularity disturbed my entire confidence in the superior horsemanship of Adele, and as that only came when we were in sight of the falls, our journey was the most delightful and novel imaginable.

It was at the top of a steep hill that the white, tumbling waters of the cascade came to us—a vision of beauty set in emerald banks, sparkling and throwing up wreaths of white spray that formed rainbows in the sunlight.

The reins had almost slipped from Adele's hands, and the whip, to which I had thus far paid manful attention, trailed ignominiously in the dust of the highway as we sat devouring the scene with enthusiastic gaze, when Roxy took it into her venerable head to start in the most unaccountable fashion at a tremendous pace down the hill.

Frantically I clutched the whip, holding it as rigidly upright as our bouncing career over the stony road would permit, lest by a wave of its lash the speed of the incomprehensible Roxy should be accelerated; and, expecting nothing else then instant destruction, I held my breath until, as suddenly as she had started, our animal had landed us whole and undamaged in front of a high gate which barred our further progress.

Then I looked at Adele. Her face was white, and the reins were of a verity over the dashboard, since only the extreme ends of them remained in her tightly-closed hands; but her confidence in herself as a Jehu had evidently remained unshaken, whatever she may have suffered physically in that way, for she answered my look with the utmost gravity, saying:

"If I had not held her well up, Daisy I think that might have been dangerous."

Words failed me, and I turned my attention, therefore, to the practical difficulties besetting our path.

The gate, we concluded, was the entrance to the grounds of a certain unknown gentleman who owned all the lands hereabouts, and who had built himself a retreat in this wild and beautiful spot which, of late years, we had been told he seldom visited, and after due discussion we decided to tie Roxy to the gate-post, trusting to Providence to find the somewhat unstable beast there upon our return, and to climb the fence with our basket, when, after viewing the falls, we would select a suitable place in which to rest and eat our luncheon.

We found a nosebag under the seat of the chaise, which the squire, with due consideration for the welfare of his horse, had providently supplied with oats; but the adjustment of this portable manger was the most trying piece of business, in which we were likely not to be successful, we thought, until, in our maneuvering, Roxy got a sniff of the grain, and lowered her head in a way highly satisfactory to two medium-sized young women, intent upon slipping a strap over her ears.

The next difficulty was the fence, which was very high, and ornamented at the top with a row of most malicious pickets, that, in the course of sundry gymnastics torn and some bruises we scrambled over, and straightway found ourselves in a paradise of grass, trees and flowers, growing in the wild luxuriance of neglect, to be sure, but a place nevertheless to rest the very soul of weary humanity, and in which to lose the very memory of the pushing, turbulent world in the roar of the bright waters dashing down its stony fall, and dipping its foamy tide beneath the mirror-like current of the river below.

When we had explored the place to our heart's content, we sought a lovely little glade shaded by immense elm trees, quite near the house, which was rather a commonplace affair, considering its romantic situation, where we spread out the contents of our luncheon-basket, and with much nonsense and laughter proceeded to enjoy ourselves in a manner to horrify the fashionable circle in which we were supposed to be too well-bred ever to do anything in a thoroughly natural and girlish way.

There was a rowan tree on the outskirts of the little park, in which we had established ourselves, the unripe berries of which looked a pale, pretty yellow in the sunshine, and, dragging down Adele's long, waving, black hair, I dressed it fantastically with such arrowy leaves and berries as I could pull from high branches of the limbs.

While we were engaged in this pretty business, there came through the stillness a long, low cry, half human in its sound, yet altogether unearthly.

"What can that be?" questioned Adele, a startled look widening her magnificent black eyes, and just then I caught a glimpse of an immense black body, out of the mouth of which hung a great red tongue, and the eyes of which looked to my frightened imagination like balls of fire, and shrieking: "Run, Adele," I set off myself as fast as my feet, that seemed palsied with terror, would carry me in the direction of the gate, thinking, with an agonized sense of insufficiency, of those terrible pickets on top of the fence, and never doubting that Adele was close at my heels, until again and again a bellowing "View halloo" came ringing down the wind after me, checking my headlong flight and giving me the sustaining sense of human assistance, so much that he might take his ease and look back.

It was a shocking sight that met my gaze as I did so.

