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Poetry.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
Against the cottage wall:
A lily grew at the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall—
A royal tiger-lily,
With spots of purple and gold,
And a heart like a jewelled chalice,
The fragrant dew to hold!

Without, the blackbirds whistled
High up in the old roof-trees;
And to and fro at the window,
The red rose rocked her bees;
And the wee pink fists of the baby
Were never a moment still—
Snatching at shine and shadow,
That danced on the lattice-sill!

His eyes were wide as bluebells;
His mouth like a flower unblown;
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice
Peeped out from his snowy gown;
And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls around with her roses
We'll measure the boy again!

Ah, me! In a darkened chamber,
With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like bitter rain,
We measured our boy to-day.
And the little bare feet that were dimpled,
And sweet as a budding rose,
Lay side by side together,
In the hush of long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling,
With the light of Heaven thereon!
And the dear little hands, like rose-leaves
Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to snatch at the sunshine
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below.
And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan;—
To the height of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

Letty Moore's Story.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

One evening!—I remember it was Christmas eve, and my sister's little children had hung their stockings by the fire-place and gone to bed—yes, one Christmas eve, when I was not nineteen yet, as I sat dressing dolls by the fire, the latch of the kitchen door lifted and my sweet-heart, Harry Wood, came in. I expected him that night, and he was late, and I was very, very glad to see him. I was always very glad to see him, for I held him very dear. He sat down beside me and took my hand in his, and kissed me softly on my forehead.

His lips were cool and fresh, and his eyes sparkled, coming so newly out of the frosty winter night's air, but he did not smile as he usually did; he looked very, very grave.

"Hard at work for Christmas, Letty?' he asked. "The children will be happy to-morrow, if nobody else.'

"You are not happy to-night, I'm afraid' I said.

He put his head down on my shoulder and hid his dear brown eyes there.

"It's weary waiting, Letty,' he said, "When I want you for my very own so much. This is not a land to get on in, Letty. There's a younger and fresher one across the sea, where a man of my trade may make more than starvation wages, and where indeed he need not stick to any trade for there's land enough for those that will till it.'

"You mean America?' I said.

"I mean America,' he answered. 'Letty, love I'm going there, and when I know that I am able to keep you from want, you'll come to me, won't you Letty?'

There are words that go to the heart like a knife. Those almost killed me. Surely I would have gone with him anywhere, but to part with him for no one could tell how long; to have the horrible angry ocean that I dreaded so between us—that was more than I could bear to think of. Yet I knew that he only spoke the truth. Yes, if we were ever to be married, he must leave me now.

I put the dolls aside. I could not work at them now. I put my cheek against Harry's hair, and we sat quite silent for a long, long while. It was after the clock struck eleven that he began to tell me in what ship he intended to sail, and what he would do when he reached America. He read me a letter from his cousin, who had lived there several years, which certainly lightened my heart a little, for it assured him of at least one friendly hand in that strange country.

"Think of it, Letty, dear,' he said, growing more hopeful. "Our own little farm in some sweet, wild place, where we can live and grow old together. No more fears of work failing, or wages going down.—It's worth the pain of parting for a while, is it not, dear?'

"Yet, oh, it was hard to part! Until I die I shall remember the moment when he left me. How he held me to his heart, how he let me go, and came back again to kiss me just once more; how even then, when we had torn ourselves apart, his face as wet as mine, he returned again and clasped me close, close, close, and kissed me on my cheek, and on my brow, and on my mouth again. Yes, I shall always remember it.

In the gray dawn I sat before the smouldering fire and finished the children's dolls. Then I went sorrowful to bed. I knew that as the Christmas chimes were ringing, he was trudging his way through the bleak morning, with his bundle on his shoulder, and knew that when the wild December winds were at their fiercest, and the sleet beat in the sailor's face and stiffened his fingers—when life aboard ship was the cruelest thing to think of—he would be on the ocean. He had told me he must work his passage out, for he had no money to pay for it.

I knew what a winter-voyage was, even to passengers well-sheltered and well-cared for, and how could I keep a merry Christmas and take my comfort at the Christmas fire?

