Love in All. Name the leaves on all the trees; Name the waves on all the seas, All the flowers by rill that blow, All the myriad tints that glow, Winds that wander through the grove-And you name the name of love; Love there is in summer sky, As in light of a niden's eye.

Listen to the countless sounds In the wind that gally bounds O'er the meads weere, on the wind, Bright bees hum and linnets sing; Pat of raindrop, chat of stream.

Of their song sweet love's the theme; Love there is where zepbyr skips, As in breath of maiden's lips.

In the west mild evening glows; Angel fingers told the rose; Silvery dews begin to tall; Comson shades to shadow all: Hely nature veils her ince;

Earth is lost in heaven's embrace-Love is in an hour like this. As in quilcless maden's kiss.

Go where, through the voiceless night, Trips mir Luna's silver light; Hear of entore's pulse that beat, Like the thread of onseen feet; See from out the lumbent north

Shimmering arrows shooting forth; Love is in a metror's sunt. As in throb of maiden's heart. Love's the essence of all things;

'Tis from love that beauty spring ; Iwas by love, creation first Is to g orieus being burst; Veiled in maiden's form so fair, I do wor-hip thee in her.

Spirit swiet-all el-e above-Love is God, since God is love. - Chambers' Journal.

MY VALENTINE

Valentine's day, and I am sitting in the bay-window of my front room in the little semi-detached house which is now my home. The little maid has laid the breakfast things, but it is early, and I sit on the borsebair sofa in the window, looking out for the postman.

Not that his coming this morning has any romantic interest for me. Those days of romance are past and gone.

I am now arrived at the sober age of thirty-five, and it is time to have done with such folly. And yet, as I sit here, and the postman delays his coming, my mind wanders back to other Valentine days long ago, when it was a matter of such deep interest to me.

One tour centh of February in particu-lar I remember, ten-let me see, sixteen years ago it was. How the years fly and how short time it seems! These few bright years of a woman's life seem to go by magic, and when they are gone what remains? A ways at one time or other an sching sense that they are gone, and sometimes, alas! the knowl edge that she is doom d to lonelines on time myself, but I am used to i

At thirty-five these romantic regret should be cone with. And especially when one lives the life of a daily governess tas I have done for some past) the resities of life press too constartly and too unplanty on one

mind to leave room for day dreams. But on the fourteenth of F-bruary just referred to my governess life had not yet begun. I had then as fair a future before me as most young girls o my acquaintance, with equal chances of an adventageous and happy marriage and a life of independence. At that time I was on a visit to some old friends, the Coventrys.

The family consisted of father, mother and two daughters-fire, hearty, good-looking girls, tall, strong and high spirited. In that respect r ther a con trast to myself, for I was small quiet and (is I was paintully conscious) rather plain in appearance. They saw plenty of company, for their father. Squire Coventry as he was called, kept a most hospitable house; and, especially during the winter, the Louse was continvally filed with young people and amusement of all kinds was the order of

the day. In most of these amusements I took a part, and though I had neither health nor animal spirits equal to my young friends, their kindners and heartiness made everything pleasant. They had a most especial fondness for practical joking (I mean a harmless kind), particularly the younger one, Kate, who was ably assisted in this line by her cousin, Charles Braintree, who constantly formed one of the party.

Kate and Charley were in every kind of escapade-companions in mirth, and frequently companions in misfortune, when the evil effects of their joking bome to their own door.

While I was at the Coventrys we attended a virlage church close by, where, the rector being absent, there officiated at the time a curate who had lately come to the place. He was a tall, slight mas, rather good-looking; but he had a painfully-stilted, self-conscious manner, which quite did away with the prepossessing effect of his appearance. I at first attributed it to conceit, afterward, when I knew him better, to shyness seldom came to the house, although the Coventrys quickly made his acquaintance, and pressed him to do so, out invitations of all kinds he refused.

During my stay, however, he gradually acquired the habit of walking home with us from church, our road lying partly in the same direction; he would part with us at the park-gates, with the in the village.

