

Our Year.

[Written by Hattie Hammond, thirteen years old, of Kosciusko, Miss.]
January, so bleak and drear,
With icy breath and snow-clad wing,
First reigns supreme; then leaves his throne
For a milder than his own—
Who only can his praises sing.
Then February brings with her
No balmy air, or fragrant flowers,
But blasts so wild, that thro' the trees,
They rudely blow, and scatter leaves
That once were green from sun and showers
But March winds now are whistling loud,
And passing by they leave their trace
Of chilly air and frost work fine
Upon our panes; which Father Time,
With magic wand, will soon efface.
Next come the gentle April showers,
Which clothe the fields in garbs of green,
While in the meadow, flowers bright
Spring up from darkness into light,
And are rob'd in their brightest sheen.
But April soon gives way to May,
Who comes with dainty graceful tread,
And brings rich buds and blossoms rare,
With balmy days, both bright and fair.
And sunny skies above her head.
And May to June with roses crowned,
Who brings the clear and pebbly brooks,
The leafy trees, the summer birds,
Whose singing o'er the wood is heard,
From every deep, sequestered nook.
July beams down upon us next,
With kindly smiles and cheerful face,
Her blazing sun, so warm and bright,
And skies of blue with fleecy white,
No lowering cloud in them we trace.
But August now bids July haste,
And leave for her, the sultry sun,
That makes the dainty flowers fold
Their petals bright, of red and gold—
And then her fleeting race is run.
The month of harvest time has come
September, with her golden glow
Of autumn leaves, with berries red,
In graceful wreaths twined round her head,
And festive garlands hanging low.
October's sun now floods the sky,
With streaks of red, both rich and light;
But soon to fade and pass away.
Like man's fleet-winged and sunny day,
Yet glowing the deeper in its might.
October's sun has ceased to shine
And flood the sky with crimson bright,
November, dreary queen, has come,
To gather her broad harvest home,
And yield her scepter, now, with might
December, saddest queen of all,
Your time to reign has come!
But soon in death your eyes will close,
And you will gather sweet repose—
While angel forms will bear you home!

THE WAY TO WIN.

Edward Stone stood impatiently upon the top step of his Uncle Dan's stately residence. There was not the slightest sign of life anywhere around; the whole front part of the house was closed and darkened; and having rang several times without eliciting any response, he was about to conclude that there was no one within hearing, when a head was thrust out of one of the upper windows.
"Young man, go round to the side door."
Considerably startled by this unexpected address, the young man obeyed. Upon the porch, brushing away the leaves that covered it, was a young girl of fifteen. She looked very pretty as she stood there, the bright autumnal sunshine falling on the round white arms and uncovered head.
Setting down her broom, she ushered him into a medium-sized, plainly-furnished room, which gave no indication of the reputed wealth of its owner.
The young man took a seat, brushed a few flecks of dust from the lapel of his coat, ran his fingers through his carefully arranged locks, and thus delivered himself:
"Tell your master that his nephew, Edward Stone, is here."
A faint smile touched the rosy lips and, with a demure "Yes, sir," the girl vanished.
A few minutes later an elderly gentleman entered, with intelligent, strongly marked features, and a shrewd look in his eye, which seemed to take the mental measure of his visitors at a glance.
"Well, sir, what is your business with me?"
"I am your nephew, Edward Stone."
"So my daughter told me. What do you want?"
"I came to pay my respects to you, sir."
"Yes; but what do you want me to do for you?"
"I was thinking of going into business, and thought I would come and talk it over with you and ask you to give me a lift."
"What better capital do you want than you already have? A strong, able bodied young man wanting a lift? You ought to be ashamed of yourself? What have you been doing?"
Edward's face flushed with anger at this uncomely language; but, feeling that he could not afford to quarrel with his wealthy relative, he gave no other indication of it.
"I've been in a store since I left school, two years ago."
"Saved nothing from your salary, I suppose?"
"No; it's only five hundred—not more than enough for my expenses."
"Humph! You are able to dress yourself out of it, I perceive. I have known men to rear and educate a large family on five hundred a year, and if you have been unable to save anything, you certainly are not fit to go into business on your own account. When I

