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Links of Life.

boy and a girl stood hand in hand
Beside the window pane,
And gazed far out on flooded land
And dreary, falling rain.
The maiden's features, form and face
Were crowned with every girlish grace.
In boyish words he told her this,
And begged the favor of a kiss;
While just above them, all the time,
The clock sent forth its rattling rhyme,
And murmured, with a tireless tick,
Be quick! be quick!

A youth and maid stood there once more
Beside the window pane,
A dream of beauty as before,
And watched the falling rain.
Her hand upon his shoulder lies;
He looks on her with love-lit eyes,
And murmurs, "It were perfect bliss
To gain the gift of hand like this."
She pauses then as if in doubt;
While still the clock again speaks out,
And murmurs, with its cheerful tick,
Be quick! be quick!

Yet once again we find them here;
But this is in the winter time;
The forms are bent, and on their hair
Are frosts of age like winter's rime,
But still the eyes look on in love,
Beholding glories far above.
His arm again her form draws nigh,
"Ah! wife," he says, "we soon must die;
We've struggled on through world and weather.
God grant that we may die together!"
The clock chimes in with doleful tick,
Be quick! be quick!

Once more the window greets the sun;
No forms now stand its panes beside,
Their smoothly gliding days are done,
And there two coffins, side by side,
Enfold the fond and faithful forms
From summer's rains and winter's storms.
The pastor prays with saddened sound,
While weeping mourners gather round.
"They loved each other well," he said,
"Nor will we part them now, though dead."
And on each coffined face the while
There seemed to dawn a loving smile,
As mourners trod with muffled sound
And bore them to the burial ground.
While overhead, with mournful click,
The clock moaned out with tireless tick,
Be quick! be quick!

—*J. Edgar Jones.*

A Modern Romeo and Juliet.

If you had gone with me into a certain church in Elltown on a certain Sunday, followed the highly respectable usher up the softly-carpeted aisle, settled yourself comfortably in the corner of the proffered seat, and glanced up at the organ and choir behind the Rev. Speecham's desk, your attention would probably have been attracted, as was mine, by an undeniably attractive subject. A girl in a dark gray dress and hat, with a dash of color like the breast of a bird in the latter, and a charming poise and quick motion of the head to carry out your thought. A slender, graceful girl, with warm red dimpled cheeks, full red lips that gave the chief expression to the face, and were constantly changing that expression by curves and quivers, steady blue eyes and a strong forehead and chin.

If, at the end of the first hymn, you had been unable to tell what she had been singing about, it would not have been because you had not been watching her all the time from under cautious eyelids; and, after the reading, you would probably have found yourself as I did, old bachelor that I am, wondering what the girl was thinking about.

First she pulled off one neat little gray glove, rolled it into a ball and threw it into the book-rack in a very impetuous manner, and when the quiet little Mr. Speecham gave out the hymn she glowered at him savagely, then shut her lips tightly, making a straight scarlet line that surely was not called out by the sentiment, "Blest be the tie that binds," etc.

After the benediction had been pronounced, and the people had been sufficiently awakened by a terrible blast from the organ to walk mechanically out of the chilly church into the bright sunshine outside, I saw my morning puzzle slip by Dr. Speecham, join a middle-aged lady of the highly respectable sort, and go out with the crowd. As for me, I betook myself to a humdrum boarding-house with a dim feeling of regret that I was no longer young.

Now, all this is simply a prologue, as it were, to the little drama which I found out afterward, and started out in the beginning to tell you under the title which has, I believe, been used for a similar purpose already by some one.

Having given the introduction in due order, the curtain will now rise on the first act of the play.

Picture to yourselves a Sunday afternoon, slowly waning into evening; a large gothic house, with a great many porticoes, and on one of them my puzzle Juliet, and the middle-aged lady, whom she addresses as aunt, sitting *vis-a-vis*. Juliet looks up now and then into the elderly lady's face as she speaks to her, but oftener, it must be confessed, glances dreamily beyond over the wide slope of lawn at the side of the house.

