Agriculture.

Renovating Old Pastures.

An agriculturist writes:—The worn-out pastures which abound in some of the older and especially the Southern states have previously been exhausted by severe cropping with grain, tobacco or cotton. The land is cropped until it will no longer pay for cultivation, then turned to grass, and the failure of that marks the smallest possible degree of fertility. Bushes, briars and sedge take the place of valuable grasses, until their decay furnishes material for a revival of fertility.

Such land is, however, richer in plant food than is generally supposed. Cropping rarely exhausts more than one or two elements, and as soon as these give out the land ceases to produce and arrests the process. Nine times out of ten phosphate of lime is the lacking ingredient. With this, good crops may again be produced, and if a suitable rotation, including clover, is adopted, fertility will be indefinitely maintained. It is only thus that we can account for the wonderful results of improved farming on some of the so-called "worn-out" lands of the Southern states. If the soil were really deficient in plant food, it could not be so easily restored to fertility.

Undoubtedly, after cropping ceases, the decomposition of plant food continues, so that after a few years of "resting" fields once fertile may again be brought under cultivation for one or two crops. In the old settled parts of the south this process has usually been repeated once or twice before the land has been given over to scrubby trees and bushes. To bring such land up requires greater outlay than where only the first or original fertility has been exhausted.

Many northern pastures are gradually failing because milk, cheese and wool, all rich in phosphates, have been sold from the farm. There is a difference in the manure from a milch cow and that from a fattening cow. The fattening animal takes mainly the carbon and albuminoids needed to form fat and lean meat. A cow giving milk, or a growing young animal, abstracts from the food the phosphates to form milk and bone, and the result is a deficiency of this element in the manure. Selling butter does not have this effect if the buttermilk is fed on the farm and the manure saved. Excepting the oil, the buttermilk contains the strength-giving and flesh-forming elements of the whole milk; but the whey from curd is of little value for feed, neither does it make valuable manure.

The discovery of phosphate rock in the south is of immense importance to its agricultural future. Of course its first use will be on cotton or other cultivated crops; but with improved farming, more attention will be given to renovating old and worn out pastures, and when this is attempted, phosphate in some form will be found the most essential element.

Diseased Fruit Trees.

Mr. Hoopes, President of the Pennsylvania Fruit Grower's Association, boldly asserts that the disease of fruit trees are, in nine cases out of ten, the results of causes which have their origin in carelessness or ignorance. Deep planting is one error—to plant a tree rather shallower than it formerly stood is really the right way, whilst many plant a tree as they would a post. Roots are of two kinds—the young and tender rootlets, composed entirely of cells, the feeders of the tree, always found near the surface getting air and moisture; and roots of over one year old, which serve only as supporters of the tree and as conductors of its food. Hence the injury that ensues when the delicate rootlets are so deeply buried in earth. Placing fresh or green manure in contact with the young roots is, he tells us, another great error. The place to put manure is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downwards. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is very well to enrich the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, if it be in contact with, or very near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.

Grass Seed for Mowing Lands.

In reply to a correspondent who asks how much seed must be sown in seeding an acre of stubble with June and orchard grass mixed, for mowing and not for pasture, the *New England Farmer* says: "For land that is in good condition, we should sow two bushels of orchard grass and one bushel of June grass to the acre, and it would be well to sow on clover, also, in the spring, if there is a prospect that it would germinate, as all these grasses mature nearly at the same season. Orchard grass should be sown as early in autumn as possible, as it is a little tender the first winter, if very young when the ground freezes. The June grass will not make much show the first year, but will hold out, probably, longer than the orchard grass. Both will pay well for annual top-dressing of stable or commercial manures, and each will produce two or three heavy crops per year, if the land is both moist and fertile on which it grows. Orchard grass should not be covered by water or ice, in the winter, but should be grown upon moist, drained land. Then it will give satisfaction.

Transplanting Experience.

A farmer writes:—Plants should be placed in a hole filled with water, and the roots covered with dry dirt. They will not wilt when set in this way. Dig the holes first, and carry the water along in a pail and pour it in, setting the plant as soon as possible. The water at the roots will keep the plant fresh and green, and the dry dirt around it at the surface will keep the moisture from evaporating. We set a lot of cabbage plants the other day in the hot sun in this way, and put horse manure around them. Not one died or wilted. Tomato plants grown in hot beds are generally tall, slender things; they should be set in the same way and bent over so that the stalks may be covered up with soil, leaving only the heads out of the ground. This is the layering process, and when thus set they will do much better; new roots will start out from the stalks or stems, and the plants will not be knocked about so much by the winds, or wilt so much.

