

**Not Yet.**

The days glide by on winged feet,  
A river flowing broad and fleet;  
Yet face from mine is turned away,  
It will not be so, dear, always,  
Thy heart would faint its love forgot,  
It cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

I stand outside a fast-closed door,  
Against me closed forevermore;  
Yet parts of us neither bolt nor bar,  
Who are so near and yet so far,  
Oh heart that would its love forget  
And cannot yet, dear love, not yet?

I hear thy voice, so soft and low,  
And silent tears unbidden flow;  
While yet its music fills the air,  
I pass and breathe a silent prayer.  
My heart would faint its love forgot  
And cannot, dear love, not yet.

One step—and I by thee could stand,  
And touch thy dear familiar hand;  
One look—and I upon thy breast  
Would lean, and weary, find my rest.  
Poor heart that fain would love forget  
And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

The word—and I might raise again  
My face to thine, and meet thy gaze;  
And with no word thy heart should read,  
That love is all a woman's need.  
Dear heart, wouldst thou thy love forget?  
Thou canst not yet, dear love, not yet.

He'er thy soul hath need of mine,  
Me'er the truth thou canst divine,  
Sons will not part, nor bolts nor bars,  
We shall be near, who now are far.  
True hearts that fain would love forget  
And cannot yet, dear love, not yet.

—Boston Transcript.

**After Twenty Years.**

She was a pretty girl, was Jemima—  
petite—that's what I like—bright eyes,  
lustrant locks, a white and pink and  
white complexion, plump and compact.  
She was always in good humor, and we  
soon became the very best of friends—  
nay, more—for who could help being  
affectionate toward her? Everybody  
loved her. When the boatman called  
her "a sweet little craft," they ex-  
pressed, though vulgarly, the sentiment  
of my own heart.

I was in love with Jemima, and  
Jemima—well, Jemima was not indif-  
ferent to me. I had not nerve to ask  
her, in so many words, would she ac-  
cept my hand and name? I spoilt a  
quire of paper in an effort to utter my  
thoughts in a letter; so at last, on her  
birthday, the fifteenth of May, I ven-  
tured to present her with an elegant  
bound book, and on a little slip of paper  
inside I wrote:

DEAR JEMIMA—By the acceptance of  
this trifling gift let me know you accept  
the gift.

ALFRED BARNSTABLE DAUGHTY.  
I flattered myself it was rather a  
plucky thing to do, and it answered ad-  
mirably.

Next time I saw her she was all of a  
glow, and when we were alone together,  
and I was standing rather near her, and  
said:

"You received my humble offering!"  
she burst into a flood of tears, but her  
arms round my neck and spoilt my shirt  
front.

Then, when she recovered a little (do  
you believe in Niobe? I don't) she said:  
"Have you asked pa?"

"Of course I responded I had not."  
"Then do at once," she said; "for  
goodness gracious me, if he was to find  
us out in anything sly, and trying to  
keep it from him, it would be awful!"

It is a good deal worse asking the gov-  
ernor than asking the girl, especially  
such a peppery old party as Captain  
Wattleborough; however, I screwed  
myself up, and when Jemima was down  
about the piano playing on our organ,  
and I knew he would be making his  
evening toilet by putting on a pilot coat,  
I ventured to look in upon him. After a  
few words on ordinary topics such as  
how were we both, how was the  
weather, I hemmed and began: "Cap-  
tain I am ambitious."

"Right, boy—climb as high as you  
can."  
"Can't encourage me too much, cap-  
tain; I'm ambitious in your direction."  
"No, boy, you are not going to sea?"

"No, captain—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I  
aspire to the honor of being your son-in-law!"  
The captain looked me full in the face,  
then said:

"Have you money?"  
Of course I hadn't, and he told me to  
go and get it before venturing to aspire  
to the hand of Jemima.

"But, my dear captain"—I ventured  
to expostulate.  
"Get off my door-step!"  
"Let me speak for a moment to Je-  
mima."  
"Get off my door-step!"

He accompanied this last instruction  
by a thrust which sent me staggering  
into the street.