was at your age, my income was less than three hundred, and I saved half of it. What is the business you want to engage in?"
"Stationery and books. Six hundred dollars will buy it, as the owner is obliged to sell; a rare chance. I don't ask you to give me the amount, only to lend it; I will give my note, with interest."
"Young man, I have several such papers already. You can have all of them for five dollars, and I warn you that it will prove a bad investment at that. I can give you some advice though, which, if you'll follow, will be worth to you a good many times over the amount you ask. But you won't do it."
"How do you know that?" said Edward, with a smile, who began to feel more at home with his eccentric relative. "I'd like to hear it, any way."
"Well, here it is. Go back to your place in the store, and save three dollars a week from your salary, which you can easily do; learning, in the meantime all you possibly can in regard to the business you intend to pursue. At the end of four years you will have the capital you seek, together with sufficient experience and judgment to know how to use it. And, better still, it will be yours, earned by your own industry and self-denial, and worth more to you than ten times that amount got in any other way. Then come and see me again. You'd rather have my money than advice, I dare say," added Mr. Stone, as Edward arose to go; "but we'll be better friends four years hence than if I let you have it. Sit down, nephew; the train you will have to take won't leave until six in the evening. You must stay to tea; I want you to see what a complete little housekeeper I have, and make you acquainted with her."
"Polly!" he cried out, opening the door into the hall.
In prompt obedience to this summons, a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed girl tripped in. The neat print dress had been exchanged for a pretty merino, but our hero did not fail to recognize her, and his face flushed painfully as he did so.
"Polly," continued her father, "this is your cousin Edward. He leaves on the six o'clock train, and I want you to make his short stay with us as pleasant as possible. Polly's my little housekeeper," he added, turning to his nephew; "I hire a woman for the rough work, and she does all the rest. When she's eighteen she shall have all the servants she wants, but she must serve her apprenticeship first. It may stand her in good stead; she may take it into her head to marry some poor man, as her mother did before her. Eh! my girl?"
Mary's only reply to this was a smile and a blush. Our hero was considerably embarrassed by the recollection of the mistake he had made; but the quietly cordial greeting of his young hostess soon put him completely at his ease.
At her father's request—who was very proud of his daughter's varied accomplishments—Mary sang and played for her cousin; and his visit ended in singular contrast to the stormy way it commenced. Edward refused the five-dollar note tendered to him by his uncle at parting, for his traveling expenses.
The old man smiled as he returned the note to his pocketbook.
"He's a sensible young chap, after all," he remarked to his daughter, as the door closed after their guest. "It's in him, if it only can be brought out. We shall see—we shall see."
"A good deal for father to say," was Mary's inward comment, who thought her cousin the most agreeable young man she had ever met.
Three years later Mr. Stone, and his daughter paused in front of a small but neat and pleasant-looking shop, on the plate-glass door of which were these words:
EDWARD STONE,
STATIONERY AND BOOK-STORE.
It being too early in the day for customers, they found the proprietor alone, whose flushed face with pride and pleasure he greeted them.
"I got your card, nephew," said the old man, with a cordial grasp of the hand, "and called round to see how you were getting on. I thought it was about time I gave you the little lift you asked of me three years ago. You don't look much as if you needed it, though."
"Not at present, thank you, uncle," was the cheerful response. "Curiously enough, it is the same business that I wanted to buy then. The man who took it had to borrow money to purchase it with, getting so much involved that he had to sell at a sacrifice."
"Just what you wanted to do," Edward smiled at the point made by his uncle.
"It isn't what I've done, though. I've saved four dollars a week from my salary for the last three years; and so was not only able to pay the money down, but had fifty dollars besides."
"Bravo!" cried the delighted old man, with another grasp of the hand that made our hero wince. "I am proud of you! You're bound to succeed, I see, and without anybody's help. I told your Cousin Polly that, when she was eighteen, I'd buy her a house in the city; that she should furnish it to suit herself, and have all the servants she wanted, and I've kept my word. Come round and see us whenever you can; you'll always find the latch-string out."
Edward did not fail to accept the invitation so frankly extended, a very pleasant intimacy growing up between the three during the twelve months that followed. Our hero's business grew and prospered, until he began to think

