# Agriculture.

### Crushed Grain for Horses.

Oats are justly advocated as the grain above all others adapted to horses—and it is true, that for young horses, and those used on the road, there is probably nothing equal to oats, but they ought to be crushed or bruised and not ground. In fact, I think all grains are better fed in this way, and it seems strange that there are no good American oat crushers. They seem to me simple affairs—as I have seen them in English stables. A wheel of perhaps 18 inches in diameter, made strong, and having a perfectly flat periphery, of steel, I presume, like a steel tire, having a face about three inches wide, is turned so as to bear evenly against a smaller one of say eight inches or less in diameter, having a similar face. These two wheels are geared to turn together, and the oats are slowly fed in by a hopper. Good oats, when crushed, are nearly as round and as big as a silver 3-cent piece, and the husks are quite inconspicuous; poor ones show more husk than grain, and retain more nearly the form of the uncrushed oat. Barley may be crushed equally well with oats, although harder; and corn, when too green to grind, might well be thus treated. If grain be swallowed whole it is not easily digested, but if crushed, or broken even, it is likely to be. "Coarse meal," that is, the corn meal usually sold for feeding purposes in many Eastern towns, simply because it can be cheaply produced, is better than whole corn, because it is broken and some portion of it tolerably fine, but all the flinty part is in large solid pieces, which do not adhere to cut hay, do not soak quickly, and are slow of digestion. When new corn is crushed, although it is not comminuted into meal, its integrity is destroyed and is easily digested, because it readily absorbs water or the juices of the stomach.

### Value of Turnips.

A Connecticut farmer estimates the value of turnips (the flat English turnip in his case), as a food for milch cows, at 25 cents per bushel. He arrived at these figures by noting the diminished yield consequent upon leaving off the feed of turnips. The roots did not save the hay, as quite as much was consumed with as without them, but the turnips, as also shown by European experiments, were an aid to the digestion of the hay and similar fodder. Succulent roots of any kind, make up for other deficiencies of hay and grain, and render the whole ration more like the natural summer food, keeping the digestive apparatus healthy and active, and a relish to the drier food.—*American Agriculturist.*

### Agricultural Notes.

We clip the following excellent suggestions from the *American Agriculturist:*

*Keep a Diary or Daily Record.*—This is a useful and interesting work, and the time spent will be well repaid, in its value for future reference.

*Insurance.*—See that a sufficient insurance is placed on the farm buildings and contents. This is a duty every man owes to himself, his family and to his creditors, if he has any.

*Keep Out the Cold.*—The old-fashioned method of banking up the house, is not the best one. It is better to have double windows in the cellar, and the cellar wall properly pointed. If this has not been done, it may yet be, on a warm day.

*Take Care of the Ashes.*—Many fires occur through careless disposal of ashes. The ash house should be at a safe distance from any other buildings. A safe way is to keep the ashes in an iron can or holder until cool, and then throw them into the box or receptacle provided for them. Wood ashes are too valuable to waste, and coal ashes make an excellent absorbent in the earth-closet, and are very good for making hard foot-paths.

The barns should be kept clean and tidy. The lot of useless rubbish, so apt to gather in buildings, should be disposed of at least once a year. Whatever is useful should be stored and cared for.

Small matters make up the sum of our comfort, and constant attention to them will not only save trouble, but will confirm a habit of looking after more important things.

The daily work should be done according to system. This will lighten labor and save time; things will be done in order, and less will be forgotten.

The cows should be cleaned before morning milking, then fed—the feed having been prepared, as far as possible, the previous afternoon. This, with the care of the horses, and a light feed to the small stock, will occupy the time before breakfast.

After breakfast the small stock should be further looked to, fed and watered. The same hours, as nearly as possible, should be observed each day for these matters. Animals are exacting as regards time, and are uneasy under irregularity. After the small stock are cared for, horses and cows should be watered, and the latter turned into the yard.

In stormy weather the stock are better under cover than exposed to the wintry blasts. It is a mistake to suppose that exposure makes them hardy; on the contrary, they are weakened by it.

