Agriculture.

Barn-Yards.

The barn-yard is one of the most important parts of the farm, inasmuch as it is the manufactory of the manure as well as a place where the cattle spend a large portion of their existence. It should, therefore, be arranged with a view to the most perfect fulfillment of both of these purposes. It is all the better adapted for the latter purpose in proportion as it is more effective for the former, and a well-arranged barn-yard that will preserve the manure in the best manner, will be convenient and comfortable for the cattle.

THE SITUATION.

A barn-yard should never be made upon a steep slope. A slight slope to the south is desirable, but the site should be so nearly level that the rain which falls upon it may not flow off and carry the wash to lower ground where it will be wasted. The surface should be somewhat hollowed to the center to retain all the water that may fall upon it, and keep the manure or litter that may remain as moist as may be necessary to keep it in good condition. The manure and the litter of the yard should be heaped in this lowest spot in a square pile built up with perpendicular sides and hollowed at the top to retain what rain may fall upon it. When the yard is scraped up, fresh litter should be scattered over it to prevent the surface being poached into mud. A muddy yard, or one slushy with soft manure, is unhealthful, and contributes greatly to disease of the feet, lungs and udder. The troublesome affection of the hoofs and coronets, known as hoof-ail, foot-rot, etc., is caused by the wet filth of muddy and sloppy yards. Cattle take cold if compelled to lie about in such yards, and innumerable cases of pneumonia and garget are caused in this way.

THE DRAINAGE.

of the yard, and stables as well, may be effected by means of a manure cistern in the center of the yard. This is a most valuable adjunct to a well-ordered farm and may be made to return its cost every year, either in a supply of liquid manure for crops that can be fertilized in that way—grass, clover and low growing fodder crops being especially suited to it; or by furnishing the means for greatly enriching the manure heap itself. Drains from the stables and pens should be led into the cistern, and this should be covered with stout poles upon which the manure may be piled. A pump should be fixed in the cistern, by which the liquid manure can be raised and poured over the heap to moisten and enrich it, or into manure tanks for spreading it upon the field. The leaders from the roof gutters may be connected with the manure drains, so that the liquid manure may be diluted sufficiently for use, as it is far too concentrated to be safely used without being mixed with at least four or five times its bulk of water. During the fall and winter, the leaders should be disconnected from the manure drains and turned into the water cistern.

CISTERNS.

A manure cistern may be a very simple affair. All that is needed is, to excavate a hole large enough, say twenty-four feet long by twelve wide, six feet deep, and with flaring sides. The bottom and sides are covered with a coating of cement made of one part of hydraulic lime and three parts of sharp sand, and laid directly on the earth with a common trowel. The cement should be carried over the edge on the top for a few feet, so as to make a hollow or dish-shaped receptacle to collect the drainage from the manure heap. Round poles are laid across the cistern, and rails upon these, to make a firm bed for the manure. A common wooden manure pump is fitted in. This may consist of a wooden tube made of strips four inches wide nailed together at their edges and furnished with a spout, a lifting valve and iron rod to work it with. The valve is made of a piece of thin, hard wood, hinged by a piece of leather to an iron frame which is attached to the lifting rod. The valve opens when it is pushed down, and closes when it is drawn up; the liquid is retained in the pump by means of a check-valve. Any handy boy can make this pump and a blacksmith can make the rod and valve-seat in an hour.

A water cistern is very handy to have in a barn-yard, and will furnish a large supply of water for stock. It may be lined with cement, and for a building 50x24, should be ten feet deep and eight feet in diameter, which will hold 3,600 gallons or 120 barrels. The total quantity of water falling on the roof of a building of the size mentioned, in the year, will be 25,000 gallons or over 800 barrels, giving more than two barrels a day through the year. A cistern of this size will easily be filled in a week of rainy weather, in spring or fall, and a heavy thunder shower (two inches of rainfall) would fill a third of it.

FEED RACKS.

No barn-yard is complete without feed-racks. These are the means of saving fodder and preserving cattle from injury caused by fighting over their feed. There are many simple methods of making them; one is by nailing fence strips to posts. By this means a rack for four cows is made. A sufficient number of these may be provided for all the stock, and one or two in excess may be useful. A long rack at which twelve to twenty cows may feed, may be made by setting fence posts in the ground and fitting two strong rails into them, as in a post-and-rail fence; cross laths rest upon the lower rail, and the upper one serves to keep the fodder in the rack. A rack of this kind for twenty head should be three panels, or thirty feet long, and four feet wide. This will give ample room to fit stakes and posts to the rack at intervals of three feet, so as to make a species of stalls in which the cows can feed, and which will prevent them from crowding each other. Similar but smaller racks should be provided for sheep.

