THE ENGINEER'S LAST RUN.

"Pile in the diamond, Tom, for the run is long,
And the Lake Shore train from the East is a little late;
And the summer breeze has blown the 'tip' of the dot pot song
The old girl wants to strike her liveliest gait,
'Be tight is black as death, and the wind is in the north,
And the sky above is as streaked with dusky bars:
Whether it storms or not, the night will be dark as best,
For that climbing bank of clouds is blotting out the stars.

"I wish we could start on time, Tom, for we've pulls a heavy train;
Three coaches, a smoker, two Pullman, baggage, express and mail;
And the old girl leaks at the draw-bar as though she could feel the strain—
I can see her holding her drivers awfully close to the rail.
There goes the 'gong' look out, Tom, the signal is on your side,
'Afraid' I hear him say, what does he signal?
'All right,' say you? 'Go ahead!'
Now, girlie, we'll give these folks in the sleeper an all-nightride.
And we'll laugh at the Mississippi ere the eastern skies are red.

"Steady, old girl! Go easy; look out for yourself—don't slip;
Look at you, now! Hold close—that's right there ain't no hurry just yet;
Here's a handful of sand for your drivers; it'll help you good 'round the curve;
Look out for 'Nell' at crossing—don't stub your toe—easy, old girl; don't fret.
Now then, you run a little; we haven't no time to dream;
I'll just let you take a six-mile gait till we're well outside of the yards;
Now're past Grand Crossing—now run reckless right along—just help yourself to steam,
And we'll give Old Time and distance our greatest and best regards.

"Ha, ha! Do you feel her quiver—don't you? a little too fast, I know,
She knows she has time to make up—she's running so wild and so free;
And I haven't the heart to hold her, Tom, when I see she wants to go;
When I know by the throb of her nervous pulse that she wants to run so bad.
* * *
"It must be nearly morning, Tom, the night is was away,
But the skies grow blacker and darker, it seems, as the weary night wears on;
And though I can tell by the smell of air that it must be nearly day,
Yet the clouds have blotted out the stars that should pale in the early dawn.
'She shows two gauges, doesn't she Tom? this light, I can't see—
The very headlight shows dull and 'dim' values as it flickers along ahead;
I reckon I'm nervous with this long run; and it always seems to me
That along in the early morning, a fellow weakens and fails.

"We must be near the river, Tom; I wish I could see it now!
But we'll hear it sweep round the great stone pier, I reckon, by and by;
We're right on time, and I don't feel afraid of anything, but somehow
I wish I could see old Burlington's hills outlining against the sky.
Just feel her spring! how eager she seems! how faster than life she goes!
Hear, when I hold to the whistle, what agony in her scream;
And you cannot count the whirling miles that her shoulder she throws behind.
Why, the night's run seems to me, boy, like a strange, wild, unreal dream.

"My hand is heavy, the whistle I blew just now I could not hear;
And your voice is so strange and distant, Tom, I can't tell where you are,
Have we dropped the train? Its rear is hushed—but unmeaning cold and clear.
I can hear the sweep of the river now—it can't be very far.
The headlight's out, and this air brake, boy—it won't work any more;
There's something wrong, but I'll drive 'kind,' there is no answer to me.
It's dark and still as the grave behind, it's dark on the track before
But the signal lights are set all right—the track ahead is clear.

"The river is close ahead, boy, I can hear its ceaseless flow
Though I cannot see in the darkness the track of the chilling tide.
It isn't the Mississippi, Tom, it's some river that I don't know,
And the shadowy sweep of its waters is dark and cold and wide.
There ain't no bridge I can see, Tom, but I know the way is sure,
And I'm going to pull right straight ahead through the quiet, starless night.
For I see across the river, and white and clear and pure,
The signal lights burn steadily, and they're set—'Come ahead. All right!'"

R. J. Burdette.

TRAINING A HUSBAND.

So you want her know how I come her Caleb, when I knew just hev he used Nancy, his first wife. Wal, I'll tell ye all about it.

You know Dan'l left me pretty poor-off. I had two little children, an' that tag-dew I didn't know. The mortgage was ter run out in about a year an' a half arter he died. I'd sent the children down to brother John's ter go ter school. Brother John wanted me to give them ter him, arst he'd do well, an' I was meditating on it, orful loth to dew it. But what else could I dew with them when the old farm was took away from me?