Auntie Gray, impressively, "Now, Juliet, I am very sure you would find your feelings changing toward Dr. Speecham if you would only stop thinking of that wild harum-scarum Hal Lane." ("H'm," thinks the maiden, "it is a good thing you don't know who I am thinking too much of.") "It isn't he most violent love that lasts the longest, and, besides, it is dangerous to trust too much to the feelings. The dear doctor is a good man, and he would restrain your sudden impulses and freaks." Juliet's lip curls suspiciously, but she says nothing.

Auntie Gray resumes, "You do like him, don't you, Juliet?"

"Yes, auntie, I respect and like Mr. Speecham, but that isn't loving; and I don't love him."

A sudden vivid blush finishes the sentence, for as she looks up she has the horror of seeing that reverend gentleman standing at the end of the porch, having come over the lawn as usual to take tea and walk to church with them, after a custom of some years standing. The instant she glances up, he makes a gesture of silence, so much sterner than any she has ever seen him make before, that she is literally astonished into complying.

"There is no need of your blushing like that over a man that you only like," drones on her aunt, in a state of sweet unconsciousness; but before she has finished speaking, the man who has unintentionally played eavesdropper has disappeared. He is late in coming to tea that night, but when Juliet comes down from her room, in answer to the bell, she finds him chatting quite the same as usual, though she cannot help noticing that a change has come over his countenance.

There is a certain young artist, Rex Gant by name, only son of one of her aunt's intimate friends, who has for some time made his home with that worthy lady, and, thanks to his unfailing fund of conversation, and the ease that belongs to a society man, tea passes off comfortably in spite of the abstraction of two, for the aunt is still sweetly serene. As the time for service draws near, Juliet says: "I think I will not go out this evening, my head aches." But Mrs. Gray answers quickly: "Why, my dear, you forget your solo." She can't quite understand the expression of the minister's face, he almost looks gratified at her suggestion, but her aunt will not hear to it, knowing the headache to be a subterfuge, so she goes away to get ready.

When they leave the door, Rex, not in the least comprehending her looks and gestures, goes off dutifully with Mrs. Gray on his arm, leaving Juliet as usual to Dr. Speecham. Several times during the walk she thinks she will introduce the topic that is uppermost in both their minds, but he guides the conversation so easily and skillfully on other subjects that she has no opportunity, and, after all, what can she say? In the sermon that evening, notes are discarded, and the speaker preaches a sermon straight from his heart that electrifies and touches as none of his rhetorical, flowery discourses have ever done; and, most of all does it touch a sober girl on the platform behind him, who is not at all the restless puzzle that she was in the morning. She makes up her mind that she will speak to him about the matter on her way home; but, again the question suggests itself, what can she say, since she has already told him, without being asked, that she didn't love him. She is saved the trouble of answering, for, after the service, the conversation is taken up as skillfully and easily as before, and one or two beginnings in that direction are nipped in the bud, so that almost before she knows it, they have reached the gate, and he has bidden her a quiet good-night and gone home, just the same as usual.

Juliet walks slowly up to the house with many and conflicting thoughts, for, like many another girl, she is at odds about some things of which she says little.

She only stops a moment in the parlor to say, "Auntie, I guess I will go right up to my room and rest my head." Then she goes on up the broad staircase, through the long corridor and into her room, locks the door and sits down wearily in a chair to think. She sets up an imaginary self on a stool of repentance in front of her and apostrophizes it as follows: "You little goose! why don't you love that minister? He is a genuinely good man, and there are mighty few of them." Then she falls into a reverie, but soon proceeds: "You ought to be ashamed to care anything for Rex Grant; you know he don't care for you." Here the other self grows indignant, and speaks up: "What of the evening you went boating, and the walk from Cable's hill, and"— But at this juncture she becomes disgusted with both selves, and rudely interrupts the dialogue by getting up and taking off her wrap and hat.

