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### Fame.

Fame is on the mountain's crest,
Steep is the ascent;
Unless we climb the mountain's height
Can we ever be content?
But there's another mountain,
A loftier summit still,
Whose apex, high above the clouds,
Leaves fame upon a hill.

Many reach the hilltop,
But few the mountain's crest;
Fame, citadel of worldly things,
But not angelic rest.
There's many a sparkling fountain
Of little good or ill;
But then, the turbid waters—
'Tis they that feed the mill.

### On the Farm.

Roosters crowing,
Cattle lowing,
Watch-dogs baying,
Horses neighing,
Peacocks in plumes of splendor screaming.

In the morning,
At the dawning,
Rising early,
Reaping barley,
The master regulating teaming.

Oxen feeding,
Weather heeding,
Bright or hazy,
Milking Daisy,
Queen of the field, pride of the dairy.

Then comes Light-face,
Then comes Bright-face,
Then Blackberry,
And Red Cherry,
The milkmaid, meadow fairy.

Ripe fruit tumbling,
Farmers grumbling,
Corn unfolding,
Women scolding,
And disappointed maidens "pouting."

When the cream's off
Sending teams off
To the cheese-press;
The milk weighs less,
But there may be a brook trout in.

Ah! the night time
Brings the bright time,
When harsh noises
And loud voices
Are drowned in deep seas of slumber.

The whip-poor-will
Will not be still;
She's appealing,
Without feeling,
For stripes for poor "Will" without number

In thickets hid,
The katykid
Wakes to tell us
She is jealous;
It may be fiction, of flirtations

Of some coquette
Who when she met
Sweet Katy fair
Out in the air,
Said some soft things with palpitations.

—*George W. Dungay, in Temperance Banner*

## THE MISTAKE GARNET MADE.

A little, low-browed, yellow cottage, sleepily nestling 'neath a canopy of branching hemlocks. Here dwelt Mrs. Darley, or the Widow Darley, as she was commonly called by the inhabitants of Linden. Here, since the departure of her niece, Garnet, her brother Robert's child, for the city to learn the dressmaker's trade, which event occurred a couple of years ago, she had lived alone, subsisting on the produce she raised on the few acres of ground attached to the cottage, which she managed to sell or barter away for groceries at a thriving town three miles distant.

Day was fast verging into dusk. Indeed, for some time twilight had lain gray upon the scene, and only a silver line kissed the purple tops of the distant mountain. The Widow Darley sat by the window busily engaged in darning a wretched-looking stocking over a mammoth mock orange, bemoaning with her every stitch her recent attack of rheumatism which confined her to the house, when she was thoroughly conscious of the fact that her services were needed out doors. Now was the time to dig her potatoes, now the time to gather certain apples, and—do everything in fact; and here she was, not only unable to get about, but so heavily trammeled by debts that she found it impossible to secure the assistance so much needed.

"Well, I declare!"

This exclamation was caused by the rumbling old stage coach, that daily passed her house, stopping at the front gate, from which alighted her niece, who ran lightly up the walk and into the house followed by a strongly-built man, bearing on his shoulder a good-sized trunk, which he deposited in the hall ere making his exit.

"How d'ye do, Aunt Susan?" with a hug and a kiss. "Not a slave to rheumatism, I hope?"

"Yes," replied Widow Darley, who, by the way, was a tiny woman of fifty, with a face not unlike the wrinkled apples that grew on the tree in the garden, "the monster has me again in his clutch. But, whatever brings you home? You haven't surely been sent adrift?"

"Yes, aunt," a tremor of pain threading her voice in spite of her efforts to appear unconcerned, "times are dull, and Madam Brown has so little work that she deemed it expedient to dispense with the services of those girls who proved the most incompetent. I, being the least skillful of all her apprentices, was discharged without regret. Most summarily she dismissed me, withholding the few quaint words of commendation she grudgingly bestowed upon the others. I have no taste for dressmaking, and am termed a regular botch. Not a very good recommendation to help secure another situation, eh? But, never mind, aunt! I see I am needed at home. How are things prospering?"

"Not at all," in her most dolorous tone; "the place is fairly weighed down with mortgages, and, for aught I know to the contrary, Mr. Lincoln may foreclose any day. Yes, any day may find us without shelter. Our larder is about empty and there is no money to replenish it; all of the flour has been scraped from the barrel, and to-day I was obliged to borrow a pailful from Jane Gray; then, too, there is not a tea-leaf in the caddy and I do not know how to exist without my cup of tea. I had meant to have dug a few bushels of potatoes and got Mr. Denver's horse to go to obtain some of the things I cannot get along without, but I am good for nothing—good for nothing!" with a profound sigh.

"Never mind, aunt, don't worry." I'll see what can be done in the morning."

