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Poetry.

[FOR THE UNION.]

OUR LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

BY SALLIE CARLTON.

It is sad, when our loved-ones have faded around us,
Like flowers, that are nipt by the frost-king's cold breath;
To feel that the forms we have cherished so fondly,
Are chilled like the flowers, in the cold arms of death.

To know that no more, though we sail o'er life's ocean,
For years, 'ere we're called, to the beautiful shore;
That amid the rude storms of the earthly commotion,
Their sweet words of counsel, will cheer us no more.

We may clasp other hands, in the pleasure of meeting,
And look in bright eyes, with a wondering delight,
Yet oft the enjoyment of such pleasant greeting,
Will recall some loved form that is buried from sight.

We may listen to voices, in tenderness breathing,
Sweet words that may cheer in the darkness and gloom,
Of sorrow and sadness, yet oft will be stealing
Fond memories of voices, now hushed in the tomb.

We would not forget them; there's something so cheering,
As onward we move to the home of the blest,
In remembering, that each passing hour we are nearing,
The land where our loved-ones from weariness rest.

We miss, Oh! we miss them, yet joy in our sadness
Is blended, when death claims the pure ones in love,
We know that their hearts ever pulsate with gladness,
In the beautiful home of the blood-washed above.

Let us live for the good of humanity ever,
Nor sorrow too much for the friends gone before,
Since we can, if we will, meet again where our Father
Hath said that all parting forever is o'er.

MAPLETON, June 17th, 1875.

Miss Shippen's Fortune.

Said Mr. Shippen, rising in his bed a little:

'Mrs. Petting?'

'Yes, sir. Anything I can do for you sir?'

'Yes, Mrs. Petting; send for my niece.'

'Yes, sir. Right away, sir.'

'No. After I'm dead, for the funeral and the reading of the will.'

'La', sir! Dear me, sir! What a turn you gave me, Mr. Shippen! Surely, I hope—'

'Don't be nonsensical, if you please,' said Mr. Shippen. 'You know I'm going to die. You knew that when you came here to nurse me. Dr. Porten told me what was before me, point-blank, and knew me well enough to know it wouldn't scare me. I've made my will, set things right, and am all ready to go when my time comes. What I tell you to do is to send for Anna Maria Shippen, as soon as the breath is out of my body; I've left her something. Here, get a card. Write the name—Anna Maria Shippen, No.—— st., Hopkinsville; and don't forget to tell her I've left her something.'

'No, sir, I won't,' said Mrs. Petting, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

Then she wrote the address of Anna Maria Shippen on a card, put it in her pocket and very soon found an oppertunity to communicate the news to the landlady.

'Mr. Shippen has made Miss Shippen his heiress,' she said, stirring the broth for the invalid, in a little stew-pan, while the landlady looked on. 'Miss Anna Maria—he gave me her address awhile ago, and told me to send for her as soon as the breath was out of his body. Do you know her, Mrs. Smith?'

'I know her?' said Mrs. Smith. 'I should think I did, of all perked up, conceited creatures. And I thought he hated her; but there now, you can't ever tell, and I suppose, anyhow, as he don't want to see her before he dies, it's for the sake of relationship, not love. You see a man likes to leave money in his own family. How much did he say, Mrs. Petting?'

'He didn't mention the sum,' said Mrs. Petting. 'He's worth considerable, I suppose.'

'Oh, yes,' said Mrs. Smith—'at least two hundred thousand. Poor as he dressed, and going about with that big blue cotton umbrella with a string round it, and a brass knob on the end like a pair of tongs—only you never see a pair of tongs now a days, do you?—and that white hat of his, you know, with long hair on it, and although like a poor person, man'am. Indeed, many a poor person looks forty times as fine.—For all that, ma'am, two hundred thousand ain't by no means all he's worth. Dear me I wonder he never thought of marrying,' and Mrs. Smith looked at her round, pink face in the glass and settled her widow's cap. 'A wife of a suitable age, would have made quite a different man of him, and if he'd been taken off, as he seems to be going to be, she'd have had all that is going to this Anna Maria, no doubt. Well some people have luck, don't they, Mrs, Petting?'

'Yes,' said the nurse, with a sigh; 'but whatever you do, thank your stars you haven't been obliged to go out nursing.'

