Agriculture.

The Chinese Yam.

A correspondent of the *Burlington Hawkeye* writes on this subject as follows:

"There are many who never heard of it, and do not know what they are. Such, however, should not be the case, especially with a vegetable possessing so many desirable qualities as the yam. In 1856 they were first introduced into this country, and for a number of years they were sadly neglected as unworthy of attention by those who did not understand the nature of their growth. But there were a few who still held on to their experimenting, believing success would attend their efforts. Such, however, is the case, and of late years the yam is growing in public favor wherever it is introduced. The yam is hardy, standing in the ground all winter without protection, and will grow again when spring comes, increasing in size for a number of years, each year bringing larger yams. From their peculiarity of growth they will endure the most severe droughts, (hindering their growth only while it lasts), and for these reasons they can be successfully grown in nearly all parts of the United States and Canada.

A few years ago I dug in an old bed of them, where they had been left to grow for a number of years—perhaps ten or twelve years, and such a sight! The ground was literally full of roots, measuring from one and a half to two feet in length, and one and a half to two inches in diameter at the largest end. They grow in a perpendicular position, large end downwards. They can be cooked by either baking or boiling, the same as the Irish potato, which they resemble in taste and appearance when cooked. Mr. M. H. Rose, of Dorchester county, Maryland, says in reference to the yam: "I have been cultivating it about seven years, and every year I prize it more and more. They are pure white when cooked, and are dry and mealy. After this I shall cease to cultivate the Irish potato." Mr. E. E. Petitt, of Porter county, Indiana, says: "I have often eaten them in different parts of the world, but did not know they could be grown in this part of the country, and often wished I could have some of them when potatoes were scarce." Unlike any other vegetable, they have no insect enemy. A person can plant enough at one planting to do his family for years, each year bringing larger yams. They are propagated from the small tubers that grow on the vine just above each leaf. Save these in the fall and keep them where they will not freeze, and plant them in the spring. They do best in a soil that is deep and rich, and of a sandy nature, although they produce enormous crops on clay loam. Cultivate to keep weeds down and soil loose. Plant the tubers in rows six or eight inches apart and two inches deep, and rows eighteen inches apart for garden, and three feet for field culture. As to the product per acre, that would vary according to how they were planted and the kind of soil. If planted as for garden culture, with three years' growth, we could safely calculate on getting six or seven tons of yams per acre. After they become firmly established, all the culture necessary is to keep weeds hoed off or mowed down. The vine is very pretty and if a few tubers were planted near a door or window, the vines could be trained over it, producing a very pleasing effect; and, too, a person would not be at the trouble of planting every spring, as for most other kinds of ornamental vines. The flowers are very numerous, and have a delightful cinnamon fragrance. If the masses of the people better understood the nature, and were acquainted with the many fine qualities of the Chinese yam, they would be more generally grown. I have grown them for a number of years, and they have proved to be a very remunerative crop.

Agricultural Notes.

Fattening beef animals pays; but trying to fatten inferior animals is a waste of energy, time and labor. The animals should be selected with special reference to the rapidity with which they will fatten, to the quality of the beef, fineness of bone, compactness of body and small amount of offal which the carcass will yield.—*American Agriculturist.*

Don't buy any patent "drinking fountains" for your fowls. I bought two and invented one, and I would sell the whole lot for one good three-cent postage stamp. Common wooden buckets are the best things for fowls to drink from that I can find; they are high enough to keep the hens from scratching them full of dirt, and yet not too high for the fowl's convenience, and, besides, they are easily kept clean; an old broom and some hot water will make them as "clean as a whistle" in a few minutes.—*Prairie Farmer.*

A contemporary says: "There is no reason why farming may not be made to pay much oftener than it does. Very few have learned to regard it as a business. It is a sort of chance work all round. Most men look upon it as a sort of real estate transaction. They hope one day to sell out at a big figure, hence are afraid to improve their farms, with a view to agricultural operations, for fear that whoever buys the land will not care for these little things. We have often heard some improving farmer ridiculed for his expenditures by some knowing ones, who were very sure so-and-so would get no more for his place than if he had thrown his money in the dirt."

