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The Schoolhouse.

Yes, John, our district well may brag
On this new schoolhouse. I brag too.
I'm for improvement. I don't lag
Behind when things want putting through.

But that old, battered, wooden shell
That stood on this spot fifty year,—
I'd learned to know its face so well
That somehow —John, it's mighty queer.

But when you pulled the old house down,—
The time this new one was begun,—
I had to go to lower town:
I couldn't stand to see it done.

For there I studied A, B, C,
Got licked, and learned, by hook and crook,
To read about the apple-tree
In Webester's old blue spelling book.

And, where that church stands, many a morn
('Twas a field then)—a love sick fool—
I stood behind a shock of corn
To see the schoolma'am come to school.

Her cheeks, as she the cornfield crost,
Were redder than the scruboak leaves;
Her eyes were brighter than the frost
That sparkled on the tasselled sheaves.

And in among the noisy throng
Of barefoot youngsters she would go,—
And, as I watched her, I allowed
It wasn't strange they loved her so.

But when, just at the schoolhouse door,
Each urchin claimed his kiss, ah! then
longed to go barefoot once more,
And read the spelling book again.

Sweet Lucy! How came it to pass
I can't explain,—but any way,
I might as well have joined a class,
For I hung round there half the day.

At noon I'd take her nuts, a pear,
Or apples,—my best grafted fruit,—
To trade for smiles; she traded fair,
And gave me many thanks to boot.

And sometimes, after study hours,
When Lucy led her merry throng
Into the woods for late wildflowers
And autumn leaves, I'd go along.

She had some dozen boys, half grown,
That loved her well. They shamed me though,
For I loved too, and I alone
Had not the pluck to tell her so.

"You happy boys!" I thought, "you swap
Wildflowers for kisses from her lips;
I'd harvest the whole flower crop
To kiss her very finger-tips."

But winter came, and when the ground
And the big hills with snow were white,
I'd hitch my colt up and go round
To take her home from school at night.

One frosty evening, riding slow
Through Johnson's woods, her rosy cheek
Lay close to mine and thrilled me so
That I determined I would speak.

"Lucy!" I said, "dear Lucy!"—Here
Her eyes met mine and flustered me.
As awkward as a yearling steer
I backed and tried again. "You see—

"I want to ask you"—a big lump
Came in my throat—"Whoa, Bill, you fool
That's nothing but a hemlock stump!
If—if you love—the boys in school."

'Twant what I meant; but, any way,
She dropped her eyes, and I could see
She guessed what I had tried to say.
She said, "Of course. They all love me."

Boldened by this, her hand I prest,
And cried, "Dear Lucy, could'nt you
Love me a little with the rest?
For I—I love the schoolma'am too."

See, yonder comes my schoolma'am wife;
Her cheeks are fresh and rosy yet;
And, for our happy married life,
We bless this spot where we first met.

The Old Bridge of Diarmid.

Diarmid is a narrow village walled in y two lines of wooded hills. East treet and West street run for a mile par- llel. Between them is the river and he suspension bridge. There was an ld tumble-down wooden bridge there nce, which was held in high veneration y the oldest inhabitant. He could just emember its dedication.

At the west end of the bridge, up verhead among the beams and rafters, as Thoff Skelton's retreat; his den, he boys called it. Here he had laid own a few boards, making a rough sort floor, tossed up a pile of straw for a ed, and here he came when things were ore than commonly uncomfortable at me.

Diarmid was a tidy village of white uses, and green blinds, and trim rds; but down at the foot of West eet, under a sand-bank, there was a etched building going to ruin in the idst of a litter of rubbish. It looked though all the dust of the clean street d been swept out there and left for e winds to blow away. But the winds d failed thus far to do it, and so the eltons lived there.

Jim Skelton, father of Thoff, had a pe- liarity which interfered with his rela- ns as a parent; to wit, the habit of nking a great deal too much of every- ng but cold water. The consequence s that Thoff's life had begun to be a rden to him as soon as he could re- mber, and, in fact, some time before.

'There!" he said to himself one night. was quite out of breath, for he had half a mile, clambered like a monkey the beams, and was now safe on the aw of his den in the bridge. "The chap won't get hold of me in a hurry , I guess."

"The old chap," I grieve to say, was off's father. It was a bad manner of ignating him, but another result of peculiarity aforesaid. A boy who no offense whatever has been pur- d by his parent, armed with a pitch- , and who has just found his kitten's d two rods away from her other be- ngs, the kitten also having been tless, such a boy will not mention author of his being as respectfully who tell this tale, could wish.

Well, I say I think this is rather lines on a feller," Thoff went on. I haint had any supper, an' break- 'll be nowhere, an'—I wish I was o' this, I do. Oh, if I only had e money!"

had grown quite dark; an April t, the air mild, and a soft patter of on the bridge-roof. Thoff sat ng down at a lamp which burned y just below him,—a depressed- ing lamp, which sputtered crossly, ough saying, "I'm supported by [illegible], and I know it." Thoff under- what it was to have "aid from [illegible]

[illegible]ning train from Boston came [illegible] the valley, passed the end [illegible] and rushed on into the [illegible]illness. Thoff sat quiet [illegible] was getting drowsy [illegible]otsteps approaching [illegible] There was a quick [illegible] just below him, [illegible] words,— [illegible] Spruce Hill. [illegible]undred dol- [illegible]ought he [illegible]ound so [illegible] Why, [illegible] up

village he'd lost the wallet, and now he wants you 'n' me to start off with him to-morrow morning 'n' see if we can find it."

"Find it!" cried the man.

"Sh—h! not so loud," whispered the first speaker, looking cautiously round. "Don't you see we've got to keep still about it? If some folks should get hold of the story they m't come in ahead, find the wallet, and then it never'd be heard of again."

"What'll he pay for finding it?"

"Four dollars a day," was the slow answer.

"That aint enough. If he wants the s'lectmen o' Diarmid, he's got to pay accordin'. I'll go for six."

"All right; he won't stand for two dollars, I guess. Eight o'clock to-morrow morning. I'll stop for you. Keep dark."

The men parted, and Thoff sat in the dimness of his den thinking. He was not sleepy now. Five hundred dollars lost among the rocks of Spruce Hill! He knew every foot of ground up there. It was not in vain that he had lived away from home and eaten strawberries for a week at a time. If any person in Diarmid could find the wallet, Thoff knew himself to be that person.

