Selection of a Farm.

The size of a farm should be suited to the capacity of the pocket-book. Many young farmers make the mistake of buying a large farm with little money to pay for it. There is nothing that so binds a man as a heavy mortgage. It eats the very heart out of the farmer and hangs like a leaden weight upon every aspiration of his wife and children. It is better to buy a small farm and have enough capital to work it well. As the surplus increases, it may be invested in more acres, or in a better culture of those that have already proved profitable. There is a size below which many of the economies of the farm cannot be practiced to the best advantage, and on the other hand there is danger of going beyond that acreage where the most profitable farming may be carried on. It requires considerable executive ability to manage a large farm, and therefore many men are excluded from such by a lack which they may not fully appreciate until the trial has been made and the failure recorded. Farming is not like the taking of a citadel, and cannot be done successfully with a rush and a noise. It is a thoughtful and steady working out from well-laid plans—a conquest for crops and the head must be clear that wins where the seat of a campaign for a lifetime covers townships or even square miles. The soil is the foundation of farming, and it should be fitted to the kinds of crops that it is desired to raise. The differences in the nature and capacities of sand and clay should be understood, and a favorable mixture of the two obtained if there is an opportunity for choosing. A rich soil, with proper management, means good crops, at once, but it may be as profitable to invest much less in an equal area of over-cropped land, and bring it up to a high state of cultivation by green manuring and other methods of restoration. The farm house is to be the home of the family, and, therefore, the locality for the farm should be healthful. The richest land for the price may be on the border of a malaria-breeding swamp, but the profits of the investment may be more than balanced by the doctor's bills and loss of time, not to mention the discomfort of fevers in the household. It is important that there be an abundant water supply on all farms, both for the family and the live-stock. There are social considerations that no farmer should overlook in making a choice of a farm. He lives not to himself alone; the children need the privileges of good schools, etc.; in short, the community should be one in which sympathy, goodness and intelligence prevail.

With a good farm of proper size, healthfully located, abundantly supplied with water, good neighbors, and a handy market, a man is so well situated that he ought to make himself and those around him happy. Choose well, and hold on to the choice.—*American Agriculturist.*

Jocose Clips.

The best way to get rid of our political rogues is to cell them.

The money-lender never neglects his business. He takes all the interest he can in it.

A French writer says the art of giving a dinner is a lost art. Then why not advertise and find it again.

When young Jones' bullet hit the wrong mark the other day, he said it was simply a case of "Lead Astray."

A peep behind the curtain—"Mother, don't get me mad now! Harry is coming and I shall be all of a flush."

The man who was hemmed in by the crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

We hope we shall not be accused of exaggeration when we say we have received 1883 calendars.

The French War Office has restored the drum to all infantry regiments, and each company is again on its taps.

"Why do you call your dog Oak?" asked Smith of Jones. "Because he has such a coarse bark," replied Mr. Jones.

When deaf and dumb lovers are married, two members of the wedding party are sure to be unspeakably happy.

A shock-headed youth went into Morris' music store, Saturday afternoon, and softly scratching the shin of one leg with the foot of the other, asked if Mr. Morris had the new songs "Certainly," said the gentleman stepping saryly back of the counter: "which one do you wish?" "Have you got that air piece called—called" here the young man paused and stared wildly about the store, and then suddenly added—"called—Gray hairs in the Butter?" "What's that?" said Mr. Morris, rubbing his hands in painful abstraction. "Gray Hairs in the Butter," repeated the young man, changing legs. "Perhaps," kindly suggested a gentlman who has boarded for twelve years, "our young friend means "Silver Threads among the Gold." "That's it, by gum, shouted the young man in a burst of pleasure. Mr. Morris had it

An Evening Call.

We lived in the far West, in a little settlement called Siam Town.

My grandfather was named Ozias Steele, and as he was a deacon in the church, he generally received that title. I was called the deacon's little Becky. I had been born in Maine, but when my parents died my grandfather crossed the continent, and brought me back with him. He carried me all the way in a flat basket, filled with cotton batting, which he held on his knees. He often told me how he walked into the hotels or taverns where he stopped with me for luggage, and how much interest I excited. I was only three months old, and I found a mother at every resting place. Since then he had been all to me, and as I remembered nothing else, I was perfectly happy. At sixteen, I had had my schooling, and had settled down to be housekeeper, under the tuiton of our one servant, Sally Wells.

