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Poetry.

From the Middletown Transcript.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY M. A KIDDER.

A gentle voice, a heartfelt sigh,
A modest blush, a speaking eye,
A manner unaffected, free;
These things are beautiful to me.

A ready hand, a loving heart,
A sympathy that's free from art,
A *real* friend among the few
These things are beautiful and true.

A mother's prayer, an answer mild,
An aged sire, a little child,
A happy home, a cheerful hearth;
These things are beautiful on earth.

A joyful sound, a chorus sweet,
An earnest soul, and willing feet,
A day of peace, a night of rest,
These things are beautiful and blest.

A sister's love, a brother's care,
A spotless name, a jewel rare,
A cleanly tongue, that will not lie;
These things are beautiful—and why?

Because they are all born of love,
And emanate from God above;
An earnest of the heavenly birth,
These things are beautiful on earth.

The Editor's Courtship.

The editor had lighted his cigar just as the level light glimmering through his by no means immaculate "sanctum' window, indicated that the glorious orb of day, somewhat obscured in fog and metropolitan smoke, was about to disappear behind, not exactly the western hills, but what came to the same thing: in a city, the western roofs and chimney tops.

Karl Rubens, editor of the "Weekly Shiner,' was a tall, bright-looking man of thirty years, one of those individuals whose very face and features indicate that they are born to conquer destiny. He had been very successful through life, but it was because he had demanded success with a courageous persistency that would not be denied. Browphaired, with careless, wavy locks, drooping low upon his forehead, and dark-brown eyes, verging upon black, he was not handsome, yet the eye rested with pleasure upon his face, and his light editorial coat, somewhat worn on the elbows and shiny at the seams, and the velvet cap, tasselled and braided with gold, he looked every inch the chivalrous and frank-hearted American. Or we might phrase it gentlemen, did we not secretly believe that the former title is far the nobler and most comprehensive of the two.

As we said before, Mr. Rubens was just drawing the first fragrant inhalation of his imported Havana (Karl was particular in choice of his cigars,) when the door opened softly, and a beautiful young lady rustled in. A young lady whom he had met a score of times in the gas-lighted drawing-rooms of 'society,' whose beauty he had worshiped afar off, and whom he unconsciously associated in his mind with diamonds, pearly silks and tulle draperies, looped up with hothouse flowers.

He started up, coloring, and thrusting his weed behind a pile of 'encyclopedias.' 'Miss Ainslie!'

"Am I interrupting you, Mr. Rubens?' she asked softly.

"Interrupting me? Not the least in the world; in fact I feel very much honored by—by—please take a seat.'

And Karl tipped a heap of unscissored newspapers off the nearest chair, drew it eagerly forward. Blanche Ainslie sat down, her pale-blue silk dress subsiding round her like billows of a sapphire sea.

Miss Blanche Anslie was very handsome, with azure eyes, and bright chestnut-brown hair, while her complexion, although rather pale, was clear as ivory, and her features were as delicate as if she had been a Greek girl in the days of old Praxiteles.

While Karl unconsciously noted these things in his mind he was marveling inwardly what lucky chance had procured him this visit. Did she mean to invite him to one of the soirees of her uncles the rich old broker, or was some surprise party on the tapis, too exclusive for the ordinary medium of cards or scented paper? For Mr. Rubens rather prided himself upon the entree he was beginning to gain within the enchanted portals of New York society.—Almost at the same moment Blanche looked up.

"You are wondering what brings me here,' she said, half smiling.

"Whatever, it was, I can but thank the opportunity,' Karl answered, with prompt gallantry, although he could feel the tell tale blood rising to his cheek.

"And I may as well tell you the whole truth at once,' said Blanche, her voice faltering slightly, and two red spots glowing out upon her temples. "My uncle George failed last week—and we are going to be very poor.'

"Failed!" echoed Karl. 'Surely it cannot be possible—at least—that is, I had not heard of it!'

"It is true, nevertheless,' said Miss Ainslie; "and all the world will hear of it but too soon. And Mr. Rubens,' she added in a lower and more hesitating voice, I must do something for my support—either teach sew, play compaion to a sick lady, or earn my living in some way not unbefitting a gentleman's daughter; and I have concluded to try and write for the papers.'

"Indeed! said Karl, not knowing what else to say.

