

Poetry.

MOTHER'S BOYS. Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet... The trace of small, muddy boots, And I see your fair tapers, glowing, All spotted with blossoms and fruits!

Selected Story.

CAMPING OUT. "This is what I call good fun!" said Royal Murray. He stood in a lovely forest glade, situated in one of the spurs of the Adirondacks, hemmed in by stately white pines, silver birches and a wall of the vine-clad rock while the brown waters of a gurgling trout stream hurried by on the left, and a rudo, impromptu tent on the right marked the abiding place of humanity, no less than the fire of dead sticks from whose ruby heart a column of purple smoke threaded its way, in fantastic rings, over the top of the rock.

"Just nothing at all," Murray philosophically answered, "except to await our fates. Fortunately, it is not leap year, and they can not marry us!" "I am sorry we broiled the duck to-night," said Harry, with a perturbed countenance. "It is not likely we can shoot any venison at such short notice, and..."

ly plied needle and thread... "Here's a cigar, and two screws, a pocket knife, and—Bee, darling, only look here!" "Mercy, how you make me prick my fingers!" cried Beatrice sharply. "What is it? A letter? You have no business to look at it, Lu."

Miscellaneous. THE LABOR QUESTION IN ENGLAND. MR. JOSEPH ARCH AND HIS VISIT TO AMERICA—HE GIVES UP HIS OPINION TO COLONIZATION. LONDON, August 30.—Mr. Joseph Arch called for Canada, August 28th. Before starting he delivered a last address to the body with which he is identified, the National Agricultural Laborers' Union at Leamington. I gather from his speech that Mr. Arch is profoundly dissatisfied with the result of his efforts in England to improve the condition of the laborers on farms.

A WONDERFUL SALE OF CATTLE. OVER FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR A COW. The most remarkable sale of cattle ever made in this country took place at New York Mills, three miles from Utica, New York, on the 10th instant, comprising the herd of Dutchess and Oxford breeds belonging to Hon. Samuel Campbell. The sale attracted the most prominent short horn breeders of the world, including representatives from the great grazing sections of Kentucky, Illinois, Ohio, Minnesota, Canada, England and Scotland. About five hundred people were present, including all the American breeders and the following England: Right Hon. Lord Skelmersdale, whose seat is near Liverpool; Mr. Halford, of Papilium Market Harborough; Mr. Calthorpe; Mr. Richardson, who represents Sir Curtis Lampson, of Sussex; Mr. Berwick, agent for Lord Dunmore, but who buys for Earl Beattie, recently Lord Kinnis, of Underly Hall, Lancashire, and Mr. Kello, agent for Mr. R. Pavin Davis, of Horton, Gloucestershire; also Messrs. Cochran, Cretic, Miller and Beattie, of Canada.

HOUSE BUILT IN A DAY! The Lancaster (Penn.) newspapers give a full account of the building in that city, inside of ten and one half hours, on Friday, August 7th, 1873, of a brick dwelling house, twenty-four by thirty (24x30) feet square, two (2) stories high, finished complete with eight (8) rooms, together with all the doors, closets, and all modern improvements, painted and tin roof. The cellar foundation had been prepared, and the requisite building material was in readiness. One hundred and three (103) men were employed, and at precisely six o'clock that morning they commenced work. To give our New-Berrie readers an idea of the building, we state that it is a little larger than the two story brick building occupied by the Freedmen's National Savings Bank in this city. From the Daily Examiner of that city we clip the following account: "Mr. J. T. Reading, photographer, was present with his apparatus, and took views every fifteen minutes of the building and the workmen while in motion, which, of course, produced ridiculous pictures—men, white and colored, in almost every position, are to be seen represented. At 8 o'clock A. M., the structure was advanced to the height of one story, with two floors—ground and second—laid, partitions in, and lathed and partly plastered, doors hung, stairway up, and a view taken with the Doctor in the midst of his workmen. The scene was a busy and comic one—the bricklayers erecting scaffolding for the second story. 10 o'clock A. M., view taken of western front on Prince street: second story brickwork two-thirds up, with carpenters ready to lay the floor, and plasterers commencing lathing; western front painted and masons run short of brick, and some delay in consequence, but it was remedied in a short while. 11 o'clock A. M., the Bricklayers are up to the square of ceiling for third floor, with corners raised to the height required to receive the rafters for roofing. Tinners waiting. The process of whitewashing is now about completed in the first story. 11:18 A. M., first rafter for the roof laid. At 11:11 the last brick was placed upon the chimneys, and the bricklayers are done. Roof sheathed and tinners begin to lay roofing. 12:50, scaffolding all removed from building. 2:30 P. M., sash in windows of first story and painters finished up; wash-boards down and rubbish cleaned away. At this writing the tinners are leaving the building; roofing and spouting completed. Plasterers still at work in the second story. The building has been insured, and in the course of a few hours will be ready for a tenant.