Castor oil is undoubtedly the best, and therefore the cheapest, for iron axles—which should always be wiped clean. Colonel Curtis informs us that his market-wagon would run only twenty miles before requiring to be regreased, when lard was used, but with castor oil it ran sixty miles, and was good for twenty more—a big difference, and worth remembering. He further remarks that "a wheel well lubricated will turn one-half easier, and wear as long again, a gain of one hundred and fifty per cent.," by the liberal use of oil.

—It is a noticeable fact in natural history, that when a man slips on an icy pavement, he throws his arms and legs toward all points of the compass, frantically struggles to maintain his dignity, and aims at twenty different places before he finally comes down in extenso, as it were; whereas a woman gives one conclusive little start and sinks down in a condensed heap on the very spot on which her foot slipped.—*New York Mail.*

Domestic.

EATING WHILE FATIGUED.—There are few habits more injurious to health than the common one of filling the stomach with food while the body is fatigued. Men will come from the fields, from their shops, and counters, with their bodies or brains, or both, almost exhausted, sit down, and hurriedly eat a hearty meal, and then tack to their labor again. If the brain, or any part or organ of the body becomes unduly fatigued, the whole system requires rest for a while, so that the nervous influence and circulation of the blood may become equalized throughout the body before another demand is made upon the vital energies. If the stomach is filled with food while the vital forces are powerfully directed to the brain or the muscles, digestion cannot take place until an equilibrium has been established, and the blood and nervous power determined to the stomach, consequently the food remains undigested, ferments and becomes sour and irritates the stomach, causing derangement and disease of the digestive organs and, through them, of the whole system. If you have any care for your health and comfort never sit down to eat while either body or brain is fatigued from over-exertion.

A CUP OF TEA.—"The cup that cheers, but not inebriates."

Who has not smiled at the way in which our foremothers made their first tea?

"Pooh!" says a little miss of ten, "it's nothing to make tea. All you've got to do is to put in a teaspoonful of tea for the drawing, and one for every person to drink of it; pour on a little hot water and let it boil till the strength is out; then fill up with water."

Perhaps eight persons out of every ten who make tea at all, make it after this fashion; but it is a very poor one, for all that, and tea so made is, to say the least, not what it might be.

In the first place, tea should be *steeped*, not boiled; and then if one wishes to know just how *good* a cup of tea can be, she should never allow the addition of even the smallest quantity of water after the tea is steeped, as it will be sure to render it insipid. Let the required quantity be poured on at once, or, still better, put the water in the pot first, and add the tea to it. Tea is often spoiled, both as to color and taste, by oversteeping. Japan and black teas require a longer time than do the green sorts—say five minutes for Japan, eight or ten for black, while for green three minutes will suffice.

A good way to prepare tea for picnics and the like, is to fill glass fruit jars with cold water, and to every quart put half a cup of dry tea, and just before using, drop a lump of ice into each jar.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Poultry Notes.

Steaming is preferable to boiling for tough fowls.

In winter kill poultry three days to a week before cooking.

Poultry and game are less nutritious, but more digestible than other meats.

Singe with alcohol instead of paper. A teaspoonful is sufficient for either a turkey or chicken.

Remember that much of the skill of roasting poultry in the best manner depends upon basting faithfully.

To give roast birds a frothy appearance, dredge just before they are done with flour and baste liberally with melted butter.

When onions are added to stuffing, chop them so fine that in eating the mixture one does not detect their presence by biting into a piece.

Young poultry may be told by the tip of the breast-bone being soft, and easily bent between the fingers, and when fresh, by its bright full eye, pliant feet and soft moist skin.

To boil eggs properly, place them in a dish having a close cover; pour over boiling water; cover and set away from the fire for ten or fifteen minutes. Eggs cooked in this way are more delicate and digestible than when allowed to boil in the old way. The heat of the water cooks them slowly to a jelly-like consistency, leaving the yelk harder than the white.

Winter Rules.

Never go to bed with cold, damp feet; always toast them before a fire for ten or fifteen minutes before going to bed.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a colder one, keep the mouth closed, so the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing upon the ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

Never take warm drinks and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back exposed to the heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Never begin a journey until breakfast has been eaten.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold.

