Agriculture.

Co-operation in the Purchase of Farm Implements

In an article lately upon "Skilled Labor," we showed that the inevitable tendency of the present unorganized condition of agriculturists is to break up our democratic system of small, independent farming, and to aggregate these small farms into large ones, on which machinery may be employed as largely as possible.

In our country, where education is open to all, and where intelligence is more generally diffused than in any other land, it would seem that these small holdings might be more generally saved to their owners by a simple plan of co-operation. Superior intelligence ought to result in a superior social system among our farmers—ought to add to mutual confidence and reciprocal help. The concentration of the landed property of a country in the hands of a small minority of its inhabitants is quite congenial to a monarchy, but it would be decidedly opposed to the progress of republican institutions in this country. The breaking up of small proprietors would interfere with our school system; for, owing to the sparse population of large districts, there could be only a small attendance at some of the schools, unless the scholars travelled from greater distances than would be desirable. Its political bearing, also, would be disastrous to the well-being of the State, as it would constantly create more and more disproportion between the populations of country and city, until all political power would gravitate to the latter, and who can look with indifference upon the time when a great State shall succumb to the easy virtues of its cities? We feel like doing all we can to increase and not diminish the number of these independent tillers of small farms.

And if these small farmers will study co-operation, it will put them in possession of all the facilities for working their land with the best labor-saving machinery. And as can easily be shown, this co-operation will give each of them all these advantages as cheaply, in proportion, as if he owned all the farms of his associates. Let us suppose that one set of machinery will work 300 acres of land, and that these 300 acres are owned by seven farmers—five with 50 acres each, and two with 25 acres—all adjoining. Now what should reasonably hinder these seven farmers from forming a co-operative partnership for the purchase and working of all the machinery required to till these 300 acres to the best possible advantage? As there are in this supposed partnership two, each of whom owns twenty-five acres, this number of acres must represent a share, and each of the fifty-acre farms will hold two shares.

Let us suppose them to purchase a mower and reaper, and if in a grain region, a self-binder, hay-tedder, grain drill, field roller, two-horse cultivator, an artificial manure distributor, stock and hay scales, horse-power straw-cutter, etc. These and perhaps a few other implements would cost from $800 to $1,000, and each share would cost from $66 to $84. The seven farmers would even feel the cost less than a single farmer owning the 300 acres; for the seven small farms would be worth more than the one large farm, and there would be more work for the set of machinery, as the smaller farms would be worked more carefully and the aggregate production would be larger, and the more the machinery was used, the more profit.

If it is objected that eight farmers could not be accommodated with one set of implements, it may be answered that a proper division of time would afford abundant opportunity for all the work to be done on each farm, since the area of land is no greater than is often worked on one farm with one set of machinery. In haying and harvesting, each could use the mowing and reaping machines in rotation. The horse-power straw-cutter would enable each one to cut his hay and straw or feed in the most economical way. Moreover, owning the machinery together, they would be likely to assist each other and thereby save the cost of considerable labor.

In a social point, these co-operative partnerships would improve the neighborly relations among farmers in a marked degree. We urge this as a feasible means of preventing the necessity for the small farmer's selling out to his neighbor, and either going into new States or accepting wages from the larger land-owners. This simple co-operation, requiring only a knowledge of business principles, will enable the small farmer to compete most successfully with the large one, and to maintain his footing under the most trying circumstances. The natural result of such co-operation among the small farmers would soon lead to the co-operation of larger bodies of farmers for other great and important purposes. It is want of social education that has prevented closer relations of farmers with each other, and their persistent, independent and individual action has made them the easy prey of the trading classes. We trust the future will show their capacity to act together, so that they may avail themselves of their natural advantages.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Fowls Eating Feathers.

Confinement and want of occupation are among the chief causes why fowls eat feathers. The former is often inevitable in winter, but the latter can be avoided by burying some of their grain food in sand and allowing them to hunt for it, which will afford them pastime and healthy occupation. Give them some green food, fresh meat two or three times a week, burnt bones, oyster shells, charcoal, clean water and a clean hennery, and if all this doesn't cure them of the habit, follow Lewis's advice and wring their necks, for they are incurable.

