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Psalm of Marriage.

Tell me not, in idle jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art; to man returnest,"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Life[illegible] and youth is fleeting,
[illegible] hearts, though light and gay,
[illegible]asant dreams are beating
[illegible] marches all the way.

[illegible] world's broad field of battle,
[illegible]he bivouac of life,
[illegible] like dumb-driven cattle;
[illegible]oine—a wife!

[illegible] Palissy.

[illegible]L. W. LONGFELLOW.

[illegible] suburbs here,
[illegible]ing with such cheer,
[illegible] his mean attire,
[illegible] manly features bronzed with fire,
[illegible]hose figulines and rustic wares
[illegible]re find him bread from day to day?
[illegible] madman, as the people say,
[illegible]o breaks the tables and the chairs
[illegible]ed his furnace fires, nor cares
[illegible] goes unfed if they are fed,
[illegible] who may live if they are dead?
[illegible]is alchemist with hollow cheeks,
[illegible]and sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
[illegible]y mingled earths and ores combined
[illegible] of fire to find
[illegible] new enamel hard and bright,
[illegible]ream, his passion, his delight?

[illegible] Palissy! within thy breast
[illegible]d the hot fever of unrest;
[illegible] was the prophet's vision, thine
[illegible]ultation, the divine
[illegible]anity of noble minds,
[illegible]hat never falters nor abates,
[illegible] labors and endures and waits,
[illegible]l all that it foresees, it finds
[illegible]hat it cannot find, creates!

[illegible] turn, my wheel! This earthern jar
[illegible]ch can make, a touch can mar;
[illegible]nd shall it to the Potter say,
[illegible]hat makest thou? Thou hast no hand?
[illegible] men who think to understand
[illegible]orld by their Creator planned,
[illegible]Who wiser is than they.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

Wynfield Ellistone's Vacation.

"Ah, here you are, Leonora! I have been looking for you everywhere."

The slight figure leaning over the balcony railing in the moonlight turned and looked up at the speaker with a smile.

"How you startled me!" she said. "I am glad you have come, though. Is it not lovely out here?"

But Jaffrey Ellistone shrugged his shoulder and drew her hand through his arm.

"The night wind is damp and chilly," he said; "and, besides, my brother has come. Let us go in;" and they went into the house together.

So that was Wynfield, the twin-brother of whom she had heard so much.

Miss Vecquerey looked at him curiously, as he rose and came forward to greet her, and her first sensation was one of disappointment, for she imagined that he would be much like Jaffrey.

True, he was like Jaffrey in some respects.

There was the same tall, broad-shouldered, erect figure, but the new comer was slighter, and there was an easy grace in his every movement which Jaffrey, though never awkward, did not possess.

There were the heavy Ellistone brows, almost meeting over the rather high nose, and the slender, shapely Ellistone hand, alike in both; but there the likeness ceased.

Jaffrey's eyes were dark, like his brother's, but they had a way of looking every one squarely and steadily in the face, which Wynfield's had not; and while Wynfield's mouth, half concealed by his long, drooping moustache, was meek and undecided in expression, Jaffrey's was a bit stern and obstinate, the thin upper lip shutting down firmly and squarely on the slightly prominent lower one, and Jaffrey's smile, though much less frequent than his brother's, was as sweet and tender as a woman's.

Miss Vecquerey noticed these things at intervals during the evening—the difference between the two; and she noted, moreover, how the grave Jaffrey [illegible]d to watch his brother's every [illegible] with a quiet happiness in his eyes.

He had told her long ago how dear his twin brother was to him, and tonight she saw, by the look on his face, how much had remained untold.

"You are glad to have him back?" she questioned, when Jaffrey sat down beside her for a moment, and he smiled his slow, sweet smile.

"Very glad," he said; "it is nearly [illegible]ears since we have been together. [illegible]shall want you to become great friends, Leonora;" and just then Wynfield came across the room and joined them.

"Intruding, of course," he said sitting down on a low ottoman before them: and then he announced his intention of remaining there the rest of the evening.

"Jaffray is inclined to be selfish, I see," he said, laughing. "I strongly disapprove of it. I wish to become acquainted with my sister that is to be—to find out if it is to be my duty to forbid the banns."

And then Bell Ellistone called Jaffray from the other side of the room, and they were left alone.

"I intend, if possible, to make that young fellow jealous," said Wynfield, as Jaffray departed. "Do you think it is fair, Miss Vecquerey?"

"Scarcely," said Miss Vecquerey, smiling, yet half-annoyed.

Then, slipping easily to another subject, he said suddenly, "I am very proud of my brother, Miss Vecquerey,"—this with a sudden upward glance, keen and sharp as a hawk's, and then he cast aside his unwonted gravity, and laughed and complimented and talked "society" until the evening came to an end and Miss Vecquerey bade him good night.