Never omit regular bathing; for unless the skin is in an active condition the cold will close the pores and favor congestion or other diseases.

When wet boots are taken off fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb the least vestige of it from the wet leather. As it quickly and completely takes up the moisture, it swells and fills the boot with a tightly fitting last, keeping its form good and drying the leather without hardening it.

Some of the most valuable constituents of the wheat are left in the bran, and the fine flour is not sufficiently laxative to meet the requirements of most systems, so it is advisable to take frequently or systematically a coarser diet. Graham, cracked wheat or rye will generally meet this want or a fair supply of berries or fruits will answer a similar purpose. Proper attention to the diet will generally obviate the necessity of a resort to physic, and is by far the preferable course in every aspect of the case.

TO CURE CORNS.—Take one measure of coal or gas tar, one of saltpeter and one of brown sugar; mix well. Take a piece of an old kid glove and spread a plaster on it the size of the corn and apply to the part affected; bind on and leave two or three days and then remove, and the corn will come with it. But if you will wear boots that are long enough you will not be troubled with corns.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Humorous.

—The best and about the only way to get even with a treacherous mule—and who ever saw any other—is to take his shoes off, lead him on to smooth ice, and then blackguard him. He dare not indulge his natural propensity, and the vexation of spirit exhibited in his intelligent countenance is really interesting.—*Binghamton Republican.*

—It has just leaked out that the day Dr. Schliemann excavated the tomb of Agamemnon, just as he struck the monarch's sepulchre, he heard a low, chuckling laugh behind him, and a voice said, in good United States, "Here, quick, put him in here!" The doctor turned and saw an Ohio medical student, holding a big india-rubber bag.—*Hawkeye.*

—A scientist claims that a cat has no affection. We don't know about that, although deeming it likely enough, but there are two men in Weston who are willing to make oath that a cat has no principle, as one led the two a chase of several miles through snow half-way to their waists, giving them to understand all the time that it was a coon.—*Danbury News.*

—A fashion item says: "Marabout feather bonnets will be worn for full dress this winter." What a scant and scandalous fashion! Anyhow we know one woman who will not wear a marabout feather bonnet for a full dress this winter. This is reliable.—*Norr. Herald.* Better be careful, or she'll go home and see her mar-about that.—*Telegram.* No doubt some other papers will say something marabout this.

—"Forget thee?" wrote a young man to his girl—"forget thee? When the earth forgets to revolve; when the stars forget to shine; when the rain forgets to fall; when the flowers forget to bloom, then, and not until then, will I forget thee." Three months later he was going to see another girl, with a wart on her nose, and $40,000 in the bank. The moral of this is: Be an heiress if you would win the constant love of man.

—Burdette is out in the Indian country, and he says: "I see the beautiful Indian leaning up against the fence, calmly surveying his territory. And I am free to admit that the territory is a powerful sight more beautiful than the Indian. The Indian is chewing tobacco and swearing at a mule. He is six feet high, the Indian is, and his tail is full of burrs, the mule's is. He wears butternut jeans and a fur cap, the Indian does, and you can hear him bray clear into the car, the mule, that is. He has a bushy head of hair and shocky whiskers, tanned out by the sun, has the Indian; and he wears more flat leathern harness than he has hair, the mule does. He carries a blacksnake whip, the Indian does, and as he swears, he larups it over his hunkers, the mule's hunkers. And every time he, the Indian, fetches him, the mule one, he, the mule, kicks down a whole panel of fence. I trust I have made this clear enough."

—The regular annual editorial tirade against girls who spell their names with a diminutive ending in "ie," such as Sophie, Minnie and Lillie, has begun, with unabated sarcasm and fury. We have investigated this matter a little, and having examined seven exchanges that are utterly disgusted with this girlish practice, we find that of the seven editors, one of them is a crusty old bachelor, forty-nine and ugly, with a bald head and a glass eye, who was jilted by three girls before he was twenty-five years old; one of them calls his wife "Lize;" another calls his wife "Sal;" the fourth calls his wife "old gal;" the fifth married an "injun" woman whose name we can't pronounce at all, and the sixth calls his wife "Nance," because her name is Nellie, and allows her two calico dresses and one pair of cowhide shoes a year. And the seventh is a young man, twenty-two years old, who recently wrote a letter to his sweetheart, and called her his "own 'ittle darling ducksome duckie dearie," and "his precious 'ittle toopsie tootsicums" to that extent that the old married man who picked the letter up in the street and tried to read it was seized with violent convulsions and fell down in the street, frothing at the mouth, and was taken to the hospital in great agony. That's the complexion of the opposition, girlies; write your name just as you please.—*Hawkeye.*

