

### Farm Scenes in New York.

The cider mill challenged the boy's attention in the fall, when apples were brought by the cart-load and dumped in huge piles on the ground, then carried in large baskets to the hopper, to be converted into pomace. The steady old horse turned the creaking mill. When the pomace was put into form and pressed the sweet juice ran out into tubs that invite sampling. Cups and glasses were a barbarism; the only proper instrument for tasting and testing was the long, bright straw. No cherry cobbler was ever so delicious as that new cider. It was good sport to "ant hens" eggs, in obscure mangle corners, or high hay-mows, or in the tall, standing grass; to see the swarming bees settle on a limb of the near peach tree, and watch the process of hiving them; to ride on high loads of fragrant hay; to trap the sly woodchuck, and see his grit as a prisoner; to follow the harvesters afield, and stack the clean oat-sheaves in "shocks," and to see the same oats fly from under the alternating flails. About the best fun of all was in the huskings on the great barn floor. Here were at once activity and repose, individual excellence and social enjoyment. Every man has his stories to tell. The gray-haired grandfather recounted his early exploits, and told how his nimble feet used to trip those of heavier and stronger wrestlers. "Stand up a minute," he would say to his best hired man; and, taking him by the collar and elbow, he would illustrate his youthful "science," and send his man tottering across the floor. Hardly less was the sport of shearing him, when the boys were allowed to hold the big shears and trim the sheep's fleecy legs. The shearing was preceded by a general sheep-washing, at the bridge on the nearest pass-road. It was "high jinks" for the boys to stand waist-deep in the water, pass along the swimming sheep, and give the larger lambs a useless bath by themselves.—*Martin Kellogg, in September Californian.*

### Human Work and Human Waste.

Work means waste, equally to a human body and a locomotive engine. "More work, more waste," is a motto alike true of the mechanic's apparatus and of the mechanic himself. Not an action, we repeat, is performed by us which is not accompanied by an expenditure of force derived from and accompanied by a proportional waste of substance. The movements of muscles, the beating of the heart, the winking of an eyelid, the thinking a thought, entail wear and tear upon the muscles that work and the brain-cells that think. Every action necessitates bodily waste and corresponding physical repair. Waste, however, cannot of necessity be a single and final process in a living body—unless, indeed, we were born with a full complement of matter, and were permitted in the order of nature to live on the principals with which we had been provided, instead of wisely using that principal as a means of gaining a livelihood through the interest it acquired. That we are not so constituted is an evident fact, hence our bodies demand pretty constant repair as a companion action to that of work, labor and duty. This process of repair consists in the reception of matter from the outer world, in the transformation of this matter into ourselves, and in its utilization in the work and repair of the frame. Such matter we shortly name food, and the processes whereby it is converted into our own bodily substance we term digestion.—*Chambers' Journal.*

### Emperor Alexander's Marriage.

The czar of Russia is believed to have married the Princess Dolgorouki, although the zarina was so recently upon her death-bed in the royal palace at St. Petersburg. His children protested against the ceremony, and all but one of his sons left the country in order to avoid attending the nuptials. The ceremony was so secret that little is known as to the terms of the union, although it is generally believed that the marriage ismorganatic, the Princess Dolgorouki agreeing for herself and children to make no claims to the throne or possessions of the czar. Had he contracted a marriage upon other terms, his sons might have shown resentment more vigorously than by sulking in foreign lands. The czar has not always been free from suspicions that nihilists have obtained secret encouragement, if not aid, from his own household. He would not willingly add to his avowed enemies his own sons. His marriage will be more likely to increase than to diminish his unpopularity. Admiral Popoff has been made sick by anxiety lest nihilists should introduce explosives on board the new yacht *Livadia*, which the czar named in honor of the country of the Princess Dolgorouki's family, *Livadia*, where the pair now are. The persecutors of their sovereign aver that an infernal machine is now secreted in the yacht, and the czar may find, if he undertakes a wedding journey on board that craft, that his admiral is not the only Pop-off on board. The czar of Russia is likely to lack nothing of excitement for his diversion during the remainder of his life, and a singular feature of his case is that a consciousness of his misdeeds gives him the apprehension that retribution will follow him in a series of attacks which will at last prostrate him as the victim of assassins.—*N. Y. Mail.*

### A Chinese Romance.

Living in a village in the province of Kwangtung were two brothers. "Brother," said the younger, one day, "you are 40 years of age, why don't you marry? At this rate we shall never be able to perpetuate our father's family, nor to raise for ourselves any sons against our declining years."