*Fodder Racks.*—The wasteful practice of throwing hay and fodder upon the ground to be fought over and trampled upon, is far too frequent. A cheap foddering rack, covered and protected from the weather, should be provided in every yard.

Protection for stock should be provided even in the Southern States, where the winters are relatively mild. Dry snow is not so chilling as a cold rain; damp winds, even some degrees above the freezing point, often prove disastrous. A shed open to the south, however rough, will answer as a shelter.

*Work for the Teams.*—Work should be found for the horses and cattle. They are all the better for exercise, and by looking around, useful work may always be found. If nothing better offers make a holiday, and take the children for a drive.

Milking cows should be kept dry and clean in the stalls, and extra feed be given to dairy cows that fall off in their milk. A few quarts of ground oats, linseed oil-cake meal, or bran, stirred in the water in the drinking troughs, will increase the milk-flow.

*Calves.*—Warmth and cleanliness will keep the young calves in a good condition with light feeding, while without these, heavy feeding will do more harm than good. It is useless to over-feed young animals in an effort to make up for the want of care.

# Domestic.

HOME ORNAMENTS.—Among a little group of pictures is a bracket, which is easily made. Get strong pasteboard, mark upon it a pattern from any bracket, cut it out with a sharp knife, sew the pieces together, and then paint to imitate dark wood. Above the same group is an anchor made of autumn leaves, which I gathered in the golden October days, and pressed with a moderately hot iron on which beeswax had been rubbed, and then fastened on to a pasteboard foundation cut in the form of an anchor.

A neat frame for an engraving or photograph is made by taking a glass the size of the picture you wish to frame, and pasting around the edges a strip of black glazed paper, any width you wish, binding the glass and picture together. Before framing make a loop on each side of the picture with a needle and strong thread, by which to hang it.

A little gem may be made by taking a pasteboard box, about a foot square and two inches deep; line with black velvet; arrange in it a bouquet of skeletonized leaves. Get a mat and glass to fit over the box; paste on the sides black paper, allowing a strip about half an inch in width to cover over the glass, thus forming a frame and keeping the glass in its place.

The Tradescentia I consider invaluable; it patiently endures so much ill-treatment, and flourishes almost anywhere you put it. I have vases of it on brackets scattered all over the room, and bottles of water, in which it is growing, hanging behind a number of the pictures.

A pretty ornament for a bracket is a cross made of wood, fastened to a block for a foundation, and the whole covered with the gray lichen. Arrange autumn leaves, ferns, and the scarlet berry of the bitter-sweet around the base, and a vine made of tiny leaves and the berries over the arms of the cross.

We are all fond of rocking-chairs, and so have them in abundance. On one is a tidy similar to the daisy tidy, only it is made of black calico. Cut circular pieces of black calico about three inches in diameter; turn in the edges, and gather with a strong thread; draw it as tight as possible, and fasten. Make within the gathers several short loops of scarlet zephyr, then cut them. You will now have a black wheel with a scarlet tuft in the centre. Make eighty-one of these, sew them together and finish with a border of scarlet.

Take a piece of perforated cardboard, about five inches long and four inches wide. Work a border around the edge of scarlet zephyr, and within the border the words "Scratch my Back." Cut a piece of sandpaper the same size as the card-board, and bind them together with narrow scarlet ribbon. Make a cord of the zephyr, and fasten it to two of the corners, and hang beneath your match-safe, and you will have a pretty little arrangement on which to strike your matches. *Floral Cabinet.*

### Household Receipts.

TABLE SAUCE.—There is no reason why you should not sometimes have a nice relish for cold meats when you can make a pint of it for six cents, so I will give you a receipt for it. Get a bunch of tarragon; it will cost five cents in the summer, when it is green and strong, and not much more in the winter; put it in an earthen bowl and pour on it one pint of scalding-hot vinegar; cover it and let it stand until the next day; then strain it and put it into a bottle, which you must cork tight. Either put more hot vinegar on the tarragon or dry it, and save it until you want to make more. You may make a gallon of sauce from one bunch, only every time you use it you must let it stand a day longer.—*Twenty-five Cent Dinners.*

