ENCHANTMENT.

I.

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white as white can be,
But never one in the harbor
As white as the sails at sea.

II.

And the clouds that crowned the mountain
With purple and gold delight,
Turn to cold gray mist and vapor
Ere ever we reach the height.

III.

Stately and fair is the vessel
That comes not near our beach;
Stately and grand the mountain
Whose height we never may reach.

IV.

Oh, distance, thou dear enchanter!
Still hold in thy magic veil
The glory of far-off mountains,
The glamor of the far-off sail!

RURAL TOPICS.

Written for the HERALD by a farmer, gardener and fruit-grower of great experience.

THE GRAPE PHYLLOXERA.

The phylloxera is what may be called the grape louse, that is making sad havoc with grape vines in Europe, and also to some extent in this country. It may be seen at the roots of the vines, and also in the leaf galls, but not plainly visible to the unaided vision. This year has been remarkable for the extensive disease of grapes in the West, principally the black rot, as it is called. Some of the best vineyards of Ohio have been almost a total failure; and where the rot was the worst, the roots of the vines were found to be badly affected by phylloxera, the lice being found on the roots in proportion to the extent of rot in grapes. The ravages of these lice on the root may be known by the warts, or excrescences on, or near the ends of the latterals, and showing decay of the roots where affected. In regard to the remedy, the only one known at present, is to grow only such vines as have great recuperative strength to form new roots as fast as the lice decay in the old ones. The Concord, and all varieties of as free-growing as that is, seem to escape the rot best; yet even the Concord has not escaped this season in some localities. An important aid in warding off the effects of phylloxera, is to prune rather closely, and to prevent over-bearing, so as not to draw too much on the vitality of the roots. Grape growing in vineyards has received a check from the effects of disease in 1877, that will render the business more profitable than it has been to those whose vines are exempt from the root-lice. A writer on this subject, says of a fine vineyard on the Detroit river: "The Concord, Clinton, Delaware, Salem, and Rogers' 4 and 9 are badly attacked, so that the prospects of the vineyard are really nothing." This looks bad for grape growers in the future.

CRANBERRIES.

If I were to choose whether I would prefer to own a gold mine in California, or a cranberry plantation in New Jersey. I think I would prefer the latter. A Mr. Hinchman has astonished the natives of Medford, Burlington county, New Jersey, in taking four acres of swamp land, and making it equal in cash returns to half the gold mines that exist. Here is what the editor of a paper says who visited the plantation: "What we desired to see most was the wonderful work of Mr. Hinchman in the old mill ponds long held as almost worthless. We went upon the old bog on which, twenty years ago, Mr. H. commenced the culture which has in successive years grown to such large proportions under his skill and energy. It contains about ten acres, and cost the owner about $1,600 to bring it to the bearing point, three years from the setting. For seventeen successive years it has borne good crops—never less than 100 bushels to the acre—and it is the base, financially as otherwise, of all his subsequent operations. That $1,600 is the original capital invested in the Taunton cranberry plantation—now variously estimated as worth $100,000 to $200,000, and producing a net income of $20,000 to $40,000 per annum. The ten acres have grown to a total of about 275 acres set in vines, nearly all in bearing and never failing to give a crop—the latter result having no parallel anywhere. This wonderful network of bogs ranging from ten to sixty acres each, shows no ordinary degree of engineering skill. Mr Hinchman controls the stream which water these lands, and has constructed a series of dams and canals whereby he can carry the water to any point desired and in any quantity—can flood any particular bog ten to fifteen feet deep in a few hours time—the great secret of his uniform success, while so many others fail." Let no one attempt to grow cranberries if he cannot flood the land in the winter season; but with good facilities for flooding, this fruit can be grown anywhere as well as in New Jersey.

BE GENTLE WITH COWS.

A New York State dairyman gives his method of treating cows as follows: "The cows are gently driven to the barn each night and morning, if they do not, as is usually the case, come of their own acord, when they take their place in the stable, each in its own particular stanchion with mathematical precision. No dog, no fright or worry, is permitted; and the milking is done quietly and orderly, with no loud talking, no sudden and startling noises. There is no patting of the cows on the back with the stool, no persuading with the toe of the boot, no coaxing at the top of the voice. They are made to give down by generous feeding and gentle treatment, and the principle of kindness is illustrated by the depth of the cream on their milk."

