THREE EVENINGS AND ONE AFTERNOON.

Three evenings and one afternoon—
And this was all her life you know;
And after hopes and fears and woe—
Three evenings and one afternoon.

She hardly dreamed of noons to be,
She never thought of evenings spent;
She treasured moments as they went—
The moments of the fatal three.

And that afternoon the air
Seemed sweeter and the sun more bright;
The lake was hid in golden light,
And all was glory, everywhere.

O cruel hours to pass so soon!
She wondered, as she felt the bliss,
Could Paradise be more than this—
Three evenings and one afternoon.

—*Good Words.*

Autumnal Tints.

It is very curious to observe the regularity with which we are told in in the autumn that "the first frost will change the color of the leaves," whereas the frost has nothing to do with the change. It has, indeed, sometimes happened in New England that the foliage has changed, as if by magic, in a single night, so that, upon looking out of the window in the morning, the the eye was surprised with the spectacle of the world wellnigh on fire; and since this transformation took place in connection with the mercury at a low point, the whole affair is referred to the agency of Jack Frost. But why not refer to this prestidigitator the the glowing tints of the apple, the rich crimson of the velvet peach, and the purple of the plum? Many years ago this error was pointed out by an eminent botanist, who showed that the gorgeous color of the autumn leaf came in the regular process of ripening; and, though botany is generally studied in schools, the old notion comes back with the beavers every year, showing that error, in common with truth, especially when supported by the vox populi, will "rise again," however deservedly crushed to earth.

Leaves find their parallel in man, as already observed, and, like the human species, they may ripen suddenly. If, however, any one chooses to make a mystery of the intensity of the autumnal colors, there should be no great difficulty in explaining the variety. Indeed, the apparent superiority over the strength of color in the foliage on the Continent of Europe may be attributed chiefly to this variety. In Great Britain the climate is evidently unfavorable to the production of bright forest tones, but in parts of Germany the brilliancy of certain kinds of leaves is quite equal to that of the corresponding varieties in North America. At the same time the greens of Europe are quite different from those of our own land, where, beginning with a burnt green in the South, we pass northward along the Atlantic seaboard, reaching the true green of the greatest of the hay-producing States, the State of Maine.—Every one has noticed the unparalleled green of the "Emerald Isle," which becomes a pale sea-green in Scotland, a whitish-green in the south of England and in France—only to change to an ashen-green in Germany, and a sombre olive in the Italian states.

But we were remarking upon the variety of the autumnal tints in our own country. This is explained by the fact that, while in Europe there are only forty trees that attain to a height of thirty feet, in North America there are no less than one hundred and forty—hence our forests flash like the planetree that "the Persian adorned with his mantels and jewels."—*From Appletons' Journal.*

A Knight Errant.

Lord Peterborough's siege of Barcelona has been one of the most daring and brilliant military achievements on record. The Duke of Darmstadt, who commanded under him, perished in the intrenchments, which were carried sword in hand. Voltaire says: "A shell bursts in the fort, the powder magazine explode, the fort is taken, the city capitulates. A parley takes place at the gates, between Lord Peterborough and Don Francisco de Velano, the Viceroy. The articles are not yet signed, when, suddenly, fearful cries rend the air, the flames are seen ascending from one part of the city. 'You betray us' exclaimed the Viceroy; 'we capitulated in good faith, while your English troops have entered by the ramparts and are now slaughtering our people, and pillaging and burning our houses!' 'You mistake,' replied Peterborough; 'they are Darmstadt's Germans, not Englishmen; and I see but one way of saving your city. Allow me and the officers of my staff, with the English troops now with us, to enter immediately; I will speedily put a stop to these outrages; to return to conclude with you here the terms of capitulation.' His air of truth, and the lofty tone of his address, together with the pressing danger of the moment, induced the Viceroy to consent to his proposition. The gates were thrown open, and Peterborough followed by his staff, dashed through the streets of Barcelona. The German and Catalonian soldiers, joined by some of the rabble, were sacking the houses of the principal citizens. Rushing upon them, he compelled them to desist, and to restore the plunder they were about to make off with. Having, as he had promised, put a stop to the outrages, and restored order among the troops, Peterborough returned to the city gates to sign with the Viceroy the terms of the capitulation." He afterward happened to fall in with a party of brutal Catalonian soldiers who were carrying off the beautiful young Duchess de Popoli. Naturally she had fainted from terror, when, fortunately, the gallant Peterborough rode up. The sight of beauty in distress would at any time have nerved the arm of our hero to scatter a host; the conduct of these semi-barbarous soldiers inflamed him still more, and he immediately struck down two or three of them, and promptly rescued the lady. The enraged and baffled ruffians, on recovering from their consternation at the sudden and furious attack on them, fired some shots after her valiant deliverer. Both he and the trembling fair one escaped unhurt. He rode away with her in triumph and placed her in the arms of her husband, who was encountered in frantic pursuit of her. The chivalry, heroism, and magnanimity of her conquerer astonished the Barcelonians. They knew that the English were heretics, therefore, as they had imagined, necessarily destitute of the principals of honor and the common feelings of humanity. Their admiration of Lord Peterborough whose conduct had dispelled this error, at once became boundless.—*Temple Bar.*

