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Year After Year.

Year after year the cowslips fill the meadow,
Year after year the skylarks thrill the air,
Year after year, in sunshine or in shadow,
Rolls the world round, love, and finds us as we were.

Year after year, as sure as birds' returning,
Or field flowers blossoming above the wintry mound,
Year after year, in work or mirth or mourning
Love we with love's young youth, that never can grow old.

Sweetheart and lady-love, queen of boyish passion,
Strong hope of manhood, content of age begun,
Loved in a hundred ways, each in a different fashion,
Yet loved supremely, solely, as we never love but one. —*D. M. Craik.*

Knitting Song.

Stitch by stitch, and row on row,
This is the way the stocking must grow;
Clickety, clickety, day by day,
The slender glittering needles say.
Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Purl and plain, and plain and purl,
Be it for boy or be it for girl;
Two and two is a neat device;
Learn to shift the thread in a trice.
Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Inch by inch the long leg grows,
Straight and narrow for fitting close;
A very poor leg, is the saying well-known,
That cannot shape a sock of its own.
Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Count the stitches and halve them now,
And one half set in a single row,
And back and forth, outside and in,
Knit the heel on the single pin.
Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Knit it long, and narrow midway,
To round it, and bind it off, as we say;
Take up the loops on either side
And add a few more to make it wide.
Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Now each side narrow, or slip and bind,
To shape the instep as you will find;
Then knit straight round till you near the toe;
This is the way the foot must grow.
Hush-a-bye, baby, grandmother sings;
Hither and thither the cradle swings.

Then narrow once more, and narrow away,
Toeing it off, as knitters say;
There is a stocking fit for an heir!
Now knit the mate—for he must have a pair.
Hush-a-bye, baby; when you are grown
Your feet may be worthy to climb a throne.
—*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

IN THE DARK.

"I cannot see what possesses you, Ervine, to act as you do!" complained Mrs. Grancy. "You know very well that you will never have such another opportunity to secure a rich husband. Here is Morgan Ingraham all cut and dried to your hand, rich and agreeable and handsome. I must say I never saw a handsomer man. And not a creditable rival in the way, for neither your cousin nor Vashti Short can hold a candle to you in point of beauty."

"Well, mamma, and if I don't want Mr. Morgan Ingraham?" said Ervine, indolently, without raising her eyes from her novel.

"Don't want Mr. Morgan Ingraham? Then who on earth do you want?" in accents of despair.

"I'm not sure that I want any one—to marry. I am only just twenty, and as strong and healthy as an orthodox young plebeian should be. I suppose it is not imperative that I should have a husband?" Ervine answered, calmly, still, to all appearances, deeply interested in her book.

"Well, I suppose quite differently. What do you think your aunt invited you here for but to get a husband? Certainly not for love of either you or I. She hates us both. And she considers, as she distinctly told us, that she will have quite done her duty by us, now that she has educated you, when she has given you one season in society under her prestige and a chance to make a match."

"Mamma, I am extremely obliged to Aunt Jerome for my education, as I have told her; and I mean to put it to such use as to pay her back every cent she expended on it, as I have not told her, but she will find out some day. As for her invitation here, I accepted it because I thought I might as well have one little taste of life before settling down to sober realities and hard work; but to marry at her command, or any one's else, I have no intention of doing."

"No intention of marrying? Then what are you intending to do, may I ask?" questioned Mrs. Grancy, in a passion. "I suppose we are both to go to the poorhouse!"

"Not at all. Your income is the same as it ever was—sufficiently large to enable you to live comfortably. I shall make no demands on it. I intend to work for my living," Ervine said, firmly, turning a page slowly and deliberately with her strong white hand.

"Work for your living!" with fine scorn. "And what do you expect to do?"

"Really, mamma, I have not decided. But Mr. Ingraham would not be likely to refuse me, do you think, a position as saleslady, or, perhaps, cashier, in one of his numerous establishments, were I to apply?"

"Ervine, you try me beyond all endurance! For heaven's sake put down that book and let us talk sense! You can marry Morgan Ingraham if you try, and you must!"

Miss Grancy threw aside her novel now, and stood up, revealing her strong, shapely young figure at its best.

"Mamma," she commenced, proudly, "I am quite willing to talk sense! I have talked sense from the first. Don't you suppose Mr. Ingraham knows that I am poor and have been asked here to entrap him—because he is rich—into a marriage? Has Aunt Jerome lost any opportunity of letting him know the true state of affairs? Have you lost any opportunity of throwing me at his head? Let me tell you—once for all—that I will not marry him! That I hate him! That I will not marry any man, just because he is rich, and you and Aunt Jerome desire it. I will not so lower myself!" And with this violent outbreak Miss Ervine Grancy walked out of the room assigned to herself during her stay at Jerome Lakes, and out into the coolest, shadiest, most secluded depths of the great park that inclosed the noble old mansion.