One day, when the time was near eout, I was a hoein' the beans side of the fenny lot, Caleb's cornfield. I kept Hannah, I never felt finer in all my born days. I'd allers livest an' worked on a farm, an' couldn't do no other kind of work; so what was to become of me I didn't know.

Purty good hoein' for a green hand,' sez somebody over the fence.

'Yes,' sez I, 'I've done enough of it sence I was left alone. Wal, I don't make perfect,' we used ter write in our copybook when we were children,' an' I couldn't help heaving a sigh.

'Wall Emmeline,' sez he, 'you'n I seem ter be in the same fix. I hev ter have a man ter dey ter hoeing an' sich, an' I need a woman to see ter my house, an' if you're agreed, we'll hitch horses an' git married ter-gether. I can't dew no hired help that'll do as I want, Nancy did.' (Thinks I ter myself, and you'll never find another wife 'twill, either). 'So what dy'e say, Emmeline?'

I didn't think much of it at nothing for the nex few minutes. It all flashed over me in a second, what an unfeelin' man he'd allers been. Poor Nancy had ter dew all the housework, an' a good deal b'longed ter him ter dew, an' he was stingier than an old miser, tew.

I knew he was a smart man ter work, was forehanded and was able ter live in good deal better shape than he did, an' you know, Hannah, that poor Dan'el was jest the opperite. He was a norful clever man, was Dan'el, but kind of shiftless an' easy, an' it allers worried him so much how he was things goin' so slack. Sez I ter myself, a body can't hev everything; ther's allers some couts, an' a poor man's better'n none. So I speaks right up, an' I sez:

'Caleb, we've been friends ter my a year. I know your failin's, an' s'pose you know mine, an' so, if you say so, all right, p'raps we both might do worse.

Wal, ter make a long story short, we agreed ter hev the business dun right off. Caleb said thet it was stylish to go on a weddin' tower now-a-days, and as he wanted ter go down to Bangor ter see about selling his wool, an' as Sarah Jane Curtis, (who used ter work for him) lived about half way, an' we could stop there both ways, and it wouldn't cost anything, he thought we'd better go. (His niece, Rebecca Gilman, yer know, lives there, and we could make her a visit at the same time.) Brother John lives there, yew know, an' I'd made up my mind that I'd jest bring home the child'en.

An' so I did; but Caleb he was orful sot against it, but of course they can come and make a visit,' an' I let him think so, 'cause I wasn't quite ready to have words with him, yet.

We started on a week, an' I got home along in the arternoon all right. Ther next mornin' I woke up purty airly, an' I sez to myself: 'Courage, Emmeline, now or never.' I kep' still, fer Caleb was still a-snorin', but time-by he fetched on'arthly snort that woke' himself up, an' w'en he see 'at it was gettin' daylight, he nudged me and sez he:

'Wake up, Emmeline, Emmeline, it's broad daylight; come, come, git up, we shan't hev any breakfast ter-day.'

I was awful hard ter wake, fer a while I managed tew, an' while I was a rubbin' my eyes, I sez, 'Got a good hot fire, ain't ye, Caleb?'

'Fire?' sez he, 'I never build a fire.' Wal, ye know, airs built the fires.'

'Did she?' sez I, as cool as a cucumber. 'So did Dan'el.'

I turned over and went to sleep agin or, at least, he thought I did.

Wall, he wiggled, and turned, and twisted, an' he didn't move ter get up fer about an hour, an' when the sun came up and shined into the bedroom winder, he got up and built the fire. There wasn't no kindlin's, nor a stick o' wood, an' he had ter squirmish round lively and git gone sum.

After the fire got tew crackling in good shape, I got up. I didn't hurry none, let me tell you. I was most dead tired and so long, but sez I to myself, 'I make the fire this time, I'm prob'ly hev to dew it in cold weather, and I won't dew it for any man.'

He was pretty sullen all day, but I didn't take notice ter him, I jest let him go hangin', an' hed six men ter help him. I had ter do all the work, an' take care of the milk an' cooking. An' it wasn't no fool of a job. Come time ter get dinner, an' there wasn't a sliver o' wood cut; I sent Johnnie (he was then about seven years old,) out in ther field ter fetch in a load, I wanted him.

