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LOVE'S SEASON.

In sad sweet days when hectic flushes
Burn red on maple and sumach leaf,
When sorrowful winds wail through the rushes,
And all things whisper of loss and grief,
When close and closer bold Frost approaches
To snatch the blossoms from Nature's breast,
When night forever on day encroaches—
Oh, then I think that I love you best.

And yet when winter, that tyrant master,
Has buried autumn in walls of snow,
And bound and fettered where bold Frost cast her
Lies outraged Nature in helpless woe,
When all earth's pleasures in four walls centre,
And side by side in the snug home nest
We list the tempests which cannot enter—
Oh, then I say that I love you best.

But later on, when the Siren Season
Betrays the trust of the senile King,
And glad Earth laughs at the act of treason,
And winter dies in the arms of Spring,
When buds and birds all pass and flutter
To free fair Nature so long oppressed,
I thrill with feelings I cannot utter,
And then I am certain I love you best.

But when in spleen for the dreary summer
Reigns over the earth an iceless sky,
When Nature kneels to his royal comer,
And even the Sun flows hot with Love,
When Pleasure basks in the luscious weather,
And Care lies out on the sward to rust—
Oh, whether apart or whether together,
It is then I know that I love you best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Lippincott.

PRISCILLA'S MANAGEMENT

BY MARAH CROSSE FARLEY.

DEACON DODGE felt "blue" enough, as he sat down to his six o'clock tea, in his humble home on Forest Hill. It was not that the tea was either badly served or poor in quality, for he invariably purchased the best groceries the market afforded, and nothing Miss Prissy ever tried to do or make ever resulted in failure. It was neither the eatables nor yet the drinkables that caused the cloud on the deacon's brow. As he expressed it, he "felt blue as a whetstone," and the cause arose from the tightness in money circles.

Miss Prissy, the deacon's strong-minded daughter, perceived the lowering countenance, and wishing to conciliate the old gentleman a little, put an additional lump of sugar in his tea.

"Third, and lastly," he said, in an abstracted manner, as he passed the cup for refillment.

Prissy smiled almost involuntarily at this "power of habit" exemplified.

The worthy deacon, busy with his bread and butter, did not see his listener's face.

"I'll tell you what," said he, carefully adjusting his knife and fork, "unless something happens in our favor pretty soon, we are gone to smash completely."

Even the lingering shadow of the smile that had played round the corners of Prissy's mouth died out, and she looked anxiously at her father as he went on:

"There is a four-hundred-dollar mortgage on the house, with interest at seven per cent., and no man can stand such a per cent. as that. There is that one-hundred-dollar note, and two of fifty dollars each, besides one hundred and sixty dollars yet unpaid on the lumber, seventy-five dollars—got to come somehow—for the carpenters, twenty-five for the mason, twenty-five more for the painting. Besides, that leaves us with the house not yet half finished, the ground yet to be grubbed and laid out and fenced, and not a cent, mind you—not a single cent—to do it with."

The deacon leaned back in his chair and fairly groaned.

The strong minded Priscilla got up, and walking round to his side of the table, laid her hand on his arm.

"Listen to me, deacon," said she thoughtfully—she always called him that when she felt particularly in earnest—"listen to me, now, and I'll tell you the plan I have for extricating our affairs from financial annihilation."

"Talk away," growled the bear. "Talk, at any rate, is cheap enough, even in these hard times."

Prissy resolved to notice the slight put upon her tongue, and continued, bravely:

"You know you have always refused to keep a cow, pig, or chickens. Now, then, let us have all three, and I will show you it's fair that your interest money shall be forthcoming, besides having our grocery bill footed as it is made."

"Pshaw, Priss!" ejaculated he, with a groan of disapproval, "how could you do it? Besides, my credit isn't worth a blue bean. I haven't the money to pay for a cow, nor a pig, nor even the chickens, so there's an end of that."

In no wise discouraged, the strong minded young woman coolly continued:

"I have ways and means for all of 'em, deacon. And if you will solemnly agree to do in all things as I suggest and advise, I in turn will promise and ratify it, too, to take these debts and the unfinished house on my shoulders, metaphorically speaking, and in three years' time we will owe no man, and our house and ground shall compare favorably with any in the country."

The deacon considered a moment.

"Show me your ways and means, Priss."

"Well," a little reluctantly, "you know the Laurels? Mrs. Laurel wants to trade a young new milch cow, with the calf, for twenty-four yards of that new ingrain carpet of our, and as I have already carpet enough, besides that to cover all the floor we shall use for a year or so, I have accepted the offer. That's cow No. 1, eh?"

"Cow No. 1—yes."