"It is a shame!" she cried, throwing herself back downward upon the yielding moss, and folding her white round arms across her flushed face, "that I should be flung at Morgan Ingraham as Morgan Ingraham flings his bait at the fishes in Aunt Jerome's lakes! But then"—after a pause—"it is my own fault. I had no business to come here and let myself be placed in this humiliating position. If I had only gone to work immediately I would never have seen Morgan Ingraham, and he would never have had a chance to despise me. Despise me! Yes, despise me, who am ten times more beautiful and more intelligent than Vashti Short and Adella Jerome, who may yet smile on him and force their society upon him as they please, since they are rich and cannot be accused of fortune-hunting! Well, I will rectify my mistake—I will go away to morrow. No one shall prevent me!"

Having made this rash, but, perhaps, not quite unwise resolve, Miss Grancy fell to musing; and she was just on the borders of slumberland when voices aroused her. She had not been aware of her proximity to one of her "Aunt Jerome's Lakes," but, in fact, among the evergreens not twenty feet away, lay one of the deepest and most secluded of the pretty sheets of water which gave its name to the fine old estate.

And, evidently, some one was robbing it of fish.

"Diamonds! I should say so!" exclaimed one of the voices, energetically.

"But, then, it shows the old man's sense to invest in those. You see, diamonds can always be disposed of to advantage. Just take them out of their setting and there is nothing to betray their former owner, or that they have been used, and you can get full value for them."

"That's a fact! I'd rather—By Jove there's a fish for you! What fun this is!"

"Poachers!" thought Miss Grancy. "I'll walk back. It must be near archery time."

But there was not much excitement in archery that afternoon. The fair contestants had no audience. Presently two carriages full of new guests rolled up to the great porch, and Adella and Miss Short threw down their bows. Ervine put a few more arrows in the gold, without half-trying, and then commenced to gather together her equipments.

"Why stop so soon, Miss Grancy?" asked Mr. Ingraham, making his appearance.

"Because I am tired of it, and it is time to dress for dinner. You know that there has been quite an accession of guests?"

"Yes; the carriages passed me as I came in the park gates. I had been down to the village. I have a friend stopping at the hotel there."

"Yes?" said Miss Grancy, indifferently, as they reached the rose-terrace at the left of the old mansion, and broke off a spray of blood-colored roses and disappeared, humming a gay little tune.

It was unusually gay at Jerome Lakes that night. The summer season was fairly inaugurated. The great dancing-parlor was thrown open, lanterns gleamed among the shrubbery and two musicians played delicious music on the balcony.

Ervine waltzed to her heart's content and to every man's delight. There was not such a dancer in the room.

"May I have this waltz, Miss Grancy?" queried Ingraham, long before any one had dreamed of saying good-night. "I am retiring early."

"I am sorry, but it is promised. Good-night;" and in a moment more she was whirling away in the arms of a very dark young man who was to all appearances deeply enamored of her.

Ingraham walked away.

"Evidently she doesn't care!" he said.

It was nearly twelve when the guests separated for the night.

"Oh, I wish it wasn't all over!" Ervine sighed, stepping out upon a balcony that opened on the rose-terrace and was empowered in fragrant masses of bloom. "But it must be! I must go!"

One by one doors closed, and little by little the stillness of midnight came on. The moon shone whitely on the silent park and the open rose-terrace, with its silvery fountain and dew-laden flowers. The soft July breeze blew the damp, ravishing odors against the girl's wistful, resolute face. The leaves whispered enticingly, and the soft, sweet voices of the night made restful music. A servant came into the great parlor, back of Ervine, and put out the flaming lights and closed the windows.

"Leave this, just a few minutes, John," she begged, smiling, as he came to her balcony. "I am going away from here to-morrow and I want a few minutes more of the roses and the moonlight. I will fasten the window and bar the shutters."

"Very well, Miss Ervine," he responded, respectfully and kindly.

When he was gone the girl drew a great chair near the window and threw herself into it, where she could see the moonlight and the waving tree-tops, and yet be partially screened from the cool, dewy air. Lying there and planning her future she fell asleep.

When she awakened she could not tell how long she had been unconscious, but there was no moon; the room was cold and damp and black, and she was trembling and her heart was throbbing violently.

She drew herself up and tried to think, and then a sudden faint, soft sound brought her swifly to her senses. Some one was in the room—some one had come in at the opened window, had passed her in the darkness without perceiving her, and was groping a way across the parlor.

She grew calm at once. It was a burglar, of course; but the house was full of people, and she had but to let him go his way and then steal softly after and arouse some one. He could not do any harm, and he should not even escape, with her on his track.

She gathered her black tulle skirts closely around her, and guided by the stealthy footsteps which sounded distinct enough to her alert senses, moved as noiselessly as a spirit across the great room.

As she approached the hall she hesitated. She had supposed that the burglar, if he knew anything about the house, would make directly for the butler's pantry, where were locked stores of solid silver. But he was apparently feeling for the foot of the staircase.

