## THE SILENT WOOER.

How can I speak to thee? The far blue sky
Hath never speech for men:
The longing breezes round thee flit, and then,
Unspeaking still, they die.

Like sky and breeze, I gaze, I murmur near.
Oh, must my heart be dumb?
And must my love like formless breezes come,
To sigh and perish here?

I cannot speak to thee: and yet in this
A last dear hope may be.
For I could tell my love's eternity
In one long, silent kiss!

—*The Galaxy.*

### Napoleon's Manners.

Macaulay, in comparing Napoleon to Cæsar, very rightly says that Cæsar was greatly his superior in one point—he was a perfect gentleman. Tallyrand wittily expressed nearly the same thing when he said, "What a pity that such a great man should have been so badly brought up!" If we may judge not from the reports of his enemies, but from the disclosures of his faithful and devoted servitors, Napoleon treated those who were admitted into his intimacy with a familiarity that no man who had any self-respect would have tolerated for a minute. Mineval, his former secretary, represents him as pulling the ears of his interlocutors, sometimes hard enough to make the blood flow, giving them a slap on the cheek, at times even sitting on their knees. These acts of graciousness were marks of special kindness with him, and men of the highest rank were proud of such tokens of favour. Such habits were calculated to produce stiffness in his manners with strangers. He was too familiar when he wished to please, and too stiffly declamatory when he wished to command respect. As to his body, the fatigues of war had strengthened his iron constitution, and given him a stoutness bordering on embonpoint. Napoleon acknowledged that he never was better than during his hard campaign, in which he often rode thirty leagues a day over the snow. The agitation of war may be said to have become needful to his temperament, a necessity for his health, and in some sort the indispensable aliment of that immense activity which was the predominant characteristic of his nature. He literally lived on what would have killed others. War gave him both sleep and appetite. A great deal of the Corsican still remained in him. He had passed through the refined civilization, the kind of philosophical chaos, of the eighteenth century, appropriating to himself with wonderful faculty of assimilation all that could be of service to him; he had turned to account his ideas, adopted the forms and language, but in realty the primitive man had been but little modified. He had retained even certain superstitions of his countrymen, which were like stamps of his origin. He whose religion was a faith, more affected often than real, in his star, was sometimes seen, says Mineval, suddenly to make an involuntary sign of the cross on the announcement of some danger or some great event. And the half secretary adds, in order to give a philosophical turn to the fact, that this gesture might be interpreted by the expression, Almighty God! Under his apparent good nature, too, and his feline gracefulness of manner when he wished to appear kind, was hid the old harshness and insurmountable mistrust of the islander always of his enemies. It was noticed that during the nineteen days that the two emperors spent together in the midst of effusions of the tenderest friendship, Alexander took his meals every day with Napoleon, but Napoleon never once broke bread with Alexander.—*Lanfrey's History of Napoleon the First.*

### Burgoyne's Original Order Book.

The Centennial year seems to have unearthed in Europe as well as here many events and documents connected with our Revolution never before generally known, or wholly forgotten. Macmillan has brought out an illustrated work containing "political and military episodes derived from the life and correspondence of the Right Honorable John Burgoyne, general, statesman, and dramatist." The writer goes very minutely into the events which preceded the famous expedition from Canada to Saratoga, gives large space to correspondence connected with it, describes the campaign itself, and evidently comprehends fully how decisive and fatal to our cause its successful issue would have been. Still he is wrong in some of his figures. The work has brought to mind the original order book of this general, directing all the movements of this splendid army—from the bright promising commencement of the march to its sad total ending at Saratoga—which many years ago was sent me by a descendant of General George Clinton. It was obtained at Saratoga at the time of the surrender, but in what way I have forgotten, if I ever knew. This order book, written up a hundred years ago, and containing the orders that for three months from day to day directed all the movements of that army, on which two continents looked with such intense regard and expectation, possesses more than common interest. The book embraces about one hundred and seventy pages, is a small quarto bound in brown paper board, fastened together at the back with short leather straps pasted in for hinges. The writing paper is brown and coarse, of the old style, with rough-cut edges. Although in some portions the ink is very much faded, yet the whole is perfectly legible. The first two leaves and some half dozen in the middle have been torn out. In the latter part is given in paaallel columns all the correspondence between Burgoyne and Gates relative to the surrender, together with the proposed, rejected, and accepted articles of the convention on which the army capitulated. The two missing leaves at the commencement evidently contained the order arranging the movement of the boats, because the first line on the fourth page is a continuation of what followed before, and ends thus, "following disposition and then lie upon their oars."—*The Galaxy.*

### The Power of Song.

A correspondent of the Boston *Post* gets off the following on the songs of Geo. P. Morris, the genial and gifted *Home Journalist*:

ON HEARING THE COTTAGER'S WELCOME IN AUSTRALIA.

