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Poetry.

[*Written for the American Union.*]

LITERARY LEAVES.

Let us when the lengthening shadows
Linger round the closing hour,
Stored be found as was blind Milton,
Literature to speak with power.

Let us find our sweetest pleasure,
In the Journals of to-day,
With truthful hearts rejecting
Evil met with by the way.

et us search for earnest treasures,
Such as Literature displays,
nd we soon shall see them glitter
In life's rugged, thorny ways.

et us climb her mountain daily
Till we on the summit stand;
he will then unfold her banner
As we view her sunny land.

et us stand upon her ramparts,
'Neath the scorching mid-day sun,
), when Luna hale is sailing
Westward, whispering "Day is done."

Let us now through vernal Sun rays,
Look upon its vales below!
See you there the fountains playing,
In the dells which well we know?

Let us watch the rippling streamlets
Issuing from the pearly font;
See you there the thirsty drinkers
More than we have time to count?

Let us watch those busy drinkers
As they bustle to and fro;
They are all athirst for knowledge!
They will have it ere they go!

Let us now though day be waning,
Cast one lingering look beneath;
See you not the camp-fires gleaming
Where they fight for learning's wreath?

Let us see with what true weapons
Are those soldiers armed to fight?
Have they guns, or swords, or cannon?
Gleam their bayonets through the light?

No! they show forth no such armour;
They like droppers of the eaves,
Sit beside their Summer war-tents,
Armed with *Literary Leaves*.

Feb. 10th, 1875. MARK

The Dying Man's Story.

REV. JOHN THEO. ETTERS.

You have often asked me for my history and now that I am so near my end, Doctor, I will give it. Now, don't stop me, my dear; I know what you would say—you shall not excite myself or talk much. You see, I am almost as good a doctor as you are, but I feel that I cannot last other day, and as a few hours cannot make much difference, I prefer dying my own way. I may as well keep my mind employed as not; so sit down and listen to what no one has heard but yourself.

Some-and-twenty years ago I was a clerk in a merchant's office. I can't say I liked the business, but I stuck to it and got on; for I loved my master's daughter, and hoped by hard work to one day be able to make her mine. I was an orphan, with neither kith or kin to look after me, but the love I bore Milly kept me quiet and industrious. I rose step by step in the office and Mr. Bruce, the merchant, was never tired of sounding my praise.

All went on happily until he discovered that I loved his daughter, and then his passion knew no bounds. I need not enter into the particulars. I was turned from his house, but not alone, for Milly and I had been secretly married three months before.

We took a quiet little lodging in the suburbs, and I went every day into the city in hopes of getting another situation. I had a little money that I had saved, on which we lived—lived, oh! so happily that even at this distance it seems a heavenly dream too bright for earth. Milly was always trustful that her father would relent, and I always believed I should soon obtain another appointment, but we were both deceived.

Time rolled on; our little capital was nearly gone, our hopes almost exhausted, but our love bloomed as fresh as ever. I tried literature, and made a few dollars; but my manuscripts but too often came back without being read. Still I struggled on, and wrote several songs, which had a certain amount of success; and one more hope seemed to beam upon us.

Milly—Heaven bless her—fancied that I should soon become famous, that the whole country would ring with my name, and then her father would be glad to forgive us. What might have happened had I not met with such misfortunes. Heaven alone knows—I cannot say; but in the midst of this bright happiness my wife was taken ill. It was consumption. I worked day and night to procure the necessary medicines and food for her; I wrote to her father, but received no reply; I went from publisher to publisher hawking my songs about, selling them almost for anything to buy bread. Oh, how they ground me down! Men who had had successful songs from me, now that they saw me in poverty cut down the prices until starvation was close upon me.

One afternoon—I shall never forget it—I left poor Milly in bed—she could not rise—and went to seek for work. I called at her father's but was turned away from the door. I wandered about from one place to another, but all my efforts were fruitless. I could not earn a cent. Heart-broken and weary, I turned homeward. I had not money to buy even a loaf of bread. Several times I paused as a well-dressed man approached me, and determined to beg, but the words choked me, and they passed on without noticing my distress. When they passed I was ashamed at having thought of begging, and yet angry within myself that I had not done so.

I was standing at the corner of a street, thinking what I should do—for I could not go home to Milly—my poor, hungry, sick wife, empty-handed, when I received a hearty slap on the shoulder, and turning round saw Gidden, the music publisher.

