A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I have met with a good many people In jogging o'er life's varied way: I've encountered the clever, the simple, The orabbed, the grave and the gay; I have travelled with beauty, with virtue,

I have been with the ugly and bad, I have haughed with the ones who were

And wept with the ones who were sad.

One thing I have learned on my journey-Ne'er to judge one by what he appears, The eyes that seem sparkling with laughter Oft battle to keep back the tears.

And long, sanctimonious faces Hide often the souls that are vile,

While the heart that is merry and cheerful Is often the freest from guile.

And I've learned not to look for perfection In one of our frail human kind, In hearts the most gentle and loving Some blemish or fault we can find; But yet I have ne'er found the creature So low, so depraved, or so mean,

But had some good impulse, some virtue That 'mong his bad traits might be seen.

And, too, I have learned that most friend-

ships We make are as brittle as glass, Just let a reverse overtake us-Our "friends" on the "other side" pass, But, ah! I have found some few loyal-Some hearts ever loving and true! And the joy and the peace they have

brought me Have cheered me my whole journey through.

MUSH AND MATHEMATICS.

"There are a few things that I can comprehend, but how a woman can like to putter with flour and sugar, and gravies and salads, etc., is as far beyond any intellectual conception of mine as the drumming together of universal atoms or the action of the moon upon the waters, or the getting up of the moon herself."

The speaker, Mrs. Louise Stapleton, wife of Ress Stapleton, professor of Greek in _____ college, appeared so much in earnest as she wonderingly surveyed her friend, who had acknowledged a liking for domestic pursuits, that the latter lady could not refrain from a hearty laugh.

"You don't mean to tell me," Mrs. Stapleton added, "that you like to peel potatoes?"

"No, I do not," her companion responded. "I do not like to prepare any vegetables for cooking. But I would rather do that than not cook at all."

"You goosel" exclaimed Mrs. Stapleton. "Why under the sun have you stay?" not married, then, instead of teaching the higher mathematics for a hving?"

"My dear Mrs. Stapleton, you speak as if I could have been married had I been so inclined. I have almost fortheir wives.

you made before we came up here," tirely ignoring her companion's pleas- an arrangement as that in the world," laugh that greeted this question had this country Is it really true that they Mrs. Stapleton remarked musingly, enantry. tell, and wild horses couldn't drag it Ross say? Why, don't you see that even "Now, gentlemen, I cannot cook"out of me, though I confess that tame | if I could permit such a thing, it would horses might, if I thought it wise for never do?" Ross to know. But the very first thing he would say would be something like notice that professors of dead languages always address their wives as children? -everything seems so young that isn't very old, you know-but, my child, why don't you learn to make clam soup? A plate like that we had the other day would be very nice occasionally.' No, ma'am, I have brought my husband up very well so far, and in a case of emergency it would come a good deal more expect me to. You see, Frances, that such a well-organized establishment must be perpetuated. Clam soup and pates must not be allowed to disturbus responded harmony. But, all the same, as I rehow a woman can like to cook. Haven't I heard you say that you like to teach also?"

a cosy establishment, quite unpretentious, but fitted up with every convenience, and most delightfully situated. Here the Professor rested from his labors, and forgot the dead languages. and the long-vanished past in the enjoyment of the present beauty. His replied. wife, with that subtle elasticity of temperament which finds its choicest rest in constant exercise, flitted from one point of interest to another, and grew so luminous with health and enthusiasm that the professor called her his electric

light. Three days of the ten set apart for this vacation had flown by, when the mistress of the house appeared in the guest-chamber with a face upon which was written the deepest annoyance.

"Now we are in the nine hole, Frances," she said. "The cook has just re- anybody," the guest went on. ceived a telegram containing news of remonstrances and all my offers to increase her temporal store. The president of ---- college will be here to dinner to-day, and all the sweetness of my nature has turned to gall. I told Ross not to invite President Lambeth this time. He always has to be catered to-can't sit down to a table like a do these beautiful things," he contin-Christian and eat what is put before | ued: "but once taughthim. I could make beds and wipe dishes, I suppose, and we three could get along somehow; but this is impossible, because of a man's disobedience. Well, laugh," she added, as her comstrained; "but I think such behavior in a husband is actionable. Half an hour ago I needed only a pair of wings to adding to the world's health and comcloven foot would be more appropriate.' | ly.

