

NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

I hold it the duty of one who is gifted, And royally dowered in all men's sight, To know no rest till his life is lifted Fully up to his great gifts' height. He must hold the man into rare complements, For gems are set only in gold refined; He must fashion his thoughts into perfect sweetness, And cast out folly and pride from his mind. For he who drinks from a god's gold chalice Of art or music or rhythmic song, Must sift from his soul the chaff of malice, And weed from his heart the roots of wrong. For I think the wrath of an outraged heaven Should fall on the chosen and dowered soul That allows a lump of selfish leaven, By slow fermenting, to spoil the whole. Great gifts should be worn like a crown-be fitting, And not like gems on a beggar's hands; And the toll must be constant and unremitting, That lifts up the king to the crown's demands. Soon Winter, from his northern cave, With white hair streaming from the sky, Will hoarsely through the forest rave And let us icy arrows fly. JOHN M. MACDONALD.

A Few Points on Snuff.

There are three grades of snuff—the fine, poor and medium. The fine snuff is made from the blade of the tobacco leaf, the ribs and stems being rejected and ground up into the poor grades. The medium grade is composed of the entire leaf, and is the quality of which the greatest amount is sold. Of all grades of snuff there are the moist and dry varieties. The dry snuff is heaped on earthen plates after it has been ground, and is exposed to a high degree of heat. The term "high toast" is used to denote the article which has been heated for a length of time. Moist snuff is made by moistening the snuff which has already been ground, with a solution of common salt and allowing it to ferment. The period of fermentation determines the strength and pungency of the snuff. After the fermentation salt is mixed with the snuff to prevent its becoming moldy, rose-water or other perfumes are added, and sometimes powderedorris root is used to increase the pungency of the article. Snuffs are often adulterated with chrome yellow, lime and carbonate of potash, all of which ingredients render the snuff unhealthy. Such adulterations can easily be detected with the microscope, which reveals the peculiar structure of the tobacco leaf as distinguished from that of adulterations.

"Much snuff used?" was usually asked to-day of a Woodward avenue dealer who sells several of the standard brands of snuff. Said brands, by the way, are nothing more than common snuff with famous names. "Not as much as was sold a few years ago," he replied. "People still continue to use it for catarrh and similar ailments, but as a method of using tobacco, snuffing is falling into disrepute. In fact, it is worthy of note that the introduction and widespread use of cigarettes marked the beginning of the decline of snuff-taking. Nearly all my customers are old people who learned the practice in the old country, and who, while they detest it, are so habituated to it that they can not give up their snuff-box and their macaboy. The young men who take snuff are nearly all Scotchmen and Polish laborers. These latter make their own snuff, and they often produce a very fine article, which they consume in large quantities. Every Polack of any means has a pestle and mortar in which he grinds his snuff, and as most of them raise and cure their own tobacco, the snuff is free from any adulteration. They flavor their snuffs with brandy. Snuff-taking has been practiced ever since the introduction of tobacco into Europe, and its peculiar quality is said to have been discovered by accident. At first only fops used it, and to describe a fop without speaking of his snuff-box was considered a fatal omission. Thus Hotspur, speaking of a fop, says that between his fingers he held a "pounce-box, which ever and anon he gave his nose." The custom of snuff-taking is evidently a continuation of the rage for odors and perfumes which was prevalent in by-gone days, and like it, snuff-taking is dying out.

Sacred Cattle.

[Prof. Oswald in Cincinnati Enquirer.] Yet the sanctity of the holiest reptiles was exceeded by that of the sacred ox or Brahma bulls. The ancient Egyptians contended with the Greeks in worshipping one bull calf at a time; but in India all black cattle are sacred, and the hunchbacked kind of the species Bos Brahmanus so unspcakably holy that even their unclean caprices are accepted as signs of divine favor. If a Brahma bull lies down on the sidewalk, the proprietor of the next house sends a servant to fan his distinguished guest, or sprinkle him with scented Ganges water. Hucksters must not drive him away from their stalls, but anticipate his desires by a voluntary offering of garden greens. If he invades the garden itself, the owner must try by persuasion first, and gentle force only as a last resort.