Hints on Working Butter.

The *Journal of Chemistry* remarks thusly on working butter:—Do not work too much nor too fast. Work slowly until all is thoroughly and evenly absorbed, otherwise the butter will not be of uniform color. Working it too fast will destroy the grain, and the butter becomes salvy and lard-like in its texture. Let it stand or put it away in the tray for twenty-four hours. Then work it enough to remove all the buttermilk or surplus brine, so that the butter may become dry or like a piece of cheese. Mould into rolls, and set these away for twenty-four hours, or until they become hard and firm. The cloth should now be put on, so as to cover one end, while the other is left open for the stamp. The cloth should be cut in pieces of exact size and dipped in brine, and the butter rolled when the cloth is dripping wet. Butter should never come in contact with the bare hand. When in bulk it can be easily handled with a ladle and flat paddle.

Domestic.

TRAINING CHILDREN.—A mother writes:—How many of you think where children learn their first lesson in lying? I will tell you. At home. Do you mothers ever say to your children (as I have heard a great many mothers) "Now if you ain't a good boy the burglars will eat you up; or the rats will bite you," and all such trash? Now that is lying to that child, for you know that it is not the truth, and what is not the truth is certainly a lie. Of course, if you deceive your child it will soon learn to practice deception to cover its faults. You cannot be too careful what you say to your children. Their little eyes and ears are open. If you want a child to do anything ask it kindly, and don't frighten it into obedience, then if the child won't obey, use the rod, or spoil the child. Better to spoil the child than to tell it that some dreadful thing will happen it if it don't mind. "A lying tongue is an abomination unto the Lord," and yet professing Christians lie to their children in this very way. They don't call it lying, but I do.

A HANGING BASKET.—A lady says;—Take wire from old hoop-skirts, break off a piece the length you want it, put the two ends together, press them to the opposite sides, which leaves a loop at both ends; make as many of those as will go round a hoop the size of your flower pot for the top; at the bottom bring them together to a point, paint it, put one pine cone on the bottom, a row around half way up, where another smaller hoop should go around to keep it from spreading any, another around the top (or any other kind of cones); take moss from the woods off old logs, put one layer around the inside, then put in your pot with the vine in, hang it in the window; it is real pretty, even without painting.

DON'T GRUMBLE—He is a fool that grumbles at mischance. Put the best foot forward; it is an old maxim. Don't run about and tell acquaintances that you have been unfortunate; people do not like to have unfortunate people for acquaintances. Add to a vigorous determination a cheerful spirit: if reverses come, bear them like a philosopher, and get rid of them as soon as you can. Poverty is like a panther—look it earnestly in the face and it will turn from you.

MEAT PIE.—Season mutton chops (those from the neck are best) pretty highly with pepper and salt, and place them in dish in layers, with plenty of sliced apples, sweetened, and chopped onions; cover with a good suet crust, and bake. When done, pour out all the gravy at the side, take off the fat, and add a spoonful of mushroom ketchup, then return it to the pie.

PISHPASH.—Wash a breakfast cupful of rice in two or three waters, drain. Get a small knuckle of veal, stew the veal slowly until half done, then add the rice, and an onion, sliced, a blade of mace, a few white pepper-corns, and, if liked, two or three cardamons. Cover close, and cook gently urtil the rice is done; season with salt to taste; serve very hot.

CURRANT JELLY.—Wash and drain the fruit (on the stems) and boil until the fruit breaks. Press out the juice and allow a pound of sugar to each pint of juice. Put the sugar in shallow pans in a warm oven; boil the juice five minutes, then add the hot sugar and boil one minute. Pour into glasses, and when cold, cover with a well fitted paper on the jelly, and another paper pasted over the top of the glass. Do not make your jelly after a rain, the fruit is to wet.