"The reason I do not marry," responded the other, "is that I cannot afford it—otherwise I would;" whereupon the younger of the two implored his brother to sell him, and buy a wife with the proceeds!

The proposal was indignantly scouted by the elder. "What," said he, "exchange a brother for a wife? Never! A wife I may at any time be able to procure, but I can never get another brother."

But a wealthy neighbor, overhearing the conversation, called upon the two, entered into an insinuating colloquy with the elder man, and finished by offering him 30 taels of silver for his hunch. The temptation was too strong; the young man was sold and went into voluntary captivity to his new master, receiving boarding and lodging in return for his services, while the elder went out and bought a wife with the money. On the arrival of this lady at home, she began to question her lord as to the whereabouts of his brother. "I always heard," she said, "that there were two of you; what has become of him?"

"My dear," replied her spouse, "the fact is, I have sold him; and, what is more, if I had not done so, I should never have been able to get you."

His wife was greatly shocked; and, going back to her father's, she told him the whole story, beseeching him to furnish her with means of bringing back her brother-in-law. Two days afterward she returned joyfully with the necessary amount, which she deposited for safety under her bed; but, alas! a short time only elapsed before the box containing it most strangely disappeared. This so affected her mind that she tried to hang herself; and was so far successful that she was put into a coffin, and taken out to be buried. Present at the funeral was a sister of the widower, swathed up to the eyes in white bandages, and mourning piteously. Suddenly there came on a fearful thunder-storm; the rain poured down in torrents, crash-ous ceased crash, and flash followed flash, until one ribbon of flame passed through the body of the disconsolate sister-in-law, stretching her a corpse upon the ground. As she fell her jacket opened, and out tumbled the missing coin. The same flash that killed her shattered the coffin, and aroused the apparently-dead wife; and so the judgment of heaven was fulfilled. The false sister was speedily packed away in the coffin, and buried; the husband and wife trudged piously home with their recovered treasure; the younger brother was redeemed from slavery, and the family lived happily together for the remainder of their lives.

RECENTLY complaints have been made to the French authorities that oleomargarine butter has been substituted for the genuine article in the asylums of Paris. The Paris Academy of Medicine has made a vigorous investigation, under an order from the Government. The report of the committee is against the use of margarine in the asylums, and is also adverse to its general use as a substitute for butter. The margarine as originally prepared is no longer an object of commerce, being too dear. That which is actually in use is an industrial product open to various frauds. Vegetable oils are especially introduced, and if it is easy to decide by chemical analysis whether a given product consists of butter or margarine, it is very difficult to affirm whether this margarine is pure or mixed with oils, and vegetable oils are known to be more difficult of digestion than animal fats. It was found to be a miserable conglomerate of peanut oil, diluted milk, and beef.

THE recent colliery explosion in England has incited some historical statisticians to an enumeration of similar disasters in that country, who finds that in the number of lives lost this one will "rank with the explosion of the Cymmer, near Pontypridd, in July, 1856, when 114 men were sacrificed to the insanely reckless practice of testing headings supposed to be dangerous by approaching lighted candles to them; of Lundhill, in February, 1857, when 189 men of 290 were killed; of the Risca colliery, where, in December, 1860, 142 miners were slain by an explosion caused by one of their number uncovering his lamp to light his pipe; of the Oaks, in December, 1866—(seventy lives had been lost there in March, 1847)—when 340 men were stricken down; of Fenrdale, in November, 1867, when but three souls of 170 were saved; of the Swarthe Main, in December, 1875, when 135 lives were lost; of the Blantyre pit, in October, 1877, when 200 men and boys were killed; of the Wood pit, at Haydock, in June, 1878, when 183 perished; of the Abercrombie colliery, in September of the same year, when the death-list contained 260 names, and of the fatal Risca, where two months ago 119 men were blown out of existence."

