

Only.

Only a seed—but it chanced to fall In a little cleft of a city wall...

TRUE TO HER WORD.

Leonora Lonsdale's most partial friend could not call her pretty. Her most impartial enemies—being possessed of much cleverness, strength of character, and hatred of shams it followed, she had a few—declared her ugly.

For the benefit of those who have never seen the young lady, and consequently belong to neither one side nor the other, I will describe her—beginning with the most prominent feature of the human face.

Her head, heavy with a quantity of straight, black hair, was well shaped, and well set upon a slender neck, that was again well set upon her sufficiently broad shoulders; her hands were small, but the fingers did not taper; she was five feet six inches in height, and looked as though she might be taller if she chose; had a clear, ringing laugh, a musical chest-voice, a graceful walk; had opinions of her own, and whistled like a bird.

And yet, notwithstanding her want of beauty—her many defects, I might say—there were men who had expressed a readiness to die for Leonora at need, and more who had declared themselves perfectly willing to live for her.

There was a wonderful atmosphere of freedom, of purity, of bravery about her. And Leonora was a worker. Much as she despised shams and hypocrites she occupied herself in doing good.

Day dreaming! I don't believe in it, she would say. "Do you dreaming at night and working during the day?" and while she talked in a bright, cheerful way, each word clear and distinct, she busied her needle making little dresses and jackets and aprons. "For whom?" "Oh, for some poor children around the corner. I had nothing else to do."

It was while thus occupied one afternoon, early in September, seated on the old-fashioned porch, shaded by a heavy grapevine, that Clifford Cameron sauntered in and threw himself in an easy chair beside her.

"Cliff," had been a chum of Harry Lonsdale's since early boyhood, and for just that period had alternately tried to tease and make love to Harry Lonsdale's sister.

He was a good looking, sweet tempered, generous, lazy young fellow, with no end of money. Grandfather had died and left him money—father had died and left him money—uncle had died and left him money, and lately an old great-uncle, whom he had never seen, had departed this life, away off in some obscure corner of the globe, and left him more money.

He had very fair hair and big, very blue eyes, beautiful hands and feet, was rather stout than slender, short than tall—was one of those infatuated men who thought the slight cast in Leonora's left eye perfectly charming, and who had said they would die of joy if she'd only graciously permit them to devote the remainder of their lives to her.

"Well, Bee," said he, taking up a small apron and leaning over it. "Well, Butterfly," was the reply, "what brings you back from Newport so soon?" "Oh, you've come here to talk nonsense again," says the young lady, holding another small apron before her, her head on one side like a bird's, as she ponders on the effect of a bow of green ribbon she has sewn on the pocket.

"Right, as you always are, my darling. I'm not your darling, and I'll take that apron if you're quite done with it." "Deuce take the apron, say I. Stop sewing I beg of you, Leo—it makes me quite tired to look at you."

"I'd learn a trade if I had talent enough for a profession." "The average quantity and quality of brain is scarcely sufficient for a profession, and I'm too old to be taken as an apprentice. If I were not and could be converted in a shoe-maker, or brick-layer—or—plumber, I think I'd prefer being a plumber, they only come and look at things and go away again, I couldn't give you a house like this, where you could sit on the porch with a peach tree in front of you and a nice grapevine over you, making clothes for horrid children around corners."

"Nonsense! I don't mean that." "What do you mean then?" reaching up and plucking a grape from a low-hanging branch.

"Cliff Cameron, you know what I mean as well as I do," and yet she explains with great slowness and emphasis. "I mean that a great slow-witted man like you, who marries either by his head or hands whether he is ever obliged to or not. Go away, you are putting me out of temper."

"Putting you out of temper? You're mistaken. I never saw your dimple so angelic in my life. But I say, Leo," he continued more seriously, "if I prove to you that on an emergency—that is, if you with your luxurious tastes and general extravagance should waste my substance in riotous living after we were married—if I prove to you that in that case I would be willing and able to give you bread with an occasional bit of butter—would you name the day?"

