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Select Poetry.

IN GOOD TIME.

Ofttimes, in sunny morning hours,
The cheeriest season ever,
We say: "This day must not pass by
Without some grand endeavor."
And this we mean from honest hearts
To make and not to shun it;
But when the evening curtain falls,
Alas! we have not done it.

But we, perhaps, take up instead
Some little grievance gladly,
And magnify its puny form
And gaze upon it sadly,
When, maybe, this faint, tiny spark
That we are hourly fanning
Is but a part of some good work
That God for us is planning.

"There is a wheel within a wheel,"
Albeit we little heed them,
And some machines need sharpened blades
And needle points to feed them.
And so it is, in this strange life,
Through which we journey blindly,
But when the needful knife probes deep
We do not take it kindly.

The time will come, for those who bear
Their ills as God's annointed,
When they shall read earth's mysteries
A time by heaven appointed.
Then let us calmly watch and wait
With trusting spirits ever,
Still carrying out from day to day
Some good and grand endeavor.

Select Story.

A DEEP-LAID PLOT.

How Mrs. Carlyon Adopted Her Relatives Unwittingly.

It was a black, blustering March day, the dry snow blowing hither and yon, the trees bending before the howling blast, and Mrs. Carlyon sat before her blazing fire of cannel coal, a pretty little elderly lady in a white lace cap, a glistening black silk gown, and a pair of gold eye-glasses in her hand.

Through the partially open door one could catch a glimpse of waving palms and pink-bloomed azaleas in the tiny observatory, and the whole house bore the stamp of quiet and luxury.

"So, my half-brother, Linton, is dead?" said Mrs. Carlyon, glancing down at a black-edged envelope which lay on her lap.

"Yes, ma'am," said old Rebecca, the maid who was arranging the breaded cutlets and omelette on the breakfast tray. "And I declare ma'am, I had a good cry when I heard it. Such a pretty, bold-faced boy as he used to be! Do you remember, ma'am, when he painted the poodle's tail orange color with your best oil paints? And I never could keep a cookey in the cake-jar or a jelly cup on the pantry shelf when he was around, bless his heart! Dead—and left three children! It don't seem possible."

Mrs. Carlyon compressed her lips.

"And they want me to take them," said she.

Old Rebecca came a little closer.

"And you will, ma'am, won't you?"

"Certainly I shall not!" (Rebecca stepped quickly back.) "Lewis Linton had his half of the property, and he squandered it. He married a woman that I detest. He had his own way through life. Now I mean to have mine. The eldest girl must be eighteen at least—quite old enough to earn her own living. The two little ones must go into an institution. I wash my hands of them."

And this was Mrs. Carlyon's decision, from which no amount of reasoning could move her.

"It's a shame!" cried old Rebecca, dissolving into tears, as she remembered the handsome boy who had been at once her torment and her delight in the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

"It is most heartless!" said the rector of the parish.

"It's heathenish!" declared Mr. Trumpet the lawyer.

But Mrs. Carlyon heeded never one of them.

"It's my missus, all over," said Rebecca. "Mr. Lewis Linton offended her mortally when he married the Canada young lady, instead of taking to her friend, Miss Sarah Sequin, the heiress. And my missus, she's one that never forgets, nor she never forgives!"

"Oh! sister, have we got to stay in this dreary place?"

Little Nydia Linton clung, with a torrent of tears, to her sister's shabby black gown, while Clare, her twin, lay in a disconsolate heap on the floor.

Candace Linton would have liked to fall down and cry, too, but she knew that she must control herself. She was eighteen and the twins were only eight.

"Be brave, Nydia," said she. "Don't lie there, Clare. They'll be very kind to you here, and you must learn all you can, so as to be ready, one day, to come and live with me, when I've made my fortune."

"But can't we go with you, sister?" pleaded little Clare, laying her cheek against the hem of the rusty black gown. "We'll be very good and quiet."

"And we can do lots of things," chirped Nydia. "Papa never would have gone away and left us in a place like this. You don't love us as papa did."

It was a little less than heartbreak for Candace to tear herself ruthlessly from the embraces and entreaties of the little ones, but with the aid of Sister Agnes, the kind matron, she contrived to do so, and she took the train to New York, to try and solve that stern problem of life—earning a living.