The old town clock was striking five the next morning as the boy climbed the wall and started up Spruce Hill.

"Now I'm three hours ahead of the squire 'n' his men," said Thoff. "But they'll know where to look, and I've got to guess at it."

At eight o'clock two wagons went up "the gulf-road," and a boy stole down over the hill to the school house.

"Better luck next time," said Thoff.

"One Hundred Dollars Reward!"

This was a week later, and a lad stood reading an advertisement which was pasted up at the entrance of the bridge. The above reward was offered for the finding and return to its owner of a pocket book, lost on Spruce Hill the 30th of April, by Luke Granger. Thoff stood for some time staring at the large capitals; then he turned away, remarking to himself:

"So they haint found that money, it seems. Well, nor haint I."

Three days afterwards, when the search had been given up by everybody else, Thoff started out again. Arbutus was in bloom now, and wake robin, and wood violets, and the boy trampled down great levels of them in his search.

His palm leaf hat, with a strip of blue cambric tied around it for a band, became a familiar sight to every squirrel on the hill that day, for he stayed till sunset. Then, as it drew toward dusk, and the valley below lay in shadow, and only the hilltops saw the sun, he started for home.

It was quite dark in the thick woods at the base of the mountain, and there, running along a narrow path, his foot hit something which bounded off, and which was not a stone. He stooped, fumbled with groping fingers in the ground pine and last year's leaves, and at length found—the pocket book.

Ten minutes more and Thoff Skelton might have been seen, had there been more light and any one to see him, crouching in the darkness of his den, hugging the wallet to his breast, and, to his own amazement and mortification, actually crying as he clutched his treasure.

"Five hundred dollars!" he said, softly, to himself. It was all there. He had counted the bills by the one bar of lamplight which struggled up from below. "Now then for 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' as the reading book says."

Then he proceeded to arrange with himself how "the pursuit of happiness" should begin.

"I'll start off on the six o'clock train to-morrow morning. I'll go to Boston, 'n' I'll have a stunnin' dinner, 'n' I'll buy me some clothes. Hold on a minute, though." Caution put in a word here. "How about buying a ticket and changing a ten dollar bill and so on?"

Thoff thought some time about this, and at last decided it wouldn't do for him to be seen with money in Diarmid. He might walk to Springfield and take the cars, but Springfield was only ten miles away. The lost wallet had been talked about there, and he might get himself into trouble. Well, then, what should he do? "Wait a little," said Caution; "you've got your money. What's your hurry? Wait till people forget about it."

"All right; I'll wait then," said Thoff.

The night was getting on. The clock struck twelve. Up to this time he had been wildly happy. No more cold, nor hunger, nor hard knocks. Plenty of clothes, and food, and kittens, and comfort. This was what the money meant to Thoff, you know. Presently he felt him self grow quiet. Then something waked up inside, and said,—

"Better take the pocket-book back to the squire, and claim the hundred-dollar reward."

"Hush up!" answered the boy. "I sh'd be a jolly fool to take one hundred dollars when I've got five."

"I know you've got it," the something—we will call it Conscience—more awake; but is it your money? Isn't it the squire's money?"

"No, 'taint the squire's money," replied Thoff, stoutly. "He lost it, and then 'twasn't his'n. I've found it, 'n' now it's mine, 'n' I'm going to keep it. So that's the end of it."

It was'nt; it was the beginning of it. The war had just broken out. The same battle between Thoff and his conscience had to be fought over again for every cent of that five hundred dollars. The boy considered that he beat conscience in every engagement, but somehow she wouldn't stay beaten. She came up fresh and cheery every time, till finally —but there are two or three things to be told first.

Thoff's great trouble was where to put the wallet. He dared not to carry it about with him. If he hid it up over the bridge some one might find it, for the school-boys all knew the secret of his retreat. Finally he decided on wrapping it in a piece of brown paper, and sliding it under a stone at the base of one of the piers of the bridge.

This he did, and then went off to school and spent the time in an agony of fear lest something should happen to rob him of his wealth. What if a squirrel should happen to carry it off, or a musk-rat out of the river? What if the great dam at Millington should break, and the flood come down and take away bridge, and piers, and hidden treasure?

Thoff thought of it until he was sure he heard the roar of the water sweeping down. What he really heard was the teacher's stern "Skelton, take your place in the spelling-class!"

All through the spelling a voice inside was saying, over and over: "You're a thief! you're a thief!" "You hush up! I ain't a thief, I tell you," he said, in answer.

You see a boy may have money and yet be a miserable boy. Thoff found this out that day, and he found out another thing.

He had lost his hat-band.

Now the loss of an old strip of blue cambric is no great affair, especially to a young man of means, but this set Thoff to thinking. He wondered if he had lost it on Spruce Hill.

"Look here, you Tom—Ted—what's your name—Skelton?"

The squire had driven up and stopped his horse near Thoff on the bridge one morning. The boy glanced up and met a pair of keen gray eyes fixed on him, glanced down and longed for a hole in the bridge floor, that he might drop into it. Hole there was none. The eyes were still on him, and he stammered:

"My name is The—Theophilus."

"Well, Theophilus, then, I want you to come along with me, up on Spruce Hill." Day grew black for an instant to Thoff. Then he heard: "I want a boy to help me get up some sheep. Got to have 'em down here for the noon freight train. Pay you twenty-five cents. Up with you!" And the boy took his seat beside the man, though he would have preferred to sit anywhere else.

"Cold?" growled the squire; for Thoff was shaking all over.

"Yes, sir,—that is—not much." He wasn't a coward naturally, but he was more afraid of the squire that day than he would have been of a band of Sioux with all their war-paint on.

The squire was a silent man, some people said a surly man, so there was no talking for a while. Up the hill they drove, and out on a high level where the wind was blowing.

"There goes my hat!" cried Thoff. He was out over the wheel and back into the wagon again in a twinkling.

"Say for't you're not a bad jumper," the squire said. "Better have a band to that hat, hadn't you?"

"I did have one, sir, but I"—he stopped, remembering.

"Lost it, most likely. Stop, I believe I've got a hat-band some'ers."

The squire put his hand in his pocket, and produced from it a strip of folded blue cambric.