### OUR JUVENILES.

#### Does He Like Butter?

Well, to begin! First put the cowpail under his chin, And when you see that dimpled place Of all his dimpled and russet face Show just the tint that the cowpail shows, That is a sure proof, I mean, That the little boy (I mean our Ned) I fond of butter upon his bread.

So far, so good! But what if the rosy surface should Show no tint of the yellow at all? I should say that the flower was too small, Or that something else was wrong in the test. For, whatever the sign is, I know best! Signs sometimes fail; but I know that Ned Likes plenty of butter upon his bread.

Perhaps the fan On the sun-browned cheek of the little man Dulls the mirror to which I hold The blossom up to reflect its gold. Or else the dimples ripple the glass Where the shadow of color ought to pass, And only the warm blood shows instead; But he does like butter upon his bread.

—*Youth's Companion.*

#### Japanese Young Folks.

There is no country in the world where there are so many toy-shops, so many children's fairs, or where older people do so much for young people, as in Japan. As a general rule, Japanese children are seldom known to be punished. They are greatly petted, and do not quarrel and cry so much as children in our own country, and are always good-natured, contented and happy. The children are so unusually good, some persons say, because their parents let them do as they please; yet, if they were better taken care of and better governed, perhaps there would not be so many sore-eyed, sore-headed, crooked-backed children as there are.

Boys seldom play ball, but find their enjoyment in tops, stilt and kites, some of which are six feet square and very gay in appearance, and others are made to sing as they fly through the air.

Another choice game is shuttlecock and shuttlecock. The shuttlecock is a round seed stuck round with feathers. The boys as they play sing that the wind may blow, and the girls that it may be "alm so that their shuttlecocks may fly straight. As for "Mother Goose" literature in the way of story-books, lullabys and nursery rhymes, they are as plentiful as in our own land, but all are characteristic of their country. In our games, for instance, of "puss wants a corner" and "prisoner's base," the devil takes the place of puss or the officer. Japanese children are peculiarly fond of playing "make-believe," and will pretend to be sick and send for the doctor. There are "make-believe" tea-parties, weddings and even funerals. Games of cards are very popular, and some of them are played after the manner of our "old maid." Forfeits are a part of almost every game, and consist sometimes in painting the faces of the boys with ink and sticking straw in the girls' hair.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

#### The Sunken City.

Who has not heard of the sunken city that lies stately and far beneath the sea? Temple and tower and slender column and rich fretted palace halls lie buried in the deep, and the mariner sails over the spot, ignorant of the hidden glories underneath. Only at sunset the bells from tower and minaret peal forth a wild, sweet music that floats faintly over the waters, and to him who listens comes a great longing to see the mysterious beauty of this hidden city, lapped in the waves of ocean. Still, as he lingers the desire grows stronger; a strange, sweet, overpowering force urging him to descend through the cold, pure water, until with his own eyes he can behold the loveliness that lies concealed beneath.

If he is strong in spirit he closes his ears to the impelling music and steels his heart against the yearning voice within. If he is weak or sorrowful or wide-eyed with hidden fancies he yields to the spell, and the sunken city holds another victim, lying dead amid the beautiful desolation below.

Lazily floating in a small boat were two men, one gray-haired and spent and worn, with a far-off look in his tired eyes; the other young and strong and happy with the ignorant happiness of youth. The day was drawing to a close and the sunset gilded the smooth waters on which the boat rocked gently, while both men sat absorbed in thought and hardly conscious of each other's presence.

Suddenly the younger started. "Hark!" said he; "what far-off bells are those that can be heard at this distance from the shore?"

The other listened. Soft and clear and strangely sweet they rang, now dying into silence, now pealing forth anew over the waters. Spellbound they listened as the sounds swept by them on the evening wind. "They are the bells of the sunken city," said the gray-haired man at last, "and it must lie beneath us now."