WATER TROUGHS.

are as needful as feed troughs, for a constant supply of pure water is indispensable to health and profit from the stock, of whatever kind it may be. Troughs for winter use should be made to be reversed, so that at night they may be turned over and kept free from snow.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A correspondent asks us how he can keep his winter apples until late in the spring, say till the end of May. There is but one answer to make: 1. The apples must be good keepers, free from bruises or blemish. 2. They must be spread out on shelves or packed in barrels, and kept in an atmosphere of from 40° to 50°, better from 40° to 45°—that is at a temperature as equable as possible. Some cellars are just the thing, and preserve them beautifully. Others are too moist. Where this is the case a few bushels of stone lime should be used. Sliding shelves, six inches apart, latticed bottom with a single layer of fruit are extremely convenient, as they allow of constant examination without disturbing the fruit. A friend informed us that with a large stand of these shelves in his cellar, with a few inches of lime on the bottom of the cellar, he kept his apples until May in perfect condition and good flavor.—*Spirit of Arkansas.*

Domestic.

WARM SLEEPING ROOMS.—I'm glad the barbarous idea that it is healthful to sleep in frigidly cold rooms is being combated. For my part, when I recall all the discomforts, yes, and absolute pain I've endured in cold bedrooms, I'm ready to pronounce a sentence of perpetual banishment to the Arctic regions, against the inhuman monster who first promulgated the idea that it is "unhealthful to sleep with a fire." If a fire is a good thing during the day when our bodies are at a higher temperature than during sleeping hours, why isn't it a better thing at night? People pile on a hundred weight or so of bed-clothes, shut doors and windows to prevent the entrance of even a breath of fresh air, and in spite of their precautions, what with having to breathe the cold air of the room and the liability there is of the clothes slipping off, they are not comfortable. There is another thing to be considered, heavy covering is weakening. Many delicate women and children are made weary by sleeping under great quantities of covering. Then, it has been demonstrated time after time, in medical reviews and in newspapers generally, that pure air is absolutely necessary to perfect health. What sort of air is that which has been breathed and rebreathed scores of times during the night? Have a fire, and open your windows an inch top and bottom. Instead of laying in a heavy stock of blankets and comfortables, just invest in a stove; the children can then make their toilets instead of rushing through the house half-clad to dress by the kitchen-fire, thereby impeding breakfast preparations. Besides, it isn't nice to have washing and combing going on in the same room and at the same time as cooking. A fire need not be kept in the bed-rooms all day. From eight in the morning until about six in the evening it could be dispensed with, and the expense and trouble would thereby be lessened.

Household Receipts.

POULTICES.—The common practice in making poultices of mixing the linseed meal with hot water, and applying them directly to the skin, is quite wrong, because, if we do not wish to burn the patient, we must wait until a great portion of the heat has been lost. The proper method is to take a flannel bag (the size of the poultice required), to fill this with the linseed poultice as hot as it can possibly be made, and to put between this and the skin a second piece of flannel, so that there shall be at least two thicknesses of flannel between the skin and the poultice itself. Above the poultice should be placed more flannel, or a piece of cotton wool, to prevent it from getting cold. By this method we are able to apply the linseed meal boiling hot, without burning the patient, and the heat, gradually diffusing through the flannel, affords a grateful sense of relief which cannot be obtained by other means. There are few ways in which such marked relief is given to abdominal pain as by the application of a poultice in this manner.—*Dr. T. Lauder Brunton, in Brain.*

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Sift together one quart of buckwheat flour and a teacup of corn meal. In cool weather make up a moderately thin batter with lukewarm sweet milk, salt to taste. In warm weather it is best to use water, as the milk would sour, add half a tumbler of good hop yeast (hop yeast is best for buckwheat); make it up in a jar, covering closely, at 9 o'clock at night. The next morning beat in three eggs; let it set fifteen or twenty minutes; just before frying stir in a teaspoonful of soda, first sprinkling it over the batter. Dip out with a ladle, putting the same quantity in each cake and not enough to make them very large; when large they become cold before they can be eaten. They should be served on hot plates, and not more than one or two for each person should be sent in at once.