TURNIPS FOR HORSES.

Dr. Loring, in an address at a farmers' meeting in Portland, Me., said that turnips are better food for horses than carrots, but this assertion was disputed by some of the farmers present, on hearing which Messrs. Welch, Teel and Palmer, of Salem, Mass., sent the Doctor the following letter:

"We notice that in the farmers' meeting at Portland, your statement that Swedish turnips as food for horses was questioned once more, and that Mr. Ware declared you were all wrong in your low estimate of carrots. Now, we have had a good deal of experience in this thing as well as yourself. Some years ago we noticed the good condition of your horses, and on inquiry of your groom how much grain they got, we were told that they had little or none, but were fed on Swedish turnips. We had found out ourselves that carrots were not good food for continual use—that they made our horses very soft, unfit for work, and that they affected their kidneys badly, and we were glad to lay them aside and take turnips as a substitute. Since we did this, our horses have improved in every way. They look healthier, work better, and keep in good condition. You are right about carrots, and deserve the thanks of all who keep horses, for introducing the use of turnips as a feed for them. We always keep from ten to twenty on hand, and we know what we are talking about." It is strange, if this is true, that farmers did not find it out till this late day. But carrots are much more nutritious than turnips; and the probability is, that what the above men say is not reliable, but it is a subject of interest to farmers.

PEAR BLIGHT.

Mr. Charles Downing, the noted horticulturist, of Newburgh, N. Y., writes as follows about the blight in pear trees: "Your friend seems very despondent about his blighted trees, and I am sorry to say that no remedy that I am aware of has been given. I have tried all the cures without avail. When it first appeared here, more than sixty years since, it was very severe, and as near as I recollect nearly every pear tree in this town died with it. My father kept cutting as fast as the blight appeared, until he cut down every tree on the place. I remember one stump, three feet high and eight inches in diameter, was left, which sprouted and made a fine bearing tree. My father then had no nursery, but twenty years after, when the blight came again, he had a good stock of nursery trees, half of which, with one-third of his bearing trees, died with the blight. The third visitation of blight was much less destructive; only about one-fourth of his bearing trees died. Each time the blight continued two to four years, and the intervals were eighteen or twenty years. It is now twenty-four or twenty-five years since we have had any blight on the grounds where I live, but three or four miles north and south of us it has been quite bad. As to any cause or cure, I know of none, although I have heard all the theories and seen them all fail, and I suppose your friend will have the same experience. There is only one thing I can say about it, and that is that the wild, hardy pear trees seldom have any blight. Trees fifty or one hundred years old it is rare to see affected with blight."

SUPERPHOSPHATE AND POTASH.

A writer on scientific agriculture gives the following illustrations of a way in which farmers may be deceived in the value of commercial fertilizers: "A farmer has a field, the soil of which is much reduced, for which he has no yard manure, and decides to cultivate it in corn, using fertilizers. He intends it also for an instructive experiment, and applies to one part of it muriate of potash and to another a simple superphosphate. On the portion where the potash is applied, a fine crop is produced; but on that which received the superphosphate, it is very poor. He at once concludes, and confident ly states, that the superphosphate was worthless, 'the manufacturer of it a villain,' and the experiment has proved it. But he is too fast. His superphosphate might have been poor or might have been a first class article of its kind, but the experiment has proved nothing in relation to it; it has proved, however, that his land needed potash, and it is highly possible that if he had mixed his two elements, the crop on the whole field would have been better than it was on that which received the potash alone."

The Right Kind of a Girl.

A young lady from the South was wooed and won by a young California physician. About the time the wedding was to come off, the young man lost his entire fortune. He wrote the lady a letter releasing her from her engagement. And what does the dear, good girl do? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent her in his prosperity, as a keepsake, and, having it manufactured into a ring, forwards it to him with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest will I go, and whither thou lodgest will I lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the South to wed the sweet girl he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done, are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.—*Pittsburg Commercial.*

Sherman on the March.