"Where'er is heard the English tongue,
Where grows a tree, or flows a river,
The songs of Morris now are sung,
And there they will be sung for ever."

This brings to mind an anecdote which shows the influence of song. Judge Harris, of Georgia, a scholar, a fine jurist, and a gentleman of extensive literary culture, regarded "Woodman, Spare that Tree," as among the truest lyrics of the age. He ranked it among his favorites, and never heard it from musical lips without emotion. On one occasion the judge astonished a convivial "gathering" by entering into the spirit of the song with all his soul. His daughter was seated at the piano, and, as her rich, mellow voice sang stanza after stanza, the judge became visibly affected. At length, when she trilled out the words:—

"My heart-strings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend,
Old tree, the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not."

"Touch it if you dare!" cried the judge, striding across the room with clenched hands, while the eyes of every one present opened wide in wonder, "touch it if you dare!" It is needless to say that his defiant energy, and especially the passionate earnestness of the last words, made silence almost audible. The little audience were touched, and it was some minutes before a word was spoken. This anecdote should be embalmed. I venture to say that no finer compliment was ever paid General Morris during his long and brilliant literary career.

## AGRICULTURAL.

NECESSARY FALL IN DRAINAGE.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes: "21 years ago I drained a part of a meadow 500 feet long, with a fall in that distance of less than two feet, and with water at the outlet of the drain ordinarily less than a foot below the surface of the ground. The surface soil is a light, black vegetable mould, about a foot deep. The subsoil is a tough, firm clay, which had to be broken up with a pick. The drains were two rods apart, parallel with the brook; the first one two rods from the brook. The tile were laid two and a half to three feet deep, and for the whole length of the drains were more than a foot below the surface of the water at the outlet, and they have never been obstructed since they were laid. The only career or labor has been to remove the mud or silt which the steam deposits at the outlet in the spring and autumn. The water is kept from the surface just as effectually as if the outlet were above the surface of the water, though the water does not drain off quickly in the spring of the year or after heavy rains. The surface is thus freed of water sufficiently for haygrowing and making except when the water in the brook is raised for a few days by transient rains.

"This is the only way this land can be drained. An open drain could not be kept clear of sediment and water grasses where there is so little fall, nor was the fall sufficient to overcome the friction of the water in flowing through such grasses. The consequence was that with a fall of nearly two feet in 500 by midsummer the water would be still just as near the surface at the upper part of the piece as it was at the lower. These drains have remedied this. The advantage in putting the tile so deep is to get them out of the way of frost and disturbance by teams.

"This piece of land has lain in grass 20 years without manure, but the coarse grasses had come in so much that last September it was plowed and seeded down again to timothy. The operations upon the soil—plowing with two yoke of very heavy cattle, harrowing, rolling, etc. have not interfered at all with the operation of the drains."

FENCES.—The fence question is on the tapis again, which means "fences or no fences." We have several times alluded to it, says the Germantown *Telegraph*, and never could come to any other conclusion than that it was one—like many others—to be left to the judgment of each farmer. This judgment will depend upon the size, form, and use to which the land is put. If it is for stock raising, some interior fences are indispensible. If the farm is of small size and used for cropping where a few cattle only are kept, interior fences can largely be dispensed with. If, for raising vegetables and fruits, there is little need for any but line fences. No doubt on many farms double the extent of fences is used that there is really any need for. On small places, movable fences, which are now made to perfection, are all that are necessary. It is folly to be always harping upon the cost of the fences in a State or the United States, as if all farmers were fools and were throwing all this money needlessly away. Good farmers—and we are yearly getting more of them—don't waste any money if they know it, and we can say of them that they know what they are about as well as any other people in the world.

GROOMING APPARATUS.—An ingenious grooming apparatus—a foreign invention—recently introduced is said to work not only satisfactorily, but to possess some peculiar advantages over the ordinary implements and methods. The device consists of a brush now in use in hair-dressing establishments, and is operated at the extremity of a suitable spindle attached to a series of jointed rod, fitted with a new hemispherical form of joint in such a way that it is capable of being worked by an ordinary fly wheel, which can be managed by a lad. The apparatus is also arranged to work either right or left, so that both sides of the animal can be brushed freely and thoroughly, penetrating the coat of the animal in such a manner as to effect the operation completely, while removing all dirt and secretions without irritation or inconvenience, and imparting to the surface that glossy appearance which is held to be the test of good grooming.

YEARS ago the ailment called "hollow horn," or "horn distemper," was very common, and in many yards cows might be seen with horns bored on the under side, and into this hole and on the top of the head the remedies were applied. A syringe or wooden squirt gun was used to inject into the horn soap-suds, pepper tea, brine, etc. It is now known by most farmers that there is no such disease as horn-ail, or hollow horn, but that when the horns are cold that state of things indicates the presence of disease elsewhere and a feeble circulation. The horns being extremities are cold, and the circulation needs to be equalized. It is now known to be a dangerous experiment to treat animals after the manner they were used to be treated.