PRESERVING THE TEETH.—In a recent lecture at St. Louis, Dr. Geo. P. Holmes said: To preserve the health the natural teeth is important. A long train of evils is induced by the insufficient mastication of the food. Even the first teeth of children should not suffer loss before the time for the eruption of the permanent set. They need them to masticate their food, even more than the adult, else it will be swallowed in chunks unfit for digestion. They should be protected from decay, that their pulps may aid in the process of root absorption. After the death of the nerve these teeth will have to be extracted. They should be saved to protect them from the pain of toothache and ulceration. They should be saved because of the influence they exert upon the regularity and perfection of the permanent teeth.

CELERY SALAD.—Take nice white celery; clean with a brush; do not scrape celery with a knife for any kind of dish; break it and put into salt and water to make it hard and crispy. For dressing take yolks of four eggs, well beaten; add to this one tablespoonful of mixed mustard, one half teaspoonful of black pepper; set the pan sailing in a pan of hot water, and cook till it becomes as thick as custard; set away to cool. When cold add a quarter of a cup of olive oil, if liked; if not, use sweet cream to thin the dressing. Take celery out of the water, drain through a colander, and pour the dressing over it just before sending to the table. Ornament this dish prettily with the tops of the celery.

CREAM CAKES.—One pound of flour, half pound of butter and one pint boiling water; pour water boiling hot on the batter, and put it over the fire; as soon as it begins to boil stir in the flour; when cool add nine eggs, well beaten. Drop the crust on tins and bake in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. When they are done open them and put in as much custard as possible. It is a great improvement to the appearance of the crust to rub it over with the white of an egg before it is baked.

JELLY CAKE.—Three-quarters pound sugar, half pound butter, one cup sour milk, half teaspoonful soda stirred into the milk, six eggs, pound flour; stir this well together. Bake in tin pans not more than half-inch thick; when baked, as you take them from the oven, lay them on a flat surface, spread over a layer of jelly on the top, then lay on another cake, then jelly, then cake; keep the best-looking for the top; cut it in square pieces.

RICH CAKES.—Boil a cup of rice very soft; mash it fine; add a pint of milk and three eggs, (or one egg and half a teaspoon soda), stir in a little flour; butter the griddle and pour on in small cakes; serve hot with butter and sugar or syrup.

VEAL CROQUETTES.—Chop cold veal very fine and half as much bread crumbs as veal; season with mace, pepper and salt; add one raw egg; roll thin in pieces about three inches long; dip in egg crumbs and fry in hot fat.

CUSTARD FOR CAKES.—One pint milk, four eggs, two cups sugar, and half cup flour; boil the milk, and while it is boiling add sugar, eggs and flour, and flavor it with lemon.

Scientific.

Duplexing the Atlantic Cable.—The simultaneous transmission of two telegraphic messages in opposite directions upon one wire, now known by the name of duplex telegraphy, dates back from the year 1853. In that year Dr. Gintl, the director of the state telegraphs in Austria, described a method by which this feat could be accomplished, and in July of the same year the method suggested by Gintl was tried between Prague and Vienna. An improvement on this method was suggested by a German electrician, Frischen, by Messrs. Siemens and Halske, of Berlin, and other workers at this subject. Nevertheless, owing to practical difficulties, the experiments were little more than interesting additions to our knowledge. So little hope, indeed, was there of the practical realization of this important matter that, in a standard work on telegraphy, published in 1867, after describing the early methods of duplex telegraphy, the author remarks: "Systems of telegraphing in opposite directions, and of telegraphing in the same direction more than one message at a time, must be looked upon as little more than feats in 'intellectual gymnastics,' very beautiful in their way, but quite useless in a practical point of view." Such assertions should teach all scientific writers the lesson of "hoping all things not impossible, believing all things not improbable," an attitude of mind which, Sir John Herschel remarks, should always characterize the natural philosopher, and which, in the present day, is certainly the safest one. Within six years of the publication of the foregoing statement duplex telegraphy was not only largely employed in actual telegraphy, but its use on certain busy lines became absolutely indispensable. The change from theoretical to practical success is due to an American, Mr. J. B. Stearns, who, in 1872, succeeded in overcoming the main obstacle in duplex telegraphy, namely, what is known as the static discharge from the line. This Stearns accomplished by using a "condenser;" and further, he developed a system of "duplexing" the line similar to the principle of the Wheatstone bridge.