"That emergency never could arise." "Well, imagine any emergency you choose, only answer me. Would you name the day?" "Leonora?" "Yes, I would."

"You would—fair and square now?" "I would. Isn't that enough?" "Quite enough. But it must be an early one." "Must?" "Will, my blessed!"

Cliff Cameron rose deliberately, took away the sewing, deftly converted it into a ball and tossed it up among the grapes, made both small hands, little gold thimble and all, prisoners, and kissed her upon the dimple, upon the left eye, and lastly upon the warm, red lips.

"Mr. Cameron, this is premature," said she, her cheeks glowing like two pink roses. "Not at all, Miss Lonsdale, you are mine. To-morrow I will take my place among the workers. It will be a humbleness, but sufficient to prove to you that I am competent to earn the bread and butter of which I have spoken."

"But Cliff"—dropping her eyes for the first time. "Well, Leo"—clasping the bright face between his hands, and making her raise them again. "Are you sure—you know how you admire pretty women, and I'm not pretty?" "But you're good—and to me the love-liest and sweetest girl in the whole world."

One Thursday afternoon, two days after the dialogue on the back porch, Miss Leonora Lonsdale, as she was wont on Thursday afternoons, being the executive ability of some charitable society that met on that day, stepped into a somewhat crowded street car, looking neither to the right or left, but straight before her, in her usual manner.

Once seated, she abstracted her pocket-book from her satchel and took from it the inevitable five cents, when she became aware of a hand stretched out toward her—a man's hand, a handsome hand, a familiar hand. Her eyes rested on it an instant and then traveled up the arm to which it belonged until they met the face—half hidden by a slouched, broad, blimmed hat—of the conductor, Cliff Cameron!

She demurely placed her fare in his hand and, her enemies would have said, the cast in her eye beams more impish than ever. "The day?" said the conductor in a low, firm, business-like tone, not a gleam of intelligence lighting up his big, blue eyes. "Six months from date," replied Leonora, in the same tone, as she dropped her pocket-book back into her satchel.

Goat Milk and Sleeve Milk. In the southern portion of Italy goat's milk is very generally used by the poorer classes, who cannot afford the milk of cows. This kind of milk is frequently required by the wealthy people, as it is said to be efficacious in the cure of various diseases. Difficulties, however, often attend even the procuring of goat's milk, although the vendors drive the little animals about from door to door, and deliver the article done up in its original package. A case in point occurred where a friend of the writer's, desiring some goat's milk for his sick child, directed that a goat should be driven up each morning, three flights of stairs, and be milked at his apartment door, in order to be safe from fraud.

One morning a member of his family stepped suddenly into the hall when the process of goat milking was going on, and her eye caught a glimpse of two streams of fluid gently flowing—one from the natural source and the other from a syringe partly hidden in the milkmaid's sleeve. It is hardly necessary to add that one stream was milk and the other a tolerably fair quality of water, both of which were harmoniously commingled.

The Shipment of Beef to Europe. Nearly 1,000 head of cattle, or about 750,000 pounds of beef, are now shipped abroad each week. The dressed meat exported is that of the finest Western corn fed cattle, which is said to be preferable to that of the Texan cattle. One of the principal results of the exportation of American beef to Europe has been the reduction made there in the cost of meat. The price of beef has been lowered in England and Scotland during the past two years nearly twenty-five per cent. The average price of beef in London in March, 1875, was eight pence (sixteen cents) per pound; in March, 1876, seven pence (fourteen cents) per pound; in March, 1877, six to six and one-half pence (twelve to thirteen cents) per pound. The prospects that this branch of business will become much more extensive are considered very encouraging by the prominent stock dealers of New York. Within a few years, it is predicted, the vast grazing pastures of the West and Southwest will furnish meat for the masses in Europe, who are now unable to purchase it.

Persecution is not always injurious. Rats have more enemies than anything on the face of the earth, and yet rats are as plenty to day as they were in the time of the Pharaohs.

