

Now.
Rise! for the day is passing;
While you lie dreaming on,
The others have buckled their armor
And forth to the fight are gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each a man has some part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future.
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise if the past tortains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless over,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back; strive to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing!
The low sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is here.
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike you at last
When from dreams of a coming battle
You may wake to find it past!
—Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Colonel Marshall's Wheatfield.

Just one hundred years ago, on the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, there sat, in the vine-covered porch of a large mansion, on the bank of the Mohawk, two young ladies.

Both were beautiful. One was a dainty little lady with blue eyes, yellow hair, and a plump form neatly attired in a quilted petticoat of dark blue silk, over which was looped a robe of soft gray. A muslin kerchief of a spotless white folded about her neck, and a pair of high-heeled slippers completed her toilet.

Her sister formed a striking contrast. A tall, slender girl, with dark eyes and hair, and an olive complexion, brightened by the vivid carmine of lips and cheeks. She was also attired richly, wearing a robe of crimson silk over a quilted skirt of black.

These two young ladies were the daughters of Colonel Marshall, a noble patriot of the revolution, whose age and infirmities alone prevented him from going forth to fight for a cause, which, however, he strove to support in every other way. His daughters shared his patriotic opinions. In all the wide land there were no women more strongly devoted to American liberty than Dora and Diana Marshall.

On the afternoon of which we speak they had come out upon the porch to enjoy the beautiful scenery and fresh, invigorating air.

"How peaceful it all is," Dora observed, musingly, gazing upon the rolling meadows and shining river.

"Yes," said Diana, "I cannot realize that some day, perhaps not so far distant, all this peace and plenty may fall under the devastating hand of the enemy."

"What! Is there really a possibility of that, think you?" inquired Dora.

"I fear there may be. Only yesterday black Pete told father that Silas Ambrose, the scout, who has returned wounded, informed him that he firmly believed that it was the intention of the British to send a party of Tories and Indians to ravish our beautiful valley."

"What did father say?"

"Oh, he looked grave, and, I believe, Dora, that his main design in riding down to the Ambroses to-day, was to question Silas."

"And isn't that father returning now?" hastily inquired Dora, turning her eyes down the road.

"Ah, yes; but why does he ride at such a terrible pace?"

"Oh, God!" cried Dora, excitedly. "See! he is pursued by Tories and Indians! And, oh, look! One is raising a musket to shoot! Merciful heaven, spare my father!" and Dora clasped her white hands imploringly.

It was a moment of awful suspense. Dashing along the road, with his noble head bare, his gray locks flying, was the old colonel, and, close behind him in swift pursuit, like a pack of hell-hounds, were the savages, yelling with murderous cries. Racer, the colonel's horse, dashed on as if he knew it was a case of life or death, but, alas! he could not outstrip the leaden messenger which now flew from the gun of one of the savages and buried itself in the brave heart of the old colonel, who reeled and fell from his horse just as he reached his gate. His noble horse stopped directly, and stood looking at his fallen master with an almost human expression of pity in his great eyes.

The foremost of the enemy, a brawny savage, hideously painted, sprang from his saddle with the intention of scalping the luckless colonel. Diana, suspecting his design, rushed down the path, crying:

"Stop, stop!"

For a minute he was struck by her beauty and commanding appearance, and then, uttering an "Ugh!" he approached her; but like a lioness defending her young, Diana guarded the body of her father. Dora, too, who had now reached the scene, with tears and pathetic gestures strove to ward away the savage.

Just then the remainder of the party rode up—two British officers, one about forty, the other twenty-five or thirty—two Tories, and eighteen or twenty Indians.

Diana immediately addressed the elder of the two officers.

"Sir," she said, "our father is dead. May we beg the privilege of having his remains unmolested?"

The officer bowed low, and over his coarse face stole an expression of wonder and admiration.

"Lady," he said, "the prayers of the beautiful ought always to be answered; but you know the rules of

savage warfare. An Indian always considers himself entitled to the scalp of a fallen foe. But on one condition will I prevent his doing thus in this case."