BROILED KIDNEYS.—Mix together in a deep plate the following ingredients, which will cost three cents: One ounce of butter, half a level teaspoonful of pepper, one teaspoonful each of mustard, and any table sauce or vinegar, and as much cayenne as you can take up on the point of a small pen-knife blade; toast half a loaf of stale bread (cost three cents), cut in slices one inch thick; wash, split and broil one pound of pigs' or sheep's kidneys (cost ten cents or less); while the kidneys are broiling dip the toast in the first named seasonings, lay it on a hot dish, and lay the kidneys on it as soon as they are broiled; season them with salt and pepper, and serve them hot with one quart of plain boiled potatoes (cost three cents). The cost of the entire dinner will be less than twenty cents.—*Twenty-five Cent Dinners.*

SOUP.—Take about four pounds of good lean meat, and boil in about four quarts of water; pare about six small onions, and the same quantity of celery, cut in pieces an inch long; one yellow turnip cut in small pieces, and the same quantity of potatoes; boil in a separate saucepan until half done, as that rids the vegetables of a part of the unpleasant smell; when the meat is tender remove it from the broth, and add the vegetables—not the water they were boiled in; then beat well one egg and one tablespoonful of milk, thicken with prepared flour; drop in small quantities to soak; the soup is ready to be taken up, as it must not boil more than five minutes, or it will make it too thick; if the meat is allowed to remain in the soup after it is tender, the soup will be full of fragments of it. This soup is excellent, and as good the next day.

—As about thirty hundred weight of slag are made for every ton of pig-iron, the importance of utilizing this waste product is very obvious. In England slag has been turned to account in the formation of breakwaters, such as that at the mouth of the Tees. Bricks, paving-sets, concrete and other articles are also made of it. Three millions of slag bricks, most of which go to London, are manufactured annually. Glass works are now in operation at the blast-furnaces in Northamptonshire, where the slag is run direct from the iron-furnaces into the glass-furnaces, mixed with other materials, and converted into glass for bottles, etc.

# Humorous.

### THE SONG OF THE CREMATIONIST.

Don't put me on the river bank
Among the grass and flowers,
Nor where the grass is watered
By the early summer showers.
But put me in the kitchen range
And open wide the damper,
And then my vaporous remains
Can up the chimney—scamper.

—What did *billet doux?*—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

—The shrouding ulster covers a multitude of crooked shins.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"It takes a fellow who has been kicked off the front stoop by the irate parent of his girl to tell the story of the missile toe."—*Utica Observer.*

—A very fat man sent an order to the office for two seats in the coach for himself. The clerk engaged him one seat outside and the other inside.

—A Nevada man drove twenty-eight miles to attend a funeral, but reached the house to find the deceased alive and recovering. He, therefore, brings suit for $20 damages.

—Josh Billings says: "Thare iz one thing about a hen that looks like wisdom; they don't kackle much until *after* they have laid their egg. Sum pholks are alwuz a bragging and a kackling what they are going tew do bee-fore hand."

—The microphone has recently been so improved that you can tell what a man thinks when you hand back his bill and tell him to call again with it. It is invariably, as reported by the microphone, something that had better be thought than said.

—A little girl visiting a neighbor with her mother was gazing curiously at the host's new bonnet, when the owner queried: "Do you like it, Laura?" The innocent replied: "Why, mother said it was a perfect fright, but it don't scare me." Laura's mother didn't stay long after that.

—Wiggins says: "They have a good deal to say about this 'new game of lacrosse.' New game? Fudge! It's old's the hills. I used to play it when I was a little chap no bigger than a pint o' cider." He refers to the time when he used to lacrosse the knee of his nearest maternal relative and get beaten.

—"That's good butter," said Shrimp to his boarding mistress the other morning, as he transferred half there was on the plate to a hot biscuit. "Yes," said she, eyeing him sharply, "that butter cost me thirty-eight cents a pound." "Well," said he, scooping the remainder on to another biscuit, "its worth it."

