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AUTUMN TOKENS.

By the golden dreamful weather,
By the birds that fly together,
Dark against the radiant sky,
By the silence growing deeper,
By the resting of the reaper,
Pleasant days are drawing nigh.

By the vagrant way-side brier,
Flinging far its tangled fire,
By the forest's motley line,
Royal oak and maple splendid,
Holding stately court, attended
As for pageant rich and fine.

By the asters, incense bringing,
By the morning-glories' swinging,
And the spicy fragrance shed
From the grape, whose purple cluster
Captive holds the vivid luster
Of the summer scarcely fled.

Pleasant days are coming nearer,
Days when home will seem the dearer
That its circle smaller grown,
In its happy talk and laughter,
Or its sighs, low stealing after,
Narrows to enfold its own.

Blithe, for music, work and study
Then will glow the hearth flame ruddy,
What though wild the winds may blow;
Always there is golden weather
Where true hearts are met together,
Though without be storm and snow.

All the Autumn's wondrous shading,
Ripened hues, and gentle fading,
And the birds that southward fly,
Speak to us with sign and token,
Say, in words we hear, unspoken,
Pleasant days are drawing nigh.

Lotty Bancroft's Story.

I am only sixteen. I have hair that really is wonderfully black and and curly, and, big black eyes. Everybody calls me handsome, and I suppose what everybody says must be true. I can play on the piano, sing, dance, make wax flowers and embroidery. In fact I'm really quite an accomplished girl. I don't know that I ought to feel cut out by any one. I had the prize for French last quarter, and I can recite beautifully. So you see when Laura Roder said I was vain she just showed her own meanness and did not tell the truth.

Pa and ma have been away from home for three years. Ma's health was delicate and travel was recommended. Of course I miss them, but ma writes that she's greatly improved, and they are going to bring me home a little Geneva watch and a set of pearls, gloves from Paris, and a silk from Bruxelles; and meanwhile, I am living with my Aunt Annette.

My Aunt Annette is an old maid of thirty. I don't think she's pretty—just ordinary, gray eyes and brown hair, and she's so prim. Lots of things the girls do that I never heard any one speak against before, she calls "wrong." I told her once that I didn't wonder she never got married, and she said that flirting and behaving like a fool would never marry any girl.

I never was so watched before—not but that Aunt Annette is nice too; and once I had wished I had minded her. That was when we went off after school to row on the Hudson—I and Tilly Moore, and Jane Barlow, and Effie Lee, with Tom Martin, and Ed. Raymond, and Charlie Sparks. And the boys managed to get the boat straight before a great steamer and couldn't manage to row out of her way. We were upset. Poor Effie and Tom Martin were drowned; the rest of us were just saved; and Jane and Tilly, were taken away from Miss Pratt's school, and they said Ed. Raymond was delirious for a month, and raved about drowning all the while.

As for me the first I knew after I heard the girls shriek, and felt myself sinking into the water, I was in bed at home, and aunt and a doctor were standing by me, and he was saying:

"My dear Miss Bancroft, don't distress yourself any more. Your niece will do very well now. There's no danger of her dying—none whatever.

And then Aunty began to cry. She never scolded me a bit, and petted me like a baby, which was more than I deserved.

The doctor came two or three times a day, and when I felt well enough to look at him I saw what a splendid man he was. About five-and-thirty, and so handsome. It was really delightful to be attended by him and he was twice as attentive as any other doctor I had ever had. To be sure, I had not had one since I had the measles, when I was only a little girl of twelve; and I supposed a handsome young lady must be more interesting than a child. But he came two or three times a day, and brought gifts of flowers and fruit sometimes; and when he still came after I was able to be about, suddenly the truth flashed on me. I began to feel that he was in love with me. He was not one of those poor doctors who have hard work to live; he was a rich man, for he had a large fortune left him by his grandfather, and he practiced medicine for the love of it, and that, you know was quite romantic. And so I had made up my mind—though he was a little old and poky, and high-flown, and not so full of fun as Ed. Raymond—that I'd have him when he asked me. He used to come and ask us to walk, about this time, and take us to concerts. I did think Aunt Annette might have had sense enough to say she was too busy to go, or something. Of course he only asked her out of politeness, and I wrote to all my dear friends about his devotion, and about Aunt Annette in never leaving us for a moment alone together.

"He never will have a chance to propose," I often said; but the chance did come one day. Somebody asked Aunt Annette to dine with them, and did not ask me; and I was at home, hoping that somehow fate would enlighten Dr. Marsh as to the condition of things, and send him over, when the door-bell rang, and there he really was.

"The ladies at home?" he asked.

"Miss Bancroft has gone out to dine," answered that stupid Biddy.

And he was really turning away, when I stuck my head out of the parlor door and called out:

"But I'm at home, Doctor. Do come in."

At that he hung his hat on the rack and came in.

"All alone, my dear!" said he. "How that is lucky, for I have something to say to you—a question to ask."