PRESERVING FRUIT.—A new method of preserving fruit is practiced in England. Pears, apples, and other fruits are reduced to a paste, which is then pressed into cakes and gently dried. When required for use, it is only necessary to pour four times their weight of boiling water over them, allow them to soak for twenty minutes, and then add sugar to suit the taste. The fine flavor of the fruits is said to be retained to perfection. The cost of the prepared product is hardly greater than that of the original fruit, differing with the supply and price of the latter; the keeping qualities are excellent, so that it may be had at any time of the year, and bears long sea-voyages without detriment; so there is no waste.

Scientific.

The New Flying Machines.—The Hartford, Conn., papers give long accounts of the trial trips there of the Richtel flying machine. This apparatus consists of a horizontal cylinder 25 feet long and 13 feet in diameter, filled with hydrogen gas. Under the bottom of the cylinder runs a hollow brass rod, to which the car is attached. A horizontal fan is used to raise or lower the machine, and a vertical one to propel it. Both these are worked by the operator. In one of these experiments, the machine not only rose in the air, but moved backward and forward, up and down, at the option of the æronaut, and the evolutions were accomplished without waste of gas in descending, or any use of ballast whatever. The æronaut worked the central propeller of the machine and rose over every obstacle to the height of 100 feet. The breeze was blowing to the eastward, and the exhibitor allowed his machine to be carried with it for an eighth of a mile, and amused himself by showing his ability to ascend or descend at will. Then the propeller was set in motion and the machine shifted its course, twisting and turning in small circles. Still its general drift was to the eastward with the wind, but at a given signal the propelling wheel was started at full speed, and with accelerated rapidity the air-ship sailed along back, at an altitude of 100 feet, until it hovered over the exhibition grounds, whence it started; then the central propeller was set in motion, and under its influence the machine sank slowly and easily to the earth. Another invention, which is occupying the scientific world of Paris, is the Guglielmini steam balloon. If the experiments answer the inventor's hopes this balloon will be one of the wonders of this age of wonders. The invention is based on eight points: 1. Ascension power. 2. Translative horizontal and diagonal power. 3. Safety against accidents. 4. Direction from one point to another given point. 5. The material employed in the construction of ærial steamboats. 6. Perfectly ærial architecture. 7. The disposition of the ascensive power. 8. The manœuvres on board and the degree of temperature of the ærostat. The gas employed is hydrogen, disposed in twelve globes instead of one. Once in the air, the boat, which is oblong like a ship, is moved on by two steam engines placed underneath the keel. Thus it cuts the air like other boats cut the sea. With an engine of fifteen horse-power thirty metres are made in a second. The acting manœuvres consist in passing the excess of hydrogen in the globes into others reserved expressly for the guidance of the boat, and then repassing them into their first globes, according to the descent or ascent which may be required. No trial trip of the new invention has yet been made.

The Microphone in Surgery.—The value of the microphone in operations for stone and other delicate surgical manipulations, has just been shown at the London University College. The apparatus consisted of the usual feeble battery with wires, connected with two telephones running to different parts of the room. The ordinary sound used in operations for crushing the stone was attached by a wire to the circuit of the battery. Near the handle a piece of carbon, such as is used by Professor Hughes, was carefully balanced and attached by a delicate spring to the battery circuit. When the end of the sound strikes against the smallest piece of calculus, the acoustic wave is transmitted along the steel of the instrument to the carbon, where it is transformed into electric vibrations, which are multiplied through the telephone, so that the noise becomes loud and unmistakable. The carbon arrangement on the sound must not be too delicate, nor the battery too strong; but with the microphone properly adjusted, it was easy by trial to detect the presence of even a minute fragment of unremoved calculus. The carbon needed only to be fitted to the probe, also, to detect bullets or fragments of bone. But while it is quite possible for a skillful surgeon to make himself absolutely certain by means of the microphone of what he was previously only morally convinced of, no very remarkable results, at least in ordinary practice, are anticipated from the use of the instrument.

The Telephone.—Prof. Clerk-Maxwell, in the Rede lecture delivered at Cambridge, England, recently, thus alludes to the late improvement of the telephone which overcame the principal limitation to its power: "As long as the human voice is the sole motive power of the apparatus it is manifest that what is heard at one end must be fainter than what is spoken at the other. But if the vibration set up by the voice is used no longer as the source of energy, but merely as the means of modulating the strength of a current produced by a voltaic battery, then there will be no necessary limitation of the intensity of the resulting sound, so that what is whispered to the transmitter may be proclaimed *ore rotunde* by the receiver." This will explain what has been to many so puzzling in the results obtained by the carbon transmitter.