It was in this march through the Carolinas I again saw so much of the influence on the soldiery. It rained nearly all the time; the roads were horrid, and had to be corduroyed with poles and rails half the way; the wagons and the artillery stuck in the mire hourly, and the soldiers had to drag them out with their own hands. Every stream had to be bridged, every quagmire filled, and every mile skirmished with the enemy. There was not a tent in the army. Even the General slept in the woods under "flies," in deserted houses, or lone churches along the way. On right and left, before and behind, was an enemy; quagmires were under foot and continued rain overhead; yet through all this the boys tugged and fought, and amidst their tugging sang and cheered. It was the magnetism of one really great man. It was "Billy Sherman." His approach to the line of march was the signal for shouting that I have heard taken up and repeated for miles ahead. Riding alongside the regiments struggling through the mud or the underbrush at the roadside, he would often speak to the nearest soldiers with some kind encouraging word. Nor was it unusual to hear private soldiers call out to him, knowing his kind heart would give them no rebuff. At headquarters there was little pretense and no show. When evening came a convenient spot in the woods was usually sought out, a few tent "flies" were stretched and a rail fire built in front. The mess chest was opened, and a hasty but substantial meal was enjoyed amid conversation on almost every topic but war. On this he was oftenest silent, preferring to keep his own judgment, hopes and fears to himself. He wrote most, probably all of his own despatches, leaving his staff little or nothing to do. After supper he studied his maps in the firelight, or heard the reports from the other columns for the day. He was last in bed at night and first in the saddle in the morning. Dinner consisted of a light lunch at 12; all dismounted at the roadside, and an hour's rest brought us again to the saddle. So the days passed and the enemy was continually pushed or beaten back from each and every chosen position.

OUR NEW-YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 29, 1877.

THE MONEY THAT MEN LEAVE.

Money isn't worth much after the man who made it lets it pass out of his control. Vanderbilt's estate is now a foot-ball in the courts, and where it will finally go, and to whom, is a question. It is so immense an affair that if it is divided each of the heirs will have ten times as much as any one ought to have, but by the time the lawyers and the courts get through with it, the shares will be so pared down as to make a difference in the showing. And now comes another money trouble. Moses H. Grinnell died recently, leaving a fortune of several millions, and he made a will, also. He left a half a million to each of his children, except a daughter, Fanny, to whom he bequeathed only $10,000, the reason for the discrimination being that she had married a Boston millionaire, and was rich already. It is a question whether Fanny and her husband will concur in the propriety of this distribution, and the chances are there will be a squabble over this estate. Why don't these men distribute their millions before they die, and save all this trouble? That is what I am going to do. I never will have my children fighting over a hundred millions and dragging my bones out of the grave for the inspection of the public. The Vanderbilt case is dragging its slow length along, and the lawyers are making a bitter fight over it. The children have succeeded in establishing the fact that the old man was a fearful old wretch, and that he never deserved the success he met with. But as William is as selfish as his father, and is entrenched behind a hundred millions, it is yet to be decided whether he will be compelled to relinquish any part of it or not. The only point in the matter is whether the contestants can establish the fact that the Commodore was under undue influence when he made his will. And to that end the contestants are bending their entire energies. They are raking up all the old man's departures from the paths of a strict life, and it must be confessed that they have got together a very nauseating pile of them. They have shown that he was cruel, sensual and altogether wicked, if not weak as well. There is no question as to the control unscrupulous women had over him, and it will be proven that he was a confessed spiritualist, but it may be shown that he could make a will for all that.

POLITICAL.

Senator Conkling has declared war and has locked horns with the President. It is now a war to the knife and knife to the hilt. There can be no compromise nor settlement. The President has determined upon the removal of the officials at New York, for the reason that he wants men in office with whom he can work in the direction of reform, and for the reason that the reforms already instituted were not, as he claims carried out in good faith. It is true that several hundred employes of the custom house were removed by collector Arthur, in accordance with the orders of the Secretary of the treasury. But it is claimed that the men intended to be removed were the ones retained. That is, the political strikers and the ward politicians were kept, and the really effective workers who were without political influence were dismissed. Senator Conkling on the other hand claims the right to control the patronage himself, and denies the right of the President to meddle with it. The city is divided on the question. The active politicians side with Conkling, and the conservative element with the President. The papers of the city are very careful in discussing the question, and are by no means pronounced. There should be an expression of the people on this question, in every county in the State, for the people will have to settle it. It is a matter of no small importance. The question goes a long way down. It is not simply who shall fill the offices; it is the effect of the patronage upon the politics of the State.