It was a still night, following a beautiful day. As I sat at my window I could hear all the insect voices hard at work—cricket, katydid and locust and the queer little tree toad. Away in the heart of the old woods a screech owl was hooting. Down in the town the bells were ringing for evening meeting, which they held on Wednesday.

Grandfather had gone to church. He had taken old Widow Glennings and her daughter with him, and the buggy would hold no more. So I stayed at home. Sally had gone to get some yeast cakes at the store, and I was alone. I didn't mind it. I had never known what it was to be afraid of solitude, though a crowd would have frightened me.

The room was our sitting room. It was early in October and the windows were open, but there was a little log fire on the hearth.

A lamp, with a green paper shade, decorated by a design representing three little kittens eating a pound cake stood on the table; near it my work basket. The chairs had rushbottoms, with the exception of two Boston rocking chairs, with chintz cushions; an engraving of the battle of Bunker Hill, a portrait of Washington, and some family photographs hung on the wall, which was covered with a pale grey paper with a pink flower upon it. A clock and two vases stood on the mantel-piece, a rag carpet was on the floor, and a secretary and bookcase combined filled one recess. We had a best parlor, which was dusted every Saturday, but we never thought of using it.

I felt very lazy that evening, and though I had begun a very pretty sort of tape trimming, had no desire to take it up. I looked at the stars that twinkled and shone so brightly; at the splendid planet shining over the distant mountain peak. I heard a brook bubbling in the hollow, and I fancied after awhile, when the church bells had done ringing, that I heard some unusual sounds, men's voices calling to each other far away, and saw lights now and then in the fringe of woods that covered the hill. Belated drovers, perhaps, urging their cattle on to a safe stopping place, or wood cutters who intended to camp out, to be ready for their work in the morning. As I looked at the bright dots moving to and fro, I heard another sound near at hand—crunching of feet on the stony road, and looking toward the gate I saw a man open it and hurry in, and come up to the door. I was not surprised that he opened it without knocking, for people were not ceremonious there, but I felt a little startled when I saw that he was a stranger. He was out of breath as though he had been running. His face was damp with perspiration, his clothes, which were good otherwise, were torn, as though he had made his way through thorny bushes, and it was evident that he was listening intently. I, too, heard something—what, I hardly knew.

As soon as he could do so he spoke.

"Are you all alone in the house, young lady?" he said.

"Yes!" I answered.

"For God's sake tell me where I can hide!" he said. "The lynchers are after me."

I knew what he meant. I knew, too, that men were only lynched for fearful crimes; but I had a woman's heart. Whatever he had done, he asked my help.

Yet where could he hide? There were five rooms in the house; each had a small cupboard. There was no exit to the roof, no secret closets, no large furniture, and I heard them coming Suddenly a thought struck me.

"Go into that room," I said. "Do not shut the door. Get into the bed you see there and tie the handkerchief on the bedpost over your head. Turn your face to the wall. It's your only chance."

He obeyed me. I sat down by the table, dragged my work toward me, and began to sew and sing. I heard many steps upon the road. The gate clanged. I knew that men came up the path and peeped in at the window. Then the door opened. A rough face was thrust in. One man entered—another and another. I knew them all by sight.

"Excuse me, Miss Becky," said the leader; "but we're after a man, a stranger in these parts, that has done a murder. We saw him come this way. We rather reckoned he'd get you to hide him by some lie. Have you seen him? Where's the deacon!"

"Try not to wake grandfather," I said, "He's not well. You can look under the bed if you choose. There's no other place to hide in that room, as you see."

One of the men went on tiptoe into the room and looked under the bed, laughed softly, and came out.

"You may go over the house, if you like," said I, "and see if you can find the fugitive."

"He can't get away if he's anywhere about," said the man. "The house is surrounded."

They took some candles which I gave them and went through the house. They went to the stable, fortunately padlocked on the outside, so they did not see that it was empty. They beat the bushes and peeped into the chicken coop, and went off together, furious at their disappointment, and I was left alone with the man they had spoken of as that fearful thing, a murderer. I shut the shutters and drew down the blinds, and he came from his hiding-place pale but calm, and stood looking at me a moment.

"You will hear the whole story to-morrow," he said. "Don't believe me guilty. I should have been a black-hearted brute, indeed, if I had committed the crime they charge me with, but I am innocent. God bless you for your mercy. I can save myself now."