THE GRAVES-CHLEY DUEL.

An Interesting Account of the Meeting.

The story of the Graves and Cilley duel in its day is now retold. Mr. Cilley in the House of Representatives spoken indignantly of the family of James Weston Webb of the New York Courier and Enquirer, and Webb challenged him to mortal combat. Cilley refused to fight Webb, declaring that he was no gentleman. Graves, who was acting as Webb's second, then gave the challenge in his own name, and it was accepted. Everything was arranged for the hostile meeting, the combat to take place in the early gray of the morning of the next day, or certainly of the day after.

Mr. Graves considered as a very great, almost fatal, disadvantage to him, for the duel was to be fought with rifles, and Mr. Graves had no rifle. It was understood that Mr. Cilley had brought his rifle with him. There was a story that found currency, to the effect that Mr. Cilley, in packing his effects before starting to take his seat in Congress, was very particular in seeing that his trusty rifle should be securely stowed. As the story ran, he had practiced with it for days, and on finding that he could plant a ball in the "bull's-eye" every time, he exclaimed: "That will do! I will show the haughty Southerners that there is as good chivalry as theirs north of Mason and Dixon's line."

Mr. Graves had heard all these things, and now how was he to secure a weapon fit to meet the well tested one of his antagonist? He confessed that on this point he felt great anxiety, not to say an approach of trepidation. His seconds and himself ransacked all Washington for a rifle, but there was nothing to be found at all suitable. The last day before the fatal morning was almost spent, and no rifle to be found! At length, on going to Alexandria to a gunsmith's, an old, dilapidated weapon was discovered. It was out of order and out of use. Especially, the touch hole had been blown out until it was large enough for a muzzler. But this was the best that could be done. So the gunsmith agreed to have it in as good order as possible that night. With this assurance, Mr. Graves went home, and to avoid suspicion went to bed, and if possible to snatch a little sleep before the early hours of the morning. Early in the morning after rising and dressing himself with the least possible noise, when he was ready to go out on his deadly errand, as he saw his wife and daughter lying in undisturbed sleep he leaned over and kissed them both, and taking the last look, and mentally bidding them good-bye, with the thought that in all human probability he might never behold them again, for the remembrance of his antagonist's deadly rifle came to his mind, as likewise the fact that he had not tried his own. Thus he went forth. All parties were on the ground before it was fairly light. Henry A. Wise was one of Mr. Graves' seconds. Mr. Webb was all this time totally unconscious of what was transpiring, as most undoubtedly he would not have allowed Mr. Graves to fight a duel for him. All things were duly arranged and the principals placed in position, according to the most punctilious laws of "the code." The first fire was without effect.

On consultation among principals and seconds it was found that all that was necessary to be done was for Mr. Cilley to acknowledge that Mr. Webb was a gentleman and the peer of Mr. Cilley, and everything would be amicably satisfactorily. This Mr. Cilley would not do. So there was no alternative save to fire another round. This time, when Mr. Wise approached Mr. Graves to put the loaded rifle in his hands, he said: "You fire too low! too low!" This time as Mr. Graves was taking his position and aim, he noticed that the muzzle of Cilley's rifle was far from steady, and then, for the first time, he began to think that perhaps he would not come off second best. The second shot was without effect. As Mr. Wise approached Graves he said again, whispering between his teeth: "I tell you (with an oath) you fire too low! too low!"

There was another consultation all around, all that Mr. Cilley had to do was to withdraw the offensive note against Mr. Webb. This Cilley would not do. So there must be a third exchange of shots. This time, "I saw," in the words of Graves, "that the nozzle of Cilley's rifle was still more decidedly shaky, and I felt much more at ease." And now the aim of both parties was more deliberate than heretofore, except that Mr. Cilley's rifle would not be entirely steady at the muzzle—"One, two, three, fire!" Mr. Cilley fell stone dead, pierced through the very center of his forehead. "I would have given," said Graves, "all the world, had I owned it, to have called him back to life. I felt that I would have given my own life if it could only have brought him back."