Humorous.

—When married men complain of being in hot water at home, it turns out half the time that it's scold.

—When the women get control they will organize their militia with needle-guns.—*Lowell Courier.*

—The young man who took a seat near the object of his adoration exclaimed, "This is juxtaposition that suits me!"

—A conclusive reply was given to some clever articles in a contemporary, entitled "Is Life Worth Living?" The answer is, "It depends on the liver."

—Ingratitude is strongest in a coroner. You may do him every kindness, and yet you can't tell what moment he will sit on you.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—Likes to see the rule laid down—The school-boy, if the rule is an oak one, which has been on visiting acquaintance with a sensitive portion of his person.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

—Next to a cream jug, the favorite resort of a fly is a bed-room where the clothes are not long enough to cover both ends of the sleeper simultaneously.

—"The funeral was elegant," wrote the waiting maid of a lady, whose husband had just been buried, to her sweetheart, "I was dressed in black silk the flowers were lovely, and mistress wept just like a born angel."

—An Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at loss to decide as to which country she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

—A sharp little girl in Chicago got out of patience with her bashful lover's backwardness, and so brought matters to a favorable climax by saying to him, "I really believe you are afraid to ask me to marry you, for you know I would say yes."

—A tramp who will borrow the family bread-knife and stab himself with it on the steps which have just been nicely washed should have public sympathy for the misfortune which led him to the rash act.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—If there is anywhere in this uncertain vale to be found a more piteous example of utter helplessness and wasted effort than an ancient female trying to persuade a family horse into accelerated muscular action, it hasn't been noticed—not up to date.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

—A young girl asked her mother's consent to engage herself to her beau, showing her at the same time a piece of her own handiwork, a pretty match safe. Her mother drew down her spectacles and exclaimed: "Mary, you can make a match safe, but I have my doubts whether you would make a safe match." Mary sighed involuntarily, and sought consolation in singing "The Heart Bowed Down."

BEAUTY AND ART.

A FEW SENSIBLE REMARKS.

The London *Week* truthfully remarks: It has often been said that beauty is a mere question of taste, and the remark is true, although only up to a certain point. In matters relating to art the taste most certainly has to be cultivated. It is only in the privileged few that it reaches the point where exquisite pleasure is produced by gazing upon a cracked Chinese mandarin minus his nose, or on an old oil painting representing some of the saints, elaborately dressed in royal robes studded with innumerable gems, engaged in earnest conversation with very substantial looking angels, ungracefully poised upon clouds on the tops of their heads. It is a most fortunate thing that there are a few men and women endowed with the taste to thoroughly appreciate these magnificent creations of genius. They form a sort of school in which the more ignorant of their species may learn what they should and what they should not admire. The untrained mind of a child shows from what a state of dense ignorance the artistic sense has to be lifted to attain those sublime heights we have mentioned. "It seems," said a little girl of ten to her mother, after looking at some so-called *objets d'art*, "that everything that looks ugly is pretty." This remark plainly shows the advisability of submitting one's ideas of what is pretty to those who have made themselves, or think they have made themselves, capable of judging.

Of course it is very humiliating, after having bought and paid for what you think a very pretty watercolor or *plaque*, to be told by a high-art friend that you money has been thrown away—your watercolor is by an unknown artist, and your *plaque* pretty, perhaps, but modern. You feel ashamed of your ignorance and secretly resolve never to buy another ornament, or express an opinion on the subject. And yet you cannot help thinking that nobody ever remarked that your taste was bad either in dress, equipage or amusements; and why should you not have enough natural taste to judge whether a picture is well drawn and colored, even if it is by an unknown artist, and a plate pleasing to the eye, though not of old Nankin? If these sticklers for art would acknowledge frankly that they have formed a school, and that successfully, in which a fictitious value has been placed upon certain antique articles, whether handsome or ugly, and that as long as the value lasts it is the best policy to invest one's money in these articles, their remarks would be reasonable; but to tell people born amid refined surroundings, though never having possessed a blue and white plate, that an ornament he or she has chosen is ugly in itself because it is not old, and that a picture is in bad taste because the artist is not an R. A., is an affectation bordering on the ridiculous.