My affair with Jemima was at an end.  
The captain would not listen to reason  
—that is, he would not listen to me.  
All the letters I wrote to Jemima were  
sent back to me. I grew weary, packed  
up and packed off, with a letter of in-  
troduction to a firm in China. Well  
the fortune was not so easy to make,  
but at the expiration of twenty years I  
began to think it sufficiently large to  
warrant my return to "the girl I left  
behind me." I heard very little from  
home. Father and mother were still  
alive, but the captain was dead. They  
had carried him through the cornfields  
one summer's day to the little church-  
yard and buried him there.

Jemima, I understood, lived in the  
old house, and was single. So—full of  
emotion, all the tenderness for the dear  
girl I had left behind me rapidly re-  
visiting—off I went, carpet-bag and  
everything, just as I was, to have the  
old vows renewed and sealed in the  
usual manner.

A maiden with a freckled face, much  
sunburned, opened the door. Could I  
see Miss Wattleborough? The maiden  
did not reply, but, leaving me where I  
was, retired to the remote back settle-  
ments. Thence I heard the following  
dialogue:

"Missus!"  
"Well, what is it?"  
"Somebody wants you."  
"Who is it?"  
"A fat old man, with a bag,"  
I could have shaken the girl into  
jelly.

There was further talk in a smothered  
whisper, and then the girl returned,  
and, motioning me with her finger,  
said:

"Come in here," and showed me into  
the parlor.  
The old parlor, just as I had left it,  
neat and trim, the old harpsichord, the  
old punch-bowl; but some new things—  
a canary in a cage at the window, a  
black long-legged cat ensconced upon a  
chair.

The next minute a lady entered.  
Could it be? No, impossible—this pale-  
faced, sober-visaged lady, with stiff  
curls, and no more figure than a clock-  
case—could this be my Jemima?  
Where was the old luster of the eyes—  
where the old bloom upon the cheeks—  
where the lips that were ruddier than  
the cherry? She lifted up both hands  
when she saw me.

"Alfred!"  
"Jemima!"  
We shook hands; after a moment's  
hesitation we went further—more in ac-  
cordance with old times.

My heart sank within me, however,  
as I sat down opposite to her, and  
thought of what she was. She looked  
at me very steadily, and I thought I de-  
tected disappointment in her glance.

"We are both changed, Jemima."  
"You are very much altered," she  
said.  
"You are different," I responded.  
"Do you think so?"

"Think so? Why, Jemima, there can't  
be two opinions about it."  
"It is not generally observed; but  
you—"

"Well, my dear?"  
"You have grown ridiculously stout,  
and you are bald-headed."  
"You are not stout, my dear; but  
your hair is not quite what it was."  
"People say they see no change in me  
—that I preserve my childish appear-  
ance wonderfully."  
"Humph!"

Our interview was not altogether  
agreeable. When we parted we con-  
tended ourselves with shaking hands.

That afternoon I wrote to her, sug-  
gesting that we did not renew our old  
engagement.

That afternoon she wrote a note, sug-  
gesting the very same idea to me. Our  
cross letters crossed.

We were to be friends, nothing more.  
But that could not last. I was the  
first to give in. I called upon her, and  
said a good deal, and she cried, and then  
we said why not? and then she put her  
head upon my breast and spoiled my  
shirt front as she had done before.

"You are not so very fat," she said  
laughing.  
"You are not so very lean," I said,  
laughing also.  
"You can wear a scalp," said she.  
"You can dye," I responded.

So we both laughed again, and it was  
all settled. We were settled, and here  
we are out of the fog, and very much at  
your service—the happiest couple in our  
town.