Yes, he gained it and commenced ascending. Ervine followed, scarcely drawing a breath lest she should be discovered. The head of the great staircase reached, the man groped his way along the corridor until he came to a second corridor, where he turned.

Quick as a flash it came to Ervine that Morgan Ingraham's was the room sought; and then the words recurred to her which she had heard, dreamily, in a distant part of the park that afternoon:

"Diamonds! I should say so! You see, diamonds can always be disposed of to advantage. Just take them out of their setting and there is nothing to betray their former owner, and you can get full value for them."

Morgan Ingraham wore magnificent diamonds. His watch was monogrammed with them, his sleeve-buttons were of untold value, and his studs, though small, were of the choicest water.

All this passed through her mind like the transient but vivid gleam of lightning—and, too, that Morgan's room opened on a balcony, from which any desperate man could easily jump to the velvet sward below.

The thought was no sooner framed than Ervine's satin-slippered feet carried her with a few swift bounds through the darkness to Ingraham's door. It never occurred to her to call any one now, only to arrest the thief before he should force his way into his victim's room.

She was not a minute too soon. The man was already fumbling at the door. Ervine put out her hand in the darkness, and, with some fateful surety, seized both of his.

The captive gave a little, half-smothered imprecation of surprise, and made a struggle to free himself; but Ervine's hands were too strong, and for a moment she held him fast.

She did not scream, nor could she tell what it was that smothered her with a great fear, a great uncertainty, until the man wrested one hand from her clasp, and, with unerring aim, caught at her throat, demanding, in a low, concentrated voice:

"Who are you? What are you about?"

Ervine knew the voice. The man, at the first touch of the fair, white throat, with a bunch of withered roses lying against the bare breast, recognized the sex of his opponent.

It was the girl who struggled now; but the man's strong right hand clasped hers.

"Who are you?" he questioned, again, but in a changed voice.

Still Ervine was mute. Still she struggled to free herself.

"I will not let you go," he whispered, "until I know who you are! Until—"

His hand slipped up Miss Grancy's arm, and touched a bracelet she wore, a tiny line of gold, with a crucifix dangling from it. No one else in the house wore such a trinket.

"Ervine! Miss Grancy! Is it you? Tell me?"

But she would not. Then he suddenly threw both arms about her, and drew her close to his breast. Worn out by her useless attempts to free herself, Ervine's splendid figure yielded to his embrace. Only her heart throbbed madly. For a moment the two stood thus in the darkness, the man's pulses quickening and answering to her beating heart.

"I know you," he said presently, "and I think I have frightened you. Did you take me for a burglar?"

"Yes," whispered Ervine. "Will you please to let me go now?"

"No; not until you tell me why you tried to capture me."

"I thought,' with a little constrained laugh, "you were going to steal your own diamonds. I heard some strange men, who were fishing in a distant part of the park, talking about diamonds this afternoon, and how easy it was to sell them."

Ingraham commenced to laugh softly, in the darkness. "Why, it was Jack Valdon and I. Jack is an intimate friend of mine, and came to see me on a little business. He only arrived in the village in the morning, and goes away this morning, so I could not persuade him to come up here. But we went fishing together in the afternoon, and after dancing last evening I went to the hotel and played cards with him until quite late. Coming home it had grown quite cloudy, and in the park I lost my way. When I found the house all was darkness and stillness, I went round to the rose terrace, and thought I would sit on the balcony until some of the servants were up, rather than rouse the house. There, to my surprise, I found a window open, and so concluded to try to find my room, though, unfortunately, I had no matches with me. Where were you?"

"Asleep in a chair by the window you entered. I must have awakened by the time you were half across the parlor."

"And how wast you called no one?"

"I expected you would go directly to the butler's pantry and I could run up the stairs and arouse the house. Instead of that you went up the stairs, too."

Again Ingraham laughed softly.

"Yes, to steal my own diamonds," he said.

"Whose diamonds were you talking about?" demanded Ervine.

"About Miss Short's. I was describing her to Jack. He thought he had seen her in the village, and I asked if she wore a blue dress and a great array of diamonds."

"Well, I have made a great goose of myself," said Ervine, with disgust in her tones.

And then she straightened herself, suddenly remembering that she had been standing all this time with Ingraham's arm about her.

"Don't say that," retorted her companion, without loosening his clasp. "I am glad it has all happened; and I don't mean to let you go yet; for, perhaps, here in the darkness I shall have the courage to declare what your freezing eyes will never let me say when I can look into them—that I love you, Ervine, and want you to marry me."

"Me—me, Mr. Ingraham?" said Ervine, blankly. "I—I—"

"Stop, Ervine! Don't tell me that you care nothing for me. Give me some hope. Tell me that you will try to care for me, for you are the only woman I ever wished to marry—the only woman I will ever marry!"

"Mr. Ingraham, you cannot accuse me of having encouraged you to talk to me in this way," said Ervine, proudly.