He came in looking savage enough, and wanted to know what it was I wanted. Sez I—

'I want some wood ter burn.'

'Wal,' sez he, 'there's a pile wood-ripile out there. Help yerself.'

'An' not a stick split,' sez I. 'You will hev ter git a bigger stove to burn that.'

'Wal, it ain't such a hard job ter split it,' sez he 'Nancy used tew, often, when I was bizzy.'

'Jest the dew!' 'So did Dan'el.'

He got the wood, an' said, as he was going out, that he didn't want ter be called in out o' the mowing field again, unless 'twas for victuals

'All right,' sez I.

The arternoon I was the same thing; not a stick split. Thinks I, 'Old fellow, you ain't got no Nancy here. I'll larn ye a little somethin' that p'raps yer don't know.' So when it was dinner time I blows the horn, an' in comes all seven of 'em the man an' sets down ter the table. 'Sich streaked lookin' faces as they had as they viewed the grub. There was a dish of potatoes, an' a dish of pertaters, an' meat, an' vegetables, an everything was washed clean and put on raw. Not a thing was cooked.

Caleb looked blacker'n a thunder-cloud.

'What does this mean?' sez he.

'It means what it means,' sez I. 'You said yest'day that you didn't want ter be called in from the mowin' field again unless it was for victuals, an' here they are.'

'Nice shape, tew,' sez he.

'Wal, I can't cook 'thout wood,' sez I, dry like.

With that, all seven of 'em started for the wood, an' they never left that wood pile till it was ready for the stove. I never was bothered for wood again.

A few weeks after, I wanted some money purty bad. I wanted ter send Johnnie back ter school, an' I knew he I was bound that they should have some clothes fit to wear. I asked Caleb a number of times to let me hev some, but he made all kinds of' excuses. I didn't let ye know, Hannah, I didn't mind yer. So one day along comes a peddler that bought butter an' eggs. I had considerable on han' that Caleb was intending ter git a load off on ter, when he had time. So I sold every pound of butter an' every egg I had in the house. I got nigh on to twenty-five dollars for them.

When Caleb come home I told him I had sold the butter'n eggs.

'How much did ye git?' sez he.

I told him.

'Where's the money?' sez he.

'I've got it,' sez I.

'Wal, sez he, Nancy allers give me all the money that she took for her butter and eggs.'

'Did she?' sez I. 'And so did Dan'el.'

He got tired of holding Nancy up afore my eyes, for I would offset her with Dan'el every time. He found that I was going ter git my way, an' he thought he might as well let me hev my own way, an' so he her. I don't mean to be ugly, but I won't be trod on ter git a little money ter dew with, an' if you agreed, we'll hitch horses an' git married ter-gether. I can't dew no hired help that'll do as Nancy did.' (Thinks I ter myself, and you'll never find another wife 'twill, either). 'So what dy'e say, Emmeline?'

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THE FARM

The Value of a Roller.

It has always been a belief of ours that the true value of the roller has not been understood, and we have received considerable credit from contemporaries for our efforts at various times to have this useful implement better understood. What we have said in the past has chiefly had reference to its use in the spring in passing it over the grain and grass and pressing back the plants to their normal position, which they have been disturbed by the action of the frost; but as we see farming conducted during the summer, we are tempted to inquire whether even still more use of the roller might not be made with advantage. We all know how great is the value of a well-pulverized soil, but we have come to regard mere stirring with a cultivator as equivalent to pulverizing. It is to a certain extent of course. No matter how roughly done, it is better than a hard-baked surface. Under this condition the soil drinks very freely. Still the lumpy, coarse way in which the cultivator often leaves the ground is anything but pulverization. We see a tendency in some farmers to work hard-packed earth; but the thorough pulverization we recommend is a very different thing from this. A soil that is thoroughly crushed fine will not drying out near as fast as one which is coarse and lumpy, and this prevention of the escape of moisture is as well worthy of attention as the manure question, or any of the numerous ones which are generally uppermost.