Domestic.

Useful Hints for the Household.

When molasses is used in cooking it is an improvement to boil and skim it before you use it. It takes out the unpleasant, raw taste and makes it almost as good as sugar.

In winter set the handle of your pump as high as possible before you go to bed. Except in very cold weather, this keeps the handle from freezing. When it is extremely cold throw a rag or blanket over the pump.

Keep an old blanket and sheet on purpose for ironing; have plenty of holders always made that your towels may not be burned out in such service.

A good housekeeper never allows her carpet broom to be used for sweeping the outside stairs or yard; keep a coarse broom for this purpose.

Have all the good bits of vegetables and meats collected after dinner and minced before they are set away, that they may be in readiness to make a little savory mince meat for supper or breakfast. Take the skins off potatoes before they are cold.

Vials which have been used for medicine should be put into cold ashes and water, boiled, and suffered to cool before they are rinsed.

Never leave out your clothes-line over night; and see that your clothes-pins are all gathered into a basket.

Have plenty of crash towels in the kitchen; never let your white towels or napkins be used there.

Soap your dirtiest clothes and soak them in warm water over night. Use hard soap to wash your clothes, and soft to wash your floors. Soft soap is so slippery that it wastes a good deal in washing clothes.

A little salt sprinkled in starch while it is boiling, tends to prevent it from sticking; it is likewise good to stir it with a clean spermaceti candle.

A few potatoes sliced, and boiling water poured over them, make an excellent preparation for cleansing and stiffening old rusty black silks. Green tea is also excellent for this purpose. It should be boiled in iron, nearly a cup full to three quarts. The silk should not be wrung and should be ironed damp.

Court plaster is made of thin silk, first dipped in dissolved isinglass and dried, then dipped several times in white of an egg and dried.

Lime pulverized, sifted through coarse muslin, and stirred up tolerably thick in white of eggs, makes a strong cement for glass and china. Plaster of Paris is still better, particularly for mending broken images of the same material. It should be stirred up by the spoonful, as it is wanted.

A bit of isinglass dissolved in gin, or boiled in spirits of wine, will make strong cement for broken glass, china, and sea-shells.

The lemon syrup bought at stores can be made at home much cheaper. Take a pound of Havana sugar, boil it in water down to a quart, drop in the white of an egg to clarify it, strain it, add one-quarter of an ounce of tartaric or citric acid. If you do not find it sour enough after it has stood two or three days, add more of the acid. A few drops of oil of lemon improve it.

If you wish to clarify sugar and water that you are about to boil, it is well to stir in the white of an egg, while cold; if put in after it boils, the egg is apt to get hardened before it can do any good.

Glass vessels in a cylindrical form may be cut in two by tying around them a worsted thread, thoroughly wet with spirits of turpentine, and then setting fire to the thread.—*Free Press.*

To Preserve Flowers.—1. Mix a tablespoonful of carbonate of soda in a pint of water, and in this place your bouquet. It will preserve the flowers for a fortnight. 2. Sprinkle the bouquet lightly with fresh water, and then put it in a vessel containing soap suds. This will keep the flowers as fresh as if just gathered. Then every morning take the bouquet out of the suds, and lay it sideways—the stock entering first—into clean water, keep it there a minute or two, then take it out and sprinkle the flowers lightly by the hand with water, replace it in the soap suds, and it will bloom as fresh as when first gathered. The soap suds need changing every three or four days. By observing these rules (says a lady who has tested them), a bouquet may be kept bright and beautiful for at least a month, and will last still longer in a passable state. 3. We have heard that the natural color of flowers may be preserved for any length of time by dipping them for a moment in clear glycerine. When the glycerine dries, the various tints are seen almost as bright as before the flowers were plucked.

REMARKABLE ANIMAL SAGACITY.