"What is the condition?" Diana asked, coldly, for she had taken a sudden dislike to the man.

"The condition, lady, is that you will give me one kiss from those red lips of yours. Jove! but they are the sweetest I have ever seen!"

Diana drew herself up proudly, "Sir!" she said, haughtily. "You are no gentleman!"

"Hey dey! Do you know that I am Major Gridley; of his majesty's army. Pray recollect the uniform I wear!"

"I repeat that you are no gentleman. If you were, you wouldn't insult a girl when her only protector lies dead at her feet. Oh, shame!"

"Hold your tongue, you saucy mix!" cried the major, his face red with rage.

"Here, Arrowhead," turning to the Indian who had shot the colonel, "finish your business."

With a grim smile and a grunt of approval, Arrowhead stepped forward, and then Dora interposed. In piteous accents, she addressed the younger of the two officers.

"Oh, sir! I beg you, let our honored father's remains be undisturbed, and heaven will surely bless you! Have pity! Oh, have pity!"

The officer, whose face was noble as well as handsome, seemed moved by her appeal, and turning to Major Gridley, he said, in low tones: "My dear sir, had you not better order Arrowhead to desist? I fear General C— will blame us if we allow this brutality. We must recollect that Colonel Marshall was respected even by his enemies."

"Well, well, Harley, my boy, perhaps you are right," motioning Arrowhead to desist. "Anyhow, that pretty, black-eyed girl looks as though she'd murder us all. And we haven't time to waste over a scene. Our men want their dinner, and after that we must ride yonder wheatfield of its loaded ears. Jove! what rejoicing there'll be when we carry all that grain back to camp!"

Major Gridley ordered the body of the colonel to be carried up to the house, and Captain Harley and one of the Tories volunteered to do this, and Dora assisted by supporting the head of her father, on whose gray hairs she dropped many a tear.

Major Gridley slighted his horse and persisted in walking beside Diana, who treated him with the utmost haughtiness. At last, stung by her scorn, he said, angrily:

"I'll break your high spirit, my young lady!" and upon reaching the house he locked her in one of the upper rooms, tell her that when she made up her mind to treat one of his majesty's officers with proper respect he would let her out. Otherwise there was a prospect of her traveling to Canada as a prisoner.

Scarcely had the key turned upon her before Diana's womanly wits were at work to find some way whereby she might thwart the pompous major.

"I have it!" she presently exclaimed. "I heard him speak about the wheatfield. If he thinks the British are going to have the benefit of that he is mistaken."

Going to the window and looking out, she continued:

"I suppose he thought he had me safe up here. Bah! I have climbed this cherry tree too often! It reaches way up to the window. The major and his crew are all in the dining-room on the other side of the house, so they won't see me."

With one little bound, Diana was out of the window and in the tree. Scrambling down among its branches, she soon reached the ground. Stealing cautiously around the house, she peeped into the kitchen; no one was there except old Mammy Lucrece, whose face shone with perspiration as she bent over the fire at her cooking.

"Mammy!" whispered Diana.

"Bress us, chile! Is that you?"

"Yes, mammy. What are you doing?"

"Fryin' flapjacks—and, de Lord preserve us! dis is de seventh plate of dem I've made! And de meat and bread and vegetables and cider dem pesky Britishers has done made away wid would make yer brack eyes stare! I've had to do all de cookin' myself, for Lizzy and Sue and Wenus hurried off when dey see red coats comin'. I didn't go, for I was determined to stand by you gals. Dat pesky Major Gridley done wear so! De oder officer am a gen'lman, and he am helping yer pore sister watch wid de dead colonel. Oh, deary me, that I should live to see my old massa murdered! But what can I do for yo, Miss Di?"

"Nothing, mammy, only give me some lighted brands from your fire. I'll put them in this pan. May I?"

"Sartin. But what be yer po' ter do, chile? Nothin' rash, I hope?"—anxiously.

"Don't worry, mammy; I'll do nothing that my poor father would disapprove; and, taking the pan and glowing coals, Diana hurried away, bent on carrying out her purpose.

