LONGFELLOW.

Gathered, his harvest and the aftermath,"
The reaper laid his ringing scythe aside;
His feet forsook their long-accustomed path,
And, for his one sad task, he died!

Over a hundred happy fields of song
His keen blade in the golden sunlight swept;
Whose mellow fruits their sweetness shall prolong
Where tender eyes his death have wept.

And they will weep, afar—from sea to sea,
O'er crowded continents and lonely isles,
In whose pure homes his purer minstrelsy
The fancy and the heart beguiles.

Oh, cruel Death, to mock our fond desire,
And snap the strings of our supremest lute,
To quench upon our hearths song's mystic fire,
And leave the halls of Craigie mute.

The bard of Cambridge by a happy lot,
Dwelt in the soldier-home of Washington;
Their lustrous names thus aptly linked, shall not
Be severed while the tides flow on!

If "first in war and first in peace," we shrine
Within our hearts, the chieftain's deathless name,—
We'll crown the author of "Evangeline"
With still undying, though another fame!

APRIL 1st.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Little Charlie, blue-eyed boy,
In the morning wakes with joy,
Thinking: "Now I'll dress me quick,
And on my Grandpa play a trick."
Down the stairs he goes, at last,
To his Grandpa runs so fast.
"Hurry, Grandpa, do!" he cries,
With a scared look in his eyes.
"There's a fire!" "Oh! dear me!
Our house will burn! "Come quick!" cries he.

Poor old Grandpa, scared to death,
Follows Charlie, out of breath;
Toward the kitchen fast they run.
Charlie, brimful of his fun
(Means no disrespect, you see,
Such a little boy is he),
Laughs and gayly cries: "Hallo!
It's only in—the stove—you know!"
"Why, bless my stars!" thinks Grandpa, then
"April 1st has come again!"

The April day is bright and fair,
The sunbeams frolic everywhere;
And by and by says Grandpa: "Who
Would like to take a drive? Would you,
My Charlie boy?" Ah! Charlie's eyes
Grow brighter than the sunny skies.
Off, off he runs, a happy boy,
A ride with Grandpa to enjoy.
Comes back all nicely dressed, at last,
His heart with pleasure beating fast.

But Grandpa is not going to ride.
Poor Charlie's blue eyes open wide
With disappointment. "Grandpa, you
Said you would go!" "That's hardly true,
My boy," says Grandpa; "for, you know,
I asked if you would like to go.
You mustn't mind if April jokes
Are sometimes played by elder folks,
As well as little boys, and we
Must April Fools together be."

THE DEVIL'S AUCTION

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

It was, to be sure, a terrible storm, the very first severe storm of the winter. The wind came howling from the northeast with his attendant train of snow and sleet, and making pretty close work for Parson Spinney as he breasted his way through the drifts, which lay between the parsonage door and the church door, in the snug village of Covedale. Mrs Spinney was close behind him, vainly trying to shield her thick form behind his thin one, and turning her head sideways to catch his words as he said,

"In some places there wouldn't be a dozen out on such a Sunday as this; but here I think I am pretty sure of a goodly congregation. Deacon A., Chorister B., and Organist C. have never failed me; neither have the Woodard sisters, nor Mrs. Price and her daughter."

"You haven't been here very long, dear," puffed Mrs. Spinney, who was very short, very stout, and consequently very short-breathed.

"I know it," replied the parson. "This is the first Sunday that will really show the stuff of which our people are made, but I shall not have to preach to empty walls, I'm sure."

For once the parson reckoned without his host. Neither the deacon nor the chorister nor the organist was present, and the tried sisters upon whom he had so confidently reckoned, were among the missing ones. In fact, beside the pastor's wife there was only one woman, and that a poor old body, who had sparse comfort at home, and came a long half mile in her thin garments to give thanks for the good she had and to seek the spiritual comfort which is more than the temporal to every true believer. There were also three men who lived just across the street, and the sexton, who being a very near man, as the neighbors said, kept up a subdued grumbling at the unnecessary loss of fuel since it was just as well to have it understood that on stormy Sundays there would be no services; and then he should not feel obliged to keep a fire to warm people who never come.

"There wouldn't nobody take a horse out to-day," said one of the three men in excuse for his townspeople, "'twould rough their hair all up for winter."

"Some are afraid for their horses, and some are afraid for their own clothes," said the poor woman, "but I never have seen the time that I hadn't something to wear that a storm wouldn't hurt, and I am thankful for that."

The hour arrived, the bell tolled, the pastor read and prayed, and gave the six souls a pleasant, helpful little talk. The pastor's wife sang a hymn, the benediction was pronounced and they all made the best of their way to their homes again through the raging storm.

There was a cloud on the pastor's face as he ploughed his way along, which was not lifted when he met Jean Dascomb, a reckless, ne'er-do-well who was taking a short cut across the village green toward the hotel.

"Morning, parson; 'scuse me for not liftin' my hat; 'n lady, too, but fact is it's tied on. Beg pardon too for takin' head of the column; but thought p'raps you wouldn't object to walking in the steps of the ungodly for once," and he kicked the snow to the right and left and stamped it down with his huge cowhide boots, looking back through the fresh cloud of snow he had evolved from his path making him to say interrogatively,

"Not much of a crowd, I reckon?"