SELECTING A WIFE. We have heard of this test being applied to several girls, but John Starkey was the man who applied it to the selection of a wife. The Starkeys and the Belknaps had been friends through several generations. In the present generation there was, in the Starkey family, one son, and in the family of Belknaps there were five daughters; and it had been arranged between the parents that the heir of the Starkeys should take him a wife from among the daughters of Belknap. John, the heir aforesaid, at the age of five and twenty, had returned from his travels, when his father bade him select from the daughters of the friendly house the one he would have for a wife. John was a dutiful son, and his heart was whole, and as the maidens were all fair to look upon he accepted the situation, and determined to master it if possible. John spent several evenings in the company of the young ladies, and it was difficult to decide which was the most charming, though his fancy rested most lingeringly upon the youngest—not that she was the handsomest, but she appeared the most sensible. One day John was invited to dinner, and in advance of the family he made his way into the hall and threw a broom upon the floor, directly across the passage to the dining-room. By and by the summons sounded for the meal, and John watched for the result. The eldest daughter stepped over the broom loftily. The second went around it. The fourth gave it an extra kick. The fifth—the youngest—stooped and picked the broom up and took it to the far corner of the hall and set it carefully out of the way. And John selected the meek-eyed, fair-haired maiden who had thus stood the test, and he never had occasion to regret the choice. She proved to be a wife who looked well to the ways of her household, and her heart had no lack of faith and love. The funniest anecdote of the day I have heard yet is told of an old lady who was a sweet passenger on the Hudson River railroad, bound for Albany. She would persist in asking the conductor at every station "if this was Poughkeepsie?" The conductor, a "nice," gentlemanly man, would try and induce her to remain in her seat and give herself no anxiety; he would certainly inform her at the proper time, as Poughkeepsie was some distance off yet. But the dear old lady, alarmed at the frequency of the stations and the rapidly with which persons were stepping off the train, moved her to rush forward and ask the conductor "if this station was not Poughkeepsie?" Assured again that it was not, and that ample notice would be given when the train reached the depot, the nervous passenger once more relaxed into a passive unconsciousness. At last Poughkeepsie was reached, and the conductor, rushing into the car, hurried the old lady up by saying, "Here we are, this is Poughkeepsie; make haste and get your things; we are behind time; quick, now!" Judge of his surprise when, with the utmost complacency, this female passenger, looking over her spectacles, replied, "You don't say this is Poughkeepsie; why, you see Maria she told me to be sure and take my pill when I got to Poughkeepsie!"

FLOWERS. Flowers stimulate industry as well as lighten toil. For we must have them. We are cold without them, but to have them requires patient study, patient culture and untiring determination. Every one must be studied alone. This can be successfully done only in connection with art and a kind of horticultural genius. Their culture is an art. How they breathe and eat and drink! How they vary their species—under what laws! Flowers are servants of our imagination; they bring food to the poet. They produce an atmosphere that is peculiarly conducive to rhythm. I do not know why it is that color and grace of motion and delicacy of form and perfume have such a tendency to make every eighth or tenth syllable rhyme, and every line begin with a capital, but so it is. What a constant tribute poetry pays to flowers. Can you find one of the great singers who has not at least a line, and mostly a poem, in honor of floral charms? Take away noble landscapes, level down the hills, make the sun rise and set in drab, kill out the flowers, and the poet's corner would become very speedily a bean patch. Now the flowers come to the brain with a delicate touch, like the finger of a mother in sleep that takes the wrinkles out of dreams—tiny children with their arms full of every imaginable grace. You can see purity, modesty, benevolence, ambition, wateriness, patience, truth, all somewhere about your feet. But not only do they inspire much of the rhyme of life. What do you suppose must be the power of a single fuchsia in a family? It never catches the eye of the mother without awaking a song; it calls the attention of the children, and displaces the rudeness of coarse work or vulgar contact. It doubtless has a powerful influence in making the whole family more neat, more tasteful, more courteous, more refined. I like to take out the feeding plague of eating, by putting a bouquet among the dishes. CO-OPERATION AMONG FARMERS. There is no reason why farmers should not combine to protect their own interests, but every reason why they should. The agricultural interest being the most extensive in the country, and being the basis on which national prosperity is built up, should by all means make itself felt. Caution should be exercised in choosing leaders in any movement looking towards co-operation or combination, and liberal and just views with regard to the claims of seemingly conflicting interests should be adopted, lest unhappy impossibilities be attempted, and failure in expectation should result. As an evidence of the rapid increase of the order in the United States, we mention the number of Granges organized in the following States: Georgia 111, Illinois 591, Indiana 308, Iowa 1,776, Kansas 351, Minnesota 348, Mississippi 331, Missouri 628, Nebraska 310, South Carolina 151, Wisconsin 195, &c. These States have the largest number of Granges; but New Granges are being organized almost every day. The order is, also making some progress in the New England States. Massachusetts has 4, New Jersey 3, and New Hampshire 1 Grange. The average age of American clergymen deceased the past year was about sixty-one. Of 236 whose deaths and ages were reported, 7 were over 90, 29 were between 80 and 90, 46 between 70 and 80, 49 between 60 and 70, 61 between 50 and 60, 23 between 40 and 50, 22 between 30 and 40, and 10 between 20 and 30. The first duty of the Granges, it is suggested, should be to extinguish every orator who begins with: "I have not the good fortune to be a farmer, but I have always felt the predominant interest in the truly noble and predominant pursuit of agriculture, and never was that interest greater than now." Trouble is apprehended in all the New York public schools this fall, in consequence of the new law, which makes it a criminal offence to refuse admission to colored applicants. Herebefore colored children have had their own schools. From Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi come delightful reports of the ravages of the worm, rot and rust in the cotton fields. Half, one-fourth and one-third are the various calculations as to the crop. To learn the value of money—Try to borrow it. Mexican cow-thieves are again after Texas beef. Bright is blowing for greater economy. Ho's Bright. The Nova Scotia gale paled the blue-noses. Spitz dogs tow the bellies up Fifth avenue.