

Only a Dream

Only a dream, my darling,
A dream as false and fair,
How it shows in the blossoming flowers,
How it breathes in the waning air!
It woke with the rising morning,
It blushed in the sunset gleam;
It shed its radiance on the way,
It brightened the hours of every day,
And oh there was never a voice to say,
Only a dream!

Only a dream, my darling,
We were both in earnest, too,
And every word we whispered,
And every glance was true;
How could we know that promise
So rich and strong could seem,
Yet die as the fair trail lies the
When the east winds mock the April
sky?
Only a dream!

Only a dream, my darling,
And you are young and bright,
And life has many a golden prize
Hung dazzling in your sight,
And I—I have worked and duty
With their quiet moonlight beams;
Only just sometimes I pause and think
Of the cup that Love once gave to drink.
And the past and the future I try to link
Only a dream!

TRAVELING COMPANIONS.

Mr. Augustus Wetherby walked up and down his apartment in an embroidered smoking-cap and jacket, apparently absorbed in restless thought.

Each time that he passed the large dressing-mirror he bestowed upon it a glance of criticising satisfaction; and now and then would pause to gaze admiringly into his own eyes, and with his elbows on a level with his shoulders, to gracefully twist the ends of his waxed moustache.

Finally, he took up an open letter from the table, and for the third time perused its contents, which were as follows:

"DEAR GUS—I drop you a hasty line to catch the 6 o'clock mail. Minnie Gray is with us, and I want you to come up without delay and see what you can do in the way of winning an heiress. She is just from boarding school—a simple, unsophisticated girl of 18—and if you enter the field at once I don't see why, with your advantages, you should not succeed in making an impression. If uncle can't spare you from the office before Saturday at least come up then and stay till Monday. In a quiet country house a great deal can be done in that time. I've spoke of you to Minna—judiciously of course—and I'm sure she is already interested in you. She will be with us but a week or so longer, and will then leave with her family for their Western home; so you see there is no time to be lost. I shall certainly expect you on Saturday, if not before. Don't disappoint. Your devoted sister,"

AGNES MERROW.

"Hum! Aw, well, I may as well go up and see what she is like!" mused Mr. Augustus Wetherby, giving a doubtful shrug of the shoulders. "Old man still living; but won't object to that, if he'd do the handsome thing by me that he did with his other daughter's fellow. In fact it would be handy to have him go on making money for a few years longer. It isn't every day that a fellow can pick up an heiress—pretty, too, I think I heard Merrow say. Cousin of his, eh? Convenient to have sisters marry fellows with rich young cousins. Yes, I think I may as well try it on."

On the following Saturday, accordingly, a blonde young gentleman, faultlessly attired, and with a calmly-satisfied and rather supercilious air, boarded the 5 o'clock train for a two hours ride to Verdon station.

He found but two seats unoccupied—one next to a fat old lady with a ticket conspicuously secured on the front of her shawl by three pins, and the other adjoining that of a handsome, well-groomed young lady, who was seated alone at a window with a satchel beside her.

Affecting not to observe the first seat, and even ignoring the friendly tug at his coat-tail of the fat lady, Mr. Wetherby passed on, and paused with a half-appealing glance at the second vacant seat.

The young lady observing this, promptly removed her shawl and satchel, and made room for him.

"Thank you! I hope I am not incommoding you," said Mr. Wetherby, with his most graceful and winning manner.

"Not at all," she answered, raising a pair of bright, frank eyes to his face.

And then they sat for a few moments silent as the train started.

The breeze, with its inevitable cinders and dust came in strongly at the window, and of course the young lady tried to close it, could not, and equally of course Mr. Wetherby offered to do it for her.

Then they naturally got to talking, the young lady manifesting no shyness or stiffness as Mr. Wetherby looked at her smiling red lips and laughing eyes, and noticed her easy, self-possessed manner, he congratulated himself upon having such a companion for the amusement of his brief journey.

She was alone, too, which encouraged him to assume a little protective gallantry.

"Have you far to go?" he inquired, when he had conveniently arranged his satchel and umbrella at his feet.