He had never called me "my dear" before, and I felt my heart flutter as he sat down beside me.

"You're such a good-natured little soul, Lotty," he went on, "that I'm not a bit afraid of you. I want you to tell me the truth, and to promise me not to laugh at me until I've gone away. It's a very serious matter to me. I—the fact is, Lotty, I think I have been a bachelor long enough, and I mean to marry, if I can. Do you think any one would have me?"

"I dont see why not," I answered, feeling very nervous.

"Have you ever talked to your aunt about me?" continued the doctor.

"Oh, sometimes I have," I answered.

"And did she seem to think me a decent sort of fellow?" he went on.

"She likes you I am sure," I answered. "She says you are perfectly splendid."

"You dear little comforter," said the doctor. "I could not tell by her manner to me; but then after all, she may not like me much. Now, Lotty, answer me one thing: has your aunt a suitor? Is she engaged to any one?"

I burst into a laugh.

"Poor Aunt Annette; she's thirty," I said. "She's a real old maid."

"And I'm a real old bachelor," he answered "Oh, you young things!—you young things; But I'm not too old for—"Well, Lotty, I'm going to tell you something now."

"He's going to propose," I said to myself. And he continued:

"I'm not too old for an uncle, am I? for I'm going to ask your Aunt Annette! to marry me. Of course, I'm not sure that she will, but you have given me a great deal of hope."

Good gracious! I felt myself growing scarlet. Aunt Annette! What a vain little fool I had been; and then he said the words that put an end to all my conceit in a moment.

"I shall be the best uncle in the world, Lotty," he went on, "if your aunt will have me; for you really are the nicest little thing, and bid fair to be as handsome and elegant as she is by the time you are her age."

The door bell rang at that moment. How glad I was to hear it, and to say:

"Here comes aunty; you'd better talk to her," and to get out of the room.

The worst of it all was that I had written to the girls, and I was wicked enough to hope she would refuse him; but she did not. They are married, and he makes a very nice uncle indeed. And really I don't mind it at all now, for I think Ed. Raymond is much handsomer than the doctor, and has asked me if he can speak to pa.

Interesting Discoveries.

Fresh discoveries are daily being made by the exploring party at Morton Farm, on Lady Oglander's estate near Sandown, Isle of Wight. The most important addition to the remains of the Roman villa already laid bare has been a large chamber, nearly forty feet long, east and west divided by strong piers of solid masonry. The western portion of this chamber is nearly nineteen feet wide, and the eastern end more than fifteen feet. It contains in parts the remains of a dado about eighteen inches high, ornamented with frescoes in scroll pattern of pink, gray and brown. A fillet of plaster runs round the whole chamber, the walls of which are between three and four feet in height, the superstructure being of wood and plaster, much of which has been found in the ruins, with the colors well preserved and for the most part remarkably fresh. The floor of the chamber is paved throughout in fine tessellated work, the most elaborate that has yet been discovered in the British Islands. The subjects contained in panels are, among others, Perseus and Andromeda and the Four Seasons. The central ornament in another portion contains the head of Medusa, with snake-like locks, and around this are panels filled with pastoral groups, and a spirited composition of Tritons and monsters. The exploring party of distinguished antiquarians have now unearthed six chambers, making, with what had already been discovered, eleven. In a short time the full extent of a spacious Roman villa, which was without doubt the habitation of some great personage, will have been opened to the light of day.

Mr. Smiley Rebels.

The neighbors hadn't seen Mr. Smiley hobble around into the back yard so lively for over a year. A hasty glance at the clothes line, and he stumbled up the steps hurriedly and remarked excitedly:

"Hannah, that 'ere garment will have to come off the line at once. It's all over town that a rebel flag is flying in my yard."

"Well! law sakes! That's my last winter's balmoral sunning to clear out the moths."

"Sunning or no sunning, balmoral or whatever it is, it must come down."

"Ichabod Smiley, do you think I am a fool, just because they are making game of you down to Smallbeer's grocery store. That balmoral stays there, rebel flag or no."

"Then I'll take it down myself," and he reached for the first clothes pin.

"See here, Ichabod, That flag as you call it, rules this family. You rebel if you dare." And the neighbors who had gathered around the back yard fence were treated to the interesting tableau of a mop handle wielded by Hannah Smiley's strong but freckled arm, crushing in the white plug hat that for years had been the emblem of Mr. Smiley's respectability.

Dying With His Charge.

Recently the engineer of a train near Montreal saw a large dog on the track, barking furiously. The engineer whistled but the dog paid no attention to the noise, and refused to stir. The dog was run over and killed. The engineer observed that the animal crouched close to the ground as he was struck by the cowcatcher. A minute later the fireman saw a bit of white muslin fluttering on the locomotive, and he stopped the engine. On going back to where the dog was killed it was discovered that not only the dog, but a little child had been killed. It was then seen that the dog had been standing guard over the child, and barked to attract the attention of the engineer. The faithful animal had sacrificed his life rather than desert his charge. The child had wandered away from a neighboring house, followed by the dog. And it is supposed the child lay down and went to sleep on the track.

