...1.50 PER ANNUM. ...HESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 18...

Select Poetry.

...MINISTER'S SERMON.

...aid, last night, says he,
...raid of givin';
... worth nothin' to other folks,
...the use of livin'?"
...I say to my wife, says I,
... the mis'rable sinner,
...gar would starve than give
...buyin' a dinner.

...ister's prime, he is,
...quite determine,
...n a-givin' it right and left,
...hit by his sermon.
...there couldn't be no mistake
...he talked of long-winded prayin',
...rs and Wilson they sot and scowled
...very word he was sayin'.

...minister he went on to say,
...ere's various kinds of cheatin',
...eligion's as good for every day
...s it is to bring to meetin'.
...don't think much of the man that gives
The loud amens at my preachin',
...nd spends his time the followin' week
In cheatin' and overreachin'."

...guess that dose was bitter enough
For a man like Jones to swallow,
...ut I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
Not once, after that, to holler.
...urrah, says I, for the minister—
Of course I said it quiet—
...ive us some more of this open talk,
It is very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
And when he spoke of fashion,
...And rigging's out in bows and things,
As woman's rulin' passion,
...d comin' to church to see the styles,
...couldn't help a-winkin'
...-nudgin' my wife, says I, "That's yon,"
...guess it sot her thinkin'.

...to myself, that sermon's pat,
... man is a queer creation,
...'m much afraid that most of the folks
...n't take the application.
...if he had said a word about
...personal mode of sinnin',
...ve gone to work to right myself,
... not set there a-grinnin'.

...en the minister says, says he,
...now I've come to the fellers
... lost their shower by usin' their friends
...s sort o' moral umbrellas,
... home," says he, "and find your faults,
...stead of huntin' your brother's;
...o home," says he, "and wear the coats
You tried to fit to others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
And there was lots o' smilin',
And lots o' lookin' at our pew,
It sot my blood a-bilin'.
Says I to myself, our minister
Is gettin' a little bitter;
I'll tell him, when the meetin's out, that I
...Ain't at all that kind of a critter.

AN ALL-NIGH...

ORIGINAL.

...t grew dark; and dismal rain
...ered on each glassy pane.
...ered; pattered all that night
...ng dawn; till broad day-light.

...s round unconscious lay;
...red sweetly on, till day;
... it was, to toss and moan,
...r anguish with a groan.

...ke all the feathers grew,
...ggish moments drew;
...maddening envy vied,
...aro' my aching side!

... sleep. I could not close
...eyes in one sweet dose!
... would; to left, or right,
...or me! Sick, all that night!—Z.

...noticeable difference in the
...f male and female physi-
...e candor or pretended can-
... former, and the reticence
...er. The doctor masculine
...on what is the matter with
...in the origin of the disease,
... its course, and throw in a
...ientific names aboot your
...and their operations, that
...you to feel good over such
...e possessions, though you
...understand one word of what
...The doctor feminine don't
...don't waste any learning on
...ant herd of other women
...not studied medicine. She
...es directions in an author-
...anner, and attributes all
...rings to your follies or
... some way. She wouldn't
... a tibin or a fibre or a vas-
...tem, even much less an
...t to save your life. Proba-
... that all women but
...studied medicine are
...rstand such things,
..., but for all that,
...h the compliment
... pretending we do.
...
...ician, "how

..." said the M. D.
...my livers?"
...right, said he. "Per-
...ust constitutions as
...one liver."
...e questions to a
...me profession, to
...d:
...not expect to have
...ressing in the rec-
...ney do, and wearing
...rsets." To the second:
...w ignorant women are,
...rstand that they have
...but they will never
...e few who have
...o science cannot
...m," and, upon re-
...eve they could, if
...e preconceived
...en say must be
... literally.

...ticeable fact that the peo-
...prairie country of Iowa do
... than any other people in
... This is because there is
...nt the top rail of a barb-
...ce that invites men to sit
... talk politics while the
...rs get in the crops.

...man observed to his com-
...seeing a lady pass: "Pat,
...r see so thin a woman as
...?" "Thin?" replied the
...therashen! I seen a wo-
... as two of her put to-
... have."

Select Story.

Penny Wise and Pound Foolish.

"We will express our trunks, I suppose," said Amy, rising from her knees with a sigh, where she had been strapping said baggage, till her little fingers were bruised with the strain—"we will express our trunks," she repeated, and have nothing upon our minds. If there is anything that makes traveling a bugbear, it is to have to look up one's effects amidst a crowd of rags and garlic, picking it out from among five hundred counterparts, with the bell ringing, and one's heart beating."

