AGRICULTURE.

SHELTER WITH EVERGREENS.—Belts or screens to protect from the sweep of winter winds may be formed in several different ways. The simplest of course is the single line of trees, for which the Norway spruce is the best. The distance apart will vary with the intended object. If it is desired to form a screen soon, at a moderate height, the trees are to be set near together, or within two or three feet. If two and a half feet high when set out, and the work is well done, and the line of trees is kept well cultivated, they will form a good low screen in three or four years, and in six years it will be twelve or fifteen feet high, and with almost impervious foliage as high as six or eight feet. By cutting back yearly (not shearing) it is easily kept within these dimensions. Large screens for sheltering orchards and farm fields may be in the form of belts three or four rods wide, and they will possess the additional advantage of ultimately yielding valuable timber. The Norway spruce may occupy the first row, Austrian pine the second, then arbor vitæ and Scotch pine, with one or two rows of chestnut, oak or black walnut. The evergreens may be set ten or fifteen feet apart; the deciduous trees nearly the same, but the distance should vary with the intended purpose. If for ornamental effect give plenty of space, so that the trees may branch out freely, and present round, rich, full heads; if for shelter and timber more especially, plant nearer, that the trees may run up straight, and furnish clear, even, upright stems.

CORN MEAL AND WHEAT BRAN.—If a ton of corn meal is worth $20 for feeding dairy cows or fattening stock, what is the value of a ton of wheat bran for the same purpose? The answer to this question depends very much upon the manner of using the two articles. If they are to be fed separately, the bran is not worth much, if any more, than the corn meal. But if they are to be mixed together and fed to milch cows, the bran is worth the most by about fifty per cent. of the excess in the bulk of the bran, and bran being more than twice as bulky as the meal, the difference in favor of the bran will be in the neighborhood of $5 or $6 per ton. I mean by this that two quarts of corn meal and three quarts of bran, given at one feed, will produce quite as good results as four quarts of clear corn meal; and, as the three quarts of bran will weigh about two-thirds as much as the two quarts of meal, the difference in favor of the bran is fully $5 per ton. I make this difference when fed to milch cows, but if fed to steers for beef I consider the proportions should be different. That is, three quarts of meal sholud be mixed with two quarts of bran to produce the best results. But one of the most valuable uses to which coarse wheat bran can be put, is to feed it to laying hens about once a day, changing it on alternate days from the morning to the noon or evening feed, by mixing it with warm water or with milk. It has been found that hens fed about once a day on wet bran, and once a day on corn or oats, will lay many more eggs in a given time than if fed entirely on one kind of feed; therefore, bran for that kind of stock is worth fully 20 per cent. more than corn or cornmeal. But if the bran is to be the only feed, then the corn meal would be the more valuable.

THISTLES require radical treatment to remove them, and so do Boils and Pimples. Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture is a radical blood searcher, curing all skin eruptions.

MARKETING VEGETABLES.—In marketing vegetables remember that much depends upon the attractiveness of their appearance. Don't heap them in a confused mass, but arrange garden stuff so that its good quality shall be apparent. Oftentimes the best selections carried to market by themselves will bring more than the whole crop, good, bad and indifferent, indiscriminately thrown together. A box of berries, each berry of nearly uniform size and appearance, will sell more readily and for a better price, than the box which gives a confused look to the berries. The good marketer studies how to please his customers, and doesn't grudge a little care in sorting or washing, in order that his wares shall show the best they are capable of.

MANY farmers seem to think there is something gained by getting trusted for whatever they have to buy. Many farmers, laboring under this delusion, allow their grocery bills to run unsettled for years, also their blacksmith's bills, and always owe for their agricultural machinery and tools. Never did men make greater mistakes. There is probably no one thing that operates so much to keep farmers behindhand and in straitened circumstances as the habit of getting trusted for what they buy. It is a good rule to pay when you buy, and if you cannot do so then, go without until you can pay. This makes the independent farmer, while the habit of getting trusted makes the farmer the most dependent man in the community—a slave, in fact, to all other classes.

Winter Flowers in France.