"Well, Burden," he cried, "you don't seem happy. You look as pleasant as though you had lost a dollar and found a cent."

"Happy!" I exclaimed; "happy! with a wife dying of consumption and—and—starvation!"

"Dear me! that's very sad! Why don't you work?"

"Why! I have sought work far and near. I have done everything, but without success."

"The music trade is bad, and no mistake; but still, I think something might be done. Your songs have succeed pretty well. Now what time would it take you to write me four songs?"

"That all depends upon what sort you want," I replied.

"They must be bacchanalian—full of life. You understand?"

"Yes."

"And I must have them the first thing in the morning."

"That is a short time."

"It is; but ready money, you know," he replied.

"On these terms I agree."

"Very well, then. Now about the price. You know the music trade is very bad at present. I can't give you much, so we will say three guineas for the lot."

"What!" I exclaimed; three guineas for four songs, and one guniea in advance. "I can't give you a cent more."

As he spoke he drew a sovereign from his pocket and held it invitingly between his fingers and thumb. The sight of the money was too tempting; so without further demur I agreed to write the songs.

"Mind I have them early to-morrow," he said. "If you do not bring them to me by ten I shall send for them."

I hurried away to purchase some food for my wife, and also to procure her some medicine. I bought a roll and ate it so that I could tell her that I had dined out; for I needed all the money for her.

Among the things I bought was some brandy, the doctor having ordered Milly to drink it. Laden with these poor things, which to me looked heaps of riches, I hurried homeward.

Poor Milly, when I reached her bedside and showed her what I had brought, met me with a smile of patient love that almost broke my heart. She tasted a little food, and drank a small glass of weak brandy-and-water, then fell into a light sleep.

Illness at the best of times is terrible; but when we sit alone and see all we love fading fast, the disease aided by want—to see the thin, pale face so like death in life—to know that before long even the sad pleasure of tending on it will be lost, and that before we can give it proper care—this, indeed, is awful.

As I sat, watching and thinking, I became desperate; my brain seemed on fire, and my mouth parched. Seizing the brandy bottle, I poured out a large glass of the spirits and drank it off. I steadied my nerves, and I sat down to commence my songs.

For some time I could gain no thoughts. The dull silence of the night, broken only by the heavy breathing of my wife, and a low, purring sound that rattled at her chest, palled upon me. The dull, glimmering light of the candle that threw a melancholy light over our wretched room; the thin, wedge-like face, half in shade, that reposed on the pillow; the ghost-like hand that lay so still, stretched out on the coverlet—all seemed to crush me. How, with such things around me, could I write of mirth, drink and jollity?

I pressed my hands over my eyes, and the hot tears forced themselves through my fingers. I grew hysterical, I felt as if I could have screamed with laughter. I could not write; but the songs must be done, or I should not get the money.

In hopes of gaining more calmness I drank more brandy. Glass after glass of the burning fluid I poured down my throat. I felt mad. I was not tipsy, but delirious. I could hear the rattle of glasses, the merry shouts of laughter; strange tunes, such as would have suited orgies held in praise of Bacchus, rang in my head. I seized my pen and wrote rapidly. Some fiend seemed whispering words to me, they were so full of recklessness and abandonment.

My candle burned out, but I continued writing by the gray, cold light of daybreak that came slanting over the housetops. At last my task was done, and springing up I hastened to my wife to tell her my success, and to cheer her with the assurance that these wild songs would make my name.

I felt my blood rushing through my veins as I fondly leaned over to kiss her. Our lips met; but I started back with a cry of terror—she was *dead!*

I do not remember anything after that for some weeks. I had had brain fever.—When I recovered she was gone. I had never again kissed her dear, dead lips. It was some time before I was able to crawl out; but orders for songs came in thick and fast.

My last songs had been a success; their wild, dissolute tone had suited the young fools with money, and had become a small mine of wealth to the publisher.

Years have passed since then, but from that time I have never written a song of that kind although large sums have been offered me. I hate them. Day and night I hear them buzzing in my ears. Scarcely a week passes but I hear one of them shouted out by some drunkard as he staggers home, and then the whole of that terrible night comes back to me.

They are evil spirits that have haunted me night and day; they have made me shun my fellow men; they have made me live in utter seclusion. Day and night—day and night I live in terror of hearing them.

Sometimes in dreams I hear Milly singing the first song I gave her; and in the midst of this happiness some fiend seems to chant those dreadful songs in praise of wine.