"Will you give me a chance in the columns of the Shiner?' she asked with evident effort. "I believe I could write as good stories as some of those you publish and pay for.

Mr. Rubens was sorely puzzled what to say. How could he tell this pretty creature sitting there before him, in the halo of her youth and beauty and high social position, that she could no more hope to succeed as a sketch writer than a man could expect to build a house or construct a steam engine without an hour of practice or experience? Had she been a shabby, spectacled old lady, or a middle aged female, with cotton gloves and high cheek bones, it would have been easy enough.—As it was, her blue eyes shining wistfully into his, seemed to paralyze the very nerves of his tongue.

"I have got a little story here,' went on Blanche, producing a neatly folded packet, which I have worked very hard upon, and—if you would kindly look at it, and give me your unprejudiced opinion——.'

"Certainly,' said Karl, recovering his self-possession, and bowing as he took the packet.

"There are some more verses, too,' said Blanche reddening, "and a little essay or two, written as spicily as possible. Shall I come to-morrow and get your opinion?'

"By no means,' said Mr. Rubens politely. "I will not trouble you to come down to this unfashionable locality. If you will allow me to call and see you——

"I shall be so much obliged!" said Miss Ainslie, eagerly, and Karl knew that she meant it.

Blanche Ainslie went away, leaving an intangible little scent of ottar of roses behind her—and the sun dipped down behind the chimney tops, and the sanctum became dark and gloomy all at once.

"How pretty she is!" Karl Rubens thought, "but, pshaw! the idea of her writing for the papers! Poor child, how little idea she has of the life that lies before her. However, I will take the papers to Di, and see what she has to say about them.'

Miss Diana Rubens was a strongminded young lady of a certain age, who read Carlyle, translated Hebrew; kept house for her brother, and did nearly as much of the 'heavy-work' of the Weekly Shiner as did the editor himself.

"Fiddlesticks!" said Miss Diana, as her brother, over his evening cup of tea, tossed the manuscript towards her and related his story—"Little Blanche Ainslie could no more write for the paper than my canary! But every woman thinks she's a born authores, and nothing but personal experience will grind the idea out of them!"

Then Miss Diana read the neatly written pages one by one.

"Scented with roses,' she said scornfully.

"Stuff and nonsense!"

"Well,' said Karl, at last, looking up from his own writing, as Miss Danan laid the packet down with a loud 'hem!' which signified the completion of her task.

"Fiddlesticks!" was the brief yet significant reply.

Karl rubbed his nose with the end of his penstick, evidently a little disappointed.

"You think they won't do?' said he.

"Of course they won't,' said Miss Di. "Dishwater and adjectives—trash and sentiment—what are the girls thinking of now a-days? If she had sent me a few good table receipts now, or a way of cleaning marble, or taking out mildew; but an impossible love story, with the hero on stilts, and the heroine mere milk-and-water.—Pshaw!"

"Poor child!" said Karl, compassionately—but he never once thought of an appeal from his sister's verdict.

"And she was so sure of success!"

"They always are!" said Miss Di.

Karl Rubens was a little provoked at his stong-minded sister, but he remembered, as a palliating circumstance that Miss Diana had never seen Miss Blanche Ainslie.

The editor did not sleep very sound that night. He could not help thinking of the beautiful girl so suddenly reduced from luxury and wealth to utter poverty, and when at last he fell asleep, it was to dream of blue eyes, and chestnut hair braided with shifting lights of gold.

Karl had always admired his broker's pretty nice from a respectful distance.—Now it seemed as if she were fairer and more attractive than ever. In fact our editor, although he was fully aware of it himself, was hovering dangerously near the magic ground of love.

He called at Miss Ainslie's the next evening with the condemned manuscript in his pocket, and I do believe had he not stood in righteous fear of his strong-minded sister diana, he would have told Miss Ainslie that her productions were accepted and secretely burned them on his sanctum fire. As it was, it was too late for any such sly system of double dealing.

Blanche was at home sitting among the splendor that was to be hers so brief a time now, and her bright, upward look, as he entered, went to his very heart.

"I feel like Crookback Richards,' he thought, "going to murder the innocent little princes in the Tower.'

And when told her, as gently as he could that the stories and poetry would not pass master, she burst into tears.

Mr. Rubens could not endure those bright sparkling drops.