"Express our trunks, Amy! what nonsense! I shouldn't think of it for an instant!" cried Aunt Hitty. "It would be a wicked extravagance, for which we should deserve a visitation of Providence. I've traveled miles and miles in my day, and I've always taken care of my own thinks, and expect to do it as long as the breath's in my body."

"If we do not express them through," persisted Amy, "we shall have to take a hack when we reach Niagara, and it will be about as broad as it is long in the matter of expense."

"Take a hack! not a bit of it.—Mrs. Dow caught the varioloid in one. No; I'll just send the baggage to the hotel in a job wagon, and we'll walk. You will never learn the first principles of ecomony, Amy.—Take care of the pennies, child, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

"I wish the trunks would. We shall change cars five times, you know, between Borrowdale and Niagara; and we must look them up each time, and have them rechecked and make our connections by the skin of our teeth. It would be altogether more comfortable to express them."

"I dare say; but economy before comfort is my motto. Never send by express what you can carry yourself. We will take turns looking up the baggage if it's so disagreeable; for my part, I'm thankful I've any baggage to look after."

The trunks were sent down to the station early next morning on a wheelbarrow, and as the distance was short, Amy and her aunt followed on foot, arriving in season to see the wheelbarrow give out, like the 'one-hoss shay," and spill its contents upon the highway. Aunt Hitty was obliged to pay a quarter on the spot for a second pair of masculine arms to convey the trunks into the station, she and Amy being supplied with a bag, an envelope box containing sandwitches, a waterproof, a shawl, and a novel each.

"We might as well have taken a carriage," suggested Amy, "and have started in some style, if only 'for the confusion of the neighbors,' and even then there would have been a balance in our favor." Aunt Hitty did not appear to be affected by this economical view of the situation, he mind being engaged at that moment upon the conundrum whether she should be obilged to buy a new wheelbarrow for Neighbor Cramp, or if the old one could be revamped to his satisfaction; but before she could arrive at a solution the conductor cried, 'All aboard,' and they were plunging trough the tunnel, flying across the bridge, hurrying past every body's back door, past the old burying-ground, out into the clear country, with the distant mountain peaks outlined against the sky, with fringes of reddening sumac, and burning bushes of maple and beech, and the ragged pennons of creepers and blackberry vines closing in about them.

"Jerusalem Centre!" shouted the conductor. "Passengers change cars for Boghampton."

While Aunt Hitty was manœuvring to avoid the smoking-car in her entrance into the Gaghampton train Amp rechecked her trunks, and smashed her eyeglasses in the attempt. At the next point of connection Aunt Hitty transacted the business with dignity and composure, but found, after the train had started, that she had left *The Last Days of Pompeii* behind her.

"And it belonged to your book club," too, sighed Amy.

At the third station where they were obliged to change Amy secured the checks without any mishap, and being now fairly launched on the road to Boston, they disposed themselves to dine from the envelope box, and Aunt Hitty produced the silver cup from which she had eaten her bread and milk when she was in pinafores, and her grandmothers before her.

"I'm glad I brought it," she said; "it dosen't cost any more to drink from silver than from glass, when it's an heir-loom. How any one can use that promiscuous tumbler passes me."

"There's Dorset Travis, Aunt Hitty, sure as you live. Oh, I do wish he would look this way!" whispered Amy.

"I would rather you shouldn't let on you saw him. People are so apt to get intimate on a journey," returned her aunt. "Read your novel, child. A Vane wasting a thought upon a Travis! Such a thing was never known in Borrowdale: it would make all your ancestors groan in their graves. In your great-grandfather's day there was the *Travis Arms* and the Vane Hall.—We were of the best blood in the country; nobody knows if they had any ancestry: their family tree is an acorn yet, for all I know. When your forebears were living in clover and fearing sumptuously every day, old Martin Travis was too poor to buy himself a second suit."

"And now the tables are turned. We have the poverty, and they the money."

"But we are Vanes, while they will be only Travises to the end of the chapter."

"As the case stands, aunty, I would rather be a Travis, thank you."

"Don't let me hear you utter such blasphemy again, Amy Vane!"