"She's mad, she is," quoth Mammy Lucrece, as with a deontons twist she turned another flapjack. "Far his spirit she is de colonel's own darter. Hark! Dere's dat Major Gridley hollerin' fur more flapjacks. Gracious! I wish he'd done choke himself wid one!"

Meanwhile, with swift steps Diana was speeding along. She reached the barn, and paused there long enough to gather an armful of dried hay. Bearing it in her arms, she continued on her way to the wheatfield. A pleasing sight of plenty was this army of golden grain.

"What a pity to destroy it!" thought Diana. "Yet better than have the British enjoy it."

She carefully arranged the dried hay in little heaps here and there, and applied the red coals to them. There had been no rain for several days, and it was not long before the whole wheatfield was in a blaze. Seeing that her task was completed, Diana hastened back to the house and entered her chamber by the way she had left it.

Major Gridley and his men had been so busy gormandizing that it was some time before they knew of the fire. All rushed out to check the flames, but in vain; the destroying element had already passed over the wheatfield, leaving only a few black, smoldering remains. "Who did this?" angrily demanded the major, stalking about in an infuriated manner.

"Some of the servants, probably," suggested one of the soldiers.

"Where are Colonel Marshall's servants?" addressing Mammy Lucrece, who, with terrified eyes, clasped hands, and turban all awry, was standing in the kitchen doorway. "Oh, dey all run when dey see you comin'!" she stammered in reply.

"Then you must have set the wheat afire, you vixen!"

"Oh, Lord bless ye, I didn't! How could I, when I was fryin' flapjacks all de while?"

"Jove, that's so! But did you see any one set fire to it?"

"No, sah!"

"Do you know who did it?"

"This was a poser. Mammy Lucrece was very religious, and not to save her skin would she tell a lie. She did know who was the incendiary—at least she felt certain that it was Diana. But betray her young mistress! Never! And so she stood silent."

"Why don't you answer?" roared the major.

"I can't answer, please, sah."

"If you don't answer in five minutes I'll have my Indians tie you to a tree and give you a good beating!" said the major, brutally. Yet not even this threat made poor mammy speak. She folded her arms firmly across her breast, and stood in respectful silence.

Time passed on. At last Major Gridley said, shortly:

"Time's up. Maybe, wench, you don't think I mean what I say!" and with an oath he ordered two savages to bind Mammy Lucrece to the cherry-tree. They had taken but one step toward her when there was a slight noise overhead as of a window-shutter thrown open, and a clear voice called out:

"Major Gridley!"

All glanced up, and there, at the second-story window, was the face of Diana. With flashing black eyes she continued:

"Major Gridley, you will let that old woman free. She did not burn the wheatfield—I did that myself, sir," with a saucy, defiant bow that set all her jetty curls a-flutter.

"You!" exclaimed the major, in astonishment. "How could you get out of your room?"

"Oh, we American girls can climb," Diana replied nonchalantly.

"Curse you! I wonder if you can walk as well," sputtered the major. "I will give you the privilege of trying, for this very afternoon you will start with us, as our prisoner, for Canada!"

"Scarcely!" said Diana, with a gay laugh. "I don't believe you will start for Canada to-day, my dear major. Allow me to ask you to glance behind you."

Major Gridley and his companions hastily glanced around them. They had been so absorbed in the scene before them that they had not noticed a party of American soldiers who had silently stolen in the gate and surrounded them.

Silas Ambrose, who had known that Colonel Marshall was pursued on his homeward journey, had sent to the American camp for aid. A party had been immediately sent out to the rescue.

To say that Major Gridley was surprised would be to express our meaning very tamely. Resistance was useless, as he and his soldiers had left their arms in the house. A surrender was the only alternative, and this the major accepted with many oaths.

At the request of Dora and Diana, the young officer, Captain Harley, who had been so kind to them, was allowed to go free. After the war was over, he returned to America to woo and win the golden-haired Dora.

Diana became the wife of a general in the American army, and with her wit and beauty was one of the chief ornaments of the circle by which President and Lady Washington were surrounded.

Crotchety People.