Upon the grass where she had sat when I stuck the berries into her loosened hair lay Adele, her head supported in the arms of a strange man who knelt beside her, while around the two a gigantic hound careening in wild circles.

More ashamed of myself than I had ever been in my life before, I turned to retrace my steps, just in time to see the stranger lift Adele up in his arms, and move rapidly toward the house, followed by the big dog.

In vain did I hasten my steps. I could not overtake them, but, shaping my course by the direction of their disappearance, I found myself presently in a pretty morning-room, in which Adele lay upon the couch, with a shriveled old fairy of a woman bending over her with a camphor-bottle in hand, but no sign of either man or dog that I could detect.

"Look! he is gentle as a lamb," said the little old woman, apologetically. "But he has come near being the death of you with fright, young ladies." For by this time Adele had opened her eyes and commenced to look around her.

"It is a shame to allow such a monster to run at large!" I cried, more energetically than politely; and then Adele lifted her head and, peering into an opposite mirror, said nothing more sensible than, "What a fright I must look, Daisy!" at which evidence of returning life the old attendant nodded her head approvingly, and bustled away to prepare us some tea, for which thought I at least was grateful.

As soon as the door closed and we were alone, Adele sprang up and began twisting up her hair, but so far from testifying to the vexation I had expected her to feel after such an adventure, she asked, eagerly.

"Did you see him, Daisy? He is quite the handsomest man I ever met."

"For heaven's sake, Adele, have done with nonsense, and let us fly to Roxy, and the squire's chaise before we get into another ridiculous scrape," I implored.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, my dear. People who keep great dogs to frighten errant damsels out of their senses should not be suffered to escape paying the penalty of their indiscretion in some way or another," answered the heartless creature, and I prepared myself to sulk, when our old fairy again entered the apartment, and said:

"Mr. Islington presents his compliments to the young ladies, and begs, if they are sufficiently recovered from their fright, that they will allow him to offer them some refreshment in company with his friend and guest, Mr. Stephenson, with whom, he believes, they have an acquaintance."

"Great heavens!—the very pair of lions we were expected to encounter at Newport, and from the honor of which we ran away!" I gasped in consternation; but Adele only laughed and answered:

"Well, since they are such Vandals as to run us down with dogs, it may be as well to surrender gracefully."

And following her lead we were ushered by the old fairy into a charming little dining-room, where we found Fred Stephenson and Mr. Islington waiting beside a daintily-spread table, and, barring the embarrassment which speedily wore off, sat down to a partie carree meal that would have convulsed our entire world with horror had it been permitted to witness the jollity thereof.

When both the fun and the feeding were well over, we bade the attendant fairy adieu, and with a parting look at the falls, made our way leisurely to the great gate that gave entrance to the enchanted grounds, only to find that our cup of disaster was not yet full.

Roxy had grown impatient of our long absence, and, with the nosebag still around her neck, and calmly turned her back upon us, and was doubtless by this time far on her road home, leaving only the halter, which she had ingeniously slipped out of, as a melancholy reminder of the unreliability of all trusts reposed in four-footed animals and a woman's ability to tie a knot.

Well we were certainly in for it. We had contrived to be guilty of as gross impropriety as two single young women can well manage in one day, and therefore we submitted with an easy grace to be carried back to the squire's by Mr. Islington's boys, with that gentleman as charioteer, and bringing Fred Stephenson along for the sake of giving our host company on the homeward drive.

It is perhaps needless to say that Roxy had arrived in good order, considerably in advance of us, and that the squire was not so greatly concerned as to our probable fate as to forget to ask after the halter which I had providentially clung to as to the only available voucher for my entire sanity; but this I might say, since the matter will creep out sooner or later, things are likely to fall out quite as completely to the satisfaction of our anxious mammas as if we had gone obediently to Newport, and never made acquaintance with the falls of Sleepy Hollow through the medium of Roxy and the one-horse chaise.

The Bird Omen of Death.