"Would you call it far to Princeton?" she returned innocently.

So she's going to Princeton, a ride of six hours—and Mr. Wetherby looked at her bright intelligent face and brilliant eyes, he almost regretted that his journey would be so short.

I fancied, too, from an indefinable something in her look and manner that he had "made a mash," as he himself would have significantly expressed it, and with an inward gratification, set himself to deepen the impression by his most winning smiles, and elegant and fastidious airs.

Besides his admiration of the young lady, he would like to show the people around him that he was somebody.

Just in front of him sat a pale delicate looking lady, who was nervously endeavoring to keep two little children quiet. Their fidgeting and prattle interfered with Mr. Wetherby's conversation.

"Great nuisance, children on the cars," he observed, fastidiously, to his fair companion.

"I don't object to them. It is amusing to observe their funny little ways," she replied good-humoredly.

"When they are good and pretty but

children like these little scamps ought to have a special car provided—a sort of cattle box—"

He ended abruptly, as the lady in front turned her head, and, with a sudden flash, bestowed upon him a glance of listen to an outraged and insulted mother is capable.

"Good gracious! I hope—I did not intend that she should hear me!" said Mr. Wetherby.

"However, if people choose to listen to private remarks, it makes no difference."

Then he laid back in his seat, and while his fair companion looked from the window, revenged himself making faces at the baby, which was staring at him over the back of the seat and making ineffectual attempts to grab hold of his gold-headed cane.

The sweet infant at once started in round-eyed wonder at the unaccounted facial expressions; but as they became more ogre-like, its little moon-face wrinkled, and it burst into a terrified shriek which started half the sleepers in the car.

"You will excuse my little son, sir," said a voice behind Mr. Wetherby.

He is not accustomed to the interesting performance with which you have been kindly endeavoring to entertain him."

And the tall, stalwart gentleman leaned forward and took the terrified infant from its mother's arms.

"I think we have intruded ourselves into a family group here," Mr. Augustus Wetherby observed, as he looked uneasily around. "You will be more comfortable on the other side, and able to keep the window open—it being leeward, as sailors say."

The young lady hesitated a moment, but then gathered up her shawl and satchel and crossed over to the opposite side of the car, where were a couple of seats left vacant by passengers who had alighted at the last station.

It was immediately in the rear of a plainly dressed old gentleman who was fast asleep and slightly snoring, with his feet conspicuously elevated.

He had removed his new boots, and encased his large feet in embroidered cloth slippers, which left exposed an ample space of gray yarn stocking, evidently of home manufacture.

"Really," exclaimed Mr. Wetherby, "we seem destined to be unfortunate in our immediate surroundings; but then, one can not always choose one's traveling companions, unless one engages a special car."

There was a gleam of amusement in the young lady's eyes as she glanced from him to the unconscious object of his scorn. He caught it, and was thereby encouraged to go on.

"I really believe the old fellow imagines this to be a sleeping car, or at least that he can indulge in the privileges of one, regardless of the feelings of his fellow passengers. People of his class generally imagine that they can shirk the expense of a sleeping car by making a dressing room of the regular cars. I've a great mind to fire one of those boots out of the window with my cane."

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"That would be too bad. You wouldn't do it really, would you?"

"Not if you object. The poor fellow certainly don't look as if he could well afford the loss. But I'd give something for those slippers to deposit in a museum for future antiquarians as a supposed specimen of pre-historic art, and a proof that there were giants in those days. He, he!"

"They certainly are extraordinary specimens of needlework," the young lady observed, eying the slippers with grave attention.

"And the stockings! I had imagined that sort of pedal covering to belong to the lost arts."

"They look warm and comfortable, though; and I dare say that is all that he cares for."

"Wonder where he got those marvelous slippers? Dare say that they are the effort of some red-handed, apple-faced daughter, who probably exhibited them at the country church fair as a creditable specimen of high art. Is that red blotch a middle of a rose or a hollyhock? And the blue dots—what botanical productions do they represent?"

