

Don't Leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you. Come near, I would whisper it low. You are thinking of leaving the homestead, Don't be in a hurry to go!

Margaret's Mission.

"Agnes Gray says that every woman has a mission. What do you suppose my mission is, mamma?" "Mission, indeed," laughed Mrs. Alleyne, looking proudly at her pretty daughter.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

A few days ago the Cleveland Leader gave in a special telegram from Sandusky the substance of an account given by a man who had found in Ceylon Mr. Hanlow Case, collector of the port of Sandusky in 1850, who defrauded and ran away with the wife of his deputy.

THE CAUSES OF INSANITY.

An Interesting Paper from the Superintendent of an English Asylum. Dr. Clouston, physician superintendent of the Royal Edinburgh Asylum, in his annual report, says: Glancing over the summary of assigned causes, it is at once seen that intemperance stands out as by far the most frequent.

THE BLACK HILLS.

No Protection for Whites beyond Laramie—Immigrants Robbed by Lying Adventurers—On the Road to Starvation and Death. A reporter of a Chicago paper had a long interview with Gen. Merritt, of the United States army. We copy as follows:

COAL OIL JOHNNY.

The True Story of his Sudden Wealth and Return to Poverty. Scarcely a month passes without the appearance of some newspaper paragraph informing the world of the whereabouts and wealth of Johnny Steele, or as he is better known, "Coal Oil Johnny."

Items of Interest.

Miss Susan Denton died in Beaufort, Ind., having been injured by a fall on the stage while she was playing "Leah" in Indianapolis. The Kentucky Legislature has passed a bill taxing all dogs over three years of age \$2 each.

When they had both regained calmness, John Graham explained to his wife that the next day the house was to be sold—he could not take her into lodgings—perhaps she had better return to her mother. But Margaret firmly refused.

John Graham is a wealthy man again now; success has crowned his efforts; but he ever blesses the adversity which taught him to know the real value of his wife.

Following the Fashions. There are ladies in every community who possess to a greater or less degree the gift of a Worth with respect to their own attire, and to some extent with respect to that of others.

The large fortune left by John's father had been doubled by his energy; but now, by the simultaneous failure of two or three firms he had trusted and the vilification of a confidential clerk, the wealthy merchant saw himself upon the brink of ruin.

When John saw that ruin was inevitable he wrote to Mrs. Alleyne, frankly disclosing the state of affairs. The mother insisted that her daughter should return to her; her husband could claim her when fortune again smiled upon him; but in the meantime Margaret was better with her; to spare her anxiety, it was better she should not know of her husband's difficulties.

With a heavy heart John agreed to all Mrs. Alleyne's demands. Margaret's love was the only brightness left in his life; but of course if she could be happy with her mother he could sacrifice it. His stern, pale face and constrained manner affected Margaret painfully when he told her he desired her to accept her mother's invitation.

"He no longer loves me—he wishes me to leave him," the poor child cried afterwards, in a passion of tears. But before him she presented a calm exterior, and John Graham thought that his young wife, like the rest of the world, was ready to desert the ship.

Up the cool, wide, matted stairs he led me, into a chamber oriental in its furnishing and chaste in its magnificence. There, half-reclining in a wide easy chair, a costly shawl of lace cast over her attenuated shoulders, the rich dressing gown clinging and hollowed to the ravages sickness had made, sat one whose great beauty and once gentle gifts made the light and loveliness of the sacred home. The eyes only retained their lustre; they were woefully sunken. The blazing fire, kindled at the vitals, burned upon her sharpened cheeks—burned more fiercely, more hotly, as she looked upon my face. I could think no more of anger; I could only say to myself: "Oh, how sorry I am for you!"

The first question was: "Are you going back to America, sir?" The hollow voice startled me. I seemed to see an open sepulcher. I told her that it was not my intention to return at present. "Oh, then, who will take my little child back to her father?" she cried, the tears falling. "I am dying, and she must go back to him. It is the only reparation I can make—and little enough—for the bitter wrong I have done them. I hoped, sir, you might see him," she added, a moment after, checking her sobs; "I hoped you might tell him that his image is before me from morning till night, as I know he must have looked when the first shock came. Oh, sir, tell him my story. Warn, oh, warn everybody! Tell him I have suffered through the long, long hours these many years—ah! God only knows how deeply."