I went to church that morning, but even the church looked gay with evergreen and holly berries; and the hymns are all glad ones. I, sitting in my pew alone, for my sister was too busy with her christmas dinner to attend service, found in my little book, his gift, the prayer for those upon the sea, and read it over, and as I read I could see the white waves and the gray sky and the *Lady Margaret* tossing in their midst.

Often and often I saw her in my dream, waking and sleeping, while I waited for news from her. Often and often I felt my Harry's parting kisses on my lips. Was it really to be, I asked myself, that our lips would ever meet again? and I never could say to myself that it would be so. I had a presentment of evil from the first.

It was a horrible winter. Storms came thick and fast. We heard stories of shipwreck and disaster every day. At last there came a horrible rumor of an accident to the *Lady Margaret* and while I waited in an agony of suspense for further news, it came in horrible certainty.

The *Lady Margaret* had been wrecked on the banks of Newfoundland on the bitterest day of that winter. Many of the passengers escaped, and some of the crew, but the greater part of the latter perished, and among the names of those frozen to death was that of Harry Wood.

Frozen to death. Ah, great Heaven!—Such a death for him. Such a death for me to know that he had died, remembering as I did the warm clasp of his hand, the warm kisses his lips had given! I read the horrible particulars over and over again. I agonized with him. I almost died with him. I lay upon my bed for long weeks after in such feverish delirium that I was only conscious that one of us had frozen to death, and could not say which.

But God spared my reason and gave me back my health. After a while I took up my accustomed tasks again.

My trial had changed me very much, and I had no hope left. I had nothing to hope for, but in the end I took the days as they were sent and made the best of them. As for love, I never thought of loving again. All that had passed away from my existence.

My little nieces grew to be great girls and then woman. At last one of them married an American, who took her home to his own country, and who asked Aunt Letty to go with them, if only for a short visit.

I went. I had always had a strange awful longing to cross the sea, and be where he had been when he was lost; but our journey was taken in fair weather, and we had no actual storm during the passage. When we reached the spot where his vessel had been wrecked, there was a great fog and we could see nothing, but I could fancy it all.

So many years ago, and yet I leaned over the vessel's side, and said to the cruel ocean:

"You took my love from me, and you wrecked him on these terrible rocks. I hate you—oh, how I hate you!'

And I was young Letty Moore in the first flash of her terrible woe again; but only for a while. I had been the middle-aged woman who tried to make the best of everything so long that I had settled down to that very soon; and going to New York with all its strange sights and sounds, I found myself so much amused and interested that I almost forgot myself for many days. Then there was the bride's new house to furnish, and so many little things to get and do, so very, very many, I was in and out from morning until night.

At last one day my niece wanted a pair of shoes, and being busy, sent me to buy them for her. I looked for a shoe-shop along the avenue I had entered and found one at last. It was very small, but I liked the looks of the shoes in the window; but when I entered I almost wished myself out again, for at the door sat a terrible looking man, a poor deformed creature, whose appearance really made me ill at first. He had lost both legs, if he had ever had any, and his face was a strange, scarred looking thing, one ear was gone and the tip of his nose. I think I should have run away if I could decently; but I felt obliged to stay, and after I had bought the shoes, and spoken to to the poor soul, I really felt only pity for him. He had a gentle voice and a nice manner, and his eyes though they were dimmed with pain, were really beautiful, and I actually lingered a little while and had a chat, and when I arose to leave he said:

"If you will come in again I shall be so glad. I shall try to suit you always madam.' And I said I would come again, and I did.

I bought all my shoes and my niece's of him, and we had many pleasant talks together. After a while I found that he was an Englishman, and when the English paper we always had sent was read through at home, I took it to him.

I was terribly sorry for him, and sometimes I wished that I knew more of his life, but he never told me anything. I think I did most of the talking, but he always begged me to come again.

Soon we were real friends—I and this being who had at first been a sort of terror to me. He was so good, so kindly; he knew so much; he was so sad, too; and no wonder that my heart bled for him.—And this went on for five years—five long years.

Four Christmas days had come; four times I had eaten my Christmas dinner in a strange land. It was always a day of bitter memories to me. On the eve of the fifth, twenty years since, I had parted from my poor Harry. I went to the old shoemaker's, to buy some kid slippers for little feet, that had just begun to toddle over the floor, but my shoemaker was not in the shop; only a boy was there, but when he had waited on me, he said:

"Oh, I beg pardon, but is this the English lady, Miss Moore?'