"I should think the first is intended for a bleeding heart," said Mr. Wetherby, with his most graceful and winning manner; "and the blue would probably suggest forget-me-nots."

"Bleeding hearts and forget-me-nots. He, he! Who would expect so much sentiment in a rough old fellow like that? But perhaps, after all, the slippers are a tender gift of a sweetheart—some sallow, striking old maid, probably—and he's stuck them on his delicate feet, in order to have her image perpetually present with him. No doubt he fell asleep contemplating them, and is at this moment lost in dreams of his loved one."

This flight of fancy so amused the young lady that Mr. Wetherby was thereby encouraged to proceed with his brilliant remarks.

"There are initials on them, I see—P. G.—Peter Grubbs, perhaps. The name would correspond with his appearance—don't you agree with me?"

"I am sure it is very kind in you to take so much interest in that old gentleman and his affairs," the young lady returned, in a cool, quiet way, with her dark eyes looking full in his face. "Fortunately, I can gratify your curiosity. His name is not Peter Grubbs, but Peyton Gray—not very unlike, don't you think?"

"Wh-wh-!" gasped Mr. Wetherby, staring—"not surely Mr. Peyton Gray of Chesterton?"

"The same. I am his daughter Minna, and I must confess I worked those absurd slippers when I was about ten years old. They were my first attempt at embroidery, as anyone can see. Father never wore them until lately, when, being a little lame, he found them convenient. Mother knit the stockings; he will wear no others."

Mr. Wetherby pale and red by turns listened in silence.

To add to his dismay, Mr. Gray, at the end of his daughter's speech, quietly turned his head and fixed his keen gray eyes upon him.

"Yes, young man," he remarked coolly, "I find both the slippers and socks very comfortable—not but what I should have been sorry to have lost one of my boots."

And without further notice he proceeded to don the latter articles of dress. Mr. Wetherby sat in dazed silence

feeling excessively small, but seeking to comfort himself with the thought that it might be possible so to disguise himself not to be recognized by Mr. Gray and his daughter when he should present himself at Verdon.

Would it not be well to give them a false name at present, and delay his visit for some days?

But while he thus mused in dire confusion of spirit, Miss Minna Gray, turning to him, said, blandly:

"Do you stop at Verdon, Mr. Wetherby?"

"Eh—aw—you take me for—"

"For Mrs. Merrow's brother, of course. She told me yesterday that she expected you. You see, father and I have only run down this morning to meet sister and her family, who were to join us at Cousin Merrow's and all return home together. Let me introduce you to my sister and my brother-in-law, Colonel Steele"—turning to the tall gentleman and pale lady, who had been spectators of the whole scene.

"I—I shall be most happy when—when we arrive at the station. At present I must positively look after my valise, as I think we are approaching the station and will have only a minute for alighting."

"Your valise? Here it is under the seat. You see"—with a charming smile—"we could all read the name on it, and that is how we came to know who you were."

The next station was not Verdon; nevertheless, Mr. Wetherby, with his baggage, alighted there, and took the next train homeward.

To the inquiries of a friend, to whom he had confidentially communicated his intention of marrying an heiress, he briefly replied that he had seen the girl and did not quite fancy her. And it is observable that on all his traveling trips he is strangely silent and uncommunicative with his fellow passengers.

The First Baby.

A young couple on their journey with their first baby never fail to attract attention.

I saw a little family party of this description the other day, writes a correspondent. The father was a beardless young fellow, with an honest, kindly face and blue eyes that twinkled with pride when they rested on the baby. The mother made a dismal failure at trying to appear matronly, because she was not more than twenty, and I, who have handled nine of my own, could see wherein she lacked the experience she affected.

Baby was a red-faced and not particularly pretty midget, in nainsook, lace, embroidery, tucks, white cashmere and soft flannels.

"Do you think he's warm enough?" asked mamma.

"I hope so," says papa anxiously. "It feels as though there was a window open somewhere in the car."

"I'll have it put down if there is."

"Let me hold him."

"No, no, dear; you don't know how yet."

"Yes I do, Mary. The nurse said to always keep his head up."