"Please let me tell you what to do," said Miss Lyman, calmly. "Your discomfigure is my opportunity, you see. We are told that 'there never was a loss without some gain, and having demonstrated this statement to be a fact, I long ago tendered my allegiance to the doctrine of compensation."

"I don't see what bearing the doctrine of compensation has upon this particular muddle," Mrs. S apleton reolied. "We might perhaps be able to hire an idiot in this benighted neighborhood, but that is the best we can do."

"I was about to advise," Miss Lyman remarked, "that you have the horse harnessed as quickly as possible, and then drive round the village, and bring home as intelligent an idiot as you can find. How long is President Lambeth to

"Four days-four dreadful days," "Find me a girl who can wash dish-

es and work under my directions, and I will gladly do the cooking. I assure you that I would not mind doing all the gotten, it is so long ago, but in my day | kitchen work if it were not that I must it was the fashion for men to elect what take back to college a pair of presentamanner of women they should make ble hands. Of course my dear, I cannot sit at the table with you while your remark I have in store for you is ex- record." "The professor wondered about that guest is here, because I shall be obliged ceedingly illogical, but suppose, in adpate vesterday, and he has speculated to see that the courses are properly pre- dition to this gift of verse, Mrs. Brownmore than enough about the clam soup pared and brought on. The president need not even see me."

"But I promised you I wouldn't Mrs. Stapleton protested. "What would subsided a little, the lady resumed: are nearly all 'doctored?"

of your kitchen, but I was never so well treated in my life before. You quired, demurely. "I hope there was tell me that this cook is only with you temporarily. Can you inform me if she

is engaged after she leaves here?" The profeser's eyes twinkled as he

"My wife will find out and let you know," he said. "Fanny is rather a superior sort of person, in every respect. Quite intelligent, Mrs. Stapleton informs me."

"Good taste, skill, quickness of perception, large ideality, and marked benevolence," said the president, "are woman's distinguishing qualities."

"That's Fanny to a dot,' the hostess. observed, appreciatively. "Yes, and the ability to perform such

culinary miracles would be a credit to

"I wonder what time a lady would the death of a fifteeth cousin. She will find for anything else if she gave herself take the next stage in spite of all my up body and soul to the stew-pan and the mush pot?" Mrs. Stapleton responded in her quick, impetuous fashion. "Ample time, I should think," said the professor, blandly, who never knew whether his wife was really annoved or feigning to be so. It might require a little patience to teach a servant how to

"Yes, once taught," his wife interrupted, a little snappishly, her guest thought, "you would have the pleasure of beginning all aver again with another greenhorn who was anxious to learn panion's mirth could no longer be re- and leave. I am acquainted with the genus servant, and you are not." "But there would be no surer way of

make me a full-fledged angel. Now a fort "the president remarked, musing-"Very true," said the professor. "I have been persuaded for a long

time." the hostess remarked, with flashing eyes and a winning smile, "that this theory like all optimistic theories, professor, is founded on ignorance. Your dinner pleaces you, therefore all women should be cooks and trainers of cooks. This is masculine logic. Now I tell you that if a woman is born a cook, she is going to cook, and teach everybody else to cook who comes within the reach of her influence, if she can. The divine right of genius comes in here, Professor Stapleton. But a woman not so inspired can no more make a cook than a person without rhythm can make a poet. Browning understood this when he summed up the things he would like to do, and could not, in his grand poem to his wife. 'I shall never,' he says

Paint your pictures, no, nor carve your statues, Make your music that should all express me: So it seems. I stand on my attainment. This of verse alone one iffe allows me: Verse and nothing else have I to give you.

Now, of course, President Lambeth, you and the professor will say that the ing had insisted upon the poet's making her a loaf of unexceptionable brown-"Why, I will never submit to such bread every other day?" When the

President Lambeth?" Miss Lyman innothing idiosyncratic about that?"