THE COLORED BABY SHOW

Will be opened next week, and it will be a big thing. There will be two thousand E lhopa babies, as under ten, and their mothers. Every State east of the Mississippi will be represented, and they will be classified properly. It is to be hoped that there will be plenty of bath-rooms in the building, and that due attention will be paid to ventilation.

ANOTHER DEFALCATION.

Two collecting lawyers, both members of fashionable churches, and very prominent in them, absconded this week, with something like a quarter of a million of money belonging to their clients. It is the old story—high living and speculation in Wall St. They had the confidence of everybody and they did the business of the best houses in the city. But they would speculate, and the did lose, and a flight to Europe was the way they settled it. And speaking of financial troubles,

THE EXPLOSION OF THE NATIONAL TRUST CO.

is the last thunderbolt. This institution possessed the confidence of the businesness community, and no one supposed it was in difficulties. But all at once rumors began to gather about it, an investigation was ordered, it was reported "with ample assets," but when those assets came to be examined into they were found to be of the most flimsy character, and thousands upon thousands that had long figured as "good," had no existence at all. In short, it was another case of frightful mismanagement and worse.

LIFE INSURANCE PRESIDENTS.

Case, the President of the Security, has exhausted all his legal dodges, and will spend five years of his life in Sing-Sing. It is well—there never was a more outrageous fraud perpetrated. Dr. Lambert, his rival in infamy, is being tried, and he doubtles will get a longer sentence. If the good work goes on, there will be enough material to organize a a life insurance board in the penitentiary, commencing with a president, and going all the way down to an office boy. There are sound and good companies, and they play an important part in the economy of things, but there has been an awful amount of fraud in it.

THE TROUBLE WITH THE LIQUOR DEALERS.

The police surveillance of the liquor business continued. Over a thousand places have been shut up, and there is mourning among the dry ones. Licenses are declared illegal. The tavern dodge did not work, for the courts hold that a tavern must be a tavern indeed, and not a mere place fitted up to evade a law, and the police have shown no discrimination. Delmonico and the hotel bars have been shut up, just the same as the smaller bar-rooms, and the only way a drink can be procured, is to slip in at a side door, and only regulars are admitted at all. Whatever may be said as to the justice of this raid upon men who have paid license, there is no question as to its good effect. The arrests for drunkenness have fallen off a-half, and the presence of drunken men upon the street cars has ceased altogether. And there is a noticeable decrease in the number of brutal crimes. Altogether the effect upon the morals of the city has been splendid, and the temperance league is making use of it to encourage a continuance of the work. The statistics they show are not only startling, but conclusive.

PIETRO.

Men are all Cowards in the Dark.

There was a young hot-head in the Emperor Napoleon's service, who burning for action, and his duties for the time affording no opportunity, at last resolved to fight a duel; accordingly, choosing to construe some remark or other of an old and superior officer into an insult, he challenged him. The old soldier, waving all considerations of rank agreed to meet the young man, but on the following unusual terms: The time should be night—the place a room—in opposite corners of which they were to stand. The seconds having placed their men, were to withdraw outside of the door, taking the candles with them. The word should be given from without, when he who had the first fire should discharge his weapon, and the seconds having the light should immediately rush in.

These strange conditions were accepted; the time arrived; and the seconds placed the parties as agreed upon — withdrawing immediately, and leaving the men in the dark.

The word was given—the fire was heard—the door was reopened—and there stood the elder of the two bolt upright in the corner, his adversary's ball having entered the wall so close to his head that his escape seemed almost miraculous.

It was now the old soldier's turn to fire. They were again left in the dark; the word was given from the outside, and instantaneously with the discharge the seconds rushed in to find the chalenger prostrate upon the floor, not yet having recovered himself from his trick to avoid the ball, which on examination it was found must have killed him!

The young man was covered with confusion, and the seconds were overwhelming him with their scorn, when the veteran stopped them:

"Not so fast! not so fast! my young friends," said he; "you will live to grow wiser. Where do you suppose I was at the first fire? On my hands and knees in the corner; but I was up quicker than he. Ah! Messieurs, say what we will—boast as we may—we are all cowards in the dark!"