The business of raising roses in winter is carried on sometimes by selling them in pots and sometimes as cut flowers. In the former case the potted plants are kept in beds in the garden, and then at the right time they are placed in hot-bed frames. When the buds begin to open the boxes are surrounded with fermenting compost, that is stirred up once a fortnight. Precisely forty days are necessary before the buds become sufficiently full for market. The trees which furnish the roses to be cut are planted in rich earth and in green-houses. They are kept close to the glass and heated with hot water. Light and ventilation are no less indispensable than heat for both the perfection of their forms and the brilliancy of their colors. These roses are chosen from the most varied kinds. They are the *Rose du Roi*, with flowers of a bright red; the Queen of the Isles, of a carnation color; Jules Margotin, of a bright cherry color; Madam Boll, a brilliant pink, and a certain number of tea roses. They flourish throughout the entire winter, and the flowers are cut almost daily.

The lily of the valley in full flower is a German importation, which for the last ten years has been acclimated at Paris. There is no more graceful ornament for a parlor than this cluster of satin-like leaves, from which emerge hundreds of little rose-colored stalks, with their bunches of little bells of so pure a white and so beautiful a perfume. The principal place for the production of these lilies is near Beaumont-sur-Oise in the greenhouses of Persau, an establishment recently founded, but which can compare with the great nurseries for the cultivation of ornamental shrubs and flowers, of which Holland had a specialty up to the present. The forcing of lilies of the valley is carried on there upon a vast scale. Strange to say Nice the garden of flowers, monopolizes almost as many lilies of the valley as Paris. It is true that they come from the South in pots, but they return there again, after a long voyage, in the form of bouquets encased in violets.

KEEP IT IN THE HOUSE that it may be promptly administered in all sudden attacks of Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Diarrhœa, Colic, or any similar affection for which Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam is an effectual remedy. At this season of the year, every family will find it a useful and necessary curative.

SCIENTIFIC.

Friction of Steam Engines.—The difficulties which lie in the way of ascertaining, by actual experiment, what the frictional resistance of an engine is, are very great, and to this cause, says the London *Engineer*, is to be attributed the greater portion of the existing ignorance of the subject. The obstacles in the way, as cited by this journal, are of two kinds—it being in the first place, very difficult to put a dynamometer or brake on large engines whereby to ascertain their duty; and, in the second place, the amount of friction varies not only in different engines, but in the same engines, in a very extraordinary way. As regards the first named, it is practicable in the case of pumping engines to ascertain precisely how many foot pounds of work an engine actually gives out in the shape of useful effect, while the indicator shows the work done in the piston; but from these data engine friction cannot be calculated exactly, as such calculations are complicated by the greater or less efficiency of the pumps. It is possible that nothing can be more deceptive than the results obtained from pumping engines, and they are therefore rejected by engineers in deciding questions of engine friction. Practically, therefore, the test most generally available is the indicator, used when the engine is light and when it is loaded; but diagrams taken thus do not account for the extra friction due to the performance of work, no investigation of the qualities of an engine being complete unless the dynamometer as well as the indicator is used.

Effect of Salt on Metals.—The forging and tempering of iron or steel is found to be rendered much more effective, according to recent experiments in Prussia, by dipping the metal in fused salt—the process being also well adapted for annealing steel, without the oxidation of the surface, if the metal be rusted, it is to remain some time in the bath, and borax can with good effect be mixed with the salt. It is found that metal subjected to such an immersion is peculiarly susceptible to galvanic depositions, so as to be easily coated with copper, zinc, tin, nickel, silver, etc.; for iron in the spongy or powdered state, too, as obtained from the reduction of the ores, such a salt bath is specially adapted, as it augments the combination of the particles, by rendering their surfaces free from impurities. To prepare the bath for an application like the above, the salt is fused in a pudding furnace, and the iron sponge, with the addition of a flux, added in small quantities so as not to vitrify the salt; the iron is left in the furnace till the flux has combined with all the impurities and formed a slag, whereupon the metal is taken out and forged together. While in the furnace, the iron is to be constantly covered with salt, so as to prevent oxidation. For the hardening of iron the salt is fused and the object immersed, a small quantity of ferrocyanide of potassa being added from time to time—say one or two pounds per one hundred pounds of the iron.