"Oh, my son, oppress not the poor!" Von Orlich heard a Hindoo farmer advance a voracious bull, "Come, my child, I will feed thee with honey if thou wilt follow me." The bull continued to help himself. "Provoke not the weak," resumed the Hindoo. "Brahm is just; come, repent in time." The bull never budged, and the farmer at last summoned two companions. "Oh, my son, they began again, but at the same time two of them seized the bull's horns left and right, and thus trotted him out, chanting a passage from the Upanishads, while their assistant enforced the quotation by hammering a board with a sort of mallet. If an unbeliever should lift his hand against a cow the meanest Hindoo would risk his life in her defense. About thirty years ago the native soldiers ascertained that the pasteboard shells of their cartridges had been lubricated with beef tallow instead of wax, and that discovery led to the insurrection that cost the lives of 350,000 natives and 14,000 foreign soldiers!

Arkansas Traveler:—Do tear ob sorrow is as bright as do tear ob joy.

IN THE ARKANSAS WOODS.

Land of Children, Dogs, Tobacco, Corn Bread and Bacon. [Kansas City Times.] It is the natives themselves that more especially attract the stranger's attention. There's the head of the family, prodigiously tall and ungainly—quite interesting objects they are, too, with their thousand and one mental and physical peculiarities. The children are, always a dozen or fifteen of them, ragged, sorrowful-looking upstarts of all sizes and shapes. And the dogs—bless me, I came near forgetting to mention the dogs—great they are in numbers, and so thin and bony that it is little wonder the greater portion of their existence is spent lying before the old fireplace, never changing their position except when compelled to do so. A striking sense of willingness seems to overshadow the whole group, as they squat about the dingy room in all imaginable attitudes, each wrapped up in the narrow confines of his own little self and the quid of dogtail tobacco.

Tobacco is their only solace—a homemade article it is, too; the meanest and vilest stuff to be found anywhere in the land. The men chew it, the women chew it, the children chew it, and even the dogs chew it. It's chew, chew, spit, spit, spit, squirt, squirt, from morning till night and from night till morning, and if you are not cautious enough to get off at a safe distance you will be compelled to dodge numberless missiles of amber-colored juice that are shot about in every conceivable direction irrespective of persons or things. Sometimes their jaws become weary after a long term of service in the art of mastication; chewing requires too much exercise for their indolent natures to withstand. Something must be done to relieve these overworked members of the human organism, and the characteristic pipe is at once brought forth from his hiding place in the chimney. And such pipes—great, black, filthy things, strong enough to wreck the constitution of a Fifth ward politician. A man who can stand before one of those pipes when it is in full blast is proof against anything. He would certainly need no life insurance.

The diet of these people is a remarkable thing in its way, not only in quality but also in quantity. Corn bread and bacon constitute the bill of fare, and in the meagre compass of its life-sustaining qualities it combines all—and the only—delicacies of the season, never out of season. It's corn bread and bacon for breakfast, corn bread and bacon for dinner, corn bread and bacon for supper; that is all the year round. To moralize upon the ingredients of that corn bread would be as hazardous as to attempt to solve the mysteries that cluster around that world famous dish, boarding-house hash. I know it is a horrible mixture of corn meal and water, but I am innocent of anything else it may contain—utterly devoid of salt, saleratus or soda. This is poured into a small, rusty iron pot, half buried in the ashes, where it bakes and dries until it becomes hard enough to knock a hole through a brick wall, provided the aforesaid wall isn't more than ten feet thick. While the baking process is going in the family squat about the fireplace in languid listlessness and fire random shots of tobacco juice at the fire.

The bacon, too, is an article worthy of comment, inasmuch as it imparts a sort of flavor to the corn bread, and thereby renders it the more palatable. You first discover it in huge slabs of fat, with little or no lean in the composition, and almost completely incrustated in the accumulated filth of weeks and months. One glance at it would make a health officer sick; but to eat it! Oh, horrors! The corn bread, being baked to the proper extent, is placed upon a stump outside the door to cool, while the dogs form a circle about, lick their chops in silent hunger, and bestow wistful glances upon the, to them, delicious morsel. Slices of bacon are then placed in the great iron pot, where they sizzle and splutter until finally resolved into a number of little dried-up chips floating about upon a miniature sea of slimy grease. This horrible mess—grease and all—in conjunction with the corn bread, is eagerly devoured by these rapacious natives, and on this meagre diet, strange to say, but nevertheless true, they manage somehow to keep the sands of life in motion. Truly, one-half of the world knows not how the other half lives.