Tale of a Mule.

"Speaking about mules," remarked a sixtooter from Barnet county, as he cracked his whip at market, "I've got a mule at home which knows as much as I do, and want to hear somebody say I'm half a fool."

No one said so, and he went on:

"I've got disgusted. When you come down to kicking, I want to bet on my mule. A friend came along and took dinner with me the other day, and as he seemed a little downhearted I took him out to see Thomas Jefferson, my champion mule. I was telling the good man how that mule could flip his hind feet around, and he said he'd like to see a little fun. He'd passed his whole life in the South, but he had never seen a mule lay his soul into a big time at kicking. "Well," he continued, after borrowing some tobacco, 'I took Thomas out of the stable, backed him up again a hill, give him a cuff on the ear, and we stood back to see the amusement. It was a good place to kick his durndest, and d'ye s'pose he did? In ten minutes by the watch he was out of sight. In five more we couldn't feel him with a twelve-foot pole."

Here the crowd began to yell and sneer, and the narrator looked around and asked:

"Does anybody think I'm lying? Would I lie for a mule? Right here under my arm is a pound of tallow candles which are to light the hole for me to go in after Thomas; and I got word not an hour ago that the hind feet of a mule were sticking out of a hill thirty-nine miles as the birds fly from where my mule went in. I'm shakey on religion, gentlemen but our family never had a liar in it.

"Mother Wrote It."

The Providence *Journal* says; "One of those scenes which develop the better feelings in the human breast came to pass Thursday. A little girl approached a refreshment stand on one of our principal streets and looked wistfully at the tempting display of fruits and candies. The keeper of the stand was visibly touched. The generous dictates of his heart moved him. 'Poor girl!' he thought. Then kindly taking an apple, he generously gave it to her. Poor girl mutters her thanks He's a good man, she thought. Encouraged by his act of kindness, she offered him an humble petition written on a scrap of paper. The man reads: 'Give something to a poor girl for her helpless sister and blind mother' With a shrewdness and penetration almost equal to a detective, the man scanned the girl and then questioned her: 'Who wrote this?' Quickly came the innocent response, 'Mother wrote it.' 'Pretty good writing for a blind mother said the man, and then dismissed her."

His Share.

A good story for the times, be it true or untrue, is that they tell about the head of the French Rothschilds. During the days of the last Communist uprising in Paris, two of the red-capped gents called upon him and said:

"Baron, the Commune rules France now, and you, like other rich men, must divide your property among your poorer fellow countrymen."

"Ah," said the Baron, "is that so? Pray tell me how much I am supposed to be worth?"

"About eighty millions of francs."

"And how many people are there in France?"

"About forty millions."

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Very well, then, here are two francs for you. You have got your share, and may go; for, of course, you do not wish to take any one else's."

It was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew of the rocks in the harbor, replied with confidence; "I do, sir, by honor, every one av them. That's why," he added, as the ship struck it, filled, and sank.

The Crown Princess Victoria of Prussia, is a woman's rights woman.

Notes for the Ladies.

Black Swedish gloves are worn.

A new and stylish color is toad green.

White kid gloves are out of fashion.

Stockings checked in two colors are worn.

Have you a new-fashioned rag-carpet dress?

Velvet is much used for trimming black cloaks.

Evening and home dresses are but little draped.

Light colored furs will be worn this winter.

The Breton costume is now worn only by young girls.

The Christmas slipper for single clergymen is now in dress.

One seldom sees a lady in the street in London without a veil.

Black satin boots and shoes are fashionable for house wear.

India cashmere is known under the name of Zibeline this season.

Flat bands of lace are sometimes used for trimming evening toilette.

Jewelers in Paris display almost their entire stock in their shop windows.

Every lady should become sealed to a seal skin as soon as she can do it honestly.

Laced boots of unpolished kid are used for walking boots by many ladies in Paris.

Some of the embroidered collars and cuffs in new styles cost five dollars the set.

Very pretty plush long shawls are made in fancy clors for opera and theater use.

The Anne of Austria collar is made in both lace and linen and is a very fashionable shape.