The president removed his glasses, drew his hand across his eyes, shaded his mouth a little to hide the mirthful puckers that hedged it about, as a frame around a picture, and then, posi-

tively unable to control himself another instant, burst into a hearty peal of laughter, in which the cook was fain to ioin. "It was idiosyncratic," he replied at last, "and I was hoping that as you were only here temporarily, I might in-

duce you to keep on making mush for me-ldiosyncratic mush;" and here the president, quite shorn of his college dignity, burst out laughing again. "You have shown excellent taste about mush, president," Miss Lyman

went on to say. "I induced Mrs. Stapleton to bring some middlings up with her. Don't forget, sir, that the mush which you preferred was made from middlings.

"And yet it never could be called middling mush," the gentleman responded, and execrable pun though it was, both mush-maker and mush partaker seemed pleased with it.

Just before the midday meal the ori-ginal cook returned, and Frances Lyman, teacher of the higher mathematics in ---- college, faultlessly arrayed, her mate connection with the planets. sunny face sunnier than ever, was formally presented to President Lambeth, of another college. It was a brilliant and long-to-be-remembered occa-

"Frances," said Mrs. Stapleton, "President Lambeth told my husband in confidence that he was prepared to offer you \$25 a month.' "Unexceptionable wages," said Miss

Lyman, with only a slight heightening of color. "If I am ever dismissed from college, president, I will certainly call upon you for a reference." But the climax of fun was reached when the professor suddenly struck an attiutde, and addressed his wife after thi fashion: "And now, my child I do hope that when we get back to town you will ask Frances to teach you how make some of these nice things." For a single moment-probably tor the first time in her life-Mrs. Stapleton was speechless. "I have cherished a viper." she said at last. "I have given up my kitchen to the despoter of my happiness. But Ross Stapleton, I promised to box your ears if you ever

uttered those words; and when we are alone I will do it." These incidents occurred over a year ago, and Frances is still teaching the higher mathematics; but report says that she intends to accept another posttion soon, where she can work and minister to her heart's content. This state of affairs is pronounced by Mrs. Stapleton

to be the "mushiest" engagement on

Impurity in Wine .

"There is a good deal of talk about the impurity of the wines imported into

"So far true that it's almost imposted w but thought better of it-"but I can kind. In fact, they have carried adulthat the people of this country are fast that's more than Fanny can do; and I dropping imported wines and using the from time to time, life might be lengthnative vintage instead. Our native ened wines are so cheap that it wouldn't pay to adulterate them. Flat? Not a bit "You forget one other accomplish- of it. They have the pure flavor of the grape and that may be an unusual flavor to palates that are used to the 'doctored' imported stuff. Why. near-

Prolonging Life.

As far back as the Egyptian, Greek, and Roman periods, we find the idea of prolonging life prevalent. The Egyptians bestowed considerable attention on the attainment of longevity, and they believed that life could be prolonged through the efficacy of sudorifics and emetics continually used.

Instead of saying "How do you do?" as an ordinary salutation, they inquired of each other, "How do you perspire?" In those days it was the custom to take at least two emetics during each month Hippocrates and his disciples recommended moderation in diet, friction, and well-timed exercise, which was cer-

tainly a step in the right direction. Ficinus, in his "Treatise on the Pro-longation of Life," recommended all prudent persons to consult an astrologer every seven years. thereby to avert any danger which might threaten them.

During the year 1740 an individual named Pansa dedicated to the Council of Leipsic a book entitled. "The Prolongation of Life," in which he most strongly urges all persons desirous of longevity to be on their guard every even years, because Saturn, a hostile planet, ruled at these periods.

According to the teachings of astrology, metals were believed to be in inti-Thus, no doubt, it was that amulets and talismans originated, as reputed agents for prolonging life. The disciples of this creed had annulets and talismans cast of the proper metal, and under the influence of certain constellations, in order to protect themselves from the evil influence of adverse pla-

These absurd conceits were at a later day revived by Cagliostro. It would, indeed, appear that the more mysterious and ridiculous the conceptions of fanatics and imposters were, the greater was their success.

The example of the great Cornaro affords a brilliant instance of the superiority of an abstemious life to the foolish doctrines put forth in that period. Up to forty years of age he was excessively intemperate both in eating and drinking, so that his health suffered considerably.