I said, "Yes.'

"Master would like to see you, then,' he said. "He thought you would come to-night. He's very bad. Doctor says he'll hardly live. Will you come in?'

I said I would, and followed the boy.—As I entered the room an old woman came from it.

"Will you sit there beside me?' said a voice from the bed. "I have wanted you so! I am going, and I longed to see you.'

I gave him my hand and sat down. He held my fingers tight. "Why not, poor soul!' I said to myself. 'He is dying.'

"You cannot see my face?' he said.

"No I answered: it is quite dark. Shall I light a light?'

"No, he said. If you will sit in this darkness a while, I shall be so glad. I am going to die. It is my heart. This is my last illness. Oh, I am so glad. Think how blessed a thing death must be to me!'

"I also have longed to die, I said, but that was long ago.'

"But a thing like this that I am,' he said. "And I was once a strong man like any other. Shall I tell you my story?'

"Yes,' I said, and why I did not know. I was shaking like a leaf. He held my hands in both his own now, and before he spoke again he put them to his lips.

"If I were not dying I would not tell you, he said. It is twenty years ago on a Christmas eve like this, that I bade good-bye to my promised wife in England.—Hush! hush! be quiet for a while.'

"I sailed on the *Lady Margaret* for this country. I—oh, you tremble so; be calmer. We were wrecked in a very bitter storm. Many of us were frozen; among them, me—Oh, Letty, Letty! you know now—I feel you know. Letty, why was it not death that came to me instead of what did come?

Our arms were about each other now—our lips met. In the darkness he was the strong young lover; I the pretty young girl again.

"Cruel to hide it from me,' I said.—"Cruel not to return and let me comfort you.'

"You could not, Letty,' he said. "The curse was on me. Here, in the darkness, forgetting what I am, you speak of things that could not have been. I would have had your pity, and longed for your love.—Better that it has been thus. Better that I had strength to make it so. You know you never guessed that it was I. You could not; but I knew you, my dear, and you have comforted me greatly.

"Don't cry, darling. The worst is nearly over, and I shall die in your arms.—Promise me only that you will not look upon my face again or move my head from your bosom, until I know no more.'

These were the last words he ever spoke; but we held each others hands for a long, long while and kissed each other farewell as passionately as in the Christmas eve of long ago, when we hoped to meet again a bride and bridegroom.

But when the gray dawn broke, and the Christmas bells were ringing, I laid the face that had grown cold upon my breast upon the pillow and covered it from my sight: and even amid my grief I knew that it was better so.

But somehow, since that moment, I seem to be only waiting.

"He cannot come to me,
I know; but I shall go to him."

IT is a hard winter, but the price of ostrich tips continues panicy—or, rather, there is always a panic in the house that cherishes a desire for them without realizing from it. When the question comes up "Bread or Feathers?" it is a good deal as it was with the boy when asked which of his demands was the most imperative—"Never mind the shoes, dad," he replied, I must have the breastpin!"

"Now, boys, suppose twelve men divide forty-eight bushels of corn equally, how many is that for each?' Boldest boy—"Please sir, we've not got that far.'—"Your teacher told me you had learned all the first four rules.' Boy—"Yes sir; but we have always done our sums in potatoes and turnips—we never had any corn.'

CALIFORNIA papers tells of the arrival of spring in that favored region. Wild flowers dot plains, and wheat in some localities stands three feet high.

Agricultural.

THE GANG PLOW.—A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes the following experience as to gang and sulky plows: "I have yet to see any value in the gang plow, and yet they appear to gain in popularity. As a general rule two horses are enough for one man to manage, and for these a 14-inch plow is sufficient. There are a few farmers and farm-hands who can manage four horses and a gang of two plows, and such men ought to have the gang plows; but the average farmer, farm-hand, or boy, should be excused from using them. But the single sulky plow is an implement that ought to come into general use. I have had a Skinner sulky for nearly ten years, and could not well do without it, or a similar one. The past Fall I used a Hapgood sulky for plowing out potatoes, and it proved the best thing for that purpose that I have seen. There was no dodging of the hills. A neighbor, who had a twenty-five dollar potato-digger, also gave it a trial, and pronounced it better than the digger, as it did better work.—For all but the most able-bodied men, the sulky plow is of inestimable value. I know a soldier who lost a leg and an arm, who does all of his plowing with a sulky plow, drives his planter, and does his cultivating with a sulky cultivator. Without these he could do little of his farm work, but, with them, is enabled to grow fine crops with a small amount of help.