Was it luck, or chance, or the guiding finger of Providence, that led her to the very employment agency whose back windows commanded a view of the crystal dome of Mrs. Carlyon's conservatory?—that brought old Rebecca thither before her name had been entered half an hour on the big dog's-eared ledger on the desk?

"Well, it ain't exactly a maid that I want," said Rebecca. "There's maids enough. But it's a sort of a companion. My missus, she says she can't stand my stumbling way of readin' the paper to her no longer, and she says the lace I mend ain't fit for no one to wear; and she says I must bring some one back that can read, and play music, and write notes and sort o' help the time go by. The wages ain't much, but it'll be a first-class home for any one as is lucky enough to suit."

"There's a young person just come that wanted some such place," said Mrs. Salsify, referring to the dog's-eared volume.

And Candace was brought in, her color changing and her heart beating.

"Lord bless us!" croaked Rebecca, opening her bleared eyes. "Miss—Linton, did you say? It's a name my missus ain't partial to. Ain't you no middle name? May? Well, then, well call you Miss May. My missus she's as full of whims as an egg is of meat. But you'll suit her—yes, I think you'll suit her. She likes young people and pretty people, and her heart ain't bad when once you get at it. Look here! you're Lewis Linton's daughter, ain't you, from Bidwick, in Canada? My pretty dear, I've held your father on my knees many a time when he wasn't knee-high to a grasshopper. But Mrs. Carlyon musn't know—no! no! We'll win her over in spite of herself—see if we don't!"

And Candace who had a vein of romance in her girlish heart, entered willingly into the conspiracy.

In one thing Rebecca was right. Mrs. Carlyon was pleased with her new companion. Miss May "suited her" in all respects.

"And the marvel of it," said she, laughingly, "is that Old Rebecca isn't jealous. I never had a companion in the house before but she was half mad with jealousy. How have you won her heart, my dear?"

And Candace dropped her head, and said she did not know.

"Rebecca, look here," said Mrs. Carlyon, one day to her old servant, "I want to talk to you. Where is Miss May? Watering the azaleas? Well, shut the door; she musn't hear."

"Ma'am," gasped Rebecca, "you're never going to send her away?"

"No, you old goose! Send her away, indeed! Whatever should I do without her? No, it's quite another thing I'm thinking of. This old house is dull, isn't it, Rebecca?"

"Well, ma'am, it isn't exactly gay."

"And it's twice too big for us, you know."

"It is a pretty roomy place, ma'am."

"Miss May was crying this morning when I came into the room, suddenly," said Mrs. Carlyon, in a mysterious whisper, "and I never rested until I coaxed the secret out of her." (Rebecca started guiltily.) "Think, Rebecca! she has two little twin sisters in an orphanage in Montreal!" (Rebecca recovered herself again.) "Now, Rebecca, wouldn't it be a delightful surprise for you to go to Montreal and get those dear little girls and bring them here?"

"Lawk, ma'am!" gasped Rebecca.

"The rector is always preaching to me that I ought to adopt a homeless child," added Mrs. Carlyon, "and here's two of 'em. Miss May showed me their photographs—real golden-haired little beauties. I know I'm a queer, cranky old woman, but I always was fond of children. Here's the name of the street, Rebecca, and the number. I'll let Miss May suppose you've gone to visit your widowed sister, and you shall bring 'em here. What a surprise it will be! How I shall enjoy it!"

"The Lord be good to me!" thought Rebecca, "but I'm gettin' into a reg'lar Guy Fawkes tangle of plots and mysteries. However, I don't see no way but to go ahead and do what my missus says. Here goes!"

And one long June day, when Miss May came home from doing errands for Mrs. Carlyon, with a bunch of long-stemmed roses in her hand, she found Clare and Nydia in the boudoir, playing with an old-fashioned wax doll and a box of Chinese puzzles, which Mrs. Carlyon had rummaged out of the store-closet for their benefit.

"We're adopted, sister!" they cried, gleefully. "The pretty old lady in the white lace cap has adopted us. And, oh, isn't it a pretty place? and have you seen the tall palm tree and lemon tree with real lemons on it? It's like coming to heaven, only we haven't had to die first."

"What funny things children do say, to be sure!" said Mrs. Carlyon, furtively wiping her spectacle-glasses; but she was not displeased. "Well, Miss May, how do you like my surprise? My! don't begin to cry, I hate tears"—with the crystal drops coursing rapidly down her own withered cheeks. "And you needn't thank me; I won't be thanked."