Hush! I hear her voice; she sings the song I gave her in those happy, happy days. She is going away I must follow her.—Hush! she is singing me to sleep. Milly; my own dear Milly!

Interesting Facts Connected with the Publication of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

John P. Jewett, famous at one time as the publisher of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, tells some interesting facts connected with the publication of that work. When Professor and Mrs. Stowe came to Boston to negotiate about it, Professor Stowe was very conscientious and after agreeing to let Jewett publish it, said he did not believe it right. He was sure Mr. Jewett would lose money; none would want to read an anti-slavery novel except those who read it in the *Era*. Of course the publisher said it was his risk. Then the question came up whether the copyright should be sold in full or retained, Mr. Jewett strongly advising the latter course. So the contract was closed, Professor Stowe remarking, with a dubious smile, "I shall be well pleased if Harriet gets a good black silk dress out of it." Subsequently Professor Stowe (after the book began to sell and was noticed) confessed they dared to hope that they might really get enough out of it to buy a little cottage and a quarter of an acre of ground. The financial romance came when the first payment for copyright was made. It consisted of a check for $10,000. The author—then famous, but not realizing the money value of her fame—with her husband, the simple-minded professor, stood looking with a dazed surprise and perplexity at the little bit of paper by which they were informed that the Tremont Bank would pay to Harriet Beecher Stowe or order the sum of $10,000. At last, with a queer and almost pathetic simplicity, the professor asked the publisher what he should do with it. Doubtless that gentleman would not be surprised at his own simplicity. It was questionable then whether he had ever seen a check before, and certainly he had as little knowledge as most woman have of the mode of banking operations. Mr. Jewett, fearing they might easily be swindled or robed, went with him to the bank, having first advised him to open an account, to keep but little money about them, and draw a check when they wanted any. At the bank the professor was introduced to the cashier and then to the directors, a board meeting being in progress. The gentlemen were all desirous of meeting Mr. Stowe. As Mr. Jewett expressed it, the professor set in every chair in the room during the few minutes the clerk consumed in opening an account current. Mrs. Stowe remained at the publisher's office. There were, of course, pleasant hopes and associations in that home and family on that date. The famous book sold by the million copies.—The unaffected, simple little lady was soon transformed into the renowned authoress, and "the Beecher," as Mr. Jewett express it, became from that date the uppermost trait. He paid in all over $36,000 for the copyright.

Don't Quarrel.

People talk of lover's quarrels as rather pleasant episodes—probably because they are not quarrels at all. She pouts; he kisses. He frowns; she coaxes. It is half play and they know it. Matrimonial quarrels are another thing. I doubt seriously if married people ever truly forgive each other after the first falling out. They gloss it over; they kiss and make it up; the wound apparently heals, but only, as some of those horrible wounds given in battle do, to break out again at some unexpected moment. The man who has sneered and said cruel things to a sensitive woman never has her whole heart again. The woman who has uttered reproaches to a man can never be taken to his bosom with the same tenderness as before those words were spoken. The two people who must never quarrel are husband and wife. One may fall out with kinsmen, and make up, and be friends again. The tie of blood is a strong one, and affection may return after it has flown away; but love, once banished, is a dead and buried thing. The heart may ache, but it is with hopelessness. It may be impossible to love any one else, but it is more impossible to restore the old idol to its empty niche. For a word or two, for a sharpening of the wits, for a moment's self-assertion, two people have often been made miserable for life. For whatever there may be before, there are no lovers' quarrels after marriage.

About the Hair.

Men become bald! Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald. Sometimes, from long-continued headache, heat in the scalp, bad hair-dressing and some other causes, women may have bare spots here and there; but with all these causes combined, you never see a woman with a bare, shiny, bald head. And you never see a man lose a hair below where the hat touches the skull. It will take it off as clean as you can shave it down to exactly that line, but never a hair below, not if he has been bald fifty years. The common black stiff hat, as impervious as sheet iron, retains the heat of perspiration. The little hair glands, which bear the same relation to the hair that the seed wheat does to the plant above ground, become weak from the presence of the moisture and heat, and finally become too weak to sustain the hair. It falls out, and baldness exists. A fur cap we have known to produce complete baldness in a single winter.

A man with a good head of hair needs very little protection when the hair grows. Women who live much within doors, and who are therefore peculiarly susceptible to the cold, oil their hair and plaster it down hard and flat upon their skulls, so as to destroy nine-tenths of its power as a non-conducter, have worn for years postage-stamps of bonnets stuck on the back of their heads, exposing the whole top of their skulls, and then going out of furnace heated parlors, have ridden for hours in very cold temperature without taking cold and without complaint.