"Blanche!" he faltered, "don't cry.—Dear Blanche, it is not worth it.'

And before they parted that evening, Blanche Ainslie had half promised to consider the possibility of accepting the editor's love, since the editor could not accept her contributions.

"The idea of supporting yourself is very ridiculous,' said Karl. "It is a great deal better to let me support you.

And so Blanche Ainslie became an editor's wife, and the happiest of little matrons, and Karl keeps the little packet that was "respectfully declined" to this day.

The Agricultural Report.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS—SURPLUS CROPS—CLOVER.

From advance sheets of the report of the commissioner of agriculture we select the following interesting items:

Though half of the counties in the United States are cultivated almost literally without fertilizers of any sort, and another fourth with the causual aid of green manuring, or a little lime, or plaster, or cotton seed, or a "cow-penned" lot, or some trifling saving of farm-yard manure, it is still true the practice of systematic fertilization is increasing. It is not only increasing, but is followed with a better adaptation of means to ends, and with a superior economy in the choice of material.

As to commercial fertilizers farmers, generally appreciate their value for specific uses; acknowledge their utility in supplying lacking material for plant-growth; accord to them a positive value in hastening growth and maturity, but persist in the opinion that there is fraud in the manipulation of some kinds, and that the genuine are held at too a high price. They know that for the regular uses of farm fertilization they can obtain the needed elements at a cheaper rate. Reports from Maryland as to the use of commercial fertilizers are as follows:

Queen Anne's county reports that there are used freely, principally superphosphates, in the wheat crop, and that even when wheat is low they pay well, as they will double the succeeding crop; Charles, that 90 per cent. of all fertilizers are commercial, and are specially profitable on the after-crop of clover for improvement of land; Calvert, 60 per cent., mostly Peruvian guano and superphosphates, and profitable for the tobacco crop; Montgomery, also 60 per cent., and Caroline 50, and profitable in both; Harford, that they are the principal fertilizers used, by far the largest part being bone dust, and deemed profitable at about $42 per ton; Carroll, that bone fertilizers are profitable, but none others; Washington, that bone fertilizers are profitable on all soils. On the other hand, in Worcester, though 67 per cent. of all fertilizers are commercial, they are deemed unprofitable—"in many instances the result has been injurious to the land and disastrous to its cultivator;" in Talbot, though the chief reliance is on them, they are "not always profitable;" in Prince George's, about 10 per cent. of the fertilizers are commercial, chiefly used on tobacco, but now so adulterated as not to be profitable; and in Cecil the price is found too high to admit of much profit.

Many examples are given of the renovation of worn and apparently worthless soils, and the increase of fertility in fresh but unpromising lands. Fields that have been cultivated exhaustively for twenty and even forty years have been restored to original productiveness, not by guanos and superphosphates, at $60 to 80 per ton, but by inexpensive local sources, the cheapest and most reliable of which is found in clovering. In one case in Butler county, Pa., a section of thin, gravelly land, on which it was thought no one could secure a decent living, came into the possession of German immigrants at nominal rates. They cleared off the brush, plowed, cultivated, turned under green crops; saved every fertilizing material available; never duplicated a crop in five or six years' rotation, and that tract is now a garden, and from worthlessness has advanced to the value of $100 per acre, and is yearly becoming more productive. In the South, a region which many Northern writers on agriculture assume most erroneously to be unsuited to grass culture, and which Southern farmers have strangely neglected as a meat-producing section for obvious reasons, a new era is dawning, and clover and orchard-grass are in many places found to be sources of immediate and heavy profit, and of greatly increased fertility. In light lands of more torrid temperature the cow-pea performs quickly and inexpensively the work of amelioration assigned to red clover in argillaceous soils. It is a plant literally worth millions to the South; possibly as good an ammonia gatherer as clover; perhaps equally as good for fattening swine, and grown with greater facility in poorer soils. This investigation presents prominently three suggestive points: First, the use of fertilizers is becoming more general and more discriminating; second, few, if any, soils in the country are so rich that they cannot be made more productive by judicious fertilization; third, farm-yard manures are the best for general use; green-manuring is the cheapest means of soil renovation, and commercial fertilizers are useful for quick results and for specific purposes.

The surplus crops of Delaware is largely fruit and vegetables; Sussex, the southern county, though exclusively agricultural, imports half its flour supplies.