PEEPS AT THE PLANETS.

Neptune, the most remote of the planets in the solar system, is about 2,700,000,000 miles from the sun.

It is supposed that Mercury has mountains higher than our Himalayas, and volcanoes in a state of activity.

Out of all the myriad lights in the heavens, the earth is only visible to the Moon, Mars, Mercury, and Venus.

The earth is 749 times smaller than Saturn, and its mean distance from us is over 91,000,000 miles.

Uranus can never see us at all, as it is 1,753,000,000 miles from the sun.

The temperature in Mercury is supposed to be seven times notter than our torrid zone; therefore if it is inhabited it must be by people very differently constituted from ourselves.

It is believed that Venus has an atmosphere much like ours, and mountain peaks five or six times higher than the Teneriffe, their sides bright with flowers, and birds of brilliant plumage.

The moon never leaves our globe; therefore it is called our satellite. Though to us it appears larger than the stars, it is really smaller than any of them, but much nearer to us.

Astronomers have calculated that the mountains and extinct volcanoes in the moon are higher than any on our earth.

If there were any one on the moon to see it, the earth would appear to them a magnificent, ball. The planets and sun would move behind it in brilliant succession.

Our globe appears to Mars as the morning and evening star.

WEIGHTY BRIDES.

Throughout the Empire of Morocco there are villages where the elder members of the adult population follow professionally the pursuit of fattening young ladies for the matrimonial market of Barbary.

The Moors, like the Turks and most other Orientals, give a decided preference to "moonfaced" wives over lean ones, and are more solicitous as to the number of pounds which their brides weigh than about the stock of accomplishments which they possess. A girl is put under the process of fattening when she is about twelve years of age. Her hands are tied behind her, and she is seated on a carpet during so many hours every day, while her "papa" stands over her with a *matraque*, or big stick, and her mother at times pops into her mouth a ball of *couscoussou*, or stiff maize porridge, kneaded up with grease, and just large enough to be swallowed without the patient choking. If the unfortunate girl declines to be crammed, she is compelled; so that ere long the poor girl resigns herself to the torture, and gulps down the boluses lest she should be beaten.

—The humorist of the *Atlanta Constitution* says that Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor'son, a colored youth, who goes to school at the Atlanta Colored University:

"Look hyar, boy! you goes to school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy.

"Gettin' eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"Why, no," exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring that hatchit back in an hour, warn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days since yer borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine ter do you thick skulled niggers when yer go to a school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchit?"

The boy got mad, and slung the hatchit over the fence.

BUYING WOOD.

HOW IT IS ACCOMPLISHED IN PARIS—AMUSING EXPERIENCE OF AN AMERICAN VISITOR.

The following is taken from the diary of the Paris correspondent of the New York *Graphic:* Have been buying wood. They sell it here by the pound, like coal. Wood shops always have imitation wood piles painted on their fronts. Shopkeepers in the working quarters seldom put out their names on a sign. It is all "grocery," "wash house," "wood shop," "commerce de vins," "tobacco shop," "beef and bouillon shop," "butter, eggs and cheese," "fried fish and potatoes," "fruiterie," and "restaurant," and the restaurant here is about the last place where you can get something substantial to eat. They will give you wine, or coffee and brandy, or beer, at a shop labelled "restaurant," but ask for a beefsteak, and they point next door. However, you can generally find it next door, only in some cases, if it happens to be a soup factory, of which Paris is full, they may not keep coffee. It is the most peculiar and uncertain city to get a meal in I ever visited or imagined could exist. You go to a house labelled "hotel," and there are hundreds, and you find no bar, no landlord, no rooms to let by the night, no meals or table of any kind, no customers but people who hire their rooms by the month and possibly cook in them. We've turned "hotels" and restaurants into something quite different from the article as found where it was first manufactured. Now as to wood. A Paris wood shop beats the Exposition. It is generally kept by a woman, and the woman is generally washing. As they keep a great deal of charcoal with the wood the woman is generally black, and if the man of the house happens to be about the premises he will be blacker. I have also always found a baby playing about the floor, which is blackest. I pause a moment to say that here in France men and their wives pull together better in doing business than in America.