"Uncle Bemus has taken a fancy to my gold watch, and wants to trade me a cow and a hog of the female persuasion for it, and as the watch is useless to me in our present circumstances, I have made up my mind to close with him. So there is cow No. 2, and aforesaid pig."

The deacon opened his eyes.

"'Pon my word, Priss, you're a born trader. But what about the chickens?"

"I have bought five—four hens and one rooster—of the Bowers, on 'tick,' as they say. The hens are wanting to set, and I shall send you to Neighbor Tootle for eggs to set them with. Tootle charges fifty cents per dozen for eggs, but his are an extra kind of large fowl that can be made to bring four dollars per dozen as early spring chickens by the first of June. I can have at least thirty or forty chicks for the June market and the proceeds therefrom will take up a certain note of yours. In the meantime the latter shall pay our household expenses as we go along. There shall be no butcher's bill, nor any other kind of a bill, run up for future settlement. The calves we will fatten and sell this fall, the hog ditto. Uncle Bemus always lets me keep the litter of pigs until next year, when they will fetch us something over a hundred dollars. The eight acres of ground, for the use of which we pay forty dollars, must be planted with corn, and I have already selected the seed. As the land is particularly clean and of uncommon good soil, the yield should be not less than seventy-five bushels to the acre, which, if corn comes down to an unprecedentedly low figure, will still pay all expenses for seed, rent, tillage, and leave us enough to fatten our hogs after all."

The deacon was silent from astonishment.

"I shall raise as many chickens as possible through the heat of the coming summer; so that the next spring I shall have eggs by the quantity, when the market reports quote a good price, with supply less than the demand."

"You talk like a farmer, Priss," ejaculated the dazed deacon. "When did you earn so much, I wonder?"

"Don't ask me questions, but promise me," giving him a tight squeeze.

"I promise."

She shook herself loose from him, and poured out for herself a cup of hot tea.

"Very well; go to work and make me some chicken coops and a hen house, and fetch home my hens to-morrow, and this fall I will show square accounts with some folks I know of."

In the course of time the cows were driven home, the chickens roosted in the deacon's hen house, and the "female hog, with her seven children, occupied the attention of the deacon's daughter. Of a morning Prissy went into the cellar and skimmed, and strained, and churned, and outside the deacon himself, with the spade and ax made good time among the stumps, thereby saving hired help and the additional cost of a wood pile.

The deacon had lived all his life under a lazy cloud. He couldn't cut wood, he said, because it made him so tired. He couldn't work at farming, because the weather was either too hot or too cold, or too wet or too dry. He couldn't stay all the while at his place of business (he was a photographer) and wait for customers, because he "wanted to get out and stretch his legs." But suggest the idea of an impossible enterprise to him, or ask him to invest in a lottery ticket, or talk travel, and directly the deacon was your man.

He was utterly and abominably lazy and selfish. He forced Prissy to pinch and save a dollar, while he would squander fifty, and have nothing to show for what he had paid out. Such is man—that is, so much of it as went by the name of Deacon Dodge.

One of the things the strong-minded girl got him to do was to make a fence, which she insisted should be hedge. A hawthorne hedge, she declared, was both beautiful and attractive, besides just as useful as any other.

So, under her vigilant generalship, he delivered some trees for the nurserymen and took his pay in hedge plants, which she made him set out and attend to.

Little by little she put the deacon on his mettle, until at last she herself was surprised to find how much she had made him accomplish. At the end of the first year he had grubbed their one and a half acres, put the first coat of paint on the house, made the fence, dug the cellar, built outhouses, cut all the fire wood and made five dollars a week besides.

At the end of their first year Prissy found she has sold six dozen chickens at four dollars per dozen, and had as many more to winter over. She had sold six hundred pounds of butter, at an average of thirty cents a pound. The two calves fetched twelve dollars readily, and the fatted hog twenty-seven more. Their household expenses had been just one hundred dollars, aside from what she had raised in the garden, and the butter and eggs were of home manufacture, also. She spent not a penny for clothing.

Together they checked off accounts one evening, and to his intense surprise the deacon found a little matter of four hundred and fifty dollars to his credit, besides having a much better start for the next year.

He paid the balance due on his lumber, and thankfully took up three other notes, after which he breathed more freely. The next year the invincible Prissy sold two hundred dollars' worth of hogs, sixty dollars' worth of eggs, and ten dozen chickens, still keeping household and personal expenses at the lowest possible point.

The deacon, too, had better luck, or perhaps attended more strictly to his business, and the end of the second year was also the death knell of the insatiable mortgage.

As this is no fancy sketch, but, on the contrary, is a veritable "leaf from life," I cannot state what the result was for the third year of Miss Prissy's management.