"As many as were to be expected, perhaps, when the weather is considered," replied the parson coldly, not wishing to encourage this wayward fellow in criticising his people for their neglect of duty.

Jean gave a knowing laugh and continued, "The Hull place—house, farm, furniture, tools and stock is to be sold at auction to-morrow. There is no likelihood of its clearing off to-night, but the weather won't prevent there being a crowd. I have been around all the morning scattering bills. Got just one left; have it?" and giving a double shuffle to brush the snow off the parsonage door-step, he thrust an "Order of sale" into the minister's hand, made another comical bow, and went on his way.

The old Hull place was delightfully situated on Prospect Hill, two miles from the village on a road which any number of charming names could not render anything but bleak and dreary. The farm had been for years one of the most prosperous in the township, where a liberal hospitality had been dispensed, and there were not many people in the vicinity who had not pleasant associations connected with the house.

The parson thought a good deal about Jean Dascomb's words as he lay awake in the night watches, listening to the wind as it roared up the street, rattling the loose blinds of the parsonage windows, lashing the bare, lithe branches of the great willow trees with which Covedale abounded, and piling the snow, which fell continually, into fantastic heaps. He was up at the first gleam of dawn looking forth upon the dreary landscape. The wind had not subsided, the snow was still falling and the roads were seemingly impassable.

"I don't believe people will turn out to an auction on such a day as this," he said to his wife as he came in from attending to the wants of the cow and horse, which were snugly ensconced in the small parsonage barn. But in spite of this condident assertion he kept a close watch on the street.

The bidding at the auction was advertised to begin at ten, and before eight the old street was fairly awake. There was much running to and fro among the barns and sheds, and soon a long string of oxen and steers, hitched to a large wood-sled loaded with boys armed with snow-shovels went gaily forth toward Prospect Hill and the Hull auction.

Directly behind them went Deacon A., with his span, and team followed team in such rapid succession that the track was kept well open; and before ten o'clock the pastor harnessed up his horse, took his plump, good-natured, wife, and fell into the procession.

Of course it was absurd in the extreme, but it was against Mr. Spinney's rules to settle down in his study on Monday. Then, too, he had a sly vein of humor, and enjoyed to the full the surprised looks of his people as he and his good wife, seemingly blew out of a snow wreath on the farm-house stoop.

It was a roomy old dwelling; huge fires blazed from many fire-places, and the people moved about exchanging reminiscences of what happened when they were here to "John's wedding," "Isaac's freedom party," and "Sarah's funeral."

The minister and his wife alone had no suggestive memory to bring up, but they strolled from room to room, admiring the ancient furniture and crockery, the delicate linen, and the wonderful patch-work quilts, the pride of many generations of Hulls, now to be knocked down to the highest bidder. But the bidders were all family friends; that was a consolation, Mrs. Spinney remarked, pleasantly, as she chatted familiarly with one and another.

As the minister and his wife passed group after group in their tour of the rooms, they heard more than one allusion as to "what I thought yesterday," or "what I said yesterday," about the auction, but not a word about the church service that they had neglected.

There was Deacon A., and Chorister B., and Organist C., and—yes, indeed, —the tried sisters whom he had looked for in vain the day before. The barns and ample sheds were full of horses, and there was not a word said about its 'roughing up their hair' to be out in such a storm.

It seemed as if everybody who in any way could have been expected was there, excepting the auctioneer. He lived in the next county, was to come by rail, and there had not been a train through. As there was no one to take his place, the people waited and talked, and listened for a locomotive whistle, and the auction promised to be, to all intents and purposes except in a special point—a failure.

The auctioneer's block stood in the center of the long kitchen, and as the parson stood by it, looking at the bell and the wooden mallet which were ready for use some one asked respectfully

"What were you intending to buy, parson? It's a pity you should have your long, cold ride for nothing, and perhaps you can manage to make your purchase by private sale."

"I didn't come to bid," said the pastor, in a tone loud enough for all in the room to hear. "If I should tell you just how I happened to come, it would be quite a story."

"Oh, tell it, Mr. Spinney!" "Tell it, parson!" "Pray do!" "Please do!"

Some one rang the bell to call the people from the different rooms, and as they came crowding in, the minister, somehow, was hustled upon the auctioneer's block. He stood there gracefully, with the air of one accustomed to looking down upon many faces, and as a little hush of expectancy fell upon the gathering he said: "Last night I went to bed feeling very depressed and melancholy, and I was visited by a dream that sent me off over here this morning to look after my flock.

"I dreamed, my friends, that the devil came to call on me, and as I met him at my study door, I said, 'You are showing me much more attention than has ever been shown me by the great majority of my parishioners.' I thought he looked somewhat weary, and upon remarking upon the fact he said:

"'Yes, Pastor Spinney, I'm fagged out. The fact is, I have too much to do. Now, to-day, for instance, I have been around among your people scattering auction bills, and you couldn't have had much of a congregation, for I found everybody at home, and what is more, I found them ready to talk auction. Now I tell you, Pastor Spinney,' the devil went on to say, 'If you want to see your people together just go to that auction to-morrow. The ringing of a church bell for any occasion whatever will not get your people out but they will not neglect that auction. The women who would put off their washing on account of sickness, death or a funeral, or a religious meeting of any kind, will put it off to go to that auction. The horses that would injure past recovery to be driven to church in a storm, will not be hurt in the least by being driven far past the church, in a worse storm, to the Hull auction, where there will be an ample and delicious free lunch; plenty of good cider, unlimited opportunities to gossip, and chance for cheap bargains. I tell you, Pastor Spinney,' continued the devil with a grin, 'you might just as well pack up and move away, for conscience is dead in this town—stone dead, and if you want to prove it, go to-morrow, while the empty pews you found to-day are fresh in your mind, to the Hull auction; and if you put the question plainly to any one of your people, they will not deny that "auction" has engaged their attention to-day much more than gospel.'