"I'm so afraid you'll let him fall."

"Nonsense! You know I wouldn't for a million dollars."

"Well, then sit down where the sun won't shine in his face. There, now!"

"Oh see! His eyes are open so wide! I don't believe they were ever open so wide before."

"I do wonder if he's well."

"Get your doctor book out and see if his opening his eyes so and yawning are symptoms of anything."

"Oh, I guess all babies do."

"Are you sure?"

"I think so."

"It would be so dreadful if anything were to happen him before we got him home."

"Oh, don't speak of it."

"Hold his head a little higher."

"Are his feet warm?"

"See him pucker up his dear little mouth! I wonder if it can be that there is a pin pricking him."

"He'd cry if there was."

"I wonder if he would."

"It's too bad that the poor little thing has no way of letting us know when pins are pricking them or when they have the colic or anything."

"Oh, we always know when he has the colic. He wriggles and screams so."

"Yes, but he might wriggle and scream for something else."

"I never thought of that."

"One little foot seems cold."

"Rub it."

"I wonder if the jolting of the car makes him sick?"

"We're sitting right over the wheels. We ought to have taken seats in the middle of the car."

"I do hope he's well! Maybe a tiny speck of belladonna would soothe him."

So it was to the end of the journey. Poor babies! They do have a hard time of it!

Jackasses in this Crowd.

A group of lawyers were discussing the late war;

"I was at Shiloh," said one, "and while standing under a smoky sky in a storm of leaden hail beheld the noble Albert Sidney Johnson fight and fall upon the blood-red altar of his country."

"And I," said another, "was at the Wilderness when the very air was red with the fire of battle, and the myriad minies sang their death song in the ears of the brave, I, too, fought, bled and died for my country."

"And I, gentlemen," said a lank, scrawny, solemn man, with a faded uniform under his arm, "I was at Jonesboro when shot and shell sped swiftly by in the wagon train and all seemed lost. But I, too, was a patriot, and while I neither fought nor died, I bled for my country—I bled the army mules. Gentlemen, I am a horse doctor; are there any jackasses in this crowd?"

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

THE DEAD SHOT.

Interview with Golden, the Half-Breed.

"Is Mr. Golden, the Indian shot, in?" inquired a reporter.

"Yes, sir, he's in," replied the servant who answered the bell-pull.

"Walk in."

After waiting for awhile in the parlor, Mr. Golden made his appearance; the exchange of a few conventional phrases, and the following conversation ensued:

"Mr. Golden, where were you born?"

"In Austin, Texas. When I was five years old I left home and went into the Indian Territory, where I lived for nine or ten years, when I came East, and have since then spent most of my time in this part of the country."

"Who were your parents?"

"White Cloud, the great Indian chief, was my father, and my mother was a Scotch woman. For eight or nine years I was a chief of the Black-Foot tribe in Texas and California."

"What name did you go by when with the Indians?"

"I was called Dead-Shot Texas Harry. That was the name my father gave me."

"How long have you been in this city?"

"About eight months."

"Were you ever here before?"

"Yes; several times. About five years ago I came here with Charley Bigelow's troupe as a fancy shot. I remember we showed on Broad street. I came here another time with William F. Cody's Buffalo Bill Troupe."

"Are you a married man?"

"Yes; I married Miss Belle Fitchett, of Fredericksburg, about four months ago."

"What is the most dangerous shot you make with your rifle?"

"Well, about the most dangerous shot is to cut an apple in half with the ball while the apple rests on my wife's head, or perhaps, it is as dangerous to get my wife to hold a match in her mouth and fire at it and light the same. By the way, I'll let you see some of my shooting if you like. Walk out into the back porch. Not yet satisfied, he called his wife and led the way into the back porch, where it seems, he had been practicing the wood-work around having been considerably plugged with bullets. Handing his wife a match, which she placed between her teeth, he stepped back about twelve feet, and raising his rifle to his shoulder, fired, the ball striking the sulphur part of the match and igniting it. He then stuck a pin slanting in a match stick, and going through the same procedure as before, knocked the pin out of the match stick without touching the latter. Not yet satisfied, he called for a potato, which he placed on his wife's head. He fired and off went a piece of the potato. He then held his rifle bottom side up and fired, chipping off another good-sized piece of the potato. The performance closed by his splitting an apple-core which his wife held between her thumb and forefinger with a rifle ball. It was amazing the way his wife would stand up before his rifle without flinching. Such confidence (or altruistic faith, as Miss Cleveland would say,) is rarely seen."