Sad is his lot who, once at least in his life, has not been a poet.

AGRICULTURAL.

THE PIG.—Black or flesh colored pigs are freest from skin disease in hot climates. The choice is practically between the Essex and Berkshires for miles with which to improve the native stock of hardy grubbers of the root-or-die variety. Those who have tried the former have been delighted at first, but after a few years began to recall with longing the lean hams and the slim but solid and flavorous bacon of the old race horse breed. The trouble with the Essex pigs for the south is that they are not active enough. They are the eat-and-sleep and wake-to-eat kind, and their grades are, of course, like them. The side fat is superb, and so is the leaf lard, and so far the breed is all that could be desired; but the hams and shoulders are too fat for profit, and the ham is not marbled with fat like the Berkshires. These (the Berks) are much more enterprising, more wide awake, less easily controlled, but good foragers. Their grades are a wonderful improvement on the original stock, may be made very fat, and yet the proportion between the fat and lean in the hams, shoulders, and side pork or bacon, is such as to develop and preserve the excellencies of the meat. The hams are large, rich and juicy, with diffused fat. Berkshires are not quite so easily fattened when penned and systematically fed as the Essex grade, but they will take much better care of themselves in the woods, and when penned or fastened for fattening, may be finished off with half the feed the original "land pikes" would require.

With many northern and western breeders, the Essex is a more profitable pig than the Berkshire, because his nature leads him to take little exercise, so that all he eats goes to flesh and fat. Respiration, which, if rapid, reduces fat greatly, is with him never accelerated by moving about, and with plenty of feed, the sole burden of life is to digest it. This breed is pre-eminent among the black breeds, and excelled by none as fat producers.—*American Agriculturist.*

FALL PLOWING.—With each succeeding fall we have in our agricultural papers a full and free discussion of the merits and demerits of fall plowing. To the uninitiated it must seem strange that it is possible that farmers can hold opinions so exactly opposite in their nature, as seems to be proven by these discussions. A favors fall plowing, and has made it his practice for years; B has tried it until he is perfectly satisfied that it always results in a loss, and he is satisfied that A is a book farmer. Often the dispute goes on until one or both of the parties disgust the editor with their nonsense, and the matter drops. The casual reader wonders why this should be, but a more discerning one, believing that both of the writers are honest in their views, will attribute the difference to some local cause or condition. In the first place the benefit of fall plowing for corn will in a great measure depend upon the character of the winter and spring which follows. If the land is heavy and the winter wet and warm, fall plowing will be a failure; if, on the other hand, we have a cold winter, with plenty of thawing and freezing, with more snow than rain, the soil will be in a loose condition and fit for early planting. Taking the averages of cases it is, perhaps, safe to assume that the most that can properly be claimed for fall plowing is that the work is out of the way of spring business.