More or less successful attempts were afterwards made to duplex submarine cables, and in the early part of 1877 Mr. J. Muirhead succeeded in duplexing the cables of the Eastern Telegraph Company by his artifical condensers. But we believe that his success was only partial. Subsequently Mr. Muirhead has been at work duplexing the Direct United States Cable, with some prospect of success, and lately Stearns, who may be called the father of duplex telegraphy, has actually achieved the great feat of perfectly duplexing the Anglo-American cable. In a message received by Mr. W. H. Preece, Mr. Stearns says, "I managed to get some specimens for you this morning, though we had no time to make the balance especially perfect for the purpose."

All the messages now sent across the Atlantic are automatically registered by means of Sir W. Thomson's delicate and beautiful siphon recorder, which spirts out little jets of ink in a fine stream on a moving ribbon of paper. When no current passes the ink marks form a straight line, but a current causes this line to deviate to the right or left, according to the direction of current. Hence the ordinary right and left strokes of a needle instrument, or the long and short dashes of a Morse, are indicated by marks above and below the middle line.

The essence of duplex telegraphy is to obtain an electrical balance round on the line, such that the sending instrument is not affected by currents circulating round it coming from the sending end, but only by currents received from the opposite end, and *vice versa*. Hence, if the balance be once obtained, double transmission is possible. This balance Stearns has succeeded in obtaining by the use of his system as applied to land lines, and without the aid of the additional arrangements of artificial condensers used by Dr. Muirhead.—*Nature.*

Scientific Notes.

Colorado contemplates the introduction of the yak or Thibet ox, which flourishes in the high mountains of Thibet, and the hair of which is used in manufacturing the beautiful Thibet shawls.

Eastern salt works have declined on account of the richness of the Michigan salt wells. The latter require less fuel to volatize the water, and the product is also superior to the former.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

A German paper asserts that prussic acid only causes suspension of life at first, and that one who takes it can be restored to animation by the pouring of acetate of potash and salt, dissolved in water, on the head and spine. Rabbits have been so recovered.

The Japanese make a very curious and handsome kind of copper, by casting it under water, the metal being highly heated and the water also being hot. The result is a beautiful rose-colored tint, which is not affected by exposure to the atmosphere.

The remains of huge glaciers have been discovered on the east side of Wind River Peak, Wyoming Territory, and on the east base of Fremont's Peak. Prof. E. V. Hayden thinks that on the west side of Wind River a glacier once existed eighty miles in length and twelve in breadth.

A paper by Norman Lockyer has recently been placed before the French Academy of Science, claiming to prove that many of the so-called elements are compound bodies. He believes that there is but one form of matter truly elemental, and that is in the shape of hydrogen, though not hydrogen itself. The New York *Independent* says that if the discovery is admitted as genuine, it is certainly one of the most brilliant and important of the decade, if not of the century.

Humorous.

—A prisoner, when asked what trade he wanted to learn, said: "If there be no objection, I would like to be a sailor."

—Somebody writes to a rural paper to ask "how long cows should be milked." Why, the same as short cows, to be sure.

—What is the difference between the weather and the baby? One never rains but it pours, and the other never pains but it roars.

—As they passed a gentleman whose optics were terribly on the bias, little Dot murmured: "Ma he's got one eye that don't go."

—A Western editor, in response to a subscriber who grumbles that his paper is intolerably damp, says it is, "because there is so much due on it."

—Edison's phonograph can whistle, sing, howl, and jaw, but it can't throw a stone at a yowling cat on the back fence, or kick a chromo off the front stoop. There are still lots of room for improvement.

—"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?" "Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs." "Pooh, nonsense! tell right out, Jane—which do you like best?" "Well," dropping her eyes, "I like 'U' best."

—The owner of a pair of bright eyes says the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of four years, who, after looking intently at her, inquired, naively: "Are your eyes new ones."

—"Speaking of bathing," says Mrs. Partington, "some can bathe with perfect impurity in water as cold as Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strands; but for my part, I prefer to have the water a little torpid."

—A millionaire, who was looking at a level tract of land which he had just bought at an extravagant price, said to the agent who had sold it to him, "I do admire a rich green flat." "So do I," significantly replied the agent.

—A little six-year-old, upon finding a lone and solitary stick of candy in his stocking on Christmas morning, mournfully exclaimed, "Gracious! if I had been born twins, I'd only got half this much!"—*Norristown Herald.*

—"Who followed Solomon?" asked a teacher of a history class. "I don't know," answered a shrewd girl; "but I have always heard that the Queen of Sheba followed him around a great deal." "Who first invaded Wales?" asked the same teacher. "Jonah," was the prompt reply of the same apt scholar.