And next forenoon, about 10 o'clock, with a hoe swung over her shoulder, and a half-bushel basket in her hand, in which reposed a half-dozen potato bags and a dainty repast done up in a newspaper, she trudged to the potato lot, to see what could be done; for the widow's niece, Garnet Embers, was a girl equal to any emergency. She was a slender, graceful girl, neither blonde nor brunette, but a combination of both, as pretty a creature as one would care to see, with her wonderfully fair complexion, tinged with the merest flush of pink, her dark eyes, almond-shaped, and full of vim, shadowed by black, curling lashes, and a superb abundance of red-brown hair, coiled low on her well-shaped head. She had donned a dun-hued calico dress, which she had fastened up on all sides to keep clear of the dirt, thereby displaying a foot arched and slender as an Arab's and over her head, hiding her wondrous hair, was one of her aunt's sunbonnets, making her look, as she declared, a regular guy. She reached the lot and set to work in earnest, but somehow she made little progress. Oh! if some strong-handed masculine creature were but around! What short work he would make of that job.

At this juncture the report of a gun sounded near, and Garnet looked up just in time to see a chipmunk, running along the fence dividing her lot from Mr. Denver's, topple over and an instant after a man in gray, muscularly framed and handsome as Apollo, with wide sombrero shading his face, appeared in sight. How propitious the fates were! What she had devoutly wished for was yonder—a man. Mr. Denver's hired man, without doubt. She suspended operations, and with her hoe raised aloft, cried out:

"Here, young man, come here! I want you to help in digging a few bushels of potatoes. I will see that you do not incur Mr. Denver's displeasure by doing as I desire. And, indeed, for that matter, you might as well be working for me as to be idling away your time in killing harmless creatures. Come, what do you say?"

"All right, miss; I'll be with you as soon I can exchange my gun for a hoe, for I suppose you intend to keep on digging?"

"Certainly. Now don't be long about it. That's a good man!"

She was earnestly digging away when he vaulted over the fence and stood by her side, hoe in hand, his hat lower down on his face than ever. But Widow Darley's niece paid no attention to his personal appearance. He was nothing but a hired man, so whether ugly or comely what mattered it to her? Old Sol, an inflamed ball of heat, glowered upon them savagely, and the perspiration stood in beaded drops upon their faces as they toiled on, Mr. Denver's hired man making no better progress with his row of potatoes than Garnet with hers. The girl glanced at him contemptuously.

"You don't succeed any better than I—a girl. You are the greenest hand at digging potatoes I ever saw. Mr. Denver 'll not keep you long, I know."

"Perhaps not," he said, in a nonchalant way. "I am a green hand at it, I acknowledge, but I guess I can learn after a while. See, miss, if I have done my work well."

"Oh, my!" she cried out, vexatiously, "how stupid—how very stupid you are! You have not got the potatoes half out of the hill, and those you have hauled out are well-nigh chopped to pieces by the hoe. You wield that instrument as if it were your intention to mutilate, to destroy. You need dig no more!"

"Well," leaning contentedly against the hoe-handle, and wiping the perspiration off his forehead with the daintiest of white handkerchiefs, from which emanated the perfume of violets, "what next shall I do? Issue your commands, Miss—Miss"—

"Embers, young man, and an especial friend of your master, Mr. Denver. Well, as you do not manage the hoe adroitly enough to be anything but detrimental to auntie's potatoes, you may as well take the half-bushel basket, gather them up and put them in the bags. They are peach-blows, and are sure to bring an excellent price in the market; Mr.—"

She stopped and eyed him narrowly for the first time, styling him a remarkably handsome and distingue-looking person for a hired man.

"You may call me Bob," he said, with a comical grimace. "Mr. Denver calls me that."

"Well, Bob, to work! Don't lag, and when noon comes you may share my lunch with me under the apple tree."

Quite an inducement. A feeling of ludicrousness came over him, and he fairly shook with laughter. Was he laughing at her? Garnet drew herself up proudly, a spark of fire in her big dark eyes.

"What makes you laugh so immoderately, Bob? It is not polite of you, and I shall certainly report your ill-behavior to Mr. Denver."

"Pray don't, Miss Embers," with an affected humility. "I couldn't help it. Indeed I couldn't. If you had seen that ill-favored hop-toad leap over that potato, you'd laugh, too. It was so funny. The toad was so small, whereas the potato has grown to a enormous size—a regular whopper! Look! Miss Embers, there goes the fellow now under that straggling vine!"

"Humph!" was all the answer she vouchsafed him as she went on with her digging, but she doubted the existence of the toad and believed he was making sport of her.

The minutes crept up, 12 o'clock came, and Bob was waxing savagely hungry. As he emptied the fourth basket of potatoes, he said:

"It is noon now, Miss Embers, I'm sure. See! Old Sol is directly over us. Come, let's have our lunch under the apple tree. I'm hungry as a cannibal."

"I too," acknowledged Garnet. "Get that parcel yonder, Bob, and don't squeeze it, else you'll crush the cranberry tarts in it. Aunt Sarah made them, and she's a famous pastry cook."

