

### HOE OUT YOUR ROW.

One summer's day a farmer's boy  
Was hoeing out the corn.  
And moodily had listened long  
To hear the dinner horn.  
The welcome blast was heard at last,  
And down he dropped his hoe,  
But the good man shouted in his ear,  
"My boy, hoe out your row."

Although a hard one was the row,  
To use a plowman's phrase,  
And the boy, as sailor's have it,  
Beginning now to "haze,"  
"I can," he said, and manfully  
Again he seized his hoe;  
And the good man smiled to see  
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the text remembered,  
And learned the lesson well,  
That perseverance to the end,  
At last will nobly tell.  
Take courage, man; resolve you can,  
And strike a vigorous blow;  
In life's wide field of varied toil,  
Always "hoe out your row."

### MR. CRAMTEXT'S NEW COAT.

It was the second ring of the door bell, Ellen, the "help," was busy getting breakfast, to which Mrs. Cramtext had gone down to give the finishing touches, so, putting aside my book, I went down to the door in person.

"The Rev. Mr. Cramtext, I presume," said a melancholy-looking youth, raising a very high hat, swathed in a deep weed.

I bowed assentingly.  
"May I have the favor of a few words with you?" he asked, pensively.

I was about to request him to say them at once, and, besides, to make them as few as possible; for, though Dorcas is a model minister's wife—the adjective, if it be one, is meant for the wife, and not the minister—she has her housewifely vanities as well as another, and they're quite as easily wounded, too; so I knew if I wanted the morning coffee, sweetened with her smile, I mustn't spoil it by keeping it waiting.

But the young man's manner was exceedingly sad, and his heart seemed too over-burdened to be unloaded in a moment; hence, at the risk of Dorcas's displeasure, I invited him into the study.

"What can I do for you, my young friend?" I inquired, inviting him first to be seated.

Depositing a neatly folded parcel on the floor, he took out his handkerchief and applied it to his eyes. For some seconds his frame shook with emotion. Then wiping his eyes hard, he recovered himself with an effort.

"My poor father—" he began.

Again the handkerchief went up and the voice went down.

"Calm yourself," I said, soothingly, adding the customary text in relation to "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment."

"My poor father," he resumed, seemingly a little comforted, "died a week ago. His labors in the vineyard—"

"Was he in the wine business?" I interrupted, my temperance principles taking the alarm.

"He was a clergyman," replied the youth, reproachfully, "whose labors had so exhausted his health that his physician declared the only hope lay in a change of air, to obtain which he was traveling with me as his companion, when suddenly he grew so much worse that we were forced to stop, and in a brief space death put a period to a useful and blameless life, and deprived an unhappy son of the best of fathers."

"The money we had with us little more than sufficed to pay the medical bills and the funeral charges; and I am now thus far on my way to carry to my bereaved mother the sad tidings of our mutual loss, without the means of proceeding further."

"I have not come to solicit charity," he hastened to add. "I have in this parcel—opening it, and unfolding a new broadcloth coat of ministerial regulation cut—an article belonging to my late father which I would gladly dispose of even at a sacrifice; and it being suitable only for a clergyman I venture to offer it to you."

I happened to be in need of such a piece of apparel. Dorcas had been hinting for some time that my pastoral usefulness would be decidedly enhanced by a better coat, and by close pinching he had saved up nearly enough to supply the want.

Had I been in affluent circumstances, I should have cheerfully relieved the needs of a deceased brother clergyman's son gratuitously. But not being in a condition to warrant such liberality, the best I could do would be to accede to his proposal and purchase the proffered garment, provided the terms and fit suited.

Calling up Dorcas, I explained the case. The coat was tried on. It fitted beautifully in front. The straightest of our sect could find no fault with the straightness of the cut, and the single file of bombazine buttons, marshaled in close order down the right breast, looked a very phalanx of orthodoxy. Dorcas pronounced the rear view equally perfect. All it needed was a little "taking in" at the left armpit, which any competent person could do in ten minutes; and Deacon Dority, whose secular vocation was that of a tailor, calling in just then, fully corroborated Dorcas.