"Look," cried Adelaide Neilson in terror to the physician attending her in her last moments, "look at that great bird flying about me." It was a bat that had flown into her death chamber, and Dr. Monier drove it out

This little incident is suggestive of the strong belief which once obtained in England and Scotland that the appearance of a bird in the sick room was a sure omen of approaching death to the occupant. Sir Walter Scott, in his book on "Witchcraft and Demonology," gives many remarkable instances of this superstition which, like all superstitions, is never at a loss for eye-witnesses and circumstantial evidence. Faith in the omens of birds is indeed one of the most ancient of popular delusions. It was an article of universal faith among the ancient Greeks, and Sophocles, the most delightfully human of the tragedy writers of Athens, speaks of the sure prophecies and foreknowledge to be derived from birds, from the strident wings of full-grown ones to the young ones "whose callow wings refuse a lengthened flight."

The episode of the "great bird" which so terrified the dying actress reminds us also of one of the strangest of lives and deaths to be met with in the English history. Thomas, the second son of Lord Lyttleton, is believed by many critics to this day to be the author of the famous "Letters of Junius," although Macaulay inclines decidedly to Sir Philip Francis. Certain it is that the description given by Woodfall, the printer's boy, of the tall, thin gentleman, with high shoulders, gold-laced coat, and sword, who gave him the MS. of one of the "letters," accords with the appearance of Lord Lyttleton but not with that of Sir Philip Francis. Moreover, when the former spoke in the house of lords he fairly electrified his audience by his power of invective and sarcasm, and it is a notable coincidence that many of Lord Lyttleton's expressions, such as "women, and men like women," are found also in Junius. But all this, of course, is not conclusive, and we only recall the strange nobleman who, even at Eton, was looked upon with awe for an immense black morose solcism with dissipation, because his death, so at least he asserted, had been predicted to him by the appearance of a white bird in his bedroom. This was the third night before he died, and he declared that his death would take place at midnight, just when it did. He was at a country house, with the sardonic smile peculiar to him, "If I live half an hour longer I shall jockey the ghost," jearing that he would give it the lie to the omen. He retired shortly after, and sent his servant for a spoon that he might take his customary dose of rhubarb. When the man returned he found his master dying in convulsions on the floor. There seems little doubt that he had poisoned himself, and had predicted his death in the full purpose of fulfilling the prophecy by suicide. Still, the story of the bird may have been true, and the belief in such appearances of the feathered tribe, especially of one or sometimes two white birds, before death, was very prevalent even among the upper classes of society in those days.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Isle of Man.

There is a patch in the Irish sea called the Isle of Man. On a sunny day the highlands of Ulster, in Ireland, and of Galloway, in Scotland, are visible from its western shore; and from the summit of Snaefell mountain, England is seen fretting in the golden haze across the sea.

Small as this island is, it has a government of its own, and a thrilling and eventful history. Hawthorne found it "a world by itself in a wonderful quiet, and has praised it in his "English Note-Books." Scott gathered material for "Peveril of the Peak" from its romantic scenery and legends, and Wordsworth commemorated a visit to it in a sonnet.

In its greatest length the island measures about thirty-three miles, and in its greatest breadth about thirteen. In circumference it is seventy-five miles, including the sinuosities of the bays; and it contains a superficial area of about 130,000 acres, or 203 square miles. Enjoying the benefits of the Gulf stream, the climate is singularly mild and genial, and there are few other places in the world where the difference between summer and winter is so slight.

As to the healthfulness of the climate, you would find proof in the native girls—rosy-cheeked, plump, active and gleeful; and the men are as stalwart, masculine and handsome a race as breathes on earth.

Most of the coast is rocky and wild, hoar with the foam of the turbulent sea that surrounds it, and indented with capacious harbors and innumerable creeks; but in the north the land sinks into a low pasturage, and meets the water on the glistening pebbles of a smooth beach.

The interior includes nearly every kind of natural scenery—heather-clad, balsamic hills, plains richly cultivated, wide reaches of prickly gorse as dear as Yorkshire moors, and the prettiest of cascades. The enchantment of northern land dwells in its subdued light and on its mist-crowned heights.

Sleepy villages are perched on the cliffs where once the beacon-fires of the wreckers allured many a goodly ship to her doom. In the bays where the pirates hid themselves of old, fly the white sails of pleasure-boats.

The present invaders are not Romans, Picts, nor Scandinavians, but aggressive tourists, bearing knapsacks instead of engines, and walking-sticks instead of javelins. These confront you in nearly every part of the island; and the primitive character of the natives is fast changing under the influence of the town manners which the visitors bring with them. Many of the superstitions have been laughed away, but there are not a few honest folks who yet have a steadfast faith in mermaids and fairies.