Then she lights the gas and sits resolutely down to read, but after reading one page over some six times without the least idea of what it means, she tosses the book into the farther corner of the room, turns out the gas again, raises the low French window and steps out upon the balcony. It has been a delightful afternoon, and she remembers, as if it were a long time ago, the soft sunshine and swaying shadows; but toward dusk the air had grown oppressive, and now the moon is put out by clouds that are gathering and scurrying across the sky. She drops wearily down in a rustic chair, puts her folded arms on the balustrade, and leaning her cheek upon them looks out over the lawn and thinks. The brisk breeze blows over her face, and lifts her hair, and she thinks in earnest now; of many an evening boating, of walks, and talks, and, oh, of a thousand things; and under all, like the current that bears drifting rose leaves, flows the fear that this artist who has grown into all her life so closely will go out into the world and forget her.

The current of that fear grows stronger and swifter, until finally she finds that the breeze, grown to a gale, is moaning around the corner of the house and in through the open window behind her with a lonesome sound that she cannot bear; and she rises impatiently and shuts the window down and herself out with the night. She has hardly done this when a familiar odor greets her senses, and, presto! the scene changes, for the odor is unmistakably that of a cigar.

She stands perfectly motionless, and looks down in an opposite direction from where she has been looking, and there, pacing up and down the walk slowly, is her artist, with that masculine comforter between his lips. There is an old saying about his satanic majesty, but she adapts it to the case in hand, as she thinks in her ignorance, and quotes to herself, "Think of angels and you hear the rustling of their wings."

She hardly dares breathe as she watches this bright being, probably for fear of frightening him away. But he walks up and down without even a glance at the balcony, and presently she breathes freer, but still she watches and he walks, and in the meantime the clouds are growing heavier. Presently she hears a low rumbling of thunder, and at the same instant Rex tosses away his cigar and comes straight over to the balcony. Striking a tragical attitude, he lifts his face to her and sighs out:

"'Bright angel, thou art as glorious to this night, being o'er my head, as is a winged messenger of heaven'—but you had better open the window and go within, for there is a shower coming up and you'll get your wings wet. Besides, you've been out too long already."

"Thank you, sir; I will go in immediately, since you have watched me so long as to grow tired of me," and she turned in a very dignified manner to the window, quick as love always is to take offense at nothing, and secretly not a little vexed that he has been walking up and down there so long and not spoken before. But the unlucky window closes with a spring, and is fast. One or two frantic efforts to lift it, and she stands still.

A low, amused laugh from below. "You don't mean to say the window is locked? Well, that is too good. Say you are sorry for being indignant at nothing, and I'll run up and let you in."

"The door is locked too," says the disconsolate Juliet; and this wicked man, straightway seeing the comical side of the affair, goes off into a long, low laugh. But he is stopped by another heavy roar of thunder, and in a moment more he has thrown off his hat and is climbing hand over hand up the wooded vine that grows against the side of the house, and twines over the balcony. As he climbs he says, in a jerky way, not at all dramatic, "With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls," and getting over with a great scramble, tears a very unromantic rent in his coat.

But, as he stands beside her, all that is ludicrous dies out of his manner, and he takes both her hands in his own in that caressing way that she thinks, poor child, is peculiar to him, and looks into the drooping face.

It is dangerous to stand on a balcony on a summer night alone with a girl that loves you, and that you love, unless you mean to make her aware of your feelings. Any resolves in the way of firmness are apt to melt into nothing, and float away out of reach.

"Juliet," he says, in a tone that is a little constrained, "are you going to marry the minister."

Just a little whispered "No" for answer, but it makes him happier than such a word is apt to make a man on such an occasion.

"Why not?" a little more hopefully.

"Because, Rex, I don't love him."

A sudden pressure of the hands that hold hers, and then Rex draws her, shrinking and trembling with a rapture that is half joy, half pain, to his breast, and says words that are like a benediction to her.

Few men make love well, as regards eloquence; but words that are commonplace enough in black and white can easily blossom into a marvel of beauty on a summer night with one who loves you devotedly to listen.