But I saw the deacon the other day trimming his hedge, which was all white and sweet with bloom, and he tells me that the carpenters are busy at his house, and that he shall have enough produce to dispose of in the fall to take him completely out of debt. He certainly has the handsomest place in the country, and by far the most stylish house. As for Prissy, her face is tanned a light brown, and her hands are not quite so white and small as they once were—not "so useless by half," she says, turning them over carefully, and showing the little calloused lumps on the palms.

"But we are out of debt anyway," she added, triumphantly. "This thing of being drained by every other person one sees is anything but funny."

May Forrest Hill long outshine its neighbors, and stand as a striking memento of one woman's will.—New York Weekly.

A WOMAN judges men with her ears; a man forms his opinions of women with his eyes.

WHEN DAYS WERE FOUR HOURS LONG.

That Was Some Time Ago, and the Earth Traveled Much Faster.

To day is longer than yesterday; to-morrow will be longer than to-day. The difference is so small that even in the course of ages it can hardly be said to have been distinctly established by observation, says The Story of the Heavens. We do not pretend to say how many centuries have elapsed since the day was even one second shorter than it is at present; but centuries are not the units which we employ in tidal evolution. A million years ago it is quite probable that the divergence of the length of the day from its present value may have been very considerable. Let us take a glance back into the profound depths of time past and see what the tides have to tell us. If the present order of things has lasted the day must have been shorter and shorter the farther we look back into the dim past. The day is now twenty-four hours; it was once six hours. How much farther can we go? Once the six hours is past we begin to approach a limit which must at some point bound our prospect. The shorter the day the more is the earth bulged at the equator; the more the earth is bulged at the equator the greater is the strain put upon the materials of the earth by the centrifugal force of its rotation. If the earth were to go too fast it would be unable to cohere together; it would separate into pieces just as a grindstone driven too rapidly is rent asunder with violence. Here, therefore, we discern in the remote past a barrier which stops the present argument. There is a certain critical velocity which is the greatest that the earth could bear without risk of rupture, but the exact amount of that velocity is a question not very easy to answer. It depends upon the nature of the materials of the earth; it depends upon the temperature; it depends upon the effect of pressure, and on other details not accurately known to us. An estimate of the critical velocity has, however, been made, and it has been shown that the shortest period of rotation which the earth could have, without flying into pieces, is about three or four hours. The doctrine of tidal evolution has thus conducted us to the conclusion that, at some inconceivably remote epoch, the earth was spinning round its axis in a period approximating to three or six hours.

An Old Settler.

Geologists agree that many thousands of years ago—they do not agree on the number of thousands—great ice fields, or immense glaciers, moved slowly out of the north over a large part of the United States and Europe. These glaciers were so thick that they have left on the top of the White Mountains bowlders which they had carried hundreds of miles, and they had much to do with shaping the hills and valleys of New York, Pennsylvania, and New England. The marks made by these glaciers as they ground and crushed their way over the rocks are still plainly visible in many places, and it is easy to trace the large bowlders they carried northward to regions where such stone occurs in large quantities.

Those were days of great things, and among the huge creatures that roamed about in the region of the advancing glacier was the Elephas Americanus, or American elephant. Part of the skeleton of one of these animals has just been unearthed at Carl Junction, Missouri, and sent to the Washington University. These bones show this animal to have been from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and fifteen feet tall. It fed on trees and bushes, and a wagon-load of pine branches and cones would have made a light supper for this monster. Its molar teeth had grinding surfaces nine by four inches in size, and its tusks were nine feet long. Coarse long hair covered the big fellow from head to toes, and a drove of such animals must have been an imposing sight, even in the presence of the mighty glaciers.

In a cave in France has been found, scratched on a bit of ivory tusk, a rude picture of one of these prehistoric mammoths. This picture is supposed to be the oldest known, and was made by some man or boy who was more clever than his fellows, but who lived in a cave, ate raw meat, and wore scanty clothing made from untanned skins of wild beasts which the filthy and savage men of those far-off times killed with clubs and stones. It may be, therefore, that human beings saw the living animal, pieces of whose skeleton were dug the other day from beneath twenty feet of soil out in Missouri.—Harper's Young People.

How Deaf Mutes Dance.

"I never felt so lonesome in my life," said a gentleman recently, "as when I chanced to be thrown one day with a picnic party of deaf mutes. They could understand each other, laughed and carried on and had a good time generally, while I sat like a mummy, apart, looking on, but unable to participate in any of the fun.

"One thing that surprised me greatly," he continued, "was to see them indulge in dancing. I had always supposed that it was absolutely essential to hear the rhythm of the music in order to keep the time of a waltz or a polka. To be sure they had an orchestra on the dancing barge, and for a time I regarded that as peculiar, for few if any of the party could hear the strains.