PUTTING AWAY WINTER CABBAGE.—Though we have seen recommended various modes of preserving cabbage through the winter, and have tried several of them, we continue to pursue the method that we have generally adopted for some twenty years. It is simply to dig slight trenches side by side, on some rising or dry spot whence the water will readily drain off, in which stand the cabbage, just as it grows, sinking it up to the head. The rows can be as closely together as the size of the heads will admit of. Cover over with corn fodder, straw or bean haulm. Then set four posts so as to form a pitch, placing the head against a wall or board fence. Form a roof by bean-poles, when boards are not at hand, and cover this with cornstalks or straw. If ordinarily well done the cabbage will keep as long as desired, having usually keptours until April or May. We are aware that it is generally recommended to place the heads of the cabbage in the ground, leaving the stalks sticking up. But having tried this way, we found that the cabbage kept better and fresher as we recommend. To prove this we have had coleslaw in May.

KEEPING ROOTS.—To keep roots sound and plump, Mr. Benjamin P. Ware, of Marblehead, a successful gardener, cuts off the fine roots close to the body, and pares away the crown of the turnip or beet sufficiently to destroy all buds or rudiments of buds. The thus doctored roots are then placed in barrels of sand or covered with earth in the cellar to prevent wilting. Removing the buds and rootlets prevents that corkiness so common with these roots when kept till late in winter, which is caused by the support of sprouts and rootlets using up much of the more tender and edible substance of the roots. Turnips and beets thus treated are as nice for the table in late winter or early spring as when first harvested.—*Scientific Farmer.*

The Fair Sex and Loquacity.

The fair sex have not been proverbial for loquacity. A facetious lawyer seemed to be inspired by the knowledge of this fact when, in writing a deed commencing with the old formula, "Know, all men by these presents," he substituted, "Know, one woman," &c.; "because," said he, "if one woman knows it, all men soon will." Illustrations of this "touch of nature" abound from Plutarch downward. Let it suffice that we recall the story of the young man elected into one of the national councils of ancient Greece, whose transactions were kept secret, and at no time profaned by the unhallowed presence of the now ubiquitous newspaper reporter. His wife pressed him to tell her something of their proceedings by argument, persuasion, and entreaty, without effect. Wearied at length by her importunity, he consented, at the same time warning her of the consequences should the matter be divulged. He then informed her that the Council was discussing the question whether it would be better that one man should have two wives, or that one woman should have two husbands. Next day, while the wise men were in consultation, a deputation of females was announced, who desired to lay a petition before the Senate; and on being admitted the spokeswoman proceeded to say how important it was that their views should be known on a question so momentous as that under consideration, and urged that it was highly desirable that a woman should have two husbands. The Senators were not less amused than amazed, and looked to one another for an explanation; whereupon the recently admitted member accounted for the singular requisition by explaining the stratagem to which he had resorted for the sake of peace, at the same time proving to the assembly his fitness to take part in their deliberations. Whether other tales to the same effect are reliable is of little moment. Their purport and spirit show the general estimate of silence.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

THE naked truth—a bear story.

SCIENTIFIC.

The mode of development of deers' antlers formed the subject of a valuable essay, delivered by Professor Theodore Gill, before the National Academy of Sciences, New York at its recent meeting. The following were the chief conclusions reached: Antlers are horn-like appendages of frontal processes, peculiar to the deer, developed periodically and concomitantly with the sexual organs, chiefly in the males, either as simple spikes or with a tendency to bifurcation, especially (but not exclusively) in the direction of greatest or axial growth. The modifications of the antlers and their contour in the various forms of the family, are chiefly dependent on and determined by the diverse exhibitions of this tendency, and examples of several kinds are furnished by the genera Cervus, Cariacus, (also Rusa, Pudua,) and Elaphurus. As is generally known, in all the deer the antlers of the first year, at least, are simple spikes. In Pudua, the antlers remain simple and never bifurcate. In Cervus, the direction of growth is continuously upward and backward, and dichotomization takes place from the hindmost prong of the preceeding year, the antlers being differentiated, however, into posterior "beams" and anterior "brow antlers." In Cariacus, the direction of greatest growth, is deflected and the main axis continuous subspirally forward into the homologues of the anterior upper prongs of the fourth year. Rusa exhibits a similar tendency. In Elaphurus, the direction of principal growth is upward from the base and forward, and the antlers are differentiated into two elements, (1) the anterior being homologous with the brow antlers of Cervus and functionally usurping the place of the main ones, and (2) the posterior being correspondingly reduced and thrown backward.