How much was the price, was the next question.

"I think father never wore it more than once," said the young man—"though it may have been twice. I'll call it twice, to be on the safe side. It cost twenty-five dollars; but, of course, having been worn some, there should be a reduction."

He hesitated. It was apparent he feared to name a price lest it should be too much. It was gratifying to witness such scrupulous adherence to rectitude under the sore temptation of want.

I began in my best manner. By repeated perusals I had so familiarized myself with the manuscript that, with the aid of an occasional prompting glance, I was able to clothe the words with the freshness of apparently extemporaneous delivery.

The opening sentences were received with respectful attention; but pretty soon queer looks began to be exchanged, and one sedate-looking gentleman ac-

tuently winked at another at the close of one of the best-ordered periods. The most pathetic passages, instead of eliciting tears, excited smiles; and the peroration, which was highly pathetic, was received with a broad grin, and more than one dainty handkerchief was raised, not to choke back a sob, but to stifle a titter.

I sat down indignantly, and left Brother Gushinggood to continue the exercises. He did so with a brief prayer, decidedly wanting inunction, from which the usual complimentary allusion to "the excellent discourse" to which we have been privileged to listen, "was studiously omitted."

Before the giving out of the final hymn I expected to hear the customary announcement of a collection to be taken up "for the benefit of the brother who has just addressed us." On the contrary, this was what Brother Gushinggood said:

"Not long since, when I had occasion to make a visit to a distant town, the house at which I stopped was robbed. Among other articles taken was a coat of mine with a sermon in the pocket. To that sermon we have just listened; and I observed you all recognized it, for it is not long since I preached it here myself. The stolen garment is in that man's back. I identify it as fully as I do the discourse which he has just had the courtesy to deliver. I believe he is an impostor and a thief, who has assumed his present character for the purpose of victimizing the unsuspecting portion of the religious community. You will now receive the benediction, and at the conclusion Constable Haler will please step this way."

Which Constable Haler very promptly did; and it was in his company, followed by the body of the congregation, that I left the church.

As the procession passed along the street we met the Sunday coach coming in. Through one of the windows I caught a glimpse of Deacon Dority. Ordinarily I should have declined to read him a homily on the wickedness of traveling on the Sabbath. As it was, my joy at seeing him knew no bounds.

"How are you, Mr. Cramtext? I hardly expected to overtake you here," said the deacon, catching sight of me as he alighted.

In a few hurried, excited words I explained my plight. He heard them, I thought, with unbecoming levity, for it was some time before he could speak for laughing.

"Well, well, what a joke!" he exclaimed.

I confess I didn't see it.

"But here comes Brother Gushinggood," continued the deacon, as my late host made his appearance.

The deacon and he proved to be old friends; and the former, as the reader will recollect, having been present when I bought the coat, of course the whole matter was quickly cleared up.

Dorcas, learning that the deacon was coming that way, and would pass through the town where the protracted meeting was held, had charged him with the delivery of the forgotten sermon, which, at the instance of Brother Gushinggood, who insisted on my continuing his guest, and wearing his coat till my return home, I delivered in his church that evening to an appreciative audience, and had my feelings further soothed by a liberal collection.

I never made another venture in posthumous coats or dead men's sermons.

### Repairs for the Universe.

"A new industry to give labor to the toiling masses," said a gentleman yesterday. "It is a company established on the plan of like institutions in Berlin and Paris, and has for its object the mending of socks."

The listener started away.

"Don't go. It's a fact. See, here is a circular from the company. They do not confine their attention to socks, stockings, underwear for ladies and gentlemen, clothing of all kinds, for every age and for both sexes will be mended."

"Why not add umbrellas and silk hats?"

"They have done so. Silk hats are not a circumstance. Broken china and strained bedsteads are not neglected. It is simply a company that manufactures nothing and repairs everything."

"Suppose the furniture mechanic should upset his glue pot on the seal skin asque which his neighbor was sewing on. You can't repair everything in one shop?"