"No," he broke out, passionately. "I might have known better than to have appealed to you! I believe you are utterly heartless! But Ervine," softening, "I love you. Remember that, always."

He unclasped his arms, but Ervine did not stir. Instead, she did a most strange thing, considering that she hated this man. She put up one of her strong white hands, and drew down his head until it rested against her soft white cheek.

And Mrs. Grancy was in a state of beatitude, indeed, the next day, when Mr. Ingraham announced to her his betrothal to her daughter, although she did not see, and never knew, quite how it all came about. For Morgan and Ervine never betrayed the secret of their encounter "In the Dark."

Strange Professions.

Among the curiosities of the Indian census are the extraordinary professions which some of her majesty's subjects declare they pursue. In Allahabad no fewer than 974 at a former census described themselves as "low blackguards," a calling which, however, is only too common elsewhere than in Allahabad, but the professional "painters of horses with spots" and the "hereditary clerks who pray to their inkhorns" are surely peculiar to India. In Russia, however, the progress of civilization has developed a new profession which it would be difficult to match even in India. Its specialty is the burning of insured premises. The St. Petersburg insurance companies have just captured one of three members of this profession who have carried on this lucrative vocation for several years. They were in the habit of arranging for conflagrations with the owners of insured premises. On being guaranteed twenty per cent. of the insurance money they set fire to the houses, which, being mostly built of wood, burned easily enough. They might have been earning their twenty per cent. to-day but for the astuteness of the Liban police, who set a trap for them into which they fell, much to the delight of the insurance companies. It is possible enough that members of this scandalous profession are not unknown in other countries besides Russia. Frauds against insurance companies are difficult to detect even when the insured fires his own property; but when the work is undertaken by a professional fire-raiser detection becomes almost impossible.

The other day a lady began to thank a man who gave her his seat in a street-car; the car started, and she fell into the proffered seat with a bang that jarred her store teeth out. Now we understand why the girls who never thank a man for any street-car civilities hold their peace.—*Hawkeye.*

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Breaking Colts to the Halter.

"A stitch in time saves nine" in handling colts, as well as in handling clothes. Commence handling the young foals from their very birth. They are much more easily gentled and halter-broken during the first few months than at any subsequent period, and, as a rule, the longer it is deferred the more difficult the work becomes. The easiest way in the world to break a colt to the halter is to tie him in the stall by the side of his dam, and to lead him by her side occasionally when she is taken out for work or exercise. The time thus employed is never missed, and many a young thing that might otherwise grow up wild, vicious and unruly, is made gentle, kind and tractable.—*Live Stock Journal.*

Farmers' Gardens.

We have had occasion to observe the great increase in the cultivation of flowers throughout the country within a few years, and on riding through some of our larger villages the absence of blooming plants in pots in the windows has been the exception and not the rule. But there has not been an equal improvement in farmers' kitchen gardens. It is very rare to find one entirely free from weeds, and some have positively as many weeds as vegetables. The trouble is these gardens are too large. More land has been allotted to them than the owner has found time to take proper care of. One square rod, made rich with manure, and kept clean and mellow by cultivation, will furnish better and more delicious vegetables than an acre overgrown with weeds. Now, let every farmer who has a weedy garden reduce its size to one-half and see if he can do any better. If not, reduce it again to half, and try once more; and if still unsuccessful he can gradually bring it down to nothing, which would be better than slipshod and profitless culture. We recommend such a course only as a choice of evils; for a good-sized, well-manured, well-kept, well-cultivated kitchen garden is one of the most profitable investments a man can make.—*Country Gentleman.*

Farmers' Maxims.

Thinking about a piece of corn adds five bushels to the acre, sometimes ten.

The fifth rail of a fence is generally worth more than the other four.

Weeds in a corn and potato field are like notes on interest at twenty per cent.

If a particular production is all the rage sell out while prices are high and buyers are plenty.

Fall and winter evenings are the most profitable times for mental culture, social happiness and rest.

It is never best to overdue economy by letting hogs or geese habitually eat the grass in the front yard.

Encouraging words will sometimes make a scythe cut well an hour longer than it otherwise would.

Gives the boys work, and take pains to teach them. It is to this source that we must look for our best farm men.

Cigar smoke in a cornfield may prevent the depredations of crows, but it never fails to make the net yield less.

When a mortgage on a farm is so heavy that the owner never tries to lessen or lift it, the sooner he finds a small place the better.

It is important to get at the bottom of things, and equally so, whether done by tough thinking or a subsoil plow.

Some kinds of wood season better out of doors than under cover, but it is not so with the beam and handles of a plow.

Vegetable decay prepares for subsequent life. An exception to the rule is rotten potatoes and turnips in a cellar in May.

It is better for a farmer to eat salt on his potatoes instead of butter, if the latter is needed to pay an old debt at the village store.

Every farmer should compete for all the premiums at the annual fairs in his line except "the fastest trotter owned and raised in the county."

