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THE THREE CALLERS.

Morn calleth fondly to a fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows, rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of naught, save playing!
And so she smiles—and waves him an adieu!
Whilst he, still merry with his flowery store,
Deems not that morn, sweet morn, returns no more.

Noon cometh; but the boy, to manhood growing,
Heeds not the time—he sees but one sweet form,
One young fair face, from the bower of jasmine glowing,
And all his loving heart with bliss is warm,
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin firelight, flickering faint and low;
By which a grey-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone—as all life's pleasures go,
Night calls him to her—and he leaves his door,
Silent and dark—and he returns no more.

POLLY GORDON'S PREMIUM FARMER.

Polly Gordon was an old maid living in Kansas; she was not born there, for the state has not been long enough settled, and I will not mention the place of her nativity,—but lest the excusable state pride of Ohio people be hurt, I will say it was not Ohio; and yet she had energy enough at any hard work that offered itself to entitle her to the Presidency, if women were eligible to that position. She was able bodied, and in her way strong minded, even to obstinacy. Though she "didn't b'lieve in them winmin's rights wimmin she had heerd tell of," she always voted in school meeting,—the Kansas law gives that privilege to women, "because if they mean to waste the people's money on too much schoolin' and high educatin', I'm a goin' to do all I kin to prevent it," was her reason for voting.

She wore her dresses made in the style that prevailed when she first put on long dresses, and her scanty hair from one year's end to another was twisted in a little round knot and pinned on top of the back of her head. "The fashions kin come around to me when they want to, I've no time, and ain't goin' to run round after 'em," was her invariable reply when some friends dared to suggest an improving change. Her highest ambition on the womanly side of her nature was to have the finest colored, striped rag carpets, the nicest drawn-in rugs of impossible roses and improbable cats; the whitest clothes and highest bread of any housekeeper.

She carried on a little farm, and among farmers it was her boast and pride that her calves were biggest, and pigs fattest; that her corn yielded most to the acre, and she never lost a chicken or turkey by pip or cholera. She could scarcely read or write, despised "book-larnin' as no count towards gittin' along," and took no interest in the world outside beyond the prices of her crops and the groceries she had to buy.

Mrs. Prudence Volney, for the last four years Polly's neighbor, also living on a farm—I may fearlessly add that she was from Ohio,—was a refined, intelligent woman, very fond of reading, and Polly was always lecturing her on her expensive tastes.

"I do think it's too foolish in you to waste your money that way, and spend your time, too. You pay out enough hard cash every year for such trash as would buy two or three fat calves; if you'd done that way, countin' the natural increase, you'd a had a herd of cattle by this time, instid of all this litter of books an' papers; an' you might a drawn in a dozen rugs just like mine!"

Mrs. Volney took this advice from Polly in good part, for the maiden lady was really kind hearted and well disposed, too ignorant of etiquette and propriety, or the most common things belonging to culture, and I might add civilized life, to be aware of the impertinence of her suggestions.

So great was her prejudice against newspapers and books, as wholly useless, that while to the lightning rod, sewing machine and patent pump man she would give a not altogether impatient hearing and examination of his wares, the mild-mannered book or newspaper agent, with chromo attachments, was sure to receive a severe "No, sir, you need not trouble yourself to take a step inside! I've no time to look at such trash an' no money to throw away on it; an' if you want a piece of my mind, I'll tell you you'd better pitch into hard work than to go around in such low business!" and as she always gave a call to the dog, who stood by grinning with white teeth that added to the effect of Polly's remarks, the agent mildly said, "Good morning," and retired, crab-wise, with meek side glances in the dog's direction, and never came again.

But Polly was human and a woman, and in a state where men do so much more around than the other sex, she had scarcely wondered why, with so many substantial attractions of farm stock, full cribs, and fat turkeys, her strong, bony hand had not been sought in matrimony. As she grew older and accumulated more, she often felt the disadvantage of not being around so as to know the prices of things, but she was entirely ignorant of the value or use of a newspaper in giving her the information wanted. Besides, she wearied of tending her stock and holding the plow, and it vexed her still more to pay her hard earned cash to some indifferent hired man whom she feared or knew slighted his work, or in some way cheated her.

One day while chaffering about a plow, she noticed on the premium list of the county fair:

"Best loaf of wheat bread, five dollars, and Kansas Farmer for one year."

The last clause very much puzzled her, but she concluded that even for a year the farmer was well worth trying for, and he might be so well suited he would be willing to stay a life time.

Mrs. Volney came in a day or two after.

"Have you heard tell of the premiums yit for the fair?'

"Yes, I have a list."

"Will they truly give five dollars and a Kansas farmer for the best loaf of light bread?"

"I presume so, and I am half inclined to send in a loaf."

"I should think you'd most be ashamed to say so and let folks know it."