"There, I found that up on Spruce Hill." The gray eyes seemed to Thoff to go through him and come out on the other side. His fingers trembled as he tied on his own hat-band. "Some fellow lost it up there, I s'pose. Ever go up on the hill much?"

"Sometimes,—blackberries."

"Bad place to lose things up there. Don't find 'em again so easy." And the man added, "Somebody else does, maybe."

"He knows I've got that money," thought Thoff; "watched me or something."

"Tell him all about it," said Conscience. "Dursn't; he'd kill me if I should."

"No, he'd forgive you if you gave him back the money. Come; now's your time."

"Good mind I will." And Thoff drew a big breath to start with.

"Here we are!" cried the squire. "Out with you, 'n' see how quick you'll get those southdowns together. Lively, now!"

No chance for confession then, but with that drive went the last of Thoff's peace of mind.

He knows something, I haint a doubt of it," he said to himself, wretchedly. "I dare say he does," answered Suspicion; and Conscience chimed in, "Perhaps you're right."

The boy did'nt dare now take the purse and run away. The sheriff would be on his track in twenty-four hours, he thought. "I know the squire's just holding off so't he can catch me and pounce down on me. I'd carry 't up to his house 'n' fling it into his window some night, only he know 'twas me 't did it, 'n' he'd have me took up all the same. Mercy! who's that?"

He had got back to the bridge, and just ready to climb up to his den, when he heard a footstep on the loose boards above him. He raised his eyes, had a glimpse of a policeman's blue coat and yellow buttons, and then he ran,—ran as he never ran before, nor stopped till he reached the freight-depot and a platform under which he could crawl. In the policeman searching his retreat he had recognized a Springfield detective. The wallet was not in the bridge, but among the stones of the pier.

Twenty-four hours later, Thoff crouching and cramped under the platform from which he had not dared to stir, heard voices near him.

"Wonder if Pixley found what he was after yesterday?"

"Pixley?"—the squire's voice. "Didn't know he'd been over."

"Yes. Stolen goods; surmised they'd been smuggled over here 't Diarmid. Don't believe he found 'em, though." A pause, a waft of tobacco-smoke, and then the words, "Do you know, squire, I believe your wallet's hid away round here somewhere."

"So do I," answered Squire Granger; "but the thing is to lay hands on it." And then the voices passed beyond hearing, and a ragged, faint, wretched boy crawled out, and skulked off through the soft dark of the summer night.

I hope no one of you will ever know how miserable Thoff was during those July days. He looked back on the time when he had a quiet conscience, and was only cold and starved, and abused as a time of perfect bliss. Things got worse and worse. He seemed to meet Squire Granger on every corner, and fancied a sheriff behind every tree. At last there came this end:

Sunset of a very hot day, a thunder-shower fast coming on, mutterings in the black clouds, and Thoff seated in the bridge staring out through a crack at the lightning. Suddenly he saw up the valley great branches of trees broken off and flying through the air; then the roof of a house close by was lifted, and then, quicker than I can tell it, the timbers began to rock and sink under him, there was a great flash of light, he saw a figure reel on the opposite end of the bridge, and knew it was his drunken father, and then—he knew no more.

The storm passed, the moon came out, and a crowd of people stood on the river bank.

"Well, the old bridge is gone," they said. "Good there was no one on it. What's that you say? Jim—Skelton—seen going on the bridge as it went down?"

Yes. Just as Thoff, who had been stunned and afterwards had lain only half-conscious for an hour, crept from the ruin, he saw some men bringing a body up the river in a boat. His father was dead. The whirlwind had carried the three eastward spans of the bridge forty rods down the stream. The span on which Thoff was had merely sunk in its place.

Early next morning the boy climbed over the bank, took something out from among the stones and walked away. In that one awful instant when death had stared him in the face, Thoff had seen what he must do. He was now going to do it.

"I want to speak with you a minute, sir."

"Speak on." The squire was at work in this garden. "Oh, is it you, Thoff? Your father—yes, I've heard."

"No, sir; I—wanted to tell you something. That money of yours"—Thoff choked a little. He had set his face to do it, but it was hard. He would be in jail by noon, probably, though perhaps the squire might let him off till after the funeral. "I found it. There it is."

The squire silently took the wallet and opened it.

"I found it up on the hill, and I've kept it six weeks, 'n' that's the truth if I die for 't,' blurted out Thoff. "'N' now I've done it, 'n' father's dead, 'n' our house is unroofed, 'n' the ole den's blown down, 'n' I dunno's I care what you do with me."

The squire turned and looked at the little ragged figure before him, looked for quite a minute, remembered, perhaps, something that had happened to himself once. At all events, a new meaning came into the stern face, and he asked:

"Had any breakfast?"

"No, sir."

Thoff was taken into the kitchen, given a bowl of bread and milk, and then sent away. "Come back after the funeral," the squire said. After the funeral Thoff went back, and was told:

"Now, my boy, I'm going to give you a chance here on my farm. I expect you'll do your best, and if you do, you'll never be sorry you came."

And Thoff never has been sorry. That was twenty years ago, and he is manager of the squire's place now. I heard some one remark the other day as he passed: "There goes a fellow with a good conscience." You and I know how the boy "had it out" with his conscience once, and gave up beaten.

The squire has never mentioned the matter of the lost money.—*From Youth's Companion.*

Fashion Notes.

Fans are larger this season than last.

Grenadines are variously united with silk or satin.

Russian lace is a favorite trimming for summer dresses.

The profuse use of gold and silver braids is subsiding.

New umbrellas have a scent-bottle hidden in the handle.

Mastic gray—pretty color—with green is a favorite combination.

Hosiery of the color of the dress, with fine white stripes, is worn.

The long lace mitts in delicate shades are worn for opera and theater.

The newest regular bonnets are very small and distinguished looking.

Linen lawns with small, colored figures are cheap and very pretty.

A new ornament for the English walking hat is a whip of cut steel and gilt.

Lisle-thread gloves with colored monograms on the back are now fashionable.

Navy blue and white ginghams are trimmed with Smyrna lace and embroidery.

Lace jabots begin at the neck of the dress and extend all the way down to the bottom of the skirt.

For the semi-negligence of a country toilet hats which are a cross between a round hat and a bonnet are worn.