In silent awe they both leant from the boat and looked long and earnestly into the quiet waters. Clear and green they lay, bathed in the radiance of the setting sun, and, as they watched, it seemed to both that the rays of light were reflected back from gleaming roofs beneath. Intently they gazed, and gradually unfolded before their eyes lay stately towers and minarets, vast marble halls and strangely-gilded domes and steeples. Between them surged fathoms of crystal

water, but underneath all was still and fair and beautiful and shrouded in a mystery no man could penetrate. The sunken city lay revealed in this brief hour of sunset to the rapt watchers overhead.

Neither spoke a word, but, straining their eyes to see more, gazed at the shadowy beauty of the scene and listened to the wild, sad music of the bells. Strange visions floated before their bewildered sight, and the deserted streets and lonely grandeur of the buried city told to each silent watcher a widely-different tale.

The young man with glowing eyes beheld beneath him all his hopes and desires reached and fulfilled. All that he worked to possess awaited him in the sunken city, peopled with the shadows of those he loved, rich with the wealth he longed for, teeming with the fruition of his proudest hopes. His life and its completion lay there; if he would but take the step and reach it; and what should hold him back?

And the other man, older in work and disappointment than in years, saw beneath him in the sunken city all the past joys of his life return. Those whom he had loved and lost walked through the deserted streets, and his bygone youth, rich with the hopes now dead, shone alluringly before his eyes. One downward plunge, and he could regain it all.

With a start both men rose in the little boat ready to leap into the waves, when suddenly with a faint, echoing sound the music of the bells broke and died into silence, and the glories beneath grew dim and indistinct before their straining eyes. Tower and turret and gilded roof melted softly away into nothingness, and they saw only the lapping waters growing gray and misty in the approaching gloom.

With a shudder the young man drew back from the edge of the boat. "It is over," he said, "the spell is past and night is coming on. We must return to the shore without delay, and in the real world and following out my own life I will gain all that I have seen shadowed forth to-day. My path lies before me and I am eager to tread it. Let us hasten back."

But the other did not heed him. His eyes were fixed upon the water. Beneath lay hidden the golden vision of the past and he could never hope to reproduce it on earth. An overwhelming yearning seized him. All that he valued lay in the sunken city and he would join them there.

There was a faint cry, a sudden plunge, and the young man sat alone within the boat as the twilight darkened into night.

#### Words of Wisdom.

One day is worth three to him who does everything in order.

He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

The youth who thinks the world his oyster, and opens it forthwith, finds no pearl therein.—*MacDonald.*

As to being prepared for defeat, I certainly am not. Any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced. I hope for success, shall do all in my power to secure it, and I trust to God for the rest.—*Farquhar.*

The greatness shows itself in ignoring, or quickly forgetting personal injuries, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man one is, the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause.

It is not good to be angry with those who may seem with malicious intent to assail our cherished beliefs. A few burning weeds may produce smoke enough to hide the stars, but the stars are shining all the same. It is not wise to vex and weary ourselves by angry denunciations of the smoke which will soon pass off without our labor.

The human mind is so constituted that whenever it sees an event it is obliged to infer a cause; also, whenever it sees adaptation it infers design. It is not necessary to know the end proposed, or who were the agents. We do not know who built Stonehenge, or some of the pyramids, or what they were built for; but no one doubts that they were the result of design.

A NEW process for the preservation of forage crops in their green state is being tested at Suffield, Ct. Into a cutter, which goes by steam, are run half a dozen corn-stalks at a time, which are cut into very small pieces. Afterward they fall into a slide which takes them to a vault fourteen by twenty-six feet and ten deep, which has thick concrete walls, and is capable of holding eighty-five tons of this feed. When the vault is filled and closely packed down, thirty tons of stone is placed on top. It is claimed that the fodder will keep green and retain its sweetness as long as it is kept covered, thus making it one of the best as well as the cheapest kinds of feed obtainable for cattle the year round. It is not intended, however, that this feed shall be sold, and indeed it could not be, as after twenty-four hours' exposure fermentation would set in, which, of course, would ruin it. It can be taken out only a little at a time as it is needed for use.

