LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

an't see what our baby boy is dood for any way;
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser, billy tan,
And even tried to break, one day, my mamma's bestest fan.
He's al'ays tumblin' 'bout ze floor, and gives us awful scares.
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin' clothes;
An' once I found him hard at work a pin'in Doily's nose;
An' ze ozzer day zat naughty boy (now what you s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of kyin' good an' hard, as course he ought to done,
He laughed and kicked his head most off, as z'ough he sought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up high an' pull zings off ze shelf,
An' he's al'ays wantin' you, of course, just when you want you'se'f.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my curls,
Zay all was made a purpose for to 'noy us little durls.
An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby boys—
Why—why zat's him a kyin' now; he makes a dreffu' noise,
I dess I better run an' see, for he has—boo hoo!
Fell down the stairs and killed hisself, whatever shall I do!

A NARROW SQUEAK FOR NIAGARA.

[Mr. Oscar Wilde was at first disappointed with Niagara; he complained of its want of grandeur and variety of line, but he admitted that the colors of the Falls were beautiful. Underneath the Falls he realized their majesty and the strength of the physical forces at work.—Morning paper.]

Falls of Niagara! What shall I say to you?
What sort of view of your merits convey to you?
You who have so many visitors awed
(Mostly inferior persons, no doubt of it),
Shall I pronounce you successful or 'out of it?'
Are you consummate or are you a fraud?

Much as I fear that my hosts will be hurt if I
Cannot consent to your merits to certify;
Truth, which is quite too supremely divine,
May not be blinked without a mental impiety;
Where, then, Niagara, where's your variety?
Where, my poor Falls, is your grandeur of line?

Must I decide that you scarcely have got any?
Must I remark on your painful monotony?
Must I—since thus you continue to thrust
Water in floods on one's senses incessantly—
Animadvert on this feature unpleasantly?
Worthy cascade, I'm afraid that I must.

Tell me too, pray, is that curve satisfactory?
Are not those boulders perceptibly packed awry?
Is not the water a trifle too flat?
Look to the left of it, look to the right of it,
Look at the breadth as compared with the height of it;
Is there no room for improvement in that?

Still you have points which may serve you redeemingly—
Points which have won you your worshippers seemingly,
Since even I can allow their delight:
What though your curves may be moulded less gracefully?
Yet is your color distinctly too preciously
Toned into harmonies utterly right.

Ay, and in sooth at your stream when I look again
(More, when I enter that galleried nook again)
Something of majesty now do I note,
Nor can I question the force that is dashing you
Over the precipice, not to say splashing you
Over my wonderful fur-collared coat.

Yes, after all you may win the æsthetical
Judgment by—ha! the afflatus poetical!
Quick! the inn album at once, if you please!
"Back to that roar, as of mighty Democracy
Beating the shores of effete Aristocracy
Where the vain monarchs lie snoozing at ease."

Courage, Americans! closed is the ordeal,
Judged is the cause, and with sympathy cordial
Here I announce my decision to you,
Justly yet kindly can I in this matter act,
Lo! I approve of you, fortunate cataract;
Falls of Niagara! pass! you will do.

A FOOT-RACE FOR MONEY.

We make the following extract from the March installment of Edward Eggleston's serial "The Hoosier School-boy," now appearing in St. Nicholas.

Jack, the "Hoosier School-boy," has discovered some unencumbered property in Kentucky belonging to Mr. Francis Gray. This he intends to attach for a debt owed his father. His mother having declined an offer of compromise from Tinkham Gray's lawyer, these latter are discussing the reason of her refusal.

'They've got wind of something,' said Mr. Tinkham to Mr. Gray, "or else they are waiting for you to resume payment, —or else the widow's got money from somewhere for her present necessities.'

'I don't know what hope they can have of getting money out of me,' said Gray, with a laugh. 'I've tangled everything up, so that Beal can't find a thing to levy on. I have but one piece of property exposed, and that's not in this State.'

'Where is it?' asked Tinkham.

'It's in Kentucky, five miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and I havn't yet made up my mind what to do with it.'

'That's the very thing,' said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point, —'the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They've heard of that land, I'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price.'

'I'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land, and send it off from the mail-boat as I go down to-morrow,' said Gray.

'That'll be too late,' said Tinkham. 'Beal will have his judgment recorded as soon as the packet gets there. You'd better go by the packet, get off, and see the mortgage recorded yourself, and then take the mail-boat.'

To this, Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet 'Swiftsure,' he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also. Mr. Beal had warned Jack that he must not let anybody from the packet get to the clerk's office ahead of him,—that the first paper deposited for record would take the land. Jack wondered why Mr. Francis Gray was aboard the packet, which went no farther than Madison, while Mr. Gray's home was in Louisville. He soon guessed, however, that Gray meant to land at Port William, and so to head him off. Jack looked at Mr. Gray's form, made plump by good feeding, and felt safe. He couldn't be very dangerous in a foot-race. Jack reflected with much hopefulness that no boy in school could catch him in a straight-away run when he was fox. He would certainly leave the somewhat puffy Mr. Francis Gray behind.

But in the hour's run down the river, including two landings at Minuit's and Craig's, Jack had time to remember that Francis Gray was a cunning man, and might head him off by some trick or other. A vague fear took possession of him, and he resolved to be first off the boat before any pretext could be invented to stop him.

Meantime, Francis Gray had looked at Jack's lithe legs with apprehension. 'I can never beat that boy,' he had reflected. 'My running days are over.' Finding among the deck passengers a young fellow who looked as though he needed money, Gray approached him with this question:

'Do you belong in Port William, young man?'

'I don't belong nowhere else, I reckon,' answered the seedy fellow, with shuffling impudence.

