

Putting it Off.

In winter time I first began
 To court you, Annie, dear,
 And breathe, as lovers only can,
 Soft nothings in that ear.
 I dreamed about you half the night;
 I wooed you half the day,
 In sunny hopes, in visions bright,
 The winter pass'd away.

'Twas in the springtime, Annie, dear,
 You swore to be my bride;
 The latter days of March were here—
 The hour was eventide.
 You begged a very brief delay—
 A month, or little more;
 But, ere you named the happy day,
 The spring, alas, was o'er!

In summer time I bravely dared,
 Dear Annie, to suggest
 That, if we thought of getting paired,
 That season was the best.
 What bias to hail the merry morn
 That made you all my own!
 But while I lingered, still forlorn,
 I found the summer flown.

September brings the autumn here;
 The leaves begin to fall,
 Full soon upon the landscape drear
 Will winter spread its pall.
 In gloom I sit, with solemn phiz,
 A moody single man—
 Whose only consolation is
 That you're a spinster, Anne!

A SEARCH FOR A SITUATION.

Martie Woodbridge—her name was Martha, but no one called her so—lived on the outskirts of a small village. Her father was a farmer, but not a prosperous one. Nature, with its frosts and droughts, was always getting the upper hand of him, and the crops which he raised were sure to be those which brought the lowest price in the market. The cankerworm stripped his apple trees, and a late frost blighted the corn and oats. He had the misfortune to buy a cow which introduced the cattle disease into his farmyard, and Creamer, Spotty and Whiteface—the three cows that always filled their pails the fullest and made the most golden butter—sickened and died.

This was the question which Martie puzzled over from day to day, coming at last to the conclusion that she must try her luck in the big world which she had seen so little of outside of her own small village. She would go to London, and, if possible, find there a situation as governess, in which she could at least provide for her own support.

Her mother let fall a few quiet tears over the plan, and smiling patiently through them said: "Ask your father." Mr. Woodbridge said "No," at first; but having laid awake all night over his difficulties, he called Martie to him, kissed her solemnly, gave a weary sigh, and with it his consent.

So it came to pass that on a cool, crisp October morning, when the woods were at their brightest autumn flush, and the frost had stiffened the grass into little silvery blades and spears, and made the few pale flowers that lingered by the roadside hang their heads, Martie put on her bravest smile, made hopeful, comforting little speeches, kissed them all good-bye at home—the dear old home, so full of joys and troubles—and started for London, to put into that great, hurrying, driving, jostling market the modest wares she had to offer.

Martie was eager and full of hope; but, alas! how much eagerness and hopefulness go down to death every day in the frantic rush and scramble for the good things going. Martie, in the great city, looking for work to do, seemed like a quiet little wren trying to pick up a worm or crumb where hawks and vultures were snatching and clawing for plunder.

Martie was met the moment she stepped from the train by an old friend of the family, who had kindly promised to receive her at her house, and do what she could to assist her. The next day, early in the morning, a modest unpretending little advertisement was sent to one of the daily newspapers. What a stupendous affair it seemed to Martie, and how her unsophisticated little heart beat at the thought of it! Nothing could come of it that day, however; and while she goes out with Mrs. Allen to do a little shopping and stare at a few of the city lions, let us take a look at the quarters she has fallen into.

Mrs. Allen kept a small private lodging house, very select and very genteel. Its inmates were the learned Professor Bigwig and family, from whose presence a certain literary aroma was supposed to pervade the atmosphere; the brilliant Colonel Boreas, here—according to his own account—of numberless battles; a rising young lawyer, with his pretty, outgoing girl wife, all fresh and lovely in her new bridal toilet; a rich widow and her still richer daughter, who, it was said, was soon to become the helpmate of the clerical member of the household, the Rev. Paul Apollus; and last, although not least, the representative of the fine arts, Mr. Raymond, an artist, whose pictures had won golden praises from critics and connoisseurs, and golden prices from purchasers.