Rev. M. Smith, in his "Elements of Mental Science," narrates that a fox was once seen to run down into the water with a lock of wool in his mouth, and then to sink, inch by inch, until only the wool could be seen, and this, on being picked up afterward, was found full of fleas. To have conceived and so successfully to have executed this device for ridding the body of these pests, demanded a train of connected reflections on the part of a self-conscious mind. The fox, in some way, must have made the discovery that fleas cannot live under water, and then he must have reflected that as he slowly sank they would take their departure, provided he furnished them some means of escape. He must have gone in search of the wool or other substance, and afterward stepped down into the stream, revolving this plan which with such marked deliberation and conscious forethought he had so happily originated.

By this same author we find given another instance of fox-sagacity. The wily thief was observed in a field playing around a group of pigs as though the larger swine were objects of terror. The fox suddenly caught up a piece of wood, about the size of a pig, and running toward the fence jumped through an opening. Then he dropped the wood and returned, seized a pig and bounded through the self-same place. Did he compare the size of the block with that of a pig, and then make a trial trip so that he might not fail of escape; or did he design to throw the mother off her guard? In either case he deliberately, consciously planned, exhibiting powers of comparison and judgment.

Lord Brougham, in his "Dialogues," calls attention to the habits of an American bird, called the "Nine-Killer," which catches grasshoppers and strings them upon the twigs of trees as bait for small birds with which it proposes to supply its larder. This bird may, however, be as unconscious and instinctive in laying its snare as the spider. The same may be true in the case of ants domesticating and milking the aphides, or of the man-of-war birds in their life-long robbery of more skilled fishermen. But there are enough well authenticated instances to force upon us the conviction that animals can originate and carry out plans to meet unforeseen emergencies, that are so complicated and so sagacious that we must accord to them self-consciousness, powers of observation, memory, imagination and judgment. The Duke of Argyll, in his "Primeval Man," claims that man stands radically apart from the lower creations in the fact that he alone is a tool-maker. Had hands been given to the animals, and were they less marvelously endowed with implements of industry or with implements of war, necessity might, for aught we know, have become with them, as with us, the mother of invention.—*Penn Monthly.*

Humorous.

—Which is the longest word in the English language? Smiles, because there is a mile between the first and last letters.

—An old proverb says that "the anvil lasts longer than the hammer." This is probably the only consolation the undermost man in a fight has.

—"Well," said an old bachelor, when he found a basketful of baby on his front steps, "some men are born babies, some achieve babies, and some have babies thrust upon them."

Working Up to the Climax.—A Boston young man married against the wishes of his parents, and in telling a friend how to break the news to them, said: "Tell them first that I'm dead, and gently work up to the climax."

—"If the gentleman who keeps the shoe shop with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage."

—"Second class in grammar stand up," said the school-master. "John is—who does John correspond with?" "I know," said the little boy at the foot, holding up his hand. "If you mean John Smithers, he corresponds with my sister Susan."

—"Did you ever," asked a brother humorist of Josh Billings, "stand at the hall door after your lecture and listen to what the people said about it as they passed out?" Replied Josh: "I did—once (a pause and a sigh) but I'll never do it again."—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Required Immediate Attention.—"Is the doctor in?" asked an anxious looking young man, as he paused half way up the stairway leading to Dr. Stone's office, yesterday. "No, I guess not," replied the person addressed "but you can leave an order on the slate." The young man hesitated a moment. "Well, I guess I would hardly have time to wait," he said. "Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said, "rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away from home my youngest brother was falling out of a second-story window."—*Hawkeye.*

—A muffled man to Windsor bound cries, "Boatman, do not tarry; and I'll give thee a silver pound to row me o'er the ferry." "Now, who be ye would cross this stream when it is past 11? To launch my craft I would not dream; the boats lay up at 7." "Throw off that rope," cried out the man, as he buttoned his protector, "and be as lively as you can (whispering)—I'm a Chicago bank director." "Now, that remark your sense displays; I'll row you over, sonny; not so much for your winsome ways, as for your bag of money." With ice the boat gets many a shock, and each calls forth invective—there now appears on the ferry dock two men and a detective. "Come back, come back," they cry in grief, in accents sweet as honey, "and we'll forgive that flying thief. Our money! oh, our money!" But look! he lands on yonder shore; there was nothing to prevent him; and they shall see him never more, though they always will lament him.—*Free Press.*

—Coming down on the car the other morning they got to talking about their coal stoves, and one man said:

"Well, I don't want to brag, but I think I've got the boss stove. So far this winter I haven't burned but three tons of coal, and the stove has kept three rooms warm."