By degrees his visits to the house became more frequent, and of course the change was attributed to me. I could not help becoming conscious that during these Sunday walks his place was generally at my si e; and I suffered much from the sly looks and mu tered remarks | However, they are unchanged to me, and of which I was the subject. Our conversation on these occasions was of the primmest and most demure. Sometimes, after a silent walk of two or three minutes, a feeble request to carry my prayerbook, and that yielded to, a few remarks on the weather, and so on, and we were already at our journey's end; nevertheless this was sufficient food for mischief-

loving friends to tound a joke upon. As to Mr. Bargill himself, he was "fair game." His conscious, conceited, and yet awkward and bashtul manner, made him, I must confess, a most temptiog subject; and while he had quickness enough to see that in some way or Sarah puts two letters into my hand,

comprehend the joke. All this com-bined to make him undergo torture when in my triends' society, and I verily when in my friends' society, and I verify believe he field to me (quite, sedate and harmless as I was) as a refuge from their sailies. Whether that were so or no I know rot, but by degrees I became quite used to his society, and from tolerating I got to like it and to miss him when he did not come; and when the jokes raged, I invariably took his part.

Valentine's day drew near, and of course Kate Coventry was full of business. There were valentines of all kinds to be dispatched and expected to return. Numerous "hoaxes" designed for particular friends, and the plots and schemes as to places of postage and disguise of handwriting, were

What jun it would be to send a valentine to Mr. Bargill!" exclaimed Charley. "What would be do with it? Put it into the fire, I expect, and never let any one hear of it. He would feel it an insult."

"Mr. Bargill!" exclaimed Kate, sud-dealy looking up from her work of di-recting and stamping envelopes. "Why. of course, he shall have one, How stupid of me to forget! It's important, though. I must take time to think of Of course we know who the sender

She glanced at me as she said this. "Kate, please do not," I said, im-ploringly, blushing up to the roots of my hair, for I knew that I was doomed .. Do not what ?" replied Kate. "Oh! by-the-bye, Ethel, you're sure to receive

some this year—one at icast."
"Yes," broke in Cherley. "Directed in a very stiff, upright hand. Now, who would think that such a very modest, retiring person would write such a very decided hand? You know who I mean, Miss Vane ?"

knew that remonstrance was vain, and that Mr. Bargill and myself were to be two of the victims on Valentine's day. Not only that, but I greatly feared that they intended sending either a valen-tine to me in his name, or, far worse, one from me to him.

For some reason this latter idea was torture to me. Or course what I received myself was a matter of little consequence. I should know whom to thank for it; but if I only could know now they meant to make use of my unfortu ate name in playing their jokes

So time wore on, and I comforted myself by thinking that Mr. Bargill. eme what might, would believe that I mad sent him a valentine, more espetally such a one as I feared they would send him.

"It will be as Charley said," I thought. "He will most likely put it in the fire, and no one will be a whit the

And then I caught myself wondering whether it would make him shy of our ompany, and whether he would cease must allow that he idea vexed me.

the moment how often I had my

elf been a party to jokes of the kind. At last Valentine's morning came There was a uch excuement round the reaklast table when the post-bag, full o bursting, was handed in.

I waited patiently for my share of its con ents. They were three. First, a letter from home in a y mother's writ ng; secondly, a large document, di-ceted in the stiff, upright hand I had een led to expect; thirdly, a letter diessed in a hand writing perfectly un snown to ne. I opered the second

"Now, Ethel, let us hear?" assailed n e on every side.

entloned first.

That's the writing! I knew it would con e!" shouled Charley. Tank you, I am much obliged to you all!" I reolied. "It is admirably written; but this one is much better done"-as I spoke I held up the thirda cationet, written in the unknown "That large one is too elaborate. mnd Mr. Bargill, 1 am sure, would never lead such a flowery composition as that. Now, this is sober, and to the

point. I had just read it, and was surprised to find only a short, simple, carnest offer of marriage-not much like a valentine, except that the writer slightly r. ferred to the character of the day as a kind of apology for addressing me.

It was signed only "J. B."
"I see," I said. "You thought by sending me two that I should certainly be caught by one of them. This last one is certainly the best. Some of your work, I suspect, Connie. It is not in

Katie's style. Constance protested her innocence; but in vain. Indeed, a general chorus discinimer was raised round the table; but I simply ignored it, put the two valentines in my pocket, and began to read my mother's letter. This was of another kind. My father was seriously My mother wanted me home my homeward journey, copressed at the thought of my father's illness, and full

of regrets at leaving my friends. Then began a season of calamity and

sister almost unprovided for. My mother died soon afterward, and I was left alone-almost absolutely alone, my brother having gone abroad to seek his fortune, and I chose rather to seek an independence for myself than to accept kindness from sister,

who was not in affluent circumstances Thus began my governess life, which, stiffest of bows, refusing all entreaties I am thankful to say, has been such a to enter, and proceed to his lodgings success that I am row able to live in comfort and to put by a mite for a rainy I have not scent much in traveling, though my kind friends, the entry's, sent me many invitations. Perhaps I am a little proud, for I think I could not mix in their society with just the same pleasure as in former days.