of removing to a larger place. His uncle had given him several liberal orders, as well as sent him a number of customers, but said nothing more about assisting him in any other way until Christmas eve. Entering the room, where Edward and his daughter were sitting, he said:
"I mustn't delay any longer the 'little lift' I promised you, nephew, and which you have well earned!"
Edward glanced from the five-thousand-dollar check to the lovely face at his side, and then to that of the speaker.
"You are very kind, uncle—far kinder than I deserve; but—"
"But what, lad? Speak out! Would you prefer it in some other form?"
Edward's fingers closed tenderly and strongly over the hand that he had taken in his.
"Yes, uncle—in this."
The old man looked keenly from one to the other.
"You are asking a good deal, nephew. Polly, have you been encouraging this young man in his presumption?"
"I'm afraid I have, father," was the smiling response.
The father's eyes moistened.
"Then go my daughter. I give you to worthy keeping, and if you make your husband's share as happy as your mother made mine during the few short years that she tarried by my side, he will be blessed indeed."
Bread Making in Spain.
The bread in the south of Spain is delicious; it is white as snow, close as cake, and yet very light; the flour is most admirable, for the wheat is good and pure, and the bread well kneaded. The way they make this bread is as follows: From large, long panniers filled with wheat they take out a handful at a time, sorting it most carefully and expeditiously, and throwing every defective grain into another basket. This done, the wheat is ground between two circular stones as it was ground in Egypt two thousand years ago, the requisite rotary motion being given by a blindfolded mule, which paces around and around with untiring patience, a bell being attached to his neck, which, as long as he is in movement, tinkles on; and when he stops he is urged to his duty by the shout of "arra mulla" from some one within hearing. When ground, the wheat is sifted through three sieves, the last of these being so fine that only the pure flour can pass through it; this is of a pale apricot color. The bread is made in the evening. It is mixed with sufficient water, with a little salt in it, to make into dough; a very small quantity of leaven or yeast in one batch of household bread, as in Spain, would last a week for the six or eight donkey loads of bread they send every day from their oven. The dough made, it is put into sacks and carried on the donkeys' backs to the oven in the center of the village, to bake it immediately after kneading. On arriving the dough is divided into portions weighing three pounds each. Two long narrow wooden tables on trestles are then placed in the room, and a curious sight may be seen. About twenty men, bakers, come in and range themselves on one side of the table. A lump of dough is handed to the nearest, which he begins kneading and knocking about with all his might for about three or four minutes; and then passes it on to his neighbor, who does the same, and so on successively until all have kneaded it, when it becomes as soft as new putty and ready for the oven. Of course, as soon as the first baker has handed the first lump to his neighbor, another lump is given to him, and so on until the whole quantity of dough is kneaded by them all. The bakers' wives and daughters shape the loaves for the oven, and some of them are very small. They are baked immediately.

The Word "Negro."

The *Standard Bearer*, edited by a colored man, says: We are afraid that some of our readers among the colored people misunderstand the word "negro" as applied to their race, and one of our correspondents has made a vigorous protest against our use of it. He probably considers it synonymous with "nigger," a vulgar, meaningless epithet, that no people on earth use so frequently as the colored people themselves.
The word "negro" is the proper race designation of the colored people in America, and is rightly applied to the descendants of the tribes along the coast of Africa. The names our young friend alludes to with so much pride were African, but not negro. The word "African" has no relevancy as a race designation any more than the word "American;" and American may be Esquimaux, Sioux or Anglo-Saxon according to the blood in his veins; an African may be Egyptian, Moor or Negro for the same reason, and we have never thought the word African a properly descriptive adjective when applied to our race.
The term "colored," while generally used, is rather meaningless, and strictly speaking, the word Negro (with a big N) is the only correct term, and we see no impropriety in using it. It is neither low nor degrading, unless our actions make it so, and it is open to no more objection than the words Irish or German. Our ancestors were negroes and no more barbarous or uncivilized than the ancestors of the whites, and it is only a false idea of its meaning that makes our people object to its use. In these days of fine phrases, it will be well for us to use the shorter and more expressive term, "American citizens of African descent."
Every student at the Colorado agricultural college is required to work two hours each day; the price paid per hour is ten cents.

In the Polar Region.