...e girls in Borrowdale ...king about him as if ... Great Mogul. I'm sure ... he's very nice—I met him at Miss Cabot's, you know; we spent a fortnight there at the same time. I may be obliged to speak to him, you see. If you'd only turn your head, Aunt Hitty, and look at him, you'd say he was a prince in disguise. Did you ever see him?"

"Never. The idea of old Martin Travis's grandson aspiring to an equality with the Vanes! Why, he has blacked your great-grandfather's boots, for aught I know!"

"I can't help it if he has blacked my great-grandfather's eye. I wish his grandson would come and talk to us. And how he *can* talk! I don't believe a Vane could hold a candle to him! There he goes into the smoking-car! So my prospective pleasure ends in smoke."

"Amy Vane, remember who you are!" And then they relapsed into silence, and Aunt Hitty took a nap, while Amy watched the gay autumn world waltz past her—the fields where cattle grazed; the broken walls festooned with the wild grape, with gauty vines; the swollen streams chatting over their pebbles; the rich vistas of woodland, like glimpses into some cathedral crusted with gold and inlaid with jewels; the saucy little chipmunks darting among the nut-trees; the whir of wild wings among the underbrush; the bursting pods of the mildweed; the drifts of purple asters and golden-rod. How delightful it might be to travel in October with somebody like Dorset Travis to talk with, and one's baggage in the express!

"Have we collied?" cried Aunt Hitty, waking with a sudden jerk, "or what is it?"

"Boston," said Amy.

"Oh, of course. Now you take my umbrella and my bag and waterproof, ank secure seats in the New York train, while I secure the baggage."

How dark and smoky and crowded the depot seemed just then! Engines were puffing and filling, bells were ringing, hackmen shouting, every one rushing hither and yon, elbowing, pushing. Was all creation *en route* for somewhere? Was anybody left at home to look after the silver and the "help?" Aunt Hitty wondered as she insinuated herself in the near neighborhood of the baggage-car and adjusted her glasses. "Mercy," said she, "what a bedlam!"

"Isn't it, though?" replied a woman at her elbow. "I can't hear my own ears—can you? Seems as though my baggage wouldn't ever turn up. It's dreadful standing here at the mercy of this crowd, the push, you, about so.—Pardon, did I tread on your skirt?"

"Oh, never mind," said Aunt Hitty; "twasn't your fault. Isn't that my trunk. No—oh dear!"

"It's awfully confusing," she confessed, having finally joined Amy in the New York train. "It's a pity that some of the people can't stay at home. I should think it was a Bedouin community."

"Tickets!" demanded the conductor, on his rounds.

Aunt Hitty plunged her hand into her dress pocket, into the pocket of her over-skirt, into the pocket of sacque, into her bag, and wrestled with all its contents. "Goodness save us!" she grasped, "my pocket—has been—picked!" Fortunately Miss Hitty had taken the precaution of secreting the bulk of her fund about her person, and the pocket-book had contained only ten dollars in money, a receipt for mock-mince-pies, and a scrap of poetry, the tickets being in Amy's charge, as it happened. "Well, there *was* such a crowd in the depot, that I wonder I came away with my senses," she explained. "Do get me a drink of water, Amy. I'm dry as a fish, from excitement" (though why a fish, which is alway wet, should be called dry, is a paradox Miss Hitty didn't reflect upon). "The cup is in my bag. No? Amy Vane, how helpless you are! If it was a bear it would bite you. Give me the bag!" But alas! Miss Hitty's bag was unlike little Benjamin's sack: the silver cup was not to be found in it. "You *Don't* suppose I left it in the cars in Boston?" she questioned—"that cup, which has been in the family for generations?"

"We can telegraph to Boston from the next station," suggested Amy, who had a family feeling for the cup, after all, "and perhaps recover it. Don't you want to speak to the conductor about a sleeping car?"

"A sleeping car! What *do* you think I'm made of?"

"Dust; aren't you?" laughed Amy saucily.

"I should suppose you thought it was gold-dust, at the very least.—No sleeping-car for me, thank you, with my silver cup lost and my pocket picked. I must begin to economize somewhere."

"You will have an attack of your asthma, Aunt Hitty: you aren't used to sitting up all night."

"I'll make the experiment, anyway; two dollars aren't to be sneezed at in my circumstances. A penny saved is a penny earned."

"You won't get a wink of sleep: For my part, I would rather pay twenty dollars than lose a night's rest."

"I dare say you would. You've no more idea of economy than the babes in the woods. Any one who's sleepy can sleep on stilts."