"Cranberry tarts!" his mouth beginning to water. "You bet I'll hold it lightly. I am especially fond of them. But what delicacies does the luncheon contain, Miss Embers, prepared by your hands?"

"Not any, Bob," with something that sounded like a sigh. "I am no better cook than dressmaker. We have both missed our vocation. I worked two years in Madam Brown's establishment endeavoring to learn how to cut and make dresses, but failed ignominiously; was therefore sent home minus a recommendation. So it will be with you, Bob. Although a thoroughly good man, Mr. Denver is a very exacting one, and if your work to-day is a specimen of what you can do he will not keep you in his service any longer than what is absolutely necessary. What up-hill work life is for the poor! Dear me! I wonder what I am good for, anyway?"

"Good to look at," he muttered, under his breath, wishing that she would toss off the sunbonnet that almost concealed her face. Then aloud, "Good to dig potatoes, I suppose."

At which both laughed heartily, and together they wended their way to the apple tree, weighed down with golden fruit, at whose foot they were to partake of their lunch. A musical streamlet threaded its way over a pebbly bed, washing the roots of the apple tree as it ran merrily on. Here, on the grass, in sound of its babbling voice, they seated themselves and prepared to partake of the repast, which Garnet spread daintily out on a newspaper, first throwing off the offending sunbonnet, which motion caused the red-brown hair to tumble about her face, making a picture at which Titian would have raved.

"By Jupiter!" ejaculated Bob, "she is even prettier than I imagined. She is a perfect witch."

He had doffed his sombrero, and his picturesque, Moorish face, illumined by darkly splendid eyes, Garnet thought the handsomest in the world.

"If he were not a hired man," she mused, "or even had ever so small an income, I believe I could love him. As it is, the idea is simply ridiculous. I will sound him to see if he is as intellectual as he looks.

She did so, and they fell into a conversation so agreeable to both that time passed by unheeded. A man's voice aroused them. It was Mr. Denver's.

"Heigho!" he cried, in a hearty tone, "having a picnic on a small scale? Plaguy mean of you, Miss Garnet, not to extend an invitation to your nearest neighbor. When did you arrive?"

"Last night. And, Mr. Denver," as they shook hands, "I took the liberty of soliciting help from your hired man in digging a few bushels of potatoes to take to market.'

"Ha, ha, ha!" The good man's laugh rang out loud and clear. "Did you really take Bob for a hired man? Why, this is my guest, Mr. Lincoln—the gentleman who owns the mortgage on your aunt's place. He, to use an expression in vogue, is fairly rolling in riches. Ha! ha! ha! my hired man! Miss Embers, Mr. Lincoln."

He strolled away, and the two were left alone. No reply; the fair face was buried low in her hands, and Garnet felt as if she could never meet his gaze again. How came she to make such an egregious blunder. Well, no apology would be admissible now, and she must brave it out as well as possible.

"Garnet," and now the hands were removed from the flushed face and held in his warm clasp, "listen to me. You have made a mistake, and the only way you can rectify it is to accept me as your friend. Will you?"

And plucky little Garnet, with a coquettish glance from under her jet-black lashes, said:

"I will. That is," with a pretty hesitation to her voice, "if you take me and auntie's potatoes to market with Mr. Denver's horse. I wish to purchase some groceries."

It is needless to say that he did as she desired, and late in November, when the air was chill and keen, and the flakes of snow eddied to the ground and covered it with a mantle of white, Robert Lincoln presented Mrs. Darley with a deed of the place and took Garnet away with him to his city home, where, as his wife, she reigns quite royally; and he always blesses the day when he dug potatoes with her, and she took him for "Mr. Denver's hired man."

### Kisses.

"Kiss me softly, and speak to me low."

There is a story told of an old Scotch deacon who courted a girl for a good many years but never found courage enough to ask her to marry. One day, after they had been "keepin' company" for about ten years, he ventured to solicit a kiss.

"Let me first ask a blessing," he said, and falling upon his knees he implored the Divine benediction.

He next, with due circumspection and Scotch deliberation, possessed himself of the kiss, when with a sounding smack he exclaimed: "Eh! woman, but it was good! Let us return thanks!"

That prince of good fellows, John G. Saxe, has added this to the kissing literature:

Give me kisses—all is waste
Save the luxury of the taste.
And for kissing—kisses live
Only when we take and give.
Kiss me, then,
Every moment, and again.

There are poetic kisses and Platonic kisses—such as the beautiful Madam Recamier gave to Chateaubriand; there are historic kisses—such as those recorded in the book of Genesis; spiritual kisses—such as Solomon tells us about, and treacherous kisses, that betray:

And the jest seldom slips
But it strikes a tender chord;
And a kiss was on the lips
Of the wretch that sold his Lord.