The Emancipation of Man.

She looked just like that kind of a woman when she came into the sanctum, and all the seniors became instinctively very busy and so absorbed in their work that they did not see her, which left the youngest man on the staff an easy prey, for he looked at the visitor with a little natural politeness, and was even soft enough to offer her a chair.

"You are the editor?" she said, in a deep, bass voice.

He tried to say "Yes" so that she could hear him, while his colleagues in the sanctum couldn't; but it was a failure, for the woman gave him dead away in a minute.

"You are?" she shouted; "then listen to me; look at me; what am I?"

The foolish young man looked at her timidly and ventured to say, in a feeble voice, that she looked to be about forty-sev—

"Am I not a woman?" she said.

The youngest man weakly tried to correct his former error, and said she seemed more like a gir—

"Gir-r r-l!" she said, "I am a woman; a woman with all the heaven-born aspirations, the fathomless feelings, the aggressive courage and the indomitable will of a woman. What can you see on my face?"

The position of the youngest man on the staff was pitiful, but none of the old heads appeared to observe it. At least they didn't offer to help him out. So he looked at her face for a second, and said, timidly:

"Freckl—"

"Nursling," she shrieked, "had you the soulful eyes of a free man you could see shining on my brow the rising light of a brighter dawn."

"Could I," asked the youngest man timidly.

"Yes, you could I," the woman said in tones of unmeasurable scorn. "Now hear me, have you a—but I cannot bring myself to use the hateful expression in the style of masculine possession; are you anybody's husband?"

The youngest man blushed bitterly, and said he wasn't as yet, but he had some hopes.

"And you expect your—that is you expect the woman whose husband you will be to support you?"

The youngest man blushed more keenly than before, and tremblingly admitted that he had some expectations that, that, being the only daughter of his proposed father-in-law, if he might put it that way—

"Yah!" snarled the woman; "now let me tell you, the day of woman's emancipation is at hand. From this time we are free, fer-ree! You must look for other slaves to bend and cringe before your majesties, and wait upon you like slaves. You will feel the change in your affairs since we have burst our chains, and how will you live without the aid of women? Who makes your shirts now?" she added fiercely.

The youngest man miserably said that a tailor on Jefferson street made his.

"If'm," said the woman somewhat disconcerted. "Well, who washes 'em then?" she added triumphantly.

"A chinaman just west of Fifth street," the youngest man said with a hopeful light in his eyes.

The woman glared at him and groaned under her breath, but she came at him again with:

"Proud worm, who cooks your victuals?"

The youngest man said truly that he didn't know the name of the cook at his restaurant, but he was a darky about forty years old, and round as a barrel, with whiskers like the stuffing of a sofa.

The woman looked at him as though she was going to strike him.

"Well," she said, as one who was leading a forlorn hope, "who makes up your bed and takes care of your room?"

The youngest man replied with an air of truth and frankness that he roomed with a railroad conductor and an ex-Pullman sleeping car porter took care of their room.

She paused when she reached the door and turned upon him with the face of a drowning man who is only five feet away from a life buoy.

"Miserable dependent," she cried, "who sews on your buttons?"

The youngest man on the staff rose to his feet with a proud, happy look on his face.

"Haven't a sewed button on a single clothes," he cried triumphantly, "patents, every one of 'em, fastened on like copper rivets, and nothing but studs and collar buttons on my shirts. Havn't had a button sewed on for three years. Patent buttons last for years after the garments have gone to decay."

And the woman fled down the winding passage and the labyrinth stairs with a hollow groan, while the other members of the staff, breaking through their heroic reserve, clustered around the youngest man and congratulated him upon the emancipation of his sex.

Early History of Minnesota.

The name of Minnesota is an Indian name, signifying "cloudy water." Minnesota is the thirty second state in the Union. The first European who set foot in Minnesota was Louis Hennepin, who in 1680, in a company of French fur-traders, ascended the Mississippi to the Falls of St. Anthony to which he gave their name. In 1763 this region was ceded to Great Britain, and in 1766 was explored by Captain Jonathan Carver, a native of Connecticut. In 1783 it was transferred to the United States, as part of the North-west Territory. In 1819 Fort Snelling was established. A few years ago, as my mother was going from Minneapolis to Mankato, she met a lady who was over seventy years old, who said her husband was one of the first soldiers sent to the fort. She, with four other ladies (wives of the soldiers,) visited their husbands that summer (1819) and they were five weeks going from Prairie du Chien to the fort, on flat-boats. In 1823 the first steamboat visited Minnesota. Between this and 1830, a small colony of Swiss settled at Mendota, near St. Paul. In 1838 the Indian title to lands east of the Mississippi was extinguished. In 1843 a settlement was commenced at Stillwater; on March 3, 1849, Congress passed an act organizing the Territory of Minnesota, its western boundary being the Missouri river. At this time the population was between 4,000 and 5,000, and it was duly organized on the 1st of June following. In 1851, immigration was commenced in earnest; and so rapid was the increase of population, that on February 26, 1859, Congress passed an enabling act for its admission as a State. The provisions of the act were complied with, a constitution (under which the State is still governed) was passed and submitted to the people, and members of Congress elected the following October; and on May 11, 1858, Minnesota was formally admitted into the Union.