Lengthening Short Ladies. The London World tells of a new contrivance for making ladies taller. The woman who is to undergo this process is encased in a very tight corset, and her feet are placed in shoes weighted with fifty pounds of lead each. She is then placed in a machine consisting of a ring, which encircles her waist, and is suspended from the ceiling at such a height as to prevent her feet from touching the ground. The pressure of the corset forces the upper part of her body upward, and the weight of her shoes stretches her from the waist downward. It is estimated that the extreme length to which the spine can be stretched by the process thus described is two inches, and that the knee and hip joints can be stretched a inch and a half more. Thus three inches and a half can be added to the height of almost any woman who has the courage to undergo the trouble and pain necessarily connected with a stretching process, lasting, with brief intervals, during five or six months.

No Theatre Programmes. [Credit's Letter.] In European theatres, as far as my experience extends, no programmes are given away. If the auditor wants to know something of the play and the cast, he can buy a programme of the ushers—price in London, three-pence (six of our cents), and about the same elsewhere. [Mem.—I will hie me to London and start a daily paper, and I will print in each issue all the programmes for that evening; cela, and I will sell that sheet for tuppence and get rich! Happy thought. I will remember it.] Rule for church-fair oyster suppers—Twice one is stew.

GATHERING THE NUT HARVEST.

An Autumn Industry Among the Farmers of the Alleghenies. [Port Jervis, N. J., Cor. New York Tribune.] An industry of considerable importance among the farmers of this part of the country at this season is that of nut-gathering. Here are chestnuts, hickory nuts, black walnuts, hazelnuts and butternuts; and they have commercial value respectively in the order named.

In about two weeks more chestnuts will begin to come into the markets. The first installment will consist of but a few quarts. They will probably come from the farm of Willow Cuddleback, near here, and will probably bring 25 or 30 cents a quart. The price for early chestnuts varies from \$5 to \$8 per bushel—depending somewhat on their quality as well as upon the prospects of a large or small crop. At present there is a great uncertainty as to what this crop will amount to. The burrs were plentiful and were filling nicely until checked by the drought and the protracted cold, but the nut does not seem to be filling well now. And so the chances are that the crop will not be a very large nor good one; in which case the price per bushel is not likely to fall much below \$4. When these nuts are plentiful the price sometimes falls to \$2 and very rarely to \$1.50 per bushel.

There is a popular belief that the chestnut burr does not burst until touched by a sharp frost. This error is so easily dissipated by a little observation that one is surprised to hear farmers calculating upon an early frost. The burrs crack only upon maturing. There have already been several heavy frosts hereabouts, but the nut, not yet being ripened, has not fallen to the ground, and it will be nearly two weeks ere any will be brought into the markets.

Hickory nuts will be very plentiful this year. They have been scarce for some years, and the prices have ranged from \$2 to \$3 per bushel. The first nuts this year will bring probably \$2 a bushel in the local markets, and after that they will rapidly decline in price, so that it is not unlikely that they can be purchased for 50 cents a bushel by the middle of November. These nuts will come into market about October 1. Black walnuts are also comparatively plentiful this year, although becoming more scarce every year. The producer rarely gets over 75 cents a bushel for these nuts, and the average price is from 20 to 50 cents, although they are occasionally a drug in the market at 10 cents.

Butternuts are not as plentiful as in former years, but as they possess only a trifling mercantile value, no account is made of their scarcity. They rarely bring over 10 or 15 cents a bushel, but they possess a pleasant taste, and are to be found in the larder of every well-regulated farm house for winter use. The hazelnut (Corylus Americana) is plentiful this year. This nut is but a trifle smaller than the European filbert (Corylus Avellana), is nearly as delicious, but possesses a tougher shell. It has no standard commercial value, though it sometimes brings 50 cents and even \$1 a bushel among those who desire the nuts for winter use. In Sullivan and Delaware counties beechnuts are occasionally plentiful. They are shaped like buckwheat kernels, and are very sweet-flavored. While having no commercial value, they are highly prized by the inhabitants, many of whom gather and eat them during the winter. When these nuts are abundant gray squirrels and pigeons are usually plentiful, and that proves to be the case this year in reference to squirrels, which hunters are bagging by the hundred.