'Do you know where the county clerk's office is?' asked Mr. Gray.

'Yes, and the market-house. I can show you the way to the jail, too if you want to know, but I s'pose you've been there many a time,' laughed the 'wharf-rat.'

Gray was irritated at this rudeness, but he swallowed his anger.

'Would you like to make five dollars?'

'Now you're talkin' interestin'. Why didn't you begin at that eend of the subjick? I'd like to make five dollars as well as the next feller, provided it isn't to be made by too much awful hard work.'

'Can you run well?'

'If they's money at t'other eend of the race. I can run like sixty for a spell. 'Taint my common gait, howsumever,'

'If you'll take this paper,' said Gray, 'and get it to county clerk's office before anybody else gets there from this boat, I'll give you five dollars.'

'Honor bright?' asked the chap, taking the paper, drawing a long breath, and looking as though he had discovered a gold mine.

'Honor bright,' answered Gray. 'You must jump off first of all; for there's a boy aboard that will beat you if he can. No pay if you don't win.'

'Which is the one that'll run ag'in me?' asked the long-legged fellow.

Gray described Jack, and told the young man to go out forward and he would see him. Gray was not willing to be seen with the 'wharf-rat,' lest suspicions should be awakened in Jack Dudley's mind. But after the shabby young man had gone forward and looked at Jack, he came back with a doubtful air.

'That's Hoosier Jack, as we used to call him,' said the shabby young man. 'He an' two more used to row a boat acrost the river every day to go to ole Niles's school. He's a hard one to beat, —they say he used to lay the whole school out on prisoners' base, and that he could leave 'em all behind on Fox.'

'You think you can't do it, then?' asked Gray.

'Gimme a little start and I reckon I'll fetch it. It's up-hill part of the way and he may lose his wind, for it's a good half-mile. You must make a row with him at the gang-plank, er do somethin' to kinder hold him back. The wind's down stream to-day, and the boat's shore to swing in a little aft. I'll jump for it and you keep him back.'

To this, Gray assented.

As the shabby young fellow had predicted, the boat did swing around in the wind, and have some trouble in bringing her bow to the wharf-boat. The captain stood on the hurricane-deck calling to the pilot to 'back her,' 'stop her,' 'go ahead on her,' 'go ahead on yer labbered,' and 'back on yer stabbered.' Now, just as the captain was backing the starboard wheel and going ahead on his larboard, so as to bring the boat around right Mr. Gray turned on Jack.

'What are you treading on my toes for, you impudent young rascal?' he broke out.

'Jack colored and was about to reply sharply, when he caught sight of the shabby young fellow, who just then leaped from the gunwale of the boat amidships and barely reached the wharf. Jack guessed why Gray had tried to irritate him,—he saw that the well-known 'wharf-rat' was to be his competitor. But what could he do? The wind held the bow of the boat out, the gang-plank which had been pushed out ready to reach the wharf-boat was still firmly grasped by the deck-hands, and the farther end of it was six feet from the wharf, and much above it. It would be ten minutes before any one could leave the boat in the regular way. There was only one chance to defeat the rascally Gray. Jack concluded to take it.

He ran out upon the plank amidst the harsh cries of the deck-hands, who tried to stop him, and the oaths of the mate, who thundered at him, with the stern order of the captain from the upper deck, who called out to him to go back.

But, luckily, the steady pulling ahead of the larboard engine, and the backing of the starboard, began just then to bring the boat around, the plank sank down a little under Jack's weight, and Jack made the leap to the wharf, hearing the confused cries, orders, oaths, and shouts from behind him, as he pushed through the crowd.

'Stop that thief!' cried Francis Gray to the people on the wharf-boat, but in vain. Jack glided swiftly through the people, and got on shore before anybody could check him. He charged up the hill after the shabby young fellow, who had a decided lead, while some of the men on the wharf-boat pursued them both, uncertain which was the thief. Such another pell-mell race Port William had never seen. Windows flew up and heads went out. Small boys joined the pursuing crowd, and dogs barked indiscriminately and uncertainly at the heels of everybody. There were cries of "Hurrah for Long Ben!" and "Hurrah for Hoosier Jack!" Some of Jack's old school-mates essayed to stop him to find out what it was all about, but he would not relax a muscle, and he had no time to answer any questions. He saw the faces of the people dimly; he heard the crowd crying after him, 'Stop, thief'; he caught a glimpse of his old teacher, Mr. Niles, regarding him with curiosity as he darted by; he saw an anxious look in Judge Kane's face as he passed him on a street corner. But Jack held his eyes on Long Ben, whom he pursued as a dog does a fox. He had steadily gained on the fellow, but Ben had too much start, and, unless he should give out, there would be little chance for Jack to overtake him. One thinks quickly in such moments. Jack remembered that there were two ways of reaching the county clerk's office. To keep the street around the block was the natural way,—to take an ally through the square was neither longer nor shorter. But by running down the alley he would deprive Long Ben of the spur of seeing his pursuer, and he might even make him think that Jack had given out. Jack had played this trick when playing hound and fox, and at any rate he would by this turn shake off the crowd. So into the alley he darted, and the bewildered pursuers kept on crying 'stop thief' after Long Ben, whose reputation was none of the best. Somebody ahead tried to catch the shabby young fellow, and this forced Ben to make a slight curve, which gave Jack the advantage, so that just as Ben neared the office, Jack rounded a corner out of an alley, and entered ahead of him, dashed up to the clerk's desk and deposited the judgement.

'For record,' he gasped.

The next instant the shabby young fellow pushed forward the mortgage.

'Mine first!' cried Long Ben.

'I'll take yours when I get this entered,' said the clerk, quietly, as became a public officer.

