when he gave his order one day for a bowl of mock turtle soup.

"So it's you, is it?" said he.

"Yes, sir, it is I," said Ermina.

"I think you might have gone into some more creditable business," said he.

"Any business is creditable which honestly supports a girl," retorted Erminia, "and if you can suggest and improvement I am ready to listen."

Our timid little lassie has grown independent, see.—

Mr. Clay muttered something about "distorted ideas," and then burned his tongue with his hot soup, while the young banker's clerk, who came to lunch every day, and sat opposite, laughed in his sleeve.

"That's the prettiest girl I ever saw," thought Rudolph Penfield. "If I could afford to marry, and she were willing—two rather essential 'if's,' by the way—I would make her my wife. I don't think that I am very disagreeable to her, for gentle and modest as she is, I can see the color rise to her cheek when I come in; and I believe she would be a jewel of great price to shine on the breast of the lucky man who wins her."

Three weeks after, young Penfield had waxed more positive on the subject.

"I must have her," said he. "Little as the half of my salary is, it must be more than she earns here. And if my uncle looks favorably on the matter of my marriage, he'll be sure to do something handsome for us. I'll bring him here to see her. That will melt him."

And the next day Rudolph Penfield ordered cold roast lamb for two—himself and a portly old gentleman with grizzled hair and beard, and keen blue eyes like a January sky.

"Hallo!" said the old gentleman. "It's Hall's daughter!"

"It's Major Miles," thought Erminia.

"Come here, my dear," said the Major, "you're a girl of pluck. I like you. So does my nephew here. A girl who isn't afraid to work is the girl for my money."

And when, a few months later, Rudolph Penfield and Erminia Hall were married, the Major took them home to his brown stone house on Madison avenue,

"Rudolph must keep on working just the same," said the major. "I can't afford to support him in idleness. But I want Erminia in the house with me. She's pretty, and I like to look at her; she's smart and I like to talk to her."

The Bellairs Belton left their cards when they heard the young couple had been adopted by the wealthy Major Miles but Erminia never returned their call.

"I have worked out the problem of my destiny without any help from them," she said quietly.

And so she had.

All Sorts.

A woman once went home from church praising the sermon, and some one said to her: "Where was the text?" She had forgotten. "Well, what do you remember?" "Oh," said she. "I remember to burn up my half-bushel!" She kept store, and had used a false measure. She had heard a good sermon.

And elderly darkey was inquiring of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock-up for breaking up a prayer meeting with an axe handle. "Dat's him," exclaimed the overjoyed parent. "He told me he was gwine to 'muse himself."

The census takers of the Young Men's Christian Association of Jersey City report that there are "thirty five saloons to each church in that city." Why a church should have so many saloons is something we can't understand. We should think ten would suffice the largest church in the city.

Never except upon one occasion, was a prominent editor of a newspaper of Milwaukee known to refuse to take a joke; and that was the other day at noon, when the boys inked his spectacles and sent him home with a lantern to apologize to his landlady for being out till midnight.

It is related that during a recent public welcome given to General Butler at Bangor, Maine, there was stretched across a street, a flag, bearing the motto: "Welcome to General Butler, the 'Hero of Five Forks,' and God knows how many spoons."

Said a woman speaker in a New Haven suffrage meeting, "Woman in every respect is equal to man. Her reputation for heroic bravery—" At that moment a mouse ran into sight, and the lecturer jumped on the table and screamed.

A little girl four years old, created a ripple by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday school class: "Our dog is dead. I bet the angels was scared when they saw him coming up the walk. He is cross to strangers."

Presence of mind is a great thing. A Floyd avenue man, whose wife was attacked by a mad dog, promptly crawled under the step of a cooper's shop, and did not get hurt at all.

A man in Jersey City was urged to marry, but he replied: "I don't see it. My father was a single man, and he always got along well enough."

Inquisitive School Board Officer to Hibernian Parent: "Was your boy born in Glascae?" "No, sor; an' I hope he never will be."

"Sickness had impared his health," said a Wisconsin editor, which led a rival to remark: "Yes it often has that effect."