The storm gathers faster, the thunder mutters louder, the wind shakes the trees, and Juliet has no idea how long these sounds last, when a great drop of rain falls on their face (it could hardly fall between them).

"That says I must let you in; I hope I haven't kept you out too long already."

"I hope you haven't," she answers demurely.

He turns to the window, takes out his jack-knife, and shivers one of the panes, which are, fortunately for Mrs. Gray, of a fanciful shape and rather small, reaches in to the spring and raises the window, and they both step inside, just as the rain begins to come down in torrents.

"Juliet," calls the cautious voice, not of the garrulous nurse, but of her aunt, as they light the gas and open the door. Rex slips an arm about her and they go down the hall, and, leaning over the railing, look down.

Auntie Gray is one of those restless sort of people that are always prowling around the house in nervous dread if there is a storm in the night; and there she stands in wrapper and slippers with a night-lamp in her hand, calling softly to know if Juliet's windows are down, and if she thinks it will be a very severe storm.

A sudden impulse comes to Rex; he tightens his arm about Juliet, and draws her down the stairs. When they stand in front of the astonished woman he says coolly, not at all minding Juliet's burning cheeks: "May I have her for my wife, auntie?"

"Well, well!" she cries, looking from one to the other in a dazed way as if to find out what it all means, "if that don't beat all! What a blind old fool I've been, to be sure. But Providence always does provide some way," setting her lamp down carefully, so as to hold up both hands, in her surprise. "Here's dear Dr. Speecham asked me to marry him, and I wouldn't do it, because I thought you loved him, and I knew, being a man, he couldn't help learning to love you. There, there!" and she breaks off with a little sob that is half strangled by Juliet's arms about her neck.

So the curtain falls on our little drama. Let us hope this "love on a balcony" may prove to be of the right sort that will last through life; that none of them may ever take poison; and that the stream that often has its rocks and shallows, sharp curves and rapids, may in this case, in spite of the old adage, "run smooth."

He Got Another Bill.

An Indiana man had a $5 national note chewed up by his dog. He sent two fragments of the note to the treasurer of the United States and wanted a good one in return. Treasurer Gilfillan refused to return a good note, there being nothing to show that the other fragments might not be sent in for another new bill. The Indiana man then sent the two fragments back again, pinned to an affidavit he had made a notary public, as follows: "Personally appeared before me this day, ——, who, being by me duly sworn, makes oath that the remainder of the bank-bill hereunto attached was totally destroyed by his dog; that he detected him in the act and rescued these remnants, taking them from the dog's mouth, and that the remainder of this bill was chewed and swallowed by the aforesaid dog, and thereby totally destroyed. Subscribed and sworn before me," etc. This being considered sufficient evidence of the dog's veracity and the Indiana man's veracity, the treasurer sent on a new note.

TIMELY TOPICS.

The recent inundations of the Nile destroyed 250 human beings and $2,500,000 in property.

Last year bankrupt liabilities in England were over $325,000,000; assets about $30,000,000.

The garments belonging to the Moors who die from cholera in Morocco, instead of being burnt, are sold by auction in the public market.

While the funeral cortege of a respected Milwaukee citizen, Dr. Meinrod Risch, was on its way to the cemetery, a bull rushed at it and incontinently broke up the procession, butting and overturning the mourners' carriage and injuring the hearse so much that the coffin had to be removed to an omnibus.

The miners and the farmers in California have begun a controversy of great consequence. The mining operations in several counties have ruined great areas of farming land by choking the rivers with *debris*, which causes them to overflow and cover the alluvial valleys with mud. Test law suits have been instituted.

Hundreds of thousands of peasants in Italy are without work, and those who are employed are glad to labor twelve hours a day for nineteen cents and food, which invariably consists of dry black bread at ten A. M., and *aqua-sale* soup at the close of the day—the said soup being a bowl of hot water salted and flavored with a few drops of olive oil.