"That's where you are not informed. The company are just starting. Their present specialty is clothing. They call at any address on receipt of a card and get the socks or other articles, take them to headquarters, mend them, and return them with a bill. They will call for any dish or article of furniture and return it mended in like manner. But they have not yet got so large a factory that they can do so varied a business. They have no factory at all, only rented rooms. But they have arranged with boot makers, fur makers, dress makers, cement makers, furniture makers, hat makers, and makers of about every article of household utility who will do the work. The company looks after the repairs and guarantees the work, saving the owner all the trouble and sometimes much expense?"

"Suppose a man splits a dress coat?"

"They will handle the job, bringing it to him so neatly darned that he will not know where the darned bit is, and all for thirty cents a square inch of darning. That's a sample of their prices."

"But if they farm out the work why should a man not take his own work to a tailor?"

"Because he hasn't the time. He can get the work done by the company at the same price, and save all trouble except that of writing a letter and paying the bill."

Celluloid, when used as a substitute for wood in the production of large printing type, is found to be much preferable to wood. It has a fine surface, possesses great durability, can be readily worked, is light and can stand all the rough usage of the job press.

### In Double Danger.

I've had many a queer voyage in my time (said Capt. M.), but the queerest I ever had was one that I made (somewhat unexpectedly, as you will see) upon the Great Fish river, in South Africa, on my way back from a hunting excursion.

As I neared the bank I saw that the river was in full flood, more than twice its usual breadth, and running like a mill-race. I knew at once that I should have a very tough job to get across—for a flooded African river is no joke, I can tell you. But I knew also that my wife would be terribly anxious if I didn't come back on the day that I had fixed—South Africa being a place where a good many things may happen to a man—and so I determined to chance it.

Just at the water's edge I found an old bushman that I knew well, who had a boat of his own, so I hailed him at once.

"Well, Kaloomi, what will you take to put me across the river?"

"No go fifty dollars this time baas" (master), said the old fellow, in his half-Dutch, half-English jargon. "Boat no get 'cross to-day; water good (great)!"

And never a bit could I persuade him, although I offered him money enough to make any ordinary bushman jump head first down a precipice. Money was good, he said, but it would be no use to him, when he was drowned; and, in short, he wouldn't budge.

"Well, if you won't put me across," said I at last, "lend me your boat, and I'll just do the job for myself; I can't very well take my horse with me, so I'll just leave him here in pledge that I'll pay for the boat when I come back."

"Keep horse for you, master, quite willing; but 'spose you try to cross to-day you never come back to ask for him."

He spoke so positive that, though I'm not easily frightened, I certainly did feel rather uncomfortable. However, when you've got to do a thing of that sort, the less you think of it the better, so I jumped into the boat and shoved off.

I found that the old fellow was right, for the boat shot down the stream like an arrow. I saw in a moment that there was no hope of padding her across, and that all I could do was just to keep her head straight. But I hadn't the chance of doing even that very long, for just then a big tree came driving along, and hitting my boat full on the quarter, smashed her like an egg-shell. I had just time to clutch the projecting roots and whisk myself up on to them, and then tree and I went away down stream together at I don't know how many miles an hour.

At first I was so rejoiced at escaping just when all seemed over with me, that I didn't think much of what was to come next; but before long I got something to think of with a vengeance. The tree, as I've said, was a large one, and the branch end (the opposite one to where I sat) was all one mass of green leaves. All at once, just as I was shifting myself to a safer place among the roots, the leaves suddenly parted, and out peeped the great yellow head and fierce eyes of an enormous lion!

I don't think I ever got such a fright in my life. My gun had gone to the bottom along with the boat, and the only weapon I had left was a short hunting-knife, which against such a beast as that would be no more than a bodkin. I fairly gave myself up for lost, making sure that in another moment he'd spring forward and tear me to bits.

But whether it was that he had already gorged himself with prey, or whether (as I suspect) he was really frightened at finding himself in such a scrape, he showed no disposition to attack me, the instant, at least, as I remained still. The longer I made any movement whatever, he would begin roaring and lashing his tail, as if he would fall on me at once. So, to avoid provoking him, I was forced to remain stock-still, although sitting so long in one position cramped me dreadfully.