What is the sweetest kiss in the world? Who can tell? Passion puts a sting into its kisses—love is selfish—duty cold. The kisses of friendship are mere compliments. The kiss of reconciliation between those who truly love should be the sweetest of all kisses. There is a kiss that is the embodiment of purity, innocence, and tender, trustful love. It is a fluttering, clinging, rosebud kiss, that leaves a memory as pure and loving as itself; it is

THE BABY'S KISS.

"Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does the baby grow?
Colic spells, and ears like shells,
And kisses from top to toe."

It is upon the baby's kisses that the heart of the mother lives. Oh, the little ones that have been laid away baptized with tears and kisses! the kisses that were given not back again, and yet which were so dear—so dear.

"Dear as remembered kisses after death," says Tennyson.

There is a pretty legend that Christ had a dimple in his chin, laid there by an angel's kiss, and whoever he kissed would surely receive that dimple, so the Germans say of one who has a dimple chin: "She is Christ-kissed."

The kiss of respect is given upon the forehead; that of admiration upon the eyes; that of beauty upon the cheeks. The kiss of love is given upon the lips.

It is said men do not waste kisses upon each other when they can do so much better, but in every other chapter of the Bible some old patriarch falls upon the neck of some other old patriarch and kisses him, and the father of the prodigal son ran and kissed him, and however distasteful it may be men do kiss each other at the present time when they meet after long absences and are closely related, or have a David and Jonathon sort of friendship for each other.

The late Princess Alice, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria and wife of an Austrian prince, lost her life a year or two ago through a kiss; two of her children died of diphtheria, and she could not resist the pleading of her dying boy to "kiss mamma;" she kissed his paling lips in an agony of mother love and took the dread disease, which resulted fatally.

No doubt the kisses of young lovers taste better than any luxury yet discovered—they must be spooney and innocent and untutored—for kisses like other nectar of the gods lose their flavor in time.

"They stood above the world
In a world apart,
And she dropped her happy eyes
And stilled the throbbing pulses
Of her happy heart;
And the moonlight fell above her
Her secret to discover
As though no human lover
Had laid his kisses there."

The hero of Lockesly Hall said:

"Many an evening by the waters did we watch
the stately ships;
And our spirits rushed together at the nothing
of the lips."

The dramatic kiss has attracted considerable attention lately. The way in which Emma Abbott kisses that handsome Castle, who plays "Paul" to her "Virginia," is too, too much! It is recorded variously as "emotional," "paroxysmal," "spontaneous," "absorbing," and everybody wondered when little Emma learned to kiss in that way. Sarah Bernhardt makes a little rush at her vis-a-vis, and kisses him behind the ear before he knows what it is all about. Mary Anderson's kisses remind an actor who plays with her of the time he put his tongue to a frozen lamp-post when a boy, and now all the old boys are looking for frozen lamp-posts to kiss. Here is a darling

BIT OF SENTIMENT:

"Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis grows,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.
To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time;
Ah, me! it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

### FASTING FORTY-FIVE DAYS.

**How Miss Hattie Duell's Strange Life Terminated—A Woman Who Had Not Spoken for More than Sixteen Months, and Who Did Not Taste Food for Nearly Seven Weeks.**

A dispatch from Iowa city, Ia., says: Miss Hattie Duell, whose remarkable fast had continued forty-seven days, died on Sunday night. Her friends and relatives, who for some time had been momentarily expecting her death, were at her bedside. In the morning her pulse was imperceptible and her respiration thirty-five to the minute. She had not drunk any water during the last twenty-four hours, as it seemed to make her sick. After her last drink of water she complained of nausea. Even in the morning she evinced some strength and was able to communicate with her friends by means of her fingers and a stick. She even reached out and opened a small drawer in a bureau, which stood near her bed. She was asked if she was not hungry and did not want something to eat, and answered both questions negatively. She had been in a comatose condition all night, but in the morning her mental powers were clear and unaffected, and she seemed fully to comprehend all that was going on about her. Her last moments were very peaceful, and, surrounded by friends and relatives, she died.

Miss Duell was a spinster, fifty-two years of age. Her sister married Dr. B. H. Aylworth, a physician of this city, and in their family Miss Duell has lived many years. During nearly the whole of this long period she has been an invalid and confined to her bed. Her complaint was a nervous disease, accompanied by intense neuralgic pains. Although she has always been regarded as eccentric, no suspicion was ever entertained of her sanity. One of her oddities was a sudden determination to talk no more to anybody, and, calling for a slate and pencil, continued thereafter to make these her sole medium of communication with her friends. She persisted in her strange whim from that time—November, 1879—up to the hour of her death, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of her friends. Once or twice within the last few years she abstained from all food and drink for several days together in the belief that her sufferings would be thus alleviated. These have been intense during the past winter, and she has frequently spent hours at a time by a hot stove, wrapped in quilts. On these occasions she complained of a severe cold in her head. On the morning of February 23 her sister observed that she left untasted the breakfast which had been placed at her bedside. When an explanation was asked, Miss Duell wrote on her slate: "I have no hope of recovery or relief, and I am determined to die." In vain her friends and her pastor, the Rev. Mr. Folsom, of the Presbyterian church, to whom she was much attached, reasoned with her and endeavored to dissuade her from her purpose. She turned her face to the wall and refused even to look upon the food which was brought her. Various ruses were attempted to compel her to swallow some broth, and when these failed force was suggested, but this idea was abandoned as inadvisable.