Mr. Graves during his last sickness began to say to his wife that Mr. Cilley stood constantly at the foot of his bed, with his gaze fixed steadily upon him. There, with the fatal wound in the forehead, stood the slain Cilley, never taking his eyes from him. "It is too horrible!" Mr. Graves would cry. At the same time, and all the time, he was as cool and, apparently, as ambitious as ever. He would simply speak of it as a fact, a dreadful, horrible fact, full of dread forebodings, but still a fact that he would endure with all his manhood. He ordered all the lamps in his room to be kept continually burning, that the apparition might be overwhelmed with the brilliant light.

Brave Drummer Boys.

In one of the battles of the Peninsular war, a drummer, whose name and corps have both been unfortunately lost to history, having wandered from his regiment, was taken prisoner by the French, and brought before Napoleon as a spy. Bonaparte frowned heavily upon his prisoner as he demanded his rank in the British army. On being told it was that of a drummer, the emperor, to test the truth of the reply, caused a drum to be brought, and requested his prisoner to beat "the charge!"

The drummer's eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as he gave the terrific roll and rattaplan demanded. "Now beat a retreat," said Napoleon. "I cannot," replied the drummer,

prudently; "no such thing is known in the English army. We never retreat." "Good!" exclaimed the emperor. "You are a brave lad, and may rejoice in your own army."

Then turning to those near him, Napoleon gave directions that the drummer should be conducted back in safety to the English lines. Fortune is, however, a fickle jade, for at the battle of Waterloo this humble hero met with a sad death. He was then ever attacked by cavalry, and driven back to their supports. The latter formed square, and the earth shook beneath the feet of the advancing cuirassiers as they rode right up to the points of the bayonets. Beneath that rampart of steel lay the drummer, who had been too late to seek the shelter of the square. He was safe, however, and when the horsemen were driven back, he jumped merrily upon his legs, and shouted: "Hollo, comrades! here I am, safe enough!" These were the last words he ever uttered; for at that moment a round shot carried his head off his shoulders, and he bespattered his comrades with his brains. In the Crimea, on the evening of the day on which an unsuccessful attack had been made upon the Redan, a drummer was observed to leave the shelter of the trenches with his can of tea in his hand, and in the midst of a fearful shower of shot and shell from the Russian batteries, he threaded his way among the wounded, giving a drink here and a drink there until his can was emptied. Then flinging the empty can toward the enemy with a gesture of defiance, he walked coolly back to his post. By the means of this timely assistance he and the wounded were able to bear their sufferings until darkness enabled them to be rescued from death. The drummer boy who did this brave deed received the Victoria Cross from her majesty's own hand.

Not the least interesting of the public buildings of New York is Ludlow street jail, the place where Wm. M. Tweed was confined previous to his escape. To the student of human nature it is well worth a visit. The visitor on entering is shown into the warden's office and reception room. This is a dingy sort of place, but withal comfortable. In one corner is a table where the books are kept, and around the room are chairs and benches for visitors. Then he is shown up a narrow, winding staircase into the main corridor, and to the right is the dining-room—large and airy. Here those prisoners who cannot afford to buy their own meals are supplied with food at the expense of the city or general government. Others, called boarders, pay a stipulated price per week for their meals and receive their lodgings free. Returning from the dining-room, the visitor enters the corridor. This is the prisoners' general room, and is their only promenade except when the state of their health requires fresh air necessary. Here they are seen lounging about, and one would scarcely conclude from the air of contentment that prevails that they are prisoners. Among them are counterfeiters, forgers, and fraudulent voters. They are always glad to see a stranger who will talk with them, and are always ready for conversation. It seems strange, but it is a fact that they are all hopeful of a speedy release. They are watched over by a keeper who, though small in stature, seems to have a perfect awe over them. A word from him is sufficient to quiet the most noisy. At the further end of the corridor is the chaplain's library, a small room with a marble floor and embellished by a few decorations in the shape of flowers, woodcuts and diagrams. The books are plainly bound, and are loaned to those who whenever they want them. In this room are also chess, checker, and backgammon boards, which serve to while away the tedious hours. The celebrities of the place are wont to congregate in this apartment, and while the writer was present the amount of "chaff" which was passed there was sufficient to make the most despairing prisoner merry. The cells are apparently very comfortable. They are about twelve by fourteen feet, and contain two beds each. The walls and ceilings are whitewashed, and the only thing of which complaint might be made is the darkness. The windows are large enough to light the room fully were they not covered with some stuff which excludes the light in a great measure. For the invalids or those who have influential friends there is a yard with fresh air and exercise themselves.