The children skipped off to play with the white cat, whose silver-belled collar was a perpetual challenge to them.

Candace fell on her knees and buried her face in Mrs. Carlyon's lap.

"I love you!" she sobbed. "Oh, how I love you!"

"Look here!" said old Rebecca, straightening herself up. "I can't stand no more o' this. I must confess, or burst!"

"What?" ejaculated Mrs. Carlyon.

"I'm a hypocrite and a deceiver," said Rebecca.

"Is the woman crazy?" said Mrs. Carlyon.

"And I've cheated you all along!" persisted Rebecca, raising her voice to a perfect howl. "Yes, discharge me! I don't deserve no character! Turn me out of doors! For Miss May ain't Miss May at all, but your own blessed niece, Mr. Lewis' daughter, and the blessed children are your own flesh and blood. Do as you please with me, but don't turn them out! For it's my doings, every bit of it."

And Rebecca ended with a piteous wail, that brought Clare and Nydia and the white kitten to the rescue.

"What is the matter with the kind old woman with the crooked nose?" said Nydia. "Please don't scold her, Mrs. Carlyon!"

"Say 'Aunt' Carlyon, my dear," said the old lady. "No, I won't scold her. I—I begin to see through the mystery now. I planned a surprise for you, child," to Candace. "And I am still more surprised myself. But I'm not angry—don't think it. I do believe you all love me," as Candace covered her white, withered hand with kisses, and the children clung about her neck, "and so we'll all thank the Lord for His mercies! Rebecca, don't stand staring there, but go and open a jar of green gage plums for lunch, and tell the cook to send us up chicken croquets and green peas and plenty of sponge cakes. Children like sweet things!"

So she accepted the situation with admirable philosophy, and old Rebecca trotted away, muttering to herself:

"I'd otter be down in the lowest deeps of penitence, after all the fibs I've told and the wicked deceits I've practiced; but, somehow, I can't help bein' the happiest old woman in the world!"

Civilization of the Peruvians.

In architecture the Peruvians reached a high state of perfection, and the remains of one of their works of art, at Lake Titicaca, are truly wonderful. Their temples were covered with extensive bas reliefs, representing, as it is supposed, certain astronomical figures. They were skilled in making stone implements, but very few arrow heads have been found, which leads to the supposition that they made very little use of bows and arrows, and that their chief weapon of defense was the sling. Besides this, they used war clubs and javelins.

The country abounds in extensive copper mines, and the inhabitants were evidently well acquainted with certain metals, their agricultural implements being chiefly of bronze. They were also skillful gold and silversmiths, and excelled in the manufacture of all kinds of pottery, while the art of spinning and weaving was also not unknown to them.

The tombs that have been found in Peru are very numerous and remarkably well preserved. This is due to their belief in the immortality of man and the superstition that unless all his members were kept together, he would not be resurrected.

The abundance of remains of the mammoth in Siberia is almost incredible. Middendorff reckoned that at least 100 pairs of tusks had been put upon the market yearly during the last two centuries, and from personal observation Nordenskjold is inclined to regard this estimate as too small. It thus appears that in the recent modern trade useful tusks of more than 20,000 of these animals of past ages have been collected.

The output from Key West, Fla., of cigars this year will be 90,000,000.

The Wizard of Menlo Park.

"Some men," says Shakespeare, "are born great, some achieve greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them." Mr. Edison belongs to the second class. He is essentially and above every body else a self-made man, having by sheer force of intellect won his spurs and attained to the highest pinnacle of fame. It was an uphill fight, too, from the first, and those who had watched his long and lonely struggle for "his own hand" were glad when he carried off the prize at last.