—Yesterday an Eighteenth Ward young man asked his landlady what kind of a bed the new one in his room was. "A spring bed," she replied. The youth felt the crop of December wheat under his chin as he said, "Well, I wish you would put more clothing on that bed and make it a winter instead of a spring one."—*New York Star.*

WHERE COURAGE WAS NECESSARY. A lady who is no longer in the first blush of youth is summoned as a witness in some suit. The Judge—"How old are you, madam?" She (hesitatingly)—"Thirty-nine." The Judge (in the most benevolent tone, after having contemplated her an instant)—"Thirty-nine? Come, madam, have courage! Go on and finish it!"

THE SMALL BOY'S DILEMMA.—A saying of a Portland boy is thus described in the Shoe and Leather Reporter: "Little Arthur, at the age of 5 had been taking liberties with his mamma's paints, and came into the room with his hands ornamented with the variety of mixed colors which his inquisitiveness had discovered. 'Why' what have you been doing, my child,' said mamma, 'to get your hands in such a state?' 'That's a secret,' said Arthur. 'You must tell me how you got your hands so soiled.' 'I can't tell you, mamma—it's a secret.' 'Arthur,' said she, quite in earnest now, 'if you don't tell me I shall certainly whip you.' The boy hesitated a moment, as if balancing his mind between two horns of a dilemma, and then he said, plaintively, 'You'll whip me if I do.' The answer averted the discipline of the rod.

LETTING LOOSE THE ANIMALS.—P. T. Barnum is said to have remembered 442 editors in his will. We'd like our giraffe now, before Barnum dies.—*Detroit Free Press.* We don't expect to get anything more than the gnus, but we're not proud.—*Nycum Advertiser.* What we want more is the rhino, serious.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.* Lots of us would be content with a bear living.—*Port Chester Journal.* Wonder if any of you are lion about this?—*Bridgeport Standard.* Mr. Barnum gives us three cheers and a tiger.—*Danbury News.* It is to be hoped that Mr. Barnum will put his seal on the will.—*New York Telegram.* This is a maiden effort of Mr. Barnum's; but outside of the happy family give us a camel, o pard.—*Herald P. I.* We hope Mr. Barnum feels he otter include us.—*Yonkers Gazette.* All these punsters ought to be arrested for a hyenous offense.—*Buffalo Every Saturday.* There occurs to oc-e-lot more such peccary-ous jokes, but its time to taper off.—*Binghamton Republican.* O-strich it out a little more, and give us a few lynx in the golden chain.—*Unadilla Times.* We don't porpoise to ape humility; we'll take whatever is given us. Owl that do, Mr. Barnum?—*Oxford Times.*

THE LUNGS ARE STRAINED AND racked by a persistent Cough, the general strength wasted, and an incurable complaint often established thereby. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant is an effective remedy for Coughs and Colds, and exerts a beneficial effect on the Pulmonary and Bronchial Organs.

UNKIND WORDS.

It is not uncommon to find persons in private life who plume themselves on their powers of sarcasm and ridicule. Having won a reputation for saying sharp and biting things, they think, with Artemus Ward, that they are "nothing if not sarcastical." The letters of all sarcastic writers are the gospel which this class of men and women delight in. In this armory of rebuke, censure, and invective, they find ready at hand the weapons they love to brandish to the terror of all simple-hearted, and the disapproved of all charitable people. True it is that many vices of society, many abuses that creep into the body politic, are best assailed and removed by exposure to public derision and censure. The letters aforesaid were directed against national wrongs, against civic wickedness in high places, and were most effective in reforming the evils they attacked so vigorously. But in the privacy of domestic life, in the sanctity of homes, these swords should be turned into plowshares, these spears into pruning-hooks; that nothing may hurt or destroy all the holy enclosure that fences us in from the howling wilderness of the great rough world. Few of us who have seen the magnificent cases of instruments used by surgeons, can refrain from the most unqualified admiration of their perfect polish, the razor-smoothness of their edge, the requisite adaptation of each implement to perform the work for which it is designed. With equal wonder have we watched the amazing skill, the untrembling hand, the deft manipulations witnessed in the operation-rooms of hospitals, and thought that a surgeon was greater than a king. But would we not shudder to sit down at a table with these accomplished disciples of Galen, and see them carve the roast with those same bright blades that on another theatre won them such honor? Shall we use a surgeon's saw to separate a ham-bone? Shall we employ a probe when a pair of tweezers will do the work?