All shirtings, common prints and cambrics pass under the name of "calico" in England.

Monograms on handkerchiefs are worked in three or four colors like those stamped on note paper.

Some of the handsomest imported dresses are made with the round waist which is worn with a belt.

Only one princess was ever born in this country—Princess Anna Murat, wife of the Duc de Mouchy.

Anna Dickinson is said to have produced the best dramatization of "Jane Eyre" that has yet been made.

The long blouse reaching down to the knees, with a yoke and worn with a belt, is one of the repulsive fashions.

Very few toilettes are made entirely of black silk. A little dash of color is placed here and there on the skirt or bodice.

How to Burn Coal.

A very common mistake is made and much fuel wasted in the manner of replenishing coal fires in grates and furnaces. They should be fed with a little coal at a time, and often; but servants to save time and trouble, put on a great deal at once, the first result being that all the heat is absorbed by the newly put on coal which does not put out heat until it becomes red hot. Hence, for a while the room is cold, but when it becomes fairly aglow the heat is insufferable. The time to replenish a coal fire is as soon as the coals begin to show ashes on the surface; then put on merely enough to show a layer of black coal covering the red. This will soon kindle, and, as there is not much of it; an excess of heat will not be given out. Many also put out a fire by stirring the grate as soon as fresh coal is put on, thus leaving all the heat in the ashes when it should be sent to the new supply of coal. The time to stir a fire is when coal laid on is pretty well kindled. This method of managing a coal fire is troublesome, but it saves fuel, gives more uniform heat and prevents the discomfort of alterations of heat and cold above referred to.

A Chance for Yankee Doodle.

It is with feelings of pride that an American should read of the gorgeous metamorphoses which our young people who go abroad to study music undergo. To see a plain Miss Rice, after six months in Italy, change her cereal surname for that of Mme. Ricci, and thus show foreigners what an American girl can do, is supremely gratifying to our national pride. Blanche Tucker, who need not have been ashamed of her name, for she is of no kin to that namesake who sang for his supper, now appears in her home paper as Blanche Rosarella, while Mary Trimbie, daughter of our late Consul at Milan, is utterly glorious in the name Beatrice Amora. Go abroad, dear old Yankee Doodle, and change your plebean name for that resplendent one o Juan K. Dudle.—*Boston Herald.*

The True Lady.

Beauty and style are not the purest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart and the purity and sweetness of her character; and such a woman, with a kindly disposition and a well balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. Be her face ever so plain and her form ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose of life than the beautiful, yet vain and supercilious woman who has no other desire than to flaunt her finery on the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

Sounding Truths.

Says the Reno (Nev.) *Gazette* "Now we don't expect to check stock gambling in the least, nor have we any desire to interfere with any man's right to bet his money, but there are, it seems to us, a few points upon which we may all agree:

"The man of family has no right to put the comfort and support of his little ones on a margin in the stock market.

"Stocks that are half bought belong to capitalists.

"A dollar in the store is worth two in the stock market.

"Every man may own the controlling interest in a home; very few can can control mines.

"Shares in a homestead always pay dividend.

"No man can win unless another lose.

"When one covetous man gets rich, 100 get poor. It is always best to be slow and sure, and let well enough alone.

The woods heavier than water are Dutch box, Ebony, Lignum-vitæ, Mahogany, heart of Oak, Pomegranate, and Vine.

Watch for opportunities for usefulness. Every day brings them, and once gone are gone forever.

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of ST. NICHOLAS, of which 100,000 copies will be issued, may be gained from the following: There are poems by HENRY W. LONGFELLOW and WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT; a fine hitherto unpublished sketch of Boy Life by the late THEODORE WINTHROP; and a short story by the author of "ALICE IN WONDERLAND;" a new fairy story, "SWEET MAJORAM DAY," by FRANK R. STOCKTON, "THE PETERKINS' CHARADES," by LUCRETIA P. HALE; a poetic riddle by DR. J. G. HOLLAND, and a comparison between the manners of young folks in old times and nowadays, by GAIL HAMILTON.

Of the story element, the brightest feature is the beginning of the new serial by Miss ALCOTT, entitled "UNDER THE LILACS," with illustrations by Mary Halleck Foote.

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