**Robinson Crusoe's Island.**

Robinson Crusoe's Island is to-day a  
little paradise. Lord planted there, on  
one of his voyages, apples, peaches,  
grapes, plums, strawberries and several  
kinds of vegetables. The number of the  
latter was increased by a Scotchman,  
David Douglass, who landed on the  
island in 1825. He was not a little  
astounded to find a hermit there, who  
had been on the island five years. On  
the second day he was not a little sur-  
prised to see a man suddenly emerge  
from a clump of bushes and approach  
him. He looked upon him as Crusoe's  
successor, although he did not occupy  
the historical cave, having built himself  
a hut of stones and sods, roofing it with  
the straw of wild oats. As cooking  
utensils, he possessed only a single iron  
pot, the bottom of which, one unfortu-  
nate day, had fallen out. The damage  
he had, however, had the ingenuity to  
repair with a wooden bottom; but now  
he was compelled to place his pot in  
the ground and build a fire around it.  
This man's name was William Clark,  
and he came from London. He had a  
few books, and among them there was  
a copy of Robinson Crusoe's adventures  
and of Cowper's poems. He called  
Douglass' attention especially to the  
well-known poem beginning:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,  
My rights there's none to dispute," etc.

Nevertheless, he did not seem to be  
happy. There was one wish, his great-  
est, he could not gratify—he could get  
no roast beef! At present this island is  
in possession of a colony of Germans.  
Sixty or seventy of our countrymen,  
under the leadership of an engineer  
named Robert Wehrhahn, settled there  
in 1863. They describe the island as  
being in the highest degree salubrious  
and fruitful. On their arrival they  
found large flocks of goats, about thirty  
half-wild horses, and some sixty asses.  
They brought with them cows, hogs,  
farming utensils, small boats, and fish-  
ing-tackle.—*Appleton's Journal.*

**FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.**

**The Army Worm.**

It may be some satisfaction, says the  
*Agriculturist*, to those who have suf-  
fered from the visitation of the army  
worm, to know that two successive  
army worm years have never been  
known in any one locality, and it is not  
thought that such can occur. They are  
with us more or less every year, but it  
is only when conditions favor an un-  
usually abundant crop of them that they  
become troublesome. It has been ob-  
served that the worm usually appears in  
wet springs that have been preceded by  
one or more very dry years. As to the  
time of their appearing, that is, in de-  
structive force, it is found in the differ-  
ent localities to correspond very closely  
with the period at which the wheat is  
in "the milk."

**Root Crops.**

Some persons have the idea that it is al-  
ways best to leave potatoes in the ground  
till just before it freezes up for the win-  
ter. Such, however, is not the case. The  
best time to dig them is when the tops  
are perfectly dead; left long in the  
ground after this they become the prey  
of worms and other insects, and it is  
seldom that they have so smooth an  
aspect as immediately after they become  
ripe. Mangels, sugar beets, carrots  
parsnips and turnips are growing faster  
now than during any part of the season.  
Mangels and sugar beets should be  
removed before any severe  
frosts. When they are taken from the  
ground either wring off the leaves with  
the hand, or if they are cut off with a  
knife avoid cutting the crown, as this  
will cause them to bleed and soon decay.  
Lay them in piles on the ground and  
cover them with litter or their own  
leaves, and let them stay a few days be-  
fore storing away for the winter. After  
the beets and mangels have been taken  
care of then dig the carrots and treat  
them in the same way. Parsnips may  
be left in the ground all winter or dug  
when the carrots are, at the pleasure of  
the grower. Turnips may be left just  
before the ground freezes up, and should  
be dug before they are taken from the  
ground, if it will not hurt them should  
the snow remain all winter. Mangel  
and beet leaves make plenty of milk,  
but be careful about feeding carrot-tops;  
these will give a bitter taste both to  
milk and butter, and turnip leaves will  
flavor milk before the roots will.—  
*American Cultivator.*

**Tonic for Fowls.**

The best tonic is iron, a few drops of  
the tincture being mixed with the drink-  
ing water, or half a dozen rusty nails  
being thrown to the bottom of the  
drinking vessel.

Charcoal (and you can economically  
use the little bits of charred wood that re-  
main after every wood fire) is a good puri-  
fier of the digestive organs, as it absorbs  
fetid matter. It stimulates digestion.  
Furnish it in small pieces, about the  
size of the grains of corn; they will  
swallow it when they need it, particu-  
larly if some in a powdered state has  
been previously added to their soft food  
to teach them.