When he laid down his rifle conversation was resumed:

"I hear you are going to join one of our churches, Mr. Golden?"

"Yes, that's so. Not long ago, when I was up in Steelton, Pa., with my wife, I attended the Salvation Army meetings and got converted. Since I have been here I have attended the Salvation Army meetings here, and spoke at two of the meetings, but I opposed the use of the tambourine, and kicked against it, and so they said I couldn't speak there any more. Since I have been here I have delivered three lectures—one at Westham Hall, up on Cary street, and two at the Old-Market Hall. These lectures have been on western life. I lecture here at Westham Hall (Sunday) at 3:30 P. M., partly on religious subjects and partly on western life. I have been a very wicked man all the first part of my life, but now I want to try and get some little education, study for the ministry, and get sent out as a missionary to the Indians in Texas."

"What church are you going to join?"

"Mr. Wright's church—the Laurel-Street Methodist—and I intend to hand in my name for admission in the Good Templars."

"What are those scars on your hands?"

"Oh, those came from having my hands and thumbs tied up when with the Indians. If I took off my clothes I could show you some scars on my body that would make your eyes stick out."

"I wish you would state in your paper, please," said Mr. Golden just as our representative was leaving, "that there is some fellow in Washington who goes around and pretends that he is Texas Harry, but he isn't, and was born and raised in this part of the country."

Mr. Golden is forty-one years old, weighs 181 pounds, and is five feet, five inches high. In general appearance he is strong and muscular, has dark hair, high prominent cheek-bones, and a reddish, perspiratory skin. He speaks good English.

His wife is a frail little creature and weighs scarcely eighty pounds.

Law Laid Down With a Revolver.

In a flourishing mining camp known as Chipp's Flat, Sierra county, thirty years ago, the location of the claims and the mining laws adopted thereunder were such that one continuous war of litigation was the result. Two mining companies having conflicting claims, seeing the almost impossibility of settling their dispute by a resort to the District Court, a Justice of the Peace and a jury of twelve miners selected from those having river claims on the Middle Yuba, A. S. McMillan, of Minnesota, the banking and express agent of Langton's express and banking house at Downieville, had been elected Justice of the Peace for the township, including Minnesota and Chipp's Flat, in 1853. So it was agreed that he should preside, and the trial came off early in the year 1854