How the Chinese Regard Foreigners. [Chicago Tribune.] The following translation of a Chinese handbill, copies of which, if the Abbe Carreau may be trusted, have recently been distributed broadcast among the inhabitants of the north of Yunnan, affords a striking illustration of the animosity with which the "foreign devils" are regarded by the Chinese: "The Europeans do not belong to the human race; they are the descendants of apes and geese; their appearance resembles that of apes; their heart that of the devil; for this reason they are called 'kou-tse' (European devils). This race of savages worships neither heaven nor earth, does not honor its parents, has no reverence for its ancestors besides his, among them the sanctity of family ties is unknown. A veritable herd of dogs and pigs, their talk is only of equality; they have no idea of social hierarchy, and know no distinction between father and son, king and subject. These famous English particularly, what are they? A small tribe confined in a corner of the sea, on an island not larger than a hand. Their sovereign may be male or female; half of their subjects are men, half animals. You say, 'but if this race is so savage, how is it that they can manufacture steamers, railways, watches—none of which we, the sons of the Celestial Empire, are able to make? You are simpletons! Do you not know that these Europeans, who come into our country under the pretext of preaching religion, in reality only come to snatch away the eyes and the brains of the dying, to extract blood from ci-dren? and with these eyes, these brains, and this blood they make medicinal pills, which they sell in their country, and so acquire ability to do all these things. Only those who have eaten of our Chinese substance have ti. eyes opened sufficiently to make the discoveries of which they are so vain. But remember what our holy book says: 'The proud enemy shall without fail be conquered.' Their greatest confidence is in their steamboats. With these boats they have many a time offended the spirit of the sea. Let me have my way and I swear I will exterminate them to the last, and none shall return home."

Why the Fashion Prevailed. [Boston Budget.] The fashion of clipped hair prevailed for a short time during the reign of Francis I, whose long hair was accidentally burned off during a sham fight, reducing him to a condition in which his courtiers promptly brought themselves by artificial means.

Sailors' Superstitions Concerning Finlanders.

[London Daily Telegraph.] Indeed marine superstitions should not be hard to kill, for they are not very numerous. A large number have been fathered on sailors by land writers, but they want the true ring, the salt flavor is lacking, and it is easy to perceive that their narrators never were afloat. The really practical superstition is unmistakable. It is born of the sea-faring life and the spirit of it speaks as surely of blue water and the association together for months at a time of briny minds in din and resonant interiors as the lurching, rolling gait, the toughened hands swinging athwartships, bell of the ocean sailor, the sea jockey used to such hurly races as the Pacific in storm or to such mad galloping as the roaring and revolving storm forces upon him.

There is the old superstition about Finns, for instance. The Finlander makes a very good, quiet, respectable sailor, but both English and American seamen agreed, for some reason not easily determinable, to look upon him as a sort of magician, and to fear him and treat him respectfully for that reason. Many stories used to be related of him. He is usually depicted as a yellow-haired man in a sealskin cap, full of predictions, and always right in his prophesying. In some ships, when there was a Finn aboard, it was customary to neutralize any prediction he might utter that was likely to be injurious to the ship or crew. He was occasionally getting drunk as often as he liked throughout the longest voyage on a single quart of rum, the contents of the bottle never diminishing, no matter how often he put it to his lips, and he has been known to stand the bottle on the table before him and talk to it. Finland ships, too, are always thought to obtain a fair wind whenever they choose, and, with studding sails aloft and aloof, overhaul and pass vessel beating in the same direction against a gale.