> always will be, I feel sure.
> The clock had just struck nine. What a time I have sat here ruminating on past time! and the postman is not come Valentine's day- that is the reason

> of the delay, no douot. Here he comes around the corner, but what a time he stops at each door! The five little dwellings to be visited before he gets here will .ake, I should think, another quarter of an hour, at this rate of going. Well! you will not be detained long here, my man. Sarah shall bring

Another ten minutes; he is here!

other he was ridiculed, his sense of humor was so dull that he could never is in the handwriting of my old friend, Constance Coventry.

Constance Coventry.

Constance Baintree she is now; she married Charley two years after my last visit. And bright, merry Kate is dead!

My second letter, being evidently a business one, claims my first attention It is from the mother of my eldest pupil She is going abroad, and wishes my charge to accompany her My three other pupils are at present in scarlet fever My hands will be empty! What shall I do? Look for temporary employment? I should like to take a holiday but know of powhers to see day, but know of nowhere to go just now.

Now for Constance: "We have just come home from abroad," she writes, "and are settling in our new home, though it is a wretched time of year. I do want you so much to come and see me. Perhaps my reasons are partly selfish, for he will not see company yet, and I am dreadfully dull and lonely, but I know that will be no rawback to you

Stetten goes on to say a good deal that is kind, and adds in a postscript: "I said we were alone, but I forgot to mention that an old friend, or rather acquaintance, is with us whom I dare say you will remember in by-gone days-Mr. Bargill! We came upon him at Basle, when Charley was dangerously ill, and his kindness I shall never lor-get. I am so sorry that I ever laughed at or teased him, dear Ethel; he saved my husband's life! D come."

That is all. And what a strange suppiement to my meditations of the past hour. How the old familiar names recail the old days. I am at Barfield again, young and happy as of old! Cons invitation is a tempting one. I hould like to see her again in her new home; and Mr Bargill? I smile as I decided hand? You know who I mean, liss Vane?"

So the remarks flew round, and I mean, too! It is decided. I will go mew that remonstrance was vain, and

Three days later, at five o'clock on a old winter's evening, I am griven up the avenue at Braintree, trying hard, through the dusk and the drifting sleet, ocatch a glimpse of my friend's new ome. A double row of stately lime ees on each side of the drive is all that can see, and as we draw nearer Ipersive a fine old E.izabe han house nearly covered with ivy and creepers. It has been the home of the Braintrees for nany generations, and has just descended to Charley from an uncle.

A bright light streamed forth when he door was onened, and Constance stood in the hall ready to receive me with open arms. In a second I was in a cozy fittle room with a bright fire, where law her husband, looking not uch older, but pale and delicate from s recent illness.

Constance led me to my room, and on aving me, said . We have just a few friends coming

to-night, dear; you won't mind? Ill send you my maid, and without waiting for an answer, she was gone. he walks from church, etc. And I I did "mind," but there was no help for it. Constance was always fond of

"How very tiresome they are!" I said to myself. "And what bad taste it is imited wardrobe would allow, and she oplay there jokes on people," forgetting presently returned and escorted me to he drawing-room, where about fourteen persons were assembled; but among em all not one face was familiar to me ave that of my host. I quietly ensconced myself in a win-

w recess, where I was partly hidden y a curtain. My eyes wandered for a oment rather anxiously over the group a vain hope that I might discover r. Bargill, but in vain. No one was nown to me there.

Dinner was announced. The party aired off. As I sat wondering who me artrer was to be, Constance touched earm of a portly-looking man who sa with his back to me, engaged in earnest nversation. He rose at once, and she

d him up to me. 'An old friend, Ethel. Mr. Bargill, ou remember Miss Vane?"