At the Sidney trial last year a large number of sulky and gang plows were present. Only a few of the latter were sold, while orders for the former were lively. One agent told me that he had taken orders for seventy. The most, if not all, of the sulky plows are made too heavy, and no doubt this defect will be corrected. The cost of a sulky plow is the most serious objection against them; but I have no doubt that a good one will be put on the market at $30 to $35, against $60 to $70, as at present. In the first place they will be cheapened by using less material; and, in the second place, by the manufacture in greater numbers.

TO OBTAIN FRUIT FROM BARREN TREES.—A correspondent of the *American Agriculturist* says:

"I wish to describe to you a method of making fruit trees bear that I blundered on. Some fifteen years ago I had a small apple tree that leaned considerably. I drove a stake by it, tied a string to a limb and fastened it to the stake. The next year that limb blossomed full, and not another blossom appeared on the tree, and, as Tim Bunker said, 'it set me a thinking,' and I came to the conclusion that the string was so tight that it prevented the sap returning to the roots; consequently it formed fruit buds. Having a couple of pear trees that were large enough to bear, but had never blossomed, I took a coarse twine and wound it several times around the tree above the lower limbs, and tied it as tight as I could. The next Spring all the top above the cord blossomed as white as a sheet, and there was not one blossom below where the cord was tied. A neighbor, seeing my trees loaded with pears, used this method with the same result. I have since tried the experiment on several trees, almost with the same result. I think it a much better way than cutting off the roots. In early Summer, say June or July, wind a strong twine several times around the tree, or a single limb, and tie it, the tighter the better, and you will be pleased with the result; the next Winter or Spring the cord may be taken off."

GOOD TOMATOES.—To have good tomatoes one must first secure strong, healthy plants, and this cannot be done in poor land. They will "run to vines" at first, but the tips should be pinched, and the fruit will follow; and such fruit as exhausted soil never can produce. And persons who permits the vines to lay on the ground cannot reasonably count on securing the best results. Try the plan of little trellises, no matter how rough or homely; the extra crop will more than repay the trouble. Thus shall you raise tomatoes in a double sense.

HULLESS OATS.—These oats are offered to farmers at $1 per pound. It is asserted that they "originated by hybridizing the California Wild Oat with the old-fashioned English oat." This is not only improbable, it is probably untrue. Besides, these oats have been grown in Europe and in this country for fifty years or more. It is a scheme to pluck farmers' pockets, and we warn our readers of the comparatively worthless character of these hulless oats based upon experience with them.

A Mrs. Canfield, of Bridgewater, England, has a child eight weeks old that only weighs two pounds and a quarter, its weight at birth being a pound and a half. It is perfectly formed, but its mouth is so small that it has to be fed by a special apparatus. It would be providential in these hard times if most specimens of the coming race were born with the like small eating and drinking apparatus.

"WHERE'S the molasses, Bill?" said a red-haired woman sharply to her son, who had returned with an empty jug. "None in the city, mother. Every grocery has a board outside, with letters chalked on it, 'N. O. Molasses.'"

TWO MOONS IN ONE MONTH.—August will have two moons, one on the 1st and the other on the 30th of the month. This is an unusual occurrence, not having occurred before since about 1858.

Sore Throat.

AN ARTICLE TO BE READ CAREFULLY BY EVERY ONE.

Cold manifests itself differently in different people. In some it produces fever and pain in the limbs, in others catarrh, in still others sore throats. Whatever part of the system is the weakest will be attacked by the cold.