"After a little thought I solved the mystery. The mutes could not hear the music, but they felt it, which was just as effectual. To be sure of the matter I spoke to the leader of the orchestra and he assured me that my surmise was correct, and that when he was employed by the party it was expressly stipulated that he should bring his biggest bass drum and bass viols. The deep tones were more vibratory than the others and the mutes kept excellent waltz time by feeling the vibration of the wood flooring upon which they danced."—New York Herald.

—The long distance telephone has been put in operation between Norway and Sweden, and his Majesty at Christiania can communicate directly by word of mouth with his ministers at Stockholm.

HAPPY is the man who knows what he wants and never entirely loses faith that he will some day get it.

THE ERUPTIVE FEVERS.

Symptoms That Every Mother Should Be Able to Recognize.

The most important members of the group of eruptive fevers are small-pox, measles, and scarlet fever. Others of minor importance are chicken-pox, cow-pox or vaccine disease and German measles. All are characterized by an eruption upon the skin as a prominent feature of the disease. All are contagious in a high degree and run a definite course, which cannot be stopped by any known means. The ability to distinguish between the different members of the group, at as early a date as possible, is often of the utmost importance, in order to prevent the spread of the disease.

The time from the date of exposure until the first appearance of the fever varies in small-pox from five to twenty days, with an average of twelve days; in measles it is usually from six to ten days, sometimes extending fourteen or fifteen; in scarlet fever the average is from four to six days, with an extreme variation of from one to fourteen days.

The initial fever in each case presents the features common to all fevers, with certain differences which are not always well marked. The beginning of small-pox is especially characterized by a severe headache and pain in the back. In measles there are the usual features of a cold in the head with a bronchial cough. In scarletina vomiting and convulsions are especially common in children. The best medical authorities declare that, while a probable opinion may often be formed from the attendant circumstances, such as the prevalence of the disease and known exposure, it is often impossible to determine the disease with certainty until the appearance of the characteristic eruption. The eruption in small-pox appears first around the mouth and chin, on the third day of the fever; in measles, it appears first on the forehead and temples, on the fourth day; and in scarlet fever, on the face, neck, and chest simultaneously, on the second day of the fever.

In small-pox the eruption consists of small, red pimples, becoming vesicles, and then pustules, with a minute depression in the center: in measles, of small red dots like flea bites; and in scarletina, of a bright scarlet rash evenly diffused.

The fever lessens on the first appearance of the rash in small-pox, but increases again in its later stages. In measles, the fever increases as the rash makes its appearance and declines gradually as it disappears. In scarlet fever, it continues unabated until the fading of the rash, when it falls rapidly.

The usual duration of favorable cases of small-pox, from the initial fever to convalescence, is from two to three weeks; of measles, from six to ten days; and of scarlet fever, from eight to nine days.

A Prisoner Saves the Bailiff's Life.

A supposed criminal was arrested the other day by a policeman at Kelheim, in Bavaria, and was walking along with his captor beside the Danube, when suddenly he jumped into the water. The weather had been very severe, and there were great blocks of floating ice stretching right across the stream. Springing from block to block the prisoner succeeded in gaining the opposite bank followed at a distance by the policeman. But the policeman was less nimble, and he fell into the swiftly flowing river. Here (remarks the London Daily News) was a very nice question of casuistry. Ought the man who was under arrest to stand by and see a fellow-creature, and even a policeman, drowned, or ought he to risk his own life to save him, with the prospect of putting the fetters once more upon himself? To the credit of human nature, the prisoner did not hesitate a moment. He plunged in and brought the policeman safely to dry land. Then it was the turn of the policeman to be generous. He offered to represent the matter to the proper authorities with a view to obtaining a life-saving medal for his preserver. The latter, however, did not see the matter quite in the same light. He claimed his liberty and the other agreed he had earned it, and giving him a couple of marks for himself, dismissed him with a blessing. The fugitive has not yet been recaptured.

A Tame Mountain Lion.

The author of "A Ride Through Wonderland," says that she was invited, when in Colorado, to visit a hunter's store and see a mountain lion; the only one, as its owner asserted, which had ever been tamed. It was in a little back room, chained to an iron staple in the floor, round which it was pacing, uttering low growls.

It appeared very much like a small panther, and seemed anything but tame, snarling at us as if it longed to spring. It was in awe of its master, however, and cowed down every time he cracked his whip. He made it do several tricks with a retriever dog, which did not seem to like the task very well.

"Come and kiss Miss Pussy," said the man, and the dog went up to it, laid a paw upon its neck, and licked its face.

The master then put a piece of meat on its nose, and told the dog to fetch it away.

"He doesn't care for this part," was his comment. "She has had him by the throat once or twice. Just look at her iron paws! One blow would lay you dead as mutton. What, you brute, you would, would you!"