Man, with his greater vigor and habits of out-door life, and with his hair not plastered down, but thrown up lose and light, could no doubt go to the north pole, so far as that part of his person is concerned, without any artificial covering. And yet we men wear immensely thick fur caps, and what amounts to sheet-iron hats, and do not dare to step out in a chilly atmosphere a moment lest we take cold. It is silly, weak, and really a serious error. The Creator knew what he was about when he covered man's skull with hair. It is a very important function in protecting the brain. Baldness is a serious misfortune.—It will not occur in any man who will wear a common black high silk hat with five hundred holes through the top, so that there shall be more hole than hat. This costs nothing; the hatter will do that for you when you purchase your hat. If the nap be combed back the wrong way, and if after the holes are made it be combed the right way, no one will ever observe the peculiarity. The hat will wear quite as long—the hatters say considerably longer—because it is dry instead of moist; in brief, there is not a single objection to it, while it will certainly prevent baldness and keep the top of the head cool and prevent much headache.

He Didn't get a Place.

The Congressman's bane is the young man who wants a "position." Hunting governmental situations for needy women and indolent middle-aged heads of families, is a dreary task enough. But it has its bright side in the fact that it furnishes bread and butter to those who might otherwise be sore pressed for even the bread alone. For the insane young man, however, whose only ambition is a routine job, where the work is moderate and anxiety a minimum, the Congressman or Cabinet official cherishes but scanty regard. The desired situation may, indeed be looked up.

Home influence has its weight with those in authority in Washington, and when a shallow youth comes with his valise crammed with endorsements from local dignitaries elsewhere, the person to whom he is consigned generally gets him "a place."—But it is the ruin of the youth. I wish I could exhibit the average department male, the one who has settled down to the listless round of governmental nobody, to the young men of other localities who aspire to similar enervation. He is a business dummy and a social corpse. By the time he had dawdled through a dozen years as a department servitor, he is devoid of manliness, and as incapable of acting and thinking for himself as a sawdust stuffed doll.

Let me show you how men of brains and energy view this business. Several years ago a slabsided, awkward printer boy from Maine found his way to Washington in search of "an easy place." Tom Ewing was then Secretary of the Interior. He was also uncle of our gawky place hunter. To him the youngster naturally applied for asssistence in getting the desired situation. This was the encouraging answer he received from Ewing:

"I will not get you a place in any of the departments. Moreover, if you find a place and go to work I will use all my influence to have you dismissed. I want you to get out of Washington. I am not going to have you made into a limp and helpless nonentity if I can help it. Go anywhere else, go to the devil if you like; you shan't stay in Washington."

This inspiriting counsel drove the printer youth back to Maine again. Had Ewing found him the desired "place," he would to-day be tying tape around bundled documents, or sticking official stamps on somebody else's letters, in one of the departments, an inert human routine machine. But the uncle's sensible brusqueness was the nephew's salvation. The name of that discouraged young applicant was James G. Blaine, present Speaker of the House of Representatives.

How Some Men Become Rich.

We make the following extract from the recent lecture of the celebrated biographer, Mr. James Parton, on "Kings of Business." The house of Isaac Rich & Co., of Boston, is now the leading house in the fish trade of that city, and has a reputation for fair and honorable dealing co-extensive with the continent.

Isaac Rich, who left a million and three-quarters a year or two ago to found a college in Boston, began business thus:

At eighteen he came from Cape Cod to Boston with three or four dollars in his possession, and looked about for something to do, rising early, walking far, observing closely, reflecting much. Soon he had an idea. He bought three bushels of oysters, hired a wheelbarrow, found a piece of board, bought six small plates, six iron forks, a three-cent pepper-box, and one or two other things. He was at the oyster boat buying his oysters at three o'clock in the morning, wheeled them three miles, set up his board near a market and begun business. He sold out his oysters as fast as he could open them, at a good profit. He repeated this experiment morning after morning until he had saved $130, with which he bought a horse and wagon, and had five cents left.

"How are you going to board your horse?" asked a stable-keeper, who had witnessed this audacious transaction.

"I am going to board him at your stable."

"But you're a minor," replied this acute Yankee. "And mind, I can't trust you more than a week."