As the story of the woman's suicidal attempt at starvation became noised abroad there were many applications to visit her, and the Aylworths were besieged with letters and communications. The curious, however, were completely snubbed, and strict orders were given that only members of the family and the most intimate friends should be permitted to see Miss Duell. As was to be expected, the disappointed ones vented their indignation in the attempt to rouse a public feeling against what was stigmatized as the co-operation of the Aylworths in creating a victim for the coroner. The better feeling of this community, however, was opposed to any legal interference, particularly as medical experts had pronounced Miss Duell perfectly sane. Five days after beginning her fast Miss Duell wrote with her pencil: "Do you think it would prolong my life to drink water?" The question was addressed to Dr. Aylworth, and he replied that fever and delirium would probably set in unless she drank a little water daily. After that she called for a drink, and sucked a small quantity through a glass tube several times every twenty-four hours. Up to the thirty-fourth day food had been placed at her bedside regularly, but as the sight of it only aroused her anger the practice was on this day discontinued. She was at that time wasted to a skeleton, her nose was thin and pinched, her cheeks were hollow, and her skin was an unusually dark color. It was predicted that she could not survive more than a few hours longer. She, however, seemed to think the end was further away, for, on recovering from a deathly faint, she wrote the question: "Do you think I am going to live always?" In reply to the questions of her friends she said that she suffered no pain whatever.

On the fortieth day she was living in a comatose state much of the time, though apparently sleeping very little. Her mental faculties were unimpaired, however, for when roused she became fully conscious of what was occurring around her. Her physical condition was much deteriorated, and she was now weak and utterly helpless. Her pulse beat between ninety and one hundred, there were no signs of fever, and apparently none of pain. One of the singular observations of this fortieth day was the fact that her breathing, which all along had been normal, suddenly changed to between twelve and fifteen respirations per minute. She was thought to be dying, but recovered sufficiently to indicate that she had lost none of her determination, for when the subject of food was introduced by one of her attendants, she shook her head and a nauseated expression came over her face, much to the surprise of the physicians, who had been closely watching her symptoms. On the forty-fourth day she rallied a little, and appeared somewhat stronger. Her pulse was then more variable than at any time during the fast, rising to 100 and then slowly ebbing again to a very low point. On the following day Dr. F. W. Peck, of Davenport, made a thorough examination of her condition, and reported that he found her very much reduced, but not more so than in the case of a patient with a long fever. The idea of compelling her to swallow food was again broached, but the doctor gave it as his opinion that the only result of such an attempt would be to make her a raving maniac. Several times on Sunday she managed to make her friends understand that her head was so hot that it appeared to be on fire. At midnight it was observed that she was sinking fast, and at 12:45 o'clock she breathed her last.

Immediately after death a post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Cowperthwait, dean of the homeopathic department of the university. Not a drop of blood was found in the body, which weighed only forty-five pounds. The stomach was also void of any substance.

A little girl had been scolded by her grandmother. She picked up her little kitten, and, caressing it, said: "I wish one of us three was dead. And it ain't you, kitty, and it ain't me."

### CURIOUS FACTS.

Celery seed will germinate when twenty years old.

A snail's head may be cut off, and in a certain time another head will be formed. At least, so says Spallanzania.

The elephant has been known to die for grief when, in a sudden fit of madness, he has killed his keeper.

In one district in Japan seventy-one Buddhist temples are reported to have been diverted to secular uses since 1873, and more than 700 in the whole empire since 1877.

Women never appeared upon the stage among the ancients. Their parts were represented by men until as late as 1662, when Charles II. first encouraged their public appearance.

An inmate of the Union Home for Old Ladies in Philadelphia has distinguished herself by making a bedquilt of 55,552 pieces. Though blind she threaded every needle herself. The task took three years and 100 spools of thread.

It has been discovered by a microscopical examination that the crystalline lens in the eye of a codfish, which is never half an inch in diameter, is made up of more than five million fibers, which are united by more than 62,000,000,000 teeth.

An old soldier's overcoat was sold at auction in Pennsylvania the other day for $75.50. It was worn in the war of 1812 and during a part of the first winter of the rebellion, and is still in a good state of preservation considering its long and severe usage.

A little girl at Davenport, nine years of age, will without a moment's hesitation spell backward any word of whatever length, given to her in English, more rapidly than the majority of children of her age would spell forward, and invariably correct.