In this latter, the articles thus treated are, according to their different degrees of thickness, permitted to remain from five to thirty minutes, and are then plunged in water containing to one hundred parts, one part of hydrochloric acid, five of wine vinegar and one of salt.

Photographing Sound.—Professor Vogel, in a letter to the *Photographer*, Philadelphia, Pa., says that König, at Paris has constructed an apparatus, consisting of a little drum, over which is stretched a very elastic skin. A stream of gas let through this drum will burn as usual; but as soon as a tune (by singing) strikes the skin stretched over the drum, the gas light commences to shake in a wonderful manner; and if we look at it in a rotating mirror, we observe peculiar figures, which change according to the different notes; and by using a burning gas producing a light of great chemical effect, we can photograph these peculiar figures. What kind of gas will answer for this purpose is still an undecided question, but this much is certain, there are in this respect great problems yet to be solved; we may succeed, perhaps, in photographing speeches instead of stenographing them as usual.

It is claimed that the steam hammer lately erected at Woolwich, England, is the largest piece of mechanism of its kind in all Europe. The weight of the falling portion is nearly forty tons, and its force of impact is greatly augmented by the use of steam to drive it down from the top, the augmentation being estimated to equal the force represented by allowing the hammer to fall, of its own weight, from a height of eighty feet. It has been allowed a striking fall of fifteen feet three inches. The hammer is 45 feet high, and covers, with its supports, a base of about 120 square feet. Its weight is about 500 tons above the ground, and the iron used in the foundation below weighs 605 tons.

A Peruvian chemist, Dr. Arosemano, exhibits an invention at the Paris Exposition which may become a very important one for commerce. He had succeeded in obtaining a magnificent dye for the violet or maroon Welshcorn of Peru, and this dye is said to impart the color, odor and taste of claret to all light white wines to such a degree that it is impossible to distinguish the colored wine from real claret without being in the least injurious to the health of the consumer. Besides this a number of other uses are mentioned to which this Welshcorn dye can be put.

Caoutchouc hardened with magnesia is a new article of industry, and is called by M. Turpin, its inventor, vegetable ivory.

Gambling Extraordinary.

A little game has been played in Los Angeles of late which is an immense advance upon the primitive card tactics depicted by Bret Harte, in his short-card Celestial sharper. For something over a month past a heavy poker game has been going on in the card-room attached to one of our popular saloons. An unprecedented run of luck settled upon the banners of the experts, who were running the game in the interest of the saloon management, or, at least, in the interest of those controlled the card room of the saloon. A number of the most experienced card sharps in Los Angeles settled themselves to unraveling the mystery and to turning the tide of fickle fortune the other way. Still the luck staid with the house, and the confraternity were worsted to the tune of about $1,500. Now a professional gambler is prepared to encounter a pretty severe run of bad luck, but here was something that put the sagacity of the oldest of them at odds. "Twas strange, 'twas passing strange," that no outsider could win a game in that room, try they ever so hard, but so it was. At last two proficients took possession of the apartment, ostensibly for play, and locked the doors. They at once began a diligent search of the premises and unearthed a regular system of wire telegraphy, by the aid of which a stool pigeon, who saw the cards of the outsiders, telegraphed their hands to the manipulators of the skin game. A flood of light was poured in upon the mysterious run of luck, and curses, both loud and deep, filled the modest apartment.

DOMESTIC.