"I told the devil I didn't believe a word he said, but that I would go as he advised—and—by what I have seen—I begin to think the devil is not so much of a liar as he has been represented.

"I think conscience is dead, and we are all here together and there isn't anything particular going on, perhaps we had better have a funeral, and then there will be nothing to prevent my picking up and going away, as the devil suggested. What do you say, brothers and sisters?"

The people who had listened eagerly to every word now looked from one to another in consternation, while the pastor waited, allowing his eyes to wander from face to face.

Soon Deacon A. spoke up in a quavering voice:

"Half an hour ago I should have been willing to testify that conscience was at its last gasp in this town, but since the pastor has spoken, I feel it struggling mightily in my own heart; and by the look on the faces of my brothers and sisters around me, I am confident that they, too, are feeling signs of its returning life. I think, brothers and sisters, it would be better to pray that conscience be restored to life and activity in our hearts, than that we hold a funeral service over its remains."

One and another eagerly agreed to this suggestion in a few honest, earnest words of sorrow for neglect of christian duty.

Jean Dascomb said, after awhile: "I didn't feel over much complimented at first, by the parson's putting my talk into the devil's mouth, but if it should be the means of waking up conscience that has been dead-asleep in my heart for years, I should be thankful; and I believe that is what is being done, for I have not felt so strangely since I was a lad kneeling with my mother in prayer," and the rough young man brushed the swiftly falling tears from his brown cheeks.

That was a sign for a general breaking down, and the short winter afternoon was passed in a profitable prayer meeting, which was the first of a series of meetings in the vicinity which lasted throughout the long, stormy winter, and shook the old town of Covedale, to its spiritual centre. *Church and Home.*

A Russian Reformer's Fate.

A man with a conscience has suddenly emerged from the Russian civil service. This is Pavel Birwanski, an imperial state attorney, who has recently been commissioned by the government to make a special investigation of the judicial and administrative abuses in Orenburg. An account of his experience during the four months which his mission occupied has been published in the Sjeverny Viestnik, and translated by the Telegraph, of London. It is a ghastly record of misgovernment, heartlessness, tyranny and barbarity.

The commissioner describes himself as living in "an atmosphere of appalling groans and heartrending sighs." He liberated innocent captives who had been secretly tortured and closely confined for years after they had been publicly acquitted in open court. He received the sworn statements of peasant women whose flesh had been pinched with red-hot tongs as a punishment for their presumption in pleading for their husband's lives. He visited the state prisons, were hundreds of prisoners draped in rotten rags are condemned to lingering death without ever being allowed to know who has accused them of wrong. The roofs of these charnel houses wherein they grovel are ready to fall in upon them at any moment; the walls are lined with damp and clammy fungus; and the air in these loathsome dens is so rank and fetid from the "dirt of ages" and "exhalations from every sort of abomination" as absolutely to stop the visitor's breath. He learned that absent-minded prisoners, who used the familiar form of "Thou" in place of "You" in addressing the officials in charge of their dungeons, were tied to a horse's tail and flogged with thorny rods steeped in salt water, receiving sometimes as many as 125 blows. He found in the infirmaries the majority of the sick patients stretched upon the bare boards and often among the dead bodies of their companions. "So it was revealed to me," says the commissioner, "how our judges trample the law under foot; how cynical and wanton is the behavior of our police; how savagely brute force is brought to bear upon the weak and friendless."

The most shocking disclosures which the commissioner makes relate to the town jail of Ileck, not far from Orenburg. All the prisoners had been let out on one occasion to a public square, and not so much beaten as "half hammered to death," so that the populace "wept bitterly and crossed themselves in utter consternation." As the details of this horrible outrage are recited, they were flogged until they fainted; next they were soused with buckets of water until they regained consciousness, and then knocked about with prison keys, iron chains and rifle-stocks; and finally they were all tied together by the feet and driven into the prison yard, "where they fell from sheer exhaustion, in bleeding and disfigured heaps." The governor of this jail, who had ordered his punishment to be inflicted upon all the prisoners without exception and solely for his own amusement, was once a commissary of police and had been dismissed from the service for shameful corruption; yet he had retained sufficient influence in high quarters to secure another and more responsible post, where he could satisfy the bestial instincts of his nature and wreak his voyage vengeance upon the helpless fellow-creatures committed to his charge.

The man with a conscience, who used his eyes to such good purpose, was not allowed to pursue his investigations longer than four months. He met with resistance from bench, bureau and military headquarters. He did not attempt to accomplish very much. He only aimed to give the wretched captives a little air and a little light, and to protect them from torture and inhuman punishment. Yet he was dismissed from the public service as one of the secret allies of the nihilists, and the newspaper which published his painful narrative was suspended indefinitely.—*N. Y Tribune.*

Landing of Jumbo.