"They that take the sword will perish by the sword." Those who use severe and censorious language for the mere pleasure of wounding or of giving vent to their distempered hearts, must expect retribution in like measure. The biting retort is never hurled back in return for words of love and gentleness. The harsh reply is not given in exchange for the sympathetic expression. By our firesides we want "no books that are not tales of love, no friends that are not lovers;" at least, none that do not minister to that which ennobles and enriches human life, and quickens the love of whatever is immortal. When we remember how one touch of the frosty finger can, in a moment, unclinch our grasp, and seal up the book of our lives, how careful should we be that no unkindly, act no tart answer, no cold estimate, no baseless rumor, no unjust judgment, blot the pages! Besides the coffin, how unavailing every regret; how every little act looms up, dark and solemn under the weight of the great shadow.

Let us here quote the beautiful language of Irving, "*There* (at the grave) settle the account, with thy conscience of every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being who never, never can be soothed by contrition. If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or furrow to the silvered brow of an effectionate parent; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth; if thou art a friend, and hast injured by thought, word or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul; be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repenting on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear, bitter because unheard and unavailing."

A NEW "EXCELSIOR."—It was about half-past seven o'clock in the evening, when a youth created something of a sensation by passing through an Alpine village, in a driving snow storm, carrying a banner upon which was inscribed the strange device, "Excelsior." His brow was sad, but his eye (according to all accounts he had but one eye) flashed like a falchion from its sheath, while he pushed on, looking neither to the right nor left, but not forgetting to call loudly, "Excelsior." At first the villagers thought he had been drinking, and a policeman was started on his track, but finding there was nothing disorderly in the boy's conduct he was permitted to go his way unmolested. In happy homes the young fellow saw the light of household fires gleam warm and cheery, although coal was away up out of all reason as it always is in cold weather; above, the spectral glaciers shone, and from his lips escaped a sigh that was heard all over town, to this effect, "Excelsior!"

"Try not the pass," the old man said; "I've lived here for ninety years; I'm the oldest inhabitant, an' I never saw the signs more favorable for a big storm. Besides, the roarin' torrent is wide and deep, an' if you get across you can't get back for a week, unless you go around by Rabbit-hash an' cross on the bridge. Take my advice, young feller, an' stop over night; you'll find the Washington, right over the way, the cheapest house in town. Shall I take your baggage?" The boy turned up another street, indicating that he intended to climb the hill on the west side of town.

"Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest your weary head upon this breast." And right here the conduct of the young man becomes inexplicable. He did not accept the maiden's invitation, although she was comely, about sixteen years of age, and evidently belonged to the best society. He simply said that he was in a hurry, and would probably stop the next time he was in town. The maiden passed into the house, slammed the door and remarked to her mother, if she ever offered to assist a man in distress again she hoped she might be blessed. The young lady was quite indignant indeed.

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch! beware the"—

"Oh, give us a rest!" screamed the boy, who was getting out of patience, and the well-meaning peasant retired without completing the warning, which was no doubt something about "the awful avalanche."

At break of day, as heavenward the pious monks of St. Bernard uttered the oft-repeated prayer, they were startled, nay, shocked, to hear a young man shouting "Excelsior," and cursing the country black and blue for being the roughest, coldest and most forbidding of any he had seen since he left New Jersey. "How far is it to the next village?" he asked, "for I have something here that will knock the socks off of anything in this country." With that he passed on, still grasping in his hand of ice that banner with the strange device, while in the other he carried a little tin box labeled, "Excelsior Corn and Bunion Eradicator."—*Oil City Derrick.*

THE MARCH OF TIME.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Such was the prayer of a great Hebrew commander, and although the world has wonderfully changed since then, time has left its beauty untouched. And so, as we enter another year, it would be an appropriate one for us all.

The pomp and glory of life fade away aa a vision; its brightest hopes are mostly delusions, and its pleasures, like the waves of the sea, come for a moment, and then recede forever.

Time in its rapid flight destroys the works of man, crumbles great cities into dust, turns childhood into old age, and leaves its impress upon nature itself. It hastens forward and carries out the designs of the Creator, and history shows us the great progress it has made.

Let us go back, for example, to the commencement of the Assyrian and Babylonian empires.