Knife pleatings are largely used on evening dresses; also plaitings which extend from the waist downward.

Long sleeves are made tighter than before, and without trimming, the wide lines and lace cuffs taking its place.

A very pretty ornament is composed of pale pink and white daisies and a golden arrow fixed to a long hair-pin.

A novelty in satin-barred ribbou, barred across with velvet of a contrasting color; it is narrow and used for bows.

The news from the Parisian *beau monde* dwells at considerable length upon the fashion of bonnets and hats designed for the summer season. For example, we learn that the gray shade of wax bead is preferred. Gilt and silver ornaments are marked by their superior finish and showy effects. Entire montures of half-blossomed flowers are accepted as head ornaments for young ladies. The refined ideas in millinery are observed in chapeaux presenting only white effects. Beads of small, medium, and large sizes are all placed on one bonnet or hat. It appears that wide brims are in vogue for rural wear, and hats are deemed apropos for carriage wear.

A Boy in the Case.

Catharine Medici Convers lives next house to Antony Cæsar Dayball. She is a widow and he is a widower. She has a cat and he has a dog. Catharine, Antony, dog and cat got along all right till one of the bad boys saw a chance to make other hearts ache. He got the animals to clawing each other, and in a week Catharine Medici wanted to pull all the hair from Antony Cæsar's aged head. Bad became worse, and the climax came the other day when the boy visited the old man and said:

"I don't want to widen this 'ere breach but that old woman says you are a murderer, hiding from justice."

Then he skulked into her house and said:

"Seeing it's you, and seeing I shovel off your snow in winter, I'll just remark that the old rascal over there says you killed your husband and buried him under the floor."

They met on the walk—Catharine Medici and Antony Cæsar. They clinched. They fought. He pulled her nose, and she almost broke his leg with a kick. He got away, but she was arrested.

"Oh! I wish I'd a killed him!" she hissed, as she stood before the bar.

"Madam, be calm—be composed and serene," remarked the court.

"Serene! Why, I'm dying to pull his hair!" she exclaimed.

"Madam, this excitement may result in insanity. Please compose your mental system."

"I'll compose nothing, sir! I'm a lone woman, and I've been slandered by a man who can't even chop wood. Heavens! but why didn't I kick him with both feet at once!"

"Madam——!"

"I won't!"

"Mad——"

"I won't, I tell you!"

He leaned back and contemplated a bust of Andrew Jackson which Bijah had made out of a banana and peach stone, and when she had stopped to catch her breath, he said:

"The fine is three dollars all the same."

"I'll pay it, but Antony Cæsar must beware—beware!"

She paid, and as she left the room she added:

"When I find him—when I get my clutches on him—when I make shingle nails of his lathy frame—oh-h-h-h!—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I'm a Dunce, Sir."

"What's your name?" a teacher out in the country asked a new pupil.

"I'm a dunce, sir," replied the boy.

The teacher's eyes dilated a little, and thinking he hadn't understood, said:

"What did you say?"

"I'm a dunce, sir," repeated the boy, who was rather a bright-looking lad.

"You're a dunce, are you?" said the teacher, smiling.

"No, sir," said the boy.

"Why didn't you say so?"

"No, sir."

"Yes you did."

"No, sir."

The teacher was about to appeal to the school to sustain him when a thought struck him, and turning to the boy he asked:

"What is your name?"

"Isaac, sir."

"And your next?"

"May, sir."

The teacher was quivering with excitement now, and he was fairly trembling with eagerness as he asked:

"And the last?"

"Dunn, sir."

"Now say it again, the whole of it," shouted the pedagogue."

"I, May Dunn, sir."

"Boys," yelled the teacher, "always be careful and be correct and particular in your pronunciation. Let this be a warning to you."

Candle Omens and Superstitions.

The customs and superstitions connected with candles are extremely numerous. A letter in the London *Times* of 25th March, 1873, relates to sales "by inch of candle:" "When the bidding is opened, a small candle—similar to a vesta—is lighted; at each bid a new one is lighted, and if no new bid is given before it goes out, a second, and on that going out without a bid, a third candle is lighted. The last bidder at the time the third candle goes out is declared the purchaser." In Pepys's Diary, under the date 6th November, 1660, we read: "To our office where we met all for the sale of two ships by an inch of candle—the first time that I ever saw any of this kind—where I observed how they do invite one another, and at least how they all do cry, and we have much to do to tell who did cry last." The word "cry" used here is evidently the same as our modern word "bid." The custom, like many another, has not wholly died out in England, as the following from a Bristol paper of the 29th March, 1873, proves: "The practice of letting by inch of candle still prevails in the county of Dorset. At the annual letting of the parish meadow of Broadway, near Weymouth, which occurred a few weeks ago, an inch of candle was placed on a piece of wood nine inches square, and lighted by one of the parish officers. The biddings were taken down by one of the parish officers, and the chance of taking the meadow was open to all while the candle was burning. The last bidder before the candle went out was the incoming tenant. This year the candle was extinguished suddenly."

Candle omens are numerous and various. Some are almost too well known to need mention, while a knowledge of others is not so general. "A collection of tallow," says Grose, "rising up against the wick of a candle, is styled the winding-sheet, and deemed an omen of death in the family." The same writer tells us that a spark at the candle denotes that the person opposite to it will shortly receive a letter. To find to whom the letter is to come, according to another popular superstition, the candlestick should be struck on the table, and whoever the spark fall opposite will receive the letter. If it falls after one knock, it comes the next day; after two, the second day, and so on. A kind of fungus in the candle predicts the visit of a stranger from that part of the country nearest the object. Upon this that pedantic writer Sir Thomas Browne observes: "The fungous parcels about the wicks of candles only indicate a moist and pluvious air, which hinders the avolation of the light and favillous particles, whereupon they settle upon the snast. That candles and lights burn blue and dim at the apparition of spirits may be true, if the ambient air be full of sulphureous spirits, as it happens often in mines." Candles when they burn blue are a sign of a spirit in the house or not far from it, says Melton in his "Astrologaster." And Hero says to her lover in "Ovid Travestie:"

"For last night late, to tell you true,
My candel as I sate burnt blew,
Which put poor me in horrid fright,
And expectation of black spright,
With sawcer eyes, and horns, and tail."