The following extract is from the narrative of an officer on the steamer Corwin, which departed on an Arctic expedition from San Francisco last May: When, at last, we arrived at St. Michaels we had to walk four or five miles on the ice to reach the settlement, and the people there were surprised to see us, having no idea that any kind of a vessel could penetrate the icepack through which we had forced our way. They also said the winter had been terribly severe, the thermometer falling as low as forty degrees below zero for weeks at a time, and sometimes even lower, and that it was reported at the Mission, a station on the Yakon river, some 400 miles inland, that the thermometer had dropped on one occasion to seventy-two degrees below zero. Only one day was passed here, and the gallant little Corwin started again through the ice with the prow pointing toward Behring's straits. As this is the season when daylight continues throughout the twenty-four hours, it will be seen at once that the night offered no greater obstacle to navigation than the day proper.
On the second day out from St. Michaels we reached St. Lawrence island, where it was reported a famine had swept away nearly the whole population during the previous year. The island is ninety miles long from east to west. We steamed along close by the shore, working our way through the ice. At last the settlements were reached and each one that was visited presented the same dreary scene of death and desolation. Not a sign of life was to be seen anywhere. Not a solitary dog or rat was to be found about any of the rude huts; but in front of the houses, in a ghastly row, lay the dead bodies of those who had succumbed to the terrible hunger. They had lain there for fifteen months, and we were probably the first to look upon them. Their clothes had rotted off their bodies, but the forms were preserved by the cold so that they looked like mummies. The skin was drawn tight over their emaciated faces and forms, and looked like ancient parchment. So perfectly had the dry air preserved them that we could distinguish the bodies of the women from the men by the deep tattoo marks on the chin, which is one of the peculiar styles of feminine face ornament. In a few houses bodies were found in various postures, just as they fell in the last agony of solitary death. As long as there were any survivors to perform the service the corpses were placed in the regular rows in front of the huts. At one place we found fifty bodies side by side, some being the remains of little children, while others were the corpses of old people.
The usual litter and refuse which surround the Esquimaux huts were lacking, and there was not a scrap left of any kind of food. The cleanly-gnawed bones showed that they had eaten their dogs; they had even devoured the rats which infested the village; they had chewed up the old bits of walrus-birds—everything which would satisfy the cravings of hunger. At last they had perished miserably, dying by inches, with no hope of succor and no chance of escape. At least five hundred of the poor wretches suffered this hideous death. To explain this terrible famine, which was as unusual as it was fatal, it must be added that the season was one of unparalleled severity. The natives of this island were large, robust men and expert bunters and fishermen. But like most of their race they were improvident and made no provision for such a winter. The cold set in early and continued without interruption. The mercury was forty degrees below zero for weeks at a time. The cold and the violent storms prevented them from going out on the ice to catch walrus and seals—their main dependence for food in the winter. Their scanty store of meat was soon exhausted; they were many miles from Siberia, and could not have reached it alive in the face of the bitter wind. At the northwest end of the island we found a settlement of about 250. These had suffered severely from the famine, only about one-half the original colony having survived. They had had a larger stock of provisions than their unfortunate neighbors, and thus escaped complete annihilation.

Wonders of a Meteor.

At a quarter to ten o'clock on Thursday night, says a recent issue of the *Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer*, a meteor of extraordinary brilliancy was seen to cross the heavens at a very low altitude. Rising in the south, it took a northeasterly course, preserving a perfectly horizontal line in its journey. It was composed of three parts, which were perfectly developed balls of an equal size, and equidistant from each other. The first ball threw out a tail which enveloped the two following balls and extended several yards behind them. This tail was exceedingly luminous, save at the extremity, which was somewhat indistinct, having a nebulous appearance. Its motion was slow, and was visible to the observer for fully fifty seconds. It did not fall to the ground like other meteors, but continued its course northeastward until lost sight of. It was indeed a brilliant and extraordinary phenomenon.
The force of habit is so great that some families will send a servant two blocks beyond a grocery store for the purpose of borrowing a little tea from a neighbor.—*Meriden Record.*

The Country Boy.