Men may deceive each other, but they can never deceive Mother Earth. Dealers may sell sawdust guano at fifty dollars a ton, but they cannot count on the soil as a helper in their imposition.

A very successful farmer once remarked that "he fed his land before i was hungry, rested it before it was weary and weeded it before it was foul."

There are two things that every farmer must have—things that subserve like purpose and are of about equal importance—a grindstone and a newspaper.

The owner's eye will detect ten needs on the farm where a hired servant's will one.

The leaves of a maple or elm standing near the farmhouse door are often more valuable than the fruit of a whole orchard planted elsewhere.

A farmer need never to say, "If I could only get work I should be happy." His store never lacks customers. His factory need never be run on half time.

Best Mulching Material.

Mulch is placed about plants to prevent the sun from evaporating the moisture. In many cases it takes the place of cultivation. No doubt, if it were not for the expense and trouble, it would be more extensively used about herbaceous plants. We have found in our trying climate that a fine mulch of manure, completely covering the ground, is an excellent thing for bedling plants. With trees and shrubs a serious objection to the use of mulch is its liability to harbor mice, which may injure or destroy the plants. For strawberries mulch is used to keep the fruit clean as it ripens, and to protect the plants in winter and spring. For strawberries we have had the best success in applying the mulch quite late in autumn, and in leaving the materials thin enough over the plants to barely expose a few of the leaves. The more changeable and severe the season the greater the need of mulch, and mulch in generous quantity. There is a great variety of materials employed for mulching. I have heard of the use of beach sand or fine gravel with excellent results. The inexperienced gardener can try old clover hay, as I have done, and get a good crop of thrifty young clover to kill out the next spring; or he can employ rich timothy or June grass, and soon find the ground seeded with a crop he was not prepared for. Or, again, if he like better, in the spring he can mulch with oat straw not half threshed, or full of chaff containing oats still plenty. Then he can dig young oat plants all summer among the strawberries. Digging out the young plants of clover, grasses, oats, etc., is healthful exercise, and stirring the soil will not hurt the strawberry plants. I once tried all the above methods. I also tried forest leaves, for autumn mulch, adding corn stalks to hold them down, and thought I had a good thing. In spring, after an open, windy winter, the leaves were not to be found. A few at a time they had blown away. Having tried all these to my satisfaction, I now prefer clean straw (old or new) or marsh hay or corn-fodder cut two inches long, less or more. Pine shavings get into the soil and are a nuisance. The same objection may be urged against tan bark or any other material which does not decay readily and help to enrich the soil.—*Prof. J. W. Beal.*

Fruit Canning.

Good canned fruit is a stranger to tables of thousands of farmers when it might as easily be used. Fruit is often left to waste and spoil, though a slight expenditure would preserve it for winter. If they can be had, berries are among the nicest canned fruits. Peaches, apples, plums, apricots, and, indeed, all eatable fruits, are worth canning. Dried fruits can never wholly take the place of canned fruits for family use. Glass jars are preferred by most persons, and are cheapest in the end. With care they can be used many years, though new rubber bands must be procured when needed. In canning, sugar should certainly be used, and it should be of the granulated white grades, as poor sugar hurts the flavor of the fruit. The rule is to put one-quarter of a pound of sugar with one pound of fruit, but this quantity may be doubled if the fruit be unusually acid. Some persons think that fruit is good when canned without sugar, but in that case it loses color and firmness. The fruit used for canning is to be of the best quality, and as freshly picked as possible. Well-ripened fruit, not, however, dead-ripe and soft, is in every way preferable. In fact, a cannery should really be located near the orchards, for there is a manifest deterioration in the quality of the fruit between the time it is picked and the time it is ready for the cans. Coarse-grained market varieties seldom can so well as the more highly-flavored kinds. When the fruit has been peeled and pitted place it in the preserving kettle and properly cook; but if it is still boiling hot the cans are to be filled full, to the very brim, the elastic put on, the jar wiped, and the top screwed down at once, and tightened several times afterward. As a writer on the subject said recently: "Good fruit, put boiling hot into the perfect cans, filled full and sealed up at once, will be fresh and pure when opened, though years later." Simply pouring boiling water over fruit does not expel the air. Partly filled fruit jars will spoil. Canned berries are to be put in a preserving kettle, with layers of sugar, and boiled from five to fifteen minutes. The syrup can be bottled up, some of it, for other uses. Some persons prefer to cook berries in the jars in which they are to be canned. In this case the jars filled up with fruit are set in a wash-boiler, on wooden slats, so as not to touch the bottom. Cold water is poured in till it comes close to the rims of the jars, and heated until the fruit is well cooked, when the fruit in one jar is used to fill up the others, and they are sealed and put away. We may add that glass jars of fruit should be put in a dry, dark and cool place where the temperature is equable throughout the season.

Household Hints.

To take grease from floors, rub soft soap on the spots, then press with a hot iron.