And the following beautiful lines, from the "Knight of the Burning Pestle," show the significance of bluish burning candles:

"Come, you whose loves are dead,
And whiles I sing,
Weep and wring
Every hand, and every head
Bind with cypress and sad yew:
Ribands black and candles blue
For him that was of men most true."

A candle burning blue seems, however, to be, besides, a sign of frost:

"*Constable.* My watch is set, charge given and all in peace,
But by the burning of the candle blew,
Which I by chance espied through the lanthorne,
And by the dropping of the Beadle's nose,
I smell a frost."

Candles are said to be difficult to light when there is an approach of wet weather, and the same reason will cause their wicks to swell and emit small excrescences. A person who burns three candles accidentally, and not by intention, is supposed to secure for himself the office of sheriff before the expiration of the year. The amiable Vicar of Wakefield, referring to his daughters' waking dreams, says, "The girls have their omens too; they saw rings in the candle." A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1795, states that the Irish, when they put out a candle, say, "May the Lord renew or send us the light of heaven." George Herbert also refers to the saying in his "Country Parson." The Venetians have a bit of folk-lore, which reads: "On the wedding night leave the candle burning, as the one who puts it out will die first."

How to Manage a Watch.

Always wind up a watch at the same time every day, and be very careful that no dirt is contained in the barrel of the key, and that it is in good order. A watch should be continually in the same position, and when carried in the pocket by day should always be hung up at night. When you regulate a watch, as you move the regulator towards the parts marked "fast" or "slow," take care that you do not move it too much at a time; it is better to move it a little every day, until the watch does right, than to move it too much at once. Also be careful that no dirt is contained in your watch-pocket, otherwise it may gain admission into the inside of the watch and impair its action. It is advisable, when wearing a watch, to keep it in a soft wash-leather bag, made for that purpose, by which means the watch is prevented from being scratched or injured by friction against the rough lining of the pocket. When the key-holes for winding and setting a watch are situated at the back of case, never open the front, since by so doing you may not only admit dirt and moisture, but also may dislodge the glass, and perhaps break it If your watch is a chronometer, or has a duplex movement, when setting it to the correct time, always remember to move the hands forwards, and never backwards. Although this is not of so much importance in watches of other construction, yet it is advisable to do it in all cases. Lastly, care should be taken to keep a watch as nearly as possible at the same temperature, otherwise it will never keep correct time.

Dangerous Paper Hangings.

The Boston *Traveler* says: Poisonous wall paper is becoming so common, and it is so difficult to distinguish it from the harmless article, that it seems to be the part of prudence not to paper walls. Dealers are not to blame for this state of things, but the manufacturers are, and they have no more right to spread arsenic on the walls of dwellings than milkmen have to place it in the milk they sell—the milkmen would never think of doing anything of the kind. Arsenic is well known to be a cumulative poison, and men can no more breathe it with safety than they can swallow it with safety, and it is inhaled by every one who makes use of rooms papered with arsenic-laden paper. Health is first destroyed, and then life is lost, by inhaling the air of rooms that are poisoned in the papering. Women and children, as being the more domestic, are the greater sufferers, nursing mothers and their babes are peculiarly open to the workings of the reeking poison that comes from beautiful walls.

JUGGLERY EXTRAORDINARY.

What a White-Robed Hindoo Conjurer Did in Broad Daylight—A Mango Tree, Five Feet High, Growing from the Nut in a Single Hour.

I was smoking my chibouk on the wide veranda of a bungalow, or government inn, one day in Northern India, writes a correspondent of the Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald*. It was in January, but the weather was intensely hot, and my Dakgahrra, with its rough, untrained horses, had stopped here for a midday rest. My Hindostanee servant, with an unpronounceable name, whom I had nicknamed "Handy Andy" on account of certain unhandy ways, and a merry twinkle of the eye that indicated no lack of Hibernian humor, came up to the porch and, with a salaam, said: "Would sahib like to see conjurer make tricks?" "Yes, bring him on." I suspected the fellow was consulting his own fondness for amusement more than mine, but it was too hot to sleep, and I was ready for anything that would kill time.

A tall, fine-looking Hindoo, with a clear-cut, intelligent face, and eyes that looked straight at you, next appeared on the scene. He was dressed in the ordinary long white robe of his race, with a rich cashmere shawl wound round his waist, and his salutation and manners were respectful, without the least shade of servility. He was followed by two attendants, carrying the various implements of his profession, which they spread out before him, and a dozen or two hangers-on of all ages grouped themselves at a respectful distance to enjoy the free show. The ground in front of the bungalow was paved with large, flat stones, and upon one of these the conjurer seated himself, curling his legs under him in Oriental fashion, and asked in Hindostanee, "What special trick would the Sahil like to see?" At the same time he bared his arms, long, well formed, but not muscular, and untied his shawl to open his robe and show me that there was no concealed mechanism about his person. I told him through Handy Andy that I would like him to perform the mango trick—which I had seen once before at Delhi without being able to penetrate its mysteries. He nodded assent, and, taking a box about ten inches square, filled it with earth, and in it planted a mango nut about the size of an English walnut, having first handed it to me for examination. He then made a framework, or tripod, of three sticks, six or eight feet long and tied together at the top, placed it over the box, and covered the whole with a piece of white muslin. The only thing thus far that looked like charlatanism was a muttered incantation, rolling up his eyes, with outstretched palms, as if appealing for aid to some higher power.

Again seating himself not more than ten feet in front of the veranda, he went through the most astonishing performances of sleight-of-hand tricks, such as swallowing swords, tossing balls in the air, drawing from his mouth colored ribbons of interminable length, &c., some of which I had seen before, but never in broad daylight. He borrowed my watch, and after smashing it to flinders it was mysteriously returned unharmed to my pocket. He burned my handkerchief, then poured from a vial some elixir upon the ashes, and the linen was restored to me without any smell of fire upon it. These and many other equally curious things he did for nearly an hour, with the most intense gravity of manner, and an air of candor that would disarm suspicion. My eyes were wide open, and I watched him so intently as scarcely to wink, and yet I was unable to detect a single flaw or account for one of those transformations.

Some of the tricks he repeated at my request, but the result was the same. At the critical moment his motions were quick as lightning. In all cases where fire was used I noticed that he either poured some liquid or threw a whitish powder upon the flames, which produced for an instant a dense smoke, and left a pungent aromatic odor in the air.