Great droughts like that which has raged over India and China this year, produce a sort of disease among the inland fishes, and they die by millions. Nor will any but the most intelligent and enterprising of the Hindoos gather the carcasses with which to fertilize their fields, and thus the vast and valuable deposits of phosphate manure along hundreds of miles of river banks is wasted.

James Hill entered the 'Frisco swimming tournament for "the longest swim under water." Spectators watched his mud-colored, sprawling body as it tugged from stone to stone under the transparent, green water of the bay. After a long while the swimmer dropped to the bottom and laid prone, back up. Everybody thought it was an antic of some sort and stood still until some sensible person dived down and pulled out the apparently-drowned professional. Much rubbing and pumping gave life back.

The wonderfully joined twin babies from St. Benoit, Canada, who were exhibited in New York, have been critically examined in Philadelphia by Professor Pancoast. They are separate to the hips, but have only two legs in the aggregate. The Siamese twins were a distinct pair, so are the colored twins called Millie and Christine, but the professor says of the Canadian babies: "They have separate lungs and hearts, the union beginning at the edge of the ribs, and forming common digestive and generative organs."

The Toronto *Mail* of a recent date relates an incident which befell Mr. John O. Howard while duck-shooting on the St. Clair flats, a marsh preserve of some 36,000 acres. A large black duck went soaring over him some forty or fifty yards in the air, and he fired at it with such true aim that it fell directly upon him. He tried to dodge it, but his boat was too small to admit of his moving far, and he was struck fair in the back by the falling duck. The blow knocked him senseless in the boat. He instinctively seized his prey and saved it, but was confined to his bed for two days from the effects of his injury.

Country Girls and City Girls.

Referring to a discussion which has been going on between two young ladies of Reading and Lancaster, Pa., concerning the relative merits of country girls and city maidens, the Philadelphia *Times* humorously settles the matter to its own satisfaction thus:

It is a matter of regret that neither side has gone far enough with the discussion as yet to have settled any important points of the controversy, but it looks to an impartial observer as though a city girl's strong point is ice cream, while the country girls declines emphatically to be left on the subject of ginger-bread. When it comes to making a choice between the country girl and the city girl, however, the impartial observer never hesitates a moment—he selects both. There is no reason why he shouldn't, and he shows a lively knowledge and appreciation of lovely human nature in doing so. There is nothing in natural things to make a city girl any sweeter than the country girl, or the reverse. There is something in pure air, but it doesn't curl the hair like a hot slate pencil or give attraction to the eyes like a bright mind, and yet there is no more of God's noble work in the silken-robed girls of the city parlors than in the calico-draped girls of the country kitchens. Intelligence and grace are not new, as was so much the case in other years, confined to the centers of population; there are noble hearts and minds, and beautiful and useful women everywhere in this land, and, while we love the country girls, we also love the city girls; it's impossible to spare either kind, as the world is new made up. Hadn't the discussion now going on better be decided both ways?

One night last week, at a party in Toronto, a young man was frightening some of the young ladies by a daring exhibition of a revolver, when the weapon was accidentally discharged, the bullet entering the young man's side, inflicting a serious wound. We have said a great many harsh things about these young men whose revolvers contain more than their heads, but we retract everything now. At last a revolver has been found that knows which man to shoot. May his tribe increase.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Choate Before a Jury.

The power with which Rufus Choate, the eloquent Massachusetts lawyer, controlled the minds of a jury, is depicted by E. T. Whipple, who says, in *Harper's Magazine*:

In jury trials his main object was to influence the wills of the twelve men before him. He addressed their understandings; he fascinated their imaginations; he stirred their feelings; but, after all, he used all his powers in subordination of that one primal power which dwelt in his magnetic individuality, by which he subdued them, bringing on that part of their being which uttered its reluctant "yes" or "no," the pressure of a stronger nature as well as of a larger mind. As an advocate, he thoroughly understood that men in the aggregate are not reasonable beings, but men with the capacity of being occasionally made reasonable, if their prejudices are once blown away by a superior force of blended reason and emotion—in other words, by force of being. His triumphs at the bar were due to the fact that he was a powerful man, victorious over other men because he had a stronger manhood, a stronger selfhood, than any body on the jury he addressed. On one occasion I happened to be a witness in a case where a trader was prosecuted for obtaining goods under false pretenses. Mr. Choate took the ground that the seeming knavery of the accused was due to the circumstance that he had a deficient business intelligence—in short, that he had unconsciously rated all his geese as swans. He was right in his view. The foreman of the jury, however, was a hard-headed practical man, a model of business intellect and integrity, but with an incapacity of understanding any intellect or conscience radically differing from his own. Mr. Choate's argument, as far as the facts and the law were concerned, was through in an hour. Still he went on speaking. Hour after hour after passed, and yet he continued to speak with constantly increasing eloquence, repeating and recapitulating, without any seeming reason, facts which he had already stated and arguments which he had already urged. The truth was, as I gradually learned, that he was engaged in a hand-to-hand—or rather in a brain-to-brain and a heart-to-heart—contest with the foreman, whose resistance he was determined to break down, but who confronted him for three hours with defiance observable in every rigid line of his honest countenance. "You fool!" was the burden of the advocate's ingenious argument; "you rascal!" was the phrase legibly printed on the foreman's incredulous face. But at last the features of the foreman began to relax, and at the end the stern lines melted into acquiescence with the opinion of the advocate, who had been storming at the defenses of his mind, his heart and his conscience for five hours, and had now entered as victor. He compelled the foreman to admit the unpleasant fact that there were existing human beings whose mental and moral constitution differed from his own, and who were yet as honest in intention as he was, but lacked his clear perception and sound judgment. The verdict was, "Not guilty." It was a just verdict, but it was mercilessly assailed by merchants who had lost money by the prisoner, and who were hounding him down as an enemy to the human race, as another instance of Choate's lack of mental and moral honesty in the defense of persons accused of crime. The fact that the foreman of the jury that returned the verdict belonged to the class that most vehemently attacked Choate was sufficient of itself to disprove such allegations. As I listened to Choate's argument in this case, I felt assured that he would go on speaking until he dropped dead on the floor rather than have relinquished his clutch on the soul of the one man on the jury whom he knew would control the opinion of the others.

Utilizing Street Mud.

Belgium, like China, has too many mouths to feed to allow of her neglecting any honest means of turning a penny by husbanding the resources of a small and densely peopled country. M. Petermann, the director of the government agricultural school at Gembloux, has been trying, not unsuccessfully, to make the best of what most of us regard as an unmitigated annoyance—the slimy, tenacious mud that besmears the pavement of our crowded thoroughfares. Ten tons of this uninviting product being duly transported to the State model farm and destributed in fifty heaps on the turf of the biggest meadow, the official's next care was to subtract a pound of mud from each heap, to mix, dry and sift the samples. Having thus, as it were, shuffled his cards and insured perfect fairness of treatment for his fifty pounds of representative mud, Mr. Petermann next took out his blowpipe and cupels, his assay tubes and case of reagents, and proceeded to subject the raw material to a strict and searching analysis. Street mud, it is evident by the result of M. Petermann's examination, would be worth having on a farm, if only the farmer lived near enough to a great town, or the cost of railway or canal transit were sufficiently low to admit of its being cheaply put upon the land. There was water, but not mush—only forty-two parts in the thousand. Lime there was, and a little potash, and almost exactly the same amount of soda, and, oddly enough, as much magnesia as the soda and potash together. Oxide of iron there was, combined with alumina, and there were four acids—the carbonic, the chloric, the sulphuric and the phosphoric. There were 640 parts of useless, inert, insoluble bulk—mere sand, gravel, flint and clay. There were 288 parts of organic matter, and for the sake of these fertilizing agents it was considered worth the cost of transferring the scrapings of the town pavements to the pasture and arable hand of the model farm at Gembloux—poor and hungry land, it may be remarked, but which yet repays the care and skill that have been expended on its cultivation.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

Surprise is one of the principal elements of wit. This is why it always make, a man laugh when he sits down on a pin.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Relations of Fertility to Stock Breeding.