As great men go, Edison is a mere boy. He is only forty-two, having been born in Erie County, O., on the 11th of February, 1847. His father was of Dutch and his mother of Scotch descent, and his early years were spent in Port Huron, Mich. Although two months schooling was all he had, he was a perfect glutton for reading, and, at the age of twelve, became a newsboy on the Grand Trunk railroad of Canada. While yet holding this position he began to experiment in chemistry, and purchasing with what little pocket-money he had some old type, printed and issued the Grand Trunk Herald, the first newspaper ever published in a railroad train. A station-master on the line, in gratitude for his having saved his little daughter from the front of an advancing car, taught him telegraphy, and thenceforth, the youth who was destined to become the first scientist of his age, gave up his life to the study of electricity. After a few failures in furthering his inventions, two telegraph companies in turn availed themselves of his services and, his inventive faculties getting full play, he took out over fifty different patents in connection with improvements in telegraphy. In 1876 the Wizard established his laboratory at Menlo Park, in New Jersey, from whence he has given invention after invention to an astonished world.

Nearly all these inventions, which number about three hundred, were to be seen at the Paris Exposition. Never before had such a collection of the great inventor's triumphs been brought together. They were exhibited with the object of tracing the history of his numerous inventions and of showing their present perfected state. Mr. Edison's exhibit occupies no less than nine thousand square feet. Four systems of electric lighting—the three-wire central station system, the two-wire isolated system, the municipal system for street lighting and the direct current transformer. Different vegetable products which Mr. Edison has experimented with in making carbons were also exhibited. He has tried twelve hundred different kinds of bamboo alone, and is at present using the fiber of a peculiar species of bamboo, which comes from some foreign country, but he still continues to experiment, sending men to different parts of the world with the view of discovering something which will still further perfect his carbon.

Next, there was the telephone department showing what Mr. Edison has done, from his original instrument down to his latest improved motograph or loud-speaking telephone. Mr. Edison has devoted a large amount of his time and energies to perfecting the telephone, and here we have his multiple telephone, his autographic telephone, and many others, including his wonderful automatic telephone, which is capable of transmitting words at the lightning speed of 7,200 per minute. Then there was the telegraph department, which shows among other things that marvelous train system of telegraphing—by which messages are sent from a train traveling at fifty miles an hour on a track fifty feet from the telegraph wires.

The phonographic department was perhaps the most interesting of all. When ten years ago Mr. Edison declared that he had conceived and imperfectly constructed a machine which could distinctly repeat any sound that might be produced from a symphony in Wagner to the squall of a one-year old baby, the world took to laughing. To-day, however, his factories are turning out forty perfected machines a day, and some 1,800 are already in use in various business houses. Mr. Edison has since created a pocket phonograph, the cylinder of which will take some three hundred words—about the length of an ordinary letter. One of these is now in use at the New York World office. The machine is placed down-stairs. The reporters come in and talk into it. The cylinder is then taken up stairs to the composing-room, and the compositors set up from its dictation, not only attaining a greater speed than on the old system, but earning more money.

Mr. Edison speaks very confidently of his new ore-extracting machine, which promises to revolutionize the mining of ore. The machine by a very simple process separates the ore from the earth, and leaves it ready for the furnace. As yet it is only adapted to iron ore, but the Wizard is now studying the question of a machine for dealing with both refractory silver and gold ore, and he will probably get them out in the near future.

The "far-sight machine" also promises to be a big thing, but it is absurd to say that it will enable a man to see his wife two thousand miles away. In a city, however, it will be of practical use and for the present, at least, the Wizard does not look for any thing further.

Among some fifty-five yet more extraordinary inventions in progress in Mr. Edison's laboratory is one which concerns aerial navigation, and it is not unlikely that the next great revelation of science will be in that direction.

"Now in the name of all the Gods at once,
Upon what meat does this, our Cæsar feed
That he has grown so great?"

may well be asked of Mr. Edison.

As a matter of fact his principal food is cigars, of which he smokes about twenty a day, and the more he works the more he smokes, and with him work is a religion. He generally gets through twenty hours of it every day and never takes more than four hours' sleep. Although he often works steadily in his laboratory for days together without even taking a "wash up," yet, withal, though he does everything contrary to the rules of health, he has a constitution of concrete, and is never even under the weather.

The secret of the Wizard's strength lies in his impenetrability. His individuality is so strong that he might be called influence incarnate, and in the company of his fellow-men he appears rather as a giant among pigmies than as a competitor among equals. Yet, when one gazes at that unwrinkled face, boyish almost in its openness, it is difficult to picture the magician who is absolutely wresting the secrets from nature.