"You must have a poor stove," remarked the second. "I haven't burned but two tons of coal yet, and my stove heats parlor, dining-room, two bedrooms and a hall."

"Well, when you come to stoves," quietly remarked the third, I claim to have the best coal stove in Detroit. I have burned but a ton and a half of coal, so far, and we have to keep all the dampers shut and a back door open all the time."

Some men looked out of the windows and some down at the straw, and no one seemed to doubt any of the assertions. At length a heavy sigh was heard from the rear end of the car, and a clerical-looking man arose and said:

"Gentlemen, there goes a fire alarm. It strikes the box in front of my house. I have no doubt that my residence is at this moment in flames and the lives of my family in peril. It is all owing to my coal stove. I set up the stove last November and put in one peck of coal. Every room has been so hot ever since that the base-boards have warped off, and we finally had to move down into the basement. This morning the water in all the pipes in the house was boiling, the shingles on the roof hot, and I just hired four men to form a snow-bank around the stove. Too late—alas, too late! That stove has accomplished its fiendish purpose, and I no longer have a home. It may not, however, be too late to save the baby. Good-bye, gentlemen."

He opened the door and got off the car, and not a passenger spoke again for four blocks.—*Free Press.*

LOVE OF FLOWERS.

In all countries women love flowers; in all countries they form nosegays of them; but it is only in the bosom of plenty that they conceive the idea of embellishing their dwellings with them. The cultivation of flowers among the peasantry indicates a revolution in all their feelings. It is a delicate pleasure that makes its way through coarse organs; it is a creature whose eyes are opened; it is the sense of the beautiful, a faculty of the soul that is awakened; colors, forms, odors are perceived for the first time, and these charming objects have at length spectators. Those who have travelled in the country, can testify that a rose-tree under the window, a honeysuckle around the door of a cottage, is a good omen to a weary traveller. The hand that cultivates flowers is not closed against the supplications of the poor, nor against the wants of the stranger. Flowers may be called the alphabet of the angels, wherewith they write on hills and plains mysterious truths.

MAKING GLASS.

The artificial mineral substance called glass is made by melting together sand or flint, and in alkali, either potash or soda. For many centuries previous to the Christian era the invention was known, although both the date and the manner of its discovery are uncertain. Some suppose that it was found out by accident; the potash contained in the ashes of the wood used by a party of sailors, who had made a large fire on the sea beach, having been united by the heat with the sand of the beach and melted into glass. This lucky accident is alleged to have happened on the coast of Syria, where the earliest manufacture of glass unquestionably began.

All visitors to the Centennial Exhibition, at Philadelphia, will recall the process for glass-manufacture.—They must have learned there, from the exquisite variety of specimens displayed, that the manufacture of glass has now been carried to a very high degree of perfection. The materials used for flint or white glass are sand, potash, the preparations of lead, termed red lead, and litharge, with a small quantity of some other mineral substance. After being well purified, these are mixed, and then melted together, being exposed to an intense heat in large melting pots made of clay, and built into an immense furnace. The sand and potash are the essential articles in the making of glass. But the lead is added in large quantities, as it is found to make the glass melt much more readily, also to give it greater brilliancy and to render it less liable to crack. When these ingredients are thoroughly melted and united (which process usually takes two or three days) the mouth of the melting pot is opened, and the liquid glass within is ready to be formed by the workmen into any shape desired.

The mode adopted is to take on the end of an iron tube some of this substance, which is then in a moist, tenacious and plaster state, and to blow through the tube and roll the soft mass on flat iron plates, pressing it with various shaped tools. The workman at last fashions it to the shape desired, which it retains when cold.