Mrs. Volney never dreamed of Polly's mistaken notion in regard to the "farmer," and thought she meant she took so many papers she ought not to be so extravagant as to want another; and she was greatly astonished at the blush that crawled up over Polly's freckled face, and lost itself in the roots of her scanty, tightly drawn hair, as she hesitatingly went on:

"Well, to tell the truth, I'd like both mighty well myself; money's always handy, and the farmer'd be convenient in the house and out of doors, too. There's some things about farming I don't know, and being just alone by myself, I can't look after everything and go round, too, and find out about things, and so I get taken in. Do you s'pose I could have the farmer longer if it suited all around?" she asked anxiously.

"Of course the publishers would be glad for you to have it all the rest of your life, if you wanted it."

"Publishers" was an unmeaning word to Polly, but she had a dim recollection of hearing in her early youth about something called "publishing the banns" that was connected with matrimony; and that Mrs. Volney spoke of the "farmer" as "it," soothed her maidenly modesty, for as said "farmer" was only a supposable case, she could not yet bring herself to the familiarity of the "he" and "him" which the assured wife of several years gives to the husband of her youth, as if there were but one masculine in the world!

Mrs. Volney was delighted that after all her invectives and declarations, Polly had become reconciled to the idea of even having a paper in her house, and in trying to steer clear of any discussion, she led poor Polly further astray by saying:

"Oh, yes, the Farmer would be so much help to you about giving the prevailing prices all over the state; in that way you know when corn, butter, stock, and poultry are advancing, and the best time to sell. Otherwise, we women, tied to the house, not able to be out and learn about things as men do, are at the mercy of speculators, who come round, buy our things and take all the profits themselves.

"That's so," said Polly, sadly. "I sold some of my corn last week five cents on a bushel too low."

"If you had had the Farmer, you would have known that corn was fast advancing and held on. I knew it and so was saved.

"Do you s'pose if I get the premium, I'll have the farmer in time for fall plowing?"

Mrs. Volney did not see the connection, and was greatly puzzled to understand Polly's agitation, but attributed it to her embarrassment for this sudden conversion and confession of faith in newspapers, and answered:

"Oh, yes, you will get the money and Farmer as soon as the fair is over."

There were only two weeks till the fair, and they were very busy ones to Polly, who cleaned house from garret to cellar, and made many changes to suit the tastes of the possible coming farmer; her old loves were forgotten in the fervor of the new hope, and so many times was her pet cat driven off the big rocking chair that she grew anxious, gray and thin.

She also bought fifteen yards of green alpaca at a bargain, and going over to Mrs. Volney's with unwonted bashfulness asked for polonaise and overskirt patterns.

"I shall want one suit just right if I should git the farmer!" she explained to the uncomprehending Mrs. Volney, "and I thought I'd go to the whole figger for this onet."

"The very idea of having a newspaper as an educator, this premium offered may be the entering wedge that shall break up Polly's ignorance and let a flood of light on her soul," Mrs. Volney said to her daughter, after Polly had gone with the patterns and full instructions how to use them, to which she had listened as attentively as any devotee of fashion.

She "set" four "sponges" for her prize loaf, and made two loaves from each "set-tin," and at the appointed day, arrayed in her most extraordinary dress, polonaise, overskirt and trimmed skirt, with three carefully selected loaves she hastened to the fair. While ticketing them she anxiously asked the polite official:

"Will I git the farmer and five dollars to onct if I draw the first premium?"

"Without the slightest doubt, madam; I have the premiums here on hand to be given as soon as called for."

Polly gazed earnestly at the men who were in the office, feeling that if her "farmer' was as anxious to his fate as she was in regard to him, his looks would betray him. But she might as well have studied the Sphinx as their faces, so she followed her loaves, and when once in place, hovering round them as a hen near her brood, listening to every word said, as if from the general public opinion she might get a clew to her fate.

She passed a sleepless night, and next day, with carefully carried horse and newly washed buggy, and herself in her best array, she drove in.

At noon the committee came, smelled, tasted and discussed, while she suffered agonies, as if running the gauntlet, but at last the blue ribbon was placed on one of her loaves and the red on another.

Regardless of the latter, she seized the blue ribbon loaf and hurrying to the office, she accosted the same suave official, who wondered at her breathless excitement as she held the loaf up and said:

"Are both your prizes here?"

"Yes, madam."

"Do you see that blue ribbon? I want my five dollars and my farmer."

"Here they are," and he extended the bill and a copy of the Farmer. "When would you like to begin with the Farmer, madam?"

"I'm ready," for I come prepared to take him home. Which one is it?" and she looked inquiringly at a group of gentlemen, who, noticing her excited manner as she came in, had stopped their conversation and were observing her.

"This is it," said the superintendent putting it in her hand, "date of September 6, 18—."

"Why, this is a newspaper—I want my farmer."

"Well, see, the Kansas Farmer," and he displayed the title page.

"Was that what you meant by the farmer you was goin' to give for the best loaf o' yeast light bread?"

"Yes, madam. Oh, not one copy, certainly, but a year's subscription," he added, hastily, thinking he had discovered the cause of her trouble.