Dana tells a story of a captain who threatened to confine a Finn in the forepeak if he did not make a fair wind for the ship. The wind remaining dead ahead convinced everybody that the Finn refused to give in, whereupon he was bundled into the forepeak, and left there without food. The Finn held out for a while, but unable to stand the imprisonment any longer ordered the wind to shift, which it did, and the yellow-haired magician was liberated. How such a superstition as this arose it is impossible to say, but it is easy to see that it belongs to the ocean and must have had its origin in the forecabin. It is as salt in its way as the notion of Sunday entertained by a ship's carpenter who considered that he fulfilled all the Sabbath obligations laid upon him by combing his hair and mounting a pair of green spectacles, and declaring that he would not give a chew of tobacco for the chances of a man who considered that the maintop sail looked white on that day.

The Grave of Journalism. [Knabam Cornwallis in Manhattan.] Journalism is truly the bottomless well which swallows up the literary genius and talent of America—the "mute inglorious Miltons" who pass from the cradle to the grave of their newspaper career under the impenetrable veil of the anonymous, a screen that allows no scope for the gratification of a laudable ambition. It is only where the anonymous system does not exist, as, for instance, in France, where every writer appends his own name, or his nom de plume, to his articles, that journalism affords a fair field to literary men who are not content to forever hide their light under a bushel—to be, in a certain sense, buried alive instead of being acknowledged leaders of thought and action. It is no exaggeration to say that more men of genius are buried alive on the press in this country than in any other in the world.

A Mere salaried writer on the staff of a leading American newspaper is practically not permitted to shine, even as a glow-worm. He has, in fact, no more opportunity to become known, or to do anything inconsistent with diligence with his tread-mill work, behind the scenes than he has of amassing "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" out of his commonly scanty salary.

A Missing Link. [Exchange.] A primary school teacher in one of our New England cities, met with a strange experience. Having taken pride in imparting to her pupils much information not found in their spellers and readers, she thought she would show this to the visitors on examination day, and framed a set of questions, such as "Who made you?" "What are you made of?" etc., and so drilled the scholars in the answers that each child knew the question coming to him and its answer.

The room was full of visitors who had heard of the teacher's new method. She called up the class and gave the first question, "Johnnie, who made you?" "No answer. Johnnie was dumb as a fish. "Who made you?" the teacher repeated, in a tone intended to reassure the frightened child. But he only stared. "Why, don't you know who made you, Johnnie?" asked the puzzled teacher, for the third time. "Please, ma'am," exclaimed Johnnie, "I am the little boy who is made of flesh and blood; and—and—the little ooy God made has got the mumps."

A Great Aqueduct. [Demorest's Monthly.] Among the notable American works about to be undertaken is the construction of a new aqueduct running from a vast reservoir to supply New York city with water. This aqueduct will be thirty miles long, and although the first estimate is \$14,500,000, it will probably cost \$25,000,000. When completed New York will have a water supply of 360,000,000 gallons per diem. Even should there be a year of drought there will be never less than 250,000,000 gallons a day, an amount sufficient for a population of 5,000,000 persons.

New Orleans Times-Democrat: The horse population of the United States is now over 11,000,000, or about one horse to every five humans.

Madison Square, New York.

[Joe Howard in Boston Herald.] Pause here for a moment and take in, be it day or night, a panorama of contemporaneous human interest, of physical beauty, of scientific development, of natural grandeur and of aesthetic beauty unequalled in this city. Why, what is there? In the first place, as you stand, you see immediately in fronting you a square of tremendous proportions, Madison square, lighted to-day by the sun's magnificence, breathing a gentle and exhilarating warmth, shaded so as to be entirely delightful. In this square are hundreds of trees, many of them old, stately and magnificent, and fountains playing and sparkling in the sunlight. Its gravel walks are tempting to the old and young alike, its grass is green and wholesome, even its grotesque statuary is symbolical of the wealth and liberality and aesthetic advance of the people of this city. Pretty-dressed children gambol here and romp there, and even the one degraded blot, the presence of innumerable tramps, is suggestive of what they might have been, rather than offensively obtrusive, as they are. Beautiful as this is by day, at night it jumps from the plane of material grandeur to the upper heights of fairyland. Hundreds of feet above the topmost tree, burning with magnificent brilliancy, a score of electric lights illuminate this square, throwing dark shadows on the ground, imparting to the leaves through which they shine a weird and ghostly semblance.