Perhaps no other substance known could be moulded into such a variety of forms; for melted glass seems to exceed all things in its ductility and tenacity. Its consistence is something between that of soft putty and treacle, neither solid nor liquid, but capable of being bent, blown out, pulled, prepared, twisted or cut, so as to assume, at the wish of the workman, the various forms required.

When the glass articles are made they have to be annealed, that is, cooled slowly in an even for that purpose. If they did not undergo this process, they would crack on the slightest blow, and would not warm liquids. The qualities that render glass so valuable when manufactured, are its hardness, and the polish of its surface, which makes it so readily to be cleansed, when soiled; its beautiful transparency, enabling it to preserve its contents when it is used to form vessels for liquids; and its being so incorrosive, that it is not acted upon by any ordinary substances, not even by the strongest acids, with one exception. Its value, again, as a substance for glazing windows depends on its transparency and its insolubility, so that while it admits the light and even the warmth of the sun, it perfectly excludes the wind and the wet, and even to a great extent, the cold. In fact, it is nothing but the circumstance of its being so common, so constantly before our eyes, that renders us for the most part, insensible to its exceeding value and its great beauty.

Although glass readily allows the light to pass through it, yet when it is made into certain shapes it has a great effect upon the light, sometimes, for instance, bringing it into one point.—Such pieces of glass are termed lenses, and are used for making telescopes, microscopes, etc., and singly for spectacles. The dark green glass, of which wine bottles are made, is merely glass of the coarsest kind, it being made of the common dark colored sand, and the coarsest alkali.

STUDY TO ENTERTAIN.

Many people seem to think that the capacity to entertain people and be entertained comes naturally; that certain ones can make people happy because they are gifted and have extraordinary endowments which make it possible for them to delight people. It never seems to occur to them that in order to entertain people one must give thought to it; that people are not made happy without effort—wisely directed effort.

Our observation leads us to think that half at least of the good companionship of the world comes from the good forethought of somebody. Somebody has planned it. The happy occurrence was not an accident; it was the result of premeditation. All the little and sweet social surprises of life; all the little domestic secrets between children and parents, which, in their unfolding, brim the household with gladness; all the larger and more stately social festivities that keep the life of a neighborhood buoyant, are only the natural sequence of benevolent and good-natured thought on the part of some one.

Have you invited a little company to your house of an evening, friend? Well, then, how do you propose to entertain them? Do you think that sliced tongue and escalloped oysters will suffice? These do well for the stomach and flesh. But how shall you feed the intellects and spirits of your guests? Music? Yes, if they can sing. But perhaps of the dozen you have invited, not over one or two have voices sufficiently cultivated to sing in public. Games? Excellent. Few of us that don't like to play games—checkers, chess, whist, anything that's light, sprightly and entertaining. Have you any pictorial books in your library or about the house? If so, be sure to place them on the centre-table. We've known a single volume furnish delightful entertainment to a whole group for an hour. Have you a Chinese top? If not, purchase one. It may cost you twenty cents, and we'll warrant that the first evening after you get it, if you be rightly constructed morally, you will want no other entertainment than you will get out of spinning it yourself. Do you say "Pshaw! tops are for boys?" All right; why not be a boy occasionally? Try it, and see how you like it. We dare say you have been a man so long you have forgotten all about being a boy. How long is it since you slid down hill? Twenty years? We are ashamed of you! Get a sled and try to-morrow night. What a time you will have! We wish we could be with you.—*Golden Rule Magazine.*

LAND AT THE NORTH POLE.

