Agriculture.

Farming for Profit.

The most profitable farming is that which gives the largest returns for the smallest comparative outlay. This statement is based on business principles, but it is not always apparently true, for sometimes a farmer gets large crops with small outlay by the use of means which draw heavily upon the reserve forces of the soil. The latter should be reckoned into the expense account, but usually is not, though if such a course is continued, it results in exhaustion. To revise the first statement, then: that kind of farming is most profitable which gives the largest returns for the expense incurred, without decreasing one's capital by exhausting the soil.

English agriculture dates its rise from the beginning of the fattening of animals for market. The most fertile farms in the Eastern States to-day are, as a rule, those devoted to stock and dairy-farming. The production and sale of large crops of grain, potatoes, and other field crops, without any return of fertility, has caused the present sterility of the many thousands of acres of comparatively exhausted farm lands, West, South and East. If their owners had kept live stock for the consumption of the crops, and sold only the animal products and the surplus grain, etc., they might have been even more productive to-day than in the beginning. The growth of plants does not exhaust the soil, but on the contrary, makes it richer, so long as the mineral and nitrogenous elements of plant-food are returned to the land. The action of the roots is to extract food material from the rocks (as we may regard the inorganic matter of the soil), and of the leaves to draw it from the air and to store it in the soil; but it more than the material thus obtained is removed and not returned, exhaustion necessarily follows.

By feeding crops to animals, the larger portions of the essential mineral and nitrogenous portions are returned to the soil in the resulting manure; particularly is this the case in fattening mature animals, and in the production of butter and pork. An animal extracts from its food nitrogen for its muscles, phosphate for its bones, some potash, and the vegetable oils and other carbonaceous matter for its fatty tissues and for respiration. The nitrogen, phosphates and potash, we must supply to the soil, as plants seldom obtain these materials from natural sources so rapidly as we remove them in crops sold; the materials for oils, sugar, starch and other carbonaceous matters, are furnished to the plants from air and soil in ample quantities to meet all demands. Now, a growing animal stores up the first three of these food materials. A mature animal, on the contrary, only uses enough of them to make good the wastes of the body, but these wastes are all found in the excrement; so that practically a fattening animal removes *none* of the constituents of its food that are valuable for manure. We can, therefore, feed the home-grown crops and purchased food to mature animals, and get nearly or quite its full value twice over, in beef and in manure for the production of more crops.

Similar principles apply in feeding swine. Pork is for the most part composed of the fatty matter which costs nothing in the crop. Hence the value of hog-manure, with which every farmer is familiar. In butter-making, also, very little if any fertility is removed from the farm in the butter sold, as it is composed wholly of fatty compounds. This fact is illustrated in practice by the exceptional fertility of butter dairy farms, which, instead of becoming sterile, are continually growing more fertile. These facts indicate that the profitable farming of the future, in many sections, is to be, as it is to day, in increased attention to fattening animals and dairying.—*American Agriculturist.*

Fattening Sheep for Market.

This winter it is a question with the young shepherd and with many who own small flocks of sheep, whether it will pay to fatten some of their flocks to add to the glutted meat market. In view of the low price of hogs in many parts of the country, many suppose the demand for fat sheep will be light and prices consequently low. Undoubtedly this supposition is in a great measure correct, yet in my opinion it will pay to feed a few sheep well so as to have them in first-class condition for market by the last of February or early in March. About that time there is always a fair demand for well-fattened winter-fed sheep. When the prices are high, it never pays to send a half-fed animal to market, and it certainly must be a losing business to sell poorly-fed stock when prices rule low.

This winter the best sheep only should be selected for fattening; all others should be retained for wool-growing until better figures can be obtained for fat light-weights or stock sheep. Those picked out for the butcher should be fed generously and regularly, and upon this point too much stress cannot be laid. Care should be taken, however, to give the sheep only just enough for one meal at each feeding time. If they are given a superabundance of hay, they soon learn to be particular in selecting the best part only, and if there is not enough of this at one feeding-time, they will wait half-hungry for the next. My own experience agrees with that of most successful sheep owners, that fattening animals should be fed three times a day; though some of my neighbors think twice often enough. It is also very important that the sheep should not be allowed to suffer from want of water; neither should they lack a supply of salt; for although salt is not so necessary to them in the winter as in the summer, still they will thrive better if it is fed to them at least once a week at all seasons.—*Rural New Yorker.*

A good, well hung gate will save its cost the first year in the time saved by stopping to put up bars whenever any one passes. Farm gates are pleasant for master and men.