'I got here first,' said Long Ben.

But the clerk looked at the clock and entered the date on the back of Jack's paper, putting 'one o'clock and eighteen minutes' after the date. Then he wrote 'one o'clock and nineteen minutes' on the paper which Long Ben handed him. The office was soon crowded with people discussing the result of the race, and a part of them were even now in favor of seizing one or the other of the runners for a theft, which some said had been committed on the packet, and others declared was committed on the wharf-boat. Francis Gray came in, and could not conceal his chagrin.

'I meant to do the fair thing by you,' he said to Jack, severely, 'but now you'll never get a cent out of me.'

'I'd rather have the law on men like you, than have a thousand of your sort of fair promise,' said Jack.

'I've a mind to strike you,' said Gray.

'The Kentucky law is hard on a man who strikes a minor,' said Judge Kane who had entered at that moment.

Mr. Niles came in to learn what was the matter, and Judge Kane, after listening quietly to the talk of the people until the excitement subsided, took Jack over to his house, whence the boy walked home that evening, full of hopefulness.

Gray's land realized as much as Mr. Beal expected, and Jack studied Latin hard, all summer, so as to get as far ahead as possible by the time school should begin in the autumn.

Farmers' Institute at Macomb.

The Macomb and Armada societies met in the Union church in Washington on Monday evening, Hon. G. W. Phillips presiding.

The address of welcome was made by D. N. Lowell of Romeo, who made a very happy effort. Referring to the increasing interest in agricultural affairs he said that one of the best features of the awakening enthusiasm was the improvement of farmers and their families, that the cultivation of the mind was more important than any material interests, and the belief of the speaker was that these institutes were a means to this end.

A paper was read by I. H. Butterfield, Jr., on the Improvement of Cattle. Improvement consists in producing great products, of better quality, and at the least expense. It means not only this, but better products for the consumer. The man who has the energy and skill to improve breeds of stock will make better butter; and the stock, being better fed, will produce better beef. The best method of improving the cattle of Michigan is by crossing some of the improved breeds on the common cattle. The object should be utility, early maturity, quicker returns, greater returns from food consumed, a gain of profit to the farmer and a great increase in the agricultural product of the state. More and better cattle means larger crops of grain. Statistics show this.

Tuesday morning, the Rev. J. A. Young of Romeo delivered an address on the Moral Influence of Agriculture. He said that the cultivation of the soil was especially delegated to man by the Creator, and that his blessing was specially promised in remembrance of seed time and harvest while the world shall stand. Agriculture occupies the first place among the arts and sciences which benefit man, being indispensable to his existence. His contact with nature and her workings brings him near to nature's God, and a consequent working on his spiritual nature.

Elder Cannon said that labor was a benefit not only to man himself, in perfecting his manhood, but also it furnishes means to exercise his benevolence; he cannot give unless he has something to give. He urges the cultivation of friendly and social feelings among farmers.

Mr. S. B. Cannon read a paper on "Farm Drainage." The annual rainfall in this locality is about 60 inches, a large portion falling during the season of cultivation, and in unequal quantities. If it was equally distributed during the year the natural sources might on most soils carry off the surplus as fast as necessary. The primitive methods of draining were with poles covered with boards, stone, etc. At present the only material recognized is drain tile, the round the best. The average cost will be about $18 per acre. The actual value of the land, particularly level heavy clay, will be doubled, because it will render it certain of producing a crop every year. Draining benefits the soil in a drought. It renders it more porous, and the roots penetrate more deeply in search of moisture. Instead of looking for more land by adding to their borders, farmers should seek it below the surface.

Mr. Green said a large portion of the state needed drainage. Every farmer should make a beginning and continue as he has means. Begin with a system, doing thoroughly as fast as accomplished.

Mr. N. G. Reid said surface drainage on level lands was very important. At this season of the year, when the under soil is frozen, the water on the surface is killing our wheat. Care should be taken to leave furrows to carry off the water from the surface.

Mr. John Morton said that he had thoroughly drained his farm, and it had always paid him in the first year's crop. Messrs. Cannon, Green, VanDusen and others said that thorough underdraining removed the necessity of surface drainage.

A paper prepared by A. F. Wood of Mason was read by Geo. W. Phillips, Jr., advocating long wool sheep for profit in Eastern Michigan. Mr. S. H. Davis sang an amusing song, "Some People Have Nothing to Do."

Mr. Loren Andrus followed with a paper showing the claims of merino or fine wool sheep for Michigan. They are adapted to this state.

Mr. Neil G. Reid spoke on The Best Time for Shearing Sheep. He objected to the cruel practice of washing sheep in the cold streams of this state. He claimed that unwashed wool should not receive a reduction of one-third. May is the best time to shear.

Mr. A. H. Canfield followed on Farm Fencing. He said that, where timber was still plenty, rails are the cheapest fencing material. The coming fence is barbed wire, the cheapest and most durable.

One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the dinner prepared by the ladies of the vicinity, to which the usual justice was done. Felicitous after-dinner speeches were made by Mr. Parsons and Mr. Green.

Frank Ring and Hannah Richardson were married by a Justice of the Peace at Denver the other day. At the conclusion of the ceremony Frank remarked: "Now, Hannah, we are one, which is the one?" Hannah will show him.

It may be a satisfaction to know that Proctor's "monacin comet," which is expected to fall into the sun and increase the heat until all life on this earth is destroyed, will not be ready to fall until 1897, when is long enough for everybody to get their summer clothes on and prepare for it.

Special Session Michigan Legislature.

One week of labor has passed in executive session at Lansing, and a good showing has been made of work done. But one vacancy was reported among the representatives, and that was occasioned by the death of Representative Kendrick of Lapeer.