About four years ago a farmer in Surprise Valley, Nevada, found in the crop of a wild goose a quantity of wild grain, the like of which he had never before seen. He planted this grain, and it grew and flourished, producing more than a hundred-fold. The straw and beardless head are said to resemble wheat, while the grain looks like rye, but twice as large. The farmer has now many bushels of this cereal, and has sent samples of it to be planted in various places in California where food for cattle is not easily obtained at some seasons. The stalk of the new grain, when it is thoroughly ripe, makes excellent hay. This fact has awakened the memory of an old sailor in New York, who says he was one of the crew of the Investigator, Captain McClure, which sailed from England in 1850, in company with the Enterprise, Commander Collison, in search of Sir John Franklin; and he certainly has in his possession one of the Arctic medals given by the English Admiralty to all persons engaged in those Polar expeditions from 1818 to 1855. In September of that year the Investigator reached a land which Captain McClure named Baring's Land, and three days after the other land, which he named Prince Albert, and where, about the last of the month, they were frozen in. While in the last named land the explorers observed many wild geese and waterfowl flying southward. Some of the geese stopped at the place where the ship lay, and several were killed by members of the crew. In the crops of some of these geese he recollects to have seen, and marveled at seeing, a considerable quantity of grain such as the new cereal of Surprise Valley is said to be. As no such grain is known in the temperate zone, and as we have no account of a grain of the kind being found in any known region of the world, he is of the opinion that the geese obtained it in a region lying about the open Polar sea. He says no man has yet gone so far north but he has found wild geese and other water-fowl flying still further northward. As the geese are undoubtedly wending their way to a well-known stopping-place far to the north, there must be something or them to feed upon at the point where they stop. As wild geese no more live on fish than do tame geese, there must be, in the country to which they go, grass and vegetation similar to that found in the temperate regions. The wild geese that halt on the Pacific coast make the grain-field their feeding-place; and it is not likely that in the land about the pole their nature is so changed that they feed upon mosses or fish.

A RACE OF VAGRANTS.

The countless dogs of Constantinople are under the protection of the general public, but being pronounced unclean animals by the Koran, are not allowed to enter the Turkish houses, and are consequently without masters. They, therefore, form a great free vagabond republic, collarless, nameless, houseless, and lawless. The street is their abode; there they dig little dens, where they sleep, eat, are born, brought up, and die; and no one, at least in Stamboul, ever thinks of disturbing their occupations or their repose. They are masters of the public highway. In our cities it is the dog that makes way for the horseman, or foot-passenger.—There it is the people, the horses, the camels, the donkeys, that make way for the dogs. They are lazy animals, and sleep most of the time; neither rain, snow, heat, nor cold disturbs them. They wake when they are hungry, not before, and sleep almost always in the same spots. The canine population is divided into quarters or wards. Every quarter, every street is inhabited or rather possessed by a certain number of dogs, who never go away from it, and never allow strangers to reside in it. They exercise a sort of service of police. Woe to any dog of another quarter who, pushed by hunger, shall risk himself within the territory of his neighbors! A crowd of curs fall upon him at once; and, if they catch him, it is all over with him. If they cannot catch him, they chase him as far as his own domain—that is, to the confines of it, for the enemy's country is feared and respected. So fierce are these engagements, and so numerous, that many of their number are reduced to a pitiable condition—crippled, with broken tails, one-eyed and scarred. As for the tail, it may be said to be an immense luxury; for it is rare for a Constantinople dog to wear his tail entire for more than two months of public life. Yet, notwithstanding their ugliness, and perpetual howlings, the Turks love these dogs, and would not banish them if they could.

WOMAN'S USE OF THE FIVE SENSES.

Women's equality in smelling and tasting, if nothing else, was recognized in a marked way in the composition of the jury on the mustards of all nations at the Paris Exhibition, which consisted of twelve gentlemen and twelve ladies. The marvelous keenness of women's scent for tobacco smoke in men's clothing is a fact of common experience. The superiority of their employment of the five senses has also been scientifically demonstrated and established of late by the researches into color-blindness. Dr. Jeffries of Boston finds the singular results of German study of this curious but important subject confirmed by his examinations thereabout.

A Berlin professor applying tests to 611 women, found one in 122 color-blind (the proportion of color-blind among men is one in twenty). Dr. Jeffries found but one color-blind girl among 302 students at Wellesley College, while among the students and professors of Harvard and Amherst the proportion of color-blind was one in twenty-two; or, to put it in another way, among 1021 college men he found forty-six color-blind; among 1025 college and high school girls only one deficient in the chromatic sense.