"It's not the phisky a man drinks that makes him dizzy," said O'Flaherty, "but it's lukin' at the bartinder's dismond through the bottom iv the tumblers, be gorra!"

The Wool Sorter's Disease.

The danger which lurks in the dust and dirt of old rags, and especially hair and wool, is, during their manipulation preparatory to being transformed into paper, felt, or cloth, a very serious matter for the workmen employed. The exceedingly unclean condition in which the bales of rags and hair are received in the factories necessitates their being first cleaned and sorted by hand, and this operation is often fraught with the gravest consequences, scattering sometimes the seeds of loathsome and fatal diseases. The sorting room is provided with tables, at each of which is a worker, usually a woman; at her side is an open bale, from which she chooses a handful at a time and deposits on the table; this liberates a great deal of dust. In many cases the dust contains the germs of the horrible disease called "anthrax," "malignant pustule," "charbon," and "Siberian plague," These germs possess singular vitality and virulence, developing in the human subject the loathsome and fatal malady called "wool sorter's disease." It is not, however, confined to wool, as the germs of the fungoid organism, "*Bacillus anthracis*," are found in every description of hair and wool, and most frequently in the Siberian horse manes, which are largely imported in England for the manufacture of hair cloth. Neither is the disease confined to the sorters; the infected dust is mingled with the air and gets outside the works, or it is distributed among manure dealers who buy the refuse dirt. This has recently been conclusively proved by cases in Glasgow, Bradford, and elsewhere.

Manufacturers in England are therefore contemplating the disinfection of all dangerous hair and wools. It is proposed to empty the bales in a fanning arrangement, burn the coverings, or soaking them in refuse sulphuric acid, changing them into manure by the addition of gypsum as a drier. The fine dust blown out by the fan is to be discharged under the fire bars of a steam boiler, where it will be promptly and effectively destroyed. The heavier dust falling on the bottom, and now sold for manure making, is to fall at once into a lead tank with sulphuric acid and treated like the coverings; this dust from hair and wool is rich in phosphates and ammonia, and is, therefore, a valuable fertilizer, while the acid increases its fertilizing properties and utterly destroys any germs present. Carbolic acid is to be used for disinfecting the hair, as chloride of lime or bleaching powder injures the fiber. In order to show the urgency of these precautions we recite some of the details of one of the cases lately reported in an English medical journal: William Otley, aged 63, employed by Mitchel Brothers, Bradford, to prepare mohair after it had passed through a washing and scouring process necessary to manufacture it into yarn. He had first a small pimple upon his chin; this increasing and making him feel unwell, he staid home. A physician was sent for, and found swelling of the under jaw setting in. As the pustule increased rapidly, and constitutional symptoms showed themselves, the malignity of the case was soon recognized and all hope of staying the disease was lost. Three days later the patient died. On the morning of that day the doctor took a little blood and serum from the affected part, and, submitting it to a microscopic examination, discovered the organism known as "*Vacellus anthracis*," now universally recognized among pathologists as the cause of splenetic fever in cattle, and that form in which it is identical with wool sorter's disease. No doubt the pimple on the chin had been inoculated by the virus, the development of which caused the man's death. After his deceased the upper part of his body underwent a most rapid decomposition.

General Skobeleff.

Skobeleff's care of his men, his personal anxiety for their welfare and comfort, and his ceaseless activity in securing for them every advantage that can be wrung from the horde of speculators in the supply department, were almost phenomenal. He personally inspected their rations and their clothing, and sometimes when public funds were wanting he secured comfort for them by large expenditures of his own money.

In return for his care of his men he demanded of them, first of all, unhesitating, unflinching, unquestioning obedience to his orders. If he ordered a man to do anything, whether immediate death was as certain as the sun in heaven, he expected to be instantly obeyed, without even so much as a look of question or surprise. Himself a man of wide reading, speaking many languages, and having traveled in many lands, he gathered about him, in his personal staff, as rough and uncultured a lot of men as I ever saw in officer's uniform; but they answered his purposes for carrying orders, and, as he said, if he ordered one of them to ride his horse against the muzzle of a discharging cannon he would do it instantly. One morning that I was with him on a reconnoisance we came to a small brook; an officer of his staff, with whom he had had some cause of dissatisfaction just before, rode forward to try its depth; while he was cautiously feeling the bank another officer—a Cossack—rode towards it, and, as his horse drew back plied both spurs and the whip with all his force; the horse sprang forward into the middle of the little stream, and as it was very deep, though very narrow, both horse and rider disappeared under the water.

"There," cried Skobeleff to the other, "that's the way I want my officers to do things."