He then resolved to submit himself to a strictly temperate regimen, and for the remaining sixty years of his life. which almost reached one hundred years, he continued the observance of his rules, with the result given.

Although life might be prolonged by exercising greater moderation in eating and drinking than is generally adopted. yet, nevertheless, few persons could follow so strict a dietary.

Shortly after the death of Louis XIIL, of France, who was bled forty-seven times during the last ten months of existence, a contrary method came into fashion. Transfusion was for a time relied upon as a means for invigorating and prolonging life. The operation was performed by the aid of a small pipe conveying blood from the artery of one person to another.

Francis Bacon held somewhat unique ideas regarding the possible prolonga. tion of existence. He regarded life as flame being continually consumed by pie order, just as one might find the the surrounding atmosphere, and he thence concluded that by retarding vital sons to help him, waste and renewing the bodhly powers With the object of preventing undue external vital waste, he advised cold bathing by friction. Tranquility of mind, cooling food, with the use of opiates, he advocated as the most suitable measures for lessening internal con-

The Woman Farmer.

"Yes, my husband has been dead 15 years," said an old lady to your correspondent, "and I have run the farm ever since myself, and, in fact. I have had the whole care of it for 21 years, for within a year of our marriage, my husband had a stroke of paralysis that left one side entirely useless, and it is over a score of years since we moved. here."

It was an old lady of Kennebec county. Me., who made the above statement and she seemed to see nothing remarkable about the fact that she, entirely unaided, should be running a farm of sixty acres, in spite of her three score years and ten.

"Do you do the whole work yourself?"

"Yes, almost all," she replied. "I never hire by the month, but in the busiest season I hire a man to help by the day in haying and such work."

"Do you take care of your stock vourself?"

"Oh, yes; but I have not as much stock as I had formerly, having sold many, including as fine a stock bull as they had in the county."

"Do you take the daily papers?"

"No. I can find all the lies I want to in the ordinary story and religious papers, without pestering my head with fresh ones made up every day."

"Are you not lonely in the winter?" asked the reporter. "I notice your iouse is off the main road and you must find it hard getting down in the village.

"Yes, you are right there," responded the old but energetic lady." "Sometimes I can't get out for five or six weeks unless my neighbors take the trouble to come and shovel me out; but I don't mind much, and manage to get through all right. Howsomever, I don't see anything much about this; but there is a funny idea about you newspaper fellers, and people seem to take anything they see in print for gospel. For instance, I knew two neighbors who was always fighting about the way to cultivate a field, and they both declared the other was a fool. Finally one of them got his notions printed in a farming paper and the other feller saw the piece, and not knowing whose ideas they was he thought he had learned something and went home and followed the advice of the man he had called a fool, just because he saw it in print. Don't you want to come to see the farm? It don't amount to anything, though," she added.

The writer walked out to the door, and the first thing that altracted his attention was a tombstone in front of the piazza. He was about to ask if it was erected in this certainly unusual spot at the particular request of some near and dear relative, when he noticed that a ring was passed through the top of the marble stone and that it served the purpose of an ordinary hitching post Therefore he forbore lest he should touch on a forbidden topic, and even the broadest hints did not elicit any information on the subject of the sepulchral horse fastener. Everything about the farm, to use a localism, was in applefarm of an old farmer, with able-bodied

"The last liking is quite secondary I can make more money teaching the higher mathematics that I can as a it there. cook. Then, too, the cook would hanonce in a while."

peaking order. Her large gray eyes er of the higher mathematics inshone like stars, and her mouth was college was duly installed as cook in certainly made for smiles, if not for Mrs. Stapleton's kitchen. This lady kisses. Her voice was low and rich, was successful in her hunt for an idiot; and she spoke so slowly that she was but notwithstanding the non compos by those who did not know her. There everything moved smoothly in Miss was nerve strength about this woman, Lyman's particular province. a moral and physical tone, which contrasted strongly with the quick, bril- siderable fun in this arrangement, got liant style and chic of her companion. | in the habit of calling upon the cook my dear-provided-" Mrs. Stapleton | comfiture of his wife, who professed to replied. "Why, Frances, my mother's see in these visits the complete ruin of French cook cannot hold a candle to her domestic peace. you, and beside the professional beauty that graces my kitchen you are as the Mrs. Stapleton said to her friend; "but light of the noon-day sun to the flicker- if that man ever says to me, "Child I, ing flame of a tallow dip. Where did wish you would learn to do these you learn to do these things?"