America knows something of crotchety people. It was a crotchety notion of ours when we made up that tea-party in Boston. We are all the result of crotchety notions. There is no walk in life in which we do not find crotchety people. First, there is your growler, the man who is never satisfied with anything or anybody. His dinner is done too much or it is done too little. He is miserable himself and makes every one around him miserable. Another class of growlers is the crotchety young fellow who comes home to dinner and asks his young wife, "How did you cook that, my dear?" She tells him she did it so and so, and he replies, "Ah, if you only knew how my dear mother used to do it." If you build a house and call in a friend to look at it, ten to one he will tell you how he could have improved it. He would put a door here and a closet there, etc. So it will be seen that no two people arrive at the same conclusion. As proof that the work a person is engaged in has its effect upon the mind, the professor referred to an actor and author of his acquaintance who wrote a farce entitled "Hypochondria," and through his labors upon it came to be one himself, and afterward wrote the "Black Crook." Then there is the melancholy man, the man with a very long face, as if he hadn't a friend in the world. Give me the man who can laugh—that man who passes through the world like the sun's rays. He didn't mean the man who chuckles, or he who utters the horse laugh, but he of the joyous, hearty laugh.—From *Lecture by Professor Evans in Utica.*

Bankrupt Laws.

The national bankrupt law of the United States has of late given place to the State insolvent and assignment laws. The States and Territories which have such laws embrace all the New England States, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, North Carolina, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Wisconsin, Arkansas, California, Dakota, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, Missouri, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. In Delaware an arrested debtor may procure a discharge by surrendering all his property, under special regulations. In the following States and Territories there is neither an insolvent nor assignment law, namely: Alabama, Colorado, Connecticut, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Utah, Wyoming and Washington.—*New York Morning Herald.*

SIXTEEN YEARS OF FRANCES.

One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record—Miss Jennie Smith, the Ohio Invalid—Hoopless, Blindness, Speechless, Her Story.

Miss Jennie Smith was born in Clark county, Ohio, in 1842, being one of a family of nine children. Her parents were in moderate circumstances, entirely reputable in character, and attendants at an established church. From a child she was seriously inclined and disposed to meditate upon religious themes, which was caused, doubtless, by the number of alarming maladies to which she was subject. At the age of sixteen she had the typhoid fever, which settled in her back and resulted in a spinal disease. From this time Miss Smith was confirmed invalid, possibly in part by reason of a great variety of domestic calamities, a broken marriage engagement, the attempted suicide of her father, the loss of property, and a number of deaths in rapid succession in the domestic circle. She was under the treatment of several physicians, but grew rapidly worse, and at last became perfectly helpless. Lying upon her back in bed, occasionally she had what she called "sinking spells," in which she was seemingly lifeless, but was filled with remarkable visions of heaven, "seeing the green pastures and being led by the still waters." In February, 1867, her physician told her that she could not live another day at which she rejoiced, as her sufferings had been so great. The prolongation of her life was considered a miracle, as she had lost her speech, and could only move her hands. As her mother—to whose care and support she seems to have been left at this period of life—was in very great poverty, all the invalid's strength was employed in making fancy work, which was purchased by her friends, and afterward, when she recovered her speech, she had some pupils whom she taught from her sick bed. The excitement of teaching made her much worse, and in 1865 she was carried to Urbana, O., to be placed under the treatment of Dr. Newton, who had some theories in regard to medical practice at that time which were quite novel, especially in the treatment of patients by electricity. No good results, however, were produced in Miss Smith's case, as her back was so paralyzed that after using the battery for three or four hours she was insensible to its effects. From this time Miss Smith kept a journal of her peculiar ailments.