It is not perhaps easy to carry out a plan after we know it is a good one; but surely something could be done to keep the soil from being so coarse and lumpy, as we see it so often after our cultivators have been over the ground. There is something wrong either with the soil or the implements. We want a clod-crusher as well as a hoe-harrow, let it be in the form of a roller or what t may.

Garden Herbs

Few things add more to the pleasure of a thoroughly good cook than to have a full supply of kitchen herbs really to hand. A little of one thing or another in this line often makes all the difference between a successful dish and one of mediocre quality. Every garden should have a few, and where they are wanting should be looked after at this season.

Perhaps the most useful is parsley. That has to be raised from seed, although if the flower-stocks are cut off as they come up in the summer, the plants may be prolonged for several seasons. It does not go to seed, however, the first season of sowing; so that if sown early and gets strong before summer comes, we may hope for a good supply of leaves the first season. The seeds, however, take several weeks to germinate, and should be put in as early as possible. Another herb of great service to the cooks is thyme. It is a hardy kind of onion which is no onion, as it makes all tops and roots. It is not so strong as the ordinary onion, and gives a delicate flavor to certain soups and sauces that nothing of the tribe will do. This also has to be sown early and on very rich ground. But if possible the richness should be given to the ground the previous year. Fresh and rank manure is unfavorable to good leek-culture.

Many make good use in winter of marjoram and summer savory. These are raised from seed sown at the usual time in the spring. Sage and thyme are perennials; but they require an occasional renewal from cuttings of them in the best condition. If left to themselves they become woody, scraggley, and somewhat barren of leaves; if they are not entirely killed by the severity of the winter. Thyme should be kept in good condition by being simply sheared down to the ground or cut back with a knife every spring. This induces fresh growth, and proof thyme is in excellent condition for use at any time. Sage if often kept many years in good condition by simply cutting back; but often it needs starting quite anew. This may be done by taking cuttings of the old plant and burying them down deep in the ground so that the tops of the shoots are barely above the surface. Sweet marjoram will soon make good plants. There are other herbs useful on some occasions; but these are essential to every good garden.

Suggestions for Stockbreeders.

The Jersey and Guernsey cattle are the best butter-makers of any breed. Shorthorns most profitable for beef; Ayrshires are favorites with many milkmen for their large yield of milk. The Angus breed is also noted for a good deal of attention, as forms are regarded by many breeders as a great annoyance, and if, by using polled cattle to cross with other breeds, they can breed off the horns from our Jersey and Shorthorns, or if we can bring up the record of the Angus cattle to our pure well with the Jersey or Ayrshire or the Shorthorn for beef, we shall be accomplishing something of value. It is well understood that horns can be bred off by careful selection, and it is also well understood that any marked peculiarity of a breed may be reproduced by breeding; still, we have no breed that can always be relied upon for large yield of butter. Even the Jerseys are very variable in this respect. We approach the famous records of Lidsey Bell of Estmate, who produced 705 pounds of butter upon moderate feed and Eurotas, who made 778 pounds in eleven months and produced a calf; and Pansy, who made 574 pounds in a year and produced twenty-five calves in the family. When buyers of stock are willing to pay for a milk record in the pedigree of the cattle they buy, and breeders of cattle have their stock and are based upon such qualities and records, rather than the usual superficial considerations of color and general good looks, then we may look for better, for less complaint of the so-called family breeds, which, after all, are believed by many of our dairymen to be no more useful for a laboring man's dependence than the common native stock of the country.

The same venomous habits in breeding prevail with the poultry fanciers. The size of comb, the color of hackle of the breast, and the number of toes will weigh more with the buyer of fancy stock or with a committee at a hen show than the vastly more important considerations of the number of eggs laid per year and the average weight of a three months old chicken. Of course, the breeders must meet the demands of the purchaser and breed accordingly. When shall we find a little more common sense in these matters? —*W. D. Philbrick in N. E. Farmer.*

White Russian Oats.

One who believes in White Russian oats gives his experience with them in a late number of the Country Gentleman. Writing from Plattsburg, N. Y. he says: Last spring I sent to Ferry & Co., Detroit, and got 10 pounds (measuring 14 quarts) of white Russian oats. These oats I sowed on sixty-four hundredths of an acre of rather heavy clay ground, on which I had grown corn the previous year. The land was plowed in the fall, and left in the rough. In the spring, as soon as the ground was fit to work, I harrowed twice, then sowed my oats broadcast (with the exception of a narrow strip); then covered with a smoothing harrow. The plan usually followed, I sowed in drills one foot apart. In these drills I sow 4½ ounces of seed dropped by hand, the grains 6 inches apart in the drills, and carefully covered with a rake and rolled with a light hand-roller.