A large proportion of cases of deafness comes from neglected sore throat. This is because of the intimate connection between the throat and the ear by means of the eustachian tube. Hence the importance of keeping the throat in a healthful condition. The tendencies of sore throat are to the worse and not to the better;—hence any affection of this part of the body should receive prompt attention. In cases of ordinary sore throat, the simplest and best treatment is the wet pack, using a linen cloth wrung from cold water, and over this a knit or crotcheted yarn band, four feet long and four inches wide. Apply this two or three nights in succession, unless it is a very serious case, when the pack should be kept on during the day. If taken off in the morning, wash the throat in very cold water, rub dry with a coarse towel and with the hand. This will prevent taken more cold.

Mucous membranes have three kinds of inflammation—catarrhal, croupous, and diptheritic. Everybody knows how the first appears; in the croupous a liquid is poured out which collects on the outer surface of the mucous coat, and forms a membrane which can be peeled off or removed without injury to the mucous coat beneath it. In the diptheiritic the liquid poured out infiltrates itself into the mucous membrane, and if forcibly removed leaves the mucous coat raw and sore. Diptheria is blood poison. The patient complains of feeling stupid; the angle of the throat swells; there is likely to be more or less nasal catarrh; there appears in the throat patches looking like dirty-wash leather, which, being removed, leave a raw spot; the odor of this exudation is offensive, but the disease is not usually contagious unless the exudation comes in contact with the mucous membrane of another individual.—Hence the greatest care should be taken that no towel or drinking vessel or spoon used by the patient touches the lips of any other person. Croup is inflammation of the larynx and usually attacks the patient in the night. The membrane is formed in larynx, is white, and extends each way up and down. In diptheria it forms in the throat and extends downward.

The food of a patient suffering from diptheria cannot be too nutritious and stimulating. All physicians agree in this. There is nothing better for the patient than beef or tea, made by putting a pound or two of tenderloin into a glass or can, or bottle, sealing it tightly and immersing in water, gradually raised to the boiling point, and kept there until the juices of the meat are extracted. Give as much of this as the patient will take.

Risen From the Dead.

On Wednesday last an event occurred at the house of August Sink, the well-known hotel proprietor at Grand Trunk Junction, which created an intense excitement. Last Monday a little child of Edward Dwyer, an engineer in the employ of the Michigan Central Railroad Company, died, apparently, and the funeral was set for Wednesday. The body was laid out in the usual manner. A shroud was made for it and all other preparations made for the funeral, even the engaging of carriages were completed. Just before the time for the funeral services to commence on Wednesday the attendants were suddenly startled by a sharp cry, and to their momentary horror and consternation the babe for whose death they had sorrowed two days, was seen to move. Instantly all was excitement in the house. Grief was changed to rejoicing for one risen, as it were, from the dead, and the news of the strange event went abroad as on the wings of lightning. The neighbors flocked to see the child thus providentially returned from the very grave, and all that day the wonderous tidings were carried from house to house. The joy of the father and mother cannot be told. The fulness of their hearts will be measureably understood by the fathers and mothers who have put away their little ones in the earth forever.

Ancient Wheat.

I have before me, says a writer, heads of wheat grown on the eastern side of the Mississippi, within ten miles of Memphis, from grains taken from an ancient Egyptian sarcophagus sent some years ago by the American Consul at Alexandria to the patent office at Washington. The stalks and leaves are very like those of Indian corn, though smaller, and the heads or grain like that of sorghum or broom corn. Strange but true it is that this very wheat, degenerate but perfect in all its incidents, still grows among the weeds and grass that cover mounds in the lowlands eighteen miles west of Memphis. How many centuries since these kindred products of Egyptian agriculture were separated, the one to move slowly, perhaps with nomadic tribes, around the globe, crossing Asia and the Pacific; and the other moving west, in our time, across the Atlantic, and both growing green even here, in the year of our Lord, 1874, beneath the shadows of another Memphis on the shores of another Nile? The same writer says that the same race of people cultivated the same crops and garnered them in the same peculiar manner many and many a century ago.

THE SPIRIT'S INQUIRY.

Oft the sinking spirit asks,
When oppressed on every side,
Am I able for the task?
Why am I so sorely tried?
Will my Heavenly Father guide,
Land me safe on Canaan's side?