"Very well; pleasant dreams to you."

It seemed to Amy as if the night were endless. Not a tree, nor a water course, nor a russet hill-side to be discerned through the darkness; not so much as a star for company, nothing but the smoky lamps winking at her. Some few passengers were talking together as if they had just met after years of separation; some had fallen asleep with their heads in every imaginable position, threatening dislocation and apoplexy, with their faces wearing that

...other with flirtation. Amy wished with all he heart that Mr. Tarvis had been at hand to help her kill time; as for Aunt Hitty, she improvised a pillow of her water-proof, and got a crick in her neck instead of a nap; and when every body had about abandoned the hope of overtaking the morning, go at what lightning speed they would, the lights began to look like sickly ghosts at cock-crow, ther eastern sky blushed like a rose, unfolding petal after petal of light and color, birds began to flutter along the wayside, shaking the dew from wing and bush in their flight, and presently the tarin rolled into the Grand Central Depot, and stopped panting and wheezing. Though so early there were trains already arriving and departing from and toward all points of the compass, with tumult of smoke and clanging bells, of belching steam and human voices; a ghastly dinginess brooded over the place, where the pale lamps, still resisting the invasion of daylight, made confusion worse confounded; and the early chill penetrated to the bones.

'Give me your purse, Amy,' commanded Miss Hitty, 'while you look up the baggage; it isn't worth while to risk any thing. I'll go and buy the tickets, and keep a seat for you in the Hudson River train.'—Miss Hitty's voice was husky, and her eyes were full of metaphorical sticks.

'It would have been so much better if you had had a sleeping car,' said Amy.

'A fiddle-stick!' answered Miss Hitty. "We've gotten through the night and saved our money, that's one comfort.'

Amy had never been in New York before—indeed, her travelling had chiely been confined to a trip to Boston once a year—and the crpwd and confusion, the rush and hurry every one seemed to be in, the shackling and shunting of cars, added to the stugid half-awake sensation resulting from a broken night, gave her a nervous lack of confidence in herself. It appeared an eternity before her trunks came to light, and aeon or two before they were finally checked; then she picked her way through the throng as speedily as possible, only to see the Hudson River train mpving out of the depot. She stood like one paralyzed, and watched it go, letting the crowd surge around her. Some one out of the human surge around her. Some one out of the human vortex paused and looked at her, and turned back, and held out a re-assuring hand.

'Miss Vane, I believe?' said Dorset Travis. 'Are you waiting for any one? Can I be of service to you?'

'Oh, Mr. Travis, I ... train!' cried Amy.

'Is that all? May I ask which way you are going?'

'We were going to Niagara—Aunt Hitty and I. *She* is in the train, with the tickets—and my purse!'

'Well met, then,' said he. 'I am going to Niagara myself in the afternoon train, and shall be happy to your escort, if you will allow me. In the mean time, here is a coach waiting for us. We will take breakfast at Delmonico's, and have time to look into a picture-gallery and drive in the park before dinner, if you don't object.'

'Oh, thank you, Mr. Travis! What a godsend you are!' cried Amy, effusively. 'What would have become of me if you hadn't happened by?'

'I'm glad my lines have fallen in such pleasant places,' he said. 'I hope you haven't forgotten the fortnight we spent at Miss Cabot's together a year ago?'

What a breakfast they had at Delmonico's, to be sure! how dedonair and companionable Dorset Travis was!—old Martin Travis's grandspn, too! Before they had 'done up' the picture-gallery, Amy felt as if she had known him from the beginning—easy in confessing her ignorances, sure of his sympathetic indulgence—and by the time they had taken a turn in the park she had decided it was not such a bad thing to lose one's train, after all; that this was a much pleasanter route to Niagara than the regular one; if there was no royal road to learning, there was one to Niagara.

'I wonder what Aunt Hitty thinks has become of me?' said Amy, when they were already upon their way. 'she must be distracted.'

'Oh no; I telegraphed her at the next station before we left the depot this morning.'

'Oh, how splendid!—Martin Travis's grandson, too! 'What did you say, Mr. Travis?'

'Why, to tell the truth, I committed a sort of forgery by telegraph. I told her that an old friend had taken charge of you, and you would leave for Niagara in the 3:20 train, P. M., and signed your name.'

'An old friend!' repeated Amy, reflectingly.

'Do you object to the term?'

'Object! I dote on it,' laughed Amy.