A GOOD soil rarely fails, even in a poor season, of returning a paying income for the labor expended upon it in the cultivation of any crop adapted to it. The idea that the number of acres in crops indicates the farmer's income must be abandoned, and the number of bushels per acre must be looked for instead. There is certainly less profit in plowing fifty acres to raise 1,000 bushels of grain than in plowing but twenty-five to grow the same amount, and trusting to good seasons for fair crops will not be thought of by the improved farmer. A rich and well cultivated soil will usually make fair returns in what we call bad or unfavorable seasons. What the farmer on a poor soil would call a good season never comes.

BREEDING SWINE.—The secret of success in breeding swine and all other domestic animals, consist in taking proper care of them always, having the young come at the most suitable season, and keeping them always improving by the closest attention to cleanliness and regularity in feeding. Refuse apples may be profitably fed to pigs and store hogs, also perishable vegetables which are likely to go to loss by being kept later in the season. Arrangements should be made to have hogs in proper condition for fattening early in the fall, so that they can be sold or slaughtered before the rigors of winter commence. Breeding sows require special attention at all times.

ONE very common habit or practice we observe both in the city and in the country among the rural population is that of yelling sharply at horses before cart, wagon, omnibus or buggy, with that of suddenly and violently jerking the rains, supplementing it with sharp shrieks of the voice, provided they may make an untoward movement—a habit we deem no less reprehensible than detestable, and one that should be at once corrected and abandoned forever. Gentleness and kindness will be found not only the wiser and better, but the more humane and effective course in accomplishing the end desired.—*Boston Cultivator.*

FARM WAGONS.—The first requsite in care of farm wagons is to keep them under shelter always when not in use. The most convenient arrangement for this is a shed in which to drive, and from which there is a door into the horse stable. It is better for all wheeled vehicles to stand upon the gronud rather than on a floor of wood.

IT is said that by soaking beet, parsnip, carrot and turnip seed in warm water before planting, they will be made to germinate sooner.

## SCIENTIFIC.

*The Twinkling of the Stars.*—The scintillation of stars, and its close connection with the changes of weather, has, as is known, much interested Humboldt, Arago, Kaemtz, Secchi, and many others; and recently it has also been the subject of valuable spectroscopic researches by M. Respighi, M. Montigny, who some time ago investigated scintillation in relation to the special characteristics of the light of different stars, publishes in the *Bulletin* of the Belgian Academy, No. 8, an elaborate report upon his researches into the connection existing between scintillations and various meteorological elements. The chief results, arrived at after a discussion of 1,820 observations made on 230 days on 70 different stars, are as follows: The intensity of scintillation (measured by a special apparatus, the *scintillometre*) increases invariably with the occurence or approach of rainy weather, and with the increase of tension of vapor in the air on one side, and the increase of pressure and decrease of temperature on the other: The influence of the two former factors being far more sensible than the combined influence of the two latter. The scintillation, which is on an average stronger during winter than during summer, increases with the arrival of moist weather at all seasons. It increases also not only on rainy days but one or two days before, decreasing immediately after the rain has ceased. Moreover, the intensity of scintillation increases during strong winds, and with the approach of barometric depressions, or *bourrasques*, the increase being most pronounced when the depression passes near to the observer. It then largely exceeds the average increase corresponding to rainy days; and the influence of great movements in the atmosphere totally counteracts the contrary influence of a lowering of pressure. M. Montigny is thus correct in saying that a continued investigation of scintillation would be of great service, not only for the prevision of weather, but also for the general study of meteorology, affording a very useful means for the exploration of the higher regions of the atmosphere.—*Nature.*

*Microscopic Detection*----*Wool and Hair.*—The *American Naturalist* furnishes some interesting facts on this subject. The United Sttates Treasury Department has admitted calf hair goods free from duties levied on those composed in part of wool; and evidence having been furnished that some fabrics, claimed as made of hair, contained more or less wool, a commission was appointed, in which Dr. J. G. Hunt, the well known microscopist, was associated, for the examination of these fabrics. The possibility of distinguishing in manufactured mixture the hair of the cow and calf and that of the sheep has been denied by some microscopists, especially as these fabrics vary on different parts of the same animal. The commission has, however, been able to classify and distinguish them. Wooly hairs have no pith, and no preceptible taper. Their mean diameter varies from a five hundredth to the thousandth part of an inch. At irregular intervals they have one-sided spiral thickenings, causing the wool to curl. They occur on sheep, camels, goats, and llamas; and many other animals have a portion of these wooly hairs. On the other hand, straight hairs are shorter, thicker at base, and tapering. The pith is a large part. The scales on the outside, of which there are twenty to forty in a hundredth part of an inch, he smoothly. In wool they project more or less, and are from fifteen to thirty to the hundredth part of an inch. With these and other distinctions before them, the commission found, by first bleaching the colored fibres in mineral acids, and then mounting them in glycerin, and by using high powers, that in a few samples there was no wool; in a larger proportion there was a small quantity; in a very large number of samples there was from five to ten per cent, as well as a much larger proportion; and in one case it was difficult to find five per cent of genuine cow hair.