When my cup with grief o'erflows;
When I feel the sting of sin,
All my friends are turned to foes,
Will my Saviour take me in?
Will, oh will my Father guide,
Land me safe on Canaan's side?

Will he lead me through the waters,
When on stormy seas I ride,
Sweetly whisper, "peace be still,
I am standing by thy side?"
Will my loving Saviour guide,
Land me safe on Canaan's side?

Will he help me to endure,
Give me strength my cross to bear,
Will He make His promise sure
That His glory I may share?
Will my precious Saviour guide,
Land me safe on Canaan's side?

THE REPLY.

Lo! I hear a gentle whisper;
'Tis my Saviour's loving voice,
In my heart it softly lingers,
Saying, "Make my path your choice.
Only trust, look up and wait,
I'll receive you at the gate.

"I know every cross you bear:
Once for you to intercede
Greater sorrow I did share;
Still at his right hand I plead.
Only trust, look up and wait,
I'll receive you at the gate.

"I will lead you, I will guide you
Safe through every stormy blast,
And with outstretched arms receive you,
To my Heavenly home at last.
Only trust, look up and wait,
I'll receive you at the gate.

"Then be calm, poor troubled spirit,
Lean your head upon my breast;
You my kingdom shall inherit,
You shall find the promised rest.
Only trust, look up and wait,
I'll receive you at the gate."

A Silk-Lined House.

I heard two little boys down by the brook to-day, talking about their fathers' houses, and boasting how grand they were. Johnny said his house had a velvet carpet in the parlor, and lace curtains at the windows. Willie said his house had splendid glass chandeliers, that sparkled like diamonds; and the walls were beautifully painted. I thought I would like to tell them about a house very much more wonderful than those they lived in, because it is builded by a small insect.

This house is made by a kind of a spider that lives in California, and is called the mason-spider. His house is very marvelous for such a little fellow to make all by himself, without any hammer, or saw, or trowel, or axe, or nails, or plaster, or any such thing as men use in building; and yet his mansion is fit for a little queen; for it is lined throughout with white silk?

This spider's house is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and is built of a sort of red clay, almost as handsome as the brown stone they are so proud of in New York city. It is cylindrical in shape. The top opens with a little trap-door, which is fastened with a hinge, and shuts of itself.—The door and inside are lined with the most delicate white silk, finer than the costliest dress ever worn by a lady.

Mr. Spider builds his house in some crevice, or bores a cylindrical hole in the clay, so that all is concealed from view except this tiny trap-door. When he sees an enemy approaching, he runs quickly to his silk-lined house, swings open the little door shuts tightly after him, holds it firmly by placing his claws in two openings in the white silk-lining of the door, just large enough to admit his little hands or feet, whichever you choose to call them; and here, nestling in his luxurious retreat, he bids defiance to all intruders.

I heard all about this spider from a gentleman who had been to California, and had brought home one of these red-clay, silk-lined houses. He was showing it to some children as they were walking near me. I wish you all could have seen it.—*S. Nicholas for March.*

What Illinois Wives Can Do.

The married women of Illinois acquired by the law of 1874 the right to do almost everything. They can sue and be sued in their own names. They can—blessed privilege—sue their own particular tyrants.—When a husband deserts his wife, the latter has the custody of her children. If the husband stays out of the State a year and does nothing to support the wife during that time, or if he is imprisoned in the penitentiary, the wife can, upon obtaining an order from a court of record, manage his property absolutely. The wife is not at all liable for the husband's debts incurred before marriage, and in only exceptional circumstances for those incurred afterward. She can manage any business independently, except in a case of partnership, which she cannot enter without her husband's consent. A wife's earnings cannot be touched by her husband or his creditors. A married woman can acquire, possess, and sell real and personal property as freely as a married man can. The list of abilities is expected to be largely increased the present year—so as to include suffrage and other incidentals.

A Cure for Lock Jaw.