"Given a talent, the rest is simple may depend upon it." enough," Mrs. Lyman answered. "But thing not so sacred."

teacher," said Mrs. Stapleton.

think is entirely due to a reflection from | inspiring soups, mushes of every desthe real talent. the element of domesticity, which all such an uncommon quality, and were young people are quick to detect. If a so liberally partaken of by the distinsympathetic, that will make up is a considerable degree for deficiency of talents."

"Cook, teacher, philosopher," laighed Mrs. Stapleton, "And much the

Stapleton's country residence in the of this "wonderful concoctor of mush-Catskill mountains, where they were es," as her hostess was wont to call her. spending their Easter vacation. It was "for saying so much about the genius" "Do you have reference to the mush, The conversation took place in Frof,

"But when I tell you that I would infinitely prefer to spend four days in my own dresses and my own hats, and this: "But, my child'-did you ever your kitchen than in any other way that professor-you know so well how to do this-and grant me the greatest privilege of my own life?"

"Frances Lyman, you are a-a-an egregious goose, and you really must excuse me; but the statement of your preferences has very much the same effect upon me that the story of Jack and the bean stalk used to have in my natural to him to go to the kitchen than younger days. I never believed a word of it."

"Then punish me, my dear, by taking me at my word," her companion

"Poetic justice that," said Mrs. Stamarked before. I cannot understand pleton, laughingly. "Well, I'll see. I suppose I can coax Ross; only he'll say, 'Why, my dearest child, you ought to | cook." know how to do these things yourself.' And here's the rub, Frances. Such a to the first," Miss Lyman replied. "But notion would never enter his dear old fessor's frequent visits to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Stapleton, if your husband has ker now and then for the library and that kind of head, no such idea will ever fident that this much-dreaded remark the drawing-room, and an indulgence strike it unless it is first written in cyof such desires would be fatal to the pher, and you are, not the woman to position. No; the only way that I can take all that trouble. So please calm manage to enjoy this talent is by cook- your mind, and leave your kitchen and or by accident, he entered the kitchen ing in the kitchens of my friends, as your husband to me. I promise that garden and strolled along till he reachyou are kind enough to allow me to do no harm shall come to either, or to your- ed the kitchen door. The cook, arrayself."

Frances Lyman's face was of the And so it came to pass that the teachnot infrequently accused of affectation | character of the temporary scullion,

The professor who seemed to see con-"You can cook as much as you please, several times daily, much to the dis-

"I told you just how it would be," things.' I will box his ears, and you

The dyspeptic and overworked presiseriously," she added, after a pause, "I dent was so enthusiastic in regard to companion. The result of this examiam sometimes disturbed by the thought the various dishes that were prepared that it may perhaps be wrong to hold a expressly for him that he never ceased true talent in subordination to some to ask questions concerning this most emarkable caterer to a weak digestion. "But you are surely a successful Porter-house steak, chopped to a pulp, made into symmetrical balls, and broil-"In the positive degree; and this I ed to a turn, brown bread, cream gruel, I bring to my scholars | cription-indeed, these last were of such an uncommon quality, and were class-room is homelike and a teacher guished guest, that Mrs. Stapleton reso much mush would have a softening effect upon the gentleman's brain.

"You must excuse me, professor," he remarked one morning at breakfast, wonder grew, that one small head could after having spoken of the improved state of his health, due to the excellent treatment he had received at the hands

she was going to add, "and I will not, beat either of you at chess. I can make | teration so far, especially in France, I can think of, will you not manage the can play you asleep with sonatas, and on a pinch I can embroider your hosiery."

> ment that you possess," said her husband, who was never more entertained than when listening to her sallies.

"Do not believe it, professor," the ly all the wines imported from France sumption. guest remarked laughingly. "She understands its value only too well.".