The first bill to be considered was that for the relief of fire sufferers, which passed the senate on the 1st inst., and will without doubt pass the house. The bill provides an appropriation of $250,000 to be expended according to the best judgment of the relief commission, in rebuilding school houses, purchasing seed and other necessaries of life, etc., in Huron, Tuscola and Sanilac counties, where the fire was most severe. The last section provides a special tax to reimburse the treasury as follows: In 1882, $125,000, and in 1883, $140,000.

THE TAX BILL

Is the next subject of importance, and has occupied most of the time of the house during the week, they having considered it in committee of the whole section by section with the members of the tax commission (who framed the bill) in attendance and frequently speaking either in explanation of disputed and misunderstood points or against proposed amendments. On the 1st inst. its consideration was finally completed and it has since passed by a vote of yeas 80, nays 15. It is now thought that it will be put through the senate by the middle of next week without material alterations. While the house made quite a large number of small changes to the bill as presented by the commission, they made but two that were very strongly fought for by a small minority of the members. One was to change the word "may" in regard to swearing to statements of property by property-owners to "shall," and the other was in regard to the taxation of church property. Neither proposition had strength enough to give it any special significance. The third subject CONGRESSIONAL RE-APPORTIONMENT, has excited much discussion, and much scheming on all sides. Each house has a special committee on apportionment, that in the senate consisting of two from each congressional district and that of the house, of three from each district. It is understood, that the house committee cannot agree upon any scheme, and have about decided to report a bill leaving the first seven districts as at present constituted, and thus throw the responsibility upon the house of rejecting it, as that body will surely do. The senate committee this morning reported a substitute for all the bills on the subject in its possession, which will come up for consideration in committee of the whole to-morrow. It isn't very seriously objected to as a whole, but there is no possibility of its passing without amendments. It is as follows:

First district—Wayne.
Second district—Monroe, Lenawee, Hillsdale and Washtenaw.
Third district—Berry, Eaton, Calhoun, Jackson and Branch.
Fourth district—Kalamazoo, St. Joseph, Berrien, Cass and Van Buren.
Fifth district—Allegan, Ottawa, Kent and Ionia.
Sixth district—Oakland, Livingston, Ingham, Shiawassee, Clinton.
Seventh district—Huron, Sanilac, Lapeer, St. Clair, Macomb.
Eighth district—Saginaw, Genesee, Gratiot, Montcalm
Ninth district—Tuscola, Bay, Midland, Isabella, Clare, Gladwin, Iosco, Ogemaw, Roscommon, Missaukee, Kalkaska, Crawford, Oscoda, Alcona, Alpena, Montmorency, Otsego, Presque Isle, Cheboygan and Emmet.
Tenth district—Muskegon, Newaygo, Mecosta, Osceola, Lake, Oceana, Mason, Manistee, Wexford, Grand Traverse, Leelanaw, Antrim, Charlevoix, and Manitou.
Eleventh district—Upper Peninsula.

Both houses have passed a bill appropriating $10,000 for building additional workshops at the Ionia house of correction, in order that unemployed convicts may be employed.

Both houses have also passed a bill appropriating $8,600 for repairs and improvements upon the buildings and grounds in Lansing, for a school for the blind.

Governor Jerome has nominated and the senate confirmed the following officers, they having been appointed since the close of the last session:

Trustees of the eastern asylum, James A. Brown and Jacob S. Farrand of Detroit, Norman Geddes of Adrian; trustee of the Kalamazoo asylum, George Hanna of South Haven; member of Detroit police board, H. M. Dean; Warden of Ionia reformatory, E. C. Watkins; managers for same, J. G. Escott, A. H. Piper, George W. Buckingham; inspector of Jackson state prison, T. B. Cutler of St. Johns.

Memorial services on the death of Representative Kendrick of Lapeer, were held in the house on the 2d. Eulogistic addresses were made by six or eight of Mr. Kendrick's fellow members, and the exercises were interesting as well as sad.

The Governor is being constantly urged to present this or that subject to the legislature for its action, but it looks as though the work now on hand could not all be finished in a twenty days' session.

Horticultural Institute.

The state horticultural institute met in Fowle's Hall, Hudson, Feb. 28. There was a large delegation from abroad, among whom were President T. T. Lyon, of Grand Haven; Secretary Chas. W. Fairfield, of Grand Rapids; Treasurer, S. W. Pearsall, of Grand Rapids; Prof. Beal, of the agricultural college at Lansing; E. H. Scott, of Ann Arbor; A. D. Healy, of South Haven, and James Satterlee, of Greenville. Owing to the inclemancy of the weather and unsettled condition of the roads, the attendance from the country was small.

Dr. A. R. Smart, President of the village, delivered the address of welcome, which was ably responded to by the president of the society, T. T. Lyon. He was followed by S. W. Dorr, of Manchester, with a paper on "Buildings," in which he gave a profitable and instructive description of a "cooling room on the cold air system, for the preservation of fruit—principally apples—erected by him in Manchester some time ago. He exhibited samples of harvest apples kept in a good condition in his cooling room since last season.

At the morning session of the state horticultural society the following papers were read: "The orchard," E. D. Pierson, Hudson; "The garden," C. B. Stowell, Hudson; "About the house," Hon. Thomas Moore, Madison; "In the house," Mrs. J. Wallon, Rollin; "Upon the highway," B. W. Steere, Adrian; "The market, how to reach and manipulate it," C. Mosher; "Honest packing," E. H. Scott, Ann Arbor; "The knife," President Lyon, South Haven; "Advertising at fairs," Jos. Satterlee, Greenville; "Fruit raising for money as a part of mixed farming," A. G. Smith, Somerset.