Sulphur is a very valuable drug to  
the poultryer, but should be used care-  
fully in case of young chicks, as many  
were reported killed by its use exter-  
nally, and apparently more often when  
it is used with lard. The fine powder  
has caused blindness by getting into the  
chick's eyes. The flour of sulphur is  
often contaminated with the oil of  
vitriol. To get this out wash your sul-  
phur in hot water, which does not dis-  
solve the sulphur. To apply it to small  
chickens, sprinkle it from a dredging  
box and keep the chickens out of the  
wet for the next day. Persian insect  
powder is safer, however.

Chicken powder.—Four ounces each  
of copperas, cayenne, sulphur and rosin;  
powder all and mix; two spoonfuls for  
each dozen of fowls several times  
weekly.

Lime-water.—Four ounces of lime and  
one of water; slack the lime with a little  
of the water and pour on the rest. Cover  
and set aside for three hours, then pour  
off the clear liquid from the top and  
use the lime that is left when wanted.—  
*American Poultry Yard.*

**Receipts.**

STEAMED INDIAN CAKE.—Three cups  
of buttermilk, three cups of sweet milk,  
three cups of meal, two cups of flour,  
one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls  
of soda; put in a greased pan and steam  
three hours.

BUTTERED APPLES.—Peel a dozen ap-  
ples, first taking out the cores with a tin  
scoop. Butter the bottom of a nappy or  
tin dish thickly, then put the apples into  
it. Fill up the cores with powdered  
sugar. Sift powdered cinnamon or  
grated lemon peels. Pour a little melted  
butter over them, and bake twenty min-  
utes. Serve with cream sauce.

MACARONI PIE.—Ingredients: Any  
cold fish, macaroni, milk, butter, grated  
cheese, bread crumbs and cayenne.  
Mode: Boll some macaroni very tender  
in milk, about twice as much as there is  
cold fish, which should be broken into  
small pieces; mix with it the grated  
cheese and cayenne; put it into a flat  
dish with a few bread crumbs and some  
pieces of butter at the top, and bake a  
light rose brown.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING.—Melt two  
ounces of butter, mix in two ounces of  
flour, simmer to a soft paste in half a  
pint of good milk, sweeten with two  
ounces of sugar, and flavor with two  
ounces of chocolate. When cool, stir  
in the yolks of four eggs well beaten and  
the whites beaten to a snow; put into a  
buttered mold immediately; put the  
mold in a pan half full of hot water, set  
in the oven and bake one hour. Serve  
with sauce.

**How to Tell a Good Milch Cow.**

The signs of a good milch cow are  
many, and we should rely, not upon  
one, two or three of them, but upon the  
largest combination we can find in any  
one animal. The first we should regard  
would be a large, well-developed udder  
or bag, as farmers call it. This is the  
gland in which the milk is secreted, and  
must be large and well hung to hold  
and sustain a large amount of milk.  
Many persons are deceived as to the size  
of the udder by seeing it hang low. We  
like to see an udder broad and moder-  
ately deep in the rear, and extending far  
under the belly, with the teats well  
spread, of good size, and with the ends  
about on a level. With the hind teats  
extending two or three inches below  
the forward ones, we do not expect a  
good milker, though the udder may look  
large from behind; but with a bag hung  
long and broad, and with the teats set  
as above described, we have never  
known a cow to fail of filling a milk  
pail. To make a correct judgment of the  
udder, a flank as well as rear view  
must be taken, and always give the  
preference to one that extends far for-  
ward and has large milk-veins. Next  
to the udder, which indicates the quan-  
tity rather than the quality of milk, we  
should examine the skin, hair, ears and  
horns. If the hair is soft and short and  
the skin soft, flexible and yellow, the  
milk will probably be rich. This may  
be further determined by looking into  
the ears. If these are translucent and  
of the color of beeswax, it is a sign of  
good, creamy milk, and the waxy ap-  
pearance of the horns also indicates the  
same thing. The Jerseys uniformly  
possess soft hair, flexible skin of a yel-  
low tinge, which is especially manifest  
in their ears. Thin skins are so supple  
and yellow that they appear to have  
been soaked in cream.