This conversation was duly reported to the cook, whose keen enjoyment of the fun was very grateful to her friends. "Frances, I have forestalled that

husband of mine," Mrs. Stapleton remarked. "He knows now that it is as much as his life is worth for him to tell large wine rectifying establishment, at me that he wishes I would learn to Cette, France. Cette is a little seaport

Miss Lyman's smile deepened, and she turned away to hide it. In the procryptographal head unless you first put he had never omitted to say that he did wish his wife would learn to prepare some of these dishes, and she was conwas only postponed.

On the last morning of the president's sray, whether with "malice prepense" ed in a long white apron, and a tasteful cap which enhanced rather than concealed the beauty of her calm, regular features, stood looking out upon the charming view. She had just completed her preparations for dessert, and held in her hand a volume of Taine's Ideal in Art. She heard no approaching footsteps until she was suddenly confronted by the dignified figure of the college president. It was too late to run. and so the cook bravely stood her ground, keeping her head averted so as not to be obliged to meet the gentleman's glance. He drew a step nearer.

"Am I mistaken," he began, going at once to the very heart of the subject that had become so interesting to him, "in supposing that this is Fanny, the means used to get at this information of obligations?"

President Lambeth was somewhat near-sighted, and as he spoke he adjusted his myopian glasses and surveyed his nation was a singular embarrassment, most amusing to the cook.

"I must have made a mistake," he added, while his delicate, gentlemanly face flushed painfully. "I am sure I have."

"Only in one way," Miss Lyman re-plied, serenely. "I am Fanny, the cook, but you are not under the slightest obligation to me."

Taine's Ideal in Art. The book was so held that the gentleman could easily quested her cook to desist, for fear that read these words, and his eyes seemed glued to the volume. No true woman could fail to enjoy such a condition of affairs.

"It has all been very odd from the beginning," said the president, with a cu-rious smile, which looked as if it might break into a fit of hysterical laughter

truth.

are American wines manipulated by French houses and sent back here to be sold at enormous prices. The French the world. Hon. E. Joy Morris once States Minister to Turkey he was invited on a certain occasion to inspect a ing districts, and yet it is famous for its wine-making houses. The manager asked Mr. Morris what brand of wine he would like, his object being to show how speedily and successfully he could minutes a bottle was placed before him | must be unfriendly to longevity.

containing so perfect an unitation of the famous champagne that he confesshad been manufactured under his very eyes and grape juice had a very small part in the operation. 'That's the sort of stuff the people

of this country pay big prices for, when they could buy absolutely pure native wine for less than one half the money. The day isn't far off when imported wines will be entirely supplanted by native makes-and when that's done, it's likely somebody over here will find a way to adulterate our own wines profitably. They haven't found it yet-it will come of course, for it's an age of adulteration and wines can hardly escape.'

Citles in the Moon.

Dr. Blandman claims to have discovered evidences that the moon is inhabited. A statement of the chemical cook, to whom I am under such a loss has been published, but is too elaborate of obligations?" has been published. The scientific world regards the story as a hoax-an imitation, in fact, of the yarn gotten up by Adam Locke, and published in New. York some thirty-five years ago. It is known, with almost absolute certainty, that there is no life on the moon, as it is without moisture and has no atmosphere. In times past, ingenious storytellers have given accounts of the moon and its inhabitants. A writer named North, some years ago, evolved a plausible theory on this matter.-He said a photograph of the moon would reveal all the hidden secrets of its surface, if properly taken and manipulated. The photograph, he alleged, could in time be made to yield the secrets of moon and stars, for it undoubtedly reproduces everything on their surface. Our eyes and instruments are imperfect, but these defects may be overcome by the

progress of science. And there may really be something in this theory. A large mass of error is easily emblamed and perpetuated by a little

Furthermore, he proposed to renovate life periodically-first, by a spare diet combined with cathartics; subsequentare the most expert 'wine doctors' in | ly, through choice of a refreshing and succulent diet. 'With some degree of told me that when he was United modification, there seems to be much wisdom in his views, excepting as regards the use of opiates, which are

decidedly of a prejudicial nature. The plan of "hardening"-based uptown, miles away from the vine-grow- on a false supposition that by toughening the physical organs they would wear longer obtained at one time numerous followers.