Prof. W. J. Beal of the state agricultural college read a very interesting paper on The Children's Garden. His essay was in the form of a narrative, giving the experience of his own daughter, about 12 years old, in keeping a garden. She made her own plans and did all the work herself. At first all was lovely, but on the approach of hot weather the ground became hard and weeds numerous. Still she persevered, the miniature garden enlarged, and she gradually became more and more interested in the study of horticulture. One of the most profitable plants was the field pumpkin, the fruit of which was sold to the boys at four cents apiece for jack lanterns. The gardener soon began to devote more attention as to what she should plant. On examining a seed catalogue the result of her investigation was this: "I am going to send for some of Docer's improved lima beans. See how close they are in the pod; they don't waste a bit of room. I want some improved early turnip beets for greens and the bottoms for cooking. No cabbages for me—the worms are too much trouble. Mamma says carrots won't pay—they do not sell well. Cauliflower and celery are too much bother. I want to raise some corn. Early Minnesota is pretty good for early, and Stowell's evergreen for late. I am not going to raise any cucumbers, the vines spread out and always get in the way. I want lettuce very early. Ferry's early prize head is a good kind, because it heads up nicely, so you don't have to pick it over much. I am going to try martynias. They bear lots of splendid little pickles if used when young. Yellow globe ninvers is a good kind of onion. I want a little parsley for boquets and for garnishing. I shall raise more peas next year. Perry's first and best are good for early ones, and the champion of England for late. Squashes, I don't want any—there is too much fuss of a big vine for a little squash." The experience of my little girl has made her more or less familiar with the common flowers and vegetables. She has learned that it is best to hoe a garden often, and never to let the weeds get much above the ground. She sees an advantage in order and system. This order and beauty tends to make her neat and particular, and these tend to increase her interest in the garden. She became interested in books on horticulture and read and re-read them, and they gave her as much pleasure as Mrs. Alcott's "Little Women" or Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The professor also advocated the study and practical use of horticulture to a greater extent in our public schools.

The afternoon session was largely devoted to a discussion on "Honest Packing." E. H. Scott, Ann Arbor, A. D. Healy, of South Haven, and S. M. Pearsall, of Grand Rapids, and others, participated, all on the side of honesty. President T. T. Lyon made an interesting address on the "Use of the Knife, When and Where," illustrating hints on grafting and pruning with the blackboard. James Satterlee, of Greenville, introduced the subject of "Advertising at Fairs" and was followed by others. Further discussion was had on Pomology and the Pocketbook.

In the evening, A. D. Healy read a paper on Horticultural Education, which was also ably discussed. Dr. Owen introduced "Horticulture in the Home," and urged the duty of providing books and papers on the subject, and the duty of horticultural societies to have libraries and schools for the education of the young. The best works on fruits, flowers and gardening should be within their reach.

The attendance and enthusiasm of the meeting were remarkable. A picnic dinner was given in Union Hall Wednesday noon to the members of the society. The report of the fruit committee in the evening showed that considering the dry summer and premature ripening of fruit in the fall, the exhibition is creditable for this time of the year, especially when such varieties as the Sweet Bough, Yellow Harvest, and Maiden Blush exhibited by Mr. Dorr of Manchester, appear in good condition. These, of course, were kept by the refrigerating process, and show what can be done. Samples of fruit, green and dried, were exhibited by a large number, and resolutions were passed thanking the press for reports.

President Angell's Reception.

University Hall was filled on the evening after the arrival of President Angell in Ann Arbor to witness or participate in the formal reception. Acting President Frieze delivered the welcome home address in well chosen words followed by Judge Harriman in behalf of the city, Board of Education, etc. Prof. Adams read eulogistic resolutions passed by the council. President Angell then arose and responded in brief as follows:

PRESIDENT ANGELL'S ADDRESS.

He spoke of the happiness he experienced in his return to his home; of the kindly messages which he had received with much regularity during his residence in distant Pekin, and which had brought him much joy during his temporary exile. He thanked the Regents, his colleagues in the faculties and the undergraduates in all the departments for the manner in which they had cooperated to bring about the brilliant success of the University during his absence, which he heard spoken of on all sides, a record which added new zest to the pleasure he experienced of his return. President Angell spoke feelingly on the death of Profs. Watson and Williams, and ex-Presidents Tappan and Haven, whose faces he had expected to see again, and whom he would sadly miss. He spoke briefly of the work of the embassy and of the treaties which were negotiated, more particularly in regard to the second treaty, which prohibited the importation of opinion into China from this country; a treaty, which had already been the means of enabling China to secure similar treaties with Russia and Brazil, and would eventually, he hoped, secure at least a modification of the treaty with Great Britain. In all his long journeys he had seen many people, but no assemblage had given him more pleasure than the one which greeted him to-day, and no position, he believed, could be considered a promotion above that of the presidency of University of Michigan.

THE WARMTH IN A SNOW-BANK.—Frank White, of Leadville, returning alone from a trip in the Indian country, found himself freezing to death in a blinding snow-storm on the Grand river. Remembering that he had heard old travelers on the plains talk about the latent heat in a snow-bank, he dug a deep hole in a drift with his hands and crawled in. Presently he began to feel more comfortable, and the delightful but ominous drowsiness which precedes death by freezing stole over him. He fought against it in vain, and at last became unconscious. The next morning he awoke, not in eternity as he had confidently expected to do, but in the snowdrift, as warm and snug as the traditional bug. Through this extraordinary experience Mr. White has conceived such a high opinion of the value of latent heat to the mining community that he is anxious to have it called regularly on the exchanges.

Girls should be careful how they are vaccinated with virus taken from a lover's arm. One at St. Paul has taken to swearing, sitting cross-legged, and smoking a brier-root pipe.