### Errors of Speech.

It is so easy, from mere thoughtlessness and unconscious imitation, to fall into a pernicious way of talking that continual circumspection is required to prevent a lapse. How often people who should know better say, "It is a different thing to that," instead of "from." How can any one "differ to?" Again, "It isn't, I don't think," is constantly heard, when the speaker means just the opposite of what he says, as may be seen by inverting the sentence thus: "I don't think it isn't," which must be equivalent to "I do think it is." "Hadn't used to," "Didn't used to," "Hadn't ought," "Didn't ought," are vulgar errors, while "It was her," for "It was she"; "It was me" for "It was I"; "Between you and I," instead of "Between you and me"; "Like I did," instead of "As I did"; "Those sort of things," instead of "That sort of thing"; "Laying down," instead of "Lying down," are common violations of English grammar.

For those who have never learned the rules of syntax, or, having learned, forgotten them, it will be useful to point out that in cases of doubt about a sentence the correctness of it can often be tested by a rearrangement of the words of which it is composed, and by recapitulating those words which are not expressed but understood. For example: "He sat near to you and I" is shown to be wrong, thus—"He sat near to you and [he sat near to]";—evidently the pronoun *me* follows instead of *I*. Another common instance—"Who is there?" "Me," is the answer, but it should be, of course, "I," the words [am there] being the complement of the sentence.

Of almost equal importance to grammatical accuracy is the avoidance of all slang words, terms and expressions. All slang is vulgar, and displays a poverty of language, as well as thought. And it is a great mistake to suppose that slang is in any way witty. Only the very young or the uncultivated so consider it.

Avoid also a vague, indeterminate manner of speaking, such as using the word "thing," instead of naming the object meant, and such expressions as "The what do you call it," "The what is it," "The thingum," "Take the thing away off the what do you call it," is an example of what this bad habit will produce.

Other improprieties of speech are clipping off the last letter of a word, as "speakin'," "talkin'," "readin'," "puddin'," and of adding an extra final letter, as "garding," "parding," "heights"; drawing out the letter "o," so that dog is sounded "dawg," and God "Gawd"; sounding "ow" "er," as "piller" for pillow, "winder" for window, "elber" for elbow, etc.; of sounding a redundant "r" in such words as drawing, often pronounced "droring," sawing "soring," gnawing "noring," with "dror" for draw, and "nore" for gnaw, "corst" for cost, "lorst" for lost, etc.

Theodore Parker, a distinguished American and rationalistic theologian, was born at Lexington, Mass., on the 24th of August, 1810. His education was begun on his father's farm, and there he continued to study even after he had entered Harvard College in 1830. In 1834 he entered the theological school, in which he remained about two years. He first began to preach in Barnstable in 1836. In April of the following year he married Miss Lydia Cabot, and soon after he settled as Unitarian minister at West Roxbury. His views had previously been but little in advance of the average Unitarianism of the time, but his growing acquaintance with De Wette, Eichhorn, Paulus Bauer, and others, was not long in producing a change in his opinions. His new doctrines gave offense to some of the more conservative New England Unitarians, and, after his discourse on the "Transient and Permanent in Christianity," the opposition to him became much more decided. In 1843 he visited Europe, returning in the summer of 1844. Soon after his return he began to preach in Boston at the Melodeon, where he was regularly installed in 1845. He was the principal editor of the *Massachusetts Quarterly*. In addition to his duties as minister, and his laborious intellectual pursuits, he gave numerous lectures on various subjects. His health having become greatly impaired by his unceasing and intense activity, in February, 1859, he visited Santa Cruz, in the West Indies, and in the following summer went to Europe, spending the winter of 1859-60 at Rome. He left Rome in April, 1860, and with difficulty reached Florence, where he died on the 10th of May. Of his extensive collection of books he left the principal part, amounting to 11,190 volumes and 2,500 pamphlets, to the Boston Public Library.