At the same time, and on the same kind of ground, prepared and planted in the same way, I put in 5½ ounces of seed from my other oats. The strips were separated by a few rows of corn to keep the grain from mixing. I cultivated twice. The common oats ripened slightly, ripening about two weeks earlier than the Russian. The latter showed no signs of rust. I threshed the oats from these strips, with flails, as soon as they were harvested. Of the common oats I had 2½ bushels of 32 pounds each from 5½ ounces of seed, while of the Russian I had 5½ bushels of 32 pounds from 4½ ounces of seed.

Soon after my broadcast sown oats were up, a very heavy rain came, and when they were from three to four inches high they appeared to stop growing entirely, and ground baking and cracking for a long time, so that in many places I could run my fingers into the crevices. To remedy this evil I put on the smoothing harrow, which lightened up the surface and killed most of the cracks. From this time the oats grew, and although at the time they were so thin and weak that in many places you could see through, yet there was anything on the ground, at any rate, the field was a perfect sea of heads, many of them being from sixteen to twenty inches long. Not having room for my grain in the barn, I put it into my grain in a neighbor's barn, and did not get at it to thresh until December, when upon cleaning up (although the mice had been there very badly), I found I had 63 bushels of oats, 32 pounds to the bushel, raised on 0.64 of an acre of ground, and from only 10 pounds of seed.

The Russian oats did not rust, while my field of common oats sown on similar ground rusted so badly they were badly worth harvesting.

THE GLUCOSE FRAUD

Strong Indictment Against "Grape" Sugar Crops, etc.

The glucose manufacturers are reported to have convinced the committee on ways and means that their product is not one thing but the world has been trying for all these years, and that manufacture is deserving rather of a bounty to encourage it than to be taxed for the purpose of repressing it. The glucose bill, which passed the house, for the utilization of the best as a source of saccharine supplies was cited; and the glucose men argued before the committee that his sort would have thrilled as it would not even over a great victory, had it been shown him that sugar could be made out of maize. Now, all this would be entirely to the point if glucose were what it claims to be, and a substitute for sugar and molasses. If the so-called grape sugar, which has nothing to do with grapes, stood in the relation to real sugar which it claims to be sugar does, all that the makers of glucose say would be true enough. The department of agriculture has spent a good deal of money trying to make sugar and molasses out of the sorghum cane, and if a good sugar can be made from a cane that will grow in northern latitudes, the discovery would be worth a great deal. But glucose and molasses and syrup do not serve as substitutes for cane sugar and syrup. Notoriously, they are not sweet enough. Those who buy them do not, in the very likely to ask for it as a substitute for the cane and molasses they have been using. Glucose is chiefly used in adulterations. It is available only in cheating the consumer. It is a fraud upon the honest operating sugar, but the loss to the pocket of the consumer is substantially the same; what he buys for sugar is not sugar, is pure sugar, and consequently he has to use more of it. The substance is sold to him as sugar, and he is thereby cheated. The glucose makers are not as they pretend, making sugar out of a new material, and relieving by enlarging the world's supply of sweetness; they are merely making a substance for use in the adulteration of sugar, which is better than the substance that have hitherto been used for that purpose, because it is less easy to detect; it isn't much sweeter than sand, and perhaps it is not much more wholesome, but it is not so easily discovered by the customer on whom the fraud is perpetrated. When glucose is so carefully made that it is without admixture of free sulphuric acid, it may be revolting to a taste as the objection to oleomargarine, and butterine, and suine, where these are made as well as possible, are not. They are not intrinsically harmful—honest, pure food. The makers do not sell any such thing as glucose sugar, and glucose molasses, and glucose candy; they use the glucose for the purpose of adulterating sugar, and molasses, and the candy, and then sell their product as genuine. If glucose contained enough of the saccharine element to be called a sugar, it would be offered in the market as a substitute for cane sugar at a reduced price; but it is too poor for that. It enables candy makers and wholesale dealers in sugars and syrups to cheat the public, and get paid for a different article from that which purports to be sold, and that is the only purpose that glucose as yet serves. Its manufacture is a fraud upon those who, trusting to the judgment of intelligent persons, the glucose is more than a fraud; it is a poison. Where it is not thoroughly separated from the sulphuric acid it is injurious to the system, and the medical profession has noticed an increase in Bright's disease coincident with the wholesale, but secret and therefore unlawful, introduction of the article into sugars, syrups and candies.—*Chicago Times.*