Alleged Poison in Sugars.—Some attention was attracted last year by numerous letters, published by Mr. L. Rossiter, of Chicago, Ill., in the Chicago *Tribune*, with regard to alleged poisonous effects of sugars. Mr. Rossiter suggested that a large proportion of the sugars in the market might contain poisonous impurities arising from the use chemicals in their manufacture, his opinion being based upon the effects of the of use of sugars as food upon persons of weak or deranged digestion. In the *American Journal of Pharmacy*, we find accounts of analyses made by Messrs. J S. Johnson and S. E. Parkill, of fourteen samples of sugars and syrups furnished by Mr. Rossiter. Neither lead nor arsenic was found, nor did the ash, by ordinary systematic qualitative analysis, reveal other constituents than sodium, potassium, calcium, magnesium, alumium, and iron compounds, and sulphates, chlorides, carbonates, and silica. No zinc or tin was found. It thus appears that the sugars of commerse do not contain the injurious ingredients suggested by Mr. Rossiter.

Medicine and Animals.—The action of medicaments on different animal species has not been very fully elucidated. Herr Haeckel, it may be known, has proved the immunity of rabbits as regards belladonna, and he has made some very curious experiments on the harmlessness of plants in the nightshade family in general to rodents and marsupials. A French doctor has lately called attention to the fact, when he has often observed in druggists' shops, that hemlock seed was eaten by mice without apparently producing fatal effects upon them. He has recently succeeded in supporting two mice for eight days on hemlock seed. They ate it at first with repugnance, and even appeared to suffer from the diet. At the end of the eight days one of the mice seemed very ill, the other was all right. Next day he found the sick mouse half eaten by the other, which continued in good health, and which he liberated a few drys afterward. But during these eight days the animals had eaten hemlock seed in quantities which would have been fatal to a man.

Fertilization of Flowers by Birds.—A curious chain of circumstances, leading to a definite natural result, is noted by a correspondent of *Nature* writing from Mendanao. Certain flowers secrete nectar, which attracts certain insects. These insects are the natural prey of the sun birds and flower peckers; but to capture them the birds are obliged to probe diligently the corollas of numerous flowers. Each bird in so doing brushes off pollen, which adheres to the plumage surrounding its bill, and this pollen is thus conveyed to other flowers, which so become fertilized.

Hints about Glue.—Good glue should be a light-brown color, semi-transparent, and free from waves or cloudy lines. Glue loses much of hi strength by frequent re-melting: therefore, glue which is newly made is preferable to that which has been re-boiled. The hotter the glue the more force it will exert in keeping the joined parts glued together. In all large long joints it should be applied immediately after boiling. Apply pressure until it is set or hardened.

The herring fishers of Aberdeen carry with them carrier-pigeons, which are sent home at the rate of a mile a minute to announce the amount of a catch, so that preparations may be made for delivering and curing the fish, or to give the bearings of the boats when, owing to a calm or adverse winds, tugs are needed.

Lunar Superstitions.

The Tyrolese cure freckles by washing them at night with water in which the moon shines. In the Harz Mountains and Silesia the remedy for goiters is to turn one's face to the increasing moon three evenings running, then take a stone, silently touch the swelling with it, and throw it over the left shoulder. Meier quotes a Swabian chaom for toothache. When the cresent moon reappears for the first time, the sufferer must gaze at it steadfastly and repeat thrice: "I see the moon with two points points; my teeth shall neither sooth nor ache until I see the moon with three points." Crabs caught during full moon, and then burned alive and ground to powder, cure hydrophobia. Of course the moon necessarily assists at all deeds of sorcery, such as casting magic bullets, the manufacture of a divining-rod- and the like. The following receipt for avenging one's self on one's enemies is given by Kuhn in West phalia: "When the new moon falls on a Tuesday, go out before daybreak to a stake selected before and, turn to the cast and say, "Stick, I grasp thee in the name of the Trinity.' Take thy knife and say, 'Stick, I cut thee in name of the Trinity, that thou mayest obey me and chastise any one whose name I may mention.' Then peel the stick in two places, to enable thee to carve these words, Abia, obla, sabia. Lay a smock-frock on thy threshold and strike it hard with the stick, at the same time naming the person is to be beaten. Though he may be many miles away, he will suffer as much as if he were on the spot." The ancient Greeks and Romans considered the moon to be a protection against the evil eye, and they hung small moons made of metal round their necks as amulets. Even the wives and horses of the Romans wore them. The custom has not yet disappeared in Italy and the East. Some years ago Neapolitan ladies used to wear small silver half moons on their arms as a preservative against epilepsy, which popular belief has always connected with the evil eye. The talismanic crescent has ever been the badge of Islam, and it still glitters on minarets.—*All the Year Round.*