—The Indianapolis *News* says that a ruralist, seated himself at a restaurant table in that city the other day and began on the bill of fare. After keeping three waiters nearly an hour employed in bringing dishes to him he called one of them to him, heaved a sigh and whispered, as he spread the bill of fare before him and pointed with his finger: "Mister, I've et to thar, and" —moving his finger down to the bottom of the page—"if it ain't agin the rule I'd like to skip from thar to thar."

—A susceptible young gentleman, who was engaged to a beautiful lass in Montreal, offered to give her all the money he had saved, amounting to several hundred dollars, and it was deposited in a bank in her name. Not long afterward he fell in love with another girl and was anxious to have the money refunded. The first sweetheart was willing to cancel the engagement, but regarded the bank account as a matter of business, and refused to refund the money.

—About mid-afternoon yesterday the cry of "runaway—look out!" was started on Michigan avenue, near Cass street, by a dozen persons. A young man with the peach blossoms of the country on his cheeks and his pants tucked into his boot-legs had just came out of a harness shop, and seeing the runaway horse coming down the street he dropped the horse collar off his arm and made a dash for the flying animal. Just now how it happened no one could say, but horse and man and sleigh were all piled up in a heap the next moment, and from the mass issued such a string of yells as it did not seem possible one man could utter. The crowd separated one from the other after awhile, and the man appeared to have been dragged through several knot-holes and then run through a thrashing machine. Some wiped the blood off his ear, while others hunted up his broken suspenders and missing boot-heels, and when he got his breath he said:

"Oh, I don't care about these few scratches. Where are the ladies whose lives I saved?"

"There was no one in the sleigh," answered one of the crowd—"no one but a sack of buckwheat and a quarter of beef, and they are safe."

"Didn't I rescue anybody?" demanded the young man.

"No; but you are a hero just the same."

"I'll be teetotally mashed if I am!" he indignantly exclaimed. "Here, some o' you put that hoss-collar over my head, hitch a swill-cart to me and drive me to death for a mule, for I don't know enough to be a first-class fool.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### A WOMAN'S GLOVE.

A woman's glove is to her what a vest-pocket is to a man. But it is more capacious, and in ninety-nine instances out of one hundred, it is much better regulated. A man will carry two dollars' worth of small change, four matches, half-a-dozen toothpicks, a short pencil and a pack of business cards in his vest-pocket, and yet not be able to find a nickle, or a match, or a toothpick, or a pencil, or a card when he wants it. Not so with a woman. She has the least bit of a glove, and in that glove she carries the tiniest hand and a wad of bills, and the memorandum for her intended purchase of dress goods, and car tickets and matinee checks, and maybe a diminutive powder-bag. We have no idea how she does it—how she manages to squeeze those thousand-and-one things into that wee space. But she does it every time; and the glove never looks the least bit discomposed, or plethoric, or ruffled. And when a woman wants any article concealed about that glove, she doesn't seem to have the least trouble in the world getting at it. All that is required is a simple turn of the wrist, the momentary disappearance of two fairy fingers, and the desired article is brought to light! It is a wonder that no savant can explain.

### CLEOPATRA.

Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, was one of the most brilliant and beautiful women the world has ever known, but her husband, Ptolemy Dionysius, who was her own brother, deprived her of her share of the kingdom and drove her to seek protection of the Romans. Cæsar was then emperor of Rome, and she used all her powers of fascination to win his favor, and succeeded.

When Cæsar was assassinated, she was accused of having assented in the crime, and was brought before Marc Antony for trial. Although coming to judgment, she came in the pride of beauty and anticipated triumph. Her galley was burnished with gold, its silken sails were filled with odors, and the silver oars, which were plied by the most beautiful maidens of Egypt, moved to the sweet sounds of music. The lovely Cleopatra, arrayed in slight drapery, reclined under a canopy on the deck, and appeared more like the dream of some sculptor or painter than like a human being.

Marc Antony was charmed with her person and talents and became her lover, neglecting his wife. But this woman of splendid attractions, who could make great men her slaves, and might have wielded an unlimited power for good, was ambitious, extravagant and unprincipled. After Cæsar's death, Antony aspired to the head of the government, but Octavius Augustus, grand-nephew of Cæsar, opposed him; a battle was fought for the sovereignty of the world at Actium on the Mediterranean, west of Greece, at which Cleopatra had sixty of her finest vessels. Just as Antony was about to gain the victory, Cleopatra, with her sixty galleys, deserted him, and he, rashly abandoning the conquest, followed her off from the field of action.