—The Empress of Brazil has presented the Queen of England with a dress woven of spiders' webs. The handsomest silk cannot compare with it; but it can only be admired and hardly imitated. There have been many attempts to make use of the threads spun by spiders. In 1710 it was discovered that to make a piece of silk it would require the webs of 700,000 spiders. The Spaniards had already tried to use the spiders, and made gloves, stockings, and other articles of that sort; but even these were troublesome and yield so little profit that, in spite of the fabulous prices paid, they were obliged to abandon the trade. In certain parts of South America garments made of these threads are worn; but the spiders in those lands are unusually large.

"THE WHISTLE."

AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

"You have heard," said a youth to a maiden who stood beside him as he sat on a corn-sheaf one evening about quitting time, "you have heard, I dare say, of the Danish boy's whistle of wood? I would give two dollars and a half if that boy's whistle were mine."

The maiden had heard of the wonderful things which could be accomplished by means of the magic whistle, and, coloring slightly, said:

"And what would you do with it, pray?" while a smile played over her beautiful face, extending clear round to her ears.

"I would blow it," he answered, "and then my fair maid would fly to my side and sit down on the same corn-sheaf with me, which would make me extremely happy and make it a matter of extreme indifference to me whether school kept or not, or how much corn might be in a bushel."

"Is that all you wish it for?" exclaimed the maid, with a laugh that started a covey of birds in the next row. "That may be yours without any magic, Charlie. A favor so slight one could not find it in one's heart to deny, you know," and she playfully seated herself by his side and drummed with her little heels in the furrow.

"I would blow it again," said the youth, who had begun to see how matters were drifting. "I would blow the thing again, and the one fair woman beneath the sun could not resist the charm, and would lay her fair arm upon my shoulder."

She smiled, and laid her fair arm round his neck.

The young man was taken completely by surprise, but managed to bear up under it, although, as he confessed to the writer, it was by all the odds the greatest effort of his life.

A young man of his age is never satisfied, but is always reaching out and grasping after the unattainable, as it were, and after drinking in for a moment the nectar of the situation, so to speak, exclaimed:

"Yet once more would I blow it. This time I would blow it the awfulest blast that was ever heard this side of the crack of doom, and the music divine would bring me the third time an unspeakable pleasure. She would lay her fair cheek to this brown one of mine, and her lips stealing past it would give me a kiss, I'm quite sure; at least I hope so."

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee, just as any other young lady would do under the same circumstances, and said:

"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make, to be sure! Now just consider for a moment how silly it would be to sit on a corn-sheaf, like a knot on a log, and crack your cheeks whistling for—what you might take!"

This almost took the young man's breath. He immediately reached for the lovely creature, but, strange to relate, did not find her. She had anticipated him, and was already breaking through the cornstalks for home, while her laughter floated back upon his ears, reminding him that he had an engagement at home to gnaw a file.—*Free Press.*

THE USEFUL SNOW OF NORWAY.

It is always with a slight feeling of anxiety that we read about heavy snow storms in this country, for we know that they mean, or may mean, the stopping of traffic at this point or that. So much more curious it is, when opening a Norwegian newspaper, to meet with passages like this:

"Fortunately we have had much snow in this part of the country, and there is good hope that it will now remain solid on the ground for the season." But in Norway the snow is itself a means of traffic, and that an important one. When snow fails, the lumber trade, for instance, one of the most important branches of the industry of the country, is seriously embarrassed. The trees are felled during the fall and winter, and those huge, giant trunks which it would be next to impossible to transport in the summer time over the steep, rugged ground, where horses cannot be employed, are in winter time drawn easily along on the smooth, solid surface of the frozen snow. Tied together in immense bundles, they are thrown down in the dry river-bed, and when spring comes and the snow melts, the bundles are carried down by the stream to the very gates of the lumber yard. Thus the snow, which to us is an impediment, is to the Norwegians an aid, and it is even something much more, for it is, indeed, one of the great national poets of the country. It makes the houses so warm and cosy; it makes the landscape so soft and mild, and it makes people so merry and full of new plans and new ideas, for it brings them together. Neighbors who in summer time cannot visit each other because of the journey along the bad roads—which creep in zigzag through the glens, along the clefts, over the peaks—takes two or three days, can now reach each other in a few hours, setting out on their snow-shoes or in the light sledges drawn by reindeer, in a straight line across the glens, the clefts, the peaks, everything being buried under the snow or bridged over by it.