Miss Pussy had tried to gnaw his boot, and needed to be lashed off.

"Did you ever take her out?"

"Oh, yes, she goes walking with me in the mountains, sometimes. I take her chain off when we're out of the town, but I'm precious careful to follow her, and never let her step behind me!"

Quite an Item.

Closefit (to wholesale manager)—Have you made up the list of things in our line affected by the tariff? Manager—Yes, sir; everything, save one item, is raised enormously. Closefit—And what item is that? Manager—Salaries!—Puck.

—The first arithmetic using the decimal system was published in 1482.

NUMISMATICS IN CHINA.

Some Collections of Coins in the East Go Back 4,200 Years.

China is the paradise of the numismatist. The collections of cash, according to Consul Edward Bedloe's report to the State Department, quoted by the Philadelphia Bulletin, are something marvelous. They are small coins of bronze, brass, copper, or silver, ranging in intrinsic value from 1-20 of a cent to 25 cents. The oldest of these coins on record appeared about 2,300 B. C. Over 150,000 different kinds of cash are preserved in collections. Some are wonderful examples of coinage, but most of them are clumsy and coarse. The numismatist can work all his life, spend very little money and leave to posterity thousands of coins. All he needs to do is to confine his work to the collection of cash, the small coins in brass and bronze, whose value ranges from 1-10th to 1-14th of a cent. Their workmanship varies, but is usually very good. Their shape to-day is like that of European coins, with the exception that through the center is a square hole through which the coins are strung together like beads. In the past, however, other forms were employed, including the square, triangle, heart, ellipse, shield, key, sword, and spear. The number of kinds is simply immense. They are referred to in the literature as far back as 250 B. C. "The earliest that I have heard of," says Consul Bedloe, "dates from the Ts'in dynasty, which ruled from 225 to 207 B. C. From that time until to-day these useful little coins have been used by every monarch, no matter whether he was an emperor of the entire country or king of one of the petty principalities into which, from time to time, the Chinese Empire was broken. There have been over 1,200 occupants of the various thrones, royal and imperial. In addition to these regular issues, if such they may be called, there have been special issues from time to time and also special local issues. A wealthy mandarin in Canton is said to have the finest collection extant, containing 25,000 specimens of different kinds."

The cost increases as you go backward in time. The cash of this century can be secured at their nominal face value. Those of the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries bring from 1 cent to 10 cents each. Those of the Han dynasties, from 206 to 100 A. D., bring $100 each when in fine state of preservation. These true antiques are found in ancient tombs and ruins. Several hundred were discovered in Amoy this year in digging a grave, when the laborers broke into an old tomb several feet below the surface of the soil. The coins lay in a pretty earthenware jar, and were encrusted with a thin layer of malachite that here and there had been changed by moisture into azurite. The coins were sold by the lucky coolies in the next twenty-four hours, and are said to have brought $1 apiece, an immense sum to men working for 12 cents a day. To succeed in collecting cash a person must be a fine Chinese scholar. The labor thereby involved is so severe as to preclude most collectors from indulging in the pleasure to any great extent.

Be Joyful.

In that magnificent anthem in which the line recurs—"Be joyful, be joyful, my heart ever joyful," lies a suggestive secret for all true living. Despair and doubt and depression are unhealthful, are destructive of all worthy work, are corrosive in their effect upon character. The religious significance of gladness is shown all through the scriptures. "Be glad in the Lord," we are told. "Rejoice greatly," "Lift up your hearts." These are but familiar examples of a multitude of similar expressions. Depression is such an enervating and negative state as to be almost immoral. One has trials to meet, difficulties, hardships, even; obstacles to overcome. What of them? Is there not the triumph in overcoming? Is it not they who overcome whose names are marked by a white stone? What am I, what are you, what is our neighbor, than any or all of us should be exempt from the discipline of life? If the suffering burns out the sin; if the difficulties we encounter create new energy to surmount them; if the consequences of our faults and follies teach us to live above such follies and faults in future—shall we not rejoice? Surely, one is not in love with one's sins, negligences, or ignorances, and the sooner they are starved out, and driven out, and purified, the better. Sorrow, too—the loss of friends; the sorrow we feel, and sometimes the most keenly, through sympathy with the sorrows of others; disaster and misfortune—all these come more or less into every life with their varied discipline, their varied aid. What then? Lift up your hearts. Rejoice in the Lord. Let it all tend to the spiritualization of life. Not because one is safely housed and sheltered from the storm, but because he has achieved the power of living above the storm, may he say, in the refrain of Buddha and of the cowherd, in the beautiful legend, "Rain on O, cloud, rain on!"

Cigars Without Any Poison.