DOMESTIC.

UNBOLTED FLOUR.—The advocates of unbolted flour so long held complete sway in our public journals that the following from the *American Miller* has at least the appearance of novelty: "The disparaging comparisons which Grahamites made between bolted and unbolted flour by means of analysis showing the constituent parts of each, seemed an unanswerable argument until some thoughtful German determined to analyze the bran after it left the system, when lo! it was almost entirely unchanged. It thus appears that the human stomach is not powerful enough to effect that decomposition which advocates of unbolted flour assume takes place. It also shows that the analogy between man and lower orders of creation fails to hold good in this case as in many others. Physiologists have determined the fact that the woody fibre contained in bran acts as an irritant on the coating of the stomach, causing an amount of inflammation which, instead of stimulating digestion, retards it. We know precisely what the Grahamite would reply to these objections. He would say that the fact of valuable nutritive elements being locked up in the bran is *prima facie* evidence that the bran was intended for food. Now, valuable nutritive elements are contained in a fish-bone, but you could hardly persuade a disciple of Graham to swallow one. We cannot see any more evidence that one was designed for food than the other, for the bran is only an outside vegetable skeleton which the wheat carries for its protection. The fact of this vegetable skeleton or pod containing elements of nutrition is no more than could be expected; for what is good to make one frame-work is good material for another, but is no evidence that it will make another."

This presents the question of the use of unbolted flour in a new light, and we give it to our readers without any indorsement and for just what they find it to be worth.

REED-BIRDS FOR FARMERS.—Every farmer can raise his own crop of Reed-Birds in this section of country, at a very little expense. On every farm there is a half or fourth acre of land that can be dispensed with which he should sow with ordinary millet seed (which is not too late yet to do), and when this is maturing in September it will extract reed-birds in great numbers, and they are at his mercy. As they feed early, he can have a broil for breakfast; or his supper can be made temptingly appetizing. The plot of ground be in easy reach of a bush fence, from which he can approach within gun-shot on at least two sides. When none of these are at hand a "blind" may be built of a few boards, as a place of concealment, which can be removed when the "season" is over.

TO SAVE CRACKED EGGS.—It often happens that valuable eggs get cracked in the nest, or before putting them under the hen or in the incubator. Such may be saved by the application of a little mucilage or liquid glue with a camel-hair brush over the crack and then rolling the egg in fine plaster of Paris.

Another method is to paste strips of gummed paper over the cracks; but we are inclined to recommend the plaster treatment in preference to the latter.—*Poultry Bulletin.*

STUFFING FOR FOWLS.—Slice a loaf of baker's bread, soak soft in sweet milk, and mash with a spoon; add two eggs, pepper, salt, summer savory, or thyme (powder fine,) a lump of butter, the size of a hen's egg. This will be sufficient for two fowls." Another way: Chop or crumble homeade bread fine, moisten with a little sweet milk, and to be enough for two fowls, add two eggs, two large spoonfuls of butter, one even teaspoonful each of pepper and powdered thyme, two do. of salt; mix well together.

SASSAFRAS BEER.—Pour two quarts of boiling water upon two large spoonfuls of cream tartar, and add 10 drops of oil of sassafras, 10 drops of oil of spruce, 10 drops of oil of wintergreen, then add eight quarts of cold water and a pint of good yeast, and sweeten to taste. Let it stand 24 hours, and then bottle it. This makes a delicious summer beverage.

PICKLED APPLES.—Three pounds of sugar, seven pounds of apples quartered and cored, one pint of vinegar; steam the apples till a fork will go through them readily; then make a sirup of the sugar and vinegar and pour over them while hot, and stick a clove or two into each quarter.