NOT TO BE EATEN BY HIS RELATIVES.

A number of eccentricities have been displayed by people in their burial bequests. A certain Dr. Fidge, a physician of the old school, converted a favorite boat into a coffin, which he kept under his bed for many years in readiness. When death drew near, he begged his nurse to pull his legs straight and place him straight as a dead man, as it would save her trouble afterwards, saying which he comfortably departed. Job Orton, a publican of the Bell Inn, Kidderminster, had his tombstone with epitaph erected in the parish church. His coffin was also built and ready for him; but until he was ready for it he used it as a wine-bin. Major Peter Laballiere, of Box Hill, Dorking, selected a spot for his burial, which he directed should be without church rites, head downwards; in order that, "as the world was in his opinion topsy-turvy, he might come right end up at last!" But a certain Jack Fuller caps even the major, for he left directions that he was to be buried in a pyramidal mausoleum in Brightling churchyard, Sussex; giving as his reason for selecting to be embalmed in stone above ground, his unwillingness to be eaten by his relatives—a process he considered inevitable if buried in the ordinary manner, for "The worms," he declares, "would eat me; the ducks would eat the worms; and my relations would eat the ducks."

—The Springfield (Mass.) *Union* tells a curious story of a widow in that city, who has recently discovered the whereabouts of a long-lost daughter, stolen from her twenty-seven years ago. The lady is a native of Hartford county, Connecticut, and went with her husband, after her marriage, to western New York, which was then a wilderness as compared with its condition now. Her first child, a girl, was born there, and she was on her way to rejoin her husband after a temporary separation, when the infant was stolen from her during a long stage journey, and she had never seen the child since, though she has recently discovered that she is alive and living in Wisconsin, where she is married and has three children. It appears that the child was stolen by a man who carried the lady 15 miles by private conveyance to meet the stage, and whom she has always suspected. He stole the child with the intention of adopting her as his own, and placed her, by the aid of an accomplice, with a family in Pennsylvania, designing to reclaim her when he could do so without suspicion. But the time never came when he dared do it, and the little girl grew up as the adopted child of the family, finally married the younger brother of the master of the house and removed to Wisconsin, where the family is prosperous and happy. Communication has been established for some months now between the mother and daughter, and photographs exchanged which would leave no doubt of the relationship, if any had existed before. They propose to have a meeting soon, near than a quarter of a century ago.

—The corporative dept of the state of New Jersey is the neat sum of $50,000,000. Of this amount only $2,000,000 is strictly state debt, the remainder being owed by cities and towns.

—M. Meissonier has just sold his "Halte de Cuirassier," which was shown at the Paris exhibition, to a Belgain for $55,000.

A Source of much Bodily Evil.

If the habit of body becomes irregular, much evil is inflicted on the system. The stomach becomes dyspeptic, bilious symptoms develop themselves, the circulation is contaminated, and the nerves share in the general disorder. It is of the utmost importance that the bowels should be thoroughly and speedily regulated when they grow derelict. The corrective agent best adapted to this purpose is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a wholesome, non-griping vegetable laxative, worth all the rasping cathartics invented since the time of Paracelsus. People who have been in the habit of using blue pill, calomel, and other drugs and cheap nostrums for constipation, should abandon such hurtful and useless medicines, and substitute for them this pleasant and gentle aperient, which not only produces the purgative effect naturally, but also strengthens while it regulates the bowels, stomach and liver. It moreover cures and prevents intermittent and remittent fevers, gout, rheumatism, debility, and urinary troubles.

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