*Mummies Converted into Paint.*—Few persons are aware that veritable Egyptian mummies are ground up into paints. But in this country and in Europe mummies are used for this purpose—the asphaltum with which they are impregnated being of a quality superior to that which can elsewhere be obtained, and producing a peculiar brownish tint when made into paint, which is prized by distinguished artists both of this and other countries. The ancient Egyptians, when they put away their dead wrapped in clothes saturated with asphaltum, builded, as it were, better than they knew, and could never have realized the fact that ages after they had been laid in the tombs and pyramids along the Nile their dust would be used in painting pictures in a world then undiscovered and by artists whose languages were to them unknown. That a portion of one of the Pharaohs, or a Photiphar, or even of the historic Mrs. Potiphar, may even now be on the canvas of a Vernet; a Millais, or a Church, who may question!

*Thin Sheets of Iron.*—An English paper says: "We have heard of iron as thin as paper, but have just had a packet of specimen iron sheets brought to our office, not half as thick as the sheet this is printed on; that is this paper is 0.004 inch in thickness while the iron sheets we have received are 0.0015 inch thick, or only three-eighths of the thickness of the paper. At the same time, the iron sheets are so tough as to be torn with difficulty, and so flexible as to bend with almost the facility of ordinary printing paper. These wonderful specimens of iron were made from the rough pig up to she rolled sheets, a means having been discovered of rolling such infinitesimally thin sheets in numbers without their sticking together."

*A Fortune in Toothpicks.*—It seems that it was not the invention of the wooden toothpick, *per se*, that netted the inventor $50,000, but the idea of making the toothpicks out of soft, brittle wood. It is said that, when first brought out, the toothpicks were made of hard fibrous wood; bu tthe inventor soon found that this would not pay, as the picks lasted too long, and he went to pine. It now takes four sound picks to get the broken end of one out from between the teeth; and it is the latter discovery that is said to have realized the inventor his fortune.

*The United States Skate Trade.*—It was not many years ago when all the skates used in the United States came from abroad, chiefly from Germany, and the German skate importation was a lucrative branch of trade. Of late this has almost entirely ceased. The Americans make their own skates now, and, oddly enough, the announcement is made that one of their leading skate factories, the Northampton Skate Company, in Massachusetts is filling orders for nickel-plated skates to be sent to Germany.—*Ironmonger.*

*A block* of iron about 2½ inches long by 1½ inches square, flat at the bottom and drawn out for a handle with a wooden end, like a soldering iron, is an excellent implement for removing old and hard putty from sashes. When hot (not red hot) the iron is placed against and passed slowly over the putty, which becomes softened by the heat and is rendered easily detachable from the wood

*Spontaneous Combustion of Charcoal.*—The late Mr. Braidwood, superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, England, remarks that lampblack and charcoal, when the smallest quantity of oil gains access to them, are more inflammable than sawdust and the animal textiles, and should not be admitted among ships' stores.

*A Swiss* inventor envelopes the driving axle of a locomotive in coils of insulated copper wire, and by the passage of an electric current converts the wheels into powerful magnets, with increased adhesion to the rails.

## DOMESTIC.

VALUABLE REMEDIES, ALWAYS AT HAND, AND CHEAP.—One oz. oil wormwood to one pint alcohol—better than wormwood herbs and vinegar steeped together, as it is always ready when wanted, and is more easily applied and more penetrating. It is one of the best remedies for sprains bruises and lameness, in man or beast.

I had a horse sprained its ankle by stepping on a rolling stone; it had to go on three feet for a week, and was in great pain. I went to using wormwood and alcohol, and in two weeks the horse was well.

A neighbor had a horse got kicked, by a horse getting loose in the stable that had just been sharply shod (it was in winter). He sent for a farrier, who cut off the ragged edges where it was kicked, for the big muscle of the hip was almost cut off in some places. The farrier said it was ruined, there was no help for it. They went to using alcohol and wormwood, taking a syringe to syringe it into the wound twice a day and washed the wound three or four times a week with Castile soap, and no other remedy, and in two months the horse was able to work, and as well as ever, only the scar.