Then she poured the broth into a bowl and carried it up stairs. It was the last the poor invalid ever swallowed. He had always been an eccentric man, and about sunset he turned his face to the wall, said aloud in quite a strong voice:

'Well, here goes. Good luck to you, Sam Shippen, and a comfortable journey;' and gave one long sigh. Mrs. Petting ran to his bedside at once.

He was dead.

Before morning a note was in the post-office, addressed to Miss Shippen, informing her of her uncle's death, of his statement that he had left her something, and his wish that she should be present at the reading of the will, as well as at the funeral.

The answer was a telegram bearing these words:

'Expect me at once. ANN MARIA SHIPPEN.'

'We must get the best room ready for her,' said Mrs. Smith; 'heiresses ain't to be slighted, and I tell you, Mrs. Petting, that it would be a good idea for you to get into her good graces. An heiress is likely to marry, you know, and in a large family there's a deal of nursing to do. I drop the hint because you have your own living to get, and a good connexion is everything.'

'Indeed it is,' said Mrs. Petting.

The deceased man meanwhile lay at rest in the supper room, white and still, with his hands crossed on his breast, and a pleasanter smile than people who had known of him late had ever seen him wear upon his quiet face. Once, doubtless, he had been handsome and happy—a very different personage from the queer old bachelor, in his old attire, of whom people were now talking. Yet he had been generous to the poor and liberal to any one who worked for him and all his virtues had become prominent now that he was dead.

'I suppose he was attracted to that white hat and that blue umbrella,' said one. 'I'm sure it wasn't meanness that made him wear them. He was no miser.'

'And really,' said the paper man on the corner, 'I miss 'em going by, I do, though I used to laugh at 'em at first.'

'I think it's dignified for old folks not to change with the fashions,' said Mrs. Plum over the way. 'I, for my part, respect him for it. My grandmother wore the same bonnet fifteen years.'

'Perhaps,' said Miss Abby, her sister, who had many years before been jilted by a gentleman named Timothy Hoarhound, 'perhaps he used to go courting some false creature in that hat, with that umbrella in his hand, and they were unmeentoes of the past.'

'Well, that might be, too,' said Mrs. Plum; 'he had romantic eyes.'

Meanwhile the young doctor, who had attended upon Miss Shippen, had been told that Miss Shippen had been sent for, and that her uncle had declared that he had 'left her something.'

'Every penny, no doubt,' said Mrs. Smith, thinking of her eldest son, and of how well it would be for him to captivate the heart of such an heiress as that; and quite unconscious that the young doctor had made up his mind that he would at least see what the girl was like, and if she was presentable make an impression upon her.

And when that evening a carriage rolled up to the door and a figure in the finest mourning stepped out of it, not only were the people in the block all at their window to see the heiress, but the four gentlemen lodgers were in the hall, the doctor at the carriage door on one side and young Mr. Smith on the other.

As for Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Petting, they greeted her with a display of white handkerchief and tears edifying to behold.

Miss Anna Maria was a girl of eighteen, not quite so pretty as she evidently thought she was, who wore a face of great glee and triumph under her crape bonnet, and made no pretence of sorrow.

The pocket handkerchiefs were pocketed very shortly after she had declared that she never could see anything but crustiness in poor Uncle Shippen, and that she was amazed that any one should cry about him.

'I'm going to show him every respect, though,' said Anna Maria. 'I declare, you wouldn't believe how much my mourning cost, and real jet jewelry is as expressive as almost anything. I've got a black fan, and not a bit of white about me. Every respect I'll show him. And black does become me. I've such a fine color.

'Mrs. Petting and I were saying how well you looked in it,' said Mrs. Smith, and my Edward said to me:

'Ma,' said he, 'I always thought mourning was a gloomy dress, but when I saw Miss Shippen in it, I declare I thought it about the most becoming style a lady could wear.'

'Which was your son?' asked Miss Shippen. 'The red-haired young man?'

'No, that was the doctor,' said Mrs. Smith, thinking of her eldest son, and of how well it would be for him to captivate the heart of such an heiress as that; and quite unconscious that the young doctor had made up his mind that he would at least see what the girl was like, and if she was presentable make an impression upon her.

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'No, that was the doctor,' said Mrs. Smith. 'My son has black hair—lovely black hair and moustache.'

'I'd like something to eat,' said Miss Shippen—'something hearty.'

'Supper is ready for you,' said Miss Smith. 'I knew you'd need it, Miss.'