"What a fascinating fellow he is!" she thought as she brushed out her braids. "Jaffrey is worth half a dozen of him, though."

And with this reflection Miss Vecquerey went off to sleep with her fair cheek nestled cozily on the hand which wore Jaffrey's engagement ring.

"Very handsome!" was Wynfield's comment, as he went up to his room. "Jaffrey's taste is good, at all events. She's got lovely eyes. Heigho! Jaff's a lucky fellow!"

And dismissing the subject with a yawn, Wynfield went to sleep to dream strange, confused dreams, haunted by Miss Vecquerey's lovely eyes."

Such pleasant days as followed this! Rides, walks, picnics, boatings, followed each other in rapid succession. "Fairview had never been so gay," the villagers said.

The Ellistones had invited guests from the city in honor of Miss Vacquerey's presence; and as Bell and Rose Ellistone were fond of gaiety they improved every moment of the long, sunshiny days, seconded always by their brother Wynfield, who seemed to give himself up entirely to the occupation of pleasure seeking.

Suddenly, however, a little cloud came over Miss Vecquerey's sunshine, for Jaffrey was called away.

"Never mind," he said, cheerily; "I shall come down Saturday nights, and you—I shall depend upon my brother Wyn not to let you become lonesome. Will you look out for her, Wyn? I leave her in your charge;" and so Jaffrey departed.

She had thought to find it dolefully lonesome without Jaffrey, for she had learned to depend upon him greatly, but Wynfield proved the contrary.

He devoted himself to her in every way; he read to her, he talked to her, he sang to her, he walked and rode with her, and the days slipped by pleasantly until Jaffrey went back again.

Then Miss Vecquerey's heart smote her because she had not been more lonesome.

But Jaffrey was so honestly glad that she had not been, that she felt reassured.

The next week, when Jaffrey was detained in the city over Saturday and Sunday, she was, in truth, greatly disappointed.

But still it was impossible not to enjoy the long, quiet afternoon under the apple trees in the orchard, with Wynfield lying at full length on the ground at her feet, lazily handsome, reading ever and anon scraps of poetry, or talking in the serious way which he exhibited to no one else.

"I begin to think," he said, lazily brushing off an intrusive grasshopper, "that, after all, Miss Vecquerey, I am a failure."

Miss Vecquerey's wide eyes widened.

"Indeed!" she said, slowly; "and why? Is there no amendment possible?"

How beautiful she was in her light muslin dress, her soft hair blown about a little by the fresh breeze, and her wide hat shadowing her face.

Wyn looked at her covertly under his long, girlish lashes, and, in his heart of hearts, admired her more than he had ever admired any woman in all his reckless, careless life.

"Possibly?—perhaps; probable?—no. If I might ever find any one to care for me as you care for Jaffrey"—the keen eyes were watching her wistfully, although she did not know it—"if I might find some one to care for me like that, I think I should reform."

"Are you, then, so very wicked?"

She smiled as she spoke, bending towards him a little, and looked down at him questioningly; and he answered, laughing, "Not a saint, as the world goes; almost a monster in comparison with Jaffrey.

Miss Vecquerey laughed; and she rose as she spoke. "I must go in," she said. "It is nearly dinner time, and I have to dress. Do not disturb yourself;" but he rose and went in with her.

The next day Bell and Rose had a lawn tennis party; and, as the nights were growing cool, there was dancing in the evening. Miss Vecquerey, who had been in her room all day with a headache, came down in the evening, her beautiful hair loosened for once from braids and bonds, and floating around her like a golden cloud.

"You are lovely indeed!" said Wyn, taking possession of her in his lordly way when the evening was nearly over, and she was sitting for a moment in a quiet corner alone. "I am most tremendously afraid I shall fall in love with you myself."

He had slipped her hand through his arm, and led her out on the balcony; and standing there in the moonlight, looked down at her with a smile.

"I wouldn't," she said, with a sage shake of her golden-crowned head. "It wouldn't do at all, you know."

"Why not?" The question was short and sharp, and she looked up, startled by the tone. "Why not?" he said again; and then a sudden wave of crimson swept over her face.

"Brother Wyn," she said, "what can you mean?" and she tried to draw her hand from his arm, but he held it closely, smiling down at her still.

"Why wouldn't it do?" he demanded. "Such things have happened. They might happen again. Perhaps it has happened. It would be Jaffrey's own fault. He ought not to have trusted me. Leonora, Look at me."

For one moment Leonora Vecquerey stood silent; then she raised her head proudly.

"Well," she said, "what is it?"