There we sat, Mr. Lion and I, staring at each other with all our might—a very picturesque group, no doubt, if there had been anybody there to see it. Down the stream we went, the banks seeming to race past us as if we were going by train, while all around broken timber, wagon-wheels, trees, bushes and the carcasses of drowned horses and cattle went whirling past us upon the thick, brown water.

All at once I noticed that the lion seemed to be getting strangely restless, and turning his great head from side to side in a nervous kind of way, as if he saw or heard something he didn't like. At first I couldn't imagine what on earth was the matter with him, but presently I caught a sound which scared me much more than it had done the lion. Far in the distance I could hear a dull, booming roar, which I had heard too often not to recognize at once; we were nearing a waterfall!

I had seen the great falls of the Fish river more than once, and the bare thought of being carried over those tremendous precipices made my very blood run cold. Yet being devoured by a lion would hardly be much of an improvement, and as I hadn't the ghost of a chance of being able to swim ashore, there really seemed to be no other alternative.

Faster and faster we went—louder and louder grew the roar of the cataract; the lion seemed to have given himself up for lost, and crouched down among the leaves, only uttering a low, moaning whine now and then. It was fairly at my wits' end what to do, when all of a sudden I caught sight of something that gave me a gleam of hope.

A little way ahead of us the river narrowed suddenly, and a rocky headland thrust itself out a good way into the stream. On one of the lowest points of it grew a thick clump of trees, whose boughs overhung the water; and it struck me that if we only passed near enough, I might manage to catch hold of one of the branches, and swing myself up on to the rock.

No sooner said than done. I started up, hardly caring whether the lion attacked me or not, and planted myself on one of the biggest roots, where I could take a good spring when the time came. I knew this would be my last chance, for by this time we were so near the precipice that I could see quite plainly, a little way ahead, the great cloud of spray and vapor that hovered over the waterfall. Even at the best it was a desperate venture, and I can tell you that I felt my heart beginning to thump like a sledge-hammer as we came closer and closer to the point, and I thought what would happen if I missed my leap.

Just as we neared it, it happened by the special mercy of God that our tree struck against something and turned fairly cross-

wise to the current, the end with the lion on it swinging out into midstream, while my end was driven close to the rock on which the clump of trees grew.

Now or never! I made one spring (I don't think I ever made such another before or since) and just clutched the lowest bough; and as I dragged myself on to it I heard the last roar of the doomed lion mingled with the thunder of the waterfall as he vanished into the cloud of mist that overhung the precipice.

As for me, it was late enough that night before I got home, and I found my poor wife in a fine fright about me; so I thought it just as well, on the whole, to keep my adventure to myself, and it wasn't until nearly a year later that she heard a word about my strange fellow-voyager.

### Popular Phrases.

Assassin—This word is derived from a military and religious order formed in Persia by Hassen ben Babah, about the middle of the eleventh century, and called "Assassins," from their immoderate use of Hashish, or Indian hemp, used as a stimulant in Eastern countries. They are said to have nerved themselves for their horrible work by the excitement of Hashish; so that an assassin, strictly, is not a secret murderer, but a drunken maniac, and a secret murderer.

Furlough—Leave of absence granted to a soldier. The word, in various forms, is common to all the Teutonic and Scandinavian dialects. In the Dutch it is *verlof*, in Danish *forlof*, and in German *verlooben*.

Gammon—From the Anglo-Saxon *gamian*, meaning to make sport of. In this country the word is usually adopted in the sense of "chaff," "windy" utterances, extravagant assertions, nonsense, as "It's all gammon."

Horse-Power—The illusion of this term is obvious. "Horse-power" bears among engineers three very different meanings, being, however, generally qualified by the adjectives nominal, indirect or actual, each of which refers to certain special data upon which the estimate of power is based. Nominal horse-power is generally estimated from the diameter of the cylinder, the length of the stroke, multiplied by a certain standard velocity of piston and pressure of steam.