'And I suppose you won't wait to see the poor gentleman to-night?' said Mrs. Petting.

'Don't want to see him at all. Never did while he was alive, and don't see why I should now he isn't,' said Miss Shippen.

'To be sure it can't do him any good,' said Mrs. Petting.

'Of course not,' said Miss Shippen. 'I say, what did he say he left me?'

'He didn't state,' said Mrs. Petting.

'I expect it's the whole of his fortune,' said Miss Shippen. 'I'm his only relation. Ma and pa died when I was ever so little. Pa was his brother. I never used to do as some people do either—never curried favor with him. To be sure, no one ever thought he was rich; but I used to torment him so. That umbrella—my, how I used to laugh at it! and his hat; but the umbrella most of all. He used to bring it to the dinner table, and be as precious of it as if it was gold. I used to make frightful fun of it. And, oh, how mad he'd get. Especially when I asked him if it was Mrs. Harris' umbrella, like Sairy Gamp's you know—

'Eh?' said Mrs. Petting.

'A queer old thing in one of Dicken's novels that went out nursing,' said Miss Shippen.

'Ah!' said Mrs. Petting, highly offended 'and I think Mr. Dickens hadn't much to do to ridicule ladies that are obliged to work for their own living in an honest way, and an umbrella is very needful to such as go out in all weathers, and any way I should not cast up about any one's umbrella, however old fashioned, when the poor dear was dead and gone. It may be respectable and respectful for relations, not so much as to shed a tear for them that's left them fortunes, but that isn't the way I was brought up. No, I'm proud to say if I have come to nursing in my elderly years, after living in splendor and having the best Scotch ale every day for dinner, and whatever I thought of, as long as poor, dear Petting lived,' and Mrs. Petting flounced out of the room.

'What a temper!' said Miss Shippen.—'My! I wouldn't get along with her. I'm a regular witch—always was—tease and torment every one. Didn't I tease old Uncle Shippen? My! I see him now banging his umbrella on the floor, and vowing to punish me; and, after all, I am his heiress.'

'You ought to know my son,' said Mrs. Smith. 'He does love a joke.' And Mrs. Smith, shortly introduced young Smith, after a private warning that the young lady liked fun.

Before this, however, the doctor had introduced himself, and had been favored with an account of the practical jokes which Miss Shippen had been in the habit of playing on her uncle, and a few of her plans for the future, and finding the girl by no means plain, and very stylishly dressed had resolved to make a sure thing of it, and began to make love at once.

Young Smith having also entered the lists, Miss Shippen had quite a lively little trip of it going to the funeral, for she flirted with both of the men at once, and even at the grave only became serious enough to remark that 'it must be horrid to die, and that it was real mean people should have to do it.

'And when is the will to be read, I'd like to know?' she said to the grave lawyer, who solemnly shook hands with her on her return to Mrs. Smith's. 'It's your place to read it, ain't it?'

The lawyer bowed.

'Did you make it?'

'I did, Miss Shippen.'

'And then you'll tell me how much I'll have?'

The lawyer gave a peculiar smile.

'It is not proper for me to do so,' he said. 'The will will be read to-morrow afternoon.'

'Oh, what a bother! You might have done it before the funeral, I should think,' said Miss Shippen.

'Anxious?' asked the gentleman.

'Of course?' said the lady. 'I say, you'd better tell me, and you shall take care of my property. Uncle was worth two hundred thousand, wasn't he?'

'Nearer three,' said the lawyer.

'Isn't that jolly!' said Miss Shippen.

The lawyer turned away, but the doctor was near at hand.

'Three hundred thousand!' he said to himself. 'Well, if there are other legacies she'll still be rich. And she's silly enough to swallow anything. I'll do it.'

And thereupon, finding Miss Shippen alone in the parlor, he offered her his hand and heart.

'I fell in love with you at first sight,' he said, 'and I tell you so now, that you may not think me mercenary, as you might if I waited. You may have nothing you know.'

'Nonsense,' said Miss Shippen. 'I shall be rich, of course. And you don't suppose I'm going to take the first red-headed doctor that offers, do you? I shall have plenty of beaux. I always have had. And now—dear me, you, must think a good deal of yourself, I declare.'

Whereupon the doctor, ready to die of rage, departed, and banded himself with nurse Petting, already Miss Shippen's sworn enemy.