AT A FAIR lately held by his people in aid of the Girls' Orphanage, Mr. Spurgeon intimated what he thought of the duty of people at fairs, buying and purchasing on such occasions. A gentleman, on his way home one dark night, was met by a foot-pad with the demand, "Your money or your life." The gentleman's reply was, "You can't have my money, I owe it for work to a bazar." The highwayman recognized at once the adequacy of the excuse, and even offered the man a contribution.

In Southern Kentucky there is not a "major." But if any one shouts "Colonel!" the very mules on the turnpikes stop, wondering what the driver has to communicate to them.

A fool may have his coat embroidered with gold, but it is a fool's coat still. —*Ricard.*

THE HOUSEHOLD

A Practical Kitchen.

"What else can a kitchen be?" asked a young housekeeper the other day as she chanced to see the above heading. "That is the one point that dadoes and portieres never invade. Mine is generated, it is true, but it is with the grease spots left by successive Biddies. However, it is always so dark that nobody knows they are there, and I never enter the hole if I can help it."

"The hole!" That is the difference between past and present. In spite of modern improvements, set tubs, ranges, and gas, the kitchen of to-day is too often, at any rate in city houses, gloomy, ill-ventilated and depressing; mere temporary stopping place for servants of all nationalities, and quite a little more incompetent than the last. The modern conveniences soon have the look of very ancient inconveniences. The paint, if any paint be which is distorted by a course of red-hot fires, ceases to bake or roast unless urged constantly to the same point. The sink is the haunt of Bridget's cats and dogs, and the tubs are always in wait under and among the pipes which burst or overflow in mysterious ways; and gradually through neglect and abuse, even the necessary utensils, which are indispensibilities, and the only method of, reconstruction lies, as in other varieties of crises, in destruction first and then a new start.

The practical kitchen, like the practical dinner, is the one best adapted to the needs of the user. A retinue of servants will require much more elaborate quarters and working space than that demanded by but one or two. Unlimited incomes, it goes without saying, enable unlimited facilities for each phase of household work, and for such incomes are the soapstone finishings for all sinks and tubs, the tiled floors, the shining coppers, and all the numberless conveniences of the civilized household. But for all kitchens of less pretension, whether large or small, are certain inalienable rights, and the mistress of the house who neglects them very badly, I found if I had 63 bushels of oats, 32 pounds to the bushel, raised on 0.64 of an acre of ground, and from only 10 pounds of seed.

The Russian oats did not rust, while my field of common oats sown on similar ground rusted so badly they were badly worth harvesting.

The Crow will Stay.

The virtues of the crow contributed to his destruction, for his thieving habits and conjugal love forbid him to desert his friends or partners in distress. The writer herself while secluded in the depth of the forest has often arrested them in their flight overhead by an imitation of their well known cry. And as they would remain circling round the tree tops answering the call, they fell an easy prey to the gun, the louder. But are not these depraved or misguided beings who so relentlessly, force, trick and devise, pursue our sable friends, entitled to a share in the fate of nature? His only offense is that he pulls up and eats the sprouting corn. A simple and effectual remedy for this annoyance would be to mix in some tar, oil and a small quantity of slacked lime in powder. The seed corn is then stirred in until each grain receives a thorough coating. This preparation, being somewhat unpervious to moisture, will retard germination about three days, but it saves the crop. The crows after pulling up enough in various places to satisfy themselves that it is unpalatable throughout, will leave it forever in disgust. Don't kill them. Are not the unlovable characteristics of the crow, and the black mark of Cain upon him unmistakable proofs that he should be left unmolested to fulfill his intended mission of keeping down the army of mice, moles, snails, slugs, snakes, lizards, grubs, worms, beetles and the like, which, but for him, would overshadow the land and destroy it altogether? Which would be a mistake; a mistake like a petty boss; too big for a pet; useless for sport; unsavory for food; with forked tongue, uncanny speech, dusky wing and sulphurous habitat; with a disfigured coat of mail, he is plainly enough marked as an outcast. Then let the scavenger alone; he may save us from a pestilence.