The steady eyes did not falter as she met his gaze. She did not drop her lashes as she saw the look on his face.

"Leonora," he said, "you are angry with me?"

She drew her hand away, not hastily but decidedly.

"No," she answered, "not angry;" and then the band of her engagement ring glistened in the moonlight before his eyes. He spoke again after a pause.

"Forgive me;" and that was all he said.

"I have nothing to forgive," she replied, still looking at him steadily. "I am Jaffrey's promised wife, and you are his brother, whom he loves."

For one moment he stood silent, gazing down on her beautiful face, then his proud head drooped a little, and he held out his hand.

"Heaven bless you," he said—"you and Jaffrey both, and good-bye."

"Good night, you mean?"

She gave him her hand, and looked up at him questioningly, but he shook his head.

"I go back to York to-morrow. I received a letter to-day, which is a good excuse. I shall go in the first train, before you are awake. My vacation has been too long already."

"And Jaffrey?"

She asked the question imploringly, knowing how disappointed Jaffrey would be.

"I shall meet him at the railway junction," said he. "I could not well go back without doing so."

And then, as Rose's voice was heard approaching, he said, hurriedly:

"I have done wrong, but it is a wrong which harms no one but myself. Jaffrey is better than I am in every way. May you be happy always, both of you. He is worthy of your love. Give me your hand for the last time, Leonora, and good-bye."

And so he left her.

A Gloomy Scene in Bulgaria.

A war correspondent writes from Sistova: At Gorny Studen every one from the emperor downward keeps under cover, such as it is. Nobody ventures out in the thick, deep mud; to do so is to run the risk of sliding down up to the knees in mire into the valley on either side of which the village hovels are built. The czar occupies the only house which exists there. The Grand Duke Nicholas and a few of his staff are installed in round dome-shaped tents made with thick felt laid over wooden frames. The rest of the little camp nestle under their few yards of saturated canvas, which swarm with large mice trying to find shelter or creep into the holes which nature and the Bulgarian peasant have provided.

A gloom is cast over everything, and the officers are mostly in low spirits. No sunlight appears through the thick, heavy clouds, and at seven o'clock in the evening it is so dark that it is impossible to walk a dozen yards without a lantern to light the way and a big stick to keep off the wolfish, howling dogs, which attack unarmed persons at night with the greatest ferocity. The most disagreeable sight of all is the hard-worked horses, of which there are a great many at Gorny Studen, standing out day and night in the cold rain without cover or cloth of any kind. There is not a stable in the village. Even the emperor's horses are without shelter. There the poor beasts stand through the twenty-four hours, dripping with wet, with their tails curled up under them, slowly chewing the wet hay, or even straw, as there is very little of the former to be bought. The picture, as I have it for the last few days from the door of my mud hut, is a melancholy one indeed.

A Dinner for One Cent.

The New York *World* says: An enterprise has recently been started in this city in the line of cheap eating for the poor which is even more extraordinary than Miss Juliet Corson's famous fifteen cent dinners. Not long since a woman who has resided for many years in this city, and who is well versed in the preparing of food, conceived the idea of opening a restaurant where working men, shop-girls, newsboys and other poor folk could have their meals at almost nominal prices. A few moments' figuring convinced her that she could carry her plan into effect, not only paying expenses but making a fair profit. Accordingly she opened a "penny restaurant" at 413 Grand street, near Clinton, and distributed large numbers of her handbills setting forth that a large plate of baked beans, a bowl of soup, a plate of cabbage, boiled or in the form of "cold slaw," a slice of corned beef, a plate of bread and butter, a cup of coffee, a piece of home-made pie and various other articles of food could be had at one cent each. As it happened, the restaurant proved a god-send to newsboys and bootblacks. They took the place by storm, and within a week after it was opened about five hundred were in the habit of feeding there daily, investing from one to five cents at a time.

The proprietress said that she considered her plan a success—so much so that she had fitted up another restaurant in the immediate neighborhood of the one in Grand street, for the exclusive accommodation of boys, while the original place would be reserved for workingmen, clerks and shop-girls. "The place proves a great attraction for boys," said she, "and I manage to keep them in very good order, although I have to keep a watch over the portable property. One newsboy came here one morning and said he had saved twenty-five cents with which he had intended to go to the theatre; but he afterwards concluded to spend it on his stomach. All day long that boy was making visits here until he had spent his quarter, and then he expressed himself satisfied. Another boy came in with three companions, and after they had seated themselves at a table he placed a cent in front of each of his companions and cried out, 'Now, then, what are yer goin' ter have?' And they all took baked beans. I do not pretend that this is a laber of love with me. I want to make my living, and I am doing it and making money besides."

Diphtheria in New England.