TAKING COLD.—How shall a person who is sensitive to cold, who takes cold whenever a door is opened or a window raised—how shall such a person acquire that hardihood which enables him to endure exposure and avoid taking cold? In the first place, he should spend a considerable portion of each day out of doors. He should do this at all seasons of the year and in all kinds of weather Secondly, he should watch with the greatest care the temperature of the room in which he spends the remainder of his time—both the living room and the dormitory. Thirdly, he should each day bathe his chest and neck, and, if he can bear it, his whole body in cold water, and follow this with a vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel. What is called the splash bath is perhaps better than any other for this purpose. It consists simply in dashing water against the body with the hand. This causes a slight shock to the skin, which brings the blood to the surface, while it causes an involuntary deep inspiration of air, which expands the lungs and increases the force of the circulation. This all can be accomplished in a few minutes, and should be followed immediately by a little brisk exercise in a cold room or in the open air. Of course a person unaccustomed to this should not commence in cold weather, but, beginning in the summer, he will find, as the winter approaches, that his ability to endure the bath will increase with the falling of the thermometer, and that his susceptibility to the changes of temperature will be greatly diminished.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Here are two recipes for making blackberry wine, the season for which is now so rapidly approaching. Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon adding one quart boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquor into a cask, to every gallon adding two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let it stand to the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling. Dr. Henkle's way: Take 100 quarts of blackberries, crush them and press out the juice. Then dissolve 110 pounds white sugar in 20 gallons cold water. Measure the syrup; add the juice, and as much more water as will be required to make 40 gallons in all. If you want to make a smaller quantity, preserve the above proportions. After putting it in the cask (one that has recently had whiskey in is preferred), set in the cellar or other cool place with the bung open to the air until Christmas. Then stop tightly or bottle it.

POLISH FOR FLOORS.—One pound of beeswax, one quart of benzine—the beeswax melted soft, to which add the benzine; put them over a range or stove, the fire closely covered as benzine is highly inflammable; stir together till well mixed. These are the proportions, the quantity must depend upon the space to be covered. Apply to the floor, first making it clean, and rub in thoroughly. It shows the grain of the wood, and makes a permanent polish, growing better by use and rubbing in. It is free of dust, and clean, and is not laborious to take care of, twice a year rubbing, and sweeping, so to say, with a broom in a flannel cover. The floor of the Lovre has on it this preparation, and all who have seen it will recall its smooth and clean appearance.

WATER PROOF BLACKING.—The following recipe for making a water-proof blacking comes to us highly recommended: Dissolve one ounce of borax in water, and in this dissolve gum shellac, until it is the consistency of thin paste; add lampblack to color. This makes a cheap and excellent blacking for boots, giving them the polish of new leather. The shellac makes the boots or shoes almost entirely waterproof. Camphor dissolved in alcohol, added to the blacking, makes the leather more pliable and keeps it from cracking. This is sold at fifty cents for a small bottle. By making it yourself one dollar will buy materials for a gallon.

THE "PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD," published by the National Publishing Co., of Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago and Dayton, embraces full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, including a complete History of the late War between Russia and Turkey, and is compact, easy of reference, and strictly accurate. It contains 1260 large, double-column pages, closely printed, and is embellished with over 650 fine engravings of historical scenes, portraits and views of the principal cities of the world, and which are genuine works of art. There is not a dry page in the book, but it is as fascinating as a romance, and we heartily recommend it to our readers.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—The following makes a delicious summer drink by stirring two or three tablespoonfuls of it into a tumbler of iced water. Fill a stone jar with ripe berries and cover with pure, strong cider vinegar; let stand five days and then strain through a sieve, pressing out all the juice. Allow one and a half pounds of white sugar to each pint of this juice and boil until the sugar is dissolved, removing any scum which may arise. Take from the fire, bottle and seal.

RIPE TOMATO PRESERVES.—Seven pounds sound yellow tomatoes and six pounds of sugar, the juice of three large lemons. Peel the tomatoes and let all stand together over night; drain off the syrup and boil it, skimming well; then put in the tomatoes and boil gently for twenty minutes; take out the tomatoes with a skimmer and spread on dishes to cool. Boil down the syrup until it thickens; put the preserves in jars and fill up with hot syrup.

RASPBERRY SHRUB.—Place red raspberries in an earthen dish; cover with good cider vinegar—not too strong—and let it stand twelve hours; strain, and to each pint of juice add one pound of sugar; boil ten minutes, and bottle hot.

SUFFERING will exhibit its presence by the cries of the baby, and should be removed by the prompt use of that highly recommended remedy, Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup. It is free from Opium. Price 25 cts,

A HARD cement is formed of iron borings and salt water and a small quantity of sal ammoniac with fresh water.

LEMON TEA.—Add a few slices of lemon and a little of the juice to tea.

Foolish Fellows.