Sanitary Convention.

In the recent sanitary convention held in Ann Arbor Mayor Kapp made the welcome address in behalf of the city, and was responded to by Hon. Leroy Parker of the State Board of Health, in remarks explanatory, of the objects of the convention. Justice T. M. Cooloy delivered a very able and instructive address, showing "What the Law Can do for the Health of the People." He treated of the cases which render the interposition of the state necessary. These grow out of the inadequacy of individual care, and the ignorance and imprudence of individuals, making stringent police, and quarantine regulations necessary. All countries adopt and inforce quarantine regulations, and the more so as they become civilized. It was for the want of these in former times that the plague and cholera had raged, and in later times the yellow fever at Memphis.

Dr. Lundy, of the Michigan College of Medicine, gave an instructive address on "Hygiene in its Relation to the Eye." The gist of the lecture is contained in the following suggestions with which it closed:

1. Avoid reading and study by poor light.
2. Light should come from the side, and not from the back or from the front.
3. Do not read or study while suffering great bodily fatigue, or during recovery from illness.
4. Do not read while lying down.
5. Do not use the eyes too long at a time for near work, but give them occasional periods for rest.
6. Reading and study should be done systematically.
7. During study avoid the stooping position, or whatever tends to produce congestion of the head and face.
8. Select well printed books.
9. Correct errors of refraction with proper glasses.
10. Avoid bad hygienic conditions, and the use of alcohol and tobacco.
11. Take sufficient exercise in the open air.
12. Let the physical keep pace with the mental culture, for asthenopia is most usually observed in those who are lacking in physical development.

Dr. Lyster read an instructive paper on the "Ambulance Hospital for Small-pox." He advocated the building and maintainance of cottage hospitals for small pox, as in England. They are not only better, but more economical than the pest house. The experience of tent life in the army and everywhere is on the side of ambulance hospitals, as favorable to fresh air, easy ventilation, the exclusion of light, and other conditions which less expose the patient and hasten convalescence.

Other papers were read: On the Ventilation of Basements, by Dr. Kinne, of Ypsilanti; "Health a Christian Duty," Rev. T. P. Prudden, Lansing; "How to Combat Small-pox," Dr. O. W. Wight, Detroit; "The Purification of Water by Freezing," Dr. Pengra, of Ovid; "School Life and Hygiene," Dr. Breakey, Ann Arbor; "Hygiene and the Clerical Profession," Rev. Geo. Duffield, Lansing; "Water Supply" by Hon. A. Ames, jr., Boston; "Utilizing the Press for Sanitary Objects," W. L. Eaton, Kalamazoo; "Ventilation," Prof. J. W. Langley, Ann Arbor; and "Some Meteoroiological Conditions Affecting Ventilation by Prof. Harrington, of Ann Arbor. The papers were interspersed with discussions of high character and the meeting was one of marked interest throughout.

HEALTH IN MICHIGAN

[BULLETIN 22]

Reports to the state board of health, Lansing, by 57 observers of diseases in different parts of the state, show causes of sickness during the week ending Feb. 25, 1882, as follows:

DISEASES, IN ORDER OF GREATEST AREA OF PREVALENCE	Number and per cent of observers by whom each disease was reported — Number.	Per cent
1 Bronchitis	45	79
2 Rheumatism	40	70
3 Neuralgia	39	68
4 Consumption of lungs	39	68
5 Intermittent fever	38	67
6 Tonsilitis	33	58
7 Pneumonia	32	56
8 Influenza	31	54
9 Remittent fever	19	33
10 Diphtheria	19	33
11 Diarrhea	15	26
12 Scarlet fever	12	21
13 Whooping cough	12	21
14 Typhoid fever (enteric)	11	19
15 Erysipelas	10	18
16 Typho-malarial fever	10	18
17 Inflammation of Bowels	8	14
18 Membranous Croup	7	12
19 Dysentery	5	9
20 Measles	4	7
21 Cholera morbus	4	7
22 Puerperal fever	3	5
23 Mumps	2	4
24 Spasmodic croup	2	4
25 Inflammation of brain	2	4
26 Cerebro-spinal Meningitis	2	4
27 Small pox	2	4

Besides those tabulated above, the following named diseases were reported each by one regular observer: Cholera infantum, Bright's disease, catarrhal fever, chicken pox, asthma and vaccinia. For the week ending Feb. 25, 1882, the reports indicate that neuralgia, intermittent fever, bronchitis, consumption and rheumatism considerably increased and that pneumonia considerably decreased in area of prevalence.

Including reports by regular observers and by others, diphtheria was reported present during the week ending Feb. 25, and since, at 31 places; scarlet fever at 19 places; measles at 9 places, and small-pox at 8 places in all, as follows: At Spalding, Menominee Co., (9 cases), February 21; among the Indians near Spalding (8 cases), Feb. 21 and 22 deaths to that date; at Detroit and Grand Rapids (convalescent), Feb. 25; at Parkville, St. Joseph Co., Feb. 28; in Kimball and Port Huron Townships, St. Clair Co., Feb. 28; at Stanton, Montcalm Co., Feb. 28, 1882.

HENRY B. BAKER, Secretary.

LANSING MICH., March 3, 1882.