**How to Euche the Borers.**

Ten years or more ago I tried the use  
of paper bands and gas tar, in various  
forms, on my peach trees, and, when  
carefully applied, it was effective in ex-  
cluding borers, but for the past seven or  
eight years I have used a much  
more excellent way, and I know other  
fruit growers who have done the same.  
and would not think of going back to  
the old methods. It is simply using  
carbolic acid, which is the essence or  
spirit of gas tar, and is easily made to  
combine with water by adding soap  
while the tar itself will not combine,  
and is far less safe and cleanly in its ap-  
plication. My rule for preventing  
borers is to get a pint of crude carbolic  
acid—costing twenty-five cents, and is  
sufficient for twenty gallons of the wa-  
ter. Take a tight barrel and put in four  
or five gallons of soft soap, with as much  
hot water to thin it; then stir in the  
pint of carbolic acid, and let stand over  
night or longer to combine. Now add  
twelve gallons of rain water and stir  
well; then apply to the base of the tree  
with a short broom or old paint brush  
taking pains to wet inside of all crevices.  
This will prevent both peach and apple  
borers. It should be applied the latter  
part of June in this climate, when the  
moths and beetles usually appear. The  
odor is so pungent and lasting that no  
eggs will be deposited where it has been  
applied, and the effects will continue  
until after the insects have done fly-  
ing. If the crude acid cannot be obtained  
one-third of the pure will answer, but  
it is more expensive.—*Fruit Recorder.*

**Household Hints.**

Tepid water is produced by combin-  
ing two-thirds cold and one-third boil-  
ing water.

Old potatoes may be freshened up by  
plunging them into cold water before  
cooking them.

Large holes in a loaf of bread are  
proof of a careless cook. The kneading  
has been slighted.

The yolk of an egg binds the crust  
much better than the whites. Apply it  
to the edges with a brush.

Glass should be washed in cold water,  
which gives it a brighter and clearer  
look than when cleansed with warm  
water.

Dip a new broom in hot water to  
make it durable. To keep a broom from  
getting stiff and hard hang it in the  
cellar-way.

Never wash raisins that are to be used  
in sweet dishes. It will make the pud-  
ding heavy. To clean them wipe in a  
dry towel.

In boiling dumplings of any kind,  
put them in the water one at a time. If  
they are put in together they will mix  
with each other.

Drive two large nails through two  
spools, as far apart as your broom-  
handle is thick, and hang your broom  
on, brush up, to keep it straight.

There is greenness in onions and pota-  
toes that renders them hard to digest.  
For health's sake put them in warm  
water for an hour before cooking.

Cutlets and steaks may be fried as well  
as broiled, but they must be put in hot  
butter or lard. The grease is the  
enough when it throws off a blueish  
smoke.

Mosquitoes, says somebody, love beef  
blood better than they do any that flows  
in the veins of human kind. Just put  
a couple of generous pieces on plates  
near your bed at night, and you will  
sleep untroubled by these pests. In the  
morning you will find them full and  
stupid with the beef blood, and the  
meat sucked as dry as a cork.

**Toads.**

French industry and sagacity take the  
end of the world in little things, if noth-  
ing more. Toad culture is a regular  
business there with economic people

and the demand for toads is great and  
increasing. The useful little animals  
are employed as insect destroyers, not  
only in the gardens of that country, but  
thousands of them are packed down in  
baskets of damp moss and sent to other  
countries to be sold to gardeners. The  
more observing horticulturists and flori-  
cultivators have long been aware of their  
value as insect destroyers, and have  
utilized them to a greater or less extent.  
And it is not much to the credit of Amer-  
ican gardeners and farmers that they  
have never recognized the services of  
this helpful and innocent little reptile.  
Nature conducts her operations by re-  
ciprocals means, and if she gives us the  
hurtful insects to eat up our crops she  
also gives us the birds, toads, etc., to eat  
up the insects. The farmer should keep  
a close eye on nature, and seek to make  
her manifold operations helpful, instead  
of casting hindrances in the way by de-  
stroying her agents. Many things as  
loathsome looking as the toad are the  
farmers' friend.—*Rural Messenger.*

**Saving Clover-Seed.**

The second crop of clover is the one  
for seed. This should be cut when the  
majority of the heads have turned  
brown and before they begin to shed off  
the little seed pods.