"That paper!" she answered with the utmost scorn, as she sniffed with her upturned, freckled nose. "Is this the underhand way you take to deceive a lone woman like myself? I wish I had words to speak out my mind to you and tell you just what I think about it!"

"What did you expect. It was so announced on the premium list."

"Why a farmer—a man, of course!"

The unfortunate official tried to explain, and the other gentlemen assisted him, each assuring her that doubtless somebody might be found to fill the bill, but as no one offered himself for the vacancy, Polly, not at all appeased, went off leaving the Farmer and loaf of bread, but she did not forget the crisp five dollar bill. In that dark hour of disappointment it was a source of comfort to her, and kept her from utter despair as she hitched her horse and drove home single and alone.

At first she thought she would hunt up Mrs. Volney and speak her mind to her, but the ride home and the soothing purr of the old cat, who lay in the no longer tabooed arm chair, calmed Polly, and sober second thought prevailed.

She did her own fall plowing; it kept her at home three weeks, and when next she met Mrs. Volney, who had heard of her disappointment through the superintendent, neither of them made any reference to the "Kansas Farmer."

But as the "Farmer" came to her regularly, she gradually learned to look for it and felt a new importance to have some mail for her at the postoffice. From reading current prices, weather notes and prospects of crops, she began to care for other things; so that by the next fair she presented herself at the office with another loaf, and to the smiling superintendent's "Miss Gordon, if you get the blue ribbon, remember it is only the "Weekly Kansas Farmer" for one year from date we can give you," she was able to reply with a return smile.

"I don't want any other. This is the best kind for me."

However, in Mrs. Volney's house, the inquiry is made weekly. "Has Polly's educator come yet?" and it always creates a ripple of laughter among the young folks

Newfoundland Dogs

The man who thinks that Newfoundland dogs of noble mien and build troop in droves through the country is, in our Yankee phrase, a good deal "off." The Newfoundland dog is not only, like the traditional prophet, without honor in his own country, but there are very few of him at all. The pure breed is almost extinct. We find any day in a New England town better dogs of the Newfoundland type than I have seen during a week's stay in the city of St. John's. The streets are filled with mongrels, big dogs, spaniel, Esquimaux, and mastiffs, but almost all low curs of vile breed and pattern. Well informed Newfoundlanders smile satirically when you extol their famous dogs, and go so far as to deny that the animal originated in the island at all. As a rule, the big black Newfoundland dog is a much-abused beast. He is sought out more for strength than beauty, kept on small diet, used in winter to draw heavy sledges of wood, and is made anything but a household divinity. His temper is good up to five years old, when he is apt to become snapish. The water is his natural home, and he will steal away at night and travel long distances for his bath. The tests of his purity of breed and general merits are thick-webbed foot, good bushy tail, and the comely shape and poise of the head, and deep black color on the roof of the mouth. His degeneration is charged to the abuse of him as a beast of burden and to one of the island's old laws to protect sheep, which has given a policeman fifty cents for shooting dogs at large—a statute under which many fine dogs have been ruthlessly slaughtered. The earliest records of the island show that the aboriginal dog of the country was a good-tempered creature of great size, and so strong that he could draw from the water seals weighing hundreds of pounds. He had a passionate fondness for the sea, lived on raw fish, and was a skilful fisher, swimming rapidly under water and catching his prey by the mouth. A case is cited where one of these dogs was seen catching fish for sheer sport, heaping them up on shore, and then plunging in for others. The same records prove, however, that this dog was of an extinct species, very different from the present Newfoundland, though the latter, in this latitude, is very fond of fish.

Hops and Their Culture.

The culture of hops has proved so profitable this year that a good many persons are apt to try it. The best advice for them to follow would comprise two directions: Don't plant too large hop yards at first; and, having once planted, stay by the business for a term of years, if the soil be suitable and the location otherwise good. Fine black and easily worked loam, near a river, and of good depth, is a desirable soil. The varieties are known as the early grape, and the late Golding. The last named, though not a heavy bearer, helps to extend the season, and catches the earliest market, so that it is worth planting to some extent. The soil should be plowed at least twelve inches deep, harrowed, rolled, and broken up with the best instruments and strong horses until it is as mellow and well prepared as if an orchard were to be planted there. February and March are considered good times for planting. Eight feet apart each way is the distance chosen by some. Six feet each way is also adopted by some growers, but it is less desirable. At each place where a plant is to be put, take out a few spadefuls of earth and fill it with fine soil, mixed with well rotted stable manure. The hop sets should be in the proportion of two male plants to 100 females. Plant with a dibble or small trowel, and do so carefully. The first year all the care needed is to stir the surface occasionally, and keep the weeds well down. As a rule no poling is required the first year.