The next morning the lad, who had established a good credit with the oystermen, bought thirteen bushels of remarkable fine oysters, which he sold in the course of the day at a profit of $17. So he was able to pay for his horse's board. And right there in the same market he continued to deal in oysters and fish for forty years, became king of that business, and ended by founding a college, thus affording a new illustration of Professor Agassiz's theory that the consumption of fish is serviceable to the brain.

A Sermon on Push.

While Cousin Will was at home for vacation the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart.—The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up-hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push! push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now, boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!' it is just the word for a grand, clear morning."

"If any body is in trouble and you see it, don't stand back—push!

"If there is any thing good doing in any place where you happen to be—push!

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might—push!"

At that moment the farmer came up with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

A Singular Experience.

We find the following in the Dover (N. H.) *Enquirer:* Some eight years ago a lad of thirteen, a son of Charles E. Meyers, a well known citizen of Portsmouth, while fishing from one of the wharves of that city caught a fish-hook in the fore finger of the right hand, near the roots of the nail, drawing it into the bend of the hook. His father saw at once the only thing to be done was to open the finger on a line with the hook and take it out, but preferred to call in their family physician to do it. After looking at it for a moment the Doctor, by a sudden twist, wrenched the hook from the finger, minus the barb and point. The parents were justly indignant at such rough treatment, and insisted that the hook was not all removed, while the boy came near fainting from extreme anguish. The Doctor, however, insisted that no incovenience would result, and dressed the finger in some simple and safe manner and in due time the wound healed. But the finger and arm troubled him for a long time. After a year or two the lad's health had so far failed as to become a subject of serious alarm to his friends, he being subject to frequent and alarming fits, and other spasmodic affections or symptoms. This state of affairs continued for years, with more intensity until a year or two ago, when the boy's health became nearly or quite restored. In the Spring of 1874 the young man, while dressing himself one morning tore a pimple from his left shoulder, and, on examining it, he drew from the flesh the point of the hook which seven years before was imbedded in a finger on the opposite side of his body.

Stoke's petition for pardon was elegantly printed and bound.

JOHN JONES AND I.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

We had a tiff: "John Jones," said I,
"You shouldn't leave your cow at large!"
"You mend your fence!" was his reply;
And so ran charge and counter-charge.

A trifling thing: the cow had cropped
Some blades of grass, some heads of grain;
And yet for this a friend I dropped,
And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool,
Yet thrust my better thought aside,
And, when my blood had time to cool,
Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sate;
Two cordial wives grew shy and cool;
Two broods of children learned to hate;
Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones's pew was next to mine;
What pleasant greetings passed between!
As sacred as the bread and wine
Had our communing friendship been.

Oft had our voices swelled the song,
Oft had we bowed in common prayer,
And shared the worship of the throng
Who sat in heavenly places there.

But how shall souls in exile sing
The Lord's sweet song? The holy notes
Of fellowship, and joy, and peace,
And pardon stuck in both our throats.

Some lessened relish for all good
Made life for both to deaden down;
And nature darkened to our mood,
And answered back our settled frown.

One summer eve I sat and smoked;
Good Doctor Dean came riding by;
He said, in voice a little choked:
"John Jones is hurt, and like to die."

A sudden fire shot through my brain,
And burned, like tow, the sophist lies;
And on my heart a sudden pain
Fell, like a bolt from hidden skies.

I stumbled o'er the threshold where
My shadow had not passed for years;
I felt a shudder in the hand
A woman gave me through her tears.

When he no more the pulse could feel,
I saw the doctor turn away;
Some mighty impulse made me kneel
Beside the bed, as if to pray.

Yet not the maker's name I called:
As one who plunges 'neath the wave,
A swimmer, strong and unappalled,
Intent a drowning life to save.

So all my soul's up-gathered powers,
In anguish of desire intense,
Sent that departing one a cry
That leaped the abyss of broken sense.

Back to the dim eye came a ray;
O'er the white face a faint smile shone;
I felt as 'twere a spirit's touch,
The stiffened fingers press my own.

O resurrection power of God
Which wrought that miracle of pain!
From buried hearts tore off the shroud,
And made dead friendship live again!

Beside one grave two households stood,
And, weeping, heard the pastor say:
"That out of death He bringeth life,
And out of darkness cometh day."

Was I chief mourner in the train?
Ah, who could guess, of all the throng,
The strange, sweet comfort in the pain
Of one who mourns forgiven wrong!

Frightful Suicide.

A MAN LEAPS FROM THE DOME OF THE CAPITOL.