—The month of March will be an eventful one for Detroit. A prominent citizen, well known on 'Change, will, during that month, make the attempt to walk three million miles in three million hours, taking no refreshment except ginger beer and raw clams. No butcher, grocer or milkman suspected of having a bill against him will be admitted to the hall during the walk. If he succeeds in his enterprise the man who invented the wash-board will no longer be lionized by the public. His walking costume will consist of three hats and a pair of socks.

Another citizen will begin March 1 the attempt to walk from his house to his office, a distance of six squares, four times per day for one month—a feat never before attempted by any human being in the West. He has already gone into the hands of a trainer, and even in three days he has made such progress that he can stand a fifty pound sack of flour on end without looking red in the face. His friends are confident that he will succeed in this great undertaking, and are willing to loan him money at twelve per cent. interest. If the feat is accomplished the citizen will be on exhibition in front of the City Hall for three days—admission free; children not permitted to approach nearer than ten feet.

An estimable lady, whose name is spoken with praise on every street corner, has been advised by her physician to attempt the experiment of winking her eyes one billion times in one billion seconds. She will probably engage one of the opera houses, and the price of admission will be so low that every laboring man can afford to have roast chicken for dinner. If any man in the audience imagines that the lady is winking at him, and proceeds to wink back in return, seven policemen will be on hand to drag him down stairs feet first. There is no wager involved in this meritorious enterprise, but the lady is simply incited by a desire to recover her health. All money taken at the door will be appropriated to the purchase of bronze busts to decorate ice wagons and street cars. The lady is sanguine of success, and can any day be heard singing, "And many a wink she wunk," with the greatest enthusiasm.—*Free Press.*

ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

In these favored days of the prevalence of improved modes of thought and better ideas of perfection among our people, the subject of decorative art excites a great amount of interested inquiry and careful study. Where, ten years ago, five persons representing the more aspiring of householders, were content each to look forward to possessing for the best parlor, a bright-flowered brussels, a suite of gaudy velvet furniture, and two long, gilded mirrors, twenty to-day are eagerly asking how they shall most effectively adorn their rooms according to the principles of correct taste.

A lady friend says that she well remembers, when she was a very little girl, interrogating her artist grandfather in this way: "Grandpa, hasn't grandma got a pretty carpet in her parlor?" "No," he answered, "it's too showy. Did you ever see any roses as big as these? They look like red cabbage-heads." The inquiring child thought, in surprise, that grandpa didn't know much, and when he took her up-stairs into that mysterious room, the studio, and told her that a deep, navy-blue table-cover, of light Japanese silk, painted all over with a vine-like tracery of arabesques in black, *was* pretty, she wondered more and more. As if grandma wasn't well aware what was the fashion!

But it was not many years before she discovered that the man of taste and the fashion are very often at sword's points. Not long before she perceived that the usual drawing-room appointments of Mrs. Loftie and Mrs. Parvenu, alike, were calculated to set on edge the teeth of any one within whose sensitive soul dwelt images of perfect loveliness, whether of form or fitness, color or harmony, sufficiency or grace.

But a new era has dawned upon us. Love of home and love of beauty combined, have deposed the upholsterer and enthroned the artist. The crude, the gorgeous, the tawdry and the ostentatious must needs disappear before the graceful, the subdued, the genuine and the fitting. Rooms in which the truly cultured delight to breathe and live, are marked by the complete sway of adaptability, truth, simplicity and freedom.