Was it possible? Was the fine-look ag man before me the "shy curate" of ormer days? No need to ask if he emembered me. He gave a start, and olored visibly, when she uttered my ame, and then I saw plainly the resemlance which I had failed to detect at irst. He recognized me at once, too saw that, and it was no small pleasure o think that time's ravages had no ltered me in his eyes, at least beyond

ecognition. I went into the dining-room on his arm, and after the first few rente ces our conversation rever flagged. I then iscovered how in mind as well as in ody he had developed and improve:; or ratter, having gained in assurance and manliness, those qualities which I imagined he always had possessed were suffered to come to the surface, while that stidness of manner which we had called conceit, and which I now felt sure had proceeded from shyness, had van-

ished altogether. When I returned to the drawingroom, I no longer felt myself alone in the company. I talked indifferently to my next neighbor, hardly conscious who or what she might be, my eye directly; and the next day found me on | meanwhile | watching the door with anxiety, until at last the hum of voices

outsi te told that the gentlemen were coming. There was a vacant seat beside me. trial. My father died, after a fortnight's Would he take it? Yes, he was evithrobbed loudly when down upon the The following year my sister, who chair I had guarded sat a fat old counhad been engaged for some time, was try 'squire who began to make himself agreeable to my next neighbor. I felt mortified and disappointed, and soon afterward took an opportunity of retir-

ing to my old seat in the window. I had not sat there many minutes hen the curtain was drawn aside, and Mr. Bargila placing a chair for himself

in my recess, sat down beside me.
"Mr. Bargill," cried out Constance's ittle girl, running up to us, "just look at my valentine! Isn't it a beauty? I have had such a lot, but this is the prettiest of them all, and I cannot find out who sent it. Do you know? I believe it was you. Now, wasn't it? Tell the

No, Carrie it was not I." "I believe it was, hough," she persted. "I'm sure it wa.!"
"No, Carrie, indeed," he answered sisted. while a grave smil: hovered round his I never sent but one valentine mouth. in all my life, and that-"

Well, and that?"

"That one was never answered." He looked at me, though he was speaking to her, and instantly I remam bered my two valentines of long ago that one in particular which was Lever accounted for, and which I had troubled myself so little about. In my own mind I had never doubted that it had been sent me by mischievous young

I remembered now how strongly they had denied it; and, as I the ught of its contents, I reflected, what if it really had come from him?—had lain all these years unheeded and unnoticed? and how!

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEROLD.

The Piu Pasture.

We always have the best success with breading sows when they are allowed to

My cheeks burnt crimson as I turned my head away, and my confusion must have been evident to him.

Katie had flown away to exhibit her treasures in another part of the room I heard a low voice beside me: "Miss Vane-Rthel, will you answer it now?"

I did answer it, and in a way that I have never since regretted.

When my friend Constance came to visit me in my bedroom that night. I had a secret to confide to her, and was

kissed and congratulated to my heart's "But oh! Constance," I exclaimed, when she allowed me a pause, "how could you not te l me that that second valentine came from him, or that it did not come from you? How could you

let me believe otherwise!" My precious child, did I not tell you," she answered, laushing, "a hundred times over?—and why were you so obstinately persuaded to the contrary? Why, the signature should have been enough! But never mind, 'all's wel that ends well,' and this is just the very

thing I should have wished "Yes," I said, soft'y, "I believe it is well; a d though I shall only be a poor curate's wife, I shall be the happiest

"A poor curate's wife," broke in Con-stance. "Why, don't you know that Charley has given Mr Bargili the rich living of Braintree, two miles from here, and I shall have you near me aways? Oh! it is delightful. So you thought you were marrying a 'poor curate,' did you?"

The lovely rectory of Braintree has long been my home, and the "shy curate" the best and most devoted of husbands. Little does the title apply to him n w! Beloved and respected by his parishioners, and known far beyond is own little circle for conspicuous talents, my home is all and more than I could wish; and as the fourteenth of February again approaches, recalling the happiest event of my life, with whit different feelings do I greet it from when, ten years ago, I sat in my lonely odgings, thinking sadly of "my Valentine's days" of the past.,