In the fertile brain of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell was conceived some time since the idea of an anti-nicotine cigar, which is now in great demand among inveterate smokers, says the Philadelphia Record. The illustrious neurologist numbers among his patients many suffering from nervous diseases, the result of excessive smoking. To these he was wont to say: "You must give up smoking altogether if you wish to regain your health." The patients demurred. The doctor admitted it was rather hard, and began to look about for some alternative plan. He felt that if a cigar could be manufactured from which all or the greater portion of the nicotine were extracted the effect upon the smoker would be practically harmless. The idea was explained to a well-known local manufacturer, who at once had the cigars made after the plan suggested by Dr. Mitchell. The Vuelta Abajo tobacco, used for the filler, and the Connecticut wrapper are subjected to what is termed the "double resweating" process. The materials are placed in a steamroom for four or five hours, after which they are taken out and subjected to a natural drying for a day or two. This operation is thrice repeated, after which the tobacco is considered practically free of nicotine. Many prominent men have tabooed the stronger brands of the new cigar without prescription and through choice. The manufacturer estimates his sale for the first three months at 1,000 boxes.

Useful Skunks.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune says that the hop-growers of Otsego County have discovered—what naturalists have long been trying to make farmers understand — that skunks, instead of being their enemies, as they formerly supposed, are among their most useful friends. As one hop-grower expressed it, "Nowadays we protect skunks as carefully as we do song-birds."

Hop-yards, it appears, are infested by a certain kind of grub which gnaws off the tender vines at the root, and this grub is the favorite food of the skunk.

As a general thing the skunks sally forth at nightfall, but now and then they are to be seen at work in broad daylight. The proceeding is an interesting one to watch.

The skunk begins his quest on the edge of the yard, where he cocks his head over a hill of hops and listens. If a grub is at work upon one of the four trailing vines, his quick ear is sure to hear it. At once he begins to paw up the earth, and presently he is seen to uncover the grub and swallow it with unmistakable relish.

Then he listens again, and if he hears nothing, proceeds to the next hill. And so he goes on till he has had his fill.

Now that the skunks are no longer molested, they have become comparatively fearless. Sometimes, we are told, they keep up their operations even while the cultivator is driven between the rows.

One man rejoiced in the presence of a skunk family—two old ones and their five kittens. The young ones followed their father and mother about the yard in broad day light, while people stood looking on. They were both ornamental and useful; but one day two strange dogs came along and killed them. The farmer actually shed tears when he saw his seven pets lying dead on the ground.

False Economy.

There is nothing in which the average man and woman exercise greater false economy than that of time. They think to save it by crowding into an hour the thoughts that should occupy three, and as to duties—why if planning could perform them—the whole week, from Monday morning to Saturday night, would finish up the first day.

The true economist plans for to-morrow, allowing a reasonable time for each duty, while a little margin for emergencies, and then allows the matter to rest. The false economist likewise plans for to-morrow, but each half hour is crowded up to the last minute, and three-fourths of to-day is full of anxiety lest something will be left undone. To-morrow arrives to find the worker half unfitted through the worry of the day before, for such work as could have been easily performed. So there is a sense of defeat added to the anxiety for the next day. Thus the worry accumulates, until nervous prostration lays its victim low. Then the rest which should have been taken daily and hourly, is all taken at once, in one long stretch, perhaps of weeks, perhaps of months. Nature will not be gainsaid, and those who will do all their work at one time must do all their resting at one time. She is just, and will even up the balance.—Leisure Hours.

Canned Vegetables.

There are few things more unappetizing than the canned goods put up in tins, as they are ordinarily served—that is, simply turned out into a saucepan and heated.

A very important precaution to take is to turn out the contents of a can several hours before they are wanted, which will cause them to lose the peculiar, stifled, close taste, frequently combined with solder, that too often clings to them.

Peas should be drained of their liquor and heated with a spoonful of water, a lump of butter, half a teaspoonful of fine sugar and salt and pepper. Or, make a thin white sauce with milk, butter seasoning and a bit of flour, and heat them in this.

Canned corn needs a little milk or cream, butter and seasoning, and it must only get thoroughly hot. Cooking toughens it.

You can make a corn pudding with two cupfuls of chopped canned corn, one of milk, one egg beaten in half a cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper.

For corn pancakes mix as above, adding half a cupful more of milk, flour to make a thin batter, and a teaspoonful of baking powder.

Pancakes made of canned peas, after the same receipt, are not bad.

Canned tomatoes are nice stewed and baked in alternate layers with boiled rice or boiled macaroni, seasoning the layers with butter, pepper and salt.

Canned asparagus makes nice asparagus cream soup, and may be served in every way the same as the fresh.—Albany Cultivator.

The Cheek of This.