"'You'er my friend:
What a thing friendship is, world without end!"

he quoted. Was ever a journey down the Rhine or up the Nile more enchanting than this trip along the Hudson? Were not the Palisades as grand and fantastic in their way as Philae and its temples? Did not the Highlands wrap themselves in an atmosphere as amethystine as that of the Bernese Oberland?—Could a night in June upon the Danube River surpass this afternoon in a palace-car?

To Amy's dismay, on arriving at Niagara, she found Aunt Hitty at the hotel, sitting up in bed, bolstered by pillows, grasping and wheezing with an attack of asthma.

'A whole ticket as good as thrown away,' she groaned. 'I *shall* be ruined if we don't begin to economize somewhere.'

'I am afraid this trip is a bad beginning,' said Amy.

'And who was the friend you met in New York, eh?'

'Only Dorset Travis.'

...old Martin's ... I *do* hope, ...rself a little ... distant—that you didn't condescend too much.'

'Oh, I had *such* a splendid time, aunty!'

'A splendid time, with a Travis for company! You *are* degenerating, Amy. What *would* your great grandfather have thought of you?'

'I'm sure I don't know; but we dined at Delmonico's, we drove in the Park, and looked at pictures.'

'With the grandson of Martin Travis—and I lying here trying to catch my breath!'

'You must have a doctor, Aunt Hitty.'

'Indeed no; doctors cost a fortune in such a place as this; they not like Dr. Grub, at home, with his seventy-five cents a visit. You must remember that this is an expensive trip, and we must save where we can.' But by the following day Aunt Hitty found that her usual remedies failed of alleviating, that, in fact, she was only growing worse and worse. 'If there were only some young doctor just settled, glad of a patient at any price,' she grasped. ring the bell, Amy.'

'Do you know of any young doctor,' she asked of the chamber-maid—'any one who is reasonable in his charges, who hasn't gotten into much practice?'

'That I do,' replied the girl; there's one in the house this blessed minute. Shall I be sending him up to you?'

'You'er sure he dosen't charge high?'

'Charge, is it? It's himself who carried a whole family through with the measles without charging a cent. Oh, he's the man for your money, marm.'

'Well, you may ask him to step up; one visit won't kill me, at any rate.'

'Not unless he's the kill or cure kind,' said Amy.

He had gone out to a patient, however, when the maid went to seek him; and it so happened that Amy was out at the druggist's when he made his first visit, and had met Dorset Travis on her way home.

'The doctor's been here,' said Aunt Hitty; 'and such a pleasant-spoken gentleman as he is; Handsome, too; he reminds me of some one—I can't tell whom. He says he took up the profession for love, not for money, which argues well. Shows he didn't spring from common stock. You can see, indeed, at a glace that he's a born aristocrat.'

'Isn't your eyesight improving, aunty?' laughed Amy.

'I was never so near-sighted that I couldn't tell a man of gentle blood and long descent from a plebeian. He ... had his degree within the ... though he has ... pitals, you

... grew worse rather ... better. Amy might as well have been a nurse in a hospital ward only she was never off duty. All day she was shut in with the invalid, all night she was up and down, arranging pillows, measuring doses; she had forgottened the neighborhood of the Falls, so to speak, or the object of the journey; the doctor came twice a day, since the attack was stubborn; she herself was growing pale and hollow-eyed, and one day she dropped at the bedside in the act of administering a dose.

'This will never do,' said the doctor. 'You must have a nurse, Miss Vane.'

'A nurse!' cried Aunt Hitty.—'What next? I never had such an article in my life. I don't own Golconda, and I haven't a claim in El Dorado. A nurse, indeed! I tell you what, Amy,' she added, as soon as they were alone, 'I must pick up enough to jog home by the week's end; I've just money enough left to pay my bills and buy our tickets.'

'And we haven't seen the Falls yet!'

'I wish the Falls had been in the Red Sea! If they hadn't existed, it would have been money in my purse and health in my bones.'

'Miss Amy must see all the lions first,' said the doctor, next day, when Aunt Hitty had announced her intention of leaving Niagara. 'My carriage is at the door; I shall esteem it a privilege if I may introduce her to them.'

'I'm sure you'er good as gold, doctor.'

But when Amy returned, there was a rosy glow in her face, and an ecstasy in her glance.

'I hope,' she said, between a smile and a tear—'I hope, Aunt Hitty, that you won't be displeased, though his ancestors didn't come over in the *Mayflower*—but—something happened at the Falls, Aunt Hitty.'