Wigwam and His Gate. Mr. Wigwam is a farmer, and recently one of those agents that infest the coun- churning is stopped at this point, and it try came along and tucked off upon him an automatic gate. The gate was so butter globules that come first are liable arranged that the weight of a person to be injured. We have never seen any approaching it would cause it to rise, and when they had passed under it, down it would come. This gate was painted red, and the day after it was there is a difference in creams; that painted red, and the day after it was put in position, a cross bull, owned by Mr. Wigwam, discovered it. A buil somehow has a rooted antipathy for that hue, and this animal no sooner distinct that hue, and this animal no sooner distinct that he will be a sound of the sound of t covered the gate than it made a rush to motion tends to do injury to the cream, gore it. Of course, as the bull approached the gate, his weight caused it butter togics to come. In churning, the to rise, and he passed under it, and his object sought should be to have all the failure to hit anything solid, seemed to cream churned alike and in about the affect him about as it does a man to go same time, and when the butter appears up a dark stairway, and when he had in a granular form the churning should reached the top, thank there is one stair more, and step for it, and bring his foot lown so hard that it makes the sole tingle as it slapped by a shingle, and eaves the print of the boot on the floor. When the bull recovered a little and ooked back and saw the gate, which nad come down, in its original posicion. he couldn't quite understand now he got past it, and what had happened, and he stoog and thrashed himself with his tai and thought of it for a minute, and then tried it again. Same result. Buil more onzaled tunn ever and a wint mad. other trial. Bullonly succeeds in ro ting his nose into the grou d. Buil almost delirious with rage. Wigwam, who is watching him from the house, in same vident y made up his mind to hit that gate or gie in the attempt, and he tried the thing seven more times, and yet the gate stood there, every time, when he looked back. Then having wrenched nimself and scrape; the hide off his nose, and got quite out of breath, the animal became discouraged and drew side and merely watched the gate.

But Wigwam hadn't had enough of the fun. He took a mirror, and went out and climbed upon the gate and caught the sunlight on the mirror, and dashed it in the buil's eyes to madden him. It did. The buil rushed once more at the gate. Wigwam expected the gate to rise up with him and let the buil pass. But his weight held it down. The bull hit the gate square, Wigwam was knocked forty feet, and got his eyes and mouth full of dirt, and was badly skun. The mirror was shattered. And the bull caught both horas and one foot in the gate, which broke from its fasten-ings, and he went madly c.reering about with it, struggling to release him self, and Wigwam didn't dare go to his escue, and was too much hurt to do anything, anyway, and finally the bull,

threw himself and broke his neck Wigwam lays all the blame on the gate agent, which, perhaps, is natural.

after tearing up everything in reach,

Singular Discovery of a Diamond. Mr. Jaddus Gogaten, o. Kent county, and Mr. Michael W Coughlin, of Newcastle, N. B., have gone to England, principally to dispose of a diamond, or supposed diamond, which was found by Mr. Coughtin among the stones at the ballast wharf, Newcastle. The supposition is hat it was brought out from the East Indies in ballast. The prize is oval shaped, weighs thirty-five carats. has apont ently very little outer crust, and is colorless and not distinguist able from water. It is tracsparent, and if it is a diamond of good quality, is very valuable. It is said they were offered \$5 0 for the article in the North, but fised. The arrangement by which Mr Gogaien became half owner in this gem is to the effect that he pays the expenses of the trip to England, by which it is expected to effect a sale. Mr. Gogain also takes about 100 pearls, gathe ed in the North from oysters and black clams, the latter, when found in waters used for steam driving, often

saie at a high price. A few of these are quite large, an i should be worth considerable .- Mon't n (N. B) Times. In Cuba there is a little insect, the nigua, which enters the human skin, and, building a nest underneath, deposits its eggs. It is so small a to require a microscope to detect it. They cause intense itching, and, of course, person the flesh where they enter .

reeding sows when they are allowed to feed on grass. This is the only food they require until the young pigs are a week or two old, when milk or meal of some sort may be gi en to them to increase the flow of milk i, they require it. Sows thus managed are never ugly and never d-stroy their pigs. Why? Because they are in a natural and healthy condition The grass also increases the flow of milk and is, quite often, sufficient food for a sow while rearing her young. Young pigs soon learn to eat the which is alike natural and healthful for them. We never have a case of scours or thumps among young pigs when run-ning in pa-ture. The grass serves to counteract the ffect of corn, and many pigs on grass can be fed heavily with this food without the injury which it would do them if confined and deprived of grass Our experience has convinced us that no farm is complete without a pig pa ture. Clover is the best of all the grasses for this purpose, and next to it we prefer orchard grass for the reason that it starts up promptly after being eaten off, is the earliest in the spring and is relished by the pigs. It is not necessary to have a specia' field for the pig pasture, but they may be allowed to run in any lot if properly in closed. There should be water in the field and plenty of grass. A patch of sweet corn sowed in drills will be found convenient to supplement a short pas-ture in the late summer. There should also be another patch of turnips or other roots into which the pigs may be turned for fall breeding. With the three auxiliaries of pasture, sweet corn stalks and a root patch, the cost of rearing and feeding pigs may be reduced to less than one-half of their expense when they are confined and fed in pens, to say nothing about their better condition for tood.—Rural New Yorker.