It is, however, a better plan to pole the hop vines the first season, as it is more easily done then than later. The best growers put in one pole to each hill the first year, two the second and three the third. They are put in the shape of a triangle, eighteen inches apart, and are twelve or fifteen feet long. Redwood poles are the most lasting. When the young hop vines have reached a length of about three feet, it is time to train them to the poles. The main runners must then be chosen and tied about the pole from left to right, with tough grass, bark, or twine. Two or three runners are chosen to each pole, and all other suckers and sprouts are removed so as to strengthen those from which the fruitage is expected. The vines during the growing season, from April to August, require constant attention and cultivation between and about them. In the autumn the work of pruning occupies some time. Clear away the earth so as to expose the crown of the upper roots. Then cut off the previous season's vines, close to the crown, together with the roots growing within four inches of the surface. Then mix rich fertilizers with the surface soil. Through the winter months weeds must be kept down.

—Tennessee, North Carolina and Virginia will all make good peanut crops.

The Old Rail Fence

The placing of barbed wire fences around farms, usurping the place of the old rail fence, destroys half of the pleasure of farming. There is something about the old rail fence that is real comfortable, and the barbed wire fence is forbidding, cold, repulsive. Until you come to think of it, there does not seem as though there was a great deal of solid comfort in a rail fence, but there is. Did you ever see two old farmers leaning against a rail fence, whittling, and talking politics or a horse trade for hours together? They are more comfortable, and rest more than they would if they were occupying the softest sofa, or the best stuffed arm-chair in the world. There are so many shapes a man can get into, to rest, about a rail fence. First, the farmer will fold his arms and rest them on the top rail, and lean his breast on the fence, and talk for half an hour, until his legs are tired, then he will step one foot up on the second rail from the bottom, and stand and whittle for half an hour, until the top of the rail is as polished as a piece of mahogany. Then he will change feet and lean one elbow on the second rail from the top, and sharpen his knife on his boot, and talk for half an hour about how he is going to pay the mortgage on his farm next year. After that position becomes irksome he will turn his back to the fence, stand on his heels, and place his two elbows on the top rail, and lean against the fence, and for half an hour he will tell about how the old mare that he is trying to trade off cleaned out all the teams on the road coming back from the celebration at town, after the fire-works on the Fourth, and how, if he wasn't fixed just as he is, and wanted the twenty dollars boot money to send Nathan off to the select school, there is no man on earth could buy that mare. Then he will get tired and stand around sideways, put his left arm up on the fence, and begin to whittle again, and swear the man that runs the cheese factory down at the corners is skinning us farmers out of our eye-teeth. Without going into details as to ninety-nine other combinations by which a farmer can rest on, about or against a rail fence, it may not be out of place to speak of sitting on top of a fence. The farmers, after trying several positions, will instinctively climb up the fence and rest on the top rail, their feet resting on the third rail from the top, which is always laid with projection enough to make good footing, and an hour will pass as the fellows talk of the times when they settled in the country, and of the hardships they have endured, and how the children have grown up and gone away, and the conversation will drift into a sleepy channel, and the sun will begin to sink in the West, and the horny-handed sons of toil will suddenly remember that the chores are to be done, and with a "good-night, Lige," and a, "Drop around agin to-morrow, Ike," they will separate, and one will take a milk-pail and a one-legged stool and go towards the lot where the cows have come home, while the other will go across the road to his barn and throw down some hay for the horses, and they will both go to bed at eight o'clock as tired as though they had been mowing. But they had a splendid, easy visit on the old rail fence.

The Funny Things We Do.

Have you ever reflected upon the very many funny things we do, for which we can give no particular reason? How is it that we do not give five cheers, two cheers one cheer? Why is it that we give three cheers and no more?

Why is it that the majority of people use the right hand instead of the left, and cannot help smiling at those who use the latter?

Why is it that a man cannot see a bundle of toothpicks without helping himself to one when he does not need it?

Why is it that a small boy cannot let a thin, wasted wasp fly in peace, without furiously going for it with his new straw hat; or why is it that the small girl will always insist upon jugging home a kitten that has not even learned to open its eye?

Why is it that when one asks us the number of days there are in a certain month, we always say to ourselves, "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November."

Why is it that we turn to the right instead of to the left, when the left is far preferable, and if adopted would save many an accident on railroads and highways? The driver always sits upon the right side of the vehicle; in turning to his right he is farthest away from the wagon he passes, and, unless he is an expert, cannot tell how close he comes to the wheels of the man who goes by him; whereas, if he turned to the left side, he could look straight down, see to the fraction of an inch how close he was approaching an obstacle, and thus avoid it. The engineer runs upon the right hand track, and sits upon the right hand side of his cab. The long, narrow locomotive, with its sand tower, beltry and smoke stack, is in front of him cutting off his observation. He can see only his own track, while the opposite, save at a distance, is almost wholly unseen by him. On some roads the reverse is the custom.

Custom, owing to causes we know not of, has established these curious precedents, and from observation and education we unwittingly do thousands of things that are, to say the least, funny that we cannot explain.