—There is a snake-eating snake in the London Zoological Garden. He is over seven feet in length, and his circumference is about equal to the thickness of a man's wrist. His virus is as deadly as that of the cobra, and he is a regular athlete among snakes. His head is very lizard-like and harmless-looking, and has an intelligent-looking eye. Like the cobra, he has a hood which he can expand when angry, and his body is ornamented with very pretty stripes. On his arrival at the Gardens he was treated to a live English snake, which he instantly seized and swallowed head foremost.

Domestic.

MACARONI AND ITS USES.—In a notice of Miss Corson's little work on "25-cent Dinners," it was stated as one good feature of the book, that it recommended macaroni, and told how to cook it. This cheap and very nutritious food may be cooked in a variety of acceptable styles, and is a most excellent substitute for vegetables. Potatoes are apt to be poor late in the season, and if macaroni be used instead, it will be found vastly more nutritious. Macaroni comes in boxes of about 25 lbs., and is sold by the box at an average price of 15-18c. per lb. It is in long pipes, or tubes, sometimes several feet in length, being bent over and over; it is a little larger round than a common lead pencil, and has a dull appearance, somewhat like that of horn. It is imported from Italy, and though it has been made in this country, and perhaps is still made, it is, for reasons to be explained presently, vastly inferior to the imported. Macaroni is really dried flour paste, but there is, as every housekeeper knows, a great difference in flour, and the kind best for bread is the poorest for macaroni, and vice-versa. Flour consists largely of starch. If we mix up some flour with water, to form dough, and tie a lump of this dough—say as big as a hen's egg—in a piece of muslin, and then hold it under a stream of water, and work it as the water flows, the starch will soon be washed out through the meshes of the muslin, when the water runs clear, showing that the starch has been washed out, if we open the cloth there will be found a small quantity of a pasty stringy mass—this is gluten. It differs from starch in containing nitrogen, and it will soon spoil. Starch is as *heat*-producing food, gluten is a *flesh*-forming food, really the most nutritious portion of the flour. Our best wheats make flour with 7 or 8 parts in the 100 of gluten. Other wheats contain about twice as much. It is only wheats rich in gluten that make good macaroni, and while the flour of our wheats make the best and lightest bread, it is only the wheats of the south of Europe, especially some kinds raised in certain localities in Italy, that make the best macaroni. This is why it can not be made successfully in this country—our flour is in one sense too good. The proper kind of flour is made into a stiff paste with water, well worked by means of a wooden bar, and then put into a mould in which it is subjected to great pressure. The mould has holes in it, of the proper shape, and the paste is forced out through these as fine threads, when it is called vermicelli, or as pipes or tubes, when it is macaroni. It is dried by a heat sufficiently to slightly bake it, when it is ready to be packed in boxes. The same paste rolled thin, and formed by proper cutters into squares, stars, hearts, etc., is known as Italian paste. Vermicelli and Italian paste are rarely used except in soups. It will be seen that macaroni is the most nutritious of all farinaceous foods, and one that should be more generally known and used than it now is. We may add here that it is a most excellent thing for explorers and other travellers—as we know from experience. Those who go on hunting and other excursions, which take them where vegetables are not procurable, will not miss these if there is a supply of macaroni. Old macaroni is sometimes infested by an insect which feeds within the cavity; upon holding the stick up to the light this may be seen as a dark spot. In our first experience with macaroni, it seemed so hard and horn-like that it was put to soak before cooking; as a consequence it was spoiled. It should be put at once into boiling water. The following directions for cooking it are from "25-cent Dinners," and abridged so far as they give matters already stated above. Miss Corson gives the following general directions under

Macaroni—Wipe it carefully, break it in whatever lengths you want it, and put it into boiling water, to every quart of which half a tablespoonful of salt is added; you can boil an onion with it if you like the flavor. As soon as it is tender enough to yield easily when pressed between the fingers, drain it in a colander, saving its liquor for the next day's broth, and lay it in cold water until you want to use it. When more macaroni has been boiled than is used it can be kept perfectly good by laying it in fresh water, which must be changed everyday. After boiling the macaroni, you can use it according to any of the following directions. Half a pound of uncooked macaroni will make a large dishful:

Macaroni, Farmers' Style.—Boil half a pound of macaroni as above, and while you are draining it from the cold water, stir together over the fire one ounce each of butter and flour, and as soon as they bubble, gradually pour into the sauce they make, a pint of boiling water, beating it with a fork or egg whip until it is smooth; season it with a level teaspoonful of salt and a level saltspoonful of pepper, and put the macaroni in it to heat; then cut an onion into small shreds, and brown it over the fire in a very little fat; when both are done, dish the macaroni, and pour the onion out of the frying pan upon it. It is excellent; and ten cents will cover the cost of all of it.

Macaroni with Broth.—Put half a pound of macaroni, boiled as above and washed in cold water, over the fire with any kind of broth, or one pint of cold gravy and water; season it to taste with pepper and salt, and let it heat slowly for an hour, or less if you are in a hurry; then lay it on a flat dish, strew over it a few bread crumbs, which you will almost always have on hand if you save all the bits I speak of in the article on BREAD; then set the dish in the oven, or in front of the fire to brown. It will cost less than ten cents, and be delicious.

Macaroni with White Sauce.—Warm half a pound of macaroni, boiled and washed in cold water, as above, in the following sauce, and use it as soon as it is hot. Stir together over the fire one ounce each of butter and flour, pouring in one pint of boiling water and milk, as soon as the butter and flour are mixed; season it with salt and pepper to taste, and put the macaroni into it. This dish costs less than ten cents, and is very good and wholesome.

Macaroni with Cheese.—Boil half a pound of macaroni, as above, put into a pudding dish in layers with quarter of a pound of cheese, (cost four cents), grated and mixed between the layers; season with pepper and salt to taste; put a very little butter and some bread crumbs over it, and brown it in the oven. It will make as hearty and strengthening a meal as meat, and cost about twelve cents.

Useful Hints for the Household.

Wash-leather gloves should be washed in clean suds; scarcely warm.

New iron should be gradually heated at first. After it has become used to the heat it is not as likely to crack.

Never wash marble slabs or fireplaces with suds; this will in time destroy the polish. They should be dusted; the spots taken off with a nice oiled cloth, and then rubbed dry with soft flannel.

New England rum, constantly used to wash the hair, keeps it very clean, free from disease, and promotes its growth. Brandy is very strengthening to the roots of the hair, but it has a hot, drying tendency which the rum has not.

It is not well to clean brass articles with vinegar. It makes them very clean at first, but they soon spot and tarnish. Rotten-stone and oil are the proper materials for cleaning brass andirons, handles, bird-cages, etc. If wiped every morning with flannel and rum, they will not need to be cleaned very often.

Feathers should be very thoroughly dried before using them. If feather-beds smell badly, or become heavy from want of proper renovation of the feathers, or from old age, empty them, and wash the feathers thoroughly in a tub of suds, spread them in the garret to dry, and they will be as light and good as new. Never lay the pillows or feather ticks to air in the sun; lay them in a shady place where the wind can purify them. Heat makes feathers rancid.

If you are troubled to get soft water for washing, fill a tub or barrel half full of ashes and fill it up with water so that you may have lye whenever you need it. A gallon of strong lye put into a large kettle of hard water, will make it as soft as rain water. For toilet purposes a teaspoonful of borax to a pitcher of water, will make the water soft and is good for the complexion or teeth.

Humorous.

—A lumber dealer failed last week—could not pay his board bills.

SCRAP FROM THE LATEST NOVEL.—"He held his head with one hand and loudly called for help with the other."

—A man was sunstruck on Broadway yesterday afternoon. This is not absolutely true, but it is refreshing.—*Puck.*

—"Strike for the green graves of your sires, and see if they have been moved, is the advice of the Freeport (Ill.) *Herald.*

—Delilah subdued a man by cutting his hair. Most women do it by pulling the man's hair out by the roots.—*Chicago Times.*

MOTHER TO HER BAD BOY.—"If you'll behave all day to-day, I'll give you something to-morrow."