Great crowds of people gathered to witness the landing of Jumbo from the steamship Assyrian Monarch, at New York, Sunday last. This "largest elephant in captivity," as soon as he touched American soil, was treated to a quart of whiskey, which he swallowed with a satisfaction becoming any toper. Jumbo conducted himself most approvingly on the voyage. He was indisposed the first day out and refused to eat, but after that he used up regularly his allotment of hay and feed. At 11 o'clock to-night eight powerful horses were yoked to a heavy platform car upon which the cage containing Jumbo had been placed, and in due time the well-talked-of elephant was safely lodging in Madison Square garden. Although the rain was falling briskly many people accompanied Jumbo from the pier to the garden.

A drought story: 'Folks talk about this being a dry time,' observed Mr. Smiley as he wiped his lips after his morning bitters. 'Taint nothin' to what I have seen. When it gets so dry that shingles follow the sun and curl right up so you can see straight through the roof, an' every time a hen steps on the blistering sidewalk she holds up her foot and blows it cool, an' every time a dog sits down in the shade he jumps like a school boy getting away from a tack nail, then you can talk of its being hot an' dry. Why I recollect one summer I drove cows five miles for water an' then had to give 'em their own milk to drink. There wasn't any water in them days an' we used to catch the dew—'. Just then a collector walked up the front steps to catch the due' and Ichabod skipped out the back door with his wonderful story half told.—*NewHaven Register.*

THE FARM

A New Grange.

The farmers of Marlboro have organized a grange. The Master in his inaugural address said:—

"The Grange commands and fosters kindly, sympathetic intercourse; this gives similarity and harmony of views, and from these spring concert of action, and with concert of action, among all the farmers of our State, you have a power that can successfully demand justice and fair treatment, for fifty thousand farmers speaking with one voice, will be heard, and when heard will be heeded. And here let me say with emphasis, that are to work against no association or organization, or even use our own order for any selfish ends, but must make all subserve the best interests of society, and we should ever remember that the first step toward the advancement of the public good is to cherish and illustrate in our own lives the great principles that underlie the highest manhood and womanhood. All our aims and purposes should be noble, and our motives never tainted by low, debasing seeking after office and place. High position belongs to us only when it seeks us, and no better motto can be ours than 'true service is true greatness.'"

The Plum.

We take the following from an address before the March meeting of the Potomac fruit growers' association, by Dr. G. F. Needham.

The climate and soil of our middle states are admirably suited to the production of the plum and many of our varieties surpass in beauty and flavor the finest of England or France. Plums make a beautiful dessert fruit, and eaten in moderation when perfectly ripe are quite wholesome. The plum should be allowed to become fully ripe before being picked, and the fruit will be finer as the tree has a more sunny exposure.

For the kitchen the plum is universally esteemed for tarts, pies, sweetmeats and canning. One of the most important uses of plums is to dry them and thus make the prunes of commerce. The varieties best adapted will be mentioned further on; and what with our improved dryers and varieties of superior flavor it would seem that we could easily compete with the prunes of France, which are now exported to all parts of the world.

The plum is most easily propagated by sowing the seeds of any free growing variety (avoiding damsons) and budding these stocks in midsummer when they are two years old. Standard cultivation is the universal mode in this country, as the tree is one of the hardiest. Very little pruning of this tree is needed, merely thinning out the crowded heads and cutting away the cross branches. A clay loam is naturally the most favorable soil for this fruit. Trees planted on sandy soils will blossom, but will bear but little fruit. A little salt is one of the best fertilizers of the plum tree, greatly promoting its health and luxuriance.

The chief obstacles to cultivation of the plum are two, the black knot and the curculio. The former is extirpated by cutting off and burning every branch and twig that is affected. The curculio may be destroyed in various ways, but the jarring of the trees in the early morning with rubber balls and catching the insects in sheets spread under the trees is the most efficacious.

Plums for Michigan tested and recommended for all portions of the state are: August—Bleeker's gage, Bradshaw, Duane's purple, Huling's Superb, McLaughlin, Smith's Orleans, Washington, Yellow Egg. September—Red Magnum, Bonum. Quackenboss, Monroe, Jefferson, imperial gages, Coe's Golden Drop and Lombard, the last two the most popular. October—Bavay's green gage. Prunes will not be made here at present as it is difficult to obtain enough to supply the demand for the fruit, without the trouble of drying. The Dawson is good for preserves, and the German prune for drying and preserving.

Agricultural Schools.

It is evident that the agricultural colleges established in New England have not proved the success so fondly hoped for by their founders. They have attempted too much in the line of higher branches, and too little in the direction of practical, useful education. They have attempted a senseless following of the course of study adopted in such richly-endowed institutions of learning as Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth. These agricultural colleges have not attracted the interest, sympathy or patronage of the farming classes, for whose benefit they were originally endowed. Perhaps a system of agricultural schools under proper management might be more serviceable in moulding and improving the rural mind, and in this connection something may be learned from the experience of Sweden.