Barnyard manure is but the hay, grain and roots fed to animals, deprived of that portion of their substance used to make flesh and bone, milk and wool, with the wastes of the system added, and the whole mixed with the refuse of the yard and stable. In practice we find that the dung of animals contributes to the growth of crops because it is composed of the substance of those crops. And since the quality of the manure depends on the food consumed, the manure from grain-fed animals is more valuable than that produced from feeding roots and hay alone, as grain (the seed of plants) contains a far larger proportion of the more important elements of fertility than the stem or roots of any plant.

Investigations by Lawes and Gilbert upon the comparative values of manures produced from different foods, showed that, when reckoning the manure made from feeding a ton of hay at $10, the manure from a ton of

Clover is worth	$15.00	Wheat	$11.00
Oat Straw	4.50	Indian Corn	10.50
Wheat Straw	4.16	Barley	9.83
Barley Straw	3.50	Potatoes	2 33
D'c't' Cotton-s'd Cake	43 33	Mangolds	1.66
Linseed Cake	30.65	Swedes	1.41
Malt	10.50	Turnips	1 33
Oats	11.50	Carrots	1.33

The most remarkable fact in this table is, that the cotton-seed is worth more for manure, after having served its end as a nutritious food, than its first cost. This is due to its unusual richness in potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen, which are removed by digestion in small part only, its more valuable nutritious portion, the fatty ingredients, having little commercial value as plant food. Indian corn, our most prominent grain food, also gives a high value to the resulting manure. But in selling any of these for food, we only obtain a price corresponding to the amount of digestible material that the animals abstract from them, nothing being allowed for the increased value of the manure heap which is derived from their consumption.

Now with every cargo of corn, oats, or barley, shipped abroad, we send out of the country, away from our farms, an amount of fertility equaling nearly half the entire proceeds of the grain, for which we get no return; and in oil cake, more fertility than its selling price would purchase. Where does this fertility go to? The grain and oil cake go to Europe, to make beef and mutton for the great English and other markets, and the manure resulting from feeding it enriches foreign soil. Indeed, it is largely to the feeding of cattle and sheep for beef and mutton, that English farmers owe the great fertility of their highly productive lands.

In the light of these facts, is it not better for Southern farmers to convert their refuse cotton seed into beef and mutton, and in selling the latter get as much or more, than they now obtain for the former? while still preserving to their lands the great amount of fertility which is removed in the seed of the cotton, and which they now give away! for the present and increasing demand In American meat abroad, it is well for our farmers, East, West, and South, to consider the feeding of grain for beef and mutton, as a means of ready profit in the sale of meat, and for retaining the fertility which they are now sending over the sea in almost numberless cargoes. Farmers who cannot afford to or cannot conveniently raise grain for stock food, should consider that in every ton of grain purchased and fed, a large percentage of its cost is retained in the manure heap, perhaps saving the expenditure of just so much money for commercial fertilizers. With a proper selection of animals, and with proper feeding and care, the beef, mutton and pork produced, ought at least to pay the cost of food and labor, leaving the resulting manure as so much clear profit on the investment in stock, buildings, etc.—*American Agriculturist.*

Household Hints.

To Clean Painted Walls.—Use ox-gall fluid.

To Keep Door Hinges from Creaking.—Rub them with soap.

To Keep Milk Sweet.—Put in a spoonful of grated horseradish.

Rancid Butter.—Rancid butter may be sweetened by being washed in lime water.

To Prevent Mold on Black Ink.—Cloves in black ink will prevent mold from collecting on it.

Greasy Silk Ribbon.—Rub magnesia or French chalk on greasy silk ribbon, hold near fire, and brush off grease.

Stains in Light Goods.—Chloroform is very useful in removing great stains from light silk and poplin. French chalk is also very good.