In place of the old-time wall-paper, representing confusing landscapes, dazzling blossoms, or heavy panels of hues and proportions alike distracting, we have a charming array of tinted, harmonizing friezes, quiet, conventional diapers, and rich, decorated dados. The glaring, Joseph's coat carpets, with gigantic bouquets or staring, geometrical figures, have been superseded by those of deep, low tones and mere suggestions of patterns, relieved by delicate touches of bright color; the flaming, useless curtains and showy gilt cornices have given way before substantial, ample hangings, suspended in the real artistic manner by rings run upon rods; and the cold, slippery hair-cloth and gingerly-touched satin and velvet, with the inevitable, tantalizing form of their accompanying cabinet-work, have been replaced by comfortable chairs and sofas, covered with soft stuffs, of tasteful designs and blending shades.

For the last few years, most of our friends having a true appreciation of the worth of comfort, and taste, and beauty, as well as a desire to be most where was most perceivable the subtle spirit of home, have been wont to avoid the set parlor and enjoy the less pretentious, but more attractive family sitting-room, furnished, as such rooms always should be, with simple fittings, but fair adornments, as, a quiet carpet, clear, white curtains, pretty pictures, autumn-leaves, ferns, flowers and birds, with scattered nick-nacks, books and magazines. They, too, though forced in some degree to fall in with the prevailing mode, have had something else in their separate parlors besides the six chairs, and two sofas, and two stools and a piano, and clock on the mantle, and card-receiver on the morsel of a table. But how glad each one is now that, instead of a public saloon, he or she can have one more cherished living-room.

Its ceiling and walls, instead of being like those of ten of its neighbors, may receive a portion of its owner's life, embracing all within them, in the clear tints and wreathing vines, and tossing wheat and poppies with which they are garnished; the floor, of a dark, stained wood, relieved by soft, mossy rugs, or entirely hidden by its warm, deep covering, is no longer merely the most convenient place for a conspicuous display, but a worthy foundation for brighter ornament; the capacious, neutral-tinted chairs and sofas echo the voice of the host in inviting to rest; the graceful folds of the flowing curtains impart an air of comfort and harmony, speak of real use in excluding light and cold, drive into banishment the hard, stiff folding-doors, and hint at departed dust-catching contrivances in their freedom from bands and cornices; the low book-cases, destitute of doors, tell of treasures not so precious as to be out of reach; the absence of elaborate carving shows a sensible subservance to utility, and a present abiding of cleanliness. And then the added charms which reside in judiciously disposed *bric-a-brac*—a Japanese screen before the fire-place; a gay placque against the wall; a painted tile in the top of a cabinet; a Majolica candle-stick upon the mantle; a tiny, corner cupboard of ebony, containing a prized hoard of rare china; an exquisite statuette upon a lambrequin-draped bracket; a cunning, inlaid table, existing for its own beauty's sake; a simple sketch in crayon or water-colors, with its oiled, natural-hued, oaken frame; a coarse linen cushion, blushing with a cluster of wild roses in crewel-work—who can limit the possibilities of the growth of surpassing goodliness in our new-created homes of the future?

True art has gained a foot-hold in this country which we sincerely hope it will never lose. Our ladies are turning away, surfeited, from tatting and Berlin wool-work, and with their own fair fingers are making point-lace, and embroidering curtains, and decorating china and painting landscapes. We cannot be too thankful that this is the case—thankful that less room than ever is left for frivolity and show. But in their eagerness, let them beware of deceiving themselves by current counterfeits. Let them not believe in anything distorted, or in any adornment burying out of sight the object to which it is applied. No room is artistically furnished, however valuable its treasures, when its most striking suggestion is one of sitting down in a museum, or playing house under a shawl.

Throughout her whole realm, nature is able to hint at no such spectacle as a withering gas-jet bursting out from the dewy heart of a freshly-blown rose. The inevitable tendency of all things proves that a painted candle must either have every exquisite touch upon it wasted in smoke and grease, or else lose its identity as a candle and become a mere sign-post. Hooks intended for the hanging of clothing are not beautiful when their embellishments of leaves and acorns are hidden from sight by the suspended garments, nor useful when so many protuberances tear the fabrics imposed upon them.