TOMATO SOUP.—Take twelve large tomatoes, pared and sliced, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one pint of milk, half a teaspoonful soda, salt and pepper to taste.

Down in a Silver Mine.

Those who have never personally inspected the lower levels of our mines may obtain some idea of the degree of heat to be found therein by visiting the Savage works at the change of shifts. The men—packed together as close as they can stand on the cage—are popped up out of the shaft all steaming hot, for all the world like a bunch of asparagus just lifted from the pot. They make their appearance in a cloud of steam that pours up continuously from the "depths profound," and are dimly seen until they step forth upon the floor of the works. As the men land and separate, each carries with him for half a minute his little private cloud of vapor. As this passes off the man is seen to be naked from the waist up, his skin as though he had just been lifted out of a pool of water. The men bring up with them—besides the steam—an amount of heat that may be felt by the spectator as they pass. All this is at the top of the shaft, where it is considered quite cool—what, then, must it be hundreds of feet below, where the men started from—down where the water stands at 157 degrees Fahrenheit? Down there no steam is seen—it is too hot for it. It is only when the hot, moist air coming up from the lower regions strikes the cool air toward the top of the shaft that it takes the form of steam. Down there where the men come from you must keep your hands off the pump column and the pipes, and if you pick up any iron tool you will at once put it down without being told to do so. Down there they handle things with gloves on, or wrap rags about the drills they are guiding and iron apparatus they are moving, and down there, too, you will learn to keep your mouth shut after you have drawn a few mouthfuls of hot air into your lungs. Perspire? It is no name for it. You are like a sponge that is being squeezed. You are ready to believe that you have ten million pores to every square inch of surface, or as many more as any authority may mention, and that all these pores are as big as the cells of a honey-comb. You go for ice water and it almost seems to hiss as it passes down your throat—you keep going for it, and thus, in a short time, find out what becomes of the tons and tons of ice that are daily consumed in the mines. Remain below among the miners for an hour or two, and when you are finally popped out at the top of the shaft, all red-hot and steaming among the other asparagus sprouts, you will appreciate the beauty, the light and the coolness of the upper world.—*From the Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

FOR A WEDDING song—Love knot.

HUMOROUS.

A JOKE THAT MISSED FIRE.—Cooley's oldest boy is a little too fond of playing practical jokes. The other evening he went up into the third story back room in which the hired man sleeps, and, fixing a piece of stout twine to the bedclothes, ran it down stairs into his own room, with the intent to remove the covers from the hired man as soon as that individual got into bed. The Cooley's had just taken down their winter stoves, and had the parlor stove standing temporarily at the head of the third-story stairs. The man discovered the string just as he was retiring, and, comprehending the motive of the intended trick, he quietly untied it, and fastened it to the stove. The boy, meantime, had gone to bed, and forgotten about the string. But about ten o'clock Mr. Cooley, who was up stairs getting apples in the garret, caught his foot in the string as he was coming down the steps.—

He fell, and pulled the stove over after him, and the next moment Cooley, a pan of apples, and about forty pieces of stove, stovepipe, grates, and brick lining, were rattling down stairs, with a noise like a volley of musketry. As Cooley lay on the landing with a pile of apples and cast iron heaped upon him, Mrs. Cooley, and the boy and the servants came rushing out to ascertain what on earth was the matter.—As they approached, Cooley said:

'Terrible, wasn't it?' Awfulest earthquake we ever had in this country.'

'Was there a real earthquake?' asked Mrs. Cooley. 'I didn't feel a shake.'

'Didn't feel it!' exclaimed Cooley, taking a stove-leg out of his shirt-collar and brushing the soot from his clothes. Didn't feel it? Why, my gracious! The house rocked like a cradle. I thought she'd go clear over every minute. It's the worst shock I ever felt. Sent me skipping down stairs with things a rattling after me till I thought the roof had bursted in. There's something queer about these natural convulsions. These scientific men say that the shake always moves kinder in waves from east to west, so that if it comes from—Hello! what's this?' exclaimed Cooley, discovering the twine wrapped around his leg. 'Who tied that string to that there stove?'