at Chipp's Flat. In order that sufficient room should be had for the parties litigant and their friends the billiard and liquor saloon of Paul Copperas (now living at Snow Point, in Nevada county, just a little east of Minnesota,) was chosen as the most spacious building in town. The trial commenced promptly at nine o'clock in the morning and occupied the entire day. Both of the parties litigant had plenty of money; and each seemed to vie with the other in liberality during the progress of the trial. Lawyers had been provided by each side to conduct the case, and it must be presumed that they felt no interest in putting a stop to the liberality of their respective clients. At all events, frequent recesses of the court were had during that day, of five minutes each, when refreshments would be served, mostly of a liquid character. Justice McMillan was not very erudite in the law; but if there was one thing in which he exhibited great pride it was to be addressed in a case. Anything more familiar than that always roused his ire. The numerous adjournments which the court took this day had more perceptible effect on the presiding justice than on any one else connected with the case, though champagne and whiskey had been freely imbibed all around. Plenty of the substantial in the eating line had also been provided, in order that the case might be determined at one sitting. The testimony was all in at five o'clock, and the counsel had concluded their arrangements a little before nine. Realizing the fact that many thousands of dollars were involved in the suit, McMillan thought it incumbent on him for the first and last time in his life to deliver a charge to the jury, and did so. By this time the frequent adjournments had produced a marked change in "His Honor." His tongue seemed thick and his utterances had no meaning or special application to the case at bar. Upon McMillan stating that such and such were laws for the jury to consider, one jurymen, clear-headed and sober, made this inquiry: "Mac, where do you find this law?" "What is that, sir?" angrily inquired "His Honor." "I simply inquire where you found this law you quoted?" "Dash, dash your soul," replied "His Honor." "I'll give you to understand that when I tell you a thing is law, it is law!" Upon this His Honor reached his right hand down to his right hip, where he had a large navy Colt revolver in his sheath, and, drawing it, the juror saw it was no place for him, and he broke for the side door and escaped from the room. As "His Honor" still held the weapon in a threatening attitude, the remaining jurymen thought it would be more healthy to be outside, and so followed the first jurymen. Believing the dignity of the Court to be horribly outraged His Honor followed, threatening dire vengeance upon the whole jury. The ridge between Chipp's Flat and Minnesota at the time was heavy timbered with pine and fir. There was a flat of about fifty or sixty yards before reaching this ridge and the jurymen, seeing the irate justice making for them, revolver in hand, at once broke for the timber, he following closely and threatening death to each and all unless they returned to the court room. But shelter outfooted the Judge and took shelter among the timber. The jury never re-assembled to render its verdict. In litigation met that night in a spirit of the best humor (in fact, they had been so all day,) talked over the abrupt dispersion of the jury and mutually agreed to divide the mining ground in dispute. And that ended the last litigation on Chipp's Flat.

Drying Tomatoes.

In Italy an extensive business is carried on in drying tomatoes to use during those portions of the year when fresh fruit cannot be obtained. According to the Rural Record, tomatoes are grown for the most part, between rows of grape vines. Sometimes the tomatoes are trained on the lower bars of the trellis to which the vines are attached. The tomatoes are allowed to remain on the branches until they are quite ripe. They are then picked and pressed in bags made of coarse cloth, which allows the pulp to pass through, but which retains the seeds and skins. The pulp is then thinly spread out on cloth, boards, or in shallow dishes, and exposed to the sun to dry. When it has become quite dry, it is broken up fine, or ground, and put into boxes or bags and sent to market. A large part of it is used for soups but a considerable portion is employed as other cans. It is soaked for a few hours in warm water, and then cooked in the ordinary manner. There is a great prejudice against canned tomatoes, many being unwholesome. The acid juice which they contain unites with the solder of the tin cans and forms a disagreeable compound.

The Work of Cameo Cutters.

When a cameo cutter is ready for work he draws on the white surface of the stone with a lead pencil the design which he intends to produce in the cameo. He then follows the outlines with a diamond, and cuts away the white parts outside.

If the stone is small he cements it on the end of a stick; if large he holds it in his hand and proceeds to work upon it with fine drills.

He sits at a table like a sewing machine table, and by a treadle works small lathe situated at his right. At his left is a frame filled with drills made of steel wire and of all varieties and shapes.

The ends of the drills are covered with diamond dust ground in olive oil. The dust is obtained by crushing uncut diamonds by blows of a hammer in a small steel mortar.

The cutter has placed before him a picture or a model of the subject to be made. Everything then depends upon the correctness of his eye and his artistic instincts. The work is impressively slow, but when completed it is marvelously perfect.

Truth, being founded on a rock, you may boldly dig to see its foundation; but falsehood, being built on the sand, if you proceed to examine its foundation, you cause its fall.

MODERN BALD-HEADS.

A Wig-Maker Thinks That Louis XIV. Style Will Soon Come Into Vogue.

"Bald-headed men don't wear wigs now as they once did years ago," sadly said a wig-maker to a reporter recently. "They don't seem to care if they do show a sleek, clean pate, especially the married men and confirmed old bachelors. They look upon the absence of hair as a badge of intelligence or conspicuous popularity. May be they are right, but our profession doesn't think so. Our principal customers are actors and women. The latter cannot stand the slightest trace of baldness, and are willing to pay well for a fine wig. Many women in society wear wigs, but they are so well made and matched in color to the natural hair that detection is impossible. Human hair is cheaper and hence there is no necessity for anybody going through life baldheaded. I deal in all parts of the United States, and after an experience of forty-five years I received an order three weeks ago for two wigs for negroes. They were the first of that kind within my recollection. They wanted them curly or kinky."