Scripture Practically Applied.

Many years ago when the mowing on the farm was done with a scythe, Farmer A. with his hired man were mowing together in the field. The hired man was ahead when he discovered that he was in close proximity to a large nest of hornets. He advanced as far as he thought was prudent and jumped from his swath and ran away. Farmer A. imagining that the hired man was frightened at nothing, stepped into his swath with this scriptural quotation: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion," and mowed ahead. Two or three strokes brought him in contact with the nest, and the hornets swarmed out at a lively rate, giving him a sharp reception. The farmer ran when it was the hired man's to quote scripture, which he did by the following: "The wise man forseeth the evil and turneth aside, but the fool passeth on and is punished."

TANNER AS A LECTURER.

He Tells What He Knows About Fasting.

In his lecture before a New York audience Doctor Tanner said that even the skeptical Doctor Hammond has agreed with the general opinion that the forty days' fast had been honestly conducted. There was not so much unanimity, however, about the value of the forty days' fast to science. Not only the fast, but the rapid recovery after it, was eminently successful in upsetting the prevalent theories of physicians. He would use the evidence that the fast was honestly conducted as a weapon against the established views of medical experts on the subject of both fasting and recovery from the effects of fasting. He claimed that it established the truth of one belief he had held for many years, that the sanative, or healing principle, is in the man, and not in the medicine. In all functional or organic derangements of his own body he had implicitly relied upon this self-healing principle to restore the equilibrium without the use of drugs. He had unbounded faith in the potency of this God-implanted principle, and it was that faith that enabled him to abstain from food. The same faith enabled him to partake of liberal diet at the end of his fast in the face of the warnings of nearly the entire medical profession that by so doing he would meet with speedy death. The fact was that the vigorous action of the stomach prevented the disastrous results that were predicted. He knew what he was about when he partook so plentifully of food, and the result was, he said:

"I did not die, as you see. I gained thirty pounds in nine hours. My experience shows the impotence of drugs, the uselessness of mercury and arsenic."

Speaking of the ordinary remedies of drugs, Dr. Tanner said they reminded him of the man who tried all sorts of things to get rid of the rats in his barn. The last remedy was to burn down the barn. When the people learn the uselessness of drugs there will be fewer seven-story palaces built up on cough drops and anti-dyspeptic pills. He said he was not afraid to step aside from the beaten paths that the followers of Esculapius have so long trod, and would not be bound by the dicta of medical experts of either the allopathic, homeopathic, or eclectric schools. Although the medical uses of abstinence from food had been his favorite hobby, he was not exactly willing to die for it. He thought that if he should live for it, his favorite theory would be more apt to be appreciated.

Dr. Tanner regretted very much that so many simpletons attempt to practice medicine. There is too much intolerance in the profession of medicine; too little effort to teach men the laws of life and health. The successful physician succeeds generally by personal magnetism. He is born not made.

Doctor Tanner denied that his was an exceptional case. He claimed that it would be of no use in convincing people that they could go without food safely twelve or fourteen days where it is prescribed as medical treatment. He claimed also that it would be of no use to show with what absolute abstinence would not be injurious to the mental powers. Another thing proved by it is that the stomach is not made by fasting incapable of performing its functions. If he had done nothing but prove these things, he thought he had proved enough. He thought it was a great achievement to have demonstrated that he was able to prove that his mental powers predicted by Dr. Carpenter. He was convinced that the prevalent idea of medical experts that rest and inactivity were necessary to prolong life during fasting were disproved. He thought he had demonstrated that activity is necessary during fasting, to throw off the impure matter, and that otherwise would make the fasting fatal. He was also satisfied that his experiment would eliminate from future fasting trials the palsying effect of fear. He quoted several cases where persons have died from imaginary injuries. He claimed to have proved beyond question that people eat too much, and he estimated that most persons can live on a quarter of the food they now consume. Much force is expended in getting rid of superfluous food. That force might be turned into physical or mental labor.