The ways of the buffalo as described by travelers in the far west are as strange as those of the Heathen Chinee. If a herd of these animals gets on the north side of a track, it will stand stupidly gazing, though the locomotive passes within a hundred yards of it. But if two miles from the track on the south side, the whole herd is thrown into the wildest commotion. Regardless of consequences, it will make for the track, and if the train is in its way, each individual buffalo will go at it with the desperation of despair, plunging against or between the locomotive and the car. There was a notable instance of this in the winter of 1871-72, when the ponds and small rivers were frozen solid, and the buffalo was forced to the larger rivers for water. The conductors of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, after having trains ditched twice in a week, learned to have a very decided respect for the idiosyncrasies of the buffalo, and when there was a possibility of striking a herd on the rampage for the north side of the track, stopped the train until it had passed.

HUMOROUS.

SHE KNEW HER BUSINESS.—When Collins went home to dinner Monday, he found the house tenantless, the cookstove cold, and there was a lonesome look about that part of the Monday washing still left in the Summer kitchen. Hurrying through to the back yard he saw his wife braced against the fence, holding to the end of a broken clothesline to keep the newly-washed garments from the ground.

"You've got here at last, have you?" exclaimed his wife as she caught sight of him.

"Yes, I'm here—what's the matter?" he repeated.

"Here I've been holding this broken line for over an hour—over a full hour, sir!" she snapped. "I was determined to die right here before I'd let these clothes down!"

"But why didn't you call some one?" he innocently inquired. "There's that new family next door—the woman would have come over in one minute."

"Woman next door, you big idiot, you! Hasn't she been peeking around and peeking around for two weeks to see my wash, and d'ye think I'd give her a chance to come over here and see for herself whether the sleeves of my nightgown are pieced down with unbleached cotton? You don't know anything, sir, and you make tracks for a piece of rope, sir!"

"Well, I swan," growled Collins, as he "tracked."

IMPECUNIOUS man, addressing a communistic meeting: "As I have said before, gentlemen, I am with you, heart and soul. The property of the country should be equally divided. The rich must be compelled to share their hoarded wealth with those whom a somewhat careless and inattentive Providence has blessed with nothing. Why should one be penniless while another has his thousands? Why"—At this point a telegraph-messenger boy pushes his way through the crowd and hands the speaker a dispatch, which reads as follows:

Colonel Whackup:—Dear Sir:—Your aunt in Penn Yan has just died, leaving you a legacy of twelve thousand dollars. ATTORNEY.

The speaker devours the glad tidings silently, and then says, "Hum—ha—yes—well—gentlemen, I shall be compelled to conclude my speech at some future day, as I have been summoned away on important business;" and Colonel Whackup isn't with them so much as he was.

"His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Spain."

"SOUND," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes you can," said a smart boy. "John Wilson," retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing," quickly replied the smart boy. "Correct," said the schoolmaster. "Come up,"—the smart boy felt and smarted.

HE HAD brought her the very things she wanted from the supper table to her safe retreat on the stairs, and she was moved to say, half laughingly, "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. B——." "Just what I am after," he answered, quick as a flash, covering her with confusion.

"WHAT is the best method of feeding cattle in winter?" We don't know. One man might prefer to take the ox in his lap and feed him with a spoon: Others would bring him into the dining-room and let him sit at the table with the old folks. Tastes differ in matters of this kind.

A YOUNG MAN in Cincinnati lost his bride the other day. She smelt whiskey in his breath and left him at the altar. A fellow who is too stingy to buy a box of cachous or an ounce of cardamon seeds doesn't deserve a wife anyway.

"EXERCISE your patience for awhile and you will get practice," said the old physician to the young doctor who recently put out his shingle. "Yes, but I don't have any patients to exercise," was the reply.

IT IS a terrible give-away when a temperance lecturer, pausing in his speech to take a drink of water, sets the glass down and lazily reaches out toward the end for a couple of coffee grains.

IF YOU wish to preserve continual harmony in your family the great secret lies in being sometimes blind to things you do not care to see and deaf to things you do not care to hear.

IT IS true that, unravelling the cord of man's existence, you will generally find that the entanglement begins in the twentieth year part and that it turns out to be a truelove-knot.