It is generally supposed that Ludlow street jail is a terrible place of confinement, but it is much more comfortable than the Tombs, and though confinement is irksome, there are many free men in New York to-day who would be glad to change places with the poorest of the prisoners there.

The Condition of Our Navy.

The following is the deliberate judgment of Admiral Porter, our highest naval authority, concerning the present state of our navy, and occurs in a communication addressed to the late secretary of the navy and by him transmitted to Congress: In case of a war between this nation and England, the English navy could batter its way into any of our harbors and destroy them; and any ordinary ship in the British navy could blockade any of our harbors, could keep in every ship that was there, and keep out every ship that was on the outside. One single vessel of the English navy could whip everything we have got. It is no exaggeration to say that the inflexible, for instance, could go through our whole navy. Our ships might fire at her all day, and not hurt her. Her people would go down to their dinner quietly while we were firing at her. And our ships could not run away from her, because she makes her fourteen knots an hour on a measured mile, and the fastest of our monitors only makes eight miles.

"Teddy, my boy, just guess how many cheeses there are in this bag, an' faith I'll give you all the five." "Five, to be sure," said Teddy. "Arrah! bad luck to the man that could ye!"

"Dear Brother Grannis."

A New York letter to the Baltimore Bulletin says: An editor has just been discovered here, whose personality and surroundings are worth mention. I allude to E. B. Grannis, editor, publisher and proprietor of the Church Union, a large quarto of the size of the Independent, devoted to breaking down sectarian walls. Grannis bought the paper when it had 500 subscribers, and has raised it to 10,000 and a valuable property. Grannis publishes the paper, edits it and canvasses for advertising, and does all the heavy work, with the assistance of a young and bright eyed girl who keeps the books. In fact, Grannis has become a power in the religious journalism of the country, and receives scores of letters every day addressed to Rev. Mr. Grannis, Rev. Dr. Grannis, D. D., Elder E. B. Grannis, etc., and beginning "Dear sir, or 'Dear Brother Grannis.'" Grannis, I ought to explain, is a woman—a little, nervous, active, black eyed woman, who weighs about ninety pounds, but represents a hundred horse power.

I asked her the other day: "Do all your correspondents recognize you as a man?" "Yes, almost invariably," she said. "My subscribers, agents and contributors think I am a man. The question of my sex is nothing to them. I have never working for me in every State, who always address me as 'Dear sir.' I have hundreds of ministers in my 'parish,' and they all think of me and speak of and to me as 'brother.' It seemed odd at first, but I have got used to it."

"What is the object of this disguise?" I asked. "I have never intended to mask myself," she said, "but I have felt that if the paper suited, my sex was nothing to anybody, and that perhaps my recommendations and arguments would seem weaker and less weighty if it were known that a little woman uttered them. So I have never intruded my womanhood on the readers of the Church Union. I think it would not disturb their confidence."

She called my attention to a pile of letters on the desk, almost all addressed to "Rev. Mr. Grannis," and she added: "I had a letter the other day from a confiding clergyman in Ohio, who saluted me as 'Brother E. B.,' and asked my private opinion as to whether women ought to be allowed to speak in prayer meeting. I wrote confidentially that I did not think it would do any hurt." Mrs. Grannis, I may add, has mastered Drs. Duryea, Crosby, Burchard and four other ministers into her service as assistants, and with seven strings to her bow, she manages to do a great deal of effective work for "the Lord and Gideon."