Mr. Raymond was Martie's left-hand neighbor at the table. With the first glance at his dark face, iron-gray hair and mustache, and deep-set gray eyes, she felt rather inclined to be afraid of him. When he smiled she liked him better, and thought the gray eyes looked kind, and she felt very shy and lonesome

among these strange faces, and was glad to have him talk a little to her, and take care that she was provided with all she wanted.

On the second morning after she arrived in the city Martie's advertisement appeared. Mrs. Allen sent a paper to her room before she was out of bed, so that almost as soon as her eyes were open she had begun to hope, and to be afraid, and to wonder, if out of so many people who she supposed would come to see her, any of them would think well enough of her to want her services.

Martie was very painstaking with her toilet that morning. She wanted to look her best. She spent twice the usual time over her wavy, gold brown hair; and when she put on her pretty gray dress—the gray dress was for morning, and the black silk for afternoon—and fastened the dainty spotted collar and cuffs, she dabbled fully five minutes over her little stock of ribbons, trying this one and that, and went down at last to breakfast, looking, to Mr. Raymond's artist eyes, which took her in at a glance, like a wild rose just out of a thicket, with the dewy morning brightness brimming in her bright eyes, the pink of rose petals in her cheeks and soft, warm, shimmering sunbeams woven into the ripple of her brown hair. How his artist fingers longed for canvas and colors, to give to his beloved St. Agnes that beautiful hair!

But the wild rose might as well have been blooming in her native thicket. In vain Martie peeped from the front windows, and held her breath when the door-bell rang. No one came to see the gray dress that morning.

The black dress fared better. It was called upon; and Martie went down to the parlor, with her heart in her mouth, to meet the grand lady whose carriage and dashing horses she had watched as they drew up in splendid style before the house. But, alas! Martie was not experienced, and Martie was too young, and though madam did not say so, Martie was too pretty, for there was a grown-up son in the family, and to set youth and beauty before him in the shape of a young governess would be tempting Providence. Madam was very sorry, hoped this and that, and swept gracefully out to her carriage, while Martie mounted with rather slow step to her little fourth-story room, to watch and wait, and wonder if everybody would find her too young. She was not to blame for it, anyhow, she said to herself, trying to coax a laugh.

No one else came that day, but the next morning there was an early call for "the lady who advertised." Martie was glad she had on the gray dress; perhaps she looked older in it. But gray or black was all the same; she was again weighed in the balance and found wanting—not in years this time, but in German; and as one weary hour after another went by, and no other applicants appeared, Martie grew heavy hearted. Her advertisement was to appear for three days. Two had already passed, resulting in disappointment. Mrs. Allen tried to encourage her, but when night came, and the six o'clock dinner, Martie felt sad and homesick.

"I hope no one has made arrangements to carry you off just yet," Mr. Raymond said, as he took a seat beside her at the end of the long table.

"No," said Martie, "no one wants me. I'm too young, and I don't know German." And a ground tear rolled over into her teacup.

"There's no cause for discouragement in that, I assure you," said Mr. Raymond. "I know people who would not find fault with you on either score."

Then he went on talking to her in such a pleasant way that she soon became interested, forgot all her troubles, and the tear in her teacup, and was as merry as though she had been older and had known German.

Mr. Raymond stayed downstairs until ten o'clock, read aloud an old-time fire-side story, and kept the ball of conversation rolling in such pleasant channels that the evening was gone before Martie knew it, and spite of all her disappointments it had somehow been the pleasantest one she had spent there.

The next morning a lady came to see Martie in behalf of her mother-in-law, and Martie engaged to go the following day to see the place and people.

There was no poetry about Mrs. Myrick. She was pure, unadulterated; wanted her girls to have a good, strong education—no jimcracks, no furrin language to jabber in. She was willing to pay good wages—would give a governess \$100 a year and her board; but she mustn't expect much waiting on. They didn't keep any servants—didn't need any, a pity 'twould be if two hearty girls like hers couldn't do their own work.

Poor Martie! She would not say no at once, because this was, so far, her only chance; she promised to give an answer soon; and she went back to her room praying heaven to send her something better.

new lord, was holding court in the midst of a lively circle of callers.