Rapid Churning Undestrable As a rule the best butter is produced

by using a moderate motion in churn ing. The operation at the commencement should always be slow, in order that the cream shall be well mixed togett er. After this the motion may be faster, but its rate of speed should be made uniform and adapted to the construction of the churn. The objection to very fat churning is that the larger butter globule scome first and are gather ed into lumps before the smaller ones are chur.ed; hence a loss in quantity if the continued under a very rapid motion the cease. Of course we shall not pretend to say that inventions and processes for chnrning very quickly cannot be broug out, and which will make uniformie first-class butter; we can only say i there be such a churi -one that is made to do its work, for instance, in three minutes, and can in that time producthe best butter-we have not yet seen it

Dairyman. The Difference. From actual experiments made it is demonstrated beyond a doubt that the grinding of grain adds one-third to italue for feeding purposes. This is a matter of a good deal of importance to he agricultural community, and, in fact, to all classes who have animals t As far as dollars are concerned, perhaps it is not of so much moment i the Northwest, where grain is so chear and so plenty, as it is in other portions of the country, where less grain is raised, but it is worthy of the consider ation of those who have not full bins of oats and corn. Since the introduction of cheap feed-mills, it is the province o every farmer to own one, with which I grain intended for the stock on the farm could be ground.

Recipes.

GOOD WHITE BREAD .- Ha.f a pint of ice light bread sponge, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, stir in graham dour enough to make a stiff batter; let rise, then stir it down and put it into he baking tins, let it rise again, then bake a little longer than white bread Use good yeast but no soda in this bread.

CHEAP, GOOD SPONGE CAKE, - Whish together four eggs, a large cupful of powdered sugar, add lemons to taste; also three tablespoonfuls of water, half a large cupful of for, with two tea spoonfuls of baking powder in it. Thoroughly but lightly mix, adding more water it required. Bake this in buttered tins or fancy molds.

BARLEY SOUP -Boil one pint of pear barley in one quart of stock till it is reduced to a puip, pass it through a siev and add as much more stock as will be required to make of the consistency of ream; put the soup on the fire; when t boils star into it, off the fire, the yolk f an egg beaten up with a gill of fresh butter, and serve with small dice of bread fried in butter.

IRISH POTATO PIE .- One pound mastied polatoes rubbed through a colander; one-half-pound creamed with sugar; six eggs, white and yolks separately; one lemon, squeezed into the potatoes while hot; ne cupful of milk one teaspoonful of nutmeg, and the same of mace; two cupstul white sugar; bake in shells of paste; to be eaten cold .- Common Sense in the Household -M trion.

There are many persons in the West who believe in the corn tive powers of the mad stone. A .nan who was pitten by a mad pig near Tscumseb, Neb., traveled all the way to Savannah, Mo., to try the f-mous mad a one owned by old Uncle John Nelson. The stone imcontaining pearls which find a ready mediatery adhered to the wound, which is said to be proof positive that the patient's blood was poison d, and remained clinging to the sore from early morning un il sundown, when it dropped off. The patient deserted feeling that he had been cured. Uncle John Nesson has owned his mad stone since 1848, and has u ed it in over a hundred Cases where men have been bitten. He avers that it never failed to work a cure.

HUMAN FREES.

How the Bheel Robbers of India Escape From Their Parsners.