Dr. Tanner specially commended abstinence from food as a cure for dyspepsia and rheumatism. He said that after a fasting for medical purposes there will be a natural call for food, which may then be with the greatest propriety taken. He quoted a letter from Dr. C. A. Wood, of Montreal, who had published his approval of the plan of treating disorders of the digestive functions by fasting. He said that dyspepsia is our national disease, and the best way to get rid of it is to adopt the advice of Shakespeare and "throw physic to the dogs." Finally Dr. Tanner argued that his two triumphant fastings has proved the immortality of the soul. Although constantly eliminating large quantities of phosphorus in his talks, discussions and other mental exercises, he claimed that his brain was not injured by the fasts he had undergone. This, he said, disproved the materialistic theory of the construction of the mind, and proved beyond question the power of the mind ver matter. He had been able to overcome the keenest pangs of hunger by a mere effort of the will. His will was constantly strengthened to enable him go on with his abstinence. He claimed to have demonstrated that there is an intelligent something independent of matter. He claimed also to have demonstrated that we depend upon electric influences in the atmosphere for much of our strength. This electric power, he asserted, helps change the venous blood into arterial blood. He further claimed to have proved that there is a life-sustaining force in personal magnetism, or animal magnetism. He trusted that the doctors would be led by his experiments to investigate further the laws of life, so that instead of dealing out drugs they would become the teachers of the nation

Population of Africa.

People who have forgotten their school statistics may be surprised to learn that the population of Africa is much greater than that of North and South America. We are apt to think of Africa as mostly desert and wilderness, with here and there a few tribes of Arabs or villages of negroes. Beyond the borderland with which civilization is familiar, it is natural to think of the inhabitants of Africa as a few and far between, like our Indians. As a matter of fact, Africa is much more thickly inhabited than America. Authorities which set the population of the latter at 84,542,000, give the former 203,300,000. In the Soudan the population is rated at 80,000,000, one town on the Niger containing 90,000 inhabitants. East Africa is rated at 30,000,000, and equatorial Africa at 40,000,000 souls. It is estimated that the members of the negro race number 130,000,000. "Many of the tribes," says our authority, "are above the condition of savages. They have fixed habitations, though merely mud huts, defended by stockades, and they have some laws or customs favorable to commerce. Among several tribes the native merchant is greatly esteemed, and property is safe even during the war. The land is cultivated; the inhabitants wear dyed cotton clothes; gold and iron are ingeniously manufactured, and a certain kind of intelligence seems to be very slowly spreading."

Don't pick up a child for a fool. He will ask you some questions that the condensed wisdom of the world cannot answer.—*New Haven Register.*

The Village Hotel Veranda.

After supper we march into the office in Indian file, arm ourselves with poplar toothpicks, and then all march out and take seats on the hotel veranda and hold a convention. If you have never taken part in one of these gatherings on the veranda of a village hotel you have missed a good thing. The audience includes every phase of human nature.

The discussion usually opens between the village blacksmith and a farmer, and it starts on the weather.

The blacksmith asserts that we have had too much rain. The farmer can't agree. The undertaker, who used to farm it, then joins in with the remark that he has seen seasons when we had more rain, and seasons when we didn't have as much. This calls out the shoemaker, who can remember one year when it didn't rain from the twentieth of March to the first of October. While he is trying to remember what year it was, the cooper tilts back his chair and asserts that he can distinctly recall a year in which it rained every day from the first of May to the middle of November. He can remember it all the more distinctly because his father believed that a second deluge was coming, and spent two months trying to make a water-tight Noah's ark of the horse barn. He can't tell the exact year without going a distance of six miles to examine some old documents, but rather than have his word disputed, he would willingly go to that trouble. No one proved the assertion, however, and he sits down to give room to the man whose three-year-old colt has been impaled on a fence-stake, and who wants a cure for the wound. Here follows a discussion on horses, lasting fifteen minutes, and it is about to cross the line and take up mules when an old man spits over the heads of the crowd in faith and says:

"I don't know much about horses, but if I had one, and he should drive a fence-stake clear through him, I believe I should grease the stake and pick off the slivers before I pulled it out! I tell ye horses can't stand everything, no more'n a man can."