It is well known that certain fowls fill their digestive apparatus with gravel and pebbles, which act as millstones in grinding up their food. Recent investigation showed that other animals are addicted to similar habits on a larger scale. Seals swallow stones weighing from one to two and sometimes even three pounds each, while one investigator found, not long since, ten pounds of these boulders in the stomach of a sea-lion.

### The Flying-Fish.

A letter in the New Orleans *Times* says: An extract from *Nature* throws doubt on the pursuit of flying-fish by the so-called dolphin, the coryphene. As I was once a witness of such a chase, accompanied by a circumstance much rarer, I append an account. One afternoon, during a voyage on a sailing vessel bound to a West Indian port, while the ship was making some four or five miles an hour, a coryphene was observed gamboling under the bows, going ahead a little, as if to show its superior speed, and then returning to its frolics. While the sailors were fastening the harpoon to a line, the coryphene sighted a flying-fish. At once it stiffened itself; its whole body quivered as if with excitement; its tail was agitated from one side to another, and it started in pursuit, bounding over the surface of the sea with leaps of some fifteen or twenty feet. Although a stern chase is held to be a very long one, this lasted less than a minute; one of the leaps brought the coryphene right under the terrified flying-fish, which seemed to fall into its enemy's jaws. The latter returned to its "play-ground" under the bows, and was harpooned, brought on board, and cut up within two minutes after its meal. The flying fish was taken out whole, uninjured. The coryphene is the beautifully colored fish noted for the shifting and varieties of its tints when expiring. It is commonly but erroneously called a dolphin, as in the well-known verse, "The dying dolphin's changing hues." Now, in regard to the flying-fish, I have watched them on many voyages and I can confirm the observers who describe its motion as a leap, not an act of flying. It springs out of the water, gradually rising to the middle of its course, then falling, describing a parabola just as an arrow does in its flight. I have repeatedly seen them change direction during the leap, making a deflection amounting to about a half angle, never more. But I cannot agree with Mr. Whitman, who estimates the length of their leap to be as much as 800 or even 1,200 feet. I opine that about 200 feet is a pretty big jump for one of these fishes, and, instead of forty seconds, I calculate the time occupied in a long leap at fifteen seconds, which gives a velocity of nine miles and a fraction per hour.

### Functions of the Newspaper.

1. The newspaper is, first of all, a business enterprise. Publishers make newspapers to sell, just as hatters make hats or shoemakers make shoes. The newspaper is merchandise made to suit the market. Those buy it who wish it, and the buyers take their choice of the wares offered. Without this commercial value the publication could not be sustained, and it would be as unwise as unjust not to take this fact into account. Newspaper makers, like other manufacturers, must consult popular tastes and market demand.

2. But the newspaper is also a public agent. It offers to the public, for pay, certain services, such as the advertisement of commodities, the announcement of public meetings, courts, elections and sales. On this work, as an advertising medium and public herald, it depends for much of its support.

These are the private and personal aspects of the newspaper, and so far as these are concerned it is the private property and business affair of its publisher. But to count the newspaper as merely a business enterprise, and to reckon with it only as such, would insult the public intelligence as much as it would trifle with the public interests and rights. It assumes public functions and responsibilities which none but a public teacher can hold. We cannot absolve men from the duties attached to positions which they voluntarily occupy. But the press is the professed, if not paid, advocate of whatever set of opinions it publicly accepts. It offers its columns as sources of public information. It speaks in print, and, therefore, with a supposed deliberation, candor and honesty, such as men use under the most solemn circumstances. It is in this public character that it enters into the ranks of the world's teachers, and becomes a public educator.—*Professor J. M. Gregory.*

Conversation turned on a late marriage between December and May, some of the gentlemen poohpoohing the match. But the lady stoutly championed the frost-bitten Benedict. "Why," said she, "every man ought to keep himself married as long as he lives. Now, here's my husband! What would he be good for without a wife? If I should die to-night he would get another wife to-morrow, I hope. Wouldn't you, Josiah?" Josiah breathed heavily, and seemed to sum up the connubial torments of a lifetime in his calm response: "No, my dear, I think I should take a rest!"

### THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

**Test the Seeds.**

Every farmer and gardener should personally test the seeds he puchases, as well as those he saved last year, before sowing those intended to raise a crop. It is but little trouble to test seeds in advance, and it frequently happens that by doing so a total failure of a crop may be avoided. No one wants to sow seeds that will not grow, because if the first put in the ground fails, the season will usually be too far advanced before the failure is discovered for a re-sowing or planting. A few shallow boxes or flower-pots is all that is required for testing seeds in a house where the heat is sufficient to insure growth. It is always well to note the proportion of seeds that sprout in order to know how thick or thin they should be sown in the garden or field. If the seeds start freely in the house, and fail when sown in the field, then the farmer can blame the soil, manner of sowing, or the weather, and not the seeds of the seedsman who sold them.—*New York Sun.*

**Churning Cream**

Neglect in thoroughly agitating all the cream in the churn will sometimes make a great difference in the production of butter. Professor Arnold says he once visited a large dairy where the managers felt satisfied they were not obtaining the amount of butter they should do. They had six barrel churns, three on each side of the room. On examining these churns he found that the boards were so narrow that they did not agitate the cream properly, some passing under and some over the floats without being scarcely moved at all. He had the floats taken out of three of them and deeper ones substituted, so that there was only a short space between the edge of the floats and the sides of the churn and so that very little cream could pass without coming in contact with the floats. The trial was made, the result showing that the churns, when the floats had been made deeper, produced a much larger percentage of butter than those when the floats were narrower.