To take grease from silk, moisten the spot with chloroform, then rub with a cloth until perfectly dry. It will not injure the most delicate color.

If rats or mice infest any part of your house find their holes and stuff them with rags dipped in a strong solution of cayenne pepper. No rodent will ever take a second nibble at that rag.

An economical housewife will always buy her soap in large quantities, cut each bar in square pieces and store in a dry place. It lasts better after shrinking.

The yellow stain made by the oil used on sewing machines can be removed if, before washing in soapsuds, the spot be rubbed carefully with a bit of cloth wet with ammonia.

Always stand a wet umbrella with the handle down. One trial will convince you of the rapidity with which it will drain, and your umbrella will last longer if dried quickly.

Canning Corn.

In the vicinity of Boston there are numerous establishments devoted to the canning of green corn, and as the process is similar to that to which all articles of preserving food are subjected a description of the method is given in the *American Cultivator*, and will serve as an example of the rest. The corn is planted expressly for this purpose, and when it is in condition to can it is stripped of its husks, after which it is thoroughly wiped to remove the silks. It is then passed along to another set of hands, who, with knives made for this purpose, cut off the kernels from the cob. This work is done over a large wooden hopper, there being generally four hands at work at one machine, and the corn is allowed to drop through into a tub. When this is done it is taken to another room, where it is weighed out in small quantities, each amount just sufficient to fill a can, the corn being forced into the cans by means of a powerful automatic press, which operates very rapidly.

The cans are then taken to the soldering room, where each is carefully wiped and the top is soldered on, a small hole being made in the cover to allow the escape of air. The next step is the cooking, which is done by placing the cans in wooden vats filled with water and kept at the boiling point by steam heat. After being cooked awhile the cans are taken out, the air-holes are newly opened, and they are subjected to a thorough shaking to force out the air, which operation is most important. After this the corn is again cooked, the cans are sealed air-tight, and they are then ready for market. All articles are treated in a similar manner, with the exception of preparing them for the cooking process, and when finished they are practically imperishable, as they will keep for years in any climate. All through Massachusetts there are extensive vegetable canning establishments, as well as in other parts of New England, and within the past few months the business has increased to a marked extent in the State of Maine, especially in corn.

The Conductor.

What an alert type of men the conductors on the steam railroads are. Probably the engineers are also, but there's no good chance to get a look at them while they have their hands on the levers and their eyes are peering along the line of track as far as keen vision can reach. But the conductor is all alive under his quiet and impassive exterior. There is little in his car he does not see, even while his whole attention appears to be concentrated by the ticket he holds in one hand to be cut by the punch in the other. And there is nothing he does not hear and understand down to the most needless question. Amid the clangor of the swift-moving train, the slightest unusual noise or jar about the running gear tells its story instantly to his acutely educated ear and quickened senses. And if anything is wrong, or suspected to be wrong, how promptly yet how quietly, with what freedom from fuss, or anything approaching to flurry or panic, he moves toward the right place. He is the very embodiment of self-posed qui vive. What soldiers these men would make.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The United States dollar of 1804 sells for $800. If the government officials had known how highly these coins were to be valued they might have made a grand speculation by turning out a few millions of them. As it was they thought eight would "meet the business wants of the country," and eight they made.

A correspondent of a London paper warns people against throwing broken bottles among sun dried grass or heat at this time of the year, as the bottoms of such bottles frequently act as burning glasses. The Australians know that extensive and damaging brush fires have taken place in Australia in consequence of broken bottles having been carelessly thrown down among the dried scrub.

From the year 1875 to the present date 176 murders have been committed in Chicago. Of these, as is the case generally, nearly one-half were committed in the hot months—June, July, August and September, chiefly in July and August. Only two of the 176 murderers were hung for the crime. But in that year, 1878, one of the hottest summers known, the number of murders decreased, from thirteen in the summer of 1877, to six; increased next year to nineteen, and this year bids fair to exceed it.

The Main Exhibition building at Philadelphia, which cost $1,600,000 to erect, was recently sold at auction for $97,000. Its sale calls to mind the long and disastrous effort to maintain a permanent exhibition within its walls with some of the shells and vestiges of the great Centennial fair. The scheme was doomed to failure from the beginning, but it was heroically supported for four years by a company of Philadelphia gentlemen who have paid dearly for their enthusiasm. Nowhere has a large permanent industrial and art exhibition been successful save at Sydenham, near London, and that has in its favor the attractiveness of the Crystal palace and its park as a point for excursions, and the immense population of the British metropolis close at hand.