In the meantime the mango tree was growing. Four times, at intervals of ten or fifteen minutes, he raised the muslin cover to report progress. The first time a sprout, three or four inches long, appeared, at which he expressed satisfaction, and carefully watered it from a small sprinkling pot. The next time it was a foot high, and the leaves seemed just forming. The third time it was fully two feet in height, and appeared to be growing most vigorously. At the close of his other performances he tossed aside the enveloping cloth and tripod of sticks, and lo! there was a mango tree, or bush, about five feet high, with perfectly-formed leaves and branches. He brought it to me, and I satisfied myself beyond question that it was a real, live tree by breaking off a branch, which I kept for a souvenir. He then pulled it up by the roots, to which was attached the nut, partially decayed and covered with fine fibrous sprouts. He then emptied the earth from the box to show that nothing was concealed within it.

Through Handy Andy I offered him twenty rupees if he would disclose to me the secret of the mango tree. I then doubled and trebled the offer, but he only shook his head, and I presume a thousand rupees would have been no temptation. I rewarded him with a generous "tip," and for the moment regretted that I was not a showman by profession.

Lost Her Head.

A Boston letter says: Every one knows that among all the rest of our schools for women, there are ample means now for a woman who seeks to become a physician to make herself familiar with all the principles of practice and all the secrets of medicine and surgery. A young student who has pursued her studies up to a certain point in another city came to Boston last winter and proceeded to visit a certain dissecting room to which she had been invited. Mounting the stairs, she at last comes to the landing, from which opens the apartment where the wonders of the human frame are, materially at least, all found out. Waiting to catch her breath, perhaps to catch her courage, she overhears the following from the physician in attendance upon the class: "There are not enough heads to go round. Some of you must choose something else." The listener turned pale and leaned against the wall. She thought she wouldn't pay her visit that day. She thought she would go home and perhaps study a little further and approach the dissecting room a little more gradually. As she turned to carry this resolution into effect, she met the janitor of the building, who was evidently, familiar with visitors and students in this stage and state of mind, for he said, encouragingly, "If you'll wait a minute, miss, you'll be all right. They all of 'em feels this way at the first start." But "miss" didn't wait that day.

An old bachelor was rather taken a-back a day or two ago, as follows: Picking up a book, he exclaimed, upon seeing a wood-cut representing a man kneeling at the feet of a woman. "Before I would ever kneel to the feet of a woman I would encircle my neck with a rope and stretch it." And then turning to a young woman he inquired: "Do you not think it would be the best thing I could do?" "It would, undoubtedly, be the best thing for the woman," was the sarcastic reply.

History of the Plow.

The history of the plow is remarkable; the most ancient and simple of machines, yet it has been almost the last to undergo improvement. The first plow is supposed to have been the rude branch of a tree, cut so as to have a cleft end, the point of which, dragged along the surface of the ground, scraped a furrow into which seed were thrown. It soon occurred to the husbandman that he might relieve his own labor by yoking an animal to the long arm of this primitive instrument; then arose the necessity for a handle, affixed to the back, so that the plow might be guided. The strength of the animal soon wore away or broke the cleft of the branch, and this necessity gave rise to the invention of means for attaching movable shares, first of wood, and next of stone, copper or iron, worked to a shape adapted to the cutting of furrows, so as to avoid the excessive labor arising from the plowman's having to lean upon the plow with all his weight to press it into the earth. Just such an implement as these, conjectures indicate, was by the Saxons. Some of the facts connected with the history of the plow are almost incredible. In Ireland there once prevailed a custom of "plowing by horse's tail." The draught-pole was lashed to the tail of the horse, and, as no harness was employed, two men were necessary, one to guide and press upon the plow, the other to direct the horse, which he did by walking backwards before the miserable animal, and beating it on the head on either side, according to the direction required. This custom prevailed for a considerable time, in spite of a law which was passed in the early part of the seventeenth century imposing severe penalties upon persons found guilty of "plowing by the horse's tail." A paper in the "Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland" speaks of "the awkward custom of yoking horses by the tail, and the driver of harrows walking backward, with his face directly turned to the horse which he led." The Rev. C. Otway, says: "In ancient times, all through the West of Ireland, it was the practice to work both the plow and the harrow with horses drawing from their tails. I am assured that it is still (1840) a part of the Erris husbandry." In 1634, during the reign of Charles I., the Irish Parliament passed the following: "Act against Ploughing by the Tayle, and Pulling the Wool of Living Sheep;" "No person or persons whatsoever shall, after one yeare next ensuing the end of the present Parliament, plough, harrow, draw, or worke with any horse, gelding, mare, garren, or colt, by the taile, or shall cause, procure, or suffer any other carriages with his horses, mares, geldings, garrans, or colts, or any of them by the tail; and that no person or persons whatsoever shall, after the end of this present Parliament, pull the wool off any living sheep, or cause or procure to be pulled instead of shearing or clipping of them; and if any shall do contrarie to this act and the intention thereof, that the justices of assize at the general assizes to be holden before them, and the justices of peace at their quarter-sessions, shall have power by this act to enquire of, heare and determine all and every offence and offences done contrary to the present act, and to punish the offenders which shall do contrary to the same, by fine and imprisonment, as they in their discretion shall think fit."

How Not to Bore.

None of the books of etiquette that we have yet read give prescriptions which will cure the tendency which most of us have to bore other people. The reason is that none of us suspects he is or can be a bore under any possible combination of circumstances. The supposition is so wild and absurd as to be discountenanced at once. And yet so often are we bored by other people that it would only be reasonable for us to conclude that we too might sometimes place ourselves in the same unenviable light. To know when to come and when to go, when to be silent and when to speak, what to say and how to say it, to be properly aware how to express those thousand little tones and acts which endear one, it is difficult to explain precisely how, is either a natural gift or an art obtainable after long years of training. Yet he who is not master of these things will run the risk some time or other of being considered a nuisance. We all ought to learn how not to bore. We owe it to our neighbors as well as to ourselves. It is a knowledge we exact from them. If they do not betray it we feel personally aggrieved and are apt to consider them, for a time, our enemies.