Mr. Edison indulges in none of the ordinary dissipations by which the scientist and the man of letters can unbend his bow. In fact he goes in for no amusement whatever, and he is above society. Yet there is nothing of the leaden-eyed, melancholy-mannered savant about him, and when he once descends from the ethereal heights of science, he is as frolicsome as a boy, and he has even been known on occasion to perpetrate a joke.

A Most Wonderful Baby.

In 1721 there was born at Lubeck, Germany, one of the most remarkable characters ever known in the history of the world, or, perhaps, that will ever be known in all times to come, little Christian Henry Heinecken, who could pronounce every word contained in the German language when but 9½ months old. When 1 year of age he knew all the leading events in the world's history and was as familiar with Pentateuch as most modern professors are supposed to be with their first text book. At 14 months he could give a complete history of every book in both the Old and New Testament; at 2 years 6 months he could answer any question in geography and ancient history. He could hold conversation with the learned savants in German, French, Latin and Dutch when ending the third year of his life, which terminated a few months later by his death in 1725, in the fourth year of his age.

In the few short weeks allotted to him, little Henry was baby, boy, youth, man and gray beard; learning more in that short time than many of the world's greatest personages have been able to learn in the years of a long life. Just a little while before his death he was called before the king of Denmark, who showed the little prodigy every mark of respect. Returning to his native city he set about studying the religions and learning to write, which, added to his other acquirements, was too much for his delicate health, resulting in his death as above mentioned.

The owners of a frog farm near Menasha, Wis., give some interesting facts relative to the frog's habits. In ninety-one days the eggs hatch. The thirty-ninth day the little animals begin to have motion. In a few days they assume the tadpole form. When ninety-two days old, two small feet are seen beginning to sprout near the tail, and the head appears to be separate from the body. In five days after this they refuse all vegetable food. Soon thereafter the animal assumes a perfect form.

More than 2000 farmers have applied to the Agricultural Department at Washington for seeds of the sugar-beet, of which the department has imported several tons.

Farmers and the Census.

The census year began June 1, 1889, and ends May 31, 1890. Each state has from one to eleven supervisors' districts. There are 175 supervisors in all. There are 42,000 enumerators, who in all parts of the country will begin their work Monday morning, June 2, 1890. Every farm will be visited before June 30, and the following questions will be asked, keeping in mind that the figures you are to give nearly all pertain to the crops of 1889, and *not* to the growing crops of 1890:

1—*Your name* as occupant of the farm. 2—Are you owner, renter for money, or for share of the crops of the farm? 3—Are you white or black? 4—Number of acres of land, improved and unimproved. 5—Acres irrigated. 6—number of artesian wells flowing. 7—Value of farm, buildings, implements, machinery, and live stock. 8—*Fences:* Cost of building and repairing. 9—Cost of fertilizers. 10—*Labor:* Amounts paid for labor, including board; weeks of hired labor, white or black. 11—*Products:* Estimated value of all farm productions sold, consumed, or on hand for 1889. 12—*Forestry:* Amount of wood cut, and value of all forest products sold. 12—*Grass-lands:* Acres of each kind of grass-land cut for hay or pastured; tons of hay and straw sold; clover and grass seeds produced and sold; silos and their capacity. 14—*Sugar:* Cane, sorghum, maple, and beet; sugar and molasses; acres, product and value of each. 15—*Castor Beans:* Acres. 16—*Cereals:* Barley, buckwheat, Indian corn, oats, rye, wheat; acres, crop, amount of each sold and consumed, and value. 17—*Rice:* Acres, crop, and value. 18—*Tobacco:* Acres, crop, amount sold, and value. 19—*Peas and Beans:* Bushels and value of crop sold. 20—*Peanuts:* Acres, bushels, and value. 21—*Hops:* Acres, pounds, and value. 22—*Fibers:* Cotton, flax, and hemp; acres, crop, and value. 23—*Broom Corn:* Acres, pounds, and value. 24—*Live Stock:* Horses, mules, and asses; number on hand June 1, 1890; number foaled in 1889; number sold in 1889; number died in 1889. 25—*Sheep:* Number on hand June 1, 1890, of "fine wool," "long wool," and "all other;" number of lambs dropped in 1889; "spring lambs" sold in 1889; sold in 1889 other than "spring lambs;" slaughtered for use on farm in 1889; killed by dogs in 1889; died from other causes in 1889. 26—*Wool:* Shorn spring of 1890 and fall of 1889. 27—*Goats:* Number of Angora and common. 28—*Dogs:* On farm June 1, 1890. 29—*Neat Cattle:* Working oxen, milch cows, and other cattle on hand June, 1 1890; number of pure bred, grade and common; calves dropped in 1889; cattle sold in 1889, slaughtered for use on the farm, and died in 1890. 30—*Dairy:* Milk—total gallons produced on farm; sold for use in families; sent to creamery or factory; used on farm, including for butter or cheese; used on farm in raising cream for sale, including for creamery or factory. Butter—pounds made on farm and sold in 1889. Cream—quarts sent to creamery or factory; sold other than to creamery or factory. Cheese—pounds made on farm and sold in 1889. 31—*Swine:* Number on hand June 1, 1890; sold in 1889; consumed on farm and died in 1889. 32—*Poultry:* Number each of chickens, turkeys, geese, and ducks on hand June 1, 1889; value of all poultry products sold; eggs produced, sold, and value in 1890. 33—*Bees:* Number of stands, pounds of honey and wax produced, and value. 34—*Onions:* Field crop—number of acres, bushels produced and sold, and value. 35—*Potatoes:* Sweet and Irish, bushels produced and sold. 36—*Market Gardens* and *Small Fruits:* Number of acres in vegetables, blackberries, cranberries, raspberries, strawberries, and other small fruits, and total value of products in 1889. 37—*Vegetables* and *Fruits for Canning:* Number of acres, and products, in bushels, of peas and beans, green corn, tomatoes, other vegetables and fruits. 38—*Orchards:* Apples, apricots, cherries, peaches, pears, plums, and prunes, and other orchard fruits; in each the number of acres, crop in 1889, number of bearing trees, number of young trees not bearing, and value of all orchard products sold. 39—*Vineyards:* Number of acres in vines bearing and in young vines not bearing; products of grapes and raisins, and value in 1889.