On Wednesday afternoon last an unknown man jumped from the outside gallery of the dome of the Capitol, and struck head first of the roof of the main building, at least one hundred and fifty feet below. Of course he was killed instantly, his skull being horribly fractured. He leaped out so far as to almost clear the pediment of the central portico. One of the Capitol policemen recognized him as a shabbily-dressed white man who has been seen about the building for several days, and who looked as if he were not altogether of a sane mind. The dreadful occurrence naturally caused great excitement about the Capitol. The terrible leap was witnessed by a number of people who happened to be looking out of the various windows commanding a view of the front of the centre building, and the body was plainly visible on the roof some time before it could be reached, in order to remove it.

A CORONER'S INQUEST

was held and the jurors found the deceased was James McMahon, of Washington city, aged twenty-five years, and that he came to his death by suicide while under temporary derangement of mind. He had been studying at a Baltimore Catholic College for the priesthood, but was advised by his preceptors to return home. Latterly he had been working at the carpenter's trade with his brothers, and left his residence apparently in good health. The father, who was before the jury, was unable to account for his son's conduct.

DON'T spend your money away from home. Buy your clothes, groceries, farming tools, everything you need at home.—Spend your money with your friends and neighbors, and then all get a benefit from it. It passes from one to another paying debts and helping everybody. Keep your money at home; and you will build up your own town and county, and grow in prosperity.

A Grecian Legend.

When Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hallas to go to Naxia; and, as the way was very long he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it up with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but, as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it, into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the ass's bone, and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass's bone; and as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was and it came up speedily, and bore to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink. But behold a miracle! When men first drank of it, they sang like birds; next after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions, but, when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.

Josh Billings on Rats.

Rats originally came from Norway, and i wish they had originally staid there.

They are about az uncalled for az a pain in the small of the back.

They can be domestikated direful easy, that iz, az far az getting into the cubboard and eatin' cheese, and knawing pie iz concerned.

The best way to domestikate them i ever saw, is to surround them gently with a steel trap; you can reason with them to great advantage.

Rats are migratorious, they migratly whatever they have a mind to.

Pizen is also good for rats; it often softens their whole moral nature.

Cats hate rats, and rats hate cats, and—who don't?

I suppose there is between 50 and 60 millions of rats in America (i quote entirely from memory,) and i don't suppose there is a single necessary rat in the whole lot. This shows at a glance how many waste rats there iz running around. Rats inhance in number faster than shoe pegs do by machinery. One pair ov healthy rats iz all that a man wants to start the rat business with, and in ninety kases, without eny outlay, he will have rats to turn oph.

Rats viewed from enny platform yu can build, are unspeakably cussed, and I would be willing tew make enny man who could destroy awl the rats in the United States, a valuable keepsake, say for instance, either the life and sufferings of Andy Johnson, in one volume calf bound, or a receipt to cure the blind staggers.

Salt on Wheat.

Some soils are benefitted by an application of salt, but we do not believe there is any efficacy in it to keep wheat from freezing out. Thorough drainage is the remedy for that. Every one knows, or ought to know, the value of ashes as a fertilizer.—Salt furnishes two of the most important elements of the ashes of plants—sodium and chlorine—and hence it will be valuable to lands deficient in these. Every farmer must determine for himself whether his land needs salt or any other substance.—Sow salt on alternate strips of your wheat, marking where you sowed and where you did not, and then observe the difference in the crop next year. Where the constituents of salt are wanting wheat will almost always lodge, even though the crop of straw be light. If you have been troubled with this salt will be useful, though we should prefer to mix it with the manure.

Prof. Mapes' famous receipt is: "One bushel of salt, three bushels of marl; let it lie under cover four months, and then mix it with one cord of muck." This is no doubt a valuable mixture for sandy land. Where salt is sown broadcast do it after the wheat is sown, giving from one to five bushels per acre. Mr. Geddes, of New York, in an essay on salt, as manure, comes to these conclusions: "Some soils have enough of salt, and more added does an injury. Lands away from the sea-coast are greatly benefitted by light applications, but heavy quantities are injurious even there."—*Ohio Farmer.*

CURIOUS CHINESE PROVERBS.—The ripest fruit grows on the roughest wall. It is the small wheels of the carriage that come in first. The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it. The turtle, though brought in at the back gate, takes the head of the table. Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet.—The learned pig didn't learn its letters in a day. True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet till it finds an opening. The top strawberries are eaten first. He who leaves early gets the best hat. Pride sleeps in a golden crown; contentment in a cotton nightcap.