IF YOU are bent on getting into a quarrel you will not have to search long for an opportunity. There is a proverb that runs, "who wants to beat a dog soon finds a stick."

THERE are eighteen grain elevators in Chicago with an aggregate capacity of over 15,000,000 bushels, and of 250 scales in use in these elevators over 240 are Fairbanks'.

AFTER all, agriculture is the surest road to wealth. An Illinois farmer plowed up an iron pot containing ten thousand dollars in gold. Plow deep.

MEDICAL examination. What is there besides ether and chloroform to produce unconsciousness? Visiting boy: A club.

SPIDERS ought to be good correspondents; they certainly drop a line by every post.

BEST Expressed on Tombstones—Grave sentiments.

THE tied of life—the married ones.

A Voice of Long Ago.

"Just give me a chance to pour my voice into that machine, will you?" said a red-nosed man, stepping to the front at a phonograph matinee, the other day.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gilliland. "Put your mouth down close, without pressing, speak distinctly, and the instrument will repeat every word exactly as you say it."

"Ain't you joking now? Will it really say the same thing I say, without any mixing up and changing around, to turn the joke?"

"You will get back your own words—nothing more nor less," said the proprietor.

"Hold my hat, then, and pull open all the valves," said the man, as he nervously brought his mouth to the proper position. "Steady now, I'm about to warble."

"Come—up — boys — every—body—and drink—with—the—landlord!" was what the man said, with an emphasis on every word, and the same was what the marvelous little wonder shrieked back.

"That's the sweetest music I've heard for about ten years," said the man, with a moist palate and a glowing eye, "and I reckon it's about that long since I've heard that good old tune ground out. I s'pose I'll never get another chance to hear it again, and, if it ain't too much trouble, please run her back and shoot it out once or twice more. My! what a head that man has! If he could only get up a jug now that could never be emptied!" and the man walked out with a sad look and an unsteady step.

YOUTHS' COLUMN.

Who'd Have Thought It.—Mollie Bentley, with a paper and pencil in her hand, and a disconsolate face, wandered through the rooms asking mamma, Laura and Uncle Dick, what she should write about for her essay. "It has got to be ready to-morrow morning," she said; "and I have written about 'spring' 'time' 'flowers' and everything. I don't know what I shall do."

"Poor child," said Laura, laughing. "You have used up all the subjects there are in the world, and all the ideas in your head, and here you are, only ten years old. What a pity."

Mamma laughed too, and Mollie thought they were not very helpful. Uncle Dick looked up from his newspaper.

"I'll tell you what to do, Mollie. Go out on the side piazza and sit for fifteen minutes and put down on your paper every single thing that you see or think about, and write an essay that shall be about them all."

"Why, Uncle Dick," exclaimed Mollie, with wide open eyes, "there isn't a single thing to see on the side piazza. I've sat there for hours and hours and haven't seen a thing."

"Never mind. I'll give you just fifteen minutes; at the end of that time I'll call you. Be honest now, and see if you will have nothing written on your paper when you come in."

So feeling half provoked and half amused Mollie took herself to the side piazza. "There's nothing here," she muttered; "nothing in the world, but the old gatepost that needs painting." Then she stopped and began to laugh a little. Now she would have to write about the gate-post; she had certainly seen it and thought about it; so she put it down on her paper. Then she looked about her. "What a beautiful bird," she exclaimed; "red breast and yellow wings, and a brown ruffle around his throat. Then she laughed again and wrote down, "A red-breast-yellow-winged bird, trimmed with brown, smelling of the flowers." "What a mass of flowers, vines and mosses that arbor was, to be sure. One, two, three, five kind of flowers," she said in dismay. "I can never write about them all," she exclaimed; but she wrote their names. "Oh, there's a butterfly a queer one; his wings are made of three different colors." Down went his name, "How funny to think that he was once a horrid caterpillar," she said; and then "there, now I've got to write about caterpillars. That's a pretty bit of lichen on that tree, gray and green and yellowish. Oh, dear me; my essay will be about everything. I must stop seeing. What queer things eyes are, to see so many things all at once. Now I shall have to write about eyes; I'll look right straight up in the air so I can't see anything. Why, what a funny cloud; I never saw such a queer shaped one. It is black and gold colors, and all fringed around the edges with red.