Besides these questions on the regular Agricultural Schedule No. 2, Superintendent Robert P. Porter has ordered several special investigations in the interests of agriculture, among which are Viticulture, Nurseries, Florists, Seed and Truck Farms, Semi-tropic Fruits, Oranges, etc., Live Stock on the great ranges, and in cities and villages; also the names and number of all the various farmers' organizations, such as Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, Poultry and Bee Associations, Farmers' Clubs, Granges, Alliances, Wheels, Unions, Leagues, etc.

In no part of the census work have the lines been extended more than in the direction of agriculture, and if farmers will now cheerfully co-operate with the enumerators and other officials in promptly furnishing the correct figures more comprehensive returns regarding our greatest industry will be obtained than ever before.

Some Valuable Hints.

The painter was rather averse to giving away the tricks of his trade, but the reporter as usual succeeded in getting some information that will be appreciated by believers in home economy. This particular man happened to be a veritable cyclopedia of knowledge pertaining to his trade.

As it is house cleaning time the ladies will want to know the best way to clean painted surfaces, said the painter. This work should be done carefully in order to avoid damaging the paint. Use a flannel rag dipped into warm soap suds, then into whiting. Do not use a strong alkali soap that will cut the paint, but select a milder variety. Hard rubbing is unnecessary. The same rule will apply to natural wood finish. If it is a good job of wood finishing the dirt will roll off easily.

There seems to be few people who know that wall-paper can be cleaned so nicely as to look as good as new, yet it is a fact. One easy method is to rub the paper thoroughly with a piece of soft rye bread. That isn't a bad plan, but a more effective one is to saturate a piece of flannel in spirits of wine and rub gently over the paper. Either method will absorb the dirt.

After the painter has been to work on the house for a few days the windows are found to be well covered with paint splashes. The best way to remove them is to rub with a stiff brush dipped in camphor and sand. Coal oil, benzine or turpentine will do the work satisfactorily if the paint has not become too dry, and in that event ammonia will do it. If paint should happen to have splashed upon clothing the spots should be saturated with turpentine and allowed to stand for several hours, then rub off. Alcohol or gasoline are better for light-colored clothing. Most people who get themselves daubed with paint make the mistake of rubbing it into the cloth.