A Heron and a Weasel

Not long ago two gentlemen were walking along the road from Beattock to Moffat, Scotland, when their attention was attracted by peculiar screams and screeches that came from a field close by. On proceeding to the spot they found a most determined fight going on between a heron and a weasel. The weasel was endeavoring to seize the neck of his adversary, and made repeated leaps with that object. Frequently he succeeded in getting hold, but the heron each time managed to shake him off; his long neck giving him sufficient swing to do so. The heron, in return, would seize the weasel by the throat, and shake him as a terrier does a rat. The fight thus continued for the best part of half an hour, the combatants being quite regardless of the presence of spectators. As to how the fight would have ended it is difficult to say, but the impression was that the heron would have the best of it. However, a lad who had also came up to see the fray caught the heron, while one of the gentlemen tried to get possession of the weasel, but it turned upon him in a most vicious manner, leaping nearly the height of his umbrella in its efforts to get at his hands or neck, and in this it might have succeeded had not a dog appeared on the scene and soon despatched the pugnacious little creature. Close to the spot where the fight took place is a small stream, and it is thought that while the heron was doing a little fishing or frog-hunting the weasel may have thought that he was poaching on his preserves, and so set upon him.

Pipe, Cigar and Cigarette.

"Cigarettes are poisonous like every other form of tobacco, said Mr. Cuppia, "but it is absurd to say that they do more damage than cigars. Whoever uses tobacco at all, poisons himself slowly. But tobacco contains elements that are to certain persons beneficial. There are diseases in which physicians order men to smoke."

"Do cigarettes contain a greater proportion of nicotine than cigars, as a rule?" asked the reporter.

"Most cigarettes contain very much less nicotine than cigars. As they have less of the poisonous element, they are proportionately less hurtful."

"It is said that the paper in which cigarettes are wrapped is injurious," observed the reporter, gazing wistfully at a pile of the tiny white rolls on a desk near him.

"That is a mistake sir," answered Mr. Cuppia. "I consulted a very distinguished chemist in this city on the cigarette question not long ago, and he told me that the burning of the paper destroyed its injurious qualities."

"What was the Professor's name?"

"I prefer not to tell you that. It was only with great difficulty that I got him to talk with me, for when he learned who I was he thought I wanted to use his name as an advertisement."

"Do you smoke cigarettes yourself?"

Mr. Cuppia laughed sorrily. "I should think so. I puff all day. Smoking cigarettes is part of my official duty, for I have to pass upon all the tobacco mixed in the establishment."

"Do you think that the demand for cigarettes in this country is increasing?"

"The Goverment returns show a falling falling off. Before 1869 there were no licenced manufacturers of cigarettes in the United States and the goods were imported. The immense home trade has sprung up within thirteen years."

"Is there much illicit manufacture of cigarettes?"

"Yes; the articles that justify a crusade are those made of assorted tobacco in tenement houses. Reputable dealers would gladly join philantropists in any effort to put down the illicit trade."

"What do you call assorted tobacco?"

"The stumps, butts, and other miscellany picked up in the streets by the Italian and Bohemian collectors. Those industrious aliens gather fragments of tobacco all over the city and make up into cigarettes. They have no process for extracting the concentrated nicotine in the butts, and their wares are put upon the market in all their native strength and impurity. Most of these products of Bohemian and Italian enterprises are sold out of town."

"Are your goods and those of other prominent manufacturers counterfitted?"

"Often, and some of the imitations are exceedingly close. We depend for the discovery of fraudulent cigarette-makers chiefly upon our own detectives, for the Government offers little or no protection. It is very much different abroad. In Europe there is perhaps less political freedom, but more pains are taken to prevent the public from being swindled. Adulteration or fraud in the manufacture of tobacco or any other article is soon detected and punished."

"You doubtless notice," Mr. Cuppia, said the reporter, a recent article in the London *Lancet* strongly condemning the use of cigarettes?"

Mr. Cuppia nodded.

"That article asserted that the proportion of nicotine is greater in cigarettes than in cigars?"

"It is a mistake, at least so far as regards fine goods. The tobacco used is very much milder than that of which cigars are made. Our tobacco is treated for two years before being made into cigarettes. It is first stripped——"

"Shocking!" exclaimed the modest reporter.

"That is, the stems are removed, so that the sap will not permeate the leaf. Then the leaf is carefully dried, and afterward steamed, and before being made up it is fermented. We use every means known to extract from the tobacco all qualities that injure the lips and give a scorching sensation to the mouth and throat. In consequence the cigarette smoke is, if I may so express it, cooler than that of cigars. In what the *Lancet* says about the use of cigarettes by boys, I heartily agree. Smoking, like every other unnatural and unnessary practice, is particularly harmful in persons who have not attained their full growth and development. But I do not see any reason for those tirades against cigarettes. Any physician will assert that the smoking of tobacco in pipes is the worst form of using the weed. The scientific man to whom I alluded a few moments ago, told me that the oil of tobacco from pipe-stems breeds a sore called smoker's patch on the lips, sometimes destroying them entirely. In Ireland, where the use of pipes has been universal, this disease has been alarmingly prevalent. The Irishman is gradually abandoning his cherished pipe though, and from year to year he smokes more cigarettes."