Just then she stopped, and with a sober face wrote 'clouds' on her paper. "I can't look anywhere without seeing things," she said, gravely. "I suppose it wouldn't be right to shut my eyes; I wonder if it isn't almost fifteen minutes? Why there's a drop of rain on my nose; I thought that queer cloud had rain in it. There now, I must put 'rain' down. I am glad it can't snow. Oh, dear me, now I shall have to put that down. I never saw such queer things as thoughts. Silence for a minute, and then not knowing whether to laugh or cry, she put down 'thoughts' on her paper.

"Time's up," called Uncle Dick.

"I'm glad of it," she said hurrying in. "Uncle Dick, I've seen and thought about everything in the world most. I can never write about them all in one essay."

"You will have to," said Uncle Dick; "and make good sense of it too. That was part of the bargain. Now set to work and see what you will make of it."

"What shall I call it?" she asked.

"Conglomerata,' said Uncle Dick with a sober face, and a twinkle in his eyes.

Pussey in History.—It was during the stormy times in England when the wars of York and Lancaster were raging that Sir Thomas Wyatt a fierce Lancasterian, was confined in one of the dismal dungeons of the Tower of London.

Sir Thomas was not very comfortable, as you may suppose. He was cold and hungry. One day, as he sat there in his loneliness and and misery, a cat made its appearance in his cell. He took the animal, warmed his numb fingers in her soft fur, and laid her in his breast where she cuddled, quite delighted with this kind treatment. Next day pussy came againe, and, wonderful to tell, carried in her mouth a pigeon, which she laid at the prisoner's feet.

The next time the jailer came to visit him, Sir Thomas complained of his hard fare and begged for some meat. His request was gruffly refused.

"If I provide the game will you dress it for me?" inquired the old knight.

"That I will," said the old Jailer, thinking himself quite safe in making the promise. What was his surprise when the pigeon was product. But he kept his word, however, and brought it to Sir Thomas again nicely cooked.

The cat continued to furnish him from time to time with these rare bits. It is needless to say that she stood high in the affections of the prisoner. After some years Sir Thomas was released' He ever afterward included all cats in his love and esteem in memory of his benefactress.

A portrait of the old knight is still to be seen in South Kensington gallery with his faithful cat beside him, and the pigeon in a pan.

A Boston lady sent her little boy to a drug store the other day to get a porous plaster, and charged him to be careful not to forget what he was going after. He went out, repeating the words to himself, and in a few minutes came back saying: "Here, mamma; this is the poorest one I tood dit."

A Good Recommendation.

"Sir," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "Sir, have you any berth for me on your ship? I want to earn something."

"What can you do?" asked the gentleman.

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to," answered the boy.

"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all of mother's wood for nigh two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, which was a queer sort of a question.

"Well, sir," answered the boy, after a moment's pause, "I have not whispered in school for a whole year."

"That's enough," said the gentleman, "you may ship aboard this vessel and I hope to see you master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."

Coffee in Ceylon.

There are at the present moment in Ceylon, 257,000 acres of cultivated coffee, divided into slightly more than 1,200 estates, and giving employment to 1,050 managers and superintendents, nearly all of whom are Europeans. About 50,000 acres of these estates are not in proper bearing through being either too young or too old, and therefore 210,000 acres may be taken as the extent of the plantations of the island, which are accountable for the present year' scrop—ending in September—estimated at 630,000 cwt. Last year the yield, with 8,000 acres less in cultivation, was 873,000 cwt. The value of the whole plantation interest is roughly estimated at £9,000,000 sterling of English money.

Easter Games in Germany.

Easter Monday is looked upon as a grand holiday by the peasantry in many parts of Germany. Weddings are often deferred to this day, and many village games are reserved for this season. The lads and lasses all appear in their gala costumes; the girls with short, dark skirts, braided with gold or silver, snowy aprons and full white sleeves, bright colored bodices and odd little caps; the boys with knee-breeches, white stockings, low shoes, and scarlet or yellow vests, the solid gold or silver buttons on which are often their whole inheritance. But when they are dancing gayly together on the green, they look a good deal happier than if they were little kings and queens.