Shy, bashful Martie! How could she play before all these people? Poor timid little wren, that had just crept from under the mother wing and flown out of her nest! Could she show what sweet music she knew how to make with a crowd of listeners?

There was none of the airs and graces of the music-pounding young woman about Martie, as she dropped down upon the piano stool and took a moment's grace before entering upon the dreadful ordeal. 'Twas no use waiting, but ah, gentle man would sit down! Why will he stand beside her and watch her poor, frightened fingers as they trip and stumble, give a wild jump for a distant note and miss it, make a dive for one octave and light on another, and at last lose their way altogether and go on chasing each other up and down the key note. Martie knows the piece she is trying to play as well as she knows her name, but it flies out of her head and slips away from her fingers, and she ends at last with a finale of her own improvising, feeling her hair stand straight upon her head as she does it.

The gentleman was "much obliged," I left almost immediately, and Martie, in a state of grief and mortification, was rushing through the hall, exclaiming, with a sob, as she covered her face with her hands, "What shall I do?" when she was suddenly stopped at the foot of the stairs by Mr. Raymond.

"My dear child," said he, "don't take it so much to heart. I've heard you play that piece before, and thought how well you did it; but, of course, you couldn't play with all those people staring and listening. The man was a brute to ask you to do it."

"Oh, no; it is I who am such a simpleton," said Martie; "but you are very good to me;" and she hurried upstairs, longing to get where nobody could see her, but feeling comforted a little, even then, by the tender sympathy which had done its best to console her.

Once in her own room the floodgates were opened, and Martie cried over what she called her disgraceful failure until she had succeeded in getting up a raging headache. Then she went to bed with the determination of writing in the morning to Mrs. Myrick, informing the lady that she was ready to accept her offer and enter upon the "dedication" of her daughters. But before she had time to carry her resolution into effect Mrs. Myrick herself appeared, having made up her mind that Martie would not do for them. She hadn't been brought up in their ways, and was like to be too pertickler.

Thus vanished all hopes of success from advertising. Mrs. Allen next advised that Martie should try one of the educational agencies in the city, and an application was accordingly made. Then followed more days of anxious waiting and of hopes deferred, resulting at last in a visit and a generous offer from a lady who won Martie's heart at the outset with her pleasant face and winning ways, and her gentle, motherly talk about the little boys and the two little girls at home for whom she wanted a teacher and companion. But, alas! that home lay hundreds of miles away.

It seemed to Martie like going to the ends of the earth. She had twenty-four hours in which to decide; spent half the time in wavering between yes and no—between the courage to go and the homesickness which crept over her at the very thought of it. Then scolding herself for a genuine coward, she made up her mind that go she must, and go she would.

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Raymond, in a tone of surprise. "Have you really made up your mind to go so far from home and all your friends?"

"Yes, I must go," said Martie, with a little quiver in her voice. "Please don't say anything to discourage me."

"I wouldn't for the world," returned Mr. Raymond, "only that I know of a situation nearer home which you can have if you will accept it. Come into the reception-room, and I will tell you about it."

Martie was all eagerness now. How delightful if, after all, she should not be obliged to make an exile of herself.

"It is a companion, not a teacher that is wanted," Mr. Raymond continued. "Would you be willing to take a situation as companion?"

Martie's face fell a little, but she answered: "I should be very glad to take such a situation, if I could fill it. Do you think I could?"

"I'm sure you could," said Mr. Raymond. "Do you know the person who wants a companion?"

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

The Soil for Fruit Trees.
 There is a necessity for having the land for fruit trees well drained. A cool soil, especially for pears, is very suitable, but no water must be allowed to stagnate around the roots. Mrs. Quin says that on stiff, tenacious clay soils, with clay subsoils, underdraining and deep plowing will be found essential to rid the soil of stagnant water, in order to get the conditions which will promote a healthy and vigorous root growth. But on good farming land, such as will produce, with ordinary treatment, 150 to 200 bushels of potatoes to the acre, or sixty or seventy bushels of shelled corn, it would be a useless waste of money to spend the amount necessary to underdrain the soil before planting pears. A dry, hilly place will be better than a low one, with no good drainage.