"The first officer, greatly nettled, then put spurs to his horse, and though Skobeleff, seeing his purpose, yelled at him to stop, in an instant he and his horse disappeared under the water. Both men were then dragged out, dripping from their cold bath. Every one laughed, and Skobeleff was in the best of humor.

"Now go home and dry your clothes. You're both fine fellows (Vee Molode zee.) But," turning to the first one, "after this never hesitate in what you have to do."

"On another occasion Skobeleff heard one of his colonels, just as he was going into action, trying to make a speech to his men, but hesitating and stammering and breaking down in it. He relieved him instantly. "If at such a moment," he said, "a man can't find a few simple words to tell his men what he expects them to do then he don't know it himself. At that moment a man can't lie; his heart will speak if he have a heart for fight, and if he can't find words it is either because he is a coward or because he has no notion in his head of what he is going to do."

Again, he punished his men without mercy for the slightest depredation on unarmed inhabitants or their property,

"Not that I care anything for these miserable people—their sufferings are nothing to those of my men—but they had no orders to do it. If it served my purpose, I would give them a village to plunder and burn without a moment's thought. But they must do it only on my order. I want them to feel that they are merely my creatures—that they exist simply by my will."

His personal bravery was not only of the most reckless character, but at times it seemed to partake of the mere bravado, in which only extraordinary luck prevented him from reaping in death the well-earned reward of his foolishness. He always wore a white coat, a white hat, and rode a white horse in battle, simply because other generals usually avoided these target-marks. He was perpetually riding at break-neck speed over some fence or ditch, leaving half his staff and orderlies sprawling in it. He never lost an opportunity of displaying courage. He went into battle in his cleanest uniform and fresh underclothing, covered with perfume, and wearing a diamond-hilted sword, in order, as he said, that he might die with his best clothes on. For a long time he wore, with evident affectation, a coat in which he had been wounded, and which had a conspicuous patch on the shoulder.

Yet this was not mere bravado and nonsense, but was the result of thought and almost cold-blooded calculation. It was intended to impress his men, and it did so. They firmly believed he could not be hit, and whenever they saw a white horse, coat and cap among them, they knew that it was Skobeleff, and so long as he was there they felt sure that everything was going well. At the beginning of the war he made up his mind firmly that he would never come out alive. After reading me the telegram announcing the armistice, one of the first things he said was, "Well, perhaps I won't get killed after all." With this idea firmly fixed on his mind, that his death was only a question of a few weeks or months, his one thought was how to make the best use of his life so as to make an impression on his men, and gain such a control over them that they would follow him anywhere. In anything that he did he tried to eliminate the idea of danger from their minds, and to make the most dangerous exploit appear as an ordinary every day affair.

History of the Bayonet.

In the early part of the seventeeth century it was found necessay to retain the use of pikemen in the infantry on account of the defenseless position of the firelockmen when the enemy approached to close quarters. To remedy this defect they were accustomed about the middle of the century to stick the handles of their daggers into the muzzles of their guns in order to use them as pikes. Of course, when the dagger was so fixed the gun could not be fired. But as many of the daggers had rings at the guard the men saw the expendiency of fastening the dagger to the muzzle of the piece by means of the ring. Soon the dagger or plug bayonet was so secured to the outside of the barrel that the firelocks could be loaded and discharged although bayonets were fixed. The British had their first experience of what may be called the compound gun and pike in the time of William III., in one of the Flanders campaigns, and they "swore terribly," no doubt, when they found that their opponents could fire at them with fixed bayonets. Rivers collection shows all the transition stages of the bayonet from the plug handle to the modern tube and catch attachment. This is only a sample brick, so to speak, of the civil and warlike gropings of a man from precedent to his present condition. We have a fine opportunity of doing something of the same kind on this continent, and the marvel is why some men of wealth do not embrace it, and so secure the perpetuity of their own name through the advancement of an important department of science.

An Awful Revenge.

An awful case of the consequences of refusing a young man's honorable love is reported on the West side, San Francisco. A really nice young man fell in love with a handsome girl, the only daughter of a handsome and well preserved widow of thirty-eight, and offered her marriage. She ridiculed him because he was twenty-six, and said he was old enough to be her father, and so on, and with her taunts goaded him to such a pitch of frenzy that he swore he would be fearfully revenged. Accordingly he proposed to and married the wretched girl's mother. Now that wretched girl has to wear stout leather boots two sizes too large for her, and go to bed at 9 p. m., and eschew the theatre, chocolate caramels, ice cream, and in fact everything else that makes life worth living for, her stepfather's nominal object being that when she grows up she may be as splendid a matured woman as her mother, the compliment implied in this inducing the mother to second him enthusiastically. When a young man comes round to see that wretched girl her stepfather bounces him down the front steps, throws his hat after him, and tells the wretched girl that the young man is not a fit companion for her, and that he is as solicitous for her future as he would be for that of his own child, and altogether, in the kindest manner possible, he makes that wretched girl even wish she were dead as many as a hundred times a day. Let all other beautiful girls who are often tempted to refuse the matrimonial offers of eligible young men, be warned by her unhappy fate.