Ladies in Persia.

A traveler in Persia thus describes the dress and appearance of the ladies of that country: A few women are seen. We met one sitting astride on horseback, as all Eastern women ride. We believe them to be women because of their costume and size, but we can see no part of them, not even a hand or an eye. They are shrouded from the head to the knees in a cotton or silk sheet of dark blue or black—the chudder, it is called, which passes over the head and is held with the hands around and about the body. Over the chudder is tied around the head a yard long veil of white cotton or linen, in which before the eyes is a piece of open work about the size of a finger, which is their only lookout or ventilator. The veil passes into the chudder at the chin. Every woman before going out of doors puts on a pair of trousers, generally of the same stuff and color of the chudder, and then her outdoor seclusion and disguise are complete. Her husband could not recognize her in the street. In this costume Mohammedan women grope their way about the towns of Persia. Their trousers are tightly bound about the ankles above their colored silk stockings, which are invariably of home manufacture; the slippers, with no covering for the heel, complete this unsightly, unwholesome apparatus of these uncomfortable victims of the Persian restraints of the Koran. The indoor costume of Persian women of the higher class appears indelicate to Europeans. The chudder and trousers are the inevitable walking costume. Indoors the dress of a Persian lady is more like that of a ballet girl. In the ante-rooms of Persian royalty my wife was received by the princesses thus attired, or rather unattired.

"The Law of Kindness."

The influence of a good wife cannot be too highly prized. Many a husband has been rescued from destruction by a true and prayerful wife. The effect of the contrary was lately narrated thus: The man was out of work, and could obtain no help by her relatives; this so exasperated her that she loaded him with reproaches and declared that she would not live with him unless he was enabled to support her by his own exertions. The consequence was he gave himself up to drink, and in one of his fits murdered his wife and then killed himself. In her tongue was not the law of kindness. Instead of up-raiding she should have encouraged him to bear up and persevere, and help would come at last. Drunkards have been reclaimed by the exercise of this law. The writer knew an instance of a young man of high prospects and excellent business capacity. He became intemperate in his habits, lost his position and was deserted by his friends, who gave him up as a hopeless case, an inebriate asylum failed to restore. He became so shabby in his dress that he could scarcely be recognized. But a friend, not related, actuated by the generous impulses of his nature, exposing him to many conversations, instating him with delicacy and kindness, bought him a new dressing gown, and by constant efforts brought him to a sense of his condition, and he is now considered fully reclaimed and has been reinstated in his former lucrative position. "Oh, he is going to destruction; he has brought it on himself, and no one else is to blame." Such is the general cry. Not so the good Samaritan, whose deeds are registered on high.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Questions and Answers.

When should peas be planted? For different soils or situations the time varies a little, but from early to middle April is the season for this climate.

What soil is required for this vegetable? If for general market crops the soil does not matter much, so that it is well dressed. But when early results are looked for, the pea should have a light, rich soil. A pint of seed is sufficient for a row say thirty feet long, and sowing may be repeated every two or three weeks in succession.

What is the best manure for hot-beds? A mixture of forest leaves and stable manure is much advised for this purpose. The best way to obtain the same is to use the leaves as a litter in the stables during the winter.

How long can seed corn be kept before losing its vitality? Seed corn, as most farmers are aware, will keep much longer on the cob than if shelled, being freer in this state from mold and also the injuries of weevils and other insects. Sound field corn kept in a dry place on the cob will remain fit for planting three or four years. Sweet corn, after a year or two, will not germinate freely, as it becomes so very hard and dry. As new seeds invariably come up sooner than old ones, it is safer not to use seed corn after it is over a year or two old.