The Buffalo Board of Trade is moving in regard to the outer breakwater, which extends southward from the Beacon light towards the Blackwell canal, the whole distance being 7,600 feet, of which less than half is now finished. This breakwater is for the protection of the inner harbor, and adds 400 acres to its capacity with a depth reaching 30 feet. The breakwater especially needs finishing soon because of a current from the Canada side that produces a deposit of sand all along the American shore as far as Black Rock. As the breakwater now stands this sand drifts around its southern end and accumulates in the harbor. The annual appropriations for the breakwater extension have averaged $80,000 a year for the thirteen years that it has been building, and at this rate at at least fifteen years more will be needed to complete it. The board now asks that the appropriation be increased to $200,000 yearly; this will not only prevent the filling up by sand, but it will also allow vessels to occupy the whole of the outer harbor and induce railways to build structures to meet the permanent improvement which will result. The breakwater will cost under the present plan $2,000,000, and when completed Buffalo will have a harbor amply sufficient to meet all wants.

Mr. Miln says his church is to be the church of the future, and then he tells us in the same breath that there is no future. What is he giving us?—*Boston Transcript.*

JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S START.

The Stream of Wealth that Started with a Free Permit from the East India Company.

A business acquaintance of Mr Astor once asked him what particular transaction, or peculiar kind of business first gave him his great start. He said in reply, that at one period of his life he had accumulated a large quantity of furs, such as beaver, which were unsalable in the American market, and they were packed away in whisky barrels down in the cellar. He had no correspondent in London to send them to, and no disposition to do so if he had. After talking the matter over with his wife, they concluded it would be advisable that he should take the furs to London himself, and he did so. The prospects of the venture were very uncertain, and therefore, in order to economize as much as possible, he went out as a steerage passenger. On arriving in London he found a ready market for his furs, and sold them at a very high rate. He then made a list of such goods as he thought would sell to advantage in the New York market, and purchased and shipped them. After he had transacted all his business he was detained in London for a couple of weeks in consequence of the ship not being ready to sail. He employed the time in looking about London and picking up all the information possible, especially such as he thought would benefit his business in New York. Among the places he visited was the great East India house, and the warehouses and offices of the Company. On one occasion he asked one of the porters what the name of the governor was. The man replied, giving a German name very familiar to Mr. Astor, who then asked if the governor was an Englishman, and was told that he had come from Germany when a boy. Mr. Astor thereupon determined to see him, and watching for an opportunity, sent in his name and was admitted. On entering he asked the governor, "Is not your name Wilhelm?" "Did you not go to school in such a town?" The Governor replied, "I did; and now I remember you very well." A long conversation followed, old school days were talked over, and the Governor insisted that Mr. Astor should dine with him. He declined for that day, but on the next day they met again. He asked Mr. Astor if there was nothing he could do for him. Mr. Astor said no; he had bought all he wanted, and needed neither cash nor credit. They met several times after that, and the Governor continued urging Mr. Astor to name something he could do for him. He asked what present would be acceptable, and Mr. Astor declined accepting any. Their last meeting took place two days before the sailing of the vessel on which Mr. Astor was to return to New York, and for the last time the Governor asked him if he would accept any present he made him. Mr. Astor, seeing the anxiety of the Governor replied, "yes." The Governor, who was much affected at parting with his old German schoolmate, handed Mr. Astor two papers, saying: "Take these, you may find their value." One of the documents was simply a Canton prices current. The other was a carefully engrossed permit or parchment, authorizing the ship that bore it to trade freely and without molestation, at any of the ports monopolized by the East India Company. Mr. Astor returned to New York, without giving the documents a second thought. He had no ships and never had any trade with the East Indies, and at that time never expected to have. He then, of course, little imagined that the parchment would be the foundation of vast shipping operations and a trade amounting to millions of dollars and embracing the Pacific Ocean.

The permit was No. 68. On arriving home Mr. Astor showed the document to his wife, and asked her advice, as he always did in all matters relating to his business, as to what disposition he should make of them. "I have no ships; it is no use to us," he said. At that time there was in New York a merchant named James Livermore, who was largely engaged in the West Indian trade, particularly with Jamaica. He owned several vessels, some of them of good size, and Mrs. Astor advised her husband to go and have a talk with him. Mr. Astor went, showed the East India Company ship pass and the Canton prices current, and "Now," said he, "if you will make up a voyage for one of your largest ships, you can have the pass and the prices current on one condition: You are to furnish ship and cargo, but I am to have one-half of the profits for my pass and for suggesting the voyage." The West India merchant laughed at the proposition, and would not listen to such a one-sided operation. Mr. Astor returned home, reported progress, and for a time the matter rested. Mr. Livermore, however, thought it over. At that time no vessels traded to Canton from New York. The Revolutionary War had just ended, and the East India ports were as hermetically sealed to American commerce as if it had not existed. Only a few weeks elasped before Mr. Livermore called at Mr. Astor's store and asked: "Were you in earnest the other day when you showme the pass of the East India Company?"

"I was never more so," was the prompt reply, and again they talked over the matter. Mr. Livermore finally thought he saw his way clear, and an agreement was signed by which Mr. Astor was to receive one-half the profits, and Mr. Livermore to furnish vessel and cargo. The ship was selected and loaded, partly with specie, Spanish milled dollars, about $30,000; and the other half was ginseng, a root somewhat resembling licorice, which is highly valued as a medicine by the Chinese, and lead and scrap iron. The ship sailed for Canton, and the pass enabled her to anchor at Whampoa, a few miles below that city, and she loaded and unloaded her cargo the same as if she had been a vessel belonging to the East India Company. The ginseng, which cost twenty cents per pound in New York, was sold for $3.50 per pound in Canton. The lead and scrap iron also brought enormous prices. The vessel was then loaded with tea and sold in New York at $1 per pound profit on cost in Canton. When the return cargo was sold and the accounts made out, Mr. Astor's half share, which was $55,000, all in silver, was packed in barrels, and sent up to the store. When Mrs. Astor saw the barrels she asked what was in them. "The fruits of our East India pass," replied her husband. Mr. Astor got his pass back, bought a ship, loaded her with an assorted cargo, and dispatched her to Canton. On her voyage out she touched at the Sandwich Islands to take in water and fresh provisions and a large stock of firewood was also taken on board. On the arrival of the vessel at Canton a Mandarin came on board, and noticing the firewood, immediately asked the price of it. The captain laughed at such a question, but signified that he was open for an offer. The Mandarin offered $500 a ton and it was all sold at that price. That was sandalwood. For seventeen years Mr. Astor enjoyed the lucrative sandal wood trade without a rival. No other concern in the United States or Europe knew the secret, and it was only discovered when a shrewd Boston ship owner detailed a ship to follow one of Mr. Astor's and observe the events of the voyage. Then for some time that house was a participant in the trade. Capt. Whetten commanded one of Mr. Astor's ships, and he married the captain's sister. Mrs. Astor knew more about the value of furs than did her husband, and she could select a cargo for the Canton market and never make any mistake. When they became very wealthy she demanded, as an expert, $500 an hour for using her judgment and knowledge of fur to promote his commercial plans, and he paid her whatever she asked.