While the quantity of seed depends  
much upon the weather, the crop is  
largely increased by moving or feeding  
off the first, or hay crop, early as possi-  
ble. The harvesting of the seed crops  
may be effected with a machine for the  
purpose which simply removes the  
heads, or the cutting can be done the  
same as it is with the grass crop.

When thoroughly cured the crop  
should be taken to the threshing floor or  
barn and the seeds beaten out with  
light flails, or, better still, with a thresh-  
ing-machine, especially a clover huller  
and separator.—*New York World.*

**Turning Carcasses into Fertilizers.**

The following method is given on  
good authority for not only preventing  
the escape of disagreeable odors from  
carcasses, but for converting them into  
a valuable fertilizer: For a large ani-  
mal, draw four or five wagon-loads of  
muck, sod or mold; roll the carcass on  
to this, sprinkle freely with quick-lime  
cover immediately with a generous  
quantity of soil: on or twelve wagon-  
loads will not be too much. In less than  
a year, without giving offense to any one,  
the owner will have his loss restored to  
him in part, in the form of a goodly  
number of wagon-loads of excellent fer-  
tilizing material. Any number of car-  
casses may be put in a heap together  
provided lime and soil are added in pro-  
portion to the size of each.

**Transplanting Apple Trees.**

Apple trees may be transplanted at  
any time from the cessation of growth  
or the fall of the leaf in autumn until  
the buds begin to open in spring, when  
the weather is not cold or freezing.  
The usual time is from the middle of  
October till the ground freezes, and  
from early in April until some weeks  
afterward. The advantage of autumn  
planting is that the soil becomes more  
perfectly settled about the roots before  
the growth commences. The disadvan-  
tage is that the surface becomes crusted  
and is not broken up and made mellow  
as it should be in the spring. Care  
should be taken that the fall-set trees  
are not whipped about by the winds,  
and on heavy soil perfect drainage  
should be provided.

**Spreading Manure.**

From the time the manure is dropped  
until it is spread upon the land there is  
a continual loss, by gradual decomposition  
and washing by rains. When upon  
the soil this loss is not sustained, as the  
rains carry the valuable solutions down  
into the soil, where they are absorbed  
and retained. It is, therefore, the best  
practice to spread the manure upon the  
meadows and plowed land, in fact any-  
where that plant food is required, both  
now and through the winter. There is  
a saving in labor to draw the manure in  
winter, when the snow is on the ground,  
as it is easier to load it upon a sled than  
a wagon, and the load can be drawn  
with greater ease.

**Discharging a Conductor.**

Robert Criswell, the man whose wit  
gave the Oil City *Derrick* its funny rep-  
utation, played a heartless joke on a Cin-  
cinnati car conductor for rudeness.  
Criswell was going home on the horse-car  
in question, and it was crowded inside,  
so he loafed on the rear platform. The  
conductor told him to go inside. Cris-  
well said he didn't care to go inside,  
but the conductor insisted, and loudly  
threatened to put him off. Everybody  
began to look at the dispute, but Cris-  
well saw nobody that knew him and  
determined to have his little joke. The  
conductor yelled: "Come, young fellow,  
get inside, or I'll bounce you clear  
across the street!" Criswell turned on  
him and said, in a severe manner: "My  
man, you don't know who I am, but  
I've had my eyes on you for several  
days. There are too many conductors  
like you on the road, and we are losing  
friends every day because our patrons  
are insulted by conductors who are bores  
and ruffians. (Now you can pull the  
bell cord and let me off. But you need  
not take out the car to-morrow; there  
will be a man to take your place. When  
you take the car in to-night turn over  
your bell-punch and ask for your time.  
That will settle it." Taking a mental  
note of the number of the car, he waited  
for it next day, and there was a new  
conductor. The newspaper man asked:  
"Where is the conductor who was on  
yesterday?" "Oh," the new man said,  
"the blamed old fool tried to bounce a  
director last night, and he got fired."