When a man wants to do a little job of painting on his own hook, when the work is not important enough to require a regular painter, he should at any rate know how to do it right. Boiled oil is the material for mixing; turpentine is the thinner and japan the dryer. To thin paint add a little liquid at a time, then beat or stir it thoroughly before adding more, and so on until the proper consistency is reached. Paint should always be applied in thin coats, and each successive coat should be thoroughly dry before another is applied. Use plenty of oil in mixing. It dries more slowly, but makes the paint elastic, lasts longer, and prevents cracking.

This is the season, too, when the carriage-owner wants his old vehicle to look like a new one. The carriage painter takes it in charge and by the quick American method completes the work and returns it to the owner in an incredibly short space of time. Last year the varnish spotted shortly after it was out of the shop and the painter and the varnish were of course condemned. But it was the fault of neither. When the buggy spots it does not necessarily indicate poor work or poor varnish. It is caused by the ammonia in the atmosphere or in the spots of mud and slush that have splashed upon it. To avoid the trouble have the vehicle washed carefully, never allow spots of mud to dry upon it, and, if possible, keep it out of reach of the ammonia-laden atmosphere of the stables.

"That was a very foolish young woman in New York," observed Mr. Billus, laying his morning paper down for a moment and renewing the attack on his beefsteak, "that married the wrong man the other day, and blurted out her confession to that effect at the altar. The young man she didn't marry has had a lucky escape." "Yes, she was foolish to make a fuss at such a time," assented Mrs. Billus who was staring abstractedly at the wall. "Most women find out soon enough that they have married the wrong man, but they have sense enough to keep still about it. Have some more coffee, John?" she inquired sweetly.

Dogs and Pictures.

It has long been a disputed question whether animals can be made to perceive the semblance of living creatures in the flat surface of a picture, and be deceived into supposing that the painted representation of an animal is really a living thing. Stories of such perception in dogs, horses and cats are not very rare, but few of them have been well authenticated; and the fact has often been observed that the most intelligent animals, though they are exceedingly curious, and often become excited over an image in a looking-glass, regard pictures with indifference.

The London *Spectator*, however, relates, on the faith of a correspondent, an incident or two which seem to indicate in certain animals, at least, an ability to "make out" a picture.

An English painter, the *Spectator* says, owned a terrier which had a very bad habit of chasing sheep, and was cured of it by dint of much labor and care.

One day the dog's master painted a picture of a flock of sheep, guarded by two dogs, and on being called out of the studio by some one, he left the picture leaning against a wall.

On his return he was surprised and delighted, for he regarded the fact as a compliment to his work, to find his terrier barking loudly at the picture, his ears pricked up, his eyes gleaming with fire, and his whole manner indicating excitement.

The painter looked upon the incident as the more remarkable from the fact that the figures of the sheep were not painted life-size, but were only about eight or ten inches long.

But while the dog's illusion regarding the sheep must have been complete, it was quite remarkable that he did not seem to see the pictures of the dogs, and paid no attention to them whatever.

As often, afterward, as he was shown the picture, the terrier became greatly excited by it, frequently mounting a table in order to approach nearer to it.

The same journal tells another story of quite as remarkable a character. A lady who possessed two dogs had the portrait of one of them painted by the artist Chalon. The painter, having finished the picture, left it out of doors a few minutes to dry. The other dog, happening to come up, began to bark at it and to gambol about it precisely as he would have done if he had met his companion.

An old lady living at Lewisburg, Ore., picked up an Indian arrow head recently, that is quite a relic. It is black flint interspersed with quartz, pearl and emerald, and under the microscope exhibits a roseate hue of exquisite beauty. The Mollalla Indians forty years ago told the whites of a rock south of Mount Hood in the mountains, that shone with such intense brightness as to excite superstition in the savage breast to such an extent that they feared to approach the sparkling luminary. There is not much credulity to be attached to Indian tradition, but if the stone from which this arrow head was extracted could be located gems of great value might be found.

A case came up in a St. Paul court the other day in which a big colored woman was a witness. She testified that she had whipped her little boy very severely, and as she went on with the story of the exceedingly stiff beating she had administered, the Judge's clear brow grew a little darker, and he interrupted her to ask if it had been necessary to chastise the boy so severely. The colored lady looked astonished at the question. Gazing intently at the Court, she inquired: "Jedge, was you eber de father of a wuthless mulatter boy?" "No, no," said the Judge, hastily. "Then, Jedge, you don't know nuffin' about de case."