**Pork in Spite of Chemistry.**

Chemistry has misled many people in regard to the feeding value of roots. We wintered eight old hogs the past winter on three bushels a day of sliced mangels, and they grew all the time. Af the end of four months one of them was taken out of the pen and slaughtered, and it was a fine porker. It was fat, and the flavor of the meat was most excellent. This hog had nothing else to eat for four months but its part of the three bushels a day of mangels. A bushel of mangels weighs sixty pounds, and three bushels would therefore weigh 180 pounds. According to the wisdom of chemistry, eighty-five per cent of the 180 pounds would be water, making 153 pounds of water and twenty-seven pounds of something else. Chemistry also informs us that mangels contain but about five per cent of sugar, which is the fattening property, therefore the eight old hogs grew fat on twenty-seven pounds a day of sugar, woody fiber, etc.; or, in other words, eight hogs lived all winter and got fat on nine pounds a day of fat-forming material. This would give an average of one pound and one-eighth to each hog to live and grow fat upon. These hogs would average if dressed over 200 pounds, so that there were eight lives sustained during a very cold winter, with the power of locomotion, and over 1,600 pounds of the choicest kind of pork made ready for market, on nine pounds daily of saccharine matter. Great is sugar, but greater is chemistry.—*F. D. Curtis, Kirby Homestead, N. Y.*

**Transplanting.**

In order to insure plants against wilting when transplanted, they may be grown, says the *New England Farmer*, in pots, but this involves a good deal of expense, and a simpler method is in use among the gardeners for moving such tender plants as cucumbers, melons, summer squashes, Lima beans, etc. The plants are pricked out under glass, in groups of four plants each, the hills being nine inches square, or thirty-two to a sash. When grown so as to require transplanting, which will be in about two weeks, or by the time they begin to run, have the ground ready for them, and wet them down well over night, so that the earth will cling to the roots. Have ready a few square rings of sheet zinc, nine inches square, made by folding a strip of zinc three inches wide and three feet long into a nine-inch square prism, without top or bottom, and soldering the edges together. Take a ring and press it down into the earth around one of the hills; then run a spade under it and lift the hill, ring and all, on the spade and carry it to its destination, where a hole is made with a hoe to receive it; place the cluster of plants on the spade in the hole, draw the earth around the ring, and remove first the spade, then the ring, and the work is complete. These tender plants cannot be transplanted safely to the open field much before June 10. But cucumbers are transplanted thus under glass whenever the glass is ready for them. In transplanting vines choose a hot day, and avoid rainy, cold weather. If well moistened before transplanting, and carefully handled, they will not wilt much, but may need a little shade for a few days. The transplanting of celery, cabbage and cauliflower plants is simple and easy enough in the cool, moist weather of early spring, but in the hot weather of midsummer requires some skill. Much depends in having the land in which the plants are to be set thoroughly fine; if coarse or lumpy it is much more likely to dry up and destroy the plants. Choose, if possible, a cloudy day after rain, but if this can't be done, and if the weather is dry and hot, the plants must be watered. Keep the roots wet while setting them, and water every day till they grow or till rain comes. This is laborious work where large fields are set, but is often the only way to be sure of a crop. To make the earth fine for setting plants it may be thrown into drills with a plow and then raked down; or if it is desirable to set the plants low, as in the case of celery and cauliflowers, the rows are marked first with the wheel marker, and the spots where the plants are to be set made fine by chopping with a hoe.—*New York Herald.*