The following year her physical condition seemed to change. Her back and limbs became so sensitive that it was almost impossible to move her, and eyesight failed; but, as she says, "her spiritual sight brightened" as she became physically blind. This blindness came and went, apparently, as sometimes she could see as of a distance, and again she could not see in some supernatural way. Electricity was resorted to a second time, and with some success, but she was afflicted with many diseases besides that of her spine, which made her wonder of the whole neighborhood, it being regarded as so strange that a mortal could be so afflicted and survive. Miss Smith drew the plan of a cot, which a Mr. Blackburn improved upon and afterward patented as an invalid chair. From this time the poor invalid lived in her chair or cot on wheels, going by car or steamer when sufficiently convalescent to various parts of the country near her; always having visions and developing the spiritual part of her being, while the material or physical seemed slowly dying. She attended camp-meetings at which people gathered about her to hear her talk and pray, and to learn that she was fast as a means of grace. In 1870 her paroxysms increased, so that at times her body was bent nearly double; it often required six persons to keep her in her chair; she suffered also from tetanus; and the more severe her illness, the more remarkably her mind seemed to be affected, and her visions were brighter and more wonderful. The intervals between her paroxysms were occupied in some literary work which had ready sale. In 1873 her brain became incapacitated for mental labor, and again for days and weeks she was entirely helpless, blind and speechless. From this condition she again rallied. In 1875 she underwent a new kind of medical treatment. Her whole physical condition seemed now to change, and she had new and alarming symptoms. One day while her friends were gathered around her trying to alleviate her pain, the terrible twitching of her muscles ceased, her system relaxed, and she breathed easily. She attributed this result to the prayers which were offered for her at the time. From that hour she gradually recovered, and is now residing in this city in good health.

Miss Smith has written a little volume, which she calls "Valley of Baca; a Record of Suffering and Triumph." There is a picture of her in this book, as she appeared when she lay in her invalid chair. The introduction was written by her former pastor, Thomas H. Pease, of Dayton, Ohio.—*New York Star.*

Setting the Fashion.

"Whence come the fashions?" is a question often asked. "Causeur" tells in the Boston Transcript where one fashion came from: Several years ago a leading New York house imported, through a bungler, a large amount of a certain very ugly material which would not sell, and lay dead upon their hands. Something had to be done. The proprietors of one or two fashion papers were interviewed. The next week their columns told thousands of eager readers that there had recently been shown a new and stylish fabric which promised to be very fashionable; and the statement was widely copied by the daily press. Retail dealers found their customers inquiring for it, and sought it of the jobbers. The jobbers in turn sought it of the importers, who quickly unloaded their whole stock at a handsome profit. The goods were voted "beautiful" and "stylish" and the fabric in question was "the rage" for a time. Just how much the fashion papers were paid was never divulged. All of which shows how one fashion was "set," and "what fools these mortals be."

The Malay Sword-Dance.

While on a cruise among the islands of the Malay archipelago, our ship put in at Batavia for a week's repairs. Batavia is the Dutch capital of Java, and its Dutch architecture, and Dutch manners of living, make one feel as if every house had been built in far-away Amsterdam, then boxed up, people, furniture, and all, and sent by ship across the waters. So, to know anything of the natives to whom this great, beautiful island originally belonged, of their habits, dress and amusements, one must visit the Malayan settlements of the interior; and a little party of us determined thus to spend the week of our ship's stay at Batavia.

We had made the acquaintance of a petty chieftain, who had once been in the service of the rajah of Djokjakarta; and for a small fee, Selim introduced our party to the court of his former master.

Here, one day, we had an opportunity of witnessing the "sword-dance" of the Malays, the most noted of all their national dances. Ordinarily, it is performed by some thirty or forty ten-year old lads, who are trained to their vocation from a very early age; but who practice it in public only for a year or so, before they are set aside as no longer sufficiently light and agile for this peculiar dance. The boys are rigged out in very fantastic costume, their hats especially, which are fancifully adorned with the plumage of many-colored birds, intermingled with brightly gleaming jewels. The only weapons used are wooden swords; but the youthful gymnasts seem thoroughly in earnest, and rush upon one another with all the fury of real combatants, their eyes gleaming fiercely, and their dark faces glowing with excitement. They all brandish their swords with great dexterity, dealing blows sidewise, and even backward while they are in the very act of whirling round the room in a rapid gallop. Their motions are not less graceful than enthusiastic; and though the company is numerous, none seem taken unawares, nor is there even the slightest apparent confusion. Sometimes single combats follow the general engagement, each selecting his own opponent; but the boys are so well matched in regard to size, and all are so perfectly trained, that really there seems little advantage to be gained. The grand climax of the whole affair is to force two of their leaders into a corner, surround them with a circle of crossed swords, and hold them prisoners until one or the other succeeds in gaining possession of his opponent's weapon. The victor then receives as a prize a real sword, and is thenceforth honorably discharged from further trials of his skill; while the unfortunate lad who permitted himself to be disarmed, has to go through an additional season of probation.