Care in Managing Sheep.
 American wool growers or shepherds have yet much to learn in regard to the management of their flocks. For example, the sheep in Silesia are never exposed to much rain. Shelter and shade are provided for them. Nor are they exposed to dust, for that is known to be injurious to the fleece. The greatest possible care is taken in the breeding. Men of experience are employed to go from farm to farm to examine the sheep and select the best rams that can be found. The rams are closely examined as to their fleece-bearing properties, and all but the very best are sold off. The whole economy of the sheep farm is as perfect as intelligence and industry can make it.

Successful Poultry Raising.
 In raising poultry or stock, it should be the aim of every one to keep it healthy and improve it. You can do it very easily by adopting some systematic rules. These may be summed up in brief as follows:

1. Construct your house good and warm, so as to avoid damp floors, and afford a flood of sunlight. Sunshine is better than medicine.
2. Provide a dusting and scratching place, where you can bury wheat and corn, and thus induce the fowls to make needful exercise.
3. Provide yourself with some good, healthy chickens, none to be over three or four years old, giving one cock to every twelve hens.
4. Give plenty of fresh air at all times of the year, especially in summer.
5. Give plenty of fresh water daily, and never allow the fowls to go thirsty.
6. Feed them systematically two or three times a day, and scatter the food so they can't eat too fast or without proper exercise. Do not feed more than they will eat up clean, or they will get tired of that kind of feed.
7. Give them a variety both of dry and cooked food; a mixture of cooked meal and vegetables is an excellent thing for their morning meal.
8. Give soft feed in the morning, and the whole grain at night, except a little wheat or cracked corn placed in the scratching place during the day.
9. Above all things keep the hen house clean and well ventilated.
10. Do not crowd too many in one house. If you do, look out for disease.
11. Use carbolic powder in dusting bins occasionally to destroy lice.
12. Wash your roosts and bottom of laying nests with whitewash once a week in summer and once a month in winter.
13. Let the old and young have as large a range as possible—the larger the better.
14. Don't breed too many kinds of fowls at the same time, unless you are going into the business. Three or four will keep your hands full.
15. Introduce new blood into your stock every year or so, by either buying a cockerel or sittings of eggs from some reliable breeder.
16. In buying birds or eggs, go to some reliable breeder who has his reputation at stake. You may have to pay a little more for birds, but you can depend on what you get. Culls are not cheap at any price.
17. Save the best birds for next year's breeding, and send the others to market. In shipping fancy poultry to market send it dressed.
18. And, above all things, read the poultry department of some good, reliable paper. You will gather more from it than you can from any poultry book. By paying attention to the above, you cannot fail to succeed and make poultry keeping as profitable as thousands have done all over the United States.—Rural Nebraska.

Household Hints.
 In washing silk handkerchiefs wash in water in which the best white castile soap has been lathered. Then snap between your fingers until nearly dry, fold and press under a weight. Never iron. Zinc may be scoured with great economy of time and strength by using either glycerine or creosote mixed with a little diluted sulphuric acid.

To restore morocco, varnish with the white of an egg and apply with a sponge.

If when bread is taken from the oven the loaves are turned topside down in the hot tins, and are allowed to stand a few minutes the crust will be tender and will cut easily.

The best way to fry fish is to first fry some slices of salt pork, then roll the pieces of fish in fine Indian meal and fry in the pork gravy. About three slices of pork for a medium-sized fish. Whitefish needs less fat than almost any other.