"Fashion repeats itself, and my impression is that within the next decade the powdered wigs of Louis XIV. will come into vogue. The head was the center of dress from then, and a cavalier made an imposing appearance. Now a high walking-cane and a high collar constitute the modern cavalier. Bald heads must go. Even Caesar wore a crown of leaves to hide his baldness, but those parquet bachelors have lost all pride."

My Farmer Friend.

See here, my farmer friend, says M. Quad, let me give you a few facts. The average farmer shortens the services of his lumber wagon one year by leaving it out in the sun and dew. His plow would last one year longer if kept painted and sheltered. For the want of a little attention his harness wears out only half its days. His barn and sheds go to rack for the want of paint. Where the hoop-rot could be stopped in the first sheep if he were posted, he stops it in the thirtieth. The farmer who gets his agricultural hints from the almanac loses his hogs by cholera, his fowls by the pip, and his horses slobber from his gate to the village store and back. Let a man run your farm on business principles and the fence corners would not take up four acres out of every forty; there would be no old typhoid fever and doctor's bills. Those leaks in the roof of the barn would not spoil three or four tons of hay next year; the want of an eave-trough on the house would not cave in the cellar walls; the first sign of disease among the live stock would be promptly treated; tools and implements of every sort should be carefully housed and

Well I am going to shock you. I'd have the harness oiled and buggies and wagons washed once a week. I'd have a lawn about the house, and a nice display of flowers and shrubs; I'd give a party now and then, and I'd encourage meetings of farmers once or twice a month, not to kick about railroad freights or jaw about politics, but to post each other on farm work and the best way to manage it.

But about the boy? Intelligence and energy rightly applied to farm labor would give every farmer's boy a holiday in every week in the year. Let him go fishing or hunting, or swimming or riding. Let him go to town and consult buyers and sellers and post up. Let him have books and papers and tools. Give him a chance to earn something and own something. Surprise him some day by the statement that he is not a slave whose only return for his hard work are sloop clothes, cheap fare and a poor lodging. Surprise him still more by asking his opinion now and then, and by giving him a chance to prove his theories.

Our best and brightest public men were the sons of farmers, but in too many cases they either ran away or were driven from home. Had they remained they would have never been known outside the county.

The Moss Industry.

Among the diversified industries of Louisiana that of moss is not the least interesting nor least important. New Orleans receives annually about 20,000 bales, valued at say \$175,000. Of these receipts some 12,000 bales are rehandled by the city moss gins, and the remainder is sold or shipped in the condition in which it is landed. The forests and swamps of Louisiana are stocked with an unlimited supply of the fibre. That procured from the live oak tree is the better quality. The gatherers of green moss heap it up on piles, wet it and weigh it down with earth or logs, and the heat generated by the decaying bark surrounding the fibre hastens the process of curing, and in two or three months, according to varying seasons, the decomposition is complete. The moss is then turned out and dried, cleaned by hand of sticks and dirt, and baled and shipped. Live-oak moss so cured and carefully cleaned commands readily four cents per pound. In passing the moss through the gins there is a loss of about forty per cent, in weight, but when the black moss comes out it looks as clean and glossy as the finest and blackest hair. The moss is turned out from the gin in neat looking bales, branded according to quality, and shipped in orders all over the country. Its price is not as high as it was a few years ago, various cheap substitutes having been brought in competition with it.

The new comet just announced by Prof. Brooks makes the ninth that he has discovered during the past five years. It is the third comet discovered this year, and with the last one announced in 1853, makes four comets in succession detected by this one observer. The two most recent discoveries of Prof. Brooks were made within four days of each other, and were visible at the same time as the one found earlier in the year. It is the first time, we believe, that one astronomer has had three comets of his own finding visible at the same period.