She caused herself to be reported dead, upon hearing which Antony besought his faithful friend and servant, Eros, to kill him. Eros pretended to consent, but when Antony's face was turned away, he killed himself instead. Antony was so touched by this proof of devotion, that he took the sword and wounded himself mortally, but lived long enough to be carried into the presence of Cleopatra. Here we find him in a magnificent apartment, its walls of purest alabaster, polished like mirrors, and its columns of gold most delicately ornamented. Through the open windows are seen the dark, glossy leaves of the fig, the broad canopy of palms a hundred feet high, pavements of milk-white marble, cool as snow, and beautiful fountains of sparkling water.

On a couch which glows with the pictured fabrics of Eastern looms lies Marc Antony in almost superhuman majesty, his eyes closed, the curls parted from his noble brow, but his face so natural that, but for the rigidity of the limbs, one might think he slept. Evidences of affection are all around; perfumes liberally sprinkled upon his auburn locks, and garlands of freshest flowers upon his cold limbs. Cleopatra sits beside him in speechless woe, with fixed yet vacant gaze. Unlike her regard for other heroes, she has loved him for himself, and not for his fame or power. Near them, on a table of the richest porphyry, negligently strewn with instruments of music, there stands a plain and common-looking basket, filled with the glossy leaves and purple fruit of the fig; they look very tempting, but there is a slight, rustling sound, at times, and a movement of the leaves, not regular, as if shaken by the breeze, but heaving up, at intervals, as if some living thing was lurking underneath, and on a close examination, deadly asps are found crawling among the fruit; these serpents Cleopatra has applied to her bosom, and a very tiny spot of blood shows where the poison has been injected into her veins. Octavius, the successor of Cæsar, has conquered, and she will not be his prisoner; her hero is dead, and she will follow him.

Octavius comes himself, with all the nobles of his court, and flatters her with honeyed words, but she rejects his clemency with haughty scorn. He says: "We would have the beautiful Cleopatra among our friends: she is queen of Egypt still."

"By the great gods, I am! Nor is it in the power of all Rome to make me other! Free was I born and royal: free will I die and royal! Cæsar, I scorn your mercies, as I defy your menaces! My father left me a crown, and crowned will I go to my father!"

With this she flung her hand in defiance toward the victor, placed the antique crown of the Ptolomies upon her raven locks, and stretching herself upon the couch by the side of Antony, closed her eyes, gave one long, convulsive shudder, and Cleopatra the beautiful was no more. Egypt never since has known a native sovereign.

### SELECTING HUSBANDS.

It has been profoundly remarked that the true way of telling a toadstool from a mushroom is to eat it. If you die it was a toadstool; if you live it was a mushroom. A similar method is employed in the selection of husbands. Marry him. If he kills you, he is a bad husband; if he makes you happy he is a good one. There is really no other criterion. As Dr. Samuel Johnson remarked, the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. Some young men who seem unexceptionable—indeed, very desirable—when they are single, are perfectly horrid as soon as they get married. All the latent brute there is in the heart comes out as soon as a sensitive and delicate being seeks her happiness in his companionship. The honeymoon lasts a very short time; the receptions and the round parties are soon over; and then the two sit down to make home happy. If she has married a society man, he will soon begin to get bored—he will yawn, and go to sleep on the sofa. Then he will take his hat and go down to the club and see the boys, and perhaps not come home till morning. If she has married a man engrossed in business, he will be fagged out when he comes home. He may be a sickly man, whom she must nurse; a morose man, whom she must seek to cheer; a drunken man, whom she must sit up for; a violent man, whom she fears; a fool, whom she soon learns to despise; a vulgar man, for whom she must apologize; in short, there are thousands of ways of being bad husbands, and very few ways of being good ones. And the worst of it is that the poor, silly women are apt to admire in single men the very traits which make bad husbands, and look with contempt or ridicule upon those quiet virtues which make home happy. Men with very little personal beauty or style often make the wife happy—and sometimes quite the reverse. The number of ways of being a bad husband is almost as great as the number of ways of being ugly. No one can tell, from the demeanor of a single man, what sort of a husband he will be. Meantime she must marry somebody. Eat it. If you die, it was a sort of toadstool; if you live, it was a sort of mushroom.