In addition to its agricultural colleges proper, Sweden has no less than 27 agricultural schools, one to each province. They stand to the college in a relation precisely analogus to that which our high schools bear to the classical colleges. The course of study in them is eminently practical, embracing the principles of agriculture, horticulture, care of domestic animals, improvement of breeds, drawing, surveying, drainage, forestry, agricultural chemistry, chemistry, veterinary surgery, botany, a little zoology, and geology, etc. They also give instruction in carpentry, smithwork, carriage making, which would be perhaps unnecessary here, and in the art of building, and making fences and walls, of which every farmer should know something. An excellent adjunct of each of the principal schools is a dairy for women, where they can go through a year's drill in butter and cheese making. Those of the students who can may take an additional two years in the college. These schools are free, and are supported partly by the province and partly by the state. The students, of course, give their labor. Sweden has also, in addition to the foregoing, several schools of forestry.

One of these schools which M. Du Chaillu visited contained more than 100 acres under cultivation, and 1,800 acres of unimproved and forest land to be reclaimed. The rocky and swampy nature of a good deal of it gave a good opportunity for the study of drainage. From a description of his visit to this school, as given in Harper's Magazine, we extract the following: "Blacksmith and carpenter shops were in full operation; the barn was large, and all the out-buildings were very fine. The live stock of the farm consisted of about 30 head of cattle; beside horses, sheep and swine of different breeds, the result of the intermixture of blood being observed with great care. The students' quarters were presided over by a woman, under whose matronage the house presented an air of perfect home comfort. The parlor sofas and chairs were covered with white linen; the windows were adorned with flower pots; the floor was as clean as a new pin. There was a piano with a pile of music near it; an American sewing machine stood near one of the windows; engravings hung on the walls; little porcelain figures here and there; on the table were French, English, German, Greek and Latin books; and from the rear window there was a view of a garden filled with flowers, strawberries, raspberries, currants, peas, carrots and potatoes, and of a stretch of green fields beyond."

Agriculture must always be the foundation of American strength, prosperity and greatness; hence, whatever the nation, the state or the town may do toward elevating and popularizing the business of agriculture must prove of incalculable advantage. Agricultural schools are needed to teach our coming farmers how to make the most of their farms by studying the capabilities of the soil and climate, and also how to avoid the mistakes committed in the past in the name of agriculture. The mistakes already committed in our national system of agricultural education have been in attempting too grand results at the start. More humble beginnings, more practical teaching, more elementary, technical schools would perhaps serve to fit a small percentage of scholars for a higher course of collegiate study, while benefitting the masses through the common schools of agriculture.

Some of the New Jersey farmers are using goats to protect their sheep from the attacks of dogs, having taken the hint from some of the Oregon sheep farmers who have found that two or three goats in a sheep pen will be enough to drive away the coyotes and prairie wolves. This is easy enough to try.

That the pear tree loves to grow in cool ground has been demonstrated over and over again. The following extract from the Massachusetts Plowman: "Where it is practicable an orchard may be very much improved by covering the whole ground with a very heavy coat of manure, say 15 cords to the acre, and covering it with fine evergreen brush deep enough to prevent the grass from growing for several years; this is better than plowing the land, as it does not cut off and destroy all of the roots near the surface, but rather invites them to grow, and the decayed grass roots and brush, together with the manure applied, will force a good growth of not only roots, but also tops. The mulching keeps the land cool and moist, which is just what the pear wants.

The New Arithmetic.

A man trades a $70 watch for a $45 shot gun, pays $3 for repairs and then exchanges it for a $30 horse, which kicks a $28 cow to death and then dies of a broken heart. How much did the man lose?

The distance from a roadside fence to a certain harvest apple tree is three times the distance from the ground to the first limb, which is two yards, one foot and nine and one-half inches. What is the distance from the fence, and how many harvest apples can a fat boy eat?

A merchant has two clerks. Their united ages are five-sevenths of the number of herrings in a box. What are the exact figures?

A man died leaving property valued at $17,000 to a certain relative. Eight other relatives wouldn't have it that way, and contested the will. The property was then divided pro rata and each one's share was found to be seventeen cents. What became—but, of course, you know that the lawyers got it.

A farmer takes four dozen eggs to town and exchanges them for two pounds of sugar at nine cents per pound, and when he returns home his wife gives him fifty-five cents' worth of "you internal old sap-head!" Figure it all in and find how much he received per dozen for the eggs?

A lightning rod man sits down to try and remember how many farmers he has swindled. He can't begin to recall names and dates, and so he multiplies his eighteen years of experience by two, adds five, subtracts one, and calls the result one-fourth of the grand total. What is the total?

The scholars in a certain country school set, out to "lick" the teacher. The number of girls who, of course, don't take a hand in, is thirteen, and this is four-sixths of the number of the boys, who got the worst shaking up they ever heard tell of. What was the exact number, coming as near as you can without halving up anybody.

A fond father purchased a set of tools for his boy, paying therefor the sum of $3.25. In a short time the lad bored six holes in the piano-case, sawed off six chair legs, split two door-panels and amputated the sofa's left arm. Find what the exact sum was, and also notify your friends that the tools are for sale at one-third off.

About Love.

Mr Factandfancy had noticed that the boy who is most afraid of the girls is the first to be corraled into matrimony.

That the little boys prefer boys to girls. That they soon change, never to go back to their early love.

That the little girls love the girls best. That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never.

That the women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of.

That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thoughts for other men. That the husband so loves his wife that he loves all women for her sake.

That the married man is apt to think himself all-killing among the fair sex simply because he has found one woman fool enough to marry him. That homely husbands are the best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them.

That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have. That the man who marries late in life does well. That the man who marries young does better.