Occasionally attempts have been made to civilize the crow, but his bad moral nature seems to develop with culture. He is harder to take care of than a two year old baby, and is as treacherous as the Indian. Cunning as a fox, mischievous as a monkey, he is without a born thief. The raccoon is honesty itself by the side of him. He steals for the love of it, and will make away anything, from a jack knife to a bonnet, rather how useless it may be to him. A younger brother of ours once had a tame crow for some months about the premises, which he managed to keep the neighborhood in an uproar the whole time. One would conclude that Capt. Kidd had buried his treasures in our garden by the way it was dug over by irate housewives, minus thimbles, knives, spoons and the like which Richard, for that was his name, had purloined from open doors and unguarded windows. But he was so ingenious, since I believe he was innocent of half the crimes charged against him, but he had a bad reputation, and, like many another, had to suffer for it. Once he was seen to steal a small coin, and, by the aforesaid pains he took in hiding it, one would imagine he knew its value. After his plunder was concealed he perched upon the fence and chuckled as if he had done no wrong, but the kleptomania kept one eye upon his treasure all the same, and grew, into a furious rage when he lost it. Richard was born in the spring of 1870 and was named after his father, who, about the time Ward says "Ameen-hotep united with Egypt." It recalls Napoleon's reference in his will to "the people whom he had loved so well." Dick was a pet, and, I hope, some better foundation in fact. At twelve months he could whistle, perched perhaps by the dowers, twenty times the dinner call, and at the moment before it was sounded, and was found among the wreaths. By the side of the great Amenhotep rests the tiny mummy of a child, with a toy horse, which, when it was opened, was found to contain nothing but a bundle of reeds packed so as to resemble the outline of Egyptian horses, and intended by an infant's skill. This is not the only example of such deception among the number of the supposed mummies. *M. Milton's Magazine.*

Absence of Mind.

As a proof of the prevalence of absent-mindedness, a visit to the depot at Ashfield last Saturday afternoon and evening would have convinced the most faithless in the reality of the things whose mummies have been brought into the garish light of this nineteenth century are full of associations of the highest interest. Mummies enclosed in a gigantic coffin, painted white, and bearing a long inscription in black on the lid, would, it contains the book of the dead, be like a petty boss; too big for a pet; useless for sport; unsavory for food; with forked tongue, uncanny speech, dusky wing and sulphurous habitat; with a disfigured coat of mail, he is plainly enough marked as an outcast. Then let the scavenger alone; he may save us from a pestilence.

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A Prey School Satchel.

The object of this satchel is to hold the little scholar's apron, class-books and lunch. It is made of a piece of gray cotton, sixteen inches long and twelve inches high. Fold this in two, and place in the middle another piece eight inches long and twelve inches high. Two compartments are thus formed, of which one, that destined for the lunch, should be lined with oil silk or morocco or some other waterproof material that may be frequently cleansed. Cut two tree tops answering the call, the first piece of cloth. The sides are bound together with scarlet braid, expect at the top, where the braid binds together cloth and the lining, leaving the middle compartment open. The top is bound also by braid to match: The same braid forms the handles. A button and loop closes the satchel. It may be covered with the prey design of tapestry or with gray coutil. In the latter case the name of the satchel is embroidered on one side with red worsted. The embroidery is stronger and does not soil so soon.

Another compartment might be added at will, to hold a piece of needle-work or crochet.

Great Discovery at Thebes.

To anyone with a knowledge, however slight, of the history of Egypt, the mere mention of the kings whose mummies have been brought into the garish light of this nineteenth century are full of associations of the highest interest. Mummies enclosed in a gigantic coffin, painted white, and bearing a long inscription in black on the lid would, it contains the book of the dead, be like a petty boss; too big for a pet; useless for sport; unsavory for food; with forked tongue, uncanny speech, dusky wing and sulphurous habitat; with a disfigured coat of mail, he is plainly enough marked as an outcast. Then let the scavenger alone; he may save us from a pestilence.