One certain way of not boring is never to give people too much of our company. This is a rule difficult to observe. There are times when we are too ready to believe that our friends want us more than they really do. We take their protestations literally, and when they say they could live with us forever and a day, we positively give them the day. This is a great mistake. Probably six hours of the day would have been quite sufficient. But we are unwilling to believe that our fascinations are so weak as not to stand a longer trial, and yielding to that weak prejudice in our own favor we become unmitigable bores. It would be well if we could hold the hand-glass up to our failings in this respect and see ourselves as we really are.

Rain.

The first water—how much it means! Seven-tenths of man himself is water. Seven-tenths of the human race rained down but yesterday! It is much more probable that Cæsar will flow out of a bung hole than that any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapor, a breath, a little moisture condensed upon the pane. We carry ourselves as in a phial. Cleave the flesh, and how quickly we spill out! Man begins as a fish, and he swims in a sea of vital fluids as long as his life lasts. His first food is milk; and so his last and all between. He can taste and assimilate and absorb nothing but liquids. The same is true throughout all organic nature. 'Tis water power that makes every wheel move. Without this great solvent, there is no life. I admire immensely this line of Walt Whitman:

"The Slumbering and liquid trees."

The tree and its fruit are like a sponge which the rains have filled. Through them and through all living bodies there goes on the commerce of vital growth, tiny vessels, fleets and succession of fleets, laden with material bound for distant shores, to build up, and repair, and restore the waste of the physical frame.

Then the rain means relaxation; the tension in Nature and in all her creatures are lessened. The trees drop their leaves, or let go their ripened fruit. The tree itself will fall in a still, damp, day when but yesterday it withstood a gale of wind. A moist south wind penetrates even the mind and makes its grasp less tenacious. It ought to take less to kill a man on a rainy day than on a clear. The direct support of the sun is withdraw; life is under a cloud; a masculine mood gives place to something like a feminine. In this sense, rain is the grief, the weeping of Nature, the relief of a burdened or agonized heart. But tears from Nature's eyelids are always remedial and prepare the way for brighter, purer skies.—*John Burroughs, in Scribner.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Management of Chickens.

Many complain of breakage in eggs by hens while under the process of incubation. This is owing partly to the thinness of the shells and partly to the carelessness of the hen. Of all sitters, the Brahmas are the most tractable. They are persistent, and when once their inclination is directed toward this point, they are easily removed to some more convenient place. A nest for a sitter should be constructed for that purpose, and be on a different plan from that for the layers. Generally, when a layer is seeking a nest, she manifests a desire to look up. Her ideas are high. She looks at the wood pile, and views well all the localities about the buildings. Many of the smaller breeds, especially the sitting varieties, have this mania for nest hunting, particularly when running at large. Nests intended for sitters alone should be made on the ground, that the hen may walk off and on. A small dry goods box placed on the side is good for this purpose. The hen should be fastened thereon until she is entirely accustomed to the change. When allowed to come off for the first time or two, she should be watched, that she may return after a reasonable length of time. Frequently she will go back to the old nest where first commencing to sit. In that case she must be removed. With a little patience, after a time or two, she will become entirely reconciled, and in this manner, taking the precaution of breaking her on eggs that are of small value, there will be found less breakage of good eggs. She should be protected from the annoyance of layers.

The nest for a sitter should not be so deep or dishing that the eggs all roll in the middle and crowd one another. Give the hen as many eggs as she can cover comfortably and no more. A good sized Brahma will manage fifteen small eggs very well, and it is better to give her that number; in each sitting there will always be one or two that will prove bad. The hen should be accustomed to handling, that her eggs may be seen to and counted each day or two, to be certain that they are all right. Eggs set on the ground in warm weather hatch better and produce stronger chicks, but they are more subject to the attacks of night-prowling vermin. In order that everything should work together for the good being of the coming chickens, the mother should be thoroughly cleaned of vermin. The hen will sit better, be less uneasy, and the young chicks when they come from the shell will be free from this formidable pest, and be ready to go straight forward and make rapid growths. But the mother and the young brood will be more quiet, and a larger percentage will be raised. Where a regular business is carried on it is well to have all the sitters down at one time, that the chicks may be of an age. They are less trouble, particularly when early (and to be profitable they should be early), and if we devote our time to the business, it is better to tend a large flock.

I believe that one great cause of diseases among young chicks arises from the want of a proper mother. They require an amount of animal heat more than a small hen can impart. It is not the amount of feathers, but the large, capacious, roomy body and breast that gives warmth and strength, and the weak little things require it on the back. In this respect, the moderately-sized light Brahmas excel; not only for their own chicks, but for those less in size and more slender in nature when just hatched. Newly-hatched chicks should remain on the nest at least thirty-six hours, and better forty-eight, and be fed thereon, allowing the hen to go off for a little exercise and the relief of nature. It is an error in early spring weather to remove chicks from the nest too soon. The old nest is warm, and new quarters are apt to give them a chill. Exercise is not the first thing they require, although the old hen often looks at it in this light.

With due care chicks may be raised without so much as a touch of the gapes; but, as has been stated before, it requires vigilance. Roup is perhaps one of the worst diseases that poultry breeders have to contend with, and one for which there is no immediate cure for the afflicted birds. It is a disorder that has originated among fancy poultry breeders, and will ever hang to them so long as they are heedless of the welfare of their birds. There are several different phases of it; some of them can be remedied and others cannot. Some birds are afflicted from the shell up with soreness about the head, eyes and throat. The comb and wattles turn a dark purple, and any sudden start or severe exercise often causes instant death. It is idle to admit the idea that it is contagious, although birds subject to the same treatment and exposure will be affected alike to a greater or less degree, according to the constitution of the bird.—*Country Gentleman.*

Household Hints.

Make a paste of soft soap and emery for polishing steel.

Flour and meal of all kinds should be kept in a cool, dry place.

A small quantity of turpentine added to stove blacking will make the stove easier to polish.

Soft-soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar and not be used until three months old.

The best rice is large and has a clear, fresh look. Old rice sometimes has little black insects inside the kernels.

Kettles are cleansed of onion and other odors by dissolving a teaspoonful of pearlash or saleratus in water and washing them.

Wash your shelves down clean, and, while damp, rub fine salt on them quite thick and let it remain on them for a time and red ants will disappear.