The Cat-Catchers' Trade. [Philadelphia Times.] "I've killed mor'n a million rats with ferrets in my day, an' if my ferrets don't die I hope to kill a million more. Why I once killed 100 rats, on a bet, with my naked hands inside of twenty minutes. It's all in knowin' how. Pierre Lorillard lately offered me \$5 a day to go to Jobstown and clear the rats out of his stables, but I couldn't go on account of the disease among my ferrets. I couldn't afford it at that price, either. I killed 350 rats in the Continental hotel in one night, and I'm sure I can do as much in many another big house if I'm allowed. What do I do with 'em after I've caught 'em? Well, what I don't kill I can sell for rattling matches, and you bet there's always a good demand for 'em."

When Donkeys May Speak. [Demorest's Monthly.] A French savant asserts that the time may come when donkeys and other inferior animals may talk with out any miraculous power being exercised to make them do so. This can be done, he says, by careful breeding, selection, and an education continued through several generations. Breeding heretofore has been directed toward certain physical characteristics, such as fineness in a horse, milk in the cow, and a fine and juicy meat in the cattle. Breeders find it possible to create a certain physical type of pigeon, cow, or sheep—that is, they can sketch out on paper what they want and then realize it by selections among the herd.

According to this French scientist, animals even now communicate by sound. Certain birds, such as the parrot and the mocking-bird, can be taught to speak, because the structure of throat and mouth resembles those of the human being. A good many curious speculations have been indulged in respecting the man of the future, but what if the ass, the cow and the sheep of the future should be gifted with articulate speech, and what seemed an incredible biblical legend become an every-day fact?

Staten's Stimulants. [Washington Critic.] M. J. O'Connell, the bartender at the National hotel, has the reputation of being one of the best in the business. His strong forte is mixed drinks. In 1864 Gov. Downing of California was here for some time. He got in the habit of going to the bar where Mike was to get his drinks. He became infatuated with Mike, and took him home with him and secured him a position in the bar of the Grand hotel in San Francisco, where he remained for a number of years.

The reporter asked: "What seems to be the favorite drink nowadays?" "That depends on the section of country that the customers come from, as a rule. Now, a New England man likes rum, the eastern man likes whisky, while the southern and western men are heavy on mixed drinks. Men differ, however, in their tastes. There was old Senator Boggs: I could always tell what he wanted, and when he came in I would set it out without asking a question—gin and sugar was his drink. Senator Ferry never came in the bar, but he was a great drinker of sherry in his room. Davis, of West Virginia generally took straight whisky; he was not much of a drinker, though Judge Davis never came in the bar, but had sherry and whisky sent to his room. Maxey, of Texas, never takes anything stronger than a lemonade. Coke takes sugar and whisky. Bayard takes the same. Pendleton is very fond of a whisky punch. Jones, of Florida, never mixes anything with his. He drinks whisky, and takes it out of a water glass, having an aversion to small glasses. Jonas and Vest, as a rule, take it with a little sugar. Eaton, of Connecticut, was pretty regular. He sometimes took whisky, but most generally wine. He seldom came in with anyone. He would drink a small bottle of Mumm's extra dry, pay for it, and walk out. There was old Senator Dave Armstrong, of Missouri. He always took whisky and lemon, forty drops. Lapham, of New York, would start in on whisky, but there was no telling what he would wind up on. John B. Clark, of Missouri, generally took it straight. Soddid Van Horne, Proctor Knott never mixed it and always wanted 'Old Bourbon.' Page, of California, and George, of Oregon, as a rule, took straight whisky. The great objector, Mr. Holman, used sugar and water. Alexander Stephens never came into the bar-room, though he was a regular drinker. He carried a little eight-ounce vial of the very best whisky in his pocket. Gen. Phil Cook, of Georgia, is one of the most jovial congressmen that comes in here. He takes a little sugar in his whisky."

Varieties of Starch. [Popular Science Monthly.] The starch of every plant differs from its neighbors both in size and shape, and this has a considerable influence on the character of the vegetable organ in which it is stored up; the hardness of rice, for instance, being due to the fact that the rice-granules are extremely minute, with angular corners which fit closely and firmly together; whereas potato starch is large and round, with considerable interspaces filled with water, and so forms a comparatively soft mass. But, notwithstanding their outward points of difference, in chemical composition the starches are all identical, consisting of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen—exactly the same materials as sugar is composed of.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORROW.