The prevalence of diphtheria, says the Boston *Post*, brings out many new facts in connection with the origin and spread of this dreaded malady. A New Haven paper says it was introduced into that part of the country about twenty-five years ago in an exceedingly virulent form by the exhumation of remains in New Haven. Nearly all who were exposed to the exhalations from the graves died, in spite of all that could be done to save them. The poison that arises from drains and other receptacles of refuse acts in a similar, if less violent manner, and the subject of ventilation has its extreme importance freshly illustrated by these facts.

A BULL FIGHT IN CALIFORNIA.

Working a Bull Up to a Frenzy, and then Jumping on His Back—A Shocking Spectacle.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* describes a recent barbaric exhibition in that city in the following words: The announcement that a bull fight would be held at South San Francisco Park yesterday afternoon, drew a number of persons to that resort. Those who expected to witness an old-fashioned Spanish bull-fight, where a savage wild bull is turned loose in an amphitheater to engage in mortal combat with professional matadores, were disappointed, as the bull was not fought, driven to frenzy by darts and finally killed after having gored a man or two to death, but was ridden like a horse or any other beast of burden. The vocation of the bull-rider, or *jinete*, as he is called in Spanish, demands only coolness, agility and excellent horsemanship, while that of the bull-fighter demands all these and dare-devil bravery into the bargain. Still the *jinete*, coping single-handed with the savage bulls, as he does, is necessarily a man of courage. The *jinete* does not kill the bull. He enters the arena, aggravates the animal with a scarlet banner, and when the beast is sufficiently infuriated the vanquero rides into the arena, lassoes the bull and throws him on the ground. The *jinete* then jumps on the bull's back and rides him until he is exhausted. He then springs to the ground, vaults out of the arena, and the bull is returned to his pen.

At three o'clock Romon Chevarria appeared dressed in a flaming suit consisting of bright red shirt and cap, green trunks and gaudy striped hose, and carrying a scarlet banner about three feet square, calculated to torment the beast to frenzy. He was accompanied by a vaquero named Lopez and a chulo, or blanket man, to distract the attention of the beast from the rider, when necessary. Chevarria sprung lightly into the arena, made his bow to the audience, among whom were several women, and called for his brute adversary. The gate between the amphitheater and the pen was thrown open and the bull with a fierce bellow, rushed into the arena, where Ramon, flaming in scarlet, calmly awaited him. The bull tossed his head in amazement at Ramon's audacity, saw his red regalia and with another bellow of rage lowered his head and charged furiously upon the scarlet man. The latter stepped aside and the bull encountered the fence with a mighty shock. Turning, he espied Ramon close by, and drawing back for a short run, thundered upon him. Again Ramon calmly stepped aside, but the bull remembered the previous ruse and followed him up. After two or three darts about the arena the furious beast got Ramon up against the wall, and lowering his head, dealt a mighty blow. Ramon seemed cornered and a prey to the beast's horns, and a cry of alarm arose from the audience, but the *jinete* had been in the same position many times before, and knew how to act. As the bull lowered his head, before tossing Ramon on his horns, the Mexican deftly threw the scarlet banner over his eyes. This blinded *toro*, and Chevarria, slipping under his neck, sprang into the middle of the arena, while the bull, shaking the aggravating banner from his head, stared at Ramon in chagrin, amazement and rage.

This performance was repeated several times, to the intense delight of the audience. The bull could never impale the *jinete*, and consequently became worked up to a frenzy. Finally Lopez and a fellow vaquero rode into the arena and threw the lasso around the bull's horns and another around his hind leg. He was then thrown to the ground, and the *jinete* sprang upon his back. At this moment a drunken butcher having become inflamed by whisky and the spectacle, jumped down into the arena despite the appeals of the audience, and with contemptible brutality endeavored to pluck one of the bull's eyes from its sockets. He succeeded in tearing the ball partially out, when the bull, roaring with pain, struggled to his feet with a mighty effort, throwing the human brute to the ground. The latter sprang to his feet to escape, but too late; the brute with Ramon clinging to his neck for dear life, lowered his head and tossed his blackguard tormentor several feet into the air. As the butcher fell, the bull caught him on his horns and tossed him again. At this crisis several vaqueros rushed in and succeeded in diverting the bull's attention for a moment, and the brutal butcher was dragged out of the arena more dead than alive, and with his clothing in tatters and bleeding slightly from several bruises, but rescued from the fate he so richly deserved. All this time Ramon was mounted on the bull. He sat on the neck, facing the tail, with his legs clasped about the animal's throat, and holding himself on by a rope, placed like a surcingle, around the brute's body. By this time the bull began to show the effects of the conflict. Blood was oozing from his mouth and nostrils, great patches of skin and flesh had been scraped off, and the eye coveted by the drunken butcher was swollen and bleeding. In vain he struggled to shake Ramon off; the *jinete* clung to him like a monkey, and after charging about the arena for a few moments, the tormented animal gave it up and stood motionless, glaring at the audience with Chevarria hanging to his neck like a great scarlet excrescence. It now became necessary to divert the bull, in order that Ramon might spring off his back and escape. At this moment the gates were thrown open and a handsome coach-dog, belonging in the neighborhood, trotted in and wagged his tail affectionately at the audience. It is not positively known that he was driven in by the Mexican to divert the bull's attention, but it is supposed that such is the case. Several men cried out to Justo Martinez, the Mexican in charge of the gate, to take the dog out or he would be killed, but the stolid attendant shook his head.