BAD BOY TO HIS SISTER.—"What'll she give me—do you know? Will it pay me for the trouble of behaving myself?"

—"What? Twenty-five cents a pound for sausages? Why, I can get them down at Schmidt's for twenty cents.

"Vel, den, vy didn't ye?"

"'Cause Schmidt was owit of 'em."

"Vel, uf I was out of 'em I sell 'em for twenty cents, too.—*Puck.*

—Snodkins has been making calls in Cambridge during the recess. The mother of one of his young lady friends took enough interest in him to inquire what were his intentions in regard to her daughter. "My intentions are to leave, madam," said the hero; and he did. Bravo, Snodkins! (Fact.)—*Harvard Crimson.*

WHERE HE FOUND HER.—"Where did Cain find his wife?" This was the query of a New York divine put to his audience by way of text, Sunday morning. We should think the answer must depend a good deal upon the time of day, or night, when he was looking for her. If he found her abed and asleep when he came home from "the lodge," at ever so many o'clock, she was a better wife than the murdersome old villain deserved.—*Marlboro' Times.*

NOT ON THE MOVE.—The colonel of a regiment stationed in one of the eastern counties of England was telling off the prisoners in the orderly room, when one of his men was brought before him on a charge of insubordination. The prisoner was in charge of a sergeant, and the following colloquy ensued: Colonel—"Well, sergeant, what do you know about this case?" Sergeant—"Well, I told the prisoner to move, and he would not; then I told him to move again, and the only effect it had on him was to make him move slower than before,—so I confined him.

—After the newspaper carrier, the letter carrier and telegraph boy had appeared not to pay, but to get paid for their addresses on New Year's day, a fourth ring was heard, and the master of the house went to the door.

"And who are you?" he asked.

"I? O, I'm the chap that lights the gas lamp just in front of your door here."

"Ah, well!" and he gives him a quarter.

Another fifteen minutes, and another lamp-lighter at the door.

"My friend," said the gentleman, still good natured, "I've already paid upon the lamp."

"O, sir," said the visitor, "that was the fellow who lights it."

"And what do you do?"

"I? I put it out."

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—"Ten days or ten dollars," said the judge; and the prisoner, a sullen looking fellow, chose the latter alternative, paid the fine and was discharged. He walked moodily out of the court room, but when he reached the door turned and showered a wholesale tirade of profane abuse upon the magistrate. Then he ran into the corridor, but before he could reach the street the officers gave chase. He was soon recaptured, and stood again at the bar.

"Ten dollars more," said the court. The money was paid. "If you had used more chaste and refined language," the judge continued, waving the fellow away, "you would not have been chaste and refined."

The prisoner fell down—dead! Dead! my lords and ladies! Dead! Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order! Dead! men and women born with heavenly compassion in your breasts—and hundreds are dying thus around us every day from the effects of similar atrocious puns!—*Puck.*

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

WITH OCCASIONAL QUESTIONS BY A FIVE-YEAR-OLD HEARER.

And so, smiling, we went on.

"Well, one day, George's father—"

"George who?" asked Clarence.

"George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—"

"Whose father?" demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

"George Washington's; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington's father gave him a little hatchet for a—"

"Gave who a little hatchet?" the dear child interrupted with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we didn't. We know how to talk to children. So we went on:

"George Washington. His—"

"Who gave him the little hatchet?"

"His father. And his father—"

"Whose father?"

"George Washington's."

"Oh!"

"Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—"

"Told who?"

"Told George."

"Oh, yes, George."

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said:

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple tree. And he said, 'who cut down my favorite apple tree?,'"

"What apple tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they didn't know any thing about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple tree."

"What apple tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. I—'"

"Who couldn't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—'"

"His father couldn't?"

"Why, no; George couldn't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"It was I cut down your apple tree; I did—'"

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple tree."

"George's apple tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said: 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple trees?"

"No no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers hadn't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we don't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple tree.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

KEEP IT TO YOURSELF.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefited by pulling off the plaster and exposing it under somebody's eyes; tie it up and let it alone. It will get well itself sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar; but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and, when a sorrow is healed and past, what a comfort it is to say, "No one ever knew it until it was all over."