That the man who never marries is to be pitied. That the woman who does not marry does better nine times out of ten.—*Boston Transcript.*

WITH a little consideration, a good word may be said for almost anything, even for whiskey. An eloquent Irish priest said to his people lately, "It is whiskey that keeps you poor; it is whiskey that makes you shoot at your landlords—yes, and *miss* them too."

THE HOUSEHOLD

For the Ladies.

FASHIONS, ETC.

Satin goes out and plush goes in. "We demand something with more depth of feeling than satin," therefore plush if now the rage.

It appears as drapery for windows or doors, either alone or mixed with some other fabric. A long strip, embroidered with silver or gold, the pattern running diagonally across it, forms a pretty drapery for an arm chair; it is fastened to the chair at the upper right-hand corner by a bow of corresponding satin ribbon. This may be used for either an upholstered or wicker chair.

Baskets, too, are adorned with the left-over pieces of plush and ribbon.

Fans are larger as to size and decoration than last year. Those of peacock feathers are very effective, and are made up in the most ingenious styles. Many beautiful feather fans have a piece of pale satin inserted among the feathers, upon which flowers in figures are painted or embroidered.

Pastel portraits promise to be the coming picture; their soft brilliancy seems particularly fitting for children's pictures.

New goods, including carpets, upholstery, tapestries and curtain stuffs, show the influences of the English art renaissance. Sheila plush is the latest novelty for upholstery. It is a jute or cosmos plush, the same on both sides, and comes in solid colors as well as in Oriental designs and colors. The early opening of spring suits by the Co-operative Dress Association showed that no material changes were apparent in the outline of dresses. Costumes of surah, merveilleux or gros grain, good models and well made, ranged from $25 to $65. Suits for misses and little girls, made entirely of surah or merveilleux, ranged from $15 to $25.

Wash goods and nun's veiling suits for young girls will be made with full bodies and wide belts, leg-of-mutton sleeves and gathered skirts. This fashion will not be universal. The coat bodice is the favorite of the moment. Dressmakers say that fully a third of the suits ordered are made with trimmed skirts and coat bodices. Draperies are in various styles, but the kilted flounce, or flounces and short tablier and high back drapery on a rather narrow gored skirt take precedence.

While coat sleeves are more worn than others, they by no means reign alone. Leg-of-mutton and puffed sleeves appear on many costumes, especially those of wash goods or light woolen fabrics and those of which the bodice is shirred or full. Many quaint, graceful sleeves have been invented. It remains to be seen which will be permanently adopted.

Among the prettiest goods for children are percales. Some have dark blue, others have turquoise blue grounds on which are tiny bird designs, small cubes and parallelograms, delicate dots, crescents and circles in clusters, and other small figures in mingled patterns.

The new bonnets and hats are mostly of English split and Dunstable straws, Milan straws and satin porcupine braids. The porcupine braids are colored garnet, bottle green, Havana and other browns, bronzes, drabs, light and dark blue, old gold, natural straw and black.

Bonnets and hat shapes are as varied as the most capricious can wish. The poke, directory and capote are however the leading styles in bonnets. Turbans and English walking hats compete with broad-brimmed sombreros, which may take any name from the Gainesboro' or Rembrandt to the Spanish student or the "Cuban planter." Panama straw is being revived, probably in compliment to Lesseps. Trimmed bonnets from Paris are covered with lace—generally Oriental or Spanish—flowers, fancy facetted beads of large size and eccentric shapes. There are pompons of ostrich feathers and heron aigrettes, and ribbons of a new style of satin finish gros grain.

Neapolitan horse-hair braids in white, straw colors and also dyed in shades of blue, brown and ruby are seen in small lots at leading wholesale millinery houses. The trimmings will be crepe broche—a new trimming material—fine Oriental lace, lace broche ribbons, flowers and tinted pearl facetted beads. A new millinery trimming, "satin parfait," is a soft lustrous gros grain silk similar to the "faille seduisante." When cut on the bias for a bonnet scarf it looks like the finest satin surah.

Many of the new poke bonnets have face trimmings of flowers. These flowers are large or small to suit the fancy. The brims of many of the pokes flare upward at such an angle as to make these face trimmings a necessity.

All sorts of crowns, high, low, comical, squarish, Normandy cap, sloping, round and oval appear in spring bonnets, while the brims vary as much as the crowns. They turn up in front like a diadem, turn down at one side or both, or behind or in front, or are set obliquely around the crown like the rings of Saturn. Amid all this variety, however, the capote and medium poke will prevail, while hats will be large. Manilla promises to be a leading straw. Its natural, soft, sober, harmonious color tries the complexion less than English or Milan straws. There are many good-looking women who can wear Manilla who would shun white Italian or English straw as too hard and trying to the face. Shepherd's plaids will again be in favor in ribbons, and also in Louisine and taffeta silks for summer dresses. Many of the new ginghams, percales and prints come in shepherd's plaids also, both large and small checks. These checks are in white and black, and white and brown, or blue, red and purple, and also in red and pink, dark and pale blue, drab and brown, and in two shades of gray.

Characteristics of Evaporated Fruit.