The ordinary dress of the lower class of Malays is very simple; consisting for the most part of a long, loose "sarong," or petticoat, in place of trousers, and a tight-fitting jacket of white or red cotton; but the garb of the princess is very gorgeous. The rajahs wear sarongs of heavy silk, jackets of velvet richly embroidered in gold and tiny seed-pearls, and jeweled girdles that seemed all ablaze with diamonds. Both turbans and sandals were adorned in the same costly fashion; and as for the creese or serpentine dagger, without which a Malay, whatever his rank, never appears, those of the rajahs were marvels of costly workmanship. The display of wealth in the palaces of these native chiefs was far beyond what we expected to find; but we learned afterward that Malayan "sultans" are pirate chiefs as well; and though they don't in person rob or murder on the high seas, they derive enormous revenues from the piratical borders that everywhere invest the Malay archipelago.—*St. Nicholas.*

Short, but Satisfactory.

Writing from Greenfield, Conn., Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler relates the following marriage incident there in "ye olden time":

Rev. Steven Mix made a journey to Northampton, in 1696, in search of a wife. He arrived at Rev. Solomon Stoddard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and that the pressure of home duties required the utmost dispatch.

Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther, Christiana, Rebekah and Hannah, and then retired.

Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter, said he lately had been settled in Wethersfield, and was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by offering her his heart and hand. She blushing replied that so important a proposition required time for consideration.

He rejoined that he was pleased that she asked for suitable time for reflection, and in order to afford her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal, he would step into an adjoining room and smoke a pipe with her father, and she could report to him. Having smoked his pipe, and sent a message to Miss Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in and asked for further time for consideration.

He replied that she could reflect still longer on the subject, and send her answer to Wethersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply, which is probably the most laconic epistle of the kind ever penned. Here is the model letter, which was soon followed by a wedding:

"NORTHAMPTON, 1696.
"Rev. Stephen Mix:—Yes.
"MARY STODDARD."

The matrimonial Mix-ture took place on the first of December, 1696, and proved to be compounded of the most congenial elements.

The Death of a Lake.

John Muir, in *Scribner*, thus describes the sudden death of a California mountain lake: A few lakes unfortunately situated are extinguished suddenly by a single swoop of an avalanche, carrying down immense numbers of trees, together with the soil they were growing upon. Others are obliterated by landslips, earthquake taluses, etc., but these lake-deaths compared with those resulting from the deliberate and incessant deposition of sediments, may be termed accidental. Their fate is like that of trees struck by lightning.

CHINESE CHARMS.

It may be said of the Chinese that, from the cradle to the grave, the life of each is an endless chain of superstitious observances, of idol and myth worship, and of perpetual effort to ward off the malign influence or evil spirits. The following are a few samples of the charms used for this purpose:

As a general rule, anything red is serviceable in this way. To mark the "stops" in a book with red ink will keep away evil spirits from the reader; so, also, will pieces of red rag or strings. As those wicked spirits very often mutilate little boys unless they are duly armed against them, parents stitch a piece of red cloth in the pockets of the little fellows and braid the queue with a piece of red silk to prevent fiends from cutting it off. Yellow paper is also very efficacious. Slips of this paper, six to twelve inches long, inscribed with red or black ink, are suspended on bed curtains, or it is burnt and the ashes mingled with tea or hot water and drunk as a specific against evil influences. Ancient coins are very good also. They are tied to the wrists of new-born babes, and put under the bed of the newly-married. The small point of an old iron plowshare will do if the coin is not convenient, for iron of any kind is potent against spirits. A knife that has been used in killing a person is very excellent. Iron nails that have been used in sealing a coffin are not amiss, if carried in the pocket or braided into the queue; or they may be beaten into a ring and worn in that shape until a boy is sixteen years old.