The dog was evidently a pet and was disposed to make friends with the bull, and trotted up to him wagging his tail with good nature shining in his intelligent eyes. But the frenzied beast charged upon him, and the poor dog, astonished, darted aside. The bull now commenced a persistent chase after the affrighted dog, with Ramon still clinging to his neck. The dog, whining piteously, ran to the gate several times, but Martinez, inhumanly closed the door against him, at the same time shaking the scarlet banner at the bull. Many of the audience denounced Martinez for his brutality, and begged him to let the dog out of the gate, but the hard-hearted Mexican refused. The wretched dog presented a piteous picture as he ran wildly about the arena, springing frantically against the gate, moaning and appealing to the audience with his expressive eyes, and with the implacable bull in hot pursuit. Finally the dog became bewildered and paralyzed with fear and amazement at not being assisted by the human beings around him and crouched against the wall. The bull drew back, lowered his head, and charging upon the suffering animal crushed him against the wall with terrible force. The crunching of the dog's bones could be heard. He screamed in agony—not with the howl of a dog, but with a shriek like that of a terrified woman. The dog lay in a heap, crushed. The respectable portion of the audience became wild with indignation.

Captain Henry J. Burns of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, now interfered and commanded Chevarria to stop the exhibition under pain of instant arrest. Ramon, who had by this time succeeded in escaping from the bull's neck, calmly assented. Captain Burns then arrested Justo Martinez for cruelty to animals in not allowing the dog to escape. Several Mexicans and hoodlums manifested a disposition to rescue Martinez, who struggled with Captain Burns and refused to go to the prison, but the stalwart captain was not to be trifled with, and took his struggling prisoner to the City Hall. After leaving his friends Martinez became calmer, and accompanied Captain Burns quietly.

G. F. T. in Court.

Mr. George Francis Train appeared as a witness in a Philadelphia court room the other day, "George Francis Train the philosopher, affirms," said the counsel for the defense. "Then must the witness repeat," said the crier, stepping back dismayed; "let him repeat, 'I do solemnly—.'" "I don't solemnly," put in Mr. Train, "I have nothing to do with 'solemnly.'" But the judge explained the usages of the court, and, snapping his fingers with an indifferent twirl of his right hand, the eccentric witness conformed. All eyes then followed him to the stand. He sat bolt upright and looked mildly around. His broad face was bronzed to the hue of copper. His shock of iron-gray hair stood out from his head in curls, like so many little snakes. In response to the question as to his residence, he said, "Madison Square." "And what is your business, Mr. Train?" continued the counsel for the defense. "I am a loafer; I have sat ten hours a day for three years, in Central Park, feeding sparrows and playing with children." "You are a gentleman-at-large," suggested the counsel. "No; I am a large gentleman. I have been a traveler, merchant, banker, railroad builder, and so on," which was said very composedly, and Mr. Train frowned at the tittering.

The Egyptian Slave Trade.

The department of state at Washington has received from the consul-general at Cairo a copy of the convention, concluded on the 4th of August last between the governments of Great Britain and Egypt, for the suppression of the slave trade in the countries ruled over by the Khedive. The powers and privileges granted by the Egyptian government to British cruisers to visit, search, detain, etc., suspected Egyptian vessels are very full, the "law's delay" in the trial of slavers short, and the punishment severe. Wherever the word "slaves" occurs in the convention, it is immediately qualified by the words, "Africans and Abyssinians," which qualification, it seems, was intended to exclude from the terms of that instrument the Circassian and and Georgian female slaves, who are purchased in Constantinople by the middle and higher classes in Egypt and held in the harems under the designation of servants and wives.

Curious Cure.

In the valley of the Kander in Switzerland, is an establishment where invalids resort to inhale the breath of cows. There is a large salon or parlor fitted up with a row of stalls for cows on either side, and in the center are placed sofas and chairs, on which the patients sit: and, the external air being excluded, they are forced to take into their lungs the same which has passed through those of the cows, and which, in consequence, is supposed to have acquired a hygienic and curative quality.