**Is Your Will all Right?**

To the uninitiated, nothing would  
seem to be more simple or easy than for  
a man to express his wishes as to the  
disposition of his property in such a  
way that there could be no question as  
to his intentions; yet costly experience  
has taught the world that few things  
are more difficult, and that, in general,  
where there's a will there's a—lawsuit.  
Even a lawyer of such recognized profes-  
sional ability as the late Lord West-  
bury, left behind him a will which gave  
rise to endless complications and dis-  
putes; and Lord St. Leonards, who was  
proverbially minute in the precautions  
he urged upon others, left a will which  
became the subject of a long and costly  
litigation. In making a will, much  
mischief may be prevented by brevity,  
provided it be combined with lucidity;  
it is a mistake to suppose that many  
words or many repetitions tend to per-  
spicuity; on the contrary, with these  
there is great danger of "elucidating  
into obscurity." All ambiguities should  
be avoided—"my black and white  
horses," we have learned, do not bear  
the same meaning as "my black and  
my white horses." Prepositions must  
be vigilantly watched; the smallest  
monosyllable in the English language  
used or misused in a will becomes a  
gigantic power, and "of" has before  
now been the cause of protracted and  
extensive lawsuits. Families have been  
thrown into chancery for years, their  
property shorn down to minute propor-  
tions, lawyers enriched, and succeeding  
generations beggared by the addition or  
omission of a single word. "Child," for  
"children," has been known to  
occasion the most harassing litigation,  
and to have kept families who were  
brought up to large expectations, and  
who were entitled to colossal fortunes,  
starving for years under the law's  
delay. Above all, let the layman avoid  
legal terms, lest the law insist on giving  
them a legal interpretation of which the  
poor man never dreamed.—*Appleton's  
Journal.*

**Got a Corner.**

On one of the morning trains over the  
Erie road, the other day, a farmer-look-  
ing man walked the length of a car  
without finding an empty seat, and he  
slowly returned to one occupied by a  
lone man, who at once spread himself  
out as much as possible, and suddenly  
became deeply interested in his news-  
paper. The farmer halted beside the  
seat, but the other made no movement.  
Even after a full minute had passed,  
there was no sign that he meant to share  
his quarters with the other. Then the  
farmer touched his arm and said:

"If you can hang on long enough  
you'll make a fortune."

"What—what's that, sir?" demanded  
the other, as he looked up.

"It's a big thing—hang on to it!"  
whispered the farmer.

"What is it? What do you mean,  
sir?"

"I tumble; but I won't give it away!"  
chuckled the farmer.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean that you have got the biggest  
corner on the hog market ever known  
in this country, and if you don't make  
a million dollars out of it I'll eat codfish  
for a year."

Half of that seat was suddenly vacated,  
but the farmer preferred to stand up and  
brace against the stove.

**Traveling in the Old Days.**

People who are accustomed to travel  
by rail nowadays will read with interest  
the following diary of a journey from  
New York to New Orleans in the year  
1800: In 1800—April 3. Left New York  
in ferryboat for Jersey City. Took a  
two-horse coach and got to Philadel-  
phia the fourth day at 4 P. M. Left Philadelphia next  
morning in a one-horse chaise, with the  
mailbag behind, for Lancaster, where we  
arrived the third day. At Lancaster  
bought a horse, and after nine days'  
journey through the forests, reached  
Pittsburg. Here, with some others, I  
bought for eighteen dollars a flatboat,  
in which we took our departure for New  
Orleans, floating with the current.  
After divers adventures and escapes  
from great peril by land and water, we  
reached Natchez, the fifty-seventh day  
after leaving Pittsburg, and New Orleans  
city in thirteen days thereafter, having  
been from New York on the journey  
eighty-four days, which our friends in  
New Orleans say was an "expeditions  
voyage. My own personal cost on the  
way was, in sum total, £27, 11s, 4½d.—  
*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

**A Very Early Start in Life.**

Morton M. Fritchett, aged fourteen,  
and Sarah D. Fausler, aged thirteen,