Tobacco is the surplus product of Maryland agriculture, nearly all going out of the State. The counties producing the bulk of the crop are Anne Arundel, Calvert, Charles, Prince George's and St. Mary's. The Eastern Shore counties, lying west and south of the Delaware and east of the Chesapeake, ship largely of peaches and sweet potatoes. It is the surest peach section of the country. The cash-bringing product of Montgomery is hay; of Washington, wheat; of Frederick, wheat and corn.—Mixed farming prevails in all the counties of Western Maryland to the Alleghanies. Frederick, Harford, Baltimore, Carroll, Cecil and Washington are most extensively interested in stock-raising.

The principal surplus of Virginia is tobacco, which is grown more or less in nearly all the counties, but extensively for shipments only in counties east of the Blue Ridge and in the southern portion of the State. The great wheat region is in the Shenandoah valley and the slopes of the Blue Ridge in Northern Virginia. Princess Anne and Norfolk are truck patches for the Western market. Cotton is grown in Prince George, Sussex and Rappahannock to a limited extent, and a few bales in several other southern counties. In Prince George wheat formerly exceeded in value all other crops, but rust so prevails that it is now confined to the banks of the James river, and cotton, peanuts and winter oats are cultivated in its place. Wheat is drawn from the valley to Richmond, where it is manufactured into a superior quality of flour, of which 250,000 barrels annually are shipped to Rio Janeiro.

The use of clover as a fertilizer is extensive in Delaware, Virginia and Maryland, especially in Maryland. In Maryland clover and commercial fertilizers constitute about three-fifths of all used. The following extracts, from very full returns, afford specimens of prevailing processes and results:

Cecil.—After mowing and pasturing, the sod is plowed under for corn, by which farms are very much improved. Mine yields double, perhaps threefold, what it did twenty years ago. Dorchester—Generally the first crop is cut for hay, then pasture till time for the stock to come to the barn; then plow under for corn; the best fertilizer we can get for that, and tells on the wheat crop which comes after. Charles—Generally practiced; the first crop allowed to fall to the ground, as a cover, instead of turning it under, because regarded as preferable for its fertilizing effects. Have reclaimed an old wornout field by using Turner's Excelsior, at the rate of 200 pounds per acre, a good stand of wheat and clover, the latter allowed to fall on the land, not grazed. The following year the increase of corn was threefold, the season not being very favorable. Clover is wholly regarded as the cheapest and most permanent fertilizer. Carroll—The full crop turned under for wheat considered by some as equal to a good coat of barnyard manure. Queen Anne's—On nine-tenths of our arable land red clover is almost invariably sown to succeed the wheat and oat crops. This clover is generally pastured the second summer, and if not left over is fallowed in August for wheat. We consider a good clover lay the best fertilizer for a wheat crop. If the ground is well prepared, and a moderate amount of superphosphates drilled in with the wheat to give an early start, a good crop, say twenty to twenty-five bushels per acre, is the almost certain result. Red clover is to us what the turnip crop is to England. Calvert—The full crop seldom turned under; the usual practice to turn stock on the second year when the clover is in full bloom; the stock trample most of it under foot, and it is plowed under the following spring.—This system is considered quite improving to the soil. Some years ago I had an odd corner of five acres, thoroughly exhausted and dead-poor. I plowed the land, harrowed in commercial fertilizers at the rate of 400 pounds per acre, and planted in corn. The season was favorable, and the crop forty bushels per acre, which paid for fertilizers and left a handsome profit. I followed the corn with wheat, drilling an additional 200 pounds of phosphate per acre. The wheat crop did not pay expenses, but the succeeding crop of clover was unusually heavy. This was flushed the second summer, and wheat drilled in, with 200 pounds of phosphate. The result was a crop twenty-two bushels per acre—worth more than the land would have sold for a few years before. I have since kept up the use of clover and phosphates upon that piece, without applying farm-yard manure or lime, and it is now as productive as any land I have.