As each engineer decides for himself what his pressure and velocity shall be, the standard varies with different makers, and, for all practical purposes, a statement of the diameter of cylinder and length of stroke would convey a far clearer idea than any mere expression of nominal horse-power.

Money—This word is from the French *monnaie*, which is derived from the Latin *moneta*, a surname of the temple of Juno at Rome, where money was coined. Mint is from the same source. Money originally meant only stamped coin, but was formerly applied, as at present, to that represented coin, such as bank notes, etc.

Wife—This word comes from *weave*, *welt* and *woof*, because it was thought to be necessary for a married woman to spend a great deal of time in weaving cloth for the use of her family.

His Jacet—A Latin phrase often seen on tombs. Its meaning is, "here lies," or "here he lies."

More the Merrier—This phrase is found in Heywood's "Proverbs," Cascoigne's "Protes," and a play entitled "The Scornful Lady," by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Hors de Combat—A French phrase, signifying completely disabled, incapable of further resistance in a contest or fight. It is pronounced *hors de com*.

In Time of Peace Prepare for War—Washington, in his speech to both houses of Congress, delivered January 8, 1790, said: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace." Washington borrowed the idea from Fox, Bishop of Hereford, who said to Henry VIII: "The surest way to peace is a constant preparation for war." The Romans had the axiom, *Si vis pacem, para bellum*.

The Peaceful King of England?—That he preserved peace in those turbulent times "by being always prepared for war," Edgar reigned from 959 to 975.

### Forestry in Europe.

The cultivation of forests has long been systematically pursued in France, Spain and Switzerland. The governments of these countries have expended immense sums of money in the Alps, Pyrenees and Ardenne, where only the hardest and cheapest trees can be grown. The planting of the low-lying lands near the Garonne has added 410,000,000 to the wealth of France, and a tract of country once unhealthy and almost barren has in thirty years become populous, prosperous and active.

The English government is seriously considering the cultivation of forests in Ireland. Mr. Howitz, of Copenhagen, one of the highest authorities on this subject, has visited Ireland and studied its adaptability to forest cultivation, and pronounces it one of the most favorable countries in the world for the growth of timber.

### Webster's Forebodings.

Mr. Webster had forebodings concerning the termination of his life. When in New York on his way to a visit at Marshfield, from which he never returned, he seemed fully sensible of the ravages which time and disease were making upon his system, though, as was his wont, he talked about himself less than upon any other topic. But just as he was taking his leave a close and cherished friend, who stood at the carriage door, asked him when they should have the pleasure of seeing him here again. With a slow and measured emphasis, and a solemnity which evinced the depth of conviction from which he spoke, Mr. Webster answered, "Never, never!" His friend tried to make a cheerful reply, and expressed the confident hope that a month of repose at Marshfield would restore him to his accustomed vigor. Mr. Webster shook his head sadly, but made no reply.

Cable Dickinson, an eccentric of Hartford, Mass., who died recently, left a will giving \$100,000 to founding a hospital for the indigent sick of Hartford, Whately and Northampton.

### Bogus Butter.

Butter is fast becoming a thing of the past. The hue and cry against oleomargarine and butterine is such in Washington that the district chemist has been busy in testing the quality of butter sold by local merchants. The test for ascertaining whether an article is butter or merely an imitation is simple, and is done by means of a microscope.