To return to wood buying. I had no idea how wood was sold in France. I had no French words available in which to ask for wood. I went into the wood shop and stupidly showed three francs. The woman comprehended me; she was washing. I was impressed by the enormous cake of soap she used. In Paris you can by an enormous cake of soft soap for seven cents. I use the term "soft" advisedly. It is genuine, old-fashioned soft soap, smelling of lye and manufactured from wood ashes, such as our Continental grandmothers used to make once a year. I said to the wood woman as well as I could say in French, "I would have some wood." It's a complicated process speaking a sentence in the first person, singular number, potential mood, and whatever tense our numerous American grammarians choose to put it in, to a foreign French woman. She commenced piling sundry short logs on a pair of scales. A light dawned upon me. They sell their wood as they do their coal, by weight, which is the proper way to sell wood. But the logs were too large for my fireplace. I must make known this imperfection. I said, "Trop, grand trop. Oh! well, too big, madame!" Then I tried to swell up and look puffed out, more clearly to illustrate my meaning. The language of metaphor is supposed to pass current the world over. At all events, it was in the wood shop. She smiled. I don't wonder she smiled. I know I must have swelled ridiculously. But she understood me. She seized an axe. Momentarily, I thought she intended to split my head open. For while you are learning and practicing a foreign langurge you are liable to say all sorts of dreadful things to people when you imagine you are saying something else. But the woman with the axe meant to reduce, not my size, but that of the logs. Such an axe! A Yankee woodcutter would make a museum of it. It was miner's pick one end and axe the other. It did not seem good of its kind. But the wood saleswoman was. She was young, healthy, white-capped and red-cheeked, where not temporarily charcoal. The wood weighing finished, she stood a big log on end. I wondered what she was going to do. She took up the axe. I looked around for a hole to dodge out of in case of attack. She divided the log with a blow, and subdivided the pieces with more. In three minutes the entire load was split to the requisite size. When I say "load of wood" I mean a man's load. A horse load will last a French family a year. The "load" split, the man appeared from some secret recess. He was there all the while. She harnessed him. She put a sort of saddle on his back, having a frame projection at the lower end. On this was piled the wood. After which he followed me without any driving to my lodging, where this faithful Gallic masculine beast toiled up six flights of stairs, and piled the wood in a corner. Total expense, 70 cents.

A WORD TO BOYS.

What do you think; young friends, of the hundreds of thousands who are trying to cheat themselves and others into the belief that alcoholic drinks are good for them? Are they not to be pitied and blamed? Do you want to be one of these wretched men? If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am writing, and I ask you again if you want to be one of them. No! Of course you do not.

—"Minerva" sends us a poem in which the following lines occur: I am sad and sick and weary. My life is ebbing away." Instead of sending the poem to us, she should have sent for a physician. Her liver needs repairing. All of our lives are ebbing away, but there is not a particle of use of getting sad and sick and weary about it—especially at this season of the year, when there is such a numerousness of strawberries, and picnics, and ice cream, and excursions, and other refreshments. —*Nov. Her.*

—On the death of Lord Kennet, in 1786, Sir William Nairne was raised to the bench under the title of Lord Dunsinnan—a circumstance which called forth a *bon mot* from the Duchess of Gordon. Her grace, happening to meet his lordship shortly after his elevation, inquired what title he had assumed. "Dunsinnan," was, of course, the reply. "I am astonished at that, my lord," said the duchess, "for I never knew that you had begun sinning."

—The following may be seen on a tombstone in a town near Dublin:—

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

—On the Campus Martius a man yesterday shouted from sunrise till dark:

About three o'clock he was approached by a young man with carpet-sack in hand, and he ceased his yelling in response to a gesture.

"I was passing this place at eleven o'clock this forenoon," began the stranger, "and you asked me if I would have a dozen lemons. I was with my mother, who is in feeble health, and I could not stop. In fact, I didn't even reply to your kind inquiry. I have now returned to—

"To buy a dozen—here they are sir!"

"No, sir, not to buy lemons, for they don't act good on my liver, but to say to you that I won't take any. You asked me a civil question and common courtesy required me to return a civil answer. I have walked four miles to be courteous and civil, and to say to you, 'No, thank you, sir, I won't take any—not to-day!'"

He was gone before anything could be said to make him unhappy.—*Hawk-eye.*

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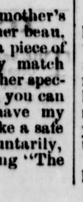

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