Whatever new discussion might be created by this bold assertion is barred by the appearance of a villager who made the trip to California in overland days. No one knows just how much money he brought back. The estimate runs all the way from two shillings to $20,000, but he is discreetly silent as to the exact amount. There is one thing certain, however. He killed upward of sixty Indians, a dozen grizzly bears, and over a hundred buffalos while he was gone, and that settles the question of his being entitled to command the parade on the fourth of July. A move is about to be made to draw him out on wild Western scenes, when somebody suddenly recollects that old Uncle Jerry is lying at the point of death. Everybody seems to feel bad for a moment, and then it is remembered how he made his wife go barefooted in winter, lent money at fourteen per cent., and whipped a yoke of steers to death, and the tide slowly turns. There is one question, however, on which all are agreed. Uncle Jerry, during his palmy days, once shouldered a barrel of cider and carried it for miles.

"Yes, and I seed him do it," sighs the old man behind me. "Fact of it was, it was all on my account, and I beat him pretty bad. I was up to Fuller's cider mill arter a barrel of the sweet, when Uncle Jerry came along with a bouncing three-year-old steer. We got to chaffering, and we finally agreed that if I could lift his steer I was to have him, and he was to have the cider if he could shoulder it. I don't keer to brag around now in my old age, but I think I lifted that steer without even growin' red in the face. Uncle Jerry turned as white as a sheet, and I thought he'd faint away, but he stuck to his word, and I took the steer hum. He got a heap o' credit all over the county for liftin' that cider, and never let on that I lifted the steer, and that's one thing I've kinder laid up agin the old man."

Then the next man lies about the number of crows he saw in Kansas, and the meeting adjourns at half-past ten o'clock and the mosquitoes begin to hunger for evening lunch. Then they bid each other good-night and separate to meet and lie again.—*M. Quad.*

An Ancient Temperance Pledge.

In the blank leaf of an old Irish Bible, which has been transmitted from sire to son through many generations, and now appears as the property of Robert Bolton, preacher of God's Word, at Broughton, Northamptonshire, is inscribed the following pledge:

From this day forwarde to the ende of my life, I will never pledge any healthe, nor drinke in a whole carouse, in a glass, cup, bowle, or other drinking instrument, whomsoever it come—except the necessity doth require it. Nor my own most gracious king, nor any of the greatest monarch or tyrant upon earthe; nor my dearest friend, nor all the goulde in the world, shall enforse me. Not angels from heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade; nor Satan with all the oulde subtieties, nor all the power of hell itself shall betray me. By this very sinne (for sinne it is, and not a little one), I do plainly find that I have more offended and dishonored my glorious Maker than by all other sinne that I am subject untoe, and for this very sinne it is my God hath often been strange untoe and for that cause, and not her respect, have I thus vowed, and I heartily beg my good Father in heaven of his great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ to assist me in the same; and be so favorable untoe for what is past.

Signed R. BOLTON.
Broughton, April 10th, 1737.

Ashes of the Napoleons.

The statutes and ashes of the Napoleons have suffered strange vicissitudes. Twice has the statute of first Napoleon, which stands in the Place Vendome, been dragged to the ground, first by royalists, then by radicals, only to be re-erected, while his ashes were restored to France on the demand of another dynasty, to be respected even during the commune. Louis, the ex-king of Holland, removed his father's remains from Greshole to St. Leu, to which his own ashes were in time removed from Italy. The eldest son of Louis, regarded by Napoleon as his heir, and who died when but six years old, was at first laid in St. Denis, but the Bourbons when they returned to France had the body translated, and the "little Napoleon" now rests in the same vault as his father and grandfather. Jerome alone reposes under the dome of the Invalides with his great brother; the ashes of the other Bonapartes lie scattered here and there, and are to be found at Rome, Florence, Vienna and Chiselhurst, and somewhere in Calab.

A Nice Porterhouse Steak.