### EXTRAVAGANT HABITS.

One of the social wonders of the world in recent times was the ability and readiness with which the French people met the enormous tax or fine which their German conquerors laid upon them at the end of the last war. One thousand millions of dollars in cash were paid within a few months without any foreign aid and without any effort that was noticeable outside of France. The secret of this wonderful financial ability lay in the long-cherished and practiced habits of economy and saving usual amongst the French people. For years yast, as today, that people have been simple in their habits, industrious, sober, economical, and when they have a few francs to spare, they are carefully laid away. There is no eager grasping after large profits, large interest, usurious lendings, nor is there that eager desire to spend money as soon as it is possessed, that is common with us. Nor is it from avarice that the passion springs; on the contrary, it is a desire to possess some little competence, some store against a rainy day, that impels those people to exercise those virtues for which they become noted and which are among their most conspicuous attributes on personal acquaintance with them. A son is to be sent to college or started on a small farm, the smallness of which would be ludicrous to an American, especially a Western farmer; or a daughter must be provided with her *dot* to start housekeeping with; and with habits of forethought cultivated for years and pursued with steadiness, there is no "cursed thirst for gold" for spending, but a careful husbanding for future needs. And homely virtue saved the nation in a time of great disaster; and saves it every day from panics, collapses and frequent bankruptcies.

We might take a lesson from this. We labor and make money to spend, not to save. The desire to spend is innate. The child says, "when I have ten cents I will buy this or that with it." The man or woman in the same way has already laid out and spent hundreds of dollars in anticipation before it has been earned or he has come into possession of a tenth of the amount. This destroys thrift and creates uneasiness, discontent and dissatisfaction. It makes our every-day plodding life unwelcome to us. Our boys inheriting it, crowd to the cities to seek a rapid fortune, and our girls dream uneasily day by day of a better position. Society is to some extent debased by it. It is through this that sheriffs have been enabled to retire on a competency after two or three years of official life, gathering together the lost fortunes of hapless debtors ground between the millstones of the law and exacting creditors. And still we are getting no better! The hard times, now happily past, we look at with revengeful feelings, and hail the better times at hand because those kept us poor and these promise to make us rich.

What a land and what a nation this would be if we could but engraft upon ourselves some of the French habit of economy and thrift; if, when we made a hundred dollars, we could be content to let it remain in safe-keeping without trying to double it by usury or speculation, or use it for some more noble purpose. Compare the last fifteen years of our history with the same period in French history, and it will be found that the greater part of our financial difficulties have arisen from our want of the French habits referred to. —*Rural New Yorker.*

### USEFUL AND USELESS HUSBANDS.

The average husband is conceded by all intelligent wives to be utterly useless when at home. He may be acute and skillful at his business, and he may be an affectionate husband and father: but when there is anything to be done in the house in the way of repairing furniture, or improvising cheap substitutes for bedsteads or mop-handles, he is of less value than his own little boy, who often helps his mother. While this is undoubtedly true of most men, there is occasionally found one whose delight consists in constantly practicing as an amateur cabinet-maker, plumber, or carpenter. He often prowls about the house seeking articles upon which he can use a little glue or varnish, and devising plans for filling up the corner of the dining-room with a few triangular shelves, and for putting up a wooden mantelpiece in the hall bed-room. The sound of his saw and hammer are heard often, and he goes to bed at late hours with more paint adhering to his fingers than his wife regards as strictly necessary.