Mutual Compliments.

At a public dinner in Boston the late Justice Story of the United States supreme court and Mr. Everett were present, the former presiding. In one of those felicitous little speeches for which he was distinguished, he concluded by calling Mr. [illegible] up and saying [illegible] Everett [illegible] Mr. [illegible] scho[illegible] hig[illegible] eve[illegible] can[illegible]

FARM GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Medical Hints.

1. If a man faints place him flat on his back and let him alone.

2. If any poison is swallowed, drink instantly half a glass of cool water, with a heaping teaspoonful each of common salt and ground mustard stirred into it; this vomits as soon as it reaches the stomach; but for fear some of the poison might remain, swallow the whites of one or two raw eggs, or drink a cup of strong coffee, these two being antidotes for a greater number of poisons than any dozen other articles known, with the advantage of their always being at hand; if not, a pint of sweet oil, or lamp oil, or "drippings," or melted butter or lard, are good substitutes, especially if they vomit quickly.

3. The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobweb, flour and salt, half and half.

4. If the blood comes from a wound by jets or spurts, be spry, or the man will die in a few minutes, because an artery is severed; tie a handkerchief loosely around, near the part between the wound and the heart; put a stick between the handkerchief and the skin, and twist it around until the blood ceases to flow; keep it there until the doctor comes; if in a position where the handkerchief cannot be used, press the thumb on a spot near the wound, between the wound and the heart; increase the pressure until the bleeding ceases, but do not lessen the pressure for an instant before the physician arrives, so as to glue up the wound by coagulation or cooling of the hardening blood.

5. If your clothing takes fire, slide the hands down the dress, keeping them as close to the body as possible, at the same time sinking to the floor by bending the knees; this has a smothering effect upon the flames; if not extinguished or great headway gotten, lie down on the floor and roll over and over, or better, envelop yourself in a carpet, rug, bedcloth, or any garment you can get hold of, always preferring woolen.

6. If the body is tired, rest; if the brain is tired, sleep.

7. If the bowels are loose, lie down in a warm bed, remain there, and eat nothing until you are well.

8. If the action of the bowels does not occur at the usual hour, eat not an atom until they do act, at least for thirty-six hours; meanwhile drink largely of cold water or hot teas, and exercise in the open air to the extent of a gentle perspiration, and keep this up until things are righted; this suggestion if practiced, would save myriads of lives every year, both in the city and country.

9. The three best medicines in the world, are warmth, abstinence, and repose.

Breed from the Best.

It is exceedingly difficult to induce some men to believe that a calf from a full-blooded bull will often be worth twenty or fifty dollars more when the steer is three years old, than another calf got by a grade bull after the steer has arrived at the same age. Most owners of cows appear to feel extremely reluctant to pay over one dollar for the service of any bull. Hence, if one has a bull-calf, the sire of which is a full-blooded animal, and the dam a cow of no particular breed, that calf will be kept for a breeder. The same practice holds good in the management of horses, sheep, swine and fowls.

The argument in favor of such a practice is that "if like will produce like, as those animals seem to have inherited every desirable point of form and symmetry of their respective sires, they will get quite as good stock as their full-blooded progenitors." But here is an impressive instance in which like will not produce like. It has been found by long and extensive practice, that a grade animal will not transmit his excellent points to his progeny with any satisfactory certainty, while a full-blooded bull, or stallion, or ram, will not only transmit the beautiful form and symmetry of his own body to his progeny, but he will transmit also the power requisite to enable his progeny to reproduce in their stock those beautiful and valuable characteristics of the grandsire.

The most important practical consideration is to select the best mares and the best ewes that can be obtained, and employ males that can be relied upon for transmitting their own valuable characteristics to their stock with satisfactory certainty. If the service of a common stallion at five dollars will secure a horse worth one or two hundred dollars, while a colt from another horse and the same mare, that will cost ten dollars, can be sold for three hundred dollars when the animal has become a horse, will it not be the wisest policy to make an effort to get stock from more valuable horses? The care and feed requisite to develop a horse worth three hundred dollars will cost no more than for an inferior animal that can be sold only for one hundred dollars.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

A Small Boy on Hens.

Hens is curious animals. They don't have no noses nor no teeth, nor no ears. Thew swallow their wittles whole and chew it up in their craws inside of 'em. The outsides of hens is generally put inter pillers and inter feather dusters. The inside of a hen is sometimes filled with marbles and shirt buttons and sich. A hen is very much smaller than a good many other animals, but they'll dig up more tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is very useful to lay eggs for plum puddings. Fab Fowle eat much pulm pudding once that it sent into colery. Hens has got wings [illegible]fy when they get [illegible]

Farmer and King.