[Philip Bourke Marston.] The fires are burned out, the lamps are low, The guests are gone, the cups are drained and dry. Here, then, was somewhat once of revelry; but now no more at all the fires shall glow, Nor song be heard, nor laughter, nor wine flow. Chill is the air; gray gleams the wintry sky; Through listless loughs dread winds begin to sigh. 'Tis thus, my heart, for me to rise and go Up the steep stair, till that dark room we gain. Where sleep awaits us, brooding by that bed. On which who lies forgets all joy and pain, Nor weeps in dreams for some sweet thing long fled. 'Tis cold and lonely now; set wide the door; Good-morrow, heart, and rest thee evermore.

AT A SWEDISH FARMHOUSE.

Farming in Dalecarlia—Everyting of the Most Primitive Kind. [F. D. Millet in Harper's Magazine.] Rise when you like in the morning, and you will always find the farmer already at work. In the heat of high noon he may be asleep in his wooden bunk in the living-room, but most of the day the house is deserted, and the key hangs on the door-jamb or is stuck in the shingles of a low porch. The laborers come in for their dinner after hours of dusty work in the fields. A huge copper pot is brought out in the middle of the court-yard and filled with water. The girls take off their kerchiefs and bathe their arms and necks, huddling together in the shade of the porch. Men follow, and repeat the operation. Then the girls dip their feet in the bath, and dry them on the embroidered towels hanging in the sun, and finally the men and boys likewise finish their dinner toilet in the same water.

The meal is a simple one—porridge, milk, unleavened bread, or perhaps some dry or pickled fish. Weak fermented drink is handed round in a clumsy wooden firkin, with side and cover painted or carved two generations ago. At the close of the meal they sit around the room and sing a hymn together before they return to the fields. Everything in the house is of the most primitive order. In the single large room on the ground floor are chairs made of hollow tree-trunks, tables of rough-hewn planks trestled up on folding legs against the side of the room, and there are benches in the wall, with curious carved and painted trimmings. Beside the rude stone fire platform, where the smoke curls up under an overhanging hood, stands the well-worn chopping block, where during the long evenings of the winter months the farmer sits by the hour splitting kindling-wood and whittling. From the smoky beams overhead hang tools, baskets, and poles draped with great bunches of folded rye bread, about the appearance and texture of coarse brown paper.

To lighten up the dull-toned interior the farmer's wife has hung her embroidered towels and brilliant coverlets along the front of the straw-filled bunks, and spread a richly colored piece of soft home-woven wool over the painted chest where the bibles and hymn books are carefully stored. On the floor she has sprinkled fresh birch leaves or stretched a piece of home-made rag carpet. Geraniums and roses bloom in the long low window, where the green-tinted glass set in lead lets in a mellow light. The rakes which hang by the door are whittled out of tough wood. The beer mug, the old land-mangels, and the saddle-bags are carried in grotesque forms or covered with intricate ornamentation. Among the few pieces of coarse crockery is found perhaps a quaint silver cup, and sticking in the same rack is the clumsy wooden ladles is a battered but serviceable silver spoon which has fed a half-dozen generations. The only literature in sight is a bundle of Swedish newspapers from far-off Minnesota, carefully preserved, and read again and again.

"Statory is Ric." [Manhattan Magazine.] It is a pity that wealth and education cannot be simultaneously acquired. A miner, who, by a lucky find, became suddenly the possessor of a fortune, took it into his head to go to Europe, and after many adventures found himself in Florence. During his travels he caught the malady for collecting works of art, and visited the studios of renowned artists, in search of marvels to be sent home. Among others he visited the studio of Powers, the sculptor, and glancing upon various statues, his eyes lighted upon the Greek slave. "What may you call that air boy?" he asked. "The Greek Slave," replied the sculptor. "And what may be the true price of it?" was the next question. "Three thousand dollars," said Powers, gazing at the old specimen of humanity before him. "Three thousand dollars?" he exclaimed; "you don't say so, now? Why, I thought to buy something of you, but that's a notch above me. Why, statory is ric, ain't it?" Powers, in telling the story, used to give an amusing imitation of the miner's drawl.

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