A handbook giving a general account of the Jews, just issued by Dr. R. Andree, estimates their total number throughout the world at about 6,100,000. Only 180,000 of the race are to be found in Asia, 400,000 in Africa, 300,000 in America, and 20,000 in Australia. The great majority of the race, more than 5,000,000, live in Europe. Roumania contains a far larger number of Jews in proportion to its population than any other European country, namely, 7.44 per cent.; while Norway contains only 34 individuals of the race. The local distribution of the Jewish population in different countries is traced out with great pains by Dr. Andree. Thus, in some of the government districts of Russian Poland the Jewish inhabitants constitute from 13 to 18 per cent. of the population. Although for the whole of Germany the Jewish element is only 12 1-2 per cent. of the population, in the city of Berlin it has increased to nearly 5 per cent.

There is nothing small about the nawab of Gondal in India. He has chosen seven youthful and lovely brides from among the daughters of the Gondal aristocracy, and has made arrangement to lead them to the altar, one after another, upon seven successive days. It will be the pleasing duty of each bride, progressively and in regular rotation, to attend the weddings celebrated subsequent to her own, so that the first lady of the series will enjoy the unusual privilege of witnessing seven nuptial ceremonies, in all of which she will be more or less directly interested, within the limits of a single week. The seven-fold bridegroom, however, has bestowed upon all his brides wedding dresses and ornaments of identical material, design and value. The rooms they are destined to occupy in his palace are all furnished exactly alike; and the accident of seniority, as regards the mere date of their respective marriage ceremonies, is not to carry with it any precedence at court.

The time is not far distant when, according to scientific geographers (who certainly ought to know), the passage across the Atlantic will only occupy four days. This will not be, as one may hastily suppose, on account of improvements in steam power, electricity or any such out of the way attempts, but simply because in time the American continent will be something quite different from what it is to-day. The coast of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island is rising, the land round the Bay of Fundy is sinking. Greenland is slowly sinking along a line of 600 miles; New Jersey and the coasts to the east are rising, and on the Pacific there is a subsidence of water. The American continent must in time project to the North Pole. Hudson's Bay will be a fruitful valley, with just a lake or two to keep up the watery character of the place, the Newfoundland banks will become arid and St. George's bank will be part of the mainland. The coast line of all oceanic States will be carried out to the inner edge of the gulf stream.

Extraordinary Resuscitation from Apparent Death.

A Paris paper tells this strange story: A religious custom has just prevented a person from being buried alive, and, singular to relate, this is the second time the same thing has happened to the same person. About ten years ago Eulalie B—, then aged three years, daughter of respectable tradespeople in the Rue Montmorency, was attacked with typhus fever. After a fortnight's sickness she appeared to expire, and her parents, as a relief to their sorrow, left the house, leaving two of the girl's aunts to superintend the funeral. As the family belonged to the reformed religion, it was resolved, in compliance with the usual custom, to wash the body before placing it in the shroud. While the water was warming one of the aunts proposed that it should be made quite hot and that part of the foot of the deceased should be placed in it. This was done; and the two females, to their surprise, fancied that they heard a slight sign. They thereupon began to employ friction on different parts of the body, and succeeded in restoring the child to life. The girl continued to enjoy good health until recently, when she was attacked with brain fever, and after suffering some time appeared to die. A physician declared her dead, and signed a certificate for the interment. One of the aunts, in company with a nurse, watched the body. The aunt having stated in the course of conversation the singular circumstance that had previously occurred, the nurse recommended that the proof of hot water should again be tried. The leg of the girl was accordingly plunged into hot water. This produced a similar result, and the girl recovered.

Hoopskirts came into use in 1857 and departed this life in 1865.

SUNDAY READING.

Look Out for Breakers.

A writer in the *Presbyterian* says: There are so many of them on the sea of life. They come to us when out on the waters or on the shore. They come in the morning of life, or noontide, or at midnight all the same. Sometimes, like the billows which break against a rocky shore, they come with a force which will be heard and noticed. Again, they come softly, quietly, peacefully, like waves which wash the shore in the sunshine or play around a vessel on a calm sea, and just as much we need to look out for the gentle waves as for the angry billow. Just as often as the one harms us as the other. An old seaman, a wise father, is always on the outlook. He knows that forewarned is forearmed. It is only children and fools who do not trim their sails before the wind, who do not look out for breakers on a rocky shore, or who go out to bathe in a storm, or who sit quietly on a smooth beach at incoming tide. But there are a good many people who have passed their childhood, and who are not counted as fools, who on the voyage of life never trim their sails before the wind, be it ever so boisterous and threatening; who never think of looking for breakers, be the coast ever so rocky; and who, though never having learned to swim, go out on a stormy, unknown coast, beyond their depth, or sit on the smooth beach idly, and let the tide of prosperity flow around and over them till its sunshiny waves become great breakers between them and the green land and loved ones beyond.

Religious News and Notes.

Of the 689 missionaries in India 117 are from the United States.

Five graduates of Fisk university have gone to Africa as missionaries.

Paris at the present time contains forty regularly ordained Protestant churches.

There are said to be thirty-six Methodist churches in Baltimore, with a membership of 11,500.

There are said to be 134 Baptist churches in the Indian Nation in a population of about 60,000.