That evening young Smith made tender advances, and received an equally insulting rebuff. Miss Shippen had now four enemies, for Mrs. Smith, of course, sympathized with her son.

The lawyer only remained civil, and into his ears, whenever she could catch him, Miss Shippen poured her plans for the future. Even when at last the whole party were assembled in the parlor, two gentlemen of grave manner, as yet known to the group, being among them, Miss Shippen found her spirit too high to be quenched, and chattered on, regardless of the angry faces about her.

'Poor uncle! Dear me, who would have thought, she said—'me that he hated so? I'm going to have a basket phæton and a pair of ponies, and drive up in the Park. Gloves to match my dress—whip in my hand, silver handle. I'll make a show, won't I? Poor old fellow! Now who'd ever have thought, when I used to make such fun of his umbrella? I declare how the world does go, doesn't it? And it won't be long to be out of mourning, either. I shan't go into half. It don't suit me. I'll wear crimson and blue and corn-color. Nothing but silk velvet in winter. 'Well, what is it?' This to the legal gentleman.

'Silence, if you please for a moment, Miss Shippen,' said the lawyer.

'Mum as a mouse, if you are going to read the will,' said the lady.

The lawyer unfolded the parchment.—The two grave strangers became solemnly attentive.

The 'I Samuel Shippen, being,' etc., was finished. Then came a legacy of five hundred dollars to Mrs. Smith, which made her burst into tears, and another of the same amount to Mrs. Petting, which had the same effect on her.

'You're welcome, I'm sure,' said Miss Shippen. 'I don't begrudge it to you; now for me, I suppose.'

The lawyer smiled, and went on reading.

It was all a muddle to poor Mis Shippen but she extracted from the bulk the fact that 'The Sailors' and Soldiers' Asylum of —' was endowed with one hundred thousand dollars: the 'Crabtown College' with another hundred thousand; and that another hundred thousand was divided among ten charities.

Her face grew long; her cheeks flushed. 'Am I left out?' she muttered.

'Here you are, Miss Shippen,' said the lawyer:

'To my nice, Anna Maria Shippen, who but for her impatient conduct would have been my heiress, I leave my blue umbrella, as a reminder that in the end good feeling and true politeness are always the best policy. Let her hang it in her room, and look at it often as a warning in the future.'

Anna Maria looked around her, saw the triumphant grin of her enemies, burst into tears, and dashed out of the room. That night she went home. No one attended her to the door; no one opened that of the carriage. She drove to the depot alone, without escort; and the umbrella still is hanging in the closet of Mrs. Smith's front bedroom, and often illustrates the story she is fond of telling to her lodgers of the poor dear gentleman who left his niece something.

A Marvel of Human Ingenuity and Skill.

On Saturday last we were shown by the inventor and patentee, Mr. Harman J. Gross, of Union township, Adams county, one of the greatest inventions of the age, in the shape of a most wonderful and complicated piece of mechanism, which he terms a Geographical Watch, which is certainly a marvel of man's ingenuity and skill, and a source of profound wonder and admiration to the curious. This watch, by a regular system of minute and hour hands on the dial, indicates with unerring accuracy the time all over the world—the respective hands, designated by various colors, marking the time in each of the four geographical divisions of the habitable globe. The machinery, as may be surmised, is of the most delicate and complicated description, working with the most perfect degree of nicety and accuracy, and it required nine months of constant, persistent labor and study on the part of the inventor to bring it to perfection. We believe we can assert, without fear of successful contradiction, that this watch is the only one of the kind known to be in existence in the world, although numerous attempts have been made at various times, both in this country and Europe, to accomplish the difficult undertaking of perfecting such a watch, all of which however, proved unsuccessful, until Mr. Gross contemplates exhibiting the watch through the country, when the opportunity will be afforded the curious of inspecting this ingenious piece of mechanism.—*Hanover (Pa.) Spectator.*

Save Money.

'Put money in your purse' if you can, young man; deny yourself a few of those expensive pleasures which are so evanescent, and which leave a sting behind. It may come hard at first; few take kindly to selfdenial; but in the years to come you will thank yourself for exercising prudence in youth. Habits are easily formed; and he who does not begin to save when he commences life for himself, will rarely begin at all; for where not even the nucleus of a modest fortune has been early acquired, family expenses will, after a time, grow as fast as the income, and the two keep abreast ever afterward.