In properly evaporated fruit there is no loss of pleasant or valuable properties, but an actual increase of fruit sugar, from the fact that evaporation is essentially a ripening process, the development of sugar ranging from ten to twenty-five per cent. in different fruits, as determined by chemical analysis. Instead of a retrograde transition awaiting our really unsurpassed fruits, berries and vegetables at their full stage of ripeness as they emerge from the laboratory of nature, we have in the use of the evaporator a culmination of the same organic forces, and in a few hours the juices which heretofore evolved, formed and perfected in the fruit, but which, after this climax of perfection, become the vehicle of decay, are quickly maturated and maximum development of sugar secured, and the water *pure and simple* evaporated, the change being analogous to the transition of the grape to the sweeter raisin, or the acid green apple to ripeness, with corresponding delicacy.

The cell structure remains unbroken, and the article when placed in the rejuvenating bath of fresh water return to their original form, color and consistency. Thus, a few ounces of pumpkin flour make a sauce or custard at all seasons, nor can an expert distinguish a pie or pudding of evaporated apples from that made from fresh fruit by sight or taste.

UNIVERSAL ADAPTATION.

To enumerate the list of articles that may profitably be evaporated, and their season thus indefinitely prolonged, would constitute a complete catalogue of farm, garden and orchard products, as well as to anticipate the wants of all climates and people, and contemplates an end to a waste of food-wealth that represents one-half the sustenance of man. Round potatoes, sweet potatoes and squash are improved by evaporation. Sweet corn, parsnips, carrots, green beans, peas, tomatoes and rhubarb are easily added to the year-round luxuries.

The manufacture of evaporated fruit by the individual farmer and orchardist has popularized the industry, the future of which it would be difficult to even anticipate. With an apparatus of universal adaptation, and suited to the wants of the large or small orchardist and family management, the business is made both remunerative and pleasant. Few farm implements can be so continuously employed, beginning with the early summer berries, vegetable and fruits, extending its usefulness through the winter upon the fall crops, the daily wasting products of the farm suggesting its use and inculcating the maxim "It is not what we make, but what we save that accumulates wealth."

Tea and Æstheticism.

To her fell the care of the tea table. "Will you have a cup of tea?" she asked, with that far away look in her eyes, expressive of anything but the administration of coarse creature comforts. The robust barbarian assented. A cup of warm tea on a cold winter's afternoon was a pleasant prospect. Poetry led the way to the table. Looking back over her shoulder as she went, and speaking to the youth in the corner, she said: "The Divine ethos!" As she spoke a radiant smile came over her face—a smile that had been hired to express spiritual illumination and the consciousness of priestesshood. "Do you take sugar?" she asked, sweetly, in preparation for her hospitality. The robust barbarian answered: "No; no sugar, thank you." Poetry held the tea pot in her hand, poised in mid-air—the tea still unpoured. "The grand sublimity of Dante matched with the lovely tenderness of Petrucia," she said again over her shoulder to the youth in the corner. "Do you take sugar?" she then asked the robust barbarian kindly. "No; no sugar, thank you," the latter answered. Poetry poured out the tea. During the process she said, with great sweetness and touching hospitality: "I may give you sugar?" "No; no sugar, thank you," was the reply. Poetry took up the milk jug. "The many-sidedness of Shakespeare, and the perfect form of Goethe!" she said again over her shoulder to the youth in the corner. To the robust barbarian, "Sugar?" "No," said the robust barbarian quickly. Poetry poured out the milk. Still holding the cup, she looked back to the youth in the corner. "And add to this transcendent whole, the stately march of Spencer," she said. "This is what the stately poet should be—and this is what you will some day be." On which she hastily shoveled in two spoonfuls of crushed sugar, and handed the cup to the robust barbarian with a charming smile. "You take sugar, I think?" she said very sweetly. "I hope I have made it sweet enough."—*Home Journal.*

HYGIENE OF THE TEETH.—A hard crust is the best dentifrice. I never could get myself to believe in the natural necessity of a tooth brush. The African nations, the Hindoos, the natives of Southern Europe, the South Sea Islanders, the Arabs, the South American vegetarians, in short, three-fourths of our fellowmen, besides our next relatives, the frugivorous animals, have splendid teeth without sozodont. I really believe that ours decay from sheer disuse; the boarding-house *homo* lives chiefly on pap—wants all his meats soft boiled, and growls at cold biscuit or an underdone potato; in other words, he delegates to the cook the proper functions of his teeth. We hear occasionally of old men getting a second, or rather a third set of teeth. I met one of them in Northern Guatemala, and ascertained that he had become toothless during a twelve years' sojourn in a seaport town, and that he got his new set upon his return to his native village, where circumstances obliged him to resume the hard, corn cake diet of his boyhood years. His teeth had reappeared as soon as their services were called for, and would probably never have absented themselves if a pap-diet had not made them superfluous. An artificial dentifrice will certainly keep the teeth white, but that does not prevent their premature decay; disuse gradually softens their substance, till one fine day the hash eater snaps his best incisor upon an unexpected piece of bone. Every old dentist knows hundreds of city customers whom the daily use of a toothbrush did not save from the necessity of applying, before the end of the fortieth year for a complete "celluloid set." I do not say that a soft toothbrush and such dentifrices as oatmeal or burned arrow-root can do any harm, but, for sanitary purposes, such precautions must be supplemented by *dental exercise.* Let a child invigorate its teeth by chewing a hard crust. Children, and whole tribes of the northern races seem to feel an instinctive desire to exercise their teeth upon some solid substance, as pet squirrels will gnaw the furniture if you give them nut-kernels instead of nuts. The school-boy habit of gnawing pen-holders, finger-nails, etc., may have a similar significance. Our practice of sipping ice-cold and steaming hot drinks, turn about, has also a very injurious effect upon the brittle substance that forms the enamel of our teeth; no porcelain glaze would stand such abuse for any length of time, and experience has taught hunters and dog-fanciers that it destroys even the bone crushing fangs of the animal from which our canine teeth derive their name.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The rumor of the loss of the U. S. flag ship Richmond was unfounded.