Fresh cow dung applied as a poultice will remove the worst case of inflammation, by one or two applications. It is the best when just dropped, but if you can't get it so, warm some that is fresh over the fire. My foot and ankle were swollen and inflamed with inflammatory rheumatism. I could not let it down, but had to keep it laid up in a chair. It was so painful I couldn't sleep or rest. About eight o'clock in the evening they put on a poultice of cow dung, warm, and in twenty minutes I was sound asleep, and slept sound all night, a thing I had not done for three days and nights, only a few minutes at a time. In the morning my foot and ankle was white as chalk, and looked as if it had been parboiled, the inflammanation and swelling all gone, could put on a boot and walk without pain.—*American Rural Home.*

FRUIT CAKE.—One pound of butter, the same of good brown sugar, one pint of molasses and eggs; beat separately and very light; add one teaspoonful each of salt, cinnamon, cloves, allspice, nutmeg and mace, one pint of good brandy or whiskey; now stir in flour enough to make it about as stiff as batter dough, then put in two pounds of raisins, one pound of currents, one pound of citron, sliced very thin, and one heaping teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little cold water; then stir in flour until it is about as stiff as can be stirred with a spoon; this will make three good-sized loaves, which should be baked in a slow oven about two and a half hours. If this cake is put in a stone jar, or in some damp place, and papers wet in brandy put between each loaf, it will keep for years; age improves it.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *English Mechanic* gives the following recipe for bag-marking ink, the permanency of which he says is perfect, even when bags filled with chemical manures have been in rain and sunshine over ten days: Boil 1 lb. of logwood chips in 1 gallon of water at boiling point ten minutes, then stir in the eighth of an ounce of bichromate of potash, and boil this ten minutes longer, then add, when cold, ½ lb. of common gum, previously dissolved, and stir well in. This will flow well from the pen, and will mark bags with either the stencil plate or block. The cost of above ink is about 6d. (12 cts.) per gallon.

VOL-AU-VENT.—This is simply a pudding dish, lined with rich puff-paste, filled with pieces of stale bread, then covered with the paste, and delicately baked. Then remove the top crust and the bread, fill with rich meat, minced and highly seasoned; replace the cover of the paste, and serve as a side dish for dinner, or, egg over the top crust, sprinkle with sugar and pounded sweet almonds before putting into the oven, then remove the cover of paste and the bread, and fill with jam, or preserve of any kind, and serve as a dessert.

MACCAROONS.—Beat up finely four ounces blanched almonds in a mortar (three ounces sweet, one of bitter almonds) with the whites of four eggs, till very light and creamy; then mix in one pound powdered sugar, gradually, all the time beating and stirring with the pestle. This will be a stiff batter. Put it in small, round cakes on a sheet of white paper. When baking watch closely, as they are apt to burn. When wanted for the table lightly wet the paper and the maccaroons will come off easily.

FRICASSED TOMATOES.—Place the tomatoes in a stone jar, and put it in a steamer. When they are tender, beat them to a pulp and put into a stew-pan with a little onion (which has been minced and stewed in butter until it is tender), a seasoning of pepper and salt, and some chopped parsley; simmer the mixture for a few minutes, and serve it very hot. It is good either alone or served in the dish with chops, or other meat, sausages, or fish of any kind.

CHICKEN FRICASSEE.—Take three onions, one eschalot, two cloves of garlic, one bunch of parsley, one of carrot, all to be chopped separately; pepper and salt. In a sauce-pan put one-quarter of a pound of butter, and brown with the above; when done, take two chickens, cut up, pour in beef stock to cover, cook slowly for one hour, then pour in a large glass of sherry. Add the yolks of two eggs, and a large tablespoonful of flour to thicken.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut ripe tomatoes in thin slices, and put them in a tin vessel, with salt between each layer, boil moderately half an hour, strain through a hair sieve, and to every gallon of the liquor add three roots of horse-radish, an onion sliced, with cloves, grated nutmeg, an ounce of black pepper, a red pepper pop, and an ounce of allspice; boil well, and add a pint of vinegar to the gallon; it is then ready for bottling.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—Boil the potatoes; peel and slice them. Put a layer in the baking dish, either with or without pastry. Dot it over with butter, sprinkle with sugar and allspice, or any other seasoning you may prefer. Proceed in this way until the dish or plate is full; then pour over the top milk or cream until the pieces are well soaked.—Then bake slowly and regularly till done.

QUINCE DOLE-MAH.—Pare and core whole a half-dozen quinces; fill the hollow with nicely chopped raw beef; a little salt; boil in as little water as is convenient until the quinces are perfectly tender; then add a teacup of molasses and small piece of butter; boil ten minutes longer, and serve with roast beef, vegetables, &c.

PE-LAF.—Put a cup of rice into boiling-hot salted water, (only salt enough for seasoning;) when it is tender drain through a colander; dash cold water over it quickly; when well drained serve on a platter and pour melted butter over it; the cold water separates the grains of rice, so that they lie up light and loose.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.—One pound of flour, one pound sugar, half a pound of butter, three eggs, two spoonfuls powdered cinnamon. Mix the butter and flour, add sugar and cinnamon. Mix to a paste with the eggs, roll out thin; cut with a tea biscuit cutter. Rich and most delicious.

CHARCOAL has been discovered to be a sure cure for burns. By laying a small piece of cold charcoal upon the burn the pain subsides immediately. By leaving the charcoal on one hour, the wound is healed, as has been demonstrated on several occasions.