The saving and keeping of the first hundred or the first thousand dollars is the key to future success, from the fact that it builds up business character; it compels the formation of habits of economy, and fixes them for life, it puts the young worker on the right road; accustoms him to keeping out of debt, drills him in the homely science of keeping his financial matters snug, and builds up a granite determination to force expenses below income.

After Dark.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

A gentleman called at my schoolroom door, the bearer of unpleasant tidings:—"Three of your pupils have been stealing books from the city bookstores. They are known and watched for, and if they attempt it again, will be detected, exposed and punished." He gave their names, and so no time was to be lost, I detained the three after school, and sending them into another room, examined their desks, where I found full proof of their guilt—a number of handsome annuals and illustrated work of travel, evidently hidden there to escape detection at home. Two of these boys were brothers, sons of a respectable merchant, whose conduct thus far in the school had been exemplary. I called them in, showed them the books and asked what it meant. They both burst into tears and acknowledged their sin. They had done it—"merely to display their smartness in deceiving the clerk"—and had repeated it several times for months past. I set before them their guilt, told them of their narrow escape from public disgrace, and sent them home weeping, to "confess it all to their parents." They went confessed, were forgiven, reformed and became respectable men.

The third was the son of a man high in office, eloquent in public debate, and great in the councils of the nation. He came with a bold, defiant air and a lie upon his tongue: "I don't know anything about it." But there was the books. I took them from his desk, and told him that his guilt could be easily proved, if he persisted in his denial. He was a bad boy and had given me much trouble. Again and again I had begged his parents to forbid his roaming the streets after dark, and warned him that he was forming evil associations and habits. But I was not prepared for the audacity he now displayed.

"Well, sir,' said he, "I did steal them: but what business is it of yours, and what do you intend to do?'

I replied, "I shall at once see your father. He must remove you from the school, and I hope he may find one where you may be saved from the continued indulgence of your evil propensities and its consequences. Go home; I will call as soon as I have dined.

He turned upon me fiercely, crying out: "You tell my father! I'll kill you."

"Poor boy,' I answered, "I am not afraid of your threats. Go home.'

He sprang at me and struck me, and I was compelled to give him a severe whipping (which I did with difficulty, for he fought like a young tiger) before I could conquer him. Now, he changed his tactics: "Please don't tell father—don't and I will pay you a thousand dollars.' I shook my head, asking:

"Where could you get the money—by stealing again? Could I encourage you thus in your wicked course? No, my boy, I must do my duty, and I will do it, regardless of threats or promises, hoping and praying that you may thereby be saved from ruin.' He went out sulky and muttered words of dire revenge.

Calling at his father's, I was ushered into the parlor. He had just finished his dinner, and rising from the table met me pleasantly, regretting that I had not called sooner, and insisting that I should at least partake of the dessert. As I declined, he saw in my manner something that troubled him, and asked:

"Have you anything of importance to communicate—any unpleasant tidings of my boy?' I answered that I had. He motioned me to a seat, asked his wife to close the door, threw himself into a large arm-chair, facing me, and then with great agitation bade me, "say on." His wife stood behind him, resting her head, upon her hand, and both fixed their eyes upon me with a look which perfectly unmanned me. How could I wrong those parents' hearts with the bitter anguish which my revelation of their son's conduct must produce? It was a severe trial, but it was duty, and after a few moments' silence, I told them all as gently as I could. As I stopped speaking the father sprang to his feet, vehemently exclaiming:

"What! Sir, do you say that my son has been stealing books?'

I answered, as calmly as I could "He has.'

"Does he acknowledge it, sir?'

"He does.'

Turning, he said, hastily, "Wife, ring that bell.' She did so; a servant came of whom he inquired, "Where is H——?' and added, "tell him to come to me.'

As the boy entered the room he looked daggers at me. His father noticed it, and spoke in a loud voice:

What does this mean, sir? Come here. Have you really been taking books from the city book-store?'

The boy trembling, replied, "I have sir.'

"You have. Why? Had you not books enough unread at home? And if you had asked, would I not have gratified you to any reasonable extent?'

"Yes, sir.'

"Why then, did you steal them!'

"For fun, sir.'

"For fun! for fun!' repeated his father. "What! Boy, could you thus trifle with my good name—and your own—for fun?'

He lifted his arm and raised his voice, and I feared that, in his excitement, he would strike a terrible blow; but suddenly checking himself, he cried out:

"Go to the garret, sir—go, go and stay there until I send for you.'