Everything is good in its season.

Farm and Household.

THE FARMER'S SONG.

We envy not the princely man,
In city or in town,
Who wonders whether pumpkin vines
Ran up hill or down;
We care not for the marble halls,
Nor yet his heaps of gold—
We would not own his sordid ear
For all his wealth twice told.

We are the favored ones of earth,
We breath pure air each morn;
We sow; we reap the golden grain;
We gather in the corn;
We toil; we live on what we earn,
And more than this we do—
We hear of starving millions round,
And gladly feed them too.

The lawyer lives on princely fees,
Yet drags a weary life;
He never knows a peaceful hour—
His atmosphere is strife,
The merchant thumbs his yard-stick o'er,
Grows ragged at his toll;
He's not the man God meant him for—
Why don't you till the soil?

The doctor plods through storm and cold;
Plods at his patients' will;
When dead and gone he plods again
To get his lengthy bill.
The printer, (bless his noble soul!)
He grasps the mighty earth,
And stamps it in our daily sheet,
To cheer the farmer's hearth.

We sing the honor to the plow—
And honor to the press—
Two noble instruments of toil,
With each a power to bless,
The bone, the nerve, of this fast age,
True wealth of human kind,
One tills the ever generous earth,
The other tills the mind.

Fertilizers.

A circular has just been published by the "Agricultural Experiment Station," of Conn., in which is admitted the uncertainty of results in applying commercial fertilizers to lands; yet farmers are interested in such fertilizers, because they cannot make upon their farms all the manure they need, and may have to buy phasphates, guano, etc., but often without much apparent benefit. The entire gist of the circular shows that farmers are entirely in the dark, (but not plainly admitted) in using any commercial fertilizer—that A. may apply one kind to land with good results, while B., his neighbor, may apply the same to similar crop, and derive no benefit at all, owing to the fact, that the lacking constituents in soils vary so much, even in adjoining fields, that it is impossible to tell what particular fertilizer to apply, while stable manure is sure to be all that is needed. The following extract from the circular contains the pith of all that is in it of interest.

"Some time ago, an intelligent farmer asked the writer which was the better fertilizers, phosphate or potash salts.—The reply was, and I know no better one, 'potash salts where potash is needed, phosphates where phosphates acid is needed, and nitrogenous manures where nitorogen is needed.' But if you don't know what your lands lacks, and want to make sure of a crop, and enrich your land at the same time, use your nitrogenous super phates and German potash salts together. The former will furnish nitrogene, phosphoric acid, sulphuric acid and lime; the latter potash and magnesia. Thus you will have a fertilizer, with all that the plant need a complete manure. At the same time it is well to remember that you may feed your crops, not only directly by giving them these ingredients in guanos, phosphoric, potash salts, and so on, but indirectly by rendering stores of plant food, present in the soil or atmosphere, available through tillage and the use of cheaper fertilizers. A little lime or plaster may be thus more valuable than an amount of phosphate or potash salts that would cost several times as much."

Feeding Stock in Winter.

There are many men in the United States, who have purchased an extensive steam apparatus to steam hay, stalks and grain for cattle, and feed them on steamed food; but I do not think that any farmer, no matter how extensive his steam arrangements may be, or how numerous his cattle, can save any expense in wintering stock in that manner. But as a matter of interest to those who steam fodder, or contemplate so doing, I annex what the *N. E. Farmer* says in regard to this subject: "At Mr. Stone's barn, we saw the thirty Ayrshires of all grades, from ten years or more down to as many weeks, take their evening meal of steamed feed, which has been cooking several hours in a large wooden box, mounted on wheels for convenience in transporting the contents from the boiler to all parts of the barn floor. The box is the largest we have ever seen used for this purpose. It is about eight feet long by four feet wine and three feet high and holds sixty bushels.

Baker's Yeast.

Boil two ounces of hops one hour in nine quarts of water take seven pounds of mashed potatoes, when the liquor is milk warm, and add one pound of sugar, two ounces of carbanate of soda, half an ounce of spirits of wine, one pound of flour, and half a pint of brewer's yeast to work it.