To bring this love of art home to each one of us, it is necessary that we possess a supreme adoration of the beautiful, a quick sense of the fitness of things, and an humble desire to be taught, with resolution and perseverance to profit by such teaching. And as a nation we may be sure that when anything so catholic, so revolutionizing, and so elevating comes among us to remain with us, our day of the universal reign of order, and enlargement of sympathy and purification from grossness, is near at hand.

LOST CAMEL.

A Dervish was journeying alone in the desert, when two merchants suddenly met him.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye and lame in his left leg?" said the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" said the dervish.

"He had," rejoined the merchants.

"And was he not loaded with honey on one side and wheat on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they replied; "and as you have seen him so lately, and marked him so particularly, you can in all probability conduct us unto him."

"My friends," said the dervish, "I have never seen your camel, nor ever heard of him, but from you."

"A pretty story, truly!" said the merchants; "but where are the jewels which formed part of his cargo?"

"I have neither seen your camel nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

On this they seized his person, and forthwith hurried him before the cadi, where, on the strictest search, nothing could be found upon him, nor could any evidence whatever he adduced to convict him either of falsehood or of theft.

They were then about to proceed against him as a sorcerer, when the dervish with great calmness thus addressed the court: "I have been much amused with your surprise, and own that there has been some ground for your suspicions; but I have lived long, and alone, and I can find ample scope for observation, even in a desert. I knew that I had crossed the track of a camel that had strayed from its owner, because I saw no mark of any human footstep on the same route; I knew that the animal was blind in one eye, because it had cropped the herbage only on one side of its path; and I perceived that it was lame in one leg from the faint impression which that particular foot had produced upon the sand; I concluded that the animal had lost one tooth, because wherever it had grazed a small tuft of herbage was left uninjured in the centre of its bite. As to that which formed the burden of the beast, the busy ants informed me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."—*Penny Magazine.*

MAGENDIE'S CLOCK.

My grandfather's clock was too high for the shelf,
And it reached forty feet below the floor;
And he used to take a lighting chair to wind it himself,
While he stood on the top of the door.
It ran like a quarter horse long years ere he was born;
When he died it ran faster than before,
And every time-that-he-heard-the tune,
The old—man—swore.

Chorus, by the entire congregation;

About 459,000 years without slumbering,
Tick, tock; tick, tock, tum tum-tum: tum-tum-tum; oom-pah, oom-pah, bra-a-a-a!
Whistling and roaring and shrieking and thundering
Tick, tock; tick, tock, toot, doot, toot, de doot, tra la, la ha ha!
Ah! scree-ee-ee! Whoop; Whoop! Wa-ha-ha-ha-ha-a-a-a!
It went! Faster! than-ever-it-went-before,
When the old—man—died!

The man who lived down at the corner of the block,
With a voice like a broad gauge basson;
He made a bass solo of "My Grandfather's Clock,"
And he never sang any other tune.
He sang it every morning and he sang it in the night,
And he sang it while the congregation cried:
But his neck; tie; fitted-his-neck-too tight,
On the day—he—died.

Chorus, by people who whistle, but can't sing, with a lingering, suspicious inflection on the "neck-tie" as though circumstances indicated that several men had helped the musician to put it on:

Forty-nine hours a day without slumbering,
Toodle de doo, too de doo, toodle de doo tooty toot!
The multitudinous notes of the crickets outnumbering;
Toot! Doot! Toot! Doot! Toot!!
But his neck; tie; wasn't adjusted right,
On the day—he—died!

And the handsome young man who sang tenor in the choir,
Was also addicted to the tune;
He used to pitch the air about twenty octaves higher
Than the key-note of the man in the moon.
His cracked notes pierced through the azure fields above,
Till Olympus couldn't sleep if it tried;
But great, Jove; gave-one-of-his-bolts a shove,
And the young—man—died!

Chorus, for first tenor voices, with a shivering kind of an intonation on the thunder, indicative of the feelings of a young man when he is struck by lightning. Now, then, all together!

Up to high C without stumbling,
Squack, squack! squack, squack!
Squack without any quavering or straining or mumbling,
Squack, squack! squack, squack!
Squack but the thun; der! got-mighty-close-to-the ground,
On the da-ay—he—died!