The boy ran hurriedly out and up the stairs, the father listening until he heard him enter and close his room door, then fell back into his chair, clutched his hair with his hands, and with scalding tears running down his cheeks, exclaimed:

"I had rather heard, sir, that he was dead. Oh, God! Oh, God!'

The mother's head lay on the back of the chair as she also wept in bitterness of soul. It was a terrible scene; but what could I say to comfort those anguish-stricken hearts? I quietly rose and bade them farewell.

"Yes, Sir,' said the father, "leave us now. To-morrow I will see you, and we will consult as to what is best to be done.

The next day he called and placed in my hands money to pay for all damages done to the volumes, which the booksellers had kindly permitted me to return. At his request I made inquiries respecting another school for his son. But that boy would not bear the restraints of any institution.

He would not hearken to his parents' voice or obey their authority. He became very dissipated and soon fell a victim to disease induced by single indulgence.

Parents, read this short sketch, to the letter true, and call to mind the fatal mistake in the case of this poor youth. Be assured that your sons cannot safely be absent from their homes after night. It has been said that Satan accomplishes the ruin of more souls between eight o'clock P. M., and midnight than during all the remaining hours of the twenty-four. My experience as a teacher of nearly forty years, and of hundreds of youths, testifies that it is true. Watch carefully the associations and the companions of your sons. Keep an eye over their hours of play. Make their homes pleasant and keep them there after night, lest an hour come when you may wish them dead.

The Sleeping Church.

Mr. Moody relates the following:

"There was a little story going the round of the American press that made a great impression upon me as a father. A father took his little child out into the field, one Sabbath, and he lay down under a beautiful shady tree, it being a hot day.—The little child ran about gathering wild flowers and little blades of grass, and coming to its father and saying, 'Pretty! pretty!' At last the father fell asleep, and while he was sleeping the little child wandered away. When he awoke, his first thought was, 'Where is my child?' He looked all around but he could not see him. He shouted at the top of his voice, and all he heard was the echo of his own voice.—No response! Then going to a precipice some distance, he looked down, and there upon the rocks and briars, he saw the mangled form of his loved child. He rushed to the spot, took up the lifeless corpse and hugged it to his bosom, and accused himself of being the murderer of his own child. While he was sleeping, the child had wandered over the precipice.

"I thought as I heard that, what a picture of the Church of God! How many fathers and mothers, how many Christian men are sleeping now, while their children wander over the terrible precipice a thousand times worse than that precipice, right into the bottomless pit of hell. Father, where is your boy to-night? It may be just out here in some public house; it may be reeling through the streets of London, drunk; it may be passing on down to a drunkard's grave. How many fathers and mothers are there in London—yes, praying Christians, too,—whose children are wandering away while they are slumbering and sleeping! Is it not time that the Church of God should wake up and come to the help of the Lord as one man, and strive to beat back these dark waves of death that roll through our streets, bearing upon their bosom the noblest young men we have!—O, my God, wake up the Church! And let us trim our lights and go forth and work for the kingdom of God.'

A Model Response.

Gentlemen, said a Western editor, when called upon to respond for the "Press," at a Granger reunion, under the circumstances, it goes against the *grain* for me to make a speech. Had I the poetic fancy of my friend, Mr. ——, I would *lard* you over with *flour* barrels of rhetoric, but I dare not even speak of *pork* for fear of making a *mess* of it. I might get prime *mixed* up with ordinary, and in this way *ham*-string myself. If I ventured to talk about beef, I might be compelled to *hide* my face because I would be sure to raise a *rump*-us. None of you gentlemen would like to see me *cut* around the *butt*. I am not one of the *lean* kind, and I am free to acknowledge the *corn* that I have no wish to grow *fat* on *malt*. I will refrain from referring to *naval stores*, for that might be regarded as indelicate. But it is almost time for me to *tail* off, or I may come out at the little end of the *horn*. My friend —— says I might run smoother if I would try some of his *lubricating* oil. I know, sir, it is as good as *wheat*. Some temperance gentlemen might make *rye* faces at it, but I have tried it, sir. It is *gin*-you-ine.—With it you can *rosin* your bow, and *pitch* any tune you please. It is a patent *elevator*. But the evening waxes late, and I cheesed you long enough. No baleful remarks of mine shall be uttered to send you to grass. Rather be it mine to give you a bran new example from *timothy*. "Peas and good feeling be with you," and may you always be in clover. I wish to say in conclusion that the remarks I have made will be inserted next week in *cereal* form.