The true, genuine, unadulterated country boy is an article that a man, even with the learning of a hotel clerk, could find great room to study. He is just about the same, so far as appearance goes, from Florida to Washington Territory, but his capacity to invent and carry out plans for doing mischief is something wonderful. The genuine country boy always has the end of his nose ornamented with a good healthy blister in summer time, and it is always about the color of a blue bottle in a drug store window in winter. Nobody ever remembers seeing a country boy's pants supported by more than one suspender, and the pants are generally about nine inches too short. It is impossible for him to be happy without a stone bruise on his heel or a splinter under his finger nail. He generally carries his head hung over at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and whistles at all times and under all circumstances.
Whenever you hear his mother get out on the front gallery and yell, "Now, John Henry, if you run off and go in swimming this evening, I'll thrash you till you can't sit down for a week," you will be perfectly safe in betting your last cent that he will be down in the mill-pond in less than two hours. He is always the possessor of a sling and a "bow'n' arrow," and when he can aspire to the honor of an old single-barrel shotgun, with the lock tied on with a buckskin string, he is supremely happy. He then makes raids around the edge of the cornfield for "Ingins." But his greatest pride is in a yellow bobtail dog, with a scalded place on his back, and he and the dog are inseparable friends and fight it out on the same line. He has perfect confidence in all the ghost stories he ever hears, and invariably sees a ghost whenever he goes out after dark.
He can ask 382 questions to the minute off-hand, and a good many more when he studies right hard, and generally makes a point of inflicting them on some cified chap that had rather have the seven-year itch with a year the start. He is as honest as the day is long, and will take a thrashing any time rather than do a real mean act, but will tie two old tom-cats' tails together and string them over a clothes line when the folks are all away from home without ever thinking how rough it is on the cats. He will afterward reflect on the error of his ways, and stuff an old wool hat in the gable end of his pants before the old folks get back home. But he finally grows up to be a man, goes to see the girls, gets married, and perhaps some day will be elected constable, or may possibly become an M. C.—*Houston Post.*

Unable to Make a Trade.

The family had only lately moved in the neighborhood. A day or two after their arrival the head of the family went to a grocer in the neighborhood and asked the price of a can of condensed milk.
"Fifteen cents," said the proprietor.
"Fifteen cents!" exclaimed the customer; "why, man alive, I don't want to buy a dozen cans, but only one. What do you ask for half a can, wholesale figures?"
"Never sell half a can."
"I reckon you never sell anything if you mark your goods up that way. Suppose I take one whole can, will you come down to a dime?"
"Fifteen cents is the usual price."
"That may be with unreliable, transient customers, but I am an old citizen of Galveston, and the store that catches my permanent trade will have to be enlarged within six months. Say a dime, and throw in a pound or two of soda crackers and it's a whack."
"Do you buy a good deal in the course of a year?" asked the proprietor, with a sneer.
"Do I buy a good deal? I should say I did. Why it won't be more than two months before I'll have to get another box of matches. The box I am using now is more than half gone, and I only got it last February, too. Say a dime for the condensed milk, and one of them stele watermelons thrown in as a sorter of an inducement, and you can put these two nickels in your burglar-proof safe."
"Fifteen cents is the lowest price."
"I wish you could see my blacking brush. It can't hold over Christmas, and then I am bound to negotiate for a new one. Throw one box of blacking in with the condensed milk and it's a transaction."
"I won't do it."
"All right! You won't do it! I'll just keep my eye on you. I'll bet your stock is insured for twice what it's worth, and you are going to have a fire pretty soon. When a merchant don't care to build up a trade, he is fixing to fail or swindle somebody somehow. Good-morning, sir."—*Galveston News.*

Egypt's Scattered Obelisks.

Thirty obelisks transported from Egypt from time to time are now standing in various parts of Europe. Of these there are in Rome eleven, of which four are higher than the New York obelisk. The highest of these, and the highest in Europe, being 106 feet without the base, stands before the church of St. John Lateran. The obelisk in the piazza of St. Peter's is eighty-two feet nine inches high. Both of these are mounted on high pedestals. The pedestal of the St. John Lateran obelisks is forty-four feet high, making the entire height of obelisk and pedestal 150 feet. The pedestal of the St. Peter's obelisk is a trifle less than fifty feet high, making the whole height of the monument 139 feet two inches.

Did You Ever See?