Says the St. Louis Star-Saying: "The letters brought out by the death of Blaine and published over the signature of "Mack," in the late issues of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat," are the choicest contributions to the higher grade of political literature that the newspapers have seen for many a day. They combine a style that is hard to surpass with a mass of information, much of which is the result of the writer's intimate and confidential relations with the men about whom he speaks. They are from the pen of Mr. J. B. McCullagh, the editor of the "Globe-Democrat," and they show conclusively that he has not lost one iota of his oldtime vigor. All we regret about them is that they were not published in "The Star-Sayings," where they could have that wide circulation to which their merits entitles them."

SMILES OF CONTENTMENT

ISSUED FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to the Old or Young—Jokes that Everybody Will Enjoy Reading.

Bird, Beast, Nor Fowl.

"What's this?" asked the new boarder, suspiciously, as he turned over with his fork something the waiter had brought him. "It doesn't seem to be fish, flesh, or good red herring." "You're right," replied the oldest boarder, knowingly; "it's stripe."—Buffalo Express.

A Frenchman's Sentiments.

M. Prudhomme having been asked to write something in a friend's album, wrote this: "I envy bachelors for their liberty, love women for their poetry, and married men for their misfortunes."—Exchange.

Parker's Little Joke.

"Parker's fire-insurance policy covered the coal in his cellar and the other day he put in a claim for all the coal he'd burned." "What did the company do?" "Had Parker arrested for arson."—New York Sun.

Cynical.

"Good!" said Mr. Caustick, at the breakfast table, to Mrs. Caustick. "Senator Sypher is dead and his obituary is in this paper." "But why do you call it 'good'?" "Because now we stand some chance of learning why they ever elected him to the senate."—Exchange.

As Natural as Life.

First Little Girl—I've got a doll that can say "mamma," and you ain't! Second Little Girl—I don't care. Papa's goin' to get me a doll that I can wind up and it'll wake up in the middle of the night an' it'll cry for two hours.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Public Benefactor.

Day—A man who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before is a public benefactor, is he not? Weeks—Yes, provided they do not grow under his feet.—General Manager.

"Pussonal Magnitude."

"Yes, sah," said the barber, as he played a reveille on the strop with his razor-blade, "some bahbahs may be jus' as good as others, only they don't suit some men. You see, it's a question of pussonal magnitude; a bahbah may not be of the right temperature to suit a customer."—Life.

Risky.

Irate Father—Young man! I am outraged, sir, that you should seek to marry my daughter on so short acquaintance. You are almost a stranger to her. Stubbs (firmly)—Well, she doesn't take any more chances than I do. She's almost a stranger to me.—Texas Siftings.

A Question of Propriety.

"Do you think it is proper for a lady to go to all the plays that the theaters present?" she asked. "It depends," he replied, "altogether on the size of your favorite hat."—Washington Star.

The Voice of Pessimism.

"Things never does go right in this world," said the pessimistic hired man. "Bedwire fences didn't come in until after leather pants had gone out of style."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Orphan.

Johnny Billows—It's awful on a boy to be both an orphan. Willie Fellows—Yes; he can't never get a lay-off from school on account of his mother bein' sick.—Brooklyn Life.

His Measure.

Hoffman Howes (desperately)—Give me a gun! I want to blow my brains out. Dealer—Try one of these air guns, young man.—General Manager.

The Congress of Modern Science.

Surely I have established my thesis that dirt is only matter in the wrong place. Chemistry, like a thrifty housewife, economizes every scrap. The horseshoe nails dropped in the streets are carefully collected and reappear as swords and guns. The main ingredient of the ink with which I now write was probably once the broken hoop of an old beer barrel. The chippings of the traveling tinker are mixed with the parings of horses' hoofs and the worst kinds of woolen rags, and these are worked up into an exquisite blue dye, which graces the dress of courtly dames. The dregs of port wine, carefully decanted by the toper, are taken in the morning as a seidlitz powder, to remove the effect of the debauch. The offal of the streets and the wastings of coal gas reappear carefully preserved in the lady's smelling bottle, or are used by her to flavor blanc manges for her friends. All this thrift of material is an imitation of the economy of nature, which allows no waste. Everything has its destined place in the process of the universe, in which there is not a blade of grass or even a microbe too much, if we possessed the knowledge to apply them to their fitting purposes.—North American Review.

Unruly Member.

What an experience it was, learning to write! And how many of us amiably and unconsciously made faces over it! For after we had learned where to place each finger, and how to move the pen, and how to hold the wrist, there was an unruly member that insisted upon helping us shape each letter.

Little Girl—Please ma'am, Johnny Smart is makin' mistakes in his writing lesson.

Teacher—How do you know?

Little Girl—There's three capital S's in the copy to-day, and he's makin' L's.