There were forty million people in the land of our birth,
With voices from a squeak to a roar,
And they warbled that tune through sounds of the earth,
In the church, in the car, and the store.
Till the old man's ghost resought the glimpses of the moon,
And he tore at his silver flowing hair,
And the old; man whenever-he-heard that tune,
Would cavort—and—swear!

Chorus, softly, by any person of the company who knows the words, with old man obligato;

"Ninety years without slumbering—
—!—!!—!!!—!!!!—!!!!!
His lips seconds numb'ring—
—!—!!—!!!—!!!!—!!!!!
"But it stopped—short"—
—!—!!—!!!
—!—!—!!—!!—!!!

—*Hawkeye.*

ANECDOTE OF VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria was not twenty years of age when she ascended the throne. Coming into possession of power with a heart fresh, tender and pure, with all her instincts inclined to mercy, we may be sure that she found many things that tried her strength and resolution to the utmost.

On a bright, beautiful morning, the young Queen was waited upon at her palace at Windsor, by the Duke of Wellington, who had brought from London various papers requiring her signature to render them operative. One of them was a sentence of a court-martial, pronounced against a soldier of the line—that sentence that he be shot dead.

The Queen looked upon the paper and then looked upon the wondrous beauties that nature spread to her view.

"What has this man done?" she asked.

The Duke looked at the paper and replied:

"Ah, my royal mistress, that man I fear is incorrigible. He has deserted three times."

"And can you not say anything in his behalf, my lord?"

Wellington shook his head.

"Oh, think again, I pray you."

Seeing that her majesty was so deeply moved, and feeling sure that she would not have the man shot in any event finally confessed that the man was brave and gallant, and really a good soldier.

"But," he added, "think of the influence."

"Influence!" cried Victoria, her eyes flashing, and her bosom heaving with strong emotion. "Let it be ours to wield influence. I will try mercy in this man's case, and I charge you, your grace, to let me know the result. A good soldier, you said, Oh! I thank you for that. And you may tell him that your good work saved him."

Then she took the paper, and wrote with a bold, firm hand, across the dark page, the bright, saving word, "Pardoned!"

NATURE PROCLAIMS A DEITY.

There is a God! The herbs of the valley, the cedars of the mountain, bless him; the insect sports in his beam; the bird sings him in the foliage; the thunder proclaims him in the heavens: the ocean declares his immensity;—man alone has said, There is no God! Unite in thought at the same instant the most beautiful objects in nature. Suppose that you see, at once, all the hours of the day, and all the seasons of the year,—a morning of spring, and a morning of autumn—a night bespangled with stars, and a night darkened by clouds—meadows enameled with flowers—forests hoary with snow—fields gilded by the tints of autumn,—then alone you will have a just conception of the universe! While you are gazing on that sun which is plunging into the vault of the west, another observer admires him emerging from the gilded gates of the east. By what inconceivable power does that aged star, which is sinking fatigued and burning in the shades of the evening, reappear at the same instant fresh and humid with the rosy dew of the morning? At every hour of the day, the glorious orb is at once rising, resplendent as noon-day, and setting in the west; or rather, our senses deceive us, and there is, properly speaking, no east or west, no north or south, in the world.

HUMILITY.

No ornament is like that of a meek and quiet spirit. Whenever we meet one possessed of this, how truly do we love his presence. But, by humility, we do not mean an abject, desponding disposition, nor a servile, cringing, fawning to superiors, for much passes for humility which deserves not the name.

It is not true that those who are in poverty, are always humble, for pride maketh its dwelling-place as often in the hearts of the lowly, as those of the highest station in life. But do not try to be what you are not. If you are wise and learned, be sure the world will find it out. If one's character is full of conceit and egotism, his or her capacity for usefulness is gone. There is nothing so perfectly ridiculous in life as this constant grasping after something beyond our reach.

Therefore, for the sake of humanity, be truthful, be candid, be humble, be condescending, in all your deportment, then you will have an influence in doing good, and can greatly aid the well-being of those around you.

DIVERS OFF FUNCHAL, MADEIRA.