To Prevent Railway Accidents.

W. C. Shaffer has recently perfected a marvellous invention for preventing railway accidents. The *Philadelphia Press* says: The invention makes it possible for trains on the same track to approach within the same distance of an open switch, or a broken rail, or an open drawbridge, or a wrecked or standing train, or any other danger, even if firemen, engineers, and signal men are drunk or asleep. In short, the human element is removed entirely. These marvellous results are wrought by electricity and a system of levers worked automatically by passing trains. The essential features of the apparatus are a current of electricity, generated by a dynamo machine, and sent along one rail for any given distance, as for a hundred miles, and a return wire, strung on poles, to complete the circuit. The current along the rail is interrupted by boxes placed at arbitrary intervals, at every mile along the track, and containing a magnet and an armature. With these the return wire is also connected. The magnet in each box is connected by a wire and rods with a lever by the side of the track. Another lever in a locomotive, as it passes over the lever by the track, depresses it, opens or breaks the circuit which was before closed, deprives the magnet in the box of its attractive force, which had before drawn to it the armature. The armature falls away from the magnet. The train rushes by and the lever by the track springs up again. But the armature, by falling away from the magnet, has thrown out a danger signal by the side of the track and locked a catch which holds the lever by the track rigid, so that it will not yield to the pressure of a following locomotive. Instead, the now immovable lever by the track forces up the lever in the locomotive, which is always movable, but which would have sufficient resistance to force down the lever by the track had it not been locked by the preceding train. The lever in the locomotive, being thus forced up by its simple mechanical connections, automatically blows the whistle, shuts off the steam, and applies air to the brakes.

Meantime the train which first passes rushes on, secure from a rear end collision. It might stop with perfect safety, even if no flagman went back on the track. If it goes ahead it passes another level at the next mile, which it also automatically locks, putting a second guard between itself and danger from the rear. When it reaches the second mile, there is a box and lever—the lever is locked by the engine, as before. But now an ingenious device unlocks the lever two miles back. At each box there is a second lever by the other rail of the track. A projection on the rear car of the passing train strikes this and forces it down. The current in the returning wire is at once closed; the magnet in the box two miles back is once more given its attractive power; its armature is draw home, and the first lever by the track is unlocked. A following train can now pass the point without interruption; but as it passes it again locks the lever, and is itself secure from the rear for two miles back. The boxes, with their interlocking circuits, are placed every mile along the track, and trains are stopped twice if they attempt to approach within two boxes of each other.

Switches are included in the same current. A switch closed and safe leaves the current closed, and does not affect the levers by the track. But, if the switch is misplaced, or if a rail is broken or a drawbridge open, the circuit is of course broken. The armatures of the boxes two miles away fall away from their powerless magnets, and the levers by the track are locked and unyielding, and will at once stop any train approaching the danger. The levers, when applied to a single track road, can of course, be electrically connected with other levers two miles ahead of a train as well as two miles behind, so that there will be warning of danger ahead as well as in the rear.

A Cyclone.

In examining cyclones, phenomena occasionally present themselves which strongly suggest the idea that they include within their circuit, as an independent meteor, the whirlwind or the tornado, the phenomena in question being most frequently met with in those cyclones which present, in close continuity, masses of air differing very widely from each other in temperature and humidity. Of such cyclones the great storm of October 14th last appears to be one. On that occasion the changes of temperature and humidity were sharp and sudden, particularly from the Grampians to the Cheviots, the great fall occurring when the wind changed to northward. Off the Berwickshire coast the darkness accompanying the changes of wind, temperature and humidity, was denser and more threatening than elsewhere, and, almost simultaneously with the approach of these changes, a hurricane, or rather tornado, broke out with a devouring energy which bore everything before it. The tornado character of the storm off Eyemouth is shown by the accounts of some of the survivors, who describe the wind as blowing straight down from the sky with an impetuosity so vehement and overmastering that the sea for some extent was beaten down flat into a stretch of seething foam, in which many boats sank as if driven down beneath the foam by the wind, while outside this tract the waves seemed to be driven up to a height absolutely appalling, which in their turn engulfed many of the boats yet remaining. Similar seas, with level wastes of seething foam, bounded immediately by waves of a height and threatening aspect never before witnessed, were encountered by several well-appointed steamers out in the middle of the North Sea during this storm, thus confirming the observations of the Eyemouth fishermen. These facts seem to point to one or perhaps more tornadoes of no inconsiderable dimensions, with slanting columns, the terrible force of the gyrations of whose lower extremities played no inconspicuous part in the devastation wrought during the continuance of this memorable storm.—*Nature.*

The difference between natural and experimental philosophy is very marked. It is perfectly natural philosophy to ask a man to lend you a small amount of money on the promise to return it the next day, and it is an illustration of experimental philosophy when he refuses to do it.