'Goodness! you didn't lose any thing?'

'Yes, I did. I lost my heart, Aunt Hitty. I hope you've grown to like him well enough not to mind his want of a family tree, because I have promised to marry him, Aunt Hitty.'

'Whom? the doctor? Well, if I ever! If it hadn't been for my asthma, now— Well, you may thank me for a good husband. How do you know about his ancestors, pray? By-the-way, child, I don't think I ever asked his name. I'm sure I don't know it any more than if he were the pre-Adamite man, if there ever was such a being. When you are choking and panting with the asthma, a rose would smell as sweet with any other name. I hope it is a pleasant-sounding one, at any rate.'

'Yes, it is very pleasant—it is Dorset Travis. Oh, aunty, I could not help it; but you know you said he was a born aristocrat! I did not mean to deceive you, but you never asked, and—and— it was *so* nice to have him coming, if you *must* be ill, and you wou'd have sent him away if he had known, and then perhaps you whould have died; and I didn't know he was a doctor myself till I met him in the street the day he first came to you, and he told me he had studied at first for occupation, never meaning to practice—as he had plenty of money without, aunty, you know—but he had grown to love it, and meant to devovte his life to it—and me.'

'Penny wise and pound foolish,' confessed Miss Hi... over the accounts ... of home, somewha... mated the cost of h...

Paid man for carrying t...	
Paid Mr. Cramp for whee...	
Amy's eyeglasses—broken	
One novel—lost	
Pocket-book and contents—stole...	
Silver cup—heir-loom—lost	
Doctor's bill	30 00
An extra week's board at hotel	42 00
Telegram	30
Ticket from N. Y. to Niagara—extra	5,00
	$116 55

One niece—loss inestimable.

'Some economies are costly enough,' said she. 'Live and learn.'

Influence of Newspapers.

A school teacher who had been a long time engaged in his profession, and witnessed the influence of newspapers upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have access to newspapers of home, when compared with those who have not, are as follows:

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more and understandingly.

2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain practical knowledge of geography in almost half time it requires of others, as the papers have made them acquainted with the location of the important places, of nations, their government and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical orations of the statesman; they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and constantly analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write a better composition, using better language, containing more though, more clearly and correctly expressed.

6. Those young men who have been for years readers of newspapers are always taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

THE dressing, or rather undressing, of English ladies at "swell" dinner parties, drives an indignant American to write as follows:

A dinner dress for a lady in England is something I trembled and shriek at. When she gets to the drawing-room the end of the dress is at the hall door, and nothing is ... on her neck and bust. Take the green salad, she come to the table undressed, so far as her *vis a vis* can see. And the uglier, older, fatter, and the more beefy she is, the more she resembles the salad. Her hair is a compound problem in double vulgar fractions, ornamented with fine feathers and fewels. Her neck is a terror to an arm of any amorous propensities, for the slightest contact would carry off much powdered starch. But around it diamonds dwell and emeralds glitter, or sapphires blaze. Each shoulder is ornamented with a baby bow or band and these constitute the upper part of the dress, with the exception of the small bunch of flowers primly placed on the chest-bone. On the altar of lady on-dressing, or no-lady dressing, I have shattered the ten commandments and unmberless wine glasses in wrath and embarrassment so often that I fear for my present and future state. To be placed *vis a vis* before a magnificent sample of a champion young English rare-roast-beef wife, with a one-button bodice and a sixteen-button pair of gloves on, renders a fellow capable of "looking unutterable things."

DON'T WASTE VITAL ENERGY.—The most vigorous persons do not have too much vitality. People generally inherit lack; or at least find that much vital energy has been permanently lost in their childhold and youth, through the ignorance or carelessness of their parents. Often it is impaired by wrong indulgence in early manhood. The endervor with all persons should be to husband what is left, be it much or little. Therefore:

1. Don't do anything in a hurry.

2. Don't work too many hours a day, whether it be at farm work, shop work, study work or house work.

3. Don't abridge sleep. Get the full eight hours of it, and that, too, in a well ventilated and sun purified room.

4. Don't eat what is indigestible, nor too much of anything, and let good cheer rule the hour.

5. Don't fret at yourself, or anybody else; nor indulge in the blues, nor burst into fits of passion.

6. Don't be to much elated with good luck, or disheartened by bad.

Positively--be self-controlled, calm and brave. Let your brain have all the rest it needs.