On the arrival of the mail steamer off Funchal, Madeira, the vessel, which stops a few hours to land passengers, etc., and to take in a supply of fresh vegetables and fruit for the rest of the voyage, is immediately surrounded by a number of boats to take off passengers, and with various articles for sale. The first, however, to arrive are full of boys and young men, who dive after pieces of silver money, thrown overboard by passengers, who wish to see their dexterity. As the piece of money, owing to its shape, offers considerable resistance to the water, it revolves and sinks but slowly, and as the water is very transparent, it is usually caught three or four feet below the surface. When it sinks lower, there are only one or two men good enough to fetch it up. When the sixpences begin to get few and far between, it is amusing to see how the divers all tumble into the water after them, and as they are all over-eager, is frequently clutched by some one wary enough to go to a good depth at once.

—If Arctic explorers have not discovered a practical northwest passage, whales have, as is shown by the fact that whales have been captured in the North Pacific, having harpoons that were thrown into them on the other side of the continent. Capt. Bauldry, of the Helen Mar, of San Francisco, has taken a whale having in it a large flint harpoon, supposed to have been put in by natives of Cape Barhurst, or the regions beyond the mouth of the Mackenzie River, because the natives living to the westward of that river never use such weapons, but always bone or iron. A more positive evidence is found in the fact that the Captain of the Adeline Gibbs took a whale in the Arctic with an iron in it which had been thrown the same season in Hudson Bay. This is known to be the case, because the iron bore the mark of a ship at the time engaged in whaling in the Bay.

NORMAN CAPS.

There is nothing more amusing to the traveler on the Continent than to observe the extraordinary variety of those head-appendages, many of them heirlooms for generations in some families, all more or less prized, according to the richness of materials employed upon them and the peculiarity of shape. There is no article of dress more important to the Normande, whatever may be her means, than the cap which so jauntily and triumphantly asserts the dignity of the wearer. The wives of *fermieres*, who can afford such luxuries as expensive lace and trimmings, spend a little income in the decoration of their caps. Many cost upwards of 3,000 francs for the materials and manufacture, and these, as we have before observed, are handed down from mother to daughter through successive years, and are highly prized. In the primitive villages of Normandy, on some holidays, it is a pleasing sight to see the dense army of caps, with flaps fanning the air, and following the gesticulatory movements of their talkative and volatile owners. When the weather is doubtful the cap wearers take care to be provided with a red umbrella, of a clumsy construction, remarkably heavy, and somewhat similar, perhaps, to the original with which Jonas Hanway braved the jeers of a London populace in first introducing it.

TOBACCO POISONING OF INFANTS.

The habit of smoking in living-rooms and bed-rooms is, without question, the cause of much sickness and mortality among babies and very young children. Nicotine is absorbed into both the mother's and the infant's systems, poisoning the milk which is to give life and health to the baby, and disturbing and depressing its delicate organism. Is it possible for an infant to breathe, day after day, an atmosphere loaded with tobacco-smoke, and be thoroughly healthy? It stands to reason that it cannot. As a matter of course, such an infant is less able to resist the attacks of disease when they take an epidemic form than an infant which has always had the advantage of pure air, which is as essential to health as good food.

Dr. Kestral, physician to the Royal Tobacco Factory at Iglau, near Vienna, gives some facts bearing on this matter which are worthy of careful consideration. A large number of women, boys and girls are employed in this factory, and it seems that, in consequence of the deleterious effects of working in the tobacco, the government has appointed a physician to look after their health. Of one hundred boys, from twelve to sixteen, says Dr. Kestral, seventy-two fell sick in the first six months, most of them having symptoms of tobacco poisoning. Many of the girls were also great sufferers from the same cause. But the most serious consequences were seen in the mortality among the children of mothers who worked in the factory. Breathing all day long an air filled with nicotine, their milk became so charged with poison that two-fifths of all their babies died before reaching the age of four months!

A word to the wise is all that need be spoken. A father who truly loves his babies will not expose them to malaria, or suffer them to go into a chamber containing a scarlet fever patient. But is it really any safer to fill the room in which they have to live, day after day, with tobacco-smoke, and charge their delicate systems with nicotine? They may not absorb enough of the poison to destroy their lives, but there may be such a lowering of the vitality in consequence of its presence as to leave them helpless under the assaults of some fatal disease which might otherwise have been resisted.

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