Butter has no crystals; lard, butterine and oleomargarine have. Under a magnifying glass of sufficient power a piece of pure butter shows a globular field absolutely without crystals. Lard exhibits a beautiful spectacle of crystallized forms, and oleomargarine gives crystals differing greatly from those of lard. Prof. de Smedt, the district chemist, out of thirteen samples, pronounced ten to be butter. Three samples were pronounced bogus. One of them was found to be a mixture of butter and butterine, another was composed of butter and lard, and the third was butterine. Milk butter, as it is called, is made of cream collected from the various small farms in different localities and mixed together. This mixture can be detected by the various colors to be seen in large quantities of it; and butterine is made of lard and butter, deodorized with a patent acid. These and similar grades of butter are brought very cheap and the dealers make considerable profit from their sale. Out of another test of seven lots but two proved to be genuine butter. The other five lots proved to be butterine and oleomargarine. One sample was marked pure cream butter, retailed at 45 cents per pound, which proved to be fine butterine. Some of the others sold for genuine butter proved to be a bad quality of oleomargarine. Butterine is lard melted then cooled quickly; it is afterwards thrown into a filter, and that part of the oleine that will filter through is mixed with a small quantity of butter. This mixture constitutes butterine; sometimes it is deodorized by an acid which is dangerous, and if taken in large quantities, is fatal. Margarine is one of the constituents of lard. Lard retails in Washington for 12 1/2 to 14 cents a pound. Butter from 35 cents to 50 cents a pound. To sell lard for butter and get better prices for it is reaping a large profit. The act of heat on lard makes it injurious for eating. In another test of Prof. de Smedt fifty-three samples were sent by thirty firms, and only twenty-one of these samples were butter, most of the stuff being butterine. More than three-fifths of the samples designated as butter were a compound, cheaply made and injurious to health, and not butter at all.

### Spot's Care for Sheep.

Just before the May thaw in Colorado, Mark Sampson lost his dog Shep. Shep was last seen playing with Sampson's other dog Spot on the crust on Bennett's hill. Spot came home, but Shep could not be found. Mark made inquiry of every man and boy he met, but could hear nothing of the lost dog. Mark would rather have lost a cow. He traveled three days on snow shoes, but could not hear a word from Shep. One night, coming home late, hungry and tired, after hours of unsuccessful searching, he threw himself on the bed, and during the sleep that followed Mark dreamed the dog was in V. P. Bennett's old abandoned well. He dreamed the same dream twice.

Mark had no faith in dreams, but to please his wife he went and looked down in the well. In the blackness he could see two stars. The well was thirty feet deep and dry. He spoke to the dog, and he could see the two stars moving round. He could hear no voice, but he knew the two stars in the bottom of the well were Shep's two eyes. Then Mark cried, "Dog in the well!" three times. Mark is not low-spoken in common conversation, and when he yells he makes the woods and hills shake. In less than three minutes a steady stream of boys was seen going up Bennett's Hill. A line was brought, and George Russell lowered into the well. When George reached the bottom he found Shep tickled almost to death to see him. He had been in the well four days and nights. He wasn't hungry, but was awfully dry. His hunger had been stayed in this remarkable manner:

While he was lying at the bottom of the old empty well, Spot was hanging around Mr. Bennett's every morning after breakfast and every evening just after supper, when he would always be thrown a liberal amount of food. In the bottom of the well the boy who went down in the bucket was surprised to find a considerable number of bones, and a piece or two of well-preserved meat, which seemingly had been left over from Spot's last meal. The path leading to the well, which Spot had made, completes the story. He had substantially remembered his companion who had the misfortune to fall into the well.

### Fractional Currency.

What has become of all the fractional currency? In 1863 something over \$30,000,000 was issued, and the amount outstanding was increased to \$5,000,000 a year, until in 1874 the highest aggregate was reached, and the books of the Treasury showed nearly \$45,000,000 in circulation. The redemption was then begun, and has continued until the present time; but since 1879 the amount outstanding has remained almost stationary, with a balance of \$7,010,000 in favor of the Government at the end of the last fiscal year, June 30, 1883. During nine months of the present fiscal year only \$16,000 has been offered for redemption, leaving outstanding \$6,984,000, the greater quantity of which is either lost or destroyed, or in the hands of curiosity collectors. Some of it is hanging in frames in the offices of bankers, and coin and postage-stamp dealers furnish it to customers at a premium of about 200 per cent. The Government will probably be the gainer by this scheme of Secretary Chase, to the amount of \$6,500,000, as the Treasury officials do not believe that much more will be sent in for redemption. Clean pieces are never received now-a-days, and that which comes in is so ragged and soiled as to be worthless as a curiosity.