A Georgia editor has an old Confederate shoe, manufactured for the government in 1864, just before the war ended. The sole is fully three-quarters of an inch thick, and is made of poplar wood, evidently shaped with a hatchet or drawing knife. The upper is attached to the sole with a strap of raw hide, running entirely around the shoe, the leather being held to the sole with large carpet tacks. The upper is of rough cowhide, dressed only on the inside.

Nothing on the farm pays better than a good garden.

There is as much in planning as in doing farm work.

An early, healthy growth of a plant wards off many evils.

See that your horses have plenty of exercise—and feed, too.

For the Sentinel.

A Summer Ramble.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.
LONGFELLOW.

One lovely afternoon in June we started for a quiet walk, our destination a village about two miles distant. Starting from the old mill, which stood on the Carroll county side of the Monocacy river, we followed the stream. It was June. "And what is so rare as a day in June! Then if ever come perfect days." The day was calm and sunny, the leaves of the trees were scarcely stirred by the gentle breeze that fanned them.

"The world is still,
In passionless slumber,—not a tree but feels
The far-pervading hush, and softer steals
The misty river by."

The willows bent their slender branches down, and softly stirred the surface of the clear water. The shady path led us to a rustic bridge, formed by an old oak tree, which had been cut so as to present a flat surface, and a rope of strong willow twigs extended from one side of the bank to the other, and fastened at each end to a tree. This rope served as a railing to which we clung tightly as we walked across, feeling that we had made a narrow escape, when we reached the other side in safety. Walking slowly on through the woods in that intense stillness, we heard no sounds save the patter of a squirrel as it scampered across our path, or the splash of a black water snake which had been sunning itself on the bank, and which at the approach of a human tread, suddenly slid into the water. Our favorite birds were resting their merry throats:

"Those voices that arose
After the evening's close,
And whispered in my weary heart repose!"

Out of the woods once more, we saw a steep hill before us, to climb which proved no easy task this warm June day; but at the top stood a large cherry tree covered with delicious fruit, and with the prospect of a treat of stolen sweets before us we pushed bravely on. We had another bit of woods to go through, still following the stream, and beautified by almost every variety of wild flowers; so beautiful, it seemed a pity they should be born to "blush unseen" save by a chance wanderer like myself. We gathered many, thinking, with the poet that

"They tell of a season, when men were not:
When earth was by Angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God."

We came suddenly out of the woods right into the village and after a few purchases at the store, which was millinery, grocery, postoffice and fancy-store all in one, and not a very large one either, we turned our steps homeward. Reaching the top of the hill again we beheld the sun as he rested for a moment upon the top of the lofty Blue Ridge, and slowly sank behind the mountains. We were ready then for rest, and night.

"The welcome, the thrice prayed-for, the most fair,
The best beloved Night!"

JULIA R. WAYS.

A fog signal prematurely exploded recently at the famous Bell Rock lighthouse, off the east coast of Scotland. The dome was shattered by the explosion, and the light was extinguished for the first time since the lighthouse was built in 1811. After the explosion a passing steamer had a narrow escape from being wrecked on the reef, owing to the absence of the light. She was warned just in time by fog signals and a disaster was averted.

Flexible metallic tubing is now made in Belgium, and is said to be meeting with considerable favor as a rival of rubber hose. It is formed by wrapping strips of brass or other metal spirally around a mandrel, the strips being bent over at both sides and a thin, narrow rubber band inserted to prevent leakage. The tubes bend readily in any direction, and are perfectly tight, very strong, and easily handled and repaired.

Experiments as to within what limits the ear can distinguish the difference in the pitch of two sounds show that the smallest difference perceptible by untrained or slightly trained ears seems to be from one-sixth to one-fortieth of a semitone. A peculiarity that appears to apply alike to trained and untrained ears is that they detect upward differences more easily than downward.

The production of olives for home use and export is increasing in California, both for the production of oil and pickled olives. A test of numerous varieties of the olive is being conducted at the four California stations. Several varieties that have already been tried promise to be much superior to those now grown.

A civil engineer in Germany must study and practice nine years under government supervision before he can make independent engagements.

The wheat crop in Oregon and Washington promises to be greater than ever before.

The run of hogs will be very light this summer in Chicago.

Germany is producing about 500,000 sewing machines annually.

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