AMERICAN oysters are taken to Europe now, not alone for immediate, but for prospective, consumption. The Schleswig owners of oyster beds have already laid down a good many American oysters, and a new company has just been formed for doing the same thing on a vastly-increased scale. So with each year America becomes more and more the food-supplier of the Old World, as well as on an augmenting scale the recipient of her surplus population.

### PLEASANTRIES.

An ounce of conviction is worth a pound of concern.

For whom was Eve made? For Adams Express Company.

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked a teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

"PLEASE to understand," said the honorable Billie the other day, "I'm not such a fool as I look." "No," said Bob, "that would be too much."

A HUSBAND telegraphed to his wife "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came: "Breakfast cakes and measles."

THE world is always interested to know the last words of a man. It doesn't care so much about those of a woman. She has her last word all through life.

"Don't you dare to kiss me once," she cried with blazing eyes At John, who felt himself collapsed To half his usual size. "I won't," he said—"please pardon me, And I will be so nice—" She smiled and said: "Dear John, I didn't Say you shouldn't kiss me twice."

A YOUNG lady surprised the gentlemanly clerk by offering him 50 cents in payment for a dollar purchase. "It amounts to \$1, if you please," said the gentlemanly clerk. "I know it does," was the answer, "but papa is only paying 50 cents on the dollar now."

"PRISONER at the bar," said the Judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked wistfully toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say, "Good evening," if it would be agreeable to the company.

A PARTY of scapegraces, meeting a pious old man named Samson, one of them exclaimed, "Ah, now we're safe! We'll take Samson along with us; and then, should we be set upon by a thousand Philistines, he'll stand them all." "My friend," quietly responded the old man, "to do that I should have to borrow your jaw-bone."

SHE was a 4-year-old blonde, generally quiet and tractable, but mamma had provoked her. "I don't love you any more, mamma!" "Very well, dear, you needn't." "Well, I don't love you." "All right, dearie, mamma will try to get along." "Well, I do love you; but I don't feel just like it now."

LITTLE ROBBY came home in Boston with his new hat limp as a dish-cloth. "For goodness sake!" cried his mother, "where have you been?" Robby began to whimper as he replied, "A feller threw my hat into the frog pond." "Oh, Robby!" exclaimed his sister, "you threw it in yourself. I saw you do it!" "Well," said Robby, contemptuously, "ain't I a feller?"

#### An Artist's Struggles.

Most of our readers have heard of, and many may have seen, Banvard's great "Panorama of the Mississippi." It is said that the author of this immense work conceived its idea and determined on its execution when he was a mere boy, during a trip across the Mississippi in a row-boat at sunset. The story of his after-life is a record of singular persistency and success in carrying out a boyish dream.

When his father died, John Banvard was left a poor, friendless lad, and obtained employment with a druggist. But, so fond was he of sketching the likenesses of those about him on the walls with chalk or coal, that his master told him he made better likenesses than pills; so poor John lost his situation.

He then tried other pursuits, and met with many disappointments. Finally he obtained enough money to begin his great work. He bought a small skiff, and set off alone on his perilous adventure.

He traveled thousands of miles, crossing the Mississippi backwards and forwards to secure the best points for making his sketches. All day long he went on sketching, and, when the sun was about to set, he either shot wild fowl on the river, or, handling the little boat ashore, went into the woods, with his rifle, to shoot game.

After cooking and eating his supper, he turned his boat over on the ground, and crept under it, rolling himself up in a blanket to sleep for the night, safe from the falling dews and prowling animals.

Sometimes for weeks together he never spoke to a human being. In this manner he went on sketching for more than 400 days before the necessary drawings were finished, and then he set to work in good earnest to paint the picture.

He had only made sketches in his wanderings. After these were completed there were colors and canvas to be bought, and a large wooden building to be erected, for he determined to paint them on one piece of canvas, and thus make a panorama.

When it was finished it covered three miles of canvas, and represented a range of scenery 3,000 miles in extent; and that all this magnificent work was executed by a poor, fatherless, moneyless lad ought to make us ashamed of giving up any undertaking worth pursuing, merely because it would cost us some trouble.