Mr. Setemup came downstairs to a ten o'clock breakfast with a vacant countenance and a backward tendency in his hair that made his two eyes ache. He sat down at the table and picking up his knife and fork, glared in uneasy wonder at something in the platter before him. It had evidently been fried in butter and was intended for food. Mr. Setemup harpooned it with his fork and lifted it up bodily, gazing at it with ever increasing wonder. "What under the sun," he exclaimed, at last, "is this thing?" "Well," replied his wife, with just a shadow of a sigh, "it looks like your new soft felt hat, and that is what I thought it was, but you pulled it out of your pocket when you came home this morning and said it was a nice porterhouse steak and you wanted it broiled for breakfast. You needn't give me any of it; I'm not hungry." And Mr. Setemup, who was just wild to know what else he said when he came home, and what time it was, for the life of him didn't dare to ask.—*Burlington Hawk-eye.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

POTATO CAKES.—Mix thoroughly with cold, mashed potatoes left from dinner the well-beaten yolk of an egg; make into cakes as you would sausages, place in skillet with a tablespoon hot ham or beef drippings, cover tightly, and, in five minutes, when lower side is browned, turn, remove cover, fry until the other side is a nice brown; serve hot Make up after dinner ready for frying for breakfast.

APPLE SNOW.—Pare, core and bring to boil in as little water as possible six tart apples, cool and strain, beat well and add the well-whipped whites of three eggs, sweeten to taste and beat thoroughly until a dish of snow is the result, flavor with lemon or vanilla, or add the grated rind of a lemon; serve with sweetened cream. Or make custard of yolks, sugar, and a pint of milk, place in a dish, and drop the froth on it in large flakes.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Select small silver-skinned onions, remove with a knife all the other-skins, so that each onion will be perfectly white and clean. Put them into brine that will float an egg, for three days; bring vinegar to boiling point, add a little mace and whole red peppers (or sprinkle with cayenne, adding bits of horseradish and cinnamon-bark, with a few cloves), and pour it hot over the onions, well drained from brine.

MARCH PUDDING.—One cup dried apples, cup molasses, one and one-fourth cups flour, fourth cup butter, one egg, one teaspoon each of soda and cinnamon, half teaspoon cloves; wash and soak apples over night, cut fine and mix with water in which they were soaked, add molasses and spice; mix egg, butter and flour together; stir soda with apples and molasses; add and bake immediately; serve hot with sauce made of half cup butter and one cup sugar, beaten to a smooth and flavored with nutmeg, lemon or vanilla.

Fowls Beneficial in Orchards.

Last fall the editor of the *Poultry World* visited an orchard in which fowls were kept, the owner of which told him that before the fowls were confined in it the trees made little or no growth, and only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds killed, and the trees presented an appearance of thrift, which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous, and the foliage most luxuriant; the fruit was abundant, of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. The excellence was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and curculio in their reach, even to the canker worm." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and a picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were changed from one to another as the condition of the fowls or the orchard sections seemed to require.

The Supply of Cattle.

The Indianapolis *Price Current* says: It seems to be the opinion of those who have examined this matter pretty thoroughly that a considerable decrease will be found in the stock of the United States and Territories, after this year's shipments are over. There can be little doubt but this will be the case in regard to such as are sufficiently well bred for shipment to foreign markets; but as to inferior stock, we question whether much, if any, deficiency will be found. Yet in any event there will unquestionably be a considerable advance in the price of cattle another year, as well as in beef and pork. There are two reasons why this may be so; the first of which is the greatly increased tide of emigrants to our country this season, who will be consumers instead of producers for a twelvemonth to come; and the second reason is, so numerous are the losses sustained in Great Britain and Ireland during the past eighteen months in domestic animals, that their wants for this year will doubtless be larger than the past have been.

An Old Farmer's Wisdom.

One who has tilled the soil for forty years, and meantime accumulated a competence and given his children a good education, says his experience has taught him these things: 1. One acre of land, well prepared and well cultivated, produces more than two which received only the same amount of labor had on one. 2. One cow, horse, mule, sheep or hog well fed, is more profitable than two kept on the amount necessary to keep one well. 3. One acre of clover or grass is worth more than two of cotton where no grass or clover is raised. 4. No farmer can raise corn, oats, wheat, fruit, beef and hay, as a rule, for ten years, can keep the sheriff away from the door in the end. 5. The farmer who never reads the papers, sneers at book farming and improvements, always has a leaky roof, poor stock, broken down fences, and complains of bad "seasons." 6. The farmer who is above his business and intrusts it to another to manage, soon has no business to attend to. 7. The farmer whose habitual beverage is cold water is healthier, wealthier and wiser than he who does not refuse to drink.

Human Hair from China.