California Delights.

There are many nuisances encountered by the farmer in this part of the world which do something to counterveil the surpassing loveliness of the climate. Of these ants are one. Frequently food can be preserved only by being suspended in sacks, or placed in cupboards with their legs standing in vessels of water. The native Californians scrape all the grass out of their yards and tramp the ground down hard to keep the ants away. Choppers are sometimes driven from a tree by the amazing multitude and the stench created by them. They collect great quantities of grass seed into their holes, leaving the chaff on the surface, and these chaff heaps become quite a resource for stock in the winter. The fleas have given rise to a fashionable folly known as the 'California wriggle,' which even young ladies practice in the presence of their lovers. In the high mountain regions, strange to say, and around the salty lagoons of the bay, mosquitoes are so intolerably bad that men often wear mosquito bars on their heads. On the portion of the plains overflowed in the wet season, gnats are so thick that many people live for weeks in a smoke, with their hands and faces lacerated by themselves to a bloody blotch. In the coast valleys and the interior basin, ground squirrels swarm in countless hordes, honey combing all the surface of the earth, and devouring every green thing, unless the farmers make banded war on them with strycnine pot, shot guns, traps sulphur smoke, water and all conceivable devices. Summer brings a pleague of impalpable dust which penetrates even into a watch; winter, a pleague of fathomless mud and of miring down.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Wanted a Minister.

A newspaper in Milwakee, Wisconsin, published the following among its advertisements the other day.

WANTED—A rector for St. James' Parish Milwaukie, Wis. He must possess all the Christian graces and a few worldly ones; must have such tact and disposition as will enable him to side with all parties in the parish on all points, giving offense to none; should possess a will of his own, but agree with all the vestry; must be socially inclined and of dignified manners; affable to all, neither running after the wealthy nor turning his back upon the poor; a man of high low church tendencies preferred; must be willing to preach first class sermons and do first class work at second class compensation, salary should not be so much an object as the desire to be a zealous laborer in the vineyard; should be able to convince all that they are miserable sinners without giving offense; each sermon must be short but complete in itself—full of old fashioned theology in modern dress—deep, but popular, and free from the eloquence peculiar to newly graduated theologians; should be young enough to be enthusiastic, but possess the judgment of one of ripe years and experience. He only who possesses the above qualifications need apply. To such a one will be given steady employment for a term of years. For further information apply to any member of the congregation.

Advantages of Small Farms.

A correspondent writes to the Department of Agriculture from Van Buren, Iowa, that he is running a small farm, of forty acres, with twenty under cultivation in fruit, vegetables, and small grain. "My income varies from $1,500 to $2,000 a year," he appears proud to acknowledge. The more industry and intellect one puts into an acre of soil, the more money he is likely to take out of it.

If the foregoing be a fair statement of the case, and we have no reason to doubt it, we may well ask ourselves why more of our small farms are not made equally as profitable as the one described. The answer will be found to be "lack of industry, energy, proper culture and more brain work." Let the farm have equal showing with their business.

Another writer from a different stand point says the cultivator of the earth needs time and opportunity for profitable study. How shall a man command such an advantage? Not surely, by holding more land than he uses with any benefit to his family, or to mankind at large. The doctrine of seeking "the greatest good of the greatest number" forbids all land monopoly.—Seventy-five men are said to own one-half the soil of Scotland. Such a state of society cannot last many centuries in the future. Live and let live is a principle good for all time.

Although the product of this Iowa farm of 40 acres, is good, very good, for that region, yet we doubt not if we had the data that it could be shown that an equal and even a greater product, is obtained from truck patches of two or three acres lying near our eastern populous cities.

'MIGHTY ONSARTIN.'—On the ferry boat Gessie, crossing the river at Vicksburg, recently, were an old couple from Louisiana, coming to visit friends in this city.—The old gentleman was walking around, despite his wife's predictions that something would happen to him, and he suddenly found himself in the river. She heard his yell and caught sight of him and leaning over the rail she shouted: 'There Samuel didn't I tell you so? Now, then, work your legs, flap our arms, hold your breath and repeat the Lord's praper, for its mighty onsartin, Samuel whether you'll land in Vicksburg or eternity.' Thanks to a ready rope and strong arm, he was pulled safely out.