King Frederick, of Prussia, when he was out riding one day, saw an old farmer who was plowing his field, and singing cheerfully over his work.

"You must be well off, old man," cried the king. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labor?"

"No, sir," replied the man, who of course had no idea that he was speaking to the king; "I am not so rich as that; I plow for wages."

"How much do you earn each day?" asked the king.

"Eight groschen," returned the man. That would be about twenty cents of our money.

"That is very little," said the king; "can you get along with it?"

"Get along! yes indeed! and have something left."

"However do you manage?"

"Well," said the farmer, smiling, "I will tell you. Two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my debts, and two I give away for the Lord's sake."

"This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king.

"Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home, who kept me and cared for me when I was young and weak, and needed care. Now they are old and weak, I am glad to keep and care for them. This is my debt, and it takes two groschen a day to pay it. Two more I spend on my children's schooling. If they are living when their mother and I are old, they will keep us and pay back what I lend. Then with my last two groschen I support my two sick sisters who cannot support themselves. Of course I am not compelled to give them the money, but I do it for the Lord's sake.

"Well done, old man," cried the king as he finished; now I am going to give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?"

"No," said the farmer.

"In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses."

"This is indeed a riddle which I cannot solve," said the farmer.

"Then I well solve it for you," said the king; and with that he put his hand into his pocket and pulling out fifty gold pieces, placed them in the hand of the farmer.

"The coin is genuine," said the king; "for it also comes from the Lord our God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you good-bye."

And he rode off, leaving the old man overwhelmed with surprise and delight at the singular interview.

Obtaining India Rubber.

An article in *Scribner's Magazine* ("From the Atlantic to the Andes") tells how caoutchouc or India rubber is obtained on the Amazon. The writer says: Narrow paths lead from the hut through the thick underbush to the solitary trunks of the India rubber trees; and as soon as the dry season allows, the woodman goes into the seringal with a hatchet in order to cut some holes in the bark, or rather in the wood of the caoutchouc tree, from which a milky white sap begins to flow through an earthenware spout fastened to the wound. Below is a piece of bamboo which is cut into the shape of a bucket. In this way he goes from tree to tree until, upon his return, in order to carry the material more conveniently, he begins to empty the bamboo buckets into a large calabash. The contents of this are poured into one of those great turtle shells which on the Amazons are used for every kind of purpose. He at once sets to work on the smoking process, since, if left to stand long, the gummy particles separate, and the quality of the India rubber is hurt. This consists in subjecting the sap, when spread out thin, to the smoke from nuts of the Urucury or Uauassa palm, which, strange to say, is the only thing that will turn it solid at once. An earthenware "bowl without bottom," whose neck has been drawn together like that of a bottle, forms a kind of chimney when placed over a heap of dry red-hot nuts so that the white smoke escapes from the top in thick clouds. The workman pours a small quantity of the white rich milk-like liquid over a kind of light wooden shovel which he turns with quickness, in order to separate the sap as much as possible. Then he passes it quickly through the dense smoke above the little chimney, turns it about several times and at once perceives the milk take on a grayish yellow color and turn solid. In this way he lays on skin after skin until the India rubber on each side is two or three centimeters thick and he considers the *plancha* done. It is then cut upon one side, peeled off the shovel and hung up to dry, since much water has got in between the layers, which should dry out if possible. The color of the plancha, which is at first a bright silver gray, becomes more and more yellow and at last turns into the brown of caoutchouc as it is known in commerce. A good workman can finish in this way five or six pounds an hour. The thicker, the more even, and the freer from bubbles the whole mass is, so much the better is its quality and higher the price.

A Wonderfully Skillful Printer.

Stephen A. Haviland, known among printers as a remarkably correct typesetter, died recently in New York, aged sixty-six. He learned the trade when a boy, in the employ of William E. Dean, at New and Wall street. He has been known to set twelve book pages of type, in mixed Greek, Latin, and English, without an error; and the remarkable feat of setting a concordance to the Bible in diamond type without an error is attributed to him. He was for twenty-[illegible] [illegible] for the Metho-

Items of Interest.

There are seventy-two glass factories in the United States, with a capital of $6,000,000.

There are 5,000 lakes in the surveyed portions of Minnesota, equivalent to 1,500,000 acres of water.

What the nation needs is a patent savings bank and a patent lamp chimney, neither of which can be broken.

There are 1,836,588 single—all marriageble—women in the United States, and still everybody is not happy.

The Chinese language is spoken by about 350,000,000 people. The English language is spoken by from 80,000,000 to 85,000,000.