To Clean Black Cashmere.—Wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water; rinse in bluing water—very blue—and iron while damp. It will look equal to new.

To Restore Colors, Etc.—Hartshorn will restore the color of woolen garments without injury. Turpentine removes grease or paint from cloth—apply till paint can be scraped off.

To Clean Black Lace.—Squeeze softly and often in skimmed milk; when it seems clean put it in clean skimmed milk, squeeze again, lay it on sheets of stiff paper, draw out scollops and edges with finger, cover with stiff paper and a heavy weight.

Peeling Potatoes.—All the starch in potatoes is found very near the surface; the heart contains but little nutriment. Ignorance of this fact may form a plausible excuse for those who cut off thick parings, but none to those who know better. Circulate the injunction, "pare thin the potato skin."

To Remove Ink.—The following methods are said to be infallible: "To extract ink from cotton, silk and woolen goods, saturate the spots with spirits of turpentine, and let it remain several hours; then rub it between the hands. It will crumble away without injury to the color or the texture of the article. To extract ink from linen, dip the stained part in hot tallow; when cool, wash the garment in soapsuds, and the ink will disappear."

Items of Interest.

The greatest strike of the day—Twelve o'clock.

The first iron boat was built in the year 1844.

When a grasshopper eats it is only a simple hopper-ration.

An Antwerp silk factory was established in the year 1604.

A quotation for Thanksgiving—"So fowl and fair a day I have not seen."

A culinary paradox—A good square meal usually costs a pretty round sum.

When you get a corn on your toe don't think you can knock it off against a fence rail.

A new Krupp cannon sends a ball through the heaviest armor plate at eight miles.

There isn't much difference between a man who sees a ghost and a man who swallows a bad oyster, so far as their looks are concerned.

In 1794, under Washington's administration, and when the population of the United States numbered 4,000,000, the American army numbered 3,629.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind! Thou art not so unkind," as the mule that kicks behind, and lands one, d'ye mind? where he will the gutter find.

First student (angrily): "If you attempt to pull my ears, you'll have your hands full." Second do. (looking at the ears): "Well, yes; I rather think I shall."

The Chinese have a law that any military officer making his house a place of gambling, shall be cashiered and forever debarred from holding public office.

Josh Billings suggests that many a young poet might be able to collect his scattered thoughts if he would look into an editor's waste basket early in the morning.

"Do for gracious sake, waiter, take these nut-crackers over to that man," exclaimed a nervous old lady sitting opposite a party who was bursting hickory nuts with his teeth. "No, I thank you," he said, politely returning them, mine are not false teeth."

Great men are said to become so by aiming high and wasting no time on small things; but, although a man may be way up in the hay-loft of fame, there are times, generally just before a rain, when he tenderly remembers the first first little corn he ever had.

HOW THEY DID IT.

They were sitting side by side,
And he sighed and she sighed.

Said he: "My darling idol."
And she idled and he idled.

Said he: "Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown."
And she groaned and he groaned.

Said he: "You are cautious, Belle."
And she bellowed and he bellowed.

Says he: "You shall have your private gig."
And she giggled and he giggled.

Said she: "My dearest Luke!"
And he looked and she looked.

Said he: "Upon my soul there's such a weight."
And she waited and he waited.

Said he: "I'll have thee if thou wilt."
And he wilted and she wilted.

Facts for the Curious.

The greyhound runs by the eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his 250 miles homeward by eye-sight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with 12,000 lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of his wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another upon the grass or breaks a leg or wing, long and delicate as they are. Suddenly, amid your matchless admiration of this dance, a peculiarly high-shoulderd, vicious gnat, with long, pendant nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and setting on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the mazy dance? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are nevertheless equal to the emergency.

Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be black ants? No one knows.

The power of judging of actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which result from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of man for the benefit of their fellows. We lately read an account, by a naturalist in Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoon-bills, ibises and other of the magnificent grallatorial birds which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sandpiper that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue his self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.