"Have you ever heard that cigarettes impair the growth of the mustache?" asked the reporter, twirling his own.

"Preposterous!" exclaimed Mr. Cuppia. "Look at mine, and recollect that I smoke cigarettes all the while."

The speaker possessed a fine, luxuriant, dark brown growth upon his upper lip.

"You remember Napoleon III?" asked Mr. Cuppia.

"Perfectly."

"Well, his mustache was historical, and yet he smoked cigarettes from the time the eagle was made to light on his head at Boulogne to the day when he gave himself up at Sedan."

"Does the use of cigarettes prevail to any marked extent among ladies?"

"In Spain and South America, the fair Senoras puff dantily. In the United States many women smoke, but I should not call most of them ladies."

"But some women who move in good society smoke, do they not?"

"Oh, yes; but it is done in the sanctity of their own homes. The yellow stained of tobacco on their taper fingers give them away, however."

As the reporter rose to take his leave, Mr. Cuppia said:

"You alluded to the article in the London *Lancet*. The London *Telegraph* contained a counter article, in which the writer complained that as soon as some one invents a new luxury, some one else discovers that it is pernicious and will ultimately ruin men if they persist in its use. In eastern countries, cigarettes are part of the conversation, in England, part of the dress. At many gentleman's house, cigarettes are part of the menu at dinner. Ladies smoke, and no one thinks less of them for it.

"After all," continued Mr. Cuppia, with the air of a philosopher, "morality is very much a matter of fashion. We are told that ladies in England use cigarettes, and yet when I was in Boston once, I was informed that it was not merely wrong, but illegal, to smoke on Sunday. Understand me, please, I know men who smoke three or four packages of cigarettes in a day. I think they are fools. Excess of any kind is bad, whether it be in smoking, drinking, eating or attending prayer-meeting. But it is unfair to denounce an article because some people cannot use it without hurting themselves. Tobacco is, as I said at the beginning of our conversation, a poison A normal constitution does not crave it and should never come in contact with it; but in our nervous age, thousands of men require the soothing effect that tobacco undoubtedly gives, and those who smoke cigarettes take their poison in a shape at once pleasant and comparatively harmless. Put that into your pipe——"

"But you say pipes are hurtful?"

"Into your cigarette-holder, then, and smoke it."

The New Ruler of Central Asia.

Gen. Tchernaieff may be expected to take up his quarters in Tashkent. Until eclipsed by Gen. Scobeleff the new ruler of Central Asia was regarded as what the Americans would style the banner-bearer of the Slavonic cause, and since the death of the hero of Plevna he has regained his position as the ablest military champion of the Slavs. During the Servian campaign, when, with 4,000 Russian volunteers and the undisciplined rabble of the Servian militia, he kept at bay for four months the flower of the Turkish army, he was hailed as "the Garibaldi of the Slavs," destined to deliver by his sword the oppressed nationalties of the East. His early laurels, however, won on a far different field, and it is to be the scene of his previous triumphs that he is now returning, not as the champion of revolution, but as the representative of the empire. Tchernaieff's career as a soldier began in the dolorous days of the Crimean campaign. He fought at Inkerman, defended the Malakoff, and, when the hopeless struggle was ending, he took part in blowing up the bridge across which the garrison of Sebastopol had made its retreat. When the treaty of Paris was signed, Tchernaieff found himself, after nine years' service in the army, a major on the staff, and with a considerable reputation for a young officer of eight-and-twenty. After serving for a short time in Poland, he made his first acquaintance with Asiatics in 1858, when he was dispatched to Orenburg, the Tashkent of that day. After a narrow escape from massacre at the hands of the Khivans in 1859, who surrounded his little force with overwhelming numbers, he made peace, and was busied with administrative and military duties until 1864, when his active career may be said to have begun in earnest. In the autumn of 1864 he had attempted to capture Tashkent, the capital of that region, by immediately after taking Tchemkent, and he had failed. At the beginning of 1865 he found himself at Tchemkent with a small force, in a position completely commanded by Tashkent, a town of 78,000 inhabitants, greatly coveted by the Emir of Bokhara, who was preparing to seize it. Notwithstanding the notorious reluctance of the home government to permit a new advance, Tchernaieff determined to anticipate the Bokharian Emir and seize the town. He had not quite 2,000 men, with four guns under his orders; but in June he set out for Tchemkent, dispersed a Kokandian army 15,000 strong, with 18 guns, and after a resistance costing him twenty-eight killed and eighty wounded, stormed Tashkent and put to flight its garrison of 30,000 men. Trouble ensued with the Bokharians, and in the course of the fighting Tchernaieff received a check which led him to retire on the Syrin Daria and wait for reenforcements. His activity, however, was so much condemned by the Czar that, although his brilliant martial exploit was rewarded by the present of a sword by the emperor, his excessive zeal was punished by recall. Since that time (1866) he has never been allowed to return to Turkestan. Tchernaieff, finding his military career cut thus abruptly short, thought of becoming a lawyer, but he ultimately elected to employ himself as an editor. He bought and edited the *Russky Mir*, and it whas as special correspondent of that paper that he first made his way into Servia in the shring of 1876. He had volunteered to go to Montenegro in the previous autumn, but funds were not forthcoming, and he had to stay at home.