Queen Victoria's allowance from the British nation during the past year was about $3,033,545. The Prince of Wales received $200,000.

The word d-e-b-t is composed of the initials of "dun every body twice." C-r-e-d-i-t is formed of the initial letters of "call regularly every day—I'll trust."

Nettie Sanford, editor of the *Woman's Kingdom*, published at Marshalltown, Iowa, says: "A woman has no business to edit a paper." Business? Certainly not. Nobody edits papers for business; you edit papers for fun.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A Lowell (Mass.) firm sent a lot of bills west for collection. The list came back with the result noted against each name, one being marked "dead." Three months after the same bill got into a new lot that was forwarded, and when the list came back the name was marked "still dead."

Dom Pedro has awarded to a Pittsburg (Pa.) firm a contract to build a narrow-gauge railroad from the head of navigation on the Madeira river—a branch of the Amazon—to a point on the Mamore river, on the borders of Bolivia. The road will be one hundred and eighty miles long, and will cost $5,000,000.

The oldest greenback five is under glass at Nashville, Tenn. The teller of of the Third National Bank in receiving a deposit noticed a five marked letter A, No. 1, and dated March 10, 1863. It was sent to the treasury department, where it was identified as the first five issued under the legal-tender act. It has been handsomely framed and will be presented to the Historical Society.

A LIFETIME DIVIDED.

7 years in childhood's sport and play..... 7
7 years in school from day to day.....14
7 years at a trade, or college life.....21
7 years to find a place and wife.....28
7 years to pleasures' follies given.....35
7 years to business hardly driven.....42
7 years for some a wild goose chase.....49
7 years for wealth, a bootless race.....56
7 years for hoarding for an heir.....63
7 years in weakness spent, and care.....70
Then die and go—you should know where!

Washington authorities state that the corn crop of the United States is placed at over 1,350,000,000 bushels annually, and of this amount only 60,000,000 bushels are exported. Congressman Hewitt thinks if provision be made at the Paris Exposition to practically illustrate the economic value of Indian corn it would tend very considerably to increase its consumption in European countries, and largely increase our annual export.

The World's Dirtiest City.

Smyrna, in Asia Minor, has the reputation of being one of the most unclean cities in the world. An attempt is now being made to put matters upon a better footing. During the past year, amid the pressure of other business, municipal affairs have been allowed to stand over altogether. The result of this happy go-lucky system has been that the state of the city has become almost unbearable. The streets contain huge collections of the bodies of departed cats, dogs, poultry, and rats in every stage of decomposition, besides refuse of all sorts; and the only step that is sometimes taken to cleanse them is the hanging of the carcases of the animals on the window-bars of the houses in front of which they have been deposited. This proceeding has led to neighborly quarrels and the wider diffusion of horrible smells, and is for the future to be discontinued as far as possible. In the meantime the governor-general has chosen nine "notables," three of whom are European gentlemen, to constitute the new municipal council for Smyrna. The notables are to begin the work of cleansing the Augean stable without further delay; and, as some of them are known to be persons of energy, hopes are entertained that better days are in store for the city, and that strenuous efforts will be really made to improve its sanitary arrangements before pestilence is added to the horrors of the situation.

Shrewd Theft of a Picture.

Fortuny's picture, "The Council House in Grenada," owned by H. C. Gibson, of Philadelphia, that was stolen a year ago, has been recovered. It was found in the studio of an artist near Niagara Falls. It was valued at $15,000. The canvas was, with many others, allowed to remain on the walls of the academy during the spring exhibition, and it was during this time that the theft was perpetrated, although it was months afterward before its absence was discovered, owing to a clever ruse of the thief, who took a most ingenious method to conceal his crime. An imitation of the original picture was made, and when the original was secretly removed the copy was hung in its place. So exact was the copy—even to the cradling of the mahogony, necessary on the back of a panel picture—that when Mr. Gibson examined his pictures upon their return to his house, it was a week before he could make up his mind that an imitation had been substituted for his genuine Fortuny, so carefully and minutely had the copying been done.

The Boston *Herald* says that the styles in silk hats are regulated by an association, and it is this regulation which insures their being uniform, or nearly so, throughout the country. The fashions in tall hats are changed twice a year, and the association meets semi-annually for the purpose of determining what the style shall be. At these meetings the manufacturers who belong to the association (or as many as see fit) each hand in a model hat for the consideration of those present. The various hats handed in are considered by the members, and any variation from the models which strike the [illegible] any of those present are suggested, discussed, and it is then determined to vote what shall be the style of [illegible] on for the season.

We place food in our stomachs as so much combustible matter.

THIS PAGE CONTAINS FLAWS AND OTHER DEFECTS WHICH MAY APPEAR ON THE FILM