As he looked around inquiringly, he observed his oldest boy suddenly mount upon the banister and glide swiftly down to the first floor, where he stood waiting for an offensive movement on the part of his father. Then Cooley leaned over the railing, and, shaking his fist at him said:

'You wicked little scoundrel! if you ain't a candidate for the gallows I'm no judge. You come up here and go to bed, and to-morrow morning I'll tan your hide for you with a bed-slat. You mind me? I'll give you enough earthquake to make you dance from here to the equator, you tow-headed outcast!'

Then the family went to bed, and the boy crept softly up the kitchen stairs, thinking there was not much fun in such jokes anyhow.—*Max Adeler.*

A LADY who is very deaf stopped a milkman as he was passing the house the other day, and asked him how much he charged for a quart of milk, and then put up her ear trumpet to catch the reply. The man drew a quart of milk and emptied it into her trumpet, and the result has been that he has to go three miles out of the way to keep out of sight of the lady, who now sits on the porch with a shot gun waiting for him to pass.

A BABY is not a very large thing—"only a baby," says the poet. And yet this inconsequental package of tender humanity will with scarcely an apparent effort drown the heavy breathings of a mighty engine, out bellow the raging ocean, banish sleep from two decks of a steamboat and chain the attention of a thousand sleepy passengers for seven consecutive hours.

"ANNA DEAR, if I should attempt to spell Cupid, why could I not get beyond the first syllable?" Anna gave it up, whereupon William said: "Because when I come to c u, of course I cannot go further." Anne said she thought that was the nicest conundrum she had ever heard.

LIGHT FINGERED gentry—Wearers of white kids.

A Story of Flip-Days.

The old Abercombie house at Pelham, Mass., is said to have once been the scene of a practical joke by Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, the original occupant of the house and minister of the town. In his days, of course, flip was the common beverage of clergymen and the laity, and no objection was ever made, unless people became notoriously over-indulgent. The charge was finally brought at a church meeting that the minister was drinking too freely, and a committee was appointed to tell him of his fault and warn him of the danger of continuing in it. Warned of their coming, the erring pastor told his wife to prepare the first round of flip, which even this committee would expect, with equal parts of rum and water, the next with more rum, and the next mostly rum. The committee, soon after their arrival, partook of the flip which their pastor ordered, after which they made known the nature of their errand. The pastor admitted that there might be need of the reproof, and that he would be governed by it. Then came the second round of flip, and, as the business had been dispatched, the committee were disposed to be talkative and social with the pastor who had so humbly admitted his sin at their rebuke. The flip came around the third time, and it is said near sunrise the next morning two of the committee managed to reach their homes, but the third lay prone on the floor, unable to stir from the effects of the flip, until broad day light. At the adjourned church meeting, when this committee made their report, it is said they made a very concise report of their visit to the pastor, and the kindly way in which he received the reproof, by reporting: "We have called on the pastor, as directed, and he gave us Christian satisfaction."

The Spread of the Clam Bake.

The clam bake is a New England discovery. It was first known among the Indians on the shores of Narragansett Bay, in Rhode Island, long before the whites ventured into that little State. The Indians not only piled clams and seaweed upon the hot rocks, but cooked corn in the ear in the same way. Rhode Island, especially Rocky Point, used to monopolize the clam bake, when it extended to other portions of the New England coast, until now every well-regulated family that goes down to the shore indulges in this toothsome pleasure.

At home, under ordinary circumstances, one can eat a tolerably well-filled bowl of clam chowder, but, at the beach, under the inspiriting influence of the ocean, with its invigorating and appetizing tonic, it is no trouble at all for one to get outside of an indefinite quantity of steamed clams when taken from the sizzling and sissing bake. There is a mystery about this capacity to devour clams on the ocean rocks that is incomprehensible.

WEAK Lungs are cruelly racked, and the general strength gradually wasted by a persistent, deepseated cough, which Dr. Jayne's Expectorant may be relied on to cure. You will derive certain benefit from it also, if troubled with either Asthma or Bronchitis.

"MATCHES are made in Heaven; and that," says Paddy, "accounts for the tinder passion."

ALL men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

The Wisest of Precautions.

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