Did you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have such a "beautiful head of hair till 'that fever,' or that something or other took it off?"
Did you ever see an old bachelor who was not forever seeking for marriage infelicities, to reconcile himself to his own lonely lot?
Did you ever see a small boy so wanting in spirit that one diurnal doubling-up throughout the summer could effect a radical cure in his immature fruit-eating proclivities?
Did you ever see a young lady who wouldn't rather hear her husband praised by a lady in the next town than by the lady in the next house?
Did you ever know a man who habitually tells all he knows, who did not everlastingly repeat himself?
Did you ever know a man who talked much of himself who did not have a poor subject for his conversation?
Did you ever know a cool who was aware that he was a fool?
Did you ever think that you might be thus oblivious as to yourself?
Did you ever see another do the same thing three times without thinking that he could do it much better?
Did you ever know a swindled man whose hurts were not partially healed by hearing of another man being swindled in like manner?
Did you ever know a young lady with a new and neatly fitting waist who thought the weather was cold enough for a wrap?
Did you ever see a man with large feet who did not declare that his boots were two sizes too big—that he likes them easy, you know?
Did you ever think that men are the biggest fools in creation, and that the women enjoy the fun of letting them remain unconscious of it?
Did you ever see a young man who carried a cane who would not repel the insinuation of lameness?
Did you ever see a drinker or a smoker that couldn't leave off at any time, if he wanted to?
Did you ever think what horrid children good people have?
Did you ever think what horrid children these good people's parents probably had, the good people's stories to the contrary notwithstanding?
Did you ever feel like immolating the shopkeeper whose free use of your name made that name seem hateful and odious to you?
Did you ever think?—*Boston Transcript.*

A Bloodhound's Gratitude.

The *Detroit Free Press* tells a remarkable story of a bloodhound's gratitude at Andersonville. The prisoners were allowed to go out in squads, strongly guarded, to collect firewood. One day it was the hero's turn to go, and for the first time since his capture he caught sight of "Colonel Catchem," the big bloodhound. The Michigan gander noticed that the dog limped painfully on one of his forefeet; but gave the matter no special attention until, after being out for half an hour, he sat down to rest near one of the guards. The dog approached the guard as if to ask some favor, but was repulsed with an oath and a threatened blow. He then skulked around and came near the prisoner, who saw that he had an old horse-shoe nail run into his foot. With a little coaxing he got the dog near and finally pulled out the nail, and the animal ran away seemingly well pleased. Twelve days after that, one night about midnight, a tunnel was ready. The prisoner was a long time getting clear of the neighborhood, and weak and starved as he was, he was not more than two miles from the stockade when day broke, and "Colonel Catchem" was put on his track. When he heard the hound coming he looked for a suitable tree to climb, but failed to find one. Armed with a club he took his stand, and determined to make a fight for it. The dog recognized the man, and began exhibiting every sign of friendship. After a few minutes the pursuers were heard in the distance. The dog at once trotted off in that direction, and was shortly baying and leading them over a fictitious trail. The prisoner pushed ahead for half an hour, and was then rejoined by the dog, who kept either close to his heels or just ahead of him all day, and lay beside him in the woods at night. This position of guardian or companion he maintained until toward night of the second day, when he returned to the stockade. The prisoner was then thirty miles away, but on the fifth morning he was recaptured. When he returned the hound met and caressed him. From that hour to the close of the war the dog would not take the trail of an escaping prisoner.

The Beer Product of the World.

Some official tables connected with the production of beer in all the European countries and the United States have been lately issued under the authority of the Austrian government. The following is a summary of the production during 1879: The whole German empire produced 22,811,117 British barrels; Great Britain, 22,375,912; United States of North America, 9,425,352; Austria-Hungary, 8,638,099; France, 5,331,945; Belgium, 4,801,778; Russia, 4,405,174; the Netherlands, 378,308; Denmark, 674,517; Sweden, 568,583; Italy, 531,900; Switzerland, 443,753; Norway, 376,000. The greatest production in the proportion to the population is in Belgium, where 167 deters, or a little over thirty-four and a half gallons per head, were manufactured, and the smallest production was in Russia, where the ratio was only three liters, or a little more than five and a quarter pints for every inhabitant. The total production is 77,965,229 barrels.—*London Times.*