He opened the door and darted out into the night. A little later Sally came home. Later, my grandfather, who had heard a horrible story of a woman murdered in the settlement beyond.

I told neither of them anything. I kept the adventure to myself for a few days after the truth was discovered, and it was known that another woman and no man at all had committed the murder, and then I told grandfather.

A year after a package came to me by express. It was from California—a little box of gold nuggets and a letter.

The sender, it said, was the innocent man I had saved from Judge Lynch. He had become a miner, had prospered, and was happily married, and begged me to accept the little present offered by one who would be ever grateful. There was no signature, but I was glad to hear again from one I had never forgotten and never shall.—*Mary Kyle Dallas.*

Personal and Political.

Twelve rabbis have been invited to the Czar's coronation.

An international congress of societies and individuals interested in the protection of children will be opened in Paris on June 15.

The Delaware House of Representatives has passed a bill appropriating $15,000 for schools for colored children.

The Earl of Roseberry, whose term of office as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University will expire in November next, has already posetively declined a renomination.

A Detroit lawyer has framed a bill, which is now before the Michigan Legislature, providing that a man may prove his will during his lifetime on giving notice to his heirs at law, and afterwards it shall be unassailable.

Mr. G. A. Sala regards it as one of the luckiest and most merciful things that can possibly happen to a man that he should be almost invariably unlucky at cards. His own remembrances of poker are brief, but full of acute anguish.

Miss Edith Shove, who bears the formidable titles of "M. B. Lond," and "L. K. Q. C. P. I.," has been appointed Medical Superintendent of the female staff of the London General Post Office. It is said that the appointment of a woman to this position is not agreeable to the female employees of the establishment.

Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, has purchased and presented to the Virginia Historical Society, of which he is Vice-President, a large collection of Southern war "annals," embracing many thousand extracts from Confederate newspapers and other publications, containing heroic, pathetic, and humorous anecdotes, personal sketches, accounts of battles and sieges, prices of commodities at different periods of the war, etc.

Senator Logan is said to be urging the appointment of A. C. Matthews, of Illinois, as Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

AGE.

"Stepping westward," did she say,
At sunset on that long Scotch day?
"Stepping westward," yes, alway,
With staff and script,
Wayfaring songs upon my lip,
Stepping, stepping, to the end.

As down the slanting path I wend,
Behold a breadth of distant sea,
Between the hills on either hand,
Ships bearing from some unknown land
To other land unknown to me.

"Stepping westward," all that be,
Body and soul, by land or sea,
Follow still the westering sun;
That must end which has begun.

W. B. Scott.

Valuable Information.

Rulings of the P. O. Department.

1116. Section 371, Postal Laws and Regulations, is hereby amended so as to reads as follows: "Prepaid letters shall be forwarded from one post-office to another, at the request of the party adressed, without additional charge for postage." (R. S., section 3940.) Under this amended section the rulings referring to the forwarding of second, third and fourth class matter, in the January, 1883, Postal Guide, are abrogated, or changed so as to read as follows:—

1118. Ruling 424, "Free county newspapers" may be forwarded to any other office in the county where printed and published, without additional charge, but an order to forward such papers outside of the county should be accompanied with postage sufficient to pay the transient rate theron.

1119. Ruling 483. When a subscriber to a regular newspaper removes from the delivery of a post-office, the postmaster should advise him that it his duty to notify the publisher of his change of residence. Postmasters should, in the absence of instructions to forward, accompanied with the transient rate of postage therefor, or other instructions (except in case of free county papers forwarded to an office within the county), notifying the publisher that the paper is not called for, as required by section 471, P. L. & R. (See ruling 763).

1124. Ruling 819, the words "mail-matter" should read "letters prepaid with one full rate of postage." Postmasters are to understand by the foregoing that hereafter no matter can be forwarded in the mails after it reaches its orignal address without a new prepayment of postage, except letters which have one full rate paid thereon, namely, three cents, and newspapers or other periodicals which are to be forwarded to subscribers from one post-office to another which are in the same county where the paper to be forwarded is published and in whole or in part printed. Postmasters will immediately upon receipt of this ruling correct the rulings referred to in the January Guide.

1125. Where matter of the second, third or fourth classes has been inadvertently forwarded without the payment of the additional postage required, it is to be rated up with only the amount due, there being no double postage charged in such cases.