The two Church of England foreign missionary societies report this year a total income of $1,689,940.

Of the graduates of Madison university eighty-six, it is said, have become missionaries among the heathen.

All of the Congregational churches in Chicago, except one—the Union Park church—are reported to be free of debt.

The additions to the Presbyterian churches in Indianapolis, resulting from recent revivals, will number 500 or more.

According to the Baptist Year-Book there are 2,296,327 Baptists in America, the net increase for 1880 having been 163,293.

A bureau has been established in Chicago for the purpose of supplying clergymen with sermons. It is said to be of foreign origin.

There are twenty-seven Protesant Episcopal clergymen, including the bishop, in the State of Delaware. The communicants number 1,980.

The largest Sunday-school in Canada is that of St. James' cathedral, Toronto. Although there are on its roll the names of 1,325 children and sixty teachers, the average attendance is about 900. Six hundred of these regular attendants are in the main school and 300 in the infant department.

Cod-Fishing.

We have been out on the briny deep after fish, and the *Hawkeye* distinguished itself as usually. The Jester caught the first fish. And it was the only fish of that kind taken all day.

We went out after codfish. It is a pleasant fish to catch. Catching cod is like drawing water with a rope and bucket. It is a very gamey fish; after it is cured for the Western market. Limburger cheese isn't much gamier. It keeps up a perennial smell that grows stronger and more decided as the years creep by, Lorena. When the spring time comes, gentle Annie, the old codfish that hangs on a nail away back in the darkest corner of the cellar discounts the noisy onions piled up on the middle of the floor, and then it doesn't half try. The dryer it gets the louder it grows. You must be blind if you couldn't hear the flavor of a two-year-old codfish.

But when he is new he is quiet, and you miss the old familiar bouquet. When you go for codfish you must first get your herring, for bait. We approached a lone fisherman for this purpose, and besought him that he would lend us a few herring. But he wasn't doing a discount business then, and said he had only a few—oh, such a very, very few.

"Well, couldn't you let us have three or four?"

But he shook his head sadly, as one who should say he only had four or five.

Then we shouted and cried aloud and said unto the lone fisherman:

"Lo, here is twenty-five cents, but what is that to you? Will you see us die for three small herring?"

And the lone fisherman dropped his line and made a reach for that quarter even as a drowning man reaches for a crowbar, and spoke with great alacrity:

"Oh, yes, I have just about a quarter's worth." And he gave us a peck.

The sinker on the cod-line is a piece of lead about the size and shape of a corn-cob, and it weighs as much as an old-fashioned family Bible. You fish very close to the bottom—five feet or so from it; and the only labor involved is hauling up that deep sea-sounding apparatus at the end of your line. When you catch a codfish, it doesn't add to the weight at all. Oh, no; the cod helps you to pull the sinker up to the surface, and that makes your load lighter. That's the way you know when you have a fish on. That's just how gamey the cod is.—*Burdette.*

Little Billy's Mean Trick.

"Where is your little brother Billy?" asked an Austin school-teacher of little Johnny McSpilkins.

"He is home in bed. He is too sick to come out, and I am glad of it," responded Johnny.

"Why do you speak so unkindly of Billy?"

"Because he played me a mean trick."

"What was it?"

"Billy told me that ma said the boy that eat the most meat for dinner should have the biggest piece of watermelon. I beat Billy all to pieces eating meat. He didn't hardly eat any meat, and when the watermelon came on I—boo-hoo—had eaten so much meat that I had no room for the melon, and Billy, who hadn't eaten any meat hardly, ate up nearly the whole watermelon, and now he is sick, and I'm so glad it ain't me.

"Elephant" is the name of a new town in Colorado, and it is so built that it is hard to determine which is the tail end.—*Detroit Free Press.* The name will be more appropriate when a trunk line is built through it.—*Lowell Courier.*

OVERRUN BY RATS.

How Some Provinces of India Were Devastated by the Vermin.

The recently issued "Bombay administrative Report," a few copies of which have reached this country, gives some curious details respecting the extraordinary plague of rats which devastated eight collectorates of the Bombay presidency in the latter half of 1869. The particular kind of rats which proved most obnoxious were the Indian jerboa, the Indian mole rat, or *kok*, and the mettade. The first named is fawn-colored above and white below, and, including the tail, is often fifteen inches long. It burrows underground, is very prolific, but does not customarily hoard food; while the *kok*, on the other hand, accumulates large quantities of grain. The mettade is really a species of mouse; but it is a very large mouse, sometimes nine or ten inches long. It is said to live exclusively in cultivated fields, within the deep fissures found in the black soil during the hot months. This rat climbs the stalks of the crops and gnaws off the heads generally a few days before they ripen. Great numbers of the rats inhabiting the black soil are said to be killed every year by the first heavy rain of the monsoon. The black soil swells when the drenching rain falls on it, and the broad deep cracks found in the hot season, closing, suffocate the rats ca