It is a curious illustration of the perversity of the female sex that a husband with this fondness for doing little useful things is held among wives to be even more undesirable than the kind of husband who is perfectly useless. He is charged not only with fiendish fondness for late hammering, but is constantly upbraided because he "makes so many chips." In vain does he explain that planing a board necessarily results in chips, and that sawdust is the inevitable consequence of using a saw. He is told that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and that no decent man would think of making chips all over the floor. These things, however, never dishearten a husband of an active disposition, who cannot possibly find enjoyment in sitting at home and doing nothing at all. To him the little domestic jobs are a relaxation, especially when the nature of his daily routine business is of another kind; and we earnestly implore wives who happen to have such husbands to be indulgent toward them, as they are really of more value to them and their children than those who, when at home, do nothing but fill their rooms with tobacco smoke.

—A statistical review of the battles fought by Austrian troops since 1495 has recently been issued by the military authorities, which shows that in that period the aggregate losses in killed and wounded have amounted to 1,085,931, including 261 generals and 17,096 officers, while the prisoners taken by the enemy were 56 generals, 4174 other officers, and 289,041 non-commissioned officers and men. As to trophies and captures the account stands: Guns taken, 4101; lost, 1805; colors and standards taken, 2033; lost, 969; horses captured, 13,861; lost, 129,227; wagons captured, 11,833; lost, 3910.

### THE CURE FOR GOSSIP.

Everybody must talk about something. The poor fellow who was told not to talk, for fear the people would find out that he was a fool, made nothing by the experiment. He was considered a fool because he did not talk on some subject or other. Everybody must have something to say, or give up society. Of course the topics of conversation will relate to the subjects of knowledge. If a man is interested in science, he will talk about science; if he is an enthusiast in art, he will talk about art; if he is familiar with literature, and is an intelligent and a persistent reader, he will naturally bring forth literary topics in his conversation. So with social and religious questions. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." That of which the mind is full—that with which it is furnished—will come out in expression.

The very simple reason why the world is full of gossip is, that those who indulge in it have nothing else in them. They must interest themselves in something. They know nothing but what they learn from day to day in intercourse with, and in observation of, their neighbors. What these neighbors do, what they say, what happens to them in their social and business affairs, what they wear—these become the questions of supreme interest. The personal and social life around them—this is the book under constant perusal; and out of this comes that pestiferous conversation which we call gossip. The world is full of it; and in a million houses, all over the country, nothing is talked of but the personal affairs of neighbors.

What is the cure for gossip? Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good-natured people talk about their neighbors because—and only because—they have nothing else to talk about. Gossip is always a personal confession either of malice or imbecility; and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is low, frivolous, and too often a dirty business. There are country neighborhoods in which it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it; neighbors make enemies by it for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease, which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.

### DEBT.

The first and most ruinous form of extravagance is going in debt. There is nothing in the world so easy for most people to do—that is if people will trust them—as to run in debt. There is nothing harder than to get out. To exert one's self intensely, to practice self-denial, to endure hardships for a future good, whose enjoyments far more than repay for the present trouble, is comparatively easy. But to do this that we may pay for a past pleasure, whose delight we shall never taste again, and which, in looking back, we almost regard as a folly, this is one of the hardest tasks a man can undertake; working to pay a debt is the hardest, most uninspiring drudgery. Debt seems almost endowed with perpetual motion. Once started, it keeps rolling on, always increasing, until it buries its victim irretrievably beneath its deadening avalanche. Yet few temptations are greater to the natural man than the extravagance of going into debt. It is so pleasant, so easy. One sees something he wants, and thinks how much nicer, how much easier to take it now and say charge it, than to go entirely without it, or wait months before, with self-denial and hard work, he has saved enough to buy and pay for it. But the thing must be paid for, if you are to be an honest man, and more must be paid if you take it on credit.

It should be the principle of every one who would avoid failure, who would secure prosperity, never, never to go beyond his income; never, never to run in debt. Pay as you go; stop when you cannot pay.—*G. B. Beecher.*

—Stout elderly man, on Margate jetty, to young and gentlemanly stranger who had just saved the former's wife from drowning: "Sir, I wish to show you my gratitude, but as you won't accept money, I will make you a present of a piece of good advice. Never eat sausages in summer. I knows what they are made of—I'm a pork butcher."

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