Yet, excellent as are these remedies, they are used only on the defensive; but, as the fiend may feel more or less emboldened by mere defensive tactics alone, an aggressive policy is often adopted, especially in the case of a man lying sick in bed. For this purpose a hempen whip is made in the shape of a snake, with which the bed and bedstead are well whipped and the lurking spirits made to take a hasty exit. Evil spirits are much addicted to the malicious practice of injuring houses in course of erection. To put a stop to their pranks, a piece of red or yellow paper, duly inscribed with the proper formula, is tied to the ridge-pole, or a small bag of red silk or cotton is used instead, containing five kinds of grain in honor of five successive emperors, or five iron nails of different lengths. Another very excellent safeguard against evil spirits is a picture of a flying tiger, the spirits being much afraid of that ferocious feline. A lion grasping a naked sword is good; but two lions coming down a hill, the sun and moon between them, are much better. A cat made of lime and burnt clay, and looking at something at a distance, is efficacious; or three paper arrows, or a paper boy in the attitude of shooting an arrow, or an earthen lion, either of these are also good.

The shell of a gourd is suspended by the bed of children who have not yet had the small-pox, on the last night of the year, because the god of measles will empty the small-pox into the shell if he is placed convenient to his hand. But the better plan is to cover the child's face with an ugly mask, and then the god measles, who is mischievously addicted to spoiling pretty faces, will not think it worth while to waste his small-pox upon so ugly a child, and will pass him by. The fiend is thus tricked out of his victim. The combined pictures of a tiger, lizard, centipede, snake and an unknown animal with three feet, suspended round the neck, keep off colic. A mirror, suspended to a bed-curtain, face outward, will keep Satan away, because, on approaching the room, he will see himself reflected in the glass, and, shocked with his own ugliness, will hide himself in some deep cavern until he forgets the fright.

Of the innumerable omens of good or evil which the provident gods deign to manifest, a few here are given: The magpie is a bird of good omen; and hence if a man is projecting, say an investment in stocks, and hears the voice of this bird, it is a sure sign that stocks will go up and that his investment will be a success. A crow, on the other hand, is a bird of evil omen. A strange dog coming to take up his quarters with a family is a sign of prosperity. The coming of a cat is an evil omen, because the feline instinct points out the whereabouts of rats and mice, and these creatures have a preference for dilapidated houses. A crowing hen and a whistling woman are both bad omens—both being unnatural, and whatever is unnatural is also unlucky. A cock crowing before midnight is another bad omen, and will soon be killed or sold.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Getting Rid of Rats.

A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* gives one or two valuable hints for ridding premises of rats. One very good plan, he says, is to nail a red herring on the wall of the warehouse or place infested, about eighteen inches from the floor; on this, a little to one side, beneath the fish, place a brick or piece of wood near the wall. At an equal distance on the other side set an ordinary steel snap-trap not baited. The rats, in jumping off from the brick to get at the herring, after a few attempts are sure to fall down in the trap. This is a good permanent plan, as it is somewhat above their comprehension. If rats have undermined the foundation walls, which they do sometimes to such an extent as to endanger the building, it is of no use to attempt to stop them out by tamping their burrows with broken glass bottles, for they work diligently to make fresh ones. A better way is to put a shovelful of dry sand over every hole. The rats soon come up through this, but in so doing let half the sand into the burrow, which, unlike earth, they cannot either force or carry up again, and by repeating this at every fresh opening place their runs become quite filled up, and they make up your foundations again. By this means I have known a granary that was terribly infested with rats quite cleared of them. All their burrows being at last filled with sand they were compelled to take themselves elsewhere.

An Idea of the Importance of the Potato Crop in Maine.

From the fact that the farmers in Aroostook county realize from \$165,000 to \$170,000 yearly from that crop.