Games vary in different villages throughout the country, but one example will give some idea of what they are like.

Two of the leading young men of the place take entire charge of the day's amusements, selecting for the purpose as the scene of festivities some inn or Wirthschaft, to which is attached a large garden or meadow.

For several preceding evenings, when work is over, they go about from house to house, dressed in their best, and carrying large baskets on their arms. Everywhere they are kindly received, and bread with wine or cider is placed before them. While they eat and drink, the baskets are quietly slipped away by some member of the family, a generous donation of eggs is placed within them, and they are secretly returned to their places. The eggs are not asked for, neither are they alluded to in any way; but the object of the visit is well understood and prepared for long beforehand.

When Monday morning dawns, the inn is found to have been gayly decorated with garlands of green and flowers, and fluttering ribbons of many colors. The tree nearest the house is ornamented in like manner, and on it the prize to be contended for, conspicuously hangs. On smooth grass hard by, a strip, a few feet wide and perhaps a hundred long, has been roped in, and at either end of this narrow plot a large, shallow, round-bottomed basket, called a *Wanne*, is placed, one filled with chaff and the other with eggs, dozens upon dozens, cooked and raw, white and colored.

The plan of the peculiar game which follows is that one player is pitted to run a given distance, while another safely throws the eggs from one basket to the other, he who first completes his task being, of course the winner. Accordingly, when the young men and maidens have arrived, two leaders draw lots to determine who shall run and who shall throw. That decided, the contestants are gayly decked with ribbons, a band strikes up a lively air, a capering clown clears the way, and the game begins. He who throws takes the eggs, and one after another swiftly whirls them the length of the course, and into the chaff filled basket, which is held in the hands of an assistant. Occasionally he makes a diversion by pitching a hard one to be scrambled for by the crowds of children who have assembled to see the sport. Meanwhile (while wagers are laid as to who will likely win) the other contestant speeds the distance of a mile or two to an appointed goal, marks it as proof of his having touched it, and if he succeeds in returning before all the eggs are thrown, the victory and the prize are his, otherwise they belong to his opponent. The game finished, the prize is presented to the victor with due ceremony and amid the cheers of the crowd; the hard eggs are distributed among the company, and the raw ones carried uproariously into the neighboring inn, there to be cooked in various ways and eaten.

The remainder of the day is spent in dancing and merry-making, and if a wedding can possibly be arranged to take place on that afternoon the fun is wilder than ever.

Milestones on the Road to Health.

The recovery of digestion and the resumption of activity by the liver, bowels and kidneys, are milestones which mark our progress on the road to health. They speedily become perceptible when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is used by the invalid. Nothing so surely and expeditiously consumes the distance to the desired goal. As no bodily function can suffer interruption without impairing the general health of the system, so the system can never acquire perfect vigor, health's synonym, until that function be actively resumed. Take, for instance, digestion, a suspension of which is invariably rectified by the Bitters. If the organs upon which it devolves grow weak, biliousness, constipation, headache, poverty of the blood, and a hundred other symptoms supervene, which indicate unmistakably the baneful general influence of dyspepsia. The disappearance of all these symptoms through the use of the Bitters shows with what thoroughness it removes their cause.

Hoofland's German Bitters.

During the warm season the nerves become enfeebled and the whole system debilitated. The stomach loses its power of digestion, the liver becomes congested and sluggish, causing constipation or diarrhea, dysentery and cholera morbus; and the prevalence of more or less malaria at this season engenders ague, bilious or typhoid fevers, often of serious import. To avoid these consequences, take, night and morning, a tablespoonful of Hoofland's German Bitters; it is a splendid tonic and alterative, that will restore the appetite and digestion, tone the nerves, regulate the liver and strengthen and build up the whole system to withstand the summer heat and all its baneful influences.

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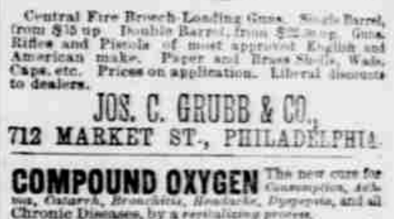

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