CONTENTMENT.

Very much of the evil of life is imaginary, not real. Our fears; our disquietudes, very much modify our joys, and alloy our pleasure. We fail to appreciate the blessings which surround us. The expectations of the future prevent our present enjoyment. It is what we are to be, what we are to have, not what we are, or now have, which lays the foundation for our joys and pleasures; we are constantly anticipating without necessarily realizing. We very rarely fully realize our hopes; many of our fondest expectations are but bubbles which disappear at the touch. Life is fruitful in suggestions of the future; youth looks forward to manhood with the most pleasant anticipations—the pleasure is not unfrequently in antic pation—the realization does not furnish the satisfaction that was fondly hoped for. There is much of the ideal in our mental structure, and the period of manhood or womanhood, the pleasures of the afterward, are those which we longingly covet. We live much in the future—what we are going to be, what we are going to do. The gratification of our desires, when, as we suppose, we will be more under our own control, is that which inspires our soul with hope, and nerves us on for the present activities of life. That there are pleasures thus possessed, none will question. Imagination has its proper place in our mental constitution, and we would not in any way rob it of its legitimate fruits. It is pleasant, very pleasant to live in the future, in fond anticipation of future, blessed realizations. But we all fail in much of the enjoyment of this life for want of a contented spirit, a want of appreciation of the constant occurring, recurring, and passing events of this life. We have our social, domestic, political and religious privileges and blessings, and each and all of these we may enjoy, some more, some less, and we are much nearer equalized in the circumstances of our existence than may at all times seem manifest to us. In the providence of God, we all have our sources of enjoyment, and they are all adapted to the circumstances and conditions of our existence. The millionaire, with all his wealth and earthly treasure, is not, in consequence of his possessions, by any means a happier man than the humble artisan who enjoys health and has all that is necessary to meet his wants. Indeed, the common laborer may really be a happier man than the millionaire. But we constantly covet—and it seems natural we should—the supposed more favored condition of others, while it, probably, is a fact that a change of condition would but add to our discomfort and misery. It is probable, if not certain, that in all cases where there is a proper regard for the laws of nature, and the laws of society, with proper care and industry, that our condition in life is just what it ought to be to secure our individual good; and that it is the design of a beneficent Providence, that it should be promotive of our present good and future well being. It will be found, upon a careful survey of the matter, all things considered, that the circumstances of life are much nearer equal than is generally supposed. The man who received but one talent from his lord, had he properly used it, would have enjoyed life equally as much, and been as meritorious as he who received ten. When much is given, much is required, and where little is given, little is required; and it is as difficult properly to use one talent, when we have but one, as to manage ten, if ten be given us. It is manifest that we cannot all be millionaires, cannot all be President of the United States, cannot all be members of Congress, or managers of railroads. Now, true philosophy would teach us to be contented with our lot, seeking always to make the best possible use of all our resources to improve our condition in life—thus having our contentment a continual feast, and, to our mind, it was designed that it should be so. There is no reason why each and all of us may not fully accomplish the special object of our being, as well as those who seemingly are accomplishing very much more than we are. The Bible says, "Godliness with contentment is great gain." What is meant by this great gain we cannot say; but it is certain that we will escape very much of the sorrows of life, be very much more joyful, and have very much more pleasure if we learn to feel contented with our lot, provided we have tried to make it as good as we could. The experiment is certainly worth a trial.

DAWN ON THE MOON.

THE LUNAR WONDERS REVEALED BY THE ADVANCING SUNLIGHT.

A Rochester journalist who visited Professor Swift the other evening and had a view of the moon, says: "The telescope, with a power of thirty-six diameters, was turned upon the moon. At first the flood of light was blinding, and the view was but cursory. The moon looked like a shield of embossed silver—the shield of Achilles—hung by his goddess mother in the azure of the heavens. Professor Swift looked over the field, and noted as he looked many of the interesting points, and suggested that we follow the sunrise on the moon. On the moon the dawn advanced at the rate of ten miles an hour, lighting up new fields and furnishing to him an ever changing panorama. Still, there is naught but desolation, yawning craters, and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surround deep pits. The moon is dead, to all appearance—burned out with volcanic fires. No water leaves the desolate and rugged shores of its great sea bottoms. But in the gray plains, where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls.