**Why we Use Quick Lime Upon the Land.**

All cultivated plants contain lime in their ashes, and it is considered necessary to their proper growth. But as soils generally contain enough lime, and we apply it for its action upon the soil, lime acts upon and greatly aids the decomposition of organic matter in the soil. It is thought to neutralize the organic acids contained in what are called "sour soils." In a complicated manner it aids in the fixing of ammonia. It also acts upon the inorganic or mineral constituents of the soil, and aids in converting them into forms in which they can be taken up by the plants, especially in liberating potash from its combinations. The effect of lime upon the mechanical condition of the soil is an important feature. Upon heavy clay soils its effect is most marked; the particles lose their adhesiveness, and allow air and water to enter. These are the leading effects that follow the use of lime. In view of the claims made for ground, unburned limestone, it is an important question how far it can produce the above effects. That the unburned limestone will supply the demands of the plant for lime, that it may slowly neutralize organic acids, and help the mechanical texture of the soil, seems very probable. But that it will perform one of the most important offices, the decomposition of organic matter in the soil, and convert that into plant-food, seems improbable, because the ability of lime to do this depends in a great measure upon its avidity for carbonic acid, while limestone, being already a carbonate, has no need of more. That limestone cannot produce all the effects of lime is shown by the well-known fact that soils underlaid by limestone, and naturally containing a large proportion of finely divided carbonate of lime, are as much benefited by the use of quick-lime as are soils deficient in limestone. The advertisements of ground limestone that we have seen make great use of the experiments of one person in Pennsylvania, who states that his yield of wheat, treated with ground limestone, was more than doubled that to which slacked lime had been applied. He also claims to have found it a much cheaper fertilizer than lime and bone dust, and more profitable than guano and superphosphate. These statements have been sent by several who ask our opinion. Our "opinion" is that we do not accept as final the results of any one experimenter, when they are in direct opposition to the accumulated evidence of those whose practice runs through many years. In nothing more easily than in agricultural experiments can an effect be ascribed to the wrong cause, and when we see the fertilizing value of ground limestone placed above guano or superphosphate, we do not accept it.—*American Agriculturist.*

**Recipes.**

ROLL JELLY CAKE.—One cup of white sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of cream tartar mixed in a cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda in two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk; stir well and bake in spare tins. When done spread with jelly and roll while warm.

CRACKER OMELET.—Beat four eggs and add a teacup of milk into which has been stirred one tablespoonful of pounded cracker and one even teaspoonful of flour; stir it well and pour on a well-buttered griddle, not too hot; turn it as soon as it will do, and then fold it over twice and turn it on to a warm plate.

BLIND BIRDS.—Take a piece of beefsteak as large as your hand and spread it on the table, cut a piece of bacon as large as a finger and lay it in, then cut some onions fine and spread them over, salt and pepper it to taste, add a pinch of juniper berries, roll it up and tie it with some thread so it will not open, stew and fry an hour.

POTATO SLAW.—Boil potatoes, peel them and slice fine, take a small piece of bacon and let it fry out, then slice a few onions and let them fry till a light brown, put a spoonful of flour in and let it get yellow, then pour in a little water and vinegar, and then sprinkle salt and pepper over the potatoes and raw onions, pour your sauce over them and they are ready to serve.

OAT MEAL CAKES.—Place one pound of oat meal in a bowl; in one pint of boiling water drop about half an ounce of butter or salted lard; pour this boiling over the meal, stirring it as quickly as possible into a dough; turn out on to a bread board; roll it unil as thin as it can be and hold together; cut into small, round cakes and bake on a griddle, first one side and then the other.

**Household Hints.**

After buttering your cake tins scatter a little flour over them and the cake is absolutely certain not to stick to the tin. If your oven is likely to bake hard at the bottom put a paper in the bottom of the tin. Butter it well first.

Cellars thoroughly treated with white wash made yellow with copperas will not be considered desirable habitations for rats and mice.

When washing fine laces do not use starch at all; in the last water in which they are rinsed put a little fine white sugar, dissolve it thoroughly, and the result will be pleasing.

To brown sugar for sauce or puddings, put the sugar in a perfectly dry saucepan. If the pan is the least bit wet, the sugar will burn and you will spoil your saucepan.

When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not used every day, lay a little stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air-to get in, and will prevent mustiness. It will then be ready for use at any time, after having first been thoroughly rinsed with boiling water.

Nothing is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia; after rubbing with this take a little whitening or a soft cloth and polish in this way; even frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright.

### What's a Printer?

A printer, according to a punning exchange, is the most curious being living. He may have a "bank" and "quoins" and not be worth a cent; have "small caps" and neither wife nor children. Others may run fast, he gets along swifter by "setting" fast. He may be making "impressions" without eloquence; may use the "lye" without offending, and still tell the truth; while others cannot stand while they set, he can "set standing," and do both at the same time; may have to use "furniture," and yet have no dwelling; may make and put away "pi" and never see a pie, much less eat it during his whole life; be a human being and a "rat" at the same; may "press" a good deal, and not ask a favor; may handle a "shooting iron" and know nothing about a cannon, gun or pistol; he may move the "lever" that moves the world, and yet be so far from the morning globe as a hog upon a mole hill; "spread sheets" without being a housewife; he may lay his form on the "bed" and yet be obliged to sleep on the floor; he may use the "dagger" without shedding blood, and from the earth may handle "stars;" he may be of a "rolling" disposition, and still never desire to travel; he can have a "sheep's" foot and never be deformed; never without a "case" and knows nothing about law or physic; be always correcting his "errors" and be growing worse every day; have "embraces," without ever having the arms of a lass thrown around him; have his "form locked up," and at the same time be far from the jail, watchhouse, or any other confinement he may be plagued by the "devil" and not be a Christain of the very best type

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