A Short Novel.

"You have broken my heart, Vivian."

It was a fair-haired girl who spoke these words, and as they came from her lips Vivian Mahoney, the young man to whom they were addressed, leaned tenderly over Ferida Peterson and strove to kiss away the tears that were welling up in her beautiful, dreamy, brown eyes.

"I do not blame you," she continued in a broken voice. "She whom you will one day wed is fair to look upon, and when her warm kisses melt upon your lips it is not strange that you forget all else but that she would gladly be your wife; and that her father owns a coal-yard. But I love you with a mad deathless passion that will burn out my life in the intensity of its flame. You have won my Scandinavian affections unwittingly, but you have won them, all the same. In the years that are to come, Vivian, when your children are playing at your knee and life seems like a fair dream, you will sometimes think of me—sometimes let a tender thought lie in your heart for the little flaxen-haired girl that knew no happiness so great as to hear your voice and see the gleam of the matinee tickets in your vest pockets? Tell me this, and when the leaves have turned brown under the blighting touch of autumn's chilly hand, and I shall have been put away forever in the little dell beyond the meadow, you will lead to the altar a happy bride and never know the sorrow I have felt."

"By yon bright moon I swear," said Vivian, taking another kiss on the fly, "that your memory shall ever be enshrined in my heart. Though my life be one of tempest and storm, or a succession of sunny days, I shall always remember that you were my first, my only love." He was about to imprint another kiss on the rosy lips upheld to his, when a dull thud was heard, and Vivian lay senseless on the sidewalk.

Old Mr. Peterson had opened the front door and adjourned the meeting.

[Chicago Times.]

Astonishing the Natives.

Surprises are the order of the day; in matters political, ecclesiastical, civil, and even medical, we hear of things strange—and stranger are daily promised. One of our representatives lately dropped into the Palmer House, and there, in the cozy office occupied by our friend, Mr. Frank H. Brooks, manager of the Kansas City *Times*, we found that gentleman cosily seated and busied over his correspondence. The writer asked Mr. Brooks if he knew of any cures wrought by St. Jacobs Oil.

"I do indeed," said Mr. B. "I know that it cured me. This is how it happened: I was living in St. Louis a couple of years ago, and one very slippery night I was rather late in getting home and had some trouble in picking my way. I had ascended some five or six steps which led up to my front door, and just as I had gained the top I stooped to insert my latch-key, when my foot slipped from under me and precipitated me downward to an iron railing across which I fell, striking the small of my back. I was injured so badly as to be barely able to enter the house. In the morning I was worse. My back was painful, swollen, and discolored. My wife, who always keeps St. Jacobs Oil in the house and protests that it is invaluable, applied it to my back in the morning, and it afforded me a great deal of ease; it was applied again that night, and so on for a couple of days, by which time I was completely cured. I think St. Jacobs Oil is a great medicine."

We now begin to think that we would certainly "astonish the natives." We were ourselves astonished, but doomed to be more so, for, after bidding Mr. Brooks good day, we were strolling down State street, and we ran plump into the arms of our friend Mr. P. F. Barry, of Englewood. Everybody knows Mr. Barry as being the late member of the legislature from Home City. Mr. B. has just returned from the east. We popped the question to Mr. B. and, judge of our surprise to hear that gentleman say:

"My wife keeps St. Jacobs Oil in the house at all times. She used it for the rheumatism and the neuralgia, and found it an excellent remedy for both; he thinks there is nothing like it. There is an old lady out my way who was cured of the rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, and she is ready to swear by it. You can tell your readers for me that I endorse St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and consider it an excellent thing."

On my way home to tea I dropped into the drug store of A. M. Lancaster, No. 76 North Wells street, and that gentleman said:

"There is a gentleman named Janssan, a master mechanic who was, and I think still is, a foreman for Adams & Westlake, who has been cured of the inflammatory rheumatism. He informed me of the case some time ago, and said his daughter had been cured also. He purchased the Oil here in my place. He is very enthusiastic over St. Jacobs Oil.'

This experience is simply the repetition of the experience of thousands whose reason has been sufficiently persuaded to try the Great German Remedy, and whose faith, in consequence, stands unshaken in its wonderful efficacy.

Webster and Hayne.

The following anecdote is vouched for by Mr. Webster: When he had finished his speech a Southern member approached him cordially and said: "Mr. Webster, I think you had better die now and rest your fame on that speech."

Mr. Hayne was standing near and heard the remark, and said: "You ought not to die. A man who can make such a speech ought never to die." Webster and Hayne met at the President's reception that same evening, and as they shook hands Mr. Webster asked pleasantly. "How are you to-night?" "None the better for you, sir," was the general's humorous reply.