Blight of Fruit Trees.
 Professor T. J. Burrill, of the Illinois

Industrial university, read a paper on "Anthrax of Forest Trees" before the Association for the Advancement of Science, in which he gave the results of some experiments which he had made with pear blight and fire blight of apple trees. He considers them identical in origin, and the result a living organism—a small fungus of the genus bacillus, growing in the living bark. So minute is this fungus that a very high magnifying power of the microscope is necessary to see it. The method of experiment was to cut off small portions of bark of diseased trees, and insert them beneath the bark of healthy ones, as in the process of budding. Sixty-three per cent. of all the pear trees inoculated became diseased. Of pear trees receiving virus from blighting apple trees, seventy-three per cent. became affected. When the process was reversed, a much smaller per cent. of trees were inoculated. The most conspicuous change Professor Burrill finds in the tissue of the affected parts is the almost total disappearance of starch from the cells. This would lead one to think that the disease is a fermentation caused by a minute fungus, closely related to those which induce fermentation under ordinary circumstances.

How to Dress a Turkey.
 There is much practical wisdom among the poultry men that does not get into the papers or books. A turkey raiser who prides himself on sending to market the handsomest lot of turkeys in his town, for the Christmas market, tells us how he dresses his birds. The turkeys are fed as usual the night before butchering, and in the morning are driven in upon the barn floor as soon as they come from the roost and are made secure. Their crops are empty, and they can be caught as they are wanted. Make a slip noose of strong cord for each turkey, in an adjoining stable or shed, put the turkey's legs into the noose, and with a small pointed knife stick the bird as near the head as possible. As soon as the bird is dead, strip off the feathers, pinfeathers and all. Cut the neck off as near the head as possible, remove the wings and draw the entrails, before taking the bird down. The turkey is hung up alive, and taken down ready for market. Lay the bird on his breast or side upon a clean board to cool. Turkeys should be carefully handled in dressing to avoid breaking the skin, for it rubs off very easily when they are warm. Remove all the pinfeathers and pack the birds when sent to market in clean straw, so that there will be no marks of blood upon them. Handsome, clean dressing will add a cent a pound, and often more, to the market price of all kinds of poultry.—American Agriculturist.

A Great Orchard.
 The Farmer's Review publishes a detailed account of the orchard of A. R. Whitney, of Illinois, who has 155 acres in apple trees. He set the first 400 trees in 1843, and now has 16,000 in bearing. He began with 144 sorts, though only thirty are left, his object being to test them. For summer and autumn, he chooses red astrachan, maiden's blush, Snow and Bailey's sweet, and for winter and spring, domine, jonathan, willow twig, Ben Davis and winesap. His earliest crop, in 1876, was 26,000 bushels, one-half of which was shipped to market, and the other half made into cider. He does not count on a full or heavy crop oftener than once in four years. For the codling moth he turns sheep into the orchard, by which these insects are nearly cleared out. The long-wool sheep are best, as cotswolds, leicesters and south-downs; merinos eat the bark. The soil of the orchard is rich enough without manure. Mr. W., advises for an orchard that it slope to the north, cultivation with corn for a few years, then seeding to clover, to be plowed under every three or four years.

Recipes.
DOUGHNUTS.—Two eggs, one and a half cups of sugar, nutmeg; stir this in a quart bowl with buttermilk; two teaspoonfuls of saleratus dissolved in boiling water, and two cups of flour sifted in; bake in sheets.

CORN PUFFS.—Scald five tablespoonfuls of Indian meal, and when hot add a lump of butter the size of an egg; when cold, add two eggs beaten separately, two cups of sweet milk and eight tablespoonfuls of wheat flour.

CHICKEN MAYONNAISE.—Cut up some chickens and fry them nicely in butter. Let them get cold, then trim into good shape and put them in a covered dish with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar as for salad; add a few pieces of onion and a little parsley. Let them stand two or three hours. Then drain the pieces of chicken, place them on the lettuce in your salad dish and spread a nice mayonnaise dressing over all.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Take large smooth tomatoes, take out a little of the inside at the top and stuff with a forcemeat made thus: Fry some minced onions in butter and add some bread crumbs, some cold chicken chopped very fine, some chopped parsley and a little stock to moisten, and pepper and salt, mix well; take from the range, add raw yolk of egg, stuff the tomatoes, and bake them in the oven. Broil your chops nicely, butter them hot and arrange them around a platter with the stuffed tomatoes in the center.