All those with feel a sufficient interest

in the subject to study or notice the facts must at times be struck with amazement at the wonderful resemblance of certain insects and other autmals to vegetable and inanimate objects. So exact is this resemblance in some instances as to deceive the most experi-enced. Wallace, the great naturalist. was very anxious to secure a specimen of a certain brilliant butterfly, but was unable for some time to capture one on account of the creature's sudden unaccountable and mysterious disappearance. He finally discovered that the outside of this insect's wings was an exact representation of a leaf the butterfly alighted upon a shrub and closed its wings it completely deceived even this experienced scientist. Some species of lobsters found at Bermuda so closely resemble submarine stones, ever to the coating of sea weeds, that I have passed by an aquarium containing them supposing the tank to be uninhabited. The common katydid, whose constantly-repeated notes, late in summer, warn us of the approaching frosts, has a representative in South America, whose wings not only resem-ble a green leaf, but, to add to the deception, the tips of the wings are ragged and discolored, having the exact appearance of a leaf that has been distigured from the attacks of caterpillars. I once and one in my studio, and it was with great difficulty that I could convince visitors that it was not an artificial insect with wings made of real leaves In the snow-covered regions of the North the foxes, hares, bears and birds with very lew exceptions, a sume the prevailing white color of the surround ing objects. Man has not been blind to these hints. There are various tribes of savages who successfully imitate stumps and stones by remaining immovable in crouching positions so as to

baffle their pursuers.
This mimiery is carried to a wonderful degree of perfection in India. That strange country, as Dr. Latham says, "of a teeming, ingenious, and industrious but rarely independent populaion. It is a country of an aucient literature and ancient architecture. country where such a society as the murderous thugs is possible; a country where robbers are educated from childlood for the profession in which they take great price, openly boasting of their skill. One of our most skillful and adroit bank robbers would be considered by these India experts but a bungling

mateur. The scientific manner in which these robbers prepare for their raids shows a thorough knowledge of the dangers o heir calling, and the best guards against the same, choosing darkness for their torays. When their dusky bodies are least observable they remove their clothes, anoint themselves with oil, and with a single weapon, a scen-edged knife suspended from their neck, creep and steal like shadows noiselessly through the darkness. If detected, their gre sy and slippery bodies assist them in eluddexterously severs the wrist of any detaining hand But the most in genious device to escape capture is that snown by he Bheel robbers. It often usppens that a band of these robbers are pursued by mounted Englishmen, and unable to reach the jungle, find themselves about to be overtaken upon one of those open plains which have been cleared by fire, the only shelter in sight being the plackened trunks or leafless branches of small trees that perished in the flames. shelter enough. Quickly divesting themselves of their scanty clothing. they scatter it with their plunder small piles over the plain, covering them with their shields so that they have the appearance of lumps of earth and attract no attention. This accoronished, they snatch up a few sticks throw their bodies into a contorted position, and stand or crouch immovable

until their unsuspicious enemies have gailoped by.
When all is safe they quickly pick up their spoil and proceed upon their way The Rev. J. D. Woods, gives an inter

esting account of these marvelous mimics. I quote the following: "Before the English had become used to these maneuvers, a very ludicrous incident occurred. An officer, with a party of horse, was chasing a small body of Bheel robbers, and was fast overtaking tuem. Suddenly the rot bers r a. behind a rock or some such obstacle, which hid them for a moment, and when the soldiers came up the had mysteriously disappeared. After an unavailing search, the officer ordered his men to dismount beside a clump of scorehed and withered trees; and the day being very hot, he took off his helmet and hung it on a branch by which he was standing. The branch in question turned out to be the leg of a Bheel, who burst into a scream of saughter, and flung the astonished officer to the ground. The clump of scorched trees suddenly became meta morphosed into men, and the whole party dispersed in different directions before the Englishmen could recover from their surprise, carrying with them the officer's heimet by way of trophy. -Scient fie American.

Pottery in the United States

There are now eight hundred potteries in the United States, the total products of which supply fifty per cent, of the waves annually consumed, the chief centers of the industry being Trenton, the capital of New Jersey, and East Liverpool, in Ohio. former city offered

attractions to the potter, both from its railways and canals connecting it with the great cities of the Union, and nearness to mines of the raw material. West and southwest lie the coal, kaolin, spar and quartz mines of Panusylvania Delaware and Maryland, and eastward the fire and white clays of New Jersey.