When some one first made them fashionable by discovering that in the curious patterns of India rugs there were beautiful combinations of color, their importation to this country and England at once exhausted the native supply, and enterprising foreigners stepped in to stimulate their manufacture, especially for the foreign trade. Among the houses in this city which imported them largely is that of Messrs. Archer & Bull. The head of this house resides in India, and superintends there a factory in which 600 native weavers are employed upon rugs for the United States. Incidentally this same firm brings to New York a great many curious products of Asiatic industry, and recently received ten cases of Chinese human hair. It is very dark in color and very coarse, and is packed in small switches ready to be made up by American artists in hair. Its coarseness, however, unfits it for the fashionable market. It is sold in bulk to the retail trade, and made up into switches, frizzes, puffs and other adornments for the negro market. The ten cases weigh altogether 1,330 pounds, and represent, no doubt, as many as 1,000 or 1,500 Mongolians. The hair when it reaches here is worth from fifty cents to sixty-five cents a pound, but of course appreciates largely in value before it leaves the shop of the retail dealer, who, without sentiment, here 10,000 miles distant, combs the tangled tresses of the head in China, and sells it to adorn the head of the belle from Africa.—*New York World.*

A French Mesmerizer.

M. Henri de Parville tells, in the *Debats*, a very curious story of hypnotism, or mesmerism. Edgar Poe conceived the ghastly idea of mesmerizing a dying man, but M. de Parville's experiment was not quite so original. He was living twenty years ago among the Mosquito tribe of Red Indians. One evening, for want of better sport, he hypnotized half a dozen able-bodied Mosquitoes by making them fix their eyes on the glass stoppers of carafes. After a few seances the Mosquitoes became expert subjects, as M. de Parville found out in a curious way. He was passing their huts in the dark, while the hypnotized patients lay asleep. One by one they arose and followed him like shadows. When he walked they walked, when he ran they ran, and they imitated each of his actions. With a little trouble he might have become the medicine man of the tribe, and led a host of human automata to peace or war.

TIMELY TOPICS.

More than 13,000 people are given employment in Baltimore in packing fruits, vegetables and oysters in tin cans. More than 15,000,000 bushels of oysters are said to be canned there annually. The number of cases of all sorts of goods packed there it is estimated will not fall short of 2,000,000, averaging twenty-four cans to each case. There are eighty firms engaged in the various branches of packing business, capital is $7,000,000.

A plucky woman, living in Pittsfield, Me., recently scared a quack out of his seven senses. He had promised to cure her of neuralgia if she would lay a roll of greenbacks on the kitchen table. She put the money on the table as he requested. He then asked for pen, ink and paper, and when she went upstairs to fetch them he disappeared with the money. In a moment she was behind him with a revolver at his ear, and she kept it there until he had crawled back into the kitchen, put down the money, and begged for mercy.

In the office of the treasurer of the United States is a glass case which contains the keys which were used in the olden times to lock the treasury vaults. Mr. Gilfillan says that in the old times the treasurer, when the vaults were locked up, carried the keys home with him, and several times the house of the treasurer, who had the keys in custody, has been broken into by thieves to get these open sesames. Under the present system the vaults are locked by a combination locks There are inner and outer doors to the vaults. The officer who knows the combination to open the outer door does not know the combination of the inner, and vice versa. When the combination is changed the changes are noted by different clerks and handed to Treasurer Gilfillan in a sealed envelope.

Syracuse, N. Y., has thirty-eight producing salt wells, varying in depth from 250 to 430 feet, and in strength of brine from ten to twenty per cent. of salt. Over 1,500,000 gallons of salt water are pumped daily. The daily production per kettle from the steam process ranges from one to two bushels, according to the strength of brine, and costs eight or nine cents a bushel. The solar evaporation costs, of course, little for labor. There are about 50,000 vats in use, with the annual production of sixty bushels per vat. The flow of these salt springs differs greatly. Some which gave early promise have been known to cease flowing in a few weeks; other have changed the saline quality of their stream to something quite different and mostly of little or no commercial value. On the other hand, there are springs now producing abundantly which have been flowing for thirty years or more.

According to the London *Medical Press*, those timid beings who are haunted by apprehensions of being buried alive, and who make testamentary provisions against such contingency, may now take courage, for science has supplied an infallible means of determining whether or not the vital spark has quitted the mortal frame. Electricity enables us to distinguish with