Alabaster is best cleaned by putting it in a pan of water and letting it soak some hours until quite clean. Another mode is to cover it with a strong solution of soda.

Rich cheese feels softer under the pressure of the finger. That which is very strong is neither very good nor healthy. To keep one that is cut, tie it up in a bag that will not admit flies and hang it in a dry, cool place. If mould appears on it, wipe it off with a dry cloth.

A good cement for broken china consists of gum acacia dissolved in boiling water, as much plaster of Paris being added as will form a thick paste. The proportions of the gum and water are half an ounce of the former to a wineglass of the latter. Apply the paste with a brush to the fractured parts.

The United States consumes annually between six and seven hundred thousand tons of cane sugar, less than thirteen per cent. of which is of home production. The leading sources of foreign upplys are: Cuba 450,000 tons; Spanish possessions, 50,000; Porto Rico, 30,000; French Islands, 22,000; Brazil, 18,000; Dutch East Indies, 11,000; British West Indies, 10,000; British Guiana, 10,000; Sandwich Islands, 10,000. Twenty one other [illegible] countries supply less than as many thousand tons in all. In 1862 our [illegible] home product was [illegible] tons; it fell [illegible] 000 tons in 1865, then slowly r[illegible] tons in 1871. The crop of [illegible] tons

Items of Interest.

Headquarters—The hatter's store.

Every carpenter has a plane duty before him.

Carvers of their own fortunes—Butchers.

A case of suspended animation—A man with braces on.

The most becoming tie for young ladies—Modesty.

"Printer's ink keeps the hinges of store doors loose."

Leipsic is one of the leading centers of the doll making trade.

There are two thousand characters in the stories of Charles Dickens.

To the average Athenian the dearest spot on earth is the Greece spot.

Glass grindstones are being experimented with in mills in Germany.

Bracelets have been in use in every nation from its very earliest period.

Pearls differ from other gems in requiring no art to bring out their beauty.

"I have a bone to pick with you" came from Sicilian marriage observances.

Errors, like straws upon the surface flow.
He that would seek the pearl must never blow.

Primitive bread was grain soaked in water, subjected to a pressure and then dried.

Dumps, an Egyptian king, is responsible for "Oh, she is down in the dumps."

The only medical college for colored men is in Nashville. It has an ample endowment.

A Russian lady is not considered well dressed unless she wears from twelve to twenty bracelets.

The beer gardens outside the Paris Exposition grounds cover as much space as the Exposition buildings.

What is it that has neither wings nor legs, and yet flies fast, and is not stopped by rocks, rivers or walls? The voice.

Mrs. D. A. Dodd, of Humboldt, Iowa, has just given birth to her twenty-second child, a son. Among the number are seven sets of twins.

Upwards of 494,391 persons were employed in English coal mines in 1877, 30,141 less than in 1876, and 1,208 or one in 400, died by an accident.

Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

It is easy to find a friend in Paris; if he isn't in any of 74,999 houses, he'll be sure in the other one, unless he is out of doors or has left the city or has not yet come.

The Landgrave of Hesse made a pretty good thing by letting his troops on hire during our Revolutionary war; $2,355,000 was paid, being at the rate of $150 a head for each man killed.

A correspondent writes from Parma "There's always something to charm the eye, delight the ear and stir the soul in Italy. The introduction of the scrubbing brush would make it a paradise."

An Illinois woman has written to one of the assistant postmaster-generals to pick her out a good young man for a husband. She thought his experience with the mails would give him an advantage in the selection.

A farm sixty miles long and ten wide in one tract, mostly fenced, is that of Miller & Lux, cattle monopolists of California. They have 80,000 head of stock, own 700,000 acres of choice land, and are rated as worth $15,000,000.

The capers of a team of mules hitched to a harvesting machine, near St. Louis, saved the lives of five men who had taken shelter from a thunder storm under a tree. The mules began to kick, and the men, going to quiet them, escaped a thunderbolt that shivered the tree.

A French woman was lately watching a cow feeding by the roadside. She tied round her body the rope attached to the beast. A horse coming along the road at a sharp trot terrified the cow, which started at a gallop, dragging the poor woman over fields and ditches, and finally killing her.

A French scientific authority states that the ordinary rate of a man's walking is four feet per second; of a good horse in harness, twelve; of a reindeer to a sledge on the ice, twenty-six; of an English race-horse, forty-three, of a hare, eighty-eight; of a good sailing ship, fourteen, and of the wind eighty-two.

A Florida rattlesnake six feet long spent half an hour charming an aligator twice his length, and then struck the 'gator with all the strength he could muster. The stroke had no effect, but, circling backward, the aligator struck the snake a fatal blow with his tail, and was then himself despatched by an observer.

A single dealer in butter in Normandy, North France, sells $1,000,000 worth a year. It nets him sixty cents a pound, and is nearly all sold in Brazil, South America. This butter is packed in stone jars, which in turn are placed in light barrels filled with brine. It is warranted to keep perfectly sweet and fresh for three years.

An extremely simple method of testing the genuineness of diamonds is given in a letter to the London *Times*. If the specimen is immersed in water, should it be a diamond it will sparkle with almost undiminished light and brilliancy of color; but if it be spurious, whether it be paste or rock crystal, the "fire" of the jewel will be completely quenched.

At Rateltontein, Fraserberg, South Africa, where water is precious, a wool washing mill is so arranged that the water, after passing through a fine wire gauze screen and falling over the water wheel of a corn mill, goes to the lands lying in the valley, and thus is used for wool washing, corn grinding, manuring by carrying down the grease from the work, and irrigation.

How doth the busy fly
Improve each day that passes;
Without, however, bettering
The butter and molasses!
How clinging are his feet
At morn when we're reposing;
How well his mission he fulfills
By keeping us from dozing!
Satan's emissary he,
And zealous past comparing:
While others merely tempt us, he
Insists upon our swearing.
—*Breakfast Table.*

A moderate amount of fat is generally considered evidence of good health. About one-twentieth part of the weight of a man and the sixteenth of a woman is considered a normal proportion. Its office, aside from its value in giving symmetry to the figure, is to prevent the rapid escape of animal heat and also to supply the waste of tissue from sickness, unusual exertion and temporary deprivation of food.

USES OF ADVERSITY

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.