Fumigate the Vermin.
 How I got rid of red mites in my poultry-house: I obtained a little furnace that is used in summer on a cook stove to save fuel, built a coal fire in the furnace, then carried it to my fowl-house, put some bricks on the floor and closed the house tightly, and placed two

pounds of brimstone in the furnace and left in short order, closing the door after me. Soon the smoke came from every crack in the house, and in one hour I had no red chicken mites, but a good clean house in which to keep my fowls.—Poultry Yard.

How They Capture Hyenas.
 The following mode of tying hyenas in their dens, as practiced in Afghanistan, is given by Arthur Connolly in his "Ceyland Journal," in the words of an Afghan chief, the Shirkaree Synd Daoud.

"When you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slip knots upon it, in your right hand, and with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know the nature of the danger and therefore retires to the back of his den, but you may always tell where he is by the glare of his eyes. You keep on moving gradually toward him on your knees, and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him and take care he does not free himself. The beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round to hurt you; so you quietly feel for his forelegs, slip the knots over them, and then, with one strong pull, draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the kraal, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild."

Hyenas are also taken alive by the Arabs by a very similar method, except that a wooden gag is used instead of a felt cloak. The similarity in the mode of capture in two such distant countries as are Algeria and Afghanistan, and by two races so different, is remarkable. From the fact that the Afghans consider that the feat requires great presence of mind, and no instance being given of a man having died of a bite received in a clumsy attempt, we may infer that the Afghan hyena is more powerful or more ferocious than his African congener.

Alligators' Nests.
 These nests resemble haycocks. They are four feet high, and five in diameter at their bases, being constructed with grass and herbage. First, they deposit one layer of eggs on a floor of mortar and having covered this with a stratum of mud herbage eight inches thick, lay another set of eggs upon that, and so on to the top, there being commonly from 160 to 300 eggs in a nest. With their tails they then beat down round the dense grass and reeds, five feet high, to prevent the approach of unseen enemies. The female watches her eggs until they are hatched by the heat of the sun, and then takes her brood under her own care, defending them and providing for their subsistence. Doctor Lutzeberg, of New Orleans, told the writer that he once packed up one of these nests with the eggs in a box for the museum of St. Petersburg, but he was recommended before he closed it to see that there was no danger of the eggs being hatched on the voyage. On opening one a young alligator walked out, and he was soon followed by the rest, about 100, which he fed in his house, where they went up and downstairs, whining and barking like young puppies.

An Interesting Marriage.
 A pair of sightless lovers have been married in Cincinnati. The bride has been blind since childhood, but having received an education at the institution for the blind at Columbus, has been more of a comfort than a burden to her friends, for she had learned to play on a cabinet organ and to sing sweetly, and to be, moreover, of great assistance in the household. Last June she attended a convention of the blind, and her sweet voice caught the ear of a former pupil of the same institution where she had formerly been to school. This was a blind man with a soft heart, and he resolved to go to Cincinnati and ask her to marry him. While he was waiting for her answer, the house where she was living caught fire, and her mother was burned to death. This sad event occurred a few days ago, and now the two blind lovers have gone on their honeymoon.—New York Tribune

A Dog's Ear.
 A shepherd once had a dog whom he used to take very much into his confidence, for the intelligent animal seemed to understand everything that was said to him, and sometimes, as you will see, that were not intended for his ears. His master was once going to a place some miles away from his home, and said to his mother the night before he started, "I won't take Hector with me."

When his master started on his journey, Hector was nowhere to be found. The river that had to be crossed was so swollen by rain that the shepherd was obliged to go a long way round; but when he reached the other side, there sat Hector among the rushes. He had caught the name of the place to which his master was going, and started off to swim over, undeterred by the expanse of water that had to be crossed.

Said the angry judge to the lawyer: "The prisoner would steal horses, and I consider you no better!" And the lawyer said he flattered himself that he did know better, and wished he could return the compliment, with justice. And this was one of the most enjoyable incidents of the trial—for the audience.