1126. When a request is sent to a postmaster to have letters forwarded to a new address, drop-letters fully prepaid, bearing the card of the writer, should be immediately returned to the writer, giving also information of the changed address.

1127. Upon any package of fourth-class matter the following notice may be printed: "Notice to Postmasters. The inclosed package contains sensitive photographic dry plates, and it will be damaged if opened and examined under any other than a red or ruby light. Please notify the party addressed of their arrival before opening." The request thus made will be complied with, and upon application of the party addressed, the postmaster will permit such person to provide for the postmaster's use a ruby lamp, for examination of such package. Where such package is offered for mailing at an office, the postmaster will make examination of the same, under the same condition.

1128. It is the duty of a postmaster to keep his mail open as long as possible, so as to accommodate the patrons of his office, but it must be closed in order that the carrier should have time to carry it to the train.

1129. If a letter is received addressed to a person awaiting trial, in care of a sheriff, the postmaster should deliver the letter to the sheriff unless he has orders from the prisoner not to do so. After such letter is delivered the Post Office Department has no further control over it.

1130. If a postmaster has a store in connection with the postoffice and the store is attached and closed for debts incurred by the postmaster, it would be the duty of the postmaster to furnish another room for his office, as the Post Office Department will not protect a postmaster against state laws being enforced by allowing him to plead interference with the mails.

1131. All persons are classed as "news-agents" who make it a regular business to purchase papers or take them on commission for sale. This privilege is also extended to "news-boys" who purchase a certain number of any legitimate second-class publication. They can return unsold copies of such papers to the publishers at the pound rates. A news-agent is not required to have a regular mailing list.

1132. After giving the required notice to a publisher that his publication is refused, thirty days should be allowed to elapse before putting the same with other waste paper in the office.

1133. In the opinion of the Post Office Department the "penalty envelopes" may be used by postmasters to transmit to other postmasters statements showing the business at their respective offices, provided there is no other matter contained therein. Familiarity with the relative cost of business done at various post offices, the clerical force employed to do such business, etc., may suggest to postmasters improved methods for their own offices. Even correspondence of this character may be sent in penalty envelopes.

1136. Corrected proofs of "printed circulars," or "printed blanks" passing between the job printer and customer, are subject to third-class rates when unsealed.

1138. Mail-matter before delivery, when forwarded to new postoffice address, should be charged the rate to which it was originally subject. Postal cards forwarded before delivery require one cent prepayment, whether written or printed.

1139. When an agreement as to the delivery of mail-matter to a specified address has been entered into between the parties interested in such matter, and the postmaster advised thereof, the delivery cannot be changed except by the mutual consent of the parties so directing. Relief from existing condition of things created by their own agreement can only be had by the action of the court adjudicating between the parties and declaring their rights, which the postmaster will accept and act upon.

Clinching His Argument.

General Frank L. Wolford is a member-elect to the next House of Representatives from the Eleventh Kentucky district. A good story is told here which illustrates the style of campaign speech-making in which rival candidates in that State meet and discuss public issues. General Wolford and his opponent met at Jamestown, where about three thousand people had gathered. General Frye led off in an hour's speech, closing by saying: "This is the best Government the sun ever shone upon, and the freest. Who ever heard of such magnanimity as was shown by this Government to the Confederate soldier when the war was ended?" General Wolford arose and said "Genera Frye, I would like to ask you a question." "Certainly," said Frye. "Well, what did they do with the great and good soldier, General Robert E. Lee, when he surrendered at Appomattox?" Then, without pausing for a reply, he answered his own question: "I will tell you. They tied his hands behind him, tied his feet, put a rope around his neck and hung him on the spot. Raise up, Bill Skys, and tell what you know about it. You were there." Bill arose and said, slowly, "Yes, I was thar; it's so, gentlemen." Wolford then proceeded, before granting General Frye time to collect himself at the audacity of the witness' dishonesty, and said: "What did they do with Jeff Davis? Why, will tell you. They took him to Fortress Monroe, put him in the hull of a gunboat and kept him there until he died from rheumatic pains. Raise up, Bill Skys, and tell what you know about that; you were there." Bill rose and answered: "I was—I was thar. I was one of the pall-bearers." Then, Wolford, as a sort of climax, said: "They would have killed me, too, had they not been afraid." Turning to Frye, and pulling out a six-shooter, he fairly shrieked: "What have you to say to that?" "Nothing," answered Frye; "there is nothing between you and I."