A New Cereal.

Rev. H. H. Pratt, of South Carolina, who was for some time a missionary in South America, has presented to the public a new cereal, which he calls maliomaize. It is found in Columbia in large quantities, and forms the common food of the working classes there, and is also used for working animals. Mr. Pratt has been successfully growing it in South Carolina for several years. The cakes made from it, ground into meal, are preferred to cornmeal bread. The Savannah Guano Company's chemist pronounces it superior in food qualities to wheat. Experiments show that from fifty to one hundred bushels of clean seed per acre can be raised. Mr. Pratt describes the plant as follows: "The plant is allied to the sorghum and Guinea corn families, and should not be planted where there is any danger of mixing them. The grain is smaller and more mealy than the Guinea corn, the heads are larger and less compact, and the color is milk white instead of red. It differs from the sorghum in this, that the sugar it contains is fully converted into corn when the grain matures, so that the pith of the green stalks becomes as dry and tasteless as that of Indian corn when the stalk is dead. In Barranquilla, on the coast, where we have a dry season (which is a really a drought), of five or six months' continuance, I have had it planted in my garden, and after it had ripened one crop of seed, I have cut it down to the roots, in the midst of this dry season, and had a second crop, of inferior quality, of course, to shoot up at once from the roots. I have been told there that a third crop of fully ripened seed can thus be made from a single plant. I do not know what this can imply (for the soil at that season gets dry as a potsherd and nearly as hard), unless it means that above most other plants this lives off the atmosphere, which there certainly is densely charged with moisture from the sea. It was this unlimited capacity to stand drought which induced me to bring the seed home, in the belief that it would be of incalulable service to our Southern States, where our crops so often fail from drought.

"No Dollar Hoss."

"I'll show you, boys, I've got no dollar hoss," said Farmer Ritchart to the Cleveland horse jockeys. They made fun of the old man when he entered his horse in the 2:33 class, and thought he was a green one and no mistake. The horse had sand burrs in his tail and had been christened St. Louis, as another evidence that he was slow. He started in and came near being distanced in the first heat. The old man thereupon got all the bets he wanted at a hundred to one. Then St. Louis was let out and came in away ahead in three straight heats. It was after the second heat that Farmer Ritchart gave expression to the words at the beginning of this paragraph. "I'll show you, boys, I've got no dollar hoss." The "boys" were satisfied.

The Good-For Nothings.

In most of the United States laws have been made to prevent the waste of property by spendthrifts. The Puritans gave us these laws, with others which are no longer in use. The spendthrift laws have been wisely retained for the reason that they tend to keep families from want and suffering. When a man is wasting his property so that his family are liable to become pampers, it is the duty of the officers of the town in which he lives to ask the courts to declare him a spendthrift, and to appoint a guardian over him. This petition, once made, cannot be withdrawn, for it is made for the benefit of the spendthrift's family, as well as to secure the town from ever having to support them. After a guardian has been appointed the spendthrift cannot make any binding contracts except for necessaries, such as food and clothing If he sells any of his property, his guardian can take it away from the buyer. Money borrowed to pay a lawyer for opposing the appointment of the guardian must be repaid. Bargains made by the spendthrift and agreed to by the guardian are binding. He must bring his lawsuits, if he has any, in his own name. The guardian must see that he has a good lawyer, and that the action is properly managed. For example: a guardian once brought suit for a divorce against the wife of his spendthrift ward, and the judge refused to grant it, saying: "It could not be known that the party ever gave his assent to the prosecution, If he wishes a divorce and has good ground to obtain one, he must file his libel(*petition*) in his own name. If the property has been obtained from the spendthrift by fraud, his guardian can get it back, though the fraud was committed before his appointment. It is the guardian's duty to see that his ward does not suffer from want. When the spendthrift's property is entirely used up, the guardian may spend his own money and look to the town for payment. He cannot sell the ward's land without the consent of the officers of the town. They are liable for the spendthrift's support if the estate is not large enough, and therefore have a right to object to any change in the property in which it is invested. For examples of spendthrifts, we may point to the idlers, whom we see lounging before low places in which liquors are sold. In these places, they recklessly waste their time and their money in drinking, gambling and dissipation. Besides these restraints the criminal law provides for the punishment of spendthrifts. Habitual drunkards, the most common class of spendthrifts, form a large part of the inhabitants of every jail. A crime is not excused because the offender was intoxicated when it was committed. On this point a distinguished judge laid down the law as follows: "Although the use of intoxicating liquors does to some extent blind the reason and exasperate the passion, yet, as a man voluntarily brings it upon himself, he cannot use it as an excuse or justification or extenuation of crime. Gambling, another way in which a man may be a spendthrift, is offense against the law. Buildings used for gambling are what are called, legally, common nuisances and the owners are liable to imprisonment. Implements and tools used by gamblers are daily seized and destroyed by the police of our large cities. If a person loses a sum of money by gambling, he can bring a law suit against the winner, and get it all back. Spendthrifts who waste their time and money in gaming-houses grog-shops are punished by being sent to prison. These safeguards and punishments do much good by warning foolish people from vice, and by saving families from the want and suffering of poverty.