This is the way in which a cotemporary goes for "My Grandfather's Clock:"

"My Grandfather's Clock," it was all very well,
When the song was first coming about,
But 'twas whistled and sung, till its numbers now swell
Upon ears that are all tired out.
It is whistled and hummed out of time, out of tune,
With an infinite feeling of pride,
Till we all of us wish that the song had stopped short
When the old man died.

If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, O, need they ... to squall? Every Tommy has ... abby waiting on the wall, and ... welcomes her approach with a ... And if a pussy wish to court upon a garden wall, why don't he sit and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl; lift his precious back up high, and show his teeth and moan, as if twere colic more than love ... made that fellow groan?

...st crop ... was planted ver... inserting its len... direction, as in spa... using the handle the piec... atoes could be easily drop... After removing the spade the ... was firmly pressed back with ... foot. In another instance I ... where planting was a success. T... land was sod, plowed early and dee... and well cultivated. With a small ... plow a deep furrow was made by going twice in a row, as low down as the sad would permit, say five inches, and covering the seed with the same plow, by two furrows to each row, say seven to eight inches in depth. They grow deep in the sod. Twenty-seven of the largest potatoes made a bushel. In another instance where a piece of sod was planted in potatoes, some were missed in digging; when this was plowed this spring, the potatoes missed were turned down to the bottom of the furrow and grew. Last week, on plowing again potatoes were found at the bottom, seven or eight inches in depth, sound, but not extra large. Does not the potato set and manure its crop close around the seed planted? Again, the small seed potatoes were last fall pitted in the garden. Before we were through planting the Early Vermonts had grown through the straw and covering, and had two or three leaves. On selecting for planting, we found a large number of young potatoes of the size of walnuts, among the seed, over a foot from the surface. In every instance these were around the mother seed. From these instances noticed, the inference seems to favor the idea that whatever the seed is the crop will be.—*C. P. C.*

HOW TO USE HEN MANURE.—Manure from the poultry house is ...luable for any crop. It may be ...read on grass very thinly, about ... barrels per acre being enough. ...way to get it fine is to spread ...e barn floor and thrash it ...ail, but a wet cloth should ...und the mouth or nose ... being done.—*American*

...SSE OF CHICKEN. ...m up in pieces ... stew-pan on the fire, keep it ... covered, and stew or simmer it gently till the chicken is quite tender, but do not allow it to boil.

DOUGHNUTS.—One pint of milk, warmed with one-quarter of a pound of shortening (half butter, half lard) one half pound of sugar, or less, one half spoonful of salt, one ... a little nutmeg, two tablespoo... mix rather thin and cove... light or small pillow. If ... tee afternoon it should be light enough to boil during next morning.

ONION SOUP.—Cut into pieces twelve onions; boil them in three quarts of milk and water, equally mixed; add a little veal, season with butter and pepper; add a few well-toasted slices of white bread and a handful of finely chopped parsley.

RICE OYSTERS.—Take ground rice and cook by steam, if possible, for two or three hours, and let it cool. Cut it in thin slices, and dip in egg and cracker crumbs; fry in sweet butter, as you would do oysters.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, two cups of prepared flour.

DOING UP MEN'S LINEN.—A husband complained that his shirt bosom and collars were badly done up, and the case was referred to a knowing shirt maker, and his answer was well worthy the attention of house keepers:

"Yes," said the man, "the fault is with your laundress. While doing up your collars, she stretches them the wrong way. Damp linen is very pliable, and a good pull will alter ... fourteen inch into a fifteen inch collar in the twinkling of an eye. She ought to stretch them crosswise, and not lenghtwise. Then in straightening out your shirt bosom she makes another mistake of the same sort. They also ought to be pulled crosswise instead of lengthwise, particularly in the neighborhood of the neck. A lengthwise pull will draw the front of the neckband somewha... under your chin, where it was never meant to go, and of course it spo... the set of you collar. With t... front of your neckband an inch ... high, and your collar an inch ... long, you have a most undesira... combination."

The necessary changes were ... in the methods of the laundr... all was right with shirt and ...

THE HAIR.—A very good ... thickening the hair and ... it from falling out, is to ... the scalp with sage t... pouring boiling wa... leaves, and allowin... the back of the ... remedy, where ... ance, is to ru... night, bef... onion, w... with ca... this ... hea... It ...

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