In the course of the Cantor lectures, recently delivered before the British Society of Arts by Dr. Benjamin Richardson, the following deeply important remarks were made upon nitrite of Amyl: One of these specimens, I mean the nitrite of Amyl, has within these last few years obtained a remarkable importance, owing to the extraordinary action upon the body. A distinguished chemist, Prfessor Guthrie, while distilling over nitrite of amyl from amylic alcohol, observed that the vapor, when inhaled, quickened his circulation, and made him feel as if he had been running. There was flushing of his face, rapid action of his heart, and breathlessness. In 1861-62 I made a careful and prolonged study of the action of this singular body, and discovered that it produced its effects by causing an extreme relaxation, first of the blood vessels, and afterward of the muscular fibres of the body. To such an extent did this agent thus relax, I found it would even overcome the tenanic spasm produced by strychnia, and having thus discovered its action, I ventured to propose its use for removing the spasm in some of the extremest spasmodic diseases. The results have more than realized my expectations. Under the influence of this agent, one of the most agonizing of known human maladies, called angina pectoris, has been brought under such control that the paroxysms have been regularly prevented, and in one instance, at least, altogether removed.—Even tetanus, or lock-jaw, has been subdued by it, and in two instances, of an extreme kind, so effectively as to warrant the credit of what may be truly called a cure.

A Great Farmer in Georgia.

Col. Lee Jorden owns and cultivates 20,000 acres, the original cost of which was $450,000. He has 800 laborers, but is gradually adopting the tenant system. Six overseers superintend the plantations, and raise from 1,400 to 2,000 bales of cotton. No fertilizers are used, as Col. Jorden believes then to be productive of caterpillars. Formerly he spent $12,000 per annum in guanos and phosphate, but now he makes his own manure. Dr. H. H. Coleman does the practice of the plantation on the following plan:

He assesses each head of a family $3 a year whether he is sick or not; and thus, by taxing each man lightly it is made burdensome to none. He is a good physician, and says that it is the healthiest country he ever saw. Only two adults died last year out of over a thousand souls. Preaching is done on the same plan. There is a negro preacher on $8,000 salary, who rides about the country in his two horse buggy, as fat as a bishop and as happy as a prince. He charges three dollar a head for dealing out salvation the year round, and, with a membership of 1,500 never gets less than $3,000 per annum out of the place. He is a Republican, but sticks to the Gospel with a fervor that only such a salary could inspire.—*Atlanta Herald.*

A Singular Dream and its Strange Fulfillment.

The following curious dream and its prophetic fulfillment may serve to interest those who are curious as regards promonitions and presentments of death. A lady of the first respectability vouches for the truth of the story, and from the high character of the parties we have not the least hesitation in publishing it as a fact. Not more than a month ago our lady informant's mother dreamed that she was on a visit at her father's house in Baltimore.—While there her father called her into an unoccupied room containing only two sombre looking coffins. She asked him why he kept such mournful reminders of the end of man in his house, and for whom they were intended? His only reply, as he pointed to the coffins, was "one is for me and the other for you." There was nothing of the usual feeling of terror produced by such dreams experienced by the lady on this occasion, and the dream made little impression on her mind at the time. But a week scarcely elapsed before she was summoned to the death-bed of her father, and on Sunday last she joined him in the spirit world.—*Cumberland* (Md.) *Times, March* 19.

Their Dying Words.

Under the head of "Dying Words of Pious Women,' a religious journal gives the following: "Oh, those rays of glory!' said Mrs. Clarkson, when dying. "My God, I come flying to thee!' said Lady Alice Lucy. Lady Hastings said: "Oh, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!' Beautiful the expression of the dying poetess, Mrs. Hemans: "I feel as if I were sitting with Mary at the feet of my Redeemer, hearing the music of his voice, and learning of him to be meek and lowly. Hannah More's last words were, "Wel' come joy!' "Oh, sweet, dying!' said Mrst Talbot, of Reading. "If this be dying, said Lady Glenorchy, "It is the pleasantes thing imaginable.' "Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!' said Grace Bennet, one of the early Methodists. "I shall go to my Father this evening,' said Lady Huntingdon. The dying injunction of the mother of Wesley was, "Children, when I am gone, sing a song of praise to God!' To the above may be added the last words of Mrs. Manchester, who died recently in Pittsburg, aged one hundred and five years. She said, while dying: "I was afraid God had forgotten me, he has left me in this world of sorrow for so long.'

HE who by the plow would thrive, himself must either hold or drive.—*Franklin.*