Glucose.

The use of glucose has become so extensive in the United States that many of the reliable old commercial papers are calling loudly for legislation to control its use, and to prevent the adulteration of many articles in the manufacture of which it is largely used. The use of glucose in the preparation of table syrups has become very extensive, constituting as it does in many instances fully 75 per cent of their composition. The light brown sugars in most common use are largely adulterated with it, in some instances 40 per cent being glucose. Everywhere but in this country glucose is made mostly from potatoes; but here it is almost exclusively made from corn. Each bushel of corn makes from 26 to 30 pounds of glucose (syrup or sugar), which brings from two and a half to four cents per pound. As corn, at Chicago for example, is worth only about 35 to 40 cents a bushel, while the cost of manufacture is but 25 to 35 cents a bushel, the best appointed factories can make 40 or 50 cents profit on each bushel of corn worked into glucose. The process is one requiring much skill and close, and careful attention; and success depends almost entirely upon one man, the chemist in each factory. The question as to its effect upon the health of persons using glucose is a disputed one, but no one would of his own accord be willing to take the risk of testing its effect upon his own health, and the public would gladly welcome legislation which would compel those who sell glucose to do so under its own name. It is an imposition to make the community pay 10 cents per pound for this cheap material, under the name of syrup or sugar. The extent of the use of glucose may be imagined when we learn from the best authority that it is produced at the rate of 500 tons per day, and that this proportion is being rapidly increased.

THE BEST soil for wheat is a rich limestone clay loam well plowed and harrowed and made fine. Wheat needs lime to stiffen the straw and give the berry a clear, clean, bright look, and the lime opens, lightens, and warms the soil.

Hunger and Appetite.

The notion that appetite is a low degree of hunger and hunger an intensified form of appetite does not seem to be borne out by facts. The two desires or longings are different in their nature. Appetite is the craving of the apparatus of taste, and sometimes of the digestive organs, while hunger is the demand of the organism as a whole or of some of its parts of food. Use the words appetite and hunger how we may, there are actually two needs to be expressed, and much mischief arises from confounding them. The one cry for food we call appetite is an affair of habit or caprice, and, may for a time at least, be stimulated by appealing to the sense of taste, or promoted by certain cordials and stimulants; but, looking at the matter from a physiological point of view, it is difficult to see what we gain by exciting the organs of digestion to take food unless the system is in a condition to receive it. The rational mode of procedure would seem to be to wait the expression of need in the system—in short, to look to hunger rather than appetite as an incentive to the act of feeding, instead of exciting the palate and sense organs to take food when we have no organic reason to suppose that there is an inner need of it. There are certain evil consequences of the civilized mode of feeding appetite on the basis of habit, which it may be useful to carry out. First, separating appetite from hunger and developing it as an independent sense or function, there naturally springs up a fashion of life which may be described as "living to feed." The purveyor of food trades on the tastes and cultivated longings of the consideration what to eat and what to drink comes to occupy a place in the self consciousness which it was probably not intended to fill, and in so far as this is the case man is more animal and less spiritual and intellectual, than he ought to be; although it may be conceded that the refined taste of cultivated nature is less offensive than the simple voracity of the savage. There are some that contend that man is the gainer by the development of his appetite. If this be so the gain is a good not mixed with evil. Another drawback is that by severing appetite from hunger we lose the indication of quantity which nature gives with her orders for food. The man who eats a regular number of meals daily, with a duly stimulated and organised habit, probably eat much more in the twenty-four hours than his system requires, or the organism as a whole is constituted to deal with.

Preserving a Man's Reason.

A curious story is told of an exhibit in a shop window of one of the leading jewelers of Vienna. The object of attraction is a brooch magnificently studded with gems, in the middle of the chasing of which is enclosed the most singular of centres—four common, old, bent and corroded pins. This brooch is the property of the Countess Lavetskofy. The pins have a history, of course. Seven years ago Count Robert Lavetskofy, as the story runs was arrested at Warsaw for an alleged insult to the Russian government. The real author of the insult, which consisted of some careless words spoken at a social gathering, was his wife. He accepted the accusation, however, and was sent to prison. In one of the dungeons in which the Czar is said to be fond of confining his Polish subjects, the unfortunate martyr for his wife's loose tongue spent six years. He had only one amusement. After he had been searched and thrown into a cell, he found in his coat four pins. These he pulled out and threw upon the floor; then in the darkness he hunted for them. Having found them, perhaps after hours, even days, he scattered them again. And so the game went on for six weary years. "But for them," he writes in his memoirs, "I should have gone mad. They provided me with a purpose. So long as I had them to search for, I had something to do. When the decree for my liberation as an exile was brought to me, the jailor found me on my knees hunting for one which had escaped me for two days. They saved my wife's husband from lunacy. My wife therefore could not desire a prouder ornament.