What kind of soil does the cherry tree require? A dry soil for the cherry is the universal opinion, and although a hardy tree will thrive on a variety of soils, yet good manure or gravelly loam is its favorite place. When forced to grow in wet places where the roots are all the while damp, it soon decays and is very short lived. When grown in warm valleys liable to spring frosts, Mr. Downing advises planting cherry trees on the north side of hills in order to retard them in the spring. The larger growing sorts of black cherry are the finest of all fruit trees for shade, and are therefore generally the ones chosen by farmers desirous of combining the useful with the ornamental.

Does wool of the same quality of fineness possess always the same degree of softness? By no means, for while, generally speaking, the softness is the result of comparative fineness, it is not always so. Two parcels of sorted wool possessing the same degree of fineness will often disclose the one as having the soft quality in an eminent degree and the other as harsh. L. A. Morrell explains this by several causes, one of which is the soil, as, for instance, the chalky districts of England, which effect the wool to such an extent as to make it invariably brittle and harsh. This, however, is only local. The general cause of a deficiency in the softness in wools of the same breed may be referred directly to the condition of the sheep. When an animal is kept in uniform good condition the necessary quantity of yolk is supplied. Now, if there is but little of that substance, which will follow an abuse in management, the wool will be less pliable and "soft in handle." Therefore, it may be set down as a rule that wool owes much of its softness to the presence of a sufficiency of yolk.

PERILS OF THE MINE.

Miners Entombed—Carrying a Wounded Comrade to Heals.

One of the most heartrending accidents which has been recorded for some time occurred at the Empire mine in the vicinity of Scranton, Pa. Two men, named John Mooney and Patrick Quinn, were employed in No. 4 slope laying track, a distance of about two miles from the opening and a mile from the other workmen. When they least dreamed of danger there was a sudden convulsion overhead, and an instant later they were overwhelmed by the fearful fall of rock. The terrible accident put out their lights and they were in utter darkness. Mooney, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in extricating himself from among the massive bowlders which fell upon him in such a way as to form a sort of cave, and upon freeing himself his first thought was for his companion. He called aloud for Quinn but received no answer—only the echo of his own voice beaten back by the rocks. He felt himself growing faint and realized that he was very seriously injured, but was determined to ascertain the condition of his fellow miner.

After calling aloud in vain for sometime he groped about in the dismal place among the rocks hoping to find Quinn and fearing he was dead. At length he knocked him, but the poor fellow was pinned fast by a big boulder which lay upon one of his mangled legs. The other leg had been completely severed from the body by the fall. To release him was a hard task, but Mooney, forgetting his own injuries, set about the work with a will and succeeded in setting Quinn free.

How to carry him to the light of day was the next trial, but he was determined to do it; and, taking him upon his back, he began groping his way through the pitchy darkness in the direction of what he considered was the foot of the slope. For two hours he waded and comrade on living tomb, with his wretched comrade on his back, moaning in the most piteous manner. The situation was awful, and after roaming thus for a long time poor Mooney was disheartened to find that he had come back to the very point from which he had set out, and where the accident occurred. He summoned up his fading strength and made another effort, still taking Quinn on his back, but after proceeding a short distance he grew faint, and was unable to go further with his precious burden. Then laying the dying man down in as comfortable a position as he could, Mooney crawled on his hands and knees toward what he thought was the slope. At half past six o'clock a party of miners, while proceeding down No. 5 slope, were started by the apparition which their lamps revealed. It was Mooney crawling slowly up the slope on his hands and knees, his face black and bloody, and his whole body sore from contact with the jagged pieces of coal and rock. His eyes were at first dazzled by the light, he had been in darkness so long and trying to see, and he was speechless with joy for some seconds to find relief at last.

This was eight hours after the accident had happened, and they were eight hours of awful mortal agony. As soon as Mooney found words to speak he related the story in brief, and begged the party to hasten to the assistance of the unfortunate fellow in the condition already described, with one leg severed from his body and the other crushed to pieces. He was still alive, and they took him up in their arms to carry him to the slope, but he never reached it alive. He died in the arms of his comrades. Mooney, who was severely wounded, was expected to recover. He played the part of a hero in the unselfish manner in which he risked his own life trying to save his comrade. The men who met Mooney crawling up the slope were moved to tears by his haggard, woe-begone and saddened looks, and said they never saw such a pitiful sight before.