The gray plains can be seen with the naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon," on a map like the eastern continent. Under the telescope we could trace what seemed at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these lines appeared to be but rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and making, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with sunlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the larger craters rays spread out, as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, that spread out like the arms of cuttle-fish covering a vast surface.

The grandest phenomena are to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops far in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the coast of an illuminated sea. High mountains and crater walls near the shore of light cast deep shadows. The circular rims of crater are illuminated, and shine like rings of silver, glittering upon a cushion of darkness. The advancing dawn now lights up the bases of the outlying mountains that but a moment ago showed but a speck of light, and still new mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance.

The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent, with a black space between it and the sea of light. Slowly the summit of other portions of the circular wall are lighted up, and then the sunlight invades the depths of the crater while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls, and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and glitter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys are valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No air, no sea, no forest shade, or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight. It is also awful in its suggestions of power and in its loneliness of utter desolation.—*Rochester Express.*

AUSTRALIA'S RAPID DEVELOPMENT.

Ninety years have elapsed since the Australian colony was occupied by England. On the 26th of February, 1788, Captain Phillips landed there in the capacity of Governor, and took possession of that continent—then wild and wholly uncultivated. He had with him a certain number of convicts, and at once set about the installation of a penal settlement. The world was very far then from foreseeing that this territory, which is nearly equal to Europe in superficies, would in less than a century contain a population of 2,500,000 whites, and that its annual commerce would amount to £85,000,000—a sum nearly equal to that of Great Britain at the commencement of the last century. The colonists, taken as a whole, possess a revenue of £16 000,000; and the fields which, at the time of occupation, were only peopled by kangaroos, now feed 7,000,000 head of cattle and 63,000,000 sheep. The first great impulse given to the prosperity of the colony was the discovery of gold; but during the last quarter-of-a-century many other and more lasting sources of wealth have been discovered in its agricultural and mining productions.

KEEPING FAITH.

Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk, when he met with a little girl about five years old, sobbing bitterly over a broken bowl.—She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it. As she said this a sudden gleam of hope seemed to cheer her. She innocently looked up into Sir William's face and said: "But you can mend it—can't you?" He explained that she could easily, by the gift of a sixpence, buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he promised to meet his friend on the spot at the same hour next day, and to bring a sixpence with him, bidding her meanwhile to tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home Sir William found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath on the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially desired to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of meeting his friend of the broken bowl, and still be in time for the dinner party at Bath; but, finding this could not be, he wrote a letter declining the invitation on the plea of "a previous engagement," saying: "I cannot disappoint her; she trusted me."

BOOKS WITHOUT NUMBER.—The *Republique Francaise* says that the great publishing house of Hachette & Co. has the largest book-selling business in the world. It turns over some 15,000,000 francs, publishes a book a day, employs 5,000 persons, and exports yearly 200,000 packages.

—Do you know how a person who makes bonnets and such articles of dress came to be called by the name of "milliner?" It was originally "Milaner," meaning a resident of Milan, Italy, and it arose from the fact that at one time the fashions all came from Italy.

WHEN TO EAT FRUIT.

The Spanish proverb has it: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night." Americans do not seem to have heard of this proverb, nor to have one of their own experience. Mostly they eat fruit at night, and hence have not the sovereign idea of it that they would have if they had eaten it at more proper times. They eat it as a dessert at dinner. This may be the most proper time to eat dried fruits, but it is not the right time to eat juicy ones. The Spanish people learned their proverb from eating the very juicy fruits, like oranges. These should be eaten in the morning, a little before dinner—not later than noon. Early in the day they will, if eaten, prove to be the best possible medicine for the bilious.—*Fruit Recorder.*

—In Abyssinia an umbrella is a sign of royalty, and no one else is allowed to use one. It is made of crimson silk, and carried by a servant. Even in Constantinople no umbrella can be opened in the Sultan's palace. They wrap their heads in shawls when it rains.

—The Edinburgh Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, has passed a resolution recommending the Synod to declare that marriage with a deceased wife's sister shall no longer be a bar to membership in the Church.

—The paragraph column, with all the credits attached, like Joseph's garment, is a quote of many colliers.—*Whitehall Times.*

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