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A Fortunate Kiss.

In the University of Upsala, in Sweden, lived, a young student—a happy youth, with a great love for studies, but without means for pursuing them. He was poor and without connections. Still he studied, living in great poverty, but keeping a cheerful heart, and trying not to look at the future, which looked so grimly at him. His good humor and good looks made him beloved by his young comrades. Once he was standing with some of them in the great square of Upsala, prating gay and laughing at nature, when the attention of the young men became arrested by a very young and elegant lady, who, at the side of an elderly one, passed slowly over the place. It was the daughter of the governor of Upsala, living in the city, and the lady with her was her governess. She was generally known for her beauty, and for her grace, and gentleness of character, and was looked upon with great admiration by the students. As the young men now stood silently gazing at her, she passed on like a graceful vision, one of them exclaimed.

"Well, it would be worth something to have a kiss from such a mouth!"

"Would you give anything?" cried the hero of our story, who was looking intently at that pure and angelic face, exclaimed, as if by inspiration, "Well, I think I could give it!"

"What?" cried his friends in a chorus, "are you crazy? Do you know her," etc.

"Not at all," he answered, "but I think that he would kiss me just now, if I asked her."

"What, in this place before all our eyes?"

"In this place, before your eyes."

"Well, if she will give you a kiss in that manner, I will give you a thousand dollars!" exclaimed one the party.

"And I!" "And I!" cried three or four others. The bet was lauguedl, the several rich young men were in the group, and bets ran high on so improbable an event, and the challenge was given and taken, and in less time than we take to relate it, the hero—young authority tells not whether he was handsome or plain; I have my peculiar reasons for believing he was rather plain, but singularly good looking at the time—immediately walked off to meet the young lady. He bowed to her and said: "My lady, my fortune is in your hands."

She looked at him in astonishment, but arrested her steps. He proceeded to state his name and condition, his aspirations, and related simply and truly what had just passed between him and his companions.

The young lady listened attentively, and when he ceased to speak, she said, blushing, but with great sweetness, "If what you say is true, nothing much could reach in the morning and roused in a friendly way the sleepers. He made friends with a butcher with whom he breakfasted, and thanked him for many a tid-bit from admiring neighbors when making his social calls. He was not, however, particularly popular with the ladies—perhaps, as he was one to him whether it was porter house steak or paper of tacks. He could swallow anything smaller than he was without tasting it, for he was as thin, as hollow and as long as a piece of rubber overshoe. But, bless you, the crows chief value lies in his omnivorous tastes and his insatiable maw; and you might as well try to satisfy the scribbling tow'ns, as to feed him with food and to feed them behind. Two large baskets are full of pocket-books containing various sums of money. They are mostly women's pocket-books, and in shopping sex have the exclusive right, apparently, to carry purses in their hands, and consequently to lose them. There are several bushels of travelling-bags, which probably have been left by persons passing through the city. One day a big bass drum came to the property clerk. A cornet was also sent in, as if to support the drum. Only a ralr-bit was left in a car, cosily tucked up in a basket. The property clerk also had the company of a poodle dog for a while. A woman telegraphed in great haste one day inquiring for a basket full of jewels she had brought in from the country; when she had identified the jewels, she did not reward the finder, but she said as a matter of right to return them, nor did she condescend to say "thank you," as she swept down the stairs. The clerk says that not one in ten parties ever thanks him for one of it. If they were marked, they would be more apt to be returned when found by fellow-passengers, many of whom do not know of the property clerk's office.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Colonel Higginson did not exaggerate when he said: "The evils of drunkenness would be infinite if it caught than it is." Webster and Worcester combined cannot furnish language to portray its direful effects." Surely the loftiest wisdom, and the most sacrificing exertions of the patriots, statesmen, and scholars of the nation, and of the philanthropists of the age, of every name, are not above the duty of studying this fearful problem.

ONE STEP MORE. Could not Congress after putting the quietus on Mormonism legislate to make marriage less easy and divorce more difficult? If the sentiment of virtue demands the extinction of polygamy it no less calls for a more careful protection of monogamy.

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