It was a solemn hour—that which I spent by that dying penitent. Prayer she listened to; she did not seem to join, or if she did, she gave no outward sign. Remorse had worn away all her beauty, even more than illness. She looked to the future with a despairing kind of hope and feeble faith. Reader, the misguided woman of Ceylon lies beneath the stately branches of the palm tree. Her sweet child never met her father in her native land. She sleeps under the troubled waters of the great wild sea. Where the betrayer wanders I cannot tell, but wherever it is, there is no peace for him. How often rings that hollow voice in my ear: "Tell him my story. Warn, oh, warn everybody!"

A Genuine Move. Mr. William Eimer, a farmer from Moffitt county, Pa., passed through New Lisbon, Indiana, with his family, horses, wagon and private residence, and, because of the novelty of the scene, the attention of many persons was attracted, and the little house drew large crowds about it, whose curiosity led them to give it a superficial inspection.

The innocence and childlike simplicity of some people is shown by the story described in an Anoka (Minn.) paper, as follows: As William Mogle, of this city, was on his way to Minneapolis he overtook a man from Hennepin county with a load of hay on which were two large sized women. A short distance this side of Minneapolis the hay man stopped that team, and Mr. Mogle observed that he was vigorously digging a hole in the hay. Mr. Mogle drove on and passed him, and on looking back the women were no longer visible.

Those Pigs. Reynolds's Newspaper, a London publication, devoted mainly to abuse of royalty, declares that the queen's hogs are better cared for than many of her subjects. "Then we came to the piggery," says an article descriptive of her farm. "Several hogs were so fat that they could no longer open their eyes, yet they seemed to have no difficulty in moving about. We saw sacks apparently stuffed with hay and sewed up lying about on the straw, and on inquiry learned that they were pillows, one for each pig, for them to rest their heads upon when asleep."

The President's Salary. The bill reducing the salary of the President of the United States from \$50,000 to \$25,000 per year passed the Senate by a vote of twenty-six to twenty. It cannot of course interfere with the salary of Gen. Grant, as the Constitution provides that the salary of the President shall not be reduced during the term for which he was elected. Three gentlemen known as Presidential aspirants voted in the affirmative, Conkling, Morton and Thurman, and one, Mr. Bayard, against it.

Gen. Merritt—No, indeed; but there is positively a worse phase than that. There are people in hundreds—tramps, seedy clerks, and porters, and so on—who have no money at all, tramp it through the snow, living upon the wages of their daily labor, from hand to mouth, and though their condition can scarcely be more destitute than it is, yet, when they reach their destination, their case is the more necessitous from the fact of there being no work to do even for food. It is all very well for these far as Laramie City, we'll say, but beyond that what are they going to do? I have seen these fellows myself trudging it through melting snow and borne up through many privations simply by the delusive hope that when they reach the Black Hills they will reach fortune. In my opinion the present spring will see many of these unfortunate prostrated by exposure and disease, and literally starved to death.

Italy will make a grand display in the art department. The Southern historical society will send all its official records. The railroad companies are making extraordinary preparations. New England has organized a battalion called the Centennial legion. Barracks are to be erected at Germantown for the use of the military visitors expected. The grounds now have the appearance of a sort of human bee hive. Every body works as if something was to be done. Only a fifty cent note will be received for admission. No change will be received, made or given by the honest men at the door. The appropriation bond was signed by one hundred Philadelphians whose wealth combined is \$100,000,000.

Thoughts for Saturday Night. Men tire themselves in pursuit of rest. Economy in youth makes a cushion for old age. It is not enough for a reader to be unprejudiced. He should remember that a book is to be studied, as a picture is hung. Not only must a bad light be avoided but a good one obtained. This, taste supplies. It puts a history, a tale or a poem in a just point of view, and examines the execution. When death strikes down the innocent and young, for every fragile form from which he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred virtues rise in shapes of mercy, charity and love, to walk the world and bless it. Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves, some good is born, some good nature comes. Courage, so far as it is a sign of race, is peculiarly the mark of a gentleman or lady; but it becomes vulgar if rude and insensitive; while timidity is not vulgar if it be characteristic of the race or fineness of make. A fawn is not vulgar in being timid, nor a crocodile "gentle" because courageous.

What it Takes. Taking timothy hay as a standard of comparison, it requires one hundred pounds of it to supply a certain amount of nourishment. It is estimated by careful experiment that the same amount of nourishment can be supplied by the following: Clover hay, nine pounds; straw, 335 pounds; potatoes, 230 pounds; beans, 262 pounds; peas, forty-four pounds; rye, forty-four pounds; barley, fifty-one pounds; corn, fifty-six pounds; oats, fifty-nine pounds; buckwheat, sixty-four pounds; and oil of cake, ninety-four pounds.

There are now 195 officers in the United States regular army who won promotion from the ranks.