From Virginia forty-four out of fifty-four county returns note the practice, either with clover or peas, but in a large majority of instances the extent is very limited. These returns bear concurrent testimony to profitable results to both soil and succeeding crop. In Henrico the green crop is not turned under, because the hay brings so high a price in the city, and farmers think they cannot afford to wait for the results of plowing under.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—We have read about two hundred and fifty methods, or rather references to the way "scratches" in horses should be treated. But there is no danger of the scratches if horses are treated properly. Dirty stall, and long standing in mud, and especially in clay stalls, and a neglect to wash daily the feet of the animal, are what produces this disease, sometimes leading to 'quarter crack' and greatly diminishing his usefulness and value. But when, from any cause, the scratches do come, among the many curatives is a thick paste of gunpowder, well pulverized, two parts, and common salt one part, diluted in strong vinegar, and rub two or three times daily, first thoroughly washing with castile soap and water.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

"Father Forgive Them."

BY "LITTLE ONE."

When I was about ten years of age I was sent by my parents to the Moravine Seminary, of Bethlehem, Pa., and the incident I am going to relate took place in my presence.

It was near the Fourth of July and one of the little girls had received a box from home containing sundry good things, and among other articles was a package of small torpedoes which had just to be thrown on the floor in order to explode with a loud noise.

During recitation that afternoon Katie Marr threw one in such a manner as to go off under Sivilla Lyon's desk. All of us screamed and when asked by Miss Benade as to who threw it, all positively denied it but Silvilla who would neither admit nor deny it, and finally was severely punished for her obstinacy in refusing an answer.

During recess when the girls got together again alone,—the real delinquent asked: "Why didn't you deny it Sil?'

"Because I knew it was done by one of us, and one of us must have lied."

"Then why not just up and say that I did it?' said Katie.

"Because you all said you did not do it, and as I was asked last of all, I thought I would spare the liar.'

Katie's heart melted—Sivilla's moral gallantry subdued her. When school once more resumed, Katie marched straight up to the platform, with her golden hair streaming over her shoulders, and her violet eyes brim-full of tears, and with lips quivering with emotion, and cheeks scarlet with excitement: "Please, Miss Benade, I can't bear to be a liar. I fired the torpedo,' and burst into tears.

Miss Benade's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the unmerited punishment she had inflicted upon her school smote her conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if they paired in the confession, the mistress walked down to where Sivilla sat, and said aloud:

"My sweet child—Katie and I beg your pardon, for we are both to blame.'

The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when anything true and noble is being done—so still, they might have heard Sivilla's big tears drop proudly on her copy book, as she sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued her as well as the rest; and when Miss Benade turned to Katie and said: "My poor sinful child what shall I do to make you remember never to do so again,' Sivilla sprang to her feet and said, "Dear teacher our Saviour said 'Father forgive them,' and now I say oh my teacher forgive her.'

The glorious shout of all the scholars filled the mild-eyed woman's eyes with something moist, which caused her to wipe them before she resumed her chair.—*Frederick Examiner.*

An Industrious Georgia Girl.

There is a family in Jones county consisting of a gentleman and his wife, both very old and infirm, and a maiden daughter. The family is entirely a respectable one, but the fortunes of war and other adverse circumstances have reduced their means of subsistance down to the possession of a moderate sized farm of poor land. This the old man tried to manage and cultivate in order to make a livelihood for his old wife and one daughter. In this he failed, and year by year affairs were growing worse with him, and he saw that he should have to give up the battle and that, too, without having any one upon whom he could rely for support in his declining years.

The daughter was among the first to devine the state of affairs. She saw her father was too old to longer contend with the world for means of subsistance. Her mother was also aged and not able to lend a helping hand, and she knew that if any relief were to come to them it must come through her. She thought the matter over in a practical way, and in a daughterly manner made up her mind that her old parents could not suffer for anything while she had the strength to labor for them.

Her mind was no sooner made up than she went to work with a womanly energy, but not in a woman's sphere. She did not go to the school-house, nor to the music room, nor into a millinary establishment, but she went into the field and put her hand to the plow and looked not back.—Day in and day out, in fair weather and foul, in heat and in cold, she clung to her self-imposed duty. Though sometimes when the day's work was ended, she was too weary and sore, almost to drag herself to the house, her courage never forsook her; but she toiled on, month after month, until now she is reaping her reward in finding herself competent to make comfortable the last days of her parents. A bale of cotton raised by her sold at one of the warehouses in Macon, Georgia; and if its market value had been fixed according to the moral worth of the producer, the product would have yielded her a competency for life.