When we reflect that the main principle of life depends upon the pliability of make and produce it. Mr. Morris every organ, combined with free circuasked for Veuve Clicquot and in ten lation, it naturally follows that rigidity

Perpetual cold baths, exposure to keen air, and exhausting exercise, were ed his inability to tell the difference. It advocated by the "hardening school," Like most enthusists, they carried their ideas to excess, a limited use of which would have been beneficial.

Later on, a theory well suited to the idle and luxurious gained many adherents-namely, to retard bodily waste by a trance-like sleep.

One enthusiast, Maupertuis, went so far as to propound the possibility of completely suspending vital activity. The misconception of this theory, from a physiological point of view, is at once self-evident, as want of exercise is simply poisonous to health.

Wages of Servants.

In 1870 there were 1,075,000 domestic servants in the country; at this time there are undoubtedly at least 1,200,-000. The wages of servant girls in Liverpool average \$6.68 a month; in Marseilles \$6.75; in Chicago \$14. Wages of cooks in Liverpool average \$9; in Chicago \$20. The consular report indicates that the average paid to all servants of this class in England is about \$7.84; in France about \$6.27; and in this country, while the wages are somewhat lower than at Chicago or in other large cities, the average is at least \$15. we suppose that there are now 1,200,-000 employed in this country, their wages are about \$216,000,000. At the English rate of wages these same people would earn about \$113,000,000. At the French rate of wages these same people would earn about \$90,000,000.

Gratitude and hope should make us faithful and fruitful.

"I leave nothing bahind me," ob-served the American financier, jocularly, at his Montreal hotel, as he inverted his wine glass.

"Except your debts," facetionaly re-marked his neighbor, "Oh, those are nothing to me."

Harvest of the Year. .

January is a busy time in New Zealand, the South Sea Islands, Uruguay, and sees harvest ended in Australia and Central South America.

February sees harvest time begin in Upper Egypt and India and continue until April.

March is the time of harvest in lower Egypt, the Barbary states, Arabía, Cabul and Indo-China.

In April the sickle is gleaming in the harvest fields of Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, the Ionian Isles and Mexi-

May enlarges the number and sees oil, wine and corn harvested in Asia Minor, Greece, Sicily and Morocco; in Texas, Florida, China and Japan, harvesting begins.

June sees the harvest gathered in Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Danubian Provinces, California, Kentucky, Kansas, Virginia and the Carolinas.

In July the harvesting begins in New England, the northern middle States, Upper Canada, and the northern line of States from Ohio to Oregon, the middle and southern English countries, France, Germany, Austria, Northern Italy, Hungary, Poland and Switzerland.

August sees the ingathering in the rest of the England, the Netherlands, Denmark, Central Russia, Manitoba and Lower Canada.

September 1s the harvest month in Scotland, Scandinavian and Northern Russia; in France buckwheat is harvested, the corn in New England and the middle English countries. In October, wheat, oats and barley are gathered in Scotland and Sweden, and apples and pumpkins in the northern States.

November rules Peru and Brazil. South Africa and North Australia. December calls forth the husbandman to harvest in Chili, the Argentine Republic and South Australia.

"Old Gal."

On All-Hallow Eve, a man named Powers took advantage of the general hilarty and the time-honored custom, to belabor an old woman, seventy-six years of age, on Madison avenue, New York, with a bag of flour. Her cries attracted the attention of a policeman, and Powers was locked up.

He was tried next day for assult. The old woman was determined that the law should take its course, and refused to have the case dismissed.

"Do you feel any bad effect from the blow?" asked the prisoner's lawyer. "None at all," was the reply.

"Did the flour injure your clothes?" "No."

"I am satisfied, madame, that the prisoner did not intend to injure you. Your clothes suffered no damages, and he apologized as soon as he saw you were angry, so I think you should consent to have the case dismissed."

"Never! When he hit me with the bag of flour he said: 'Hello, old gall'"

-The new missionary vessel, Morning Star, sailed for Honolulu recently,