Majolica Ware.

The clay for the fine majolica is disposed by the rivers of the country of majolica Italy, the Metuaro, the Foglio, the Isauro—and it is usually gathered in the rain or after the great storms which wash down the naked soil of the Apennines to the river beds. A most amusing and quaint old print accompanies Piccolpasso's treatise, and represents a hill country with towers and castles and a rapid river bed under a pouring rain; the banks in layers of mud like the banks of the Nile, in cube-like deposits of fine soil, and a claydigger loading a donkey. Another picture represents a high set, costellated town, under a great-faced sun which fills up the whole sky—a graphic expression of his sweltering majesty—baking the clay. Naked clay-diggers toil on the river's bank. When the rain falls upon the Apeninnes and swells the rivers with a turbid flood, the lighter part of the washings of the hills settles at the sides of the rivers, and is left one or two feet high, a soft red and gray clay. It is so fine and soft that it suggests manipulation, and invites the plastic hand. Covering this clay, when moulded, with a white and vitrifiable composition, we have the various majolicas of Italy—either made from the finer clay of the rivers, or dug out of cave deposits; and Pesaro produces the colors which adorn her majolica. A majolica painter of Pesaro informed me that he relied chiefly upon the colors of Pesaro, as neither German nor French colors equaled in brilliancy those of Pesaro. In every sense the majolica of Italy is wholly indigenous to it.

Museum Nomenclature.

In the British Museum, at the top of the stairs, we encounter in a terrific alliance a giraffe, a hippopotamus, and a basking shark. The public, young and old, pass with a start and stare, and remain as wise as they were before about all three creatures. One day recently I was standing by the big fish; a father came up to it with his little boy. "That's a shark!" says he; "it turns on its side when it wants to eat you," and so went on, literally as wise as he was before, for he had read in a book that sharks turn on their side to bite, and he never looked at the ticket, which told him this particular shark only ate small fish. Now, he never looked at the ticket, because he didn't expect to find anything on it except that this was the Sharkogobalus Smith-Jonesianius. But if round the walls of the room there had been all the well known kinds of shark, going down in graduated sizes, from the basking one to our waggling dog-fish, and if every one of these had a plain English ticket, with ten words of common sense on it, saying where and how the beast lived, and a number (unchangeable) referring to a properly arranged manual of the shark tribe, (sold by the museum publisher, who ought to have his shop close by the porter's lodge,) both father and son must have been far below the level of average man and boy in mother wit if they did not go out of the room by the door in front of them very distinctly, and to themselves amazingly, wiser than they had come in by the door behind them.

Where Our Honey Comes From.

The new crop of honey is coming to market in small quantities. The white clover comb honey is very fine in quality and the quantity is expected to be larger than last year, when good, pure honey was scarce and high. The best honey in the world is the Swiss honey, considerable quantities of which are shipped to this country, and sold in all markets. Of course, only the extracted honey comes from Switzerland. It is worth about a $1.25 a quart, or $5 a gallon. The best American honey comes from California. That is the great honey producing section of this continent. From the vicinity of the "White Mountains," so called because they are white with clover blossoms, comes the best collected in that State. Vast stretches of upland and mountain, slope and summit, are covered with a luxuriant growth of white clover that at a distance appears like an expanse of snow. Those who have visited this clover belt and honey region, say that the hum of bees throughout those fields is continuous day in and day out, and that the bees seem to regard the clover fields as their particular province and resent intrusion. However that may be, white clover honey is the best, and the best of it as well as the largest quantity comes from California. In the far Western States some attention has been given to bees, and some buckwheat and half wild honey produced. Virginia is noted for its wild honey. Some of the inhabitants make it a business to collect it, and the finding of it requires some knowledge of bee movements. A bee is caught, and at the proper time of the day liberated. It returns to its swarm, and as it flies in a "bee line," its home can be found by taking the point and with the aid of a compass following in the same direction, up hill and down, until the swarm is found. The tree is felled and the honey taken. Eight or ten pails of honey are often obtained from a single hollow tree. A small part of Virginia wild honey is collected. The great honey region is in Western New York, and from this part of the country the honey now in the market comes. Vermont and New Hampshire, in fact all States, send more or less honey to market. Honey consumers prefer honey in the comb, for in the comb it must be pure, while out of it, it may be any kind of inferior syrup, glucose or some other product that will not sell under its own name. If consumers were sure of the pure article out of the comb, extracted honey would sell more readily. It sells very well now, but the buyer does not know whether it is honey or something else. All honey, however, should be extracted before it is eaten, for in spite of care some of the comb or wax will be eaten with the honey, and beeswax disturbs the digestive machinery. Honeycomb bears the same relation to honey that husk bears to corn, shell to nut, rind to fruit, and is no more fit for an article of food than any of them. A machine has been invented to extract honey. The comb is taken from the hive, placed in a machine, which is rapidly revolved, and the honey is thrown out by the centrifugal process. The comb is returned to the hive to be filled again, and the bees are saved the trouble of building another comb or cellular case. A single swarm of bees have often manufactured $25 worth of honey in a season. Bees can be kept anywhere—on the roof, over the porch, in any place where there is room for a hive. It is said by some, and denied by others, that bees extract honey from decaying matter, street garbage and the like. At least, bees are seen at work where refuse abounds, and from appearances, Samson's riddle is as true as it ever was, while is saying very little. Last year the best honey was worth 24@25 cents; the price now for job lots, is 20@21 cents. The price is likely to be higher, owing to the high price of butter, which is 10@12 cents above last year's prices. As butter advances, honey is in greater demand as a substitute, and prices are affected. The shipment of honey abroad is very large. One firm in New York last year shipped 80 tons at one shipment.