Teacher—You can't see his pen.

Little Girl—No'm, but I can see his tongue.—Good News.

SOME doctors who blush at the thought of advertising, have a habit of telling how they cured persons after all the other doctors had given them up.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The California big trees grow slowly.

—Peanuts are not cultivated in Africa. They grow wild.

—"Carpets that can't be beat," are advertised by a Kansas merchant.

—Edison says that gold is not as valuable nor as necessary as iron or lead.

—A lump of nickel weighing 4,530 pounds is worth half as many dollars.

—Every nation on the globe has had its "stone age" at some period of its history.

—Thrasher is the appropriate name of a school teacher in Hickory county, Indiana.

—Powerful air brakes are now being constructed for use on freight trains of 100 cars.

—The oldest known pottery is that of Egypt; some of it dates from nearly 4000 B. C.

—The distance from the farthest point of polar discovery to the pole itself is 460 miles.

—Rose leaf jam is a common dish in Roumania, where roses are grown by the million.

—Illuminated walking sticks are among the latest applications of electricity.

—A distinguished British scientist believes that the coming man will be toothless.

—The smallest races are the Eskimos and certain dwarfs in Africa; the largest the Patagonians.

—Dogs, horses, elephants, seals, kangaroos, bears and lions have been taught to box with gloves.

—The capital letter "Q" will be found but twice in the Old Testament and three times in the New.

—The oldest railroad in France runs between Paris and Havre. It was built more than half a century ago.

—Attempts have been made to counterfeit meteorites because they are so valuable, but without success.

—The oldest flute in the world is made of the thigh bone of a sheep and was found in a tomb on the Nile.

—The District of Columbia has the largest death rate from consumption of any part of the United States.

—The largest tomb in the world is the pyramid of Cheops, 461 feet high and covering thirteen acres of ground.

—Australia's summer is said to be so hot that matches accidentally dropped on the ground often become ignited.

—Fort Scott, Kan., has a new paper mill which is making paper from the refuse cane stocks of the sorghum sugar mill.

—Caricature by means of illustrations is said to have prevailed in Egypt as early as three centuries before the Christian era.

—It is estimated that territory equal to the whole surface of the globe has been dug over 120 times to get room for burial places.

—There is a coal mine at Nanaimo, in British Columbia, the galleries of which extend for a distance of twelve miles under the ocean.

—Only citizens who have the power to read and write have power to vote in Bolivia, and several other South American republics.

—In 1488 Henry VIII built the Royal Harry, considered to be the beginning of the modern English navy. This vessel was of 1,200 tons.

—Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, first divided the Bible into chapters and verses, this about the close of the twelfth century.

—At Chesterfield, England, there is a church with a very curious steeple. Whichever way the observer looks at it it appears to bulge out in that direction.

There is a haunted tree at North Searsport, Me., which shelters a spot where a murder had been committed. Moss has formed the initials "W. R." on the bark.

—The sword carried by Colonel Ethan Allen when he demanded the surrender of Fort Ticonderoga is on exhibition at the National Museum at Washington.

—A Canadian has invented a conductor's fare box for use on street railways. It registers every ticket or fare dropped in the slot and deals out dated transfer tickets automatically.

—The animal which most nearly resembles a plant is probably the hymenopus bicornius, an insect found in India, which bears an extraordinary likeness to the flower of an orchid.

—It is said that on account of the size and attractiveness of the sun, a man of 165 pounds weight removed to the surface of that orb from this planet, would "tip the beam" at no less than two tons.

—Camphor trees have been planted at Sanford, Fla., and give proof of adaptability to soil and conditions. This is the identical camphor tree from from which all the camphor of commerce is obtained.

—When you speak of bees, designate the kind referred to. There are 450 species popularly known as "wild bees," 3200 being natives of the Americas. Britain has seventy species of bees and sixteen of wasps; of the latter there are 170 species known to entomologists.

Pleasant Surprise.

An amusing instance of the simplicity of a little negro boy is told by a lady in whose family the lad lived for several years. When he was about seven years old he was set to earn words in an old spelling-book.

He at once became interested in watching a race between a small boy and old Father Time, as represented by an engraving, and every spare moment he had during the day he devoted to the contemplation of this chase, which was to him both real and exciting.

When bedtime came he reluctantly laid aside the book, and his study of "dat ol' feller wid de mowin' scyve" had to be given up for that day. The next morning the first thing he did was to get the old speller and turn its pages eagerly until he came to the exciting picture.

He gazed intently at the figures for an instant, and then exclaimed, with a scream of delight as he capered joyfully about the kitchen, book in hand:

"He ain' kotched 'im yit, no, sah! Cracky, he ain' kotched 'im yit!"