## HUMOROUS.

THE MAN WITH THE BROOMS.—One of the old men who go from house to house selling two shilling brooms is a very fine old man, and he has odd streaks running through him. He doesn't seek to enter the house by the front door, but softly and quietly slides around to the side door to greet the servant girl.

'No brooms to-day,' she calls out as she opens the door.

'Ah, my dear, but I have no brooms to sell. I have a love letter for you.'

She pricks up her ears at that, swings open the door, and he walks in and sits down.

'Ah—why—ah!' he ejaculates as he feels in his pockets for the letter. 'Ah, I now remember, the gentleman was going to hand it to me, but decided to mail it, fearing that I might deliver it to the wrong lady.'

'What sort of a looking man?' she asks.

'Ah, Katy dear, you rogue you! Just as if he wasn't a perfect gent, with a diamond pin, gold watch, lots of money? But you are worthy of him, my dear,—worthy of any gent.'

'I don't know any such man,' she mused, but that old chap strikes in:

Ah, you beautiful deceiver! Of course you will not let on to me, but I know a thing or two. He ought to be proud of you, for a finer face is not in Detroit. And such beautiful hair! and such rosy lips! and such a form! Why, if you were only an inch taller I should believe you are the Empress Eugenie!'

'Oh, go long!' replied the pleasant girl, trying hard to blush. If she is cross-eyed, stoop-shouldered, freckled-faced and pug-nosed his flattery pleases her all the more, and the firmer is her belief that he is telling nothing but the truth.

'No, I don't care about selling these brooms,' he remarks, picking up the dozen. "You are of course acquainted with all the aristocratic families on Fort street? To be sure you are. And you must know all the nicest folks on Lafayette, Woodward and Jefferson avenues, because they call here on your aristocratic mistress.'

The girl won't commit herself, and he goes on:

'This forenoon, while I was selling a dozen brooms to that high-toned Mrs. ——, on Woodward avenue, she asked me as a great favor to call on your dear missus, who is one of her warmest friends. I said I would, and with one of her sweetest smiles she added; 'and do not neglect to see that dear, darling girl in the kitchen, whose beauty is only equalled by her modesty and culture.'

'Oh! pshaw!' replies the girl, her eyes sparkling like stars.

'More than that she said, but I have not time to relate it. I called at her request, and here I am. You might see the missus and bring her reply. My dealings are entirely with the aristocracy, and I shall be happy to put the name of this family upon my book.

The girl goes in, represents the need of new brooms in the strongest possible light and a sale is instantly affected.

'And now, my darling,' says the old man, as he is ready to depart, 'that love letter will probably reach you to-day. It doubtless contains a proposal of marriage. You will accept, a diamond ring will be forwarded, and your home and fireside will fairly howl with joy forever more—good day.'

After days of patient waiting for 'that letter,' the girl slowly but certainly concludes that the old man is a horse thief and a liar, and she stops trying to look like the Empress Eugenie or anybody else.

AN IRISHMAN, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she belaves I'll niver pay her, and faith that's my belafe too."

"MORE TROUBLE on the Mexican Border," reads Mrs. Jones. "How I do pity those poor women. I never had such a bother as I did with the Grecian border ot my last dress, and a Mexican border must be much more troublesome."

AS A CLAMBAKE was recently embarking for Palmer's Island a gentleman on the wharf observed that the Jennie was not large enough to accommodate all. "No," was replied by another; "probably some will go by another convenience."

"AH!" SAID she, with a little sigh; "don't you think this the loveliest weather in the world for a wedding, George!" "Minnie," said George, "did you hear Senator Doolittle. He's a fine speaker, I tell you."

"YOU NEVER catch a lie coming out of my mouth," said a man notorious for his untruthfulness. "No," retorted a bystander, "lies fly out of your mouth so fast nobody can catch them."

AN EDITOR says: "We have received a basket of fine grapes from our friend ——, for which he will please accept our compliments, some of which are nearly an inch in diameter."

A YOUNG LADY refused to attend church because her new hat had not been sent home. "I hate the devil and all his works," she said, "but I hate an old fashioned bonnet more."

"DON'T you think you have a prejudice against the prisoner?" asked a lawyer of a witness. "Very likely," was the reply, "I have caught him stealing two or three times."

RUSTIC: "Good-bye, Betty, we bees going for good!" *Betty:* "Then mind thee don't miss the way. It be the furst time thee's ever been on that road, I'm thinkin'!"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN evinced his rugged honesty even in boyhood, and never had to get out of a watermelon patch faster than an active dog could drive him.

A WAG, having married a young lady by the name of Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in his life before.

"WHAT kind of coffee do you call this, Mrs. Smith?" "That is the very best of Rio, Mr. Jones." "Certainly, madam; there is no doubt about the rye, oh!"