He had his Suspicions.

A defendant before the Justice Alley Court, Detroit, recently objected to the jury which the Constable had gathered together. Begining at number one the court asked:

"State your objections to the juryman."

"I beat him out of $50 on a horse trade and I know how he feels," was the reply.

"And this one?"

"He and I couldn't agree on a game of cards one day about two weeks ago, and I punched his head. He hasn't forgotten it you bet.

"Well here's the third man?"

"He has a grudge against me for licking his brother-in-law.

"And the fourth?"

"We have never been good friends since I shot six of his hens."

"And the fifth?"

"I know him of old. He says I stole his shot-gun."

"And do you object to the sixth and last?"

"Decidedly I do. It isn't four days since I got ready to throw him off a wood-dock."

"Wouldnt it be safe for you to dispense with a jury and let the court try the case?" suggested his Honor.

"No, sir!" was the decided reply. "I don't say that I've got any thing in particular against this court, but this court may have formed an opinion that I am the man who bagged his twenty-six game fowls one night last month. I've heard that he had his suspicions!"

The case was adjourned to secure six jurymen from out of the city.

Our Waste Lands.

Now that the wave of emigration has found a western shore upon which it recoils, the current must stop or find some other direction. The limit of successful agriculture in the West seems to have been reached, for already thousands of settlers have found that they have gone too far and have actually penetrated the arid districts where no vegatable growth can thrive without irrigation, although it may exist without it. It is therefore well that attention should be called to the vacant lands in the East and South, where there are millions of acres which need only cheap reclamation to become productive. The broad Alleghany ranges, with their outlying spurs and parallel ridges, are all but unoccupied, and land on those hills and in the valleys between them can be purchased in large tracts for nominal prices. Whole countries in Maine, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky, large tracts in other States and smaller tracts almost everywhere, are ready and waiting to be reclaimed. Parts of them may be profitably turned to timber culture and the remaining portion, the better share of the land, is admirably adapted to grass and grazing either for lighter and more hardy beeves or the hardier kinds of sheep. The attention of those philanthropic societies, who aim to encourage the seating of industrious men of small means upon farms of their own, might be turned to these tracts, upon which annual fires now purposely set every Spring, destroy the young timber and kill the grass and so keep back their reclamation.

Paper Weights and Inkstands.

Paper weights and inkstands, pretty and costly trifles although they be, are modern in their workmanship and design, and suggest nothing but Paris, and Paris with memories of the Second Empire yet hanging about her. What do you, with your pretty jargon about pomander and clocked stockings, your chatter of pilasters and incised work, your latticed window panes and panelled walls and ceilings, care for the Zulus, or for Mexican onyx, that you should dip your ink from a head of the one, and guard your loose papers with the other? What you want is a bit of Roman bronze that shall show that you have made the grand tour, and have put the finishing touch to your education as a gentlewoman, and shall serve as a text to the classic allusions with which you are going to interland your letters, tenderly comparing yourself to Arria, and John to Brutus or Cato or some other Roman to whom he is as like as he is to Hercules. As you want the things, of course they have come and are already in the shops, and when you ask your father for the money to buy them you will be brought back to the nineteenth century very quickly, but you will remember Cicero's daughter and will coax until you have your way, and then comes the more difficult task of selecting. What shall it be? Here is a little temple of Vesta in green bronze, and if you sacrilegiously take the little dame on the roof between your thumb and finger and lift it off you will find a little well of ink in the place where the statue of the godness once stood. Here is a tiny Cupid audaciously playing with one of the Thunderer's eagles, the two sitting on the cover of an inkstand supported by lambs' heads, and here is a pair of inkstands surmounted by a simpering Venus and a riotous Bacchus. Then there are larger inkstands, a baby Hercules strangling the snaky invaders of his bed forming the ornament of the cover, and the twelve labors in low relief embellishing the sides. Then there are seals, with Pan nursing the infant Bacchus, and satyrs occupying the place of handles, and some of more modern design, with a wicked-looking devil in the place of the old gods. The proper paper-knife to accompany these seals is a double-edged dagger with a tiny classic figure for a handle.

The paper weights are various in design, some being spheres of agate or alabaster spheres upon which a figure is lightly poised; but the best for your purpose