Men may prate heroism upon the battlefield in time of danger, but there is no heroism that sarpasses the heroism of this woman. All honor to her! The earth ought to yield most generously where broken by the furrows of her plow.—*Macon Telegraph.*

"SHALL I cut this loin of mutton saddle wise?" said a gentleman. "No," said one of his guests, cut it bridle-wise, for then I may have a chance to get a bit in my mouth.

COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

We may have courage, all of us,
To start at honor's call,
To meet a foe, protect a friend,
Or face a cannon ball;
To show the world one hero lives—
The foremost in the fight—
But do we always manifest
The courage to do right?

To answer No, with steady breath,
And quick, unfaltering tongue,
When fierce temptation, ever near,
Her syren song has sung?
To care not for the bantering tone,
The jest or studied slight;
Content if we can only have
The courage to do right?

To step aside from fashion's course,
Or custom's favored plan,
To pluck an outcast from the street,
Or help a fellow-man?
If not, then let us nobly try,
Henceforth, with all our might,
In every case to muster up
The courage to do right.

Respect to Parents.

Respect to aged persons is one of the virtues. There is no period in life when our parents do not claim our attention, love, and warmest affection. From youth to manhood, from middle to riper years, if our parents survive, it should be constant study how we may best promote their welfare and happiness and smooth the pillow of their declining years. Nothing better recommends an individual than his attention to his parents. There are such dutiful children; men whose high ambition seems the promotion of their fathers and mothers. They watch over them with unwearied care—supply all their wants, and by their devotion and kindness remove all care and sorrow from their hearts. On the contrary there are others, who seem never to bestow a thought upon their parents, and to care but little whether they are situated comfortably or not. By their conduct they increase their cares, embitter their lives and bring their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Selfishness has steeled their hearts to the whispers of affection, and avarice denies to their parents those favors that would materially assist them in the downhill of life. Others, too, by a course of profligacy and vice, have drained to the very dregs their parents' cup of happiness, and made them anxious for death to release them from sufferings. Oh! how fearful must be the doom of those children who have thus embittered the lives of their best earthly friends. If there is a "world of woe beyond the precints of the tomb," surely they cannot escape its horrors.—There can be no happier reflection than that derived from the thought of having contributed all in our power to the comfort and happiness of our parents. When called away from our presence (which sooner or later may be,) the thought will be sweet, that our effort and our care smoothed their declining days, so that they depart in peace. If we were otherwise, if we denied them what their circumstances and necessaries required, and our hearts did not become like the neither millstone, our remorse must prove a thorn in our flesh, piercing us sharply, and filling our days with sorrow and regret.

Our Wants.

Said Thoreau, in a moment of true inspiration, "My wit is to want little." One might study social science for a century and not meet words so wise and so hopeful as these. For if we want much, we are sure of one thing only, and that is disappointment; but if we want little, it is in almost every man's power to find as much as will serve his real necessitics. If we strive to out-do our neighbor, we provoke a spirit of emulation,—and this carries us further and further on, into extravagance, overwork, envy, and sometimes, alas! over the border-line which separates honesty from dishonesty. But if we want little, with that little we are content, we thus shut and bar the doors against temptation.—And how curiously little we realy need!

Rest and a guide, food and fire,'

was the petition of Fitz James to Roderick Dhu, in "The Lady of the Lake." The line includes our chief needs. To be warmed and to be fed, and to be clothed so as to defy summer's heat and winter's cold—these are our necessities, and how little labor can compass them! We want books—yes, but one at a time is all we can read, and public libraries larger than any private ones are open to us. We want companions, and do we not find them in the books we read? What man ever talks so wisely as he writes when he puts the best of himself on paper? And we should have time enough to read—time for art and literature and charitable work—if only we could give over our striving after a certain conventional standard of gentility, and have the wit to want little.

NEW ENGLAND THRIFT.—When Benjamin Franklin made his will he left to the trustees of the cities of Boston and Philadelphia £1,000 each, to loan in small sums to married mechanics of the respective cities to assist them in starting in business, the interest to be compounded for one hundred years, at the termination of which the aggregate was to be devoted to public improvements. The thrifty Bostonians have made the amount $182,278, and on the centennial of Franklin's death, sixteen years hence, hope to have $408,300. The Philadelphia trustees had but $46,835 last January.