True, we find beautiful cities with magnificent streets, splendid palaces, lofty towers that stretch far up into the air, and works of art which could compete with many of the present day.

How different though is the scene when we turn to the people.

We find that they were a proud and profligate race, who worshipped gods of gold and of silver, of iron and of stone, in preference to Him who rules the universe.

But time marches onward, and the Tigris and the Euphrates now flow sadly by the ruins of these mighty empires.

The scene has changed. Hark! a multitude of angels sing the song of peace, and their glorious chorus of welcome to the Redeemer rings throughout the world. Still time pursues its course. The Roman empire falls beneath its power, and the dark ages fade away as the stars before the approach of the morning light.

To-day the world is governed by wisdom and equity, and time is rapidly drawing us on to a grander age of enlightenment. The improvements in the arts and sciences, and the extension of knowledge throughout the globe tells us that we are approaching a brighter era.

And it is then, as these years pass away, and the future looms up before us, that we see the force and beauty of that prayer, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

LORENZO DOW.

In his systematic wanderings over the country, Lorenzo Dow, the great revivalist, almost invariably traveled on foot, and often without a penny in his pocket, because he did not need money, as he was well known and a welcome guest in every household. Tired and hungry in the evening twilight of an autumn day, he came in sight of a house at which he had often stopped, and to which he had traveled several miles more than his usual day's journey. The only occupants of the house were a father and a daughter, who was his housekeeper. When she saw Dow coming she ran to meet him, and demonstrated by her looks and words the joy she felt. While she was preparing supper she told him that her father had gone to a barn-raising and would not return until midnight, and detailed to him the happenings in the neighborhood since his last visit. After the supper they were joined by a young man, whom she introduced to Dow as her future husband, if they could obtain her father's consent, which at that time was not very probable, as he was bitterly opposed to the union. They both urged Dow to use all his influence with the father to obtain his consent, which he promised to do.

The house, as many were at that time, was only one story high, and from the ceiling, which was made by laying loose slabs on the timber used as joist, to the roof was called the loft. As there was only one room down stairs, a bed was made on the floor of the loft for Dow, to which he retired after praying with the young couple. He had not been in bed long before he heard a loud knocking on the door and commotion down stairs. By looking through between two slabs he saw the girl trying to force the young man up stairs, but he would not go; she then told him to get in a tow box that stood in the corner, and he did. Then she opened the door and her father entered. He was considerably under the influence of liquor, and in very bad humor because he was kept waiting so long. The girl told him he must keep quiet, as their old friend Lorenzo Dow was in bed in the loft, and said he ought to go up and see him; but the father was sensible enough to know that his head was too heavy to admit of his ascending an almost perpendicular ladder, and did not make the attempt. Dow, who had seen and heard all that passed below, descended the stairs.

The father received Dow at the foot of the ladder with cordial greetings, and insisted on him taking some supper with him, but Dow refused, as he already had supper. After he had concluded his meal, he said: "Mr. Dow, I have often heard that you can raise the devil, and I made up my mind that if you ever came back to my house I would get you to do it." Dow protested that he could do no such thing, but the man insisted that he could and should. After deliberating a short time, Dow said: "If I must I will; but it is sorely against my will. When he appears he will have a streak of fire behind him, so you must get water to put it out, otherwise it may burn the house.

All preparations were made, Dow took in his hand the only light in the room, and, after telling the girl to open the door and her father to stand back in the corner, he set on fire some of the tow that protruded through an open space in the box, and said in a loud voice, "Thou imp of Satan, leave this house until I bid thee return." The young man was sharp enough to know that Dow was getting him out of a bad scrape, and seizing some tow in each hand, which he held to his face, he sprang out of the box and out of the door. After he had gone the girl and Dow—the father being paralyzed with fear—put out the fire. Dow remained several days, and during the time the inquiries he made about the young man were answered so much to his satisfaction, that he urged the father to consent to the marriage and he did. Dow had the pleasure of pronouncing the couple husband and wife before his departure.

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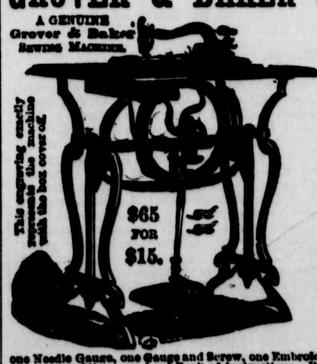

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