"WHAT is the worst side of naval warfare?" asked a school teacher. "The broadside," replied the boy in the back seat. He went up head.

WHEN half a dozen people are to dine upon a quarter of lamb, what's the proper time for dinner? Why, a quarter before six, of course.

IT IS ESTIMATED that the number of ladies who cannot pass a looking-glass without glancing into it averages about twelve to every dozen.

CONSIDERATE father—"You should eat graham bread, my son; it makes bone." Responsive youth—"H'm, I'm 'bout all bones now."

A WHISKY DEALER in Buffalo, New York, heads his advertisements: "The greatest boon to man, is woman—whisky next."

MRS. PARTINGTON wishes the *Graphic* to appeal to all churches to establish a fund for superanimated and indignant clergy.

THE young man who was filled with emotion had no room for his dinner.

DOMESTIC magazines — Wives who blow up their husbands.

A MAN of see-date tendencies—the chronologist.—*Com. Adv.*

WHAT do young ladies look for in church? The HIMS.

## YOUTH'S COLUMN.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CARE OF THEMSELVES.—Now perhaps you will say this is a dismal and unnecessary sermon to preach to young people; they have their fathers and mothers to take care of them; they don't take care of themselves. Very true; but fathers and mothers cannot be always with their children; fathers and mothers cannot always make their children remember and obey their directions; more than all, it is very hard to make children realize that it is of any great importance that they should keep all the laws of health. I know when I was a little girl, when people said to me, "You must not do thus and thus, for if you do, you will take cold," I used to think, "Who cares for a little cold, supposing I do catch one?" And when I was shut up in the house for several days with a bad sore throat, and suffered horrible pain, I never reproached myself. I thought that sore throats must come now and then, whether or no, and that I must take my turn. But now I have learned that if no law of health were ever broken, we need never have a day's illness, might grow old in entire freedom from suffering, and gradually fall asleep at last, instead of dying terrible deaths from disease; and I am all the while wishing that I had known it when I was young. If I had known it, I'll tell you what I should have done. I would have just tried the experiment at any rate, of never doing a single thing which could by any possibility get any one of the instruments of my body out of order. I wish I could see some boy or girl try it yet; never to sit up late at night; never to have a close bad air in the room; never to sit with wet feet; never to wet them, if it were possible to help it; never to go out in cold weather without being properly wrapped up; never to go out of a hot room into a cold out-door air without throwing some extra wrap on; never to eat or drink an unwholesome thing; never to touch tea, or coffee, or candy, or pie-crust; never to let a day pass without at least two good hours of exercise in the open air; never to read a word by twilight, nor in the cars; never to let the sun be shut out of rooms. This is a pretty long list of "nevers," but "never" is the only word that conquers. "Once in a while" is the very watch-word of temptation and defeat. I do believe that the "once-in-a-while" things have ruined more bodies, and more souls too, than all the other things put together. Moreover, the "never" way is easy, and the "once-in-a-while" way is hard. After you have once made up your mind "never" to do a certain thing, that is the end of it, if you are a sensible person. But if you only say, "This is a bad habit," or "This is a dangerous indulgence; I will be a little on my guard and not do it too often," you have put yourself in the most uncomforable of all positions; the temptation will knock at your door twenty times a day, and you will have to be fighting the same old battle over and over again as long as you live. This is especially true in regard to the matter of which I have been speaking to you, the care of the body. When you have once laid down to yourself the laws you mean to keep, the things you will "*never*" do, then your life arranges itself in a system at once, and you are not interrupted and hindred as the undecided people are, by wondering what is best, or safe, or wholesome, or too unwholesome at different times.—*St. Nicholas.*

FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE.—The office-door opened softly, and a stranger in poor, soiled soldier clothes walked in. The man who sat at the desk was a lawyer—a judge—and he was very busy over the papers of a pending suit. It was in the days of the civil war.

The stranger had borne his share of the suffering that was in the land. He had been wounded in battle; and, weak and emaciated, he was on his way back to his native State and town. But the busy judge scarcely raised his eyes to look at him. The poor soldier had taken off his cap, and s'ood feeling confusedly in his pockets.

"I have—I did have a—a letter for you, sir."

The judge took no notice of the timid, hesitating words. He was very busy, and he was conscious only of a feeling of annoyance that a stranger should break in upon his time.

The confused nervous search in the pockets continued, and the judge grew still more annoyed. He was a humane man; but he had responded to so many soldiers' applications already—and he was so very busy just now. The stranger came nearer and reached out a thin hand. A letter, grimy and pocket-worn, lay on the desk, addressed to the judge!

"I have no time to attend to such—." But the impatient sentence was checked on the good man's lips. The handwriting on the letter was the handwriting of his son. He opened the letter and read:

"DEAR FATHER: The bearer of this is a soldier discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for Charlie's sake."