The Artic Portion of Michigan.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Journal*, writing from Eagle River, Keweenaw county, says: "The snow covers the ground here to the depth of seven feet.—The thermometer, during the last fifty days, has not been higher than fifteen degrees below, and has ranged from thirty to forty-eight degrees most of the time. In many instances people "tunnel" their way out from their houses. Windows are snowed under, but they must have light, and men and boys wrapped in their furs, with the snow two or three feet above their heads, work vigorously to obtain glimpses of the sky. In most sections the sledges glide along over the bridge of snow from four to six feet above the surface of the earth. In the village of Hancock the sleighs are drawn by horses whose feet do not come within six feet of the ground. They have a rolling machine to which is attached a kind of a plow, and with this they form a track and pack the snow so solid that men and horses can travel over it as securely as if on a city pavement. On Tuesday of last week a pedestrian, who was on his way to Hancock to obtain a deed for some land which he had purchased, froze to death within two miles of the city. Near Calumet another gentleman was so badly frozen that he was restored to consciousness only after the most patient and prolonged efforts upon the part of his friends. D. D. Brockway, one of the oldest and most respected residents of the Peninsular, states that during his long residence in this region he has never experience so cold a winter as the present. He has been obliged to wear three suits of underclothing to protect him from the frost, in common with others there who are necesssiated to wear three heavy coats if they venture out from their homes.

Manufacture of Razor Blades.

The celebrated razor blades produced by Rogers, of Sheffield, and which go to all parts of the civilized world, are forged out of bars of the very best highly carbonated cast steel, titled to about half of an inch in breadth, and of a thickness sufficient for the back of the razor. The blade is first moulded at the end of the porter-rod and then forged, and the edge being brought out, the concave surface is formed by working the side of the rounded edge of the anvil. It is then cut off, and the tang is either drawn out from the same material as the blade, or, if this be of superior quality, a piece of iron is welded to it. The steel used is of excellent quality, so as to undergo the beating necessary to produce the thinner part, while the back is left thick. Some of the workmen are so expert in forging the blade, that they will produce on the anvil an edge so sharp and even that it can be used for shaving after being whetted. After forging, the blade is smitten or beaten on an anvil, to render the metal as compact as possible. The blade is also slightly ground, or scorched, after the forging, on a coarse dry grit stone, to bring it to the shape required, and to remove the black scale or coating. The blade is next drilled for the joint, and stamped with the name, then hardened and tempered, and ground on a whetstone of from four to eight inches in diameter.

Pride at Funerals.

Gerrit Smith was in receipt of an annual income of, say, a hundred thousand dollars, he died in the city of New York; his family placed his remains in "a plain black walnut case, utterly devoid of ornament." Here is a family possessing wealth and refined taste. If there was ever in this absurd and ridiculous world an occasion when propriety and fitness of things forbids display, show, sham, it is when we are about to part forever, in this world, with one we have loved and esteemed. Yet how few of our village people would feel satisfied with the simple posies placed upon the coffin of a deceased child by the hands of sincere affection? If there be not wreaths, and crosses, and crowns, in all the most expensive flowers of the season, there is a suspicion of slight; to say nothing of the account in the newspapers which cost so much wear and tear of conscience to the tolerably honest reporter. A few such examples as this exhibited by the family of Gerrit Smith, will do something to repress a fashion which has immeasurably outgrown all warrant for its being.

Burning Iron.

The combustibility of iron is a chemical fact well known, but a Berlin experimenter has demonstrated the phenomenon in a manner peculiar to his own. He takes a straight bar magnet of some power, and sprinkles iron filings on one end of its poles. These fillings arrange themselves in accordance with the lines of magnetic force, and, however, closely they may appear to be packed, of course no two of the metallic filaments are paralled, and consequently a certain portion of air is enclosed, as in a metallic sponge. The flame of an ordinary spirit lamp or gas-burner readily ignites the finely divided iron, and it continues to burn most brilliantly for a considerable length of time, the combustion being, apparently, as natural and easy as that of an ordinary substance. If the experimenter with this operation stands on a slight elevation, and waves the magnet to and fro while burning, a most magnificent rain of fire is said to be produced.

HERE are three excellent reasons a Hagerstown man gave for attempting suicide: First—somebody said he was not a good Democrat. Second—He was afraid he would have to work this summer. Third—He could not get a wife.