The clays of Onio, Misseuri and Indiana, and abundance of fuel, have built up East Liverpool, making it ceramic center of the West. For thirty years it has been engaged in the manufac ure of the ordinary Rockingham and yellow wares, furnishing the greater portion of the two million dollars' worth annually produced in this country. was not until 1873 that white ware of any d scription engaged the attention of the Liverpoo. potters—to-day white granites, semi-chinas and "creamare manufactured in fourteen thriving establishments, and one or two firms are experimenting in china .- Har-

Before the Day-Break. Before the day-break shines a star That in the day's great glory fades; Too flercely bright is the full light

That her pale-gleaming lamp upbraids. Before the day-break sings a bird That stills her song ere morning light Too loud for her is the day a sir,

The woodland's tho "sand-tongued delight Ah! great the honor is to shine A light whe ein no trave'er errs;

And rich the prize to rank divine Among the world's loud choristers. But I would be that paler star.

And I would be that lovelier bird: To shine with hope, while hope's afar, And sing of love, when love's unheard, -The Specialer

HUMOROUS.

The feelings of a pig are always pent

Firemen, as well as other people, like to talk of their old flames.

One who knows says that a soft corn is the hurdest kind of a corn. A game of basebail is like a buckwheat

cake-a great deal depends on the batter. The motion of a woman's jaws in chewing four caramels at once gives a very poor idea of the poetry of motion. A man who is as true as steel, pos-

sessing an iran will, some gold and a fair proportion of brass, should be able to endure the hardware of this world. The weight of the circulating blood in a man s about twenty pounds. one pound will often cause it to circulate-if the pound is given on the nose.

"I know how many days there are in a year—three hundred and s xty-five and a fourth." Parent—"Is that so? Where does the fourth come in?" Pupil—"Fourth of July."

A prudent man had his portrait painted recently. His triends complained to him that it was much too old. "That's what I ordered" said he. "It will save the expense of another one ten years from how." Gr edy grocer (to farmer's wife who

is sucplying him with butte')—"This pun'o butte is ower licht, gudewife." Gulewife—"Blame yersel', then; I weighed it wi' the pun'o' sugar I gat frae ye yestreen." POET-TREE. Oak, Caroline! fir yew I pine; On, willow, will you not be mine? Thy hazel eyes, thy tulips red,

ways, all larch, bave turned my head;

All linden stadows by thy gate, I cypress on my heart and wait; gum! beech cherished, Caroline We'll fly for elms of bliss divine. There is a young man studying law in Galveston lawyer's office, and the young man is not very regular in his habits. Yesterday the old lawyer said: "Why didn't I see you in court, yesterday?" "Because I wa'n't there, I reckon. I was confined to my room with the toothache," was the response of the incipient Blackstone. now," said the lawyer, good-naturedly, stop that. You will have plenty of

examination and been admitted to the bar."- Giv ston News Mr. Toppoody was in good humo this morning, and coming into the kitchen, where Mrs. T. was at work, he threw a tarrel hoop over her that he iound in the back yard and said: "Ha! ha! Mrs. Topnoody, why are you like the wife of a tircus clown?" "I don't For men so skilled in posturing this is know," snapped Mrs. T., jerking away the boop, "unless I'm married to a torgot the answer to his conundrum, all except something about being in a ring, and even his friends down couldn't recal, to his mind what it was,

time to lie after you have passed your

-Steubenville Herald.

Fretting. There is one sin which it seems to me is everywhere and by everybody under-estimated, and quite too much overlooked in our valuations of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that unless it rises above its usual monotone we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets-that is, makes a more or less complaining statement of some-thing or other, which most probably, every one in the room, or the stage, or the car, or the street co ner, as it may be, knew before, and which most prob ably nobody can help. Why say any-thing about it? It is a ld, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are always pienty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance and discomfort may be found in the course of every day's living, even at the simplest, if one only keeps a sharp eve out on that side of things. Even Holy Writ says we are born to trouble as sparks fly upward, in the blackest o smoke, there is a blue sky above, and the less time they waste on the road the sconer they will reach it. Fretting is ill time wasted on the road -Helen

Laws for the Million.

Hizzat.

A note dated on Sunday is void. If a note he lost or stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it. An indorser of a note is exempt from lability if not served with notice of its aishonor within twenty-four hours of

ts non payment. Each individual in partnership is re ponsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of

special partnership. Ignorance of the law excuses no ore An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures in lead pencil are good in A receipt for money is not legally con-

Centracis made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract made w'th a minor is void-

A contract made with a lunatic is

Checks or drafts must be presented for payment without unreasonable delay.

The public debt of the United States is \$68 per head; of Spain, \$154; of France \$136; of England, \$117; of Holland, \$117; of Carada, \$28; of Mexico, \$39; of Switzerland, \$2.