Good Advice to Farmers.

A gentleman of experience writes: Perhaps few men have seen the trouble that farmers have been brought to in consequence of managing their farms more than I have, and I warn my readers to beware of the pit they would dig to fall into, by borrowing money to enable them to purchase stock, or to cultivate their farms better and more extensively. There never was a time within the present century when farmers needed to be so careful not to run in debt as at the present time. It will do for young men, with but little money, to buy really good farms, and run in debt for a part of the purchase money; but a farmer who is out of debt—owns his home—stead free of mortgage—would be very unwise to put even a small mortgage on it. No matter what his condition is, it would be better to cut down expenses in out of debt he can, on a tight pinch, support his family on a very small income.

His cows, pigs and fowls, with the breadstuffs he can grow, without any hired help will supply him with food. Then by keeping from fifty to one hundred hens, he can buy his groceries with the surplus eggs, and with a few pigs fattened, a few calves; a little surplus hay and grain, he can clothe his family; and thus avoid mortgaging his farm—the death knell, in most cases, of a farmer's prosperity and peace of mind. Every farmer who finds it hard work to "make both ends meet," and has girls and boys growing up, should have a patch of strawberries, raspberries, or of other small fruits, for the children to weed and pick, and also to sell in the village, if not far off. Let the rising generation among farmers be utilized, by being thus employed at times in some profitable and pleasant work. Strawberries often yield one hundred bushels per acre, or 3,200 quarts, worth anywhere from fifteen to twenty cents a quart; and many a farmer has cleared, with the help of his children, \$100 on a quarter of an acre. The Wilson, Charles Downing, Green Prolific, Kentucky, Champion, Monarch of the West, Seth Boyden, and Juconda are among the most popular varieties.

Frog Soup.

Mr. Breck's father was a rich merchant in Boston, who was agent for the French government, and brought into close connection thus with the French officers attached to the squadron which for a time was anchored in Boston harbor. His house was the resort of the foreigners, who were looked upon with a bounded curiosity by the Boston people, brought for the first time into acquaintance with the nation uniformly traduced by the British. It was incredible to them

that persons who were popularly supposed to subsist mainly on frogs should be so plump and well favored; but the original facts were stoutly maintained and supported by the rumor that they had been discovered hunting for their favorite food in the frog pond on the Commons.

With this last notion in his head, Mr. Nathaniel Tracy, who lived in a beautiful villa at Cambridge (formerly Washington's headquarters, and now Mr. Longfellow's house), made a great feast for the admiral and his officers. Everything was furnished that could be had in the country to ornament and give variety to the entertainment. My father was one of the guests, and told me often after that two large tureens of soup were placed at the ends of the table. The admiral sat on the right of Tracy, and M. De l'Etombe on the left. L'Etombe was consul of France, resident at Boston. Tracy filled a plate of soup, which went to the admiral, and the next was handed to the consul. As soon as L'Etombe put his spoon into the plate, he fished out the tureen. Not knowing at first what it was, he seized it by one of its hind legs, and, holding it up in view of the whole company, discovered that it was a full grown frog. As soon as he had thoroughly inspected it, and made himself sure of the matter, he exclaimed: "Ah! Dieu! une grenouille!" Then turning to the gentleman next to him, gave him the frog. He received it and passed it round the table. Thus the poor crayaud made the tour from hand to hand until it reached the admiral. The company, convulsed with laughter, examined the soup plates as the servants brought them, and in each was to be found a frog. The uproar was universal. Meantime Tracy kept his ladle going, wondering what his outlandish guests meant by such extravagant merriment. "What's the matter?" asked he, and raising his head, discovered the frogs jumping by a leg in all directions. "Why don't they eat them?" he exclaimed. "If they knew the confounded trouble I had to catch them, in order to treat them to a dish of their own country, they would find that wit, me, at least, is no joking matter."—Harper's Magazine.