Success in Practical Life.

If you speak the right word at the right time; if you are careful to leave people with a good impression; if you do not trespass upon the rights of others; if you always think of others as well as yourself; if you do not put yourself unduly forward; if you do not forget the courtesies which belong to your position, you are quite sure to accomplish much in life which others with equal ability fail to do. This is where the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. It is where you make people feel that you are unselfish and honorable, and truthful and sincere. This is what society is looking for in men; and it is astonishing how much men are able to win for self-respect and success and usefulness who possess these qualities of good breeding. It is almost the turning point of success in practical life.

For the Lighthearted.

"Why is a foolish person in high station like a man in a balloon?" "Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody."

Thomas (to John, who is driving a horse and cart)—"Whar' you gwine, Jack?" John—"I'm gwine ter de depo' for forty pianos." Thomas—"You mean a piano-forte?" John—"Well, what's the difference?"

An old lady on hearing that a young friend had lost his place on account of misdemeanor, exclaimed: "Miss Demeanor? Lost his place on account of Miss Demeanor? Well, well! I'm afraid it's too true that there's allus a woman at the bottom of a man's difficulties!"

A schoolmistress, while taking down the names and ages of her pupils at the beginning of the term, asked one little fellow: "What's your father's name?" "Oh, you needn't take down his name!" was the reply; "he's too old to go to school this year."

"No, I don't want none of your lightning rods," said a farmer, last week, to a man who had stopped at his house to put up his patent lightning conductors. "I ain't afraid of lightning, it's the thunder I believe is going to knock us all endwise some day. "You don't seem to comprehend," said the peddler, "these 'ere silver tipped rods are lightning rods, and the gold tipped rods are thunder rods—just what you want," and he persuaded the old man in ordering up the gold tipped rods.

A conceited man, who was very ugly, but thought himself rather good-looking, once said: "I have three children who are the very image of myself." "How I pity the youngest!" exclaimed a bystander. "Why is that?" asked he conceited man. "Because it is the one who will probably have to resemble you the longest!"

"I think," said a fond parent, "that little Jimmy is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat, and he sits all day by the fire and thinks, and thinks." "You had better grease him all over," said Aunt Jerusha. "He's going to have the measles. That's what ails Jimmy."

Table Manners.

It is not the custom, as it used to be, to wait until every one is helped; haste or impatience are out of place, but it is proper to eat whenever the food is placed before one. One is not expected to ask twice for soup, fish, or salad, and is seldom helped a second time to dessert.

Preference for white or dark meat, rare or well-done, should be expressed without hesitation, and all food taken or declined promptly and in courteous terms.

Well-bred people never handle the glass, silver or china unnecessarily, or the food; they never make bread pills, drink or speak with food in their mouths, or leave the table while eating, or complain of the dinner.

When the child is strong enough to manage a fork, give him one instead of a spoon, and when the dignity of a knife is arrived at, teach him the use of it, and also, when done with the knife and fork, to lay them in close parallel across the plate, the handles to the right.

Teach him to use a spoon properly, to lay it in the saucer while he drinks his tea noiselessly (holding the cup by the handle), to leave it in the saucer if the cup is to refilled, and to place it in the empty cup when done.

Table manners forbid all unnecessary clattering of knives and forks. Salt is taken on the knife, which is tapped on the forefinger of the left hand, instead of the fork.

The hand is the proper medium for removing grape-skins and fruit-pits from the mouth to the plate, and the napkin should hide all use of the toothpick.

Vegetables are generally eaten with a fork or a spoon. Asparagus may be taken in the fingers; water-cresses, celery, radishes and olives are always so eaten. Cheese is generally taken with a fork.

Economical housewives cover the table with a square of baize, cotton flannel, or cloth of some kind, over which the linen one is spread; this improves the appearance, keeps the cloth from wearing at the edges of the table, and prevents noise.

An attractive table is a good appetizer and has something to do with good behavior. Human nature is easily affected by the atmosphere with which it is surrounded; children cannot be expected to behave well in an hour given over to fretfulness, disorder and flurry. Table manners for the housekeeper begin in seeing that her table is neat and attractive and calculated to inspire cheerfulness; from it she should banish as far as possible all vexations, cares and worries.—*Our Second Century.*