And then Judge A.— forgot how very busy he was. His heart went out toward the poor sick soldier, and "for Charlie's sake," his own soldier-boy far away, he loaded him with gifts, and acts of kindness, and lodged him till he could send him on his way rejoicing.

HIS INCAUTIOUS REMARK.—A Chicago grocer and his family took dinner with one of his patrons a few days since.

"This is very nice chicken," observed the grocer, as he discussed a piece of the leading dish on the table. "Very nice Spring chicken, I should judge."

"That shows what kind of a judge you are," broke in the irrepressible youngster of the household. "Mother says that chicken is the toughest old rooster she ever seen in all her born days, an' she bought it from you, too!"

The rest of the meal passed off in silence, but soon after the guests had gone away an atmospheric disturbance arose in that house which shook it from roof to foundatron.—*Chicago Journal.*

"MY son," said a good mother to her young hopeful, "did you wish your teacher a Happy New Year?" "No, ma'am," responded the boy. "Well, why not?" "Because," said the youth, "She isn't happy unless she's whipping some of us boys, and I was afraid if I wished her happiness she'd go for me."

INQUIRING Mind (reading): "It says here, ma, 'His remains were taken to their last resting place.' Why do they say 'his remains,'—was'nt he all there?"

### Eradicating Conceit.

Humility has this consolation: It finds that the greatest minds had the least conceit; that Shakspeare bent down from the imperial height of his intellect to be taught by a clown—to be informed by a milkmaid; that Socrates, in his celebrated voyage in search of knowledge, with his perpetual questions concerning the cause of things, found that knowledge in a workman's shop which he could not find amongst the schools of the professors or philosophers; that Newton compared himself to a child, who, playing on the seashore, had picked up a shell here and a stone there, and thought them pretty, but knew of them no more. The bullet of steel is worn smooth and polished when it has passed through the gizzard of an ostrich. The most conceited young prig who ever lived will find his level when brought to the rude experiences of the world.—*Belgravia.*

### No Depth.

Avoid the companion who jests at everything! Such people disparage by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.

### Medical Science in Serbia.

Serbia has hitherto done without doctors. In a few of the large towns, no doubt, there were medical men, mostly brought up in Vienna, but in the villages there were absolutely none. Their place was—I should perhaps says is—supplied by "wise women," called "babas." "These "babas" profess to have an intuitive knowledge of medicinal plants; but that intelligent being, the Serbian peasant, placed less trust in the medical than in the magical skill. Their performance in this line was remarkable, and their rustic patients had every faith in it. The most commonly fatal diseases in Serbia are consumption and congestion of the lungs. The staple remedy for the latter ailment is to administer to the patient three apples grown on the same bough. If after eating these apples, which are supposed to have some mysterious connection with the Trinity, the patient feels no better, then, but not till then, the wise woman adopts more vigorous measures. The unfortunate invalid is laid on the ground on his stomach, the wise woman scatters salt over him, and marches around him mumbling cabalistic words. This seems to be a kind of exorcism, and would indicate a belief that the illness is caused by witchcraft or demoniacal possession.—*London Standard.*

—The population of Peru is 2,720,735. This is said to show a large decrease, which is attributed to earthquakes, diseases, civil war, and brandy, especially the latter.


**E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron.**

This truly valuable tonic has been so thoroughly tested by all classes of the community that it is now deemed indispensable as a Tonic medicine. It costs but little, purifies the blood and gives tone to the stomach renovates the system and prolongs life. Everybody should have it.

For the cure of Weak Stomachs, General Debility, Indigestion, Diseases of the Stomach, and for all cases requiring a tonic.

This wine includes the most agreeable and efficient Salt of Iron we possess—Citrate of Magnetic Oxide, combined with the most energetic of vegetable tonics—Yellow Peruvian Bark.

Do you want something to strengthen you?
Do you want a good appetite?
Do you want to get rid of nervousness?
Do you want energy?
Do you want to sleep well?
Do you want to build up your constitution?
Do you want to feel well?
Do you want a brisk and vigorous feeling?
If you do, try KUNKEL'S BITTER WINE OF IRON.

I only ask a trial of this valuable tonic.

Beware of counterfeits, as Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is the only sure and effectual remedy in the known world for the permanent cure of Dyspepsia and Debility, and as there are a number of imitations offered to the public, I would caution the community to purchase none but the genuine article, manufactured by E. F. Kunkel, and having his stamp on the cork of every bottle. The very fact that others are attempting to imitate this valuable remedy, proves its worth, and speaks volumes in its favor. Get the genuine. E. F. Kunkel's.

Sold only in $1 bottles. Sold by Druggists and dealers everywhere. E. F. Kunkel, Proprietor, 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**Tape Worm Removed Alive.**

Head and all complete in two hours, No fee till head passes. Seat, pin and Stomach Worms removed by Dr. KUNKEL, 259 North Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send for circular, or ask your druggist for a bottle of KUNKEL'S WORM SYRUP