Frogs for The Feast.

Frogs are most plentiful about the months of June and July. Then, as the colder weather comes, they bury themselves in the mud and lie dormant through the winter. The largest supply in early summer comes from League Island, in the Delaware river, very near Philadelphia. After July the frogs are caught and shipped from Canada. The town of Perth, Ontario, has the most important trade and derives quite a handsome revenue from the shipment of the frogs to New York and Chicago. There is no distinguishable difference between the Pennsylvania and Canadian breeds, the frogs of both being nearly of the same size and appearance. The Southern catch is considered the most profitable, because it reaches the market at the opening of the season and furnishes a new delicacy. In the course of the season New York receives from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds per day. The price averages about 50 cents a pound, but as the supply diminishes it reaches the retail prices of 60 and 75 cents. In the summer of this year Canadian frogs sold for 25 cents. It is noticeable that the frogs are becoming scarcer every year. The consumption of them as an edible is rapidly increasing, and I have no doubt but that in a few years they will not be purchasable. A number of persons have tried to cultivate them, but as yet no one has found food for the young fry. If a number are placed together in a tank they will inevitably starve, and we can do nothing to save them. The manner in which a frog is caught is, perhaps, the most peculiar part of any frog story. They are captured by the small boy, who with a pole, hook and piece of red flannel does the desperate deed. The flannel is lowered into the water over the head of the frog and he becomes entranced, as it were, by the slowly descending piece of color. As he remains motionless the hook is dropped beneath his mouth and by a rapid movement the boy lifts his pole and lands the frog. After they are caught they are skinned and are relieved of their hind legs. These are packed in boxes and shipped to various parts of the country.

Beer as a Timepiece.

Beer is often directly or indirectly a subject for German wit, as in the following case. A picture represents a typical German lying in an unmistakable German bed, which is made narrow and nearly as long as an average human being. Upon a table at the bedside are two glasses of beer, each holding a litre, and the man holds a third in his hand. A friend is standing near, and asks:

"What does this mean? You are sick abed, but still drink as much beer as ever."

"You don't understand," replies the invalid.

"You see the doctor has ordered me to take my medicine at 10 o'clock every day; but as I can't rely on my clock I have the waiter at the restaurant bring me three glasses of beer every day at 8 o'clock. I always drink just so fast and when I empty the third glass I know it is just 10 o'clock."

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Texas has 137,000 square mile destitute of inhabitants.

—There is an enormous sponge crops along the Florida coast.

—An attempt is being made to grow cotton in Southern Iowa.

—England derived last year $2,700,000 from the duty on carriages.

—Judge S. L. Calhoun has resigned from the judiciary in Mississippi.

—Electricity displaces oil in forty-two lighthouses on the French coast.

—Sir William Temple, ex-Governor of Bombay, is the latest lion at Newport.

—The aggregate system of the Pennsylvania Company covers 10,015 miles of track.

—Complaints of the savages of the boll worm are multiplying in Sumter county, Ala.

—The property of the Boston and Albany Company in Boston is valued at $7,000,000.

—Ninety-three thousand acres of land have been planted in Kansas this year with timber.

—The number of passengers carried by the railways in United State is 375,000,000 a year.

—Dr. Pusey was buried in the same vault where the body of his wife was placed forty years ago.

—The population of Athens, Ala., is 8,000, and its valuation $8,000,000—a thousand to each inhabitant.

—Dr. John Hall, of New York, has been visiting and preaching in his native neighborhood in Ireland.

—On the western end of the Canadian Pacific road 8,000 Chinamen and 3,000 whites and Indians are employed.

—The average annual rainfall on Dartmouth, Devonshire, England, where the great convict prison stands is 80 inches.

—Gov. Plaisted, of Maine, contradicts the story that he intends to move to the West upon the expiration of his term of office.

—It is estimated that there are three thousand industrial establishments in the Republic of Mexico where steam power is used.

—It is stated that 3,000 depositors in Connecticut savings banks have not made inquiries about their money for twenty years past.

—Over 300,000,000 pickles were raised this season by the Suffolk county farmers. The pickles sold for $1.75 to $2.25 per th