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Select Poetry.

THE LIGHTNING-ROD DISPENSER.

A FARM BALLAD.

BY WILL CARLETON.

If the weary world is willing, I've a little word to say
Of a lightning-rod dispenser that dropped down on me one day,
With a poem in his motions, with a sermon in his mien,
With hands as white as lillies, and a face uncommon clean,
No wrinkle had his vestments, and his linen glistened white,
And his new-constructed necktie was an interesting sight;
Which I almost wished his razor had made red that white-skinned throat,
And the new-constructed necktie had composed a hangman's knot,
Ere he brought his sleek-trimmed carcass for my women folks to see,
And his rip-saw tongue a buzzin' for to gouge a gash in me.

But I couldn't help but like him—as I always think I must,
The gold of my own doctrines in a fellow heap of dust;
When I fired my opinions at this person, round by round,
They drew an answering volley, of a very similar sound;
I touched him on religion, and the hopes my heart had known;
He said he'd had experiences quite similar of his own.
I told him of the doubtin's that made dark my early years:
He had laid awake til'l morning with that same old breed of fears.
I told him of the rough path I hoped to heaven to go;
He was on that very ladder, only just a round below.
I told him of my visions of the sinfulness of gain;
He had seen the self-same picters, though not quite so clear and plain.
Our politics was different, at first he galled and winced,
But I arg'ed him so able, he was very soon convinced.

And 'twas getting toward the middle of a hungry summer day;
There was dinner on the table, and I asked him would he stay?
And he sat down among us, everlasting trim and neat,
And asked a short, crisp blessing, almost good enough to eat;
Then he fired up on the mercies of our Great Eternal Friend,
And gave the Lord Almighty a good, firstclass recommend;
And for full an hour we listened to the sugar-coated scamp,
Talking like a blessed angel—eating like a—blasted tramp.

My wife, she liked the stranger, smiling on him warm and sweet,
(It always flatters women when their guests are on the eat),
And he hinted that some ladies never lose their early charms,
And kissed her latest baby, and received it in his arms,
My sons and daughters liked him, for he had progressive views,
And chewed the quid of fancy, and gave down the latest news;
And I couldn't help but like him, as I fear I always must,
The gold of my own doctrines, in a fellow heap of dust.

He was spreading desolation through a piece of applie pie,
When he paused, and looked upon us with a tear in his off eye,
And said, "O happy family!—your blessings make me sad;
You call to mind the dear ones that in happier days I had;
A wife as sweet as this one; a babe as bright and fair;
A little girl with ringlets, like that one over there.
I worshipped them too blindly!—my eyes with love were dim!
God took them to His own heart, and now I worship Him;
But had I not neglected the means within my way,
Then they might still be living, and loving me to-day.

"One night there came a tempest, the thunder-peals were dire;
The clouds that tramped above us were shooting bolts of fire;
In my own house, I lying, was thinking to my blame,
How little I had guarded against those shafts of flame,
When, crash!—through roof and ceiling the deadly lightning cleft,
And killed my wife and children, and only I was left.

"Since that dread time I've wandered, and naught for life have cared,
Save to save others' loved ones, whose lives have yet been spared;
Since then, it is my mission, where'er by sorrow tossed,
To sell to virtuous people good lightning rods—at cost.
With sure and strong protection I'll clothe your buildings o'er,
'Twill cost you fifty dollars (perhaps a trifle more);
What little else it comes to at lowest price I'll put,
You signing this agreement to pay so much per foot.)"

I signed it, while my family all approving stood about;
And dropped a tear upon it—(but I didn't blot it out!)
That very day with wagons came some men both great and small;
They climbed upon my buildings just as if they owned 'em all;
They hacked 'em, and they hewed 'em, much against my loud desires;
They trimmed 'em up with gewgaws, and they bound 'em down with wires;
They trimmed 'em and they wired 'em, and they trimmed and wired 'em still,
And every precious minute kept a-running up the bill.

My soft spoke guest a-seeking, did I rave and rush and run;
He was supping with a neighbor, just a three-mile further on.
"Do you think," I fiercely shouted, "that I want a mile o' wire
To save each separate hay-cock out o' heaven's consuming fire?
Do you think to keep my buildin's safe from some uncertain harm
I'm goin' to deed you over all the balance of my farm?

He looked up quite astonished, with a face devoid of guile,
And he pointed to the contract with a reassuring smile;
It was the first occasion that he disagreed with me;
But he held me to that paper with a firmness sad to see:
And for that thunder-story, ere the rascal finally went,
I paid two hundred dollars if I paid a single cent.
And if any lightnin'-rodder wants a dinner-dialogue
With the restaurant department of an enterprising dog,
Let him set his mill a-runnin' just inside my outside gate,
And I'll bet two hundred dollars that he won't have long to wait.

Original Story.

JENNIE'S DISCOVERY.

Written for the Transcript

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

"I never met with such a bore in my life," said Kate Hartley, to her sister Blanche, as they sat one stormy evening, discussing the merits of a gentleman they had met at a party the evening before, and whom they were declaring was a rude, awkward, and altogether ungentlemanly fellow.

"My dear children," said Mrs. Hartley, who had been a silent listener to their conversation, "it is not always the wisest plan to render a hasty verdict, when you have only appearances to judge from. You might possibly see Mr. Lambert under more favorable circumstances, and be forced to change your opinion of him."

"Oh, but mamma, if you had seen how very rude he acted to Mr. Van Arsdale, who is so very gentlemanly in his manners, I am sure you would think just as we do," said impulsive Blanche. "Kate introduced them to each other, and she felt dreadfully cut, at the way the great clumsy fellow received the honor, did'nt you Kate?"

"Well, I should think I did, I consider that Mr. Lambert was wanting in politeness to me," said Kate, in an injured tone.

"That reminds me very much of a circumstance that occurred at my brother's, when I was a girl," said Mrs. Hartley, "and which might have been attended with serious consequences."

"Tell us about it, mamma, do please," coaxed Kate, "this is such a nice evening for a story, when we are not likely to be disturbed by visitors."

"There is not much of a story to tell, my dear, but if you are inclined to listen, I have no objection to relating the incident as it occurred.

"Your uncle had a large and elegant home at that time, near Richmond, of which his wife was incliued to be proud, and both being hospitably disposed, it was their habit to invite a number of guests, of attractive and agreeable manners, to help them celebrate the Christmas Holidays, as Virginians only do celebrate it.

"On one of these occasions I was invited to participate in the festivities, and as I had a dear friend, from whom I could not think of being separated, for more that twenty-four hours, I invited her to accompany me.

"We set off in high glee, and passed the time of our journey in anticipating all the fun we intended to have, and all the conquests we were sure to make among the invited beaux.

"When my brother met me at the depot, he informed us that some of the guests had already arrived, and "now girls," said he, "do your prettiest, there is a young lawyer and a friend of his, and if you don't make a conquests, there is no use in your coming all the way to Richmond to spend Christmas."

"On the first evening of our introduction, I saw that my friend Jennie, was fascinated with the lawyer, or, as I shall hereafter call him, Fred Walters, whose manner was so irresistable as to take everybody by storm.

"His friend, Mr. Tolcott, I imagined was the greater favorite with my brother and his wife, although courtesy forbade that they should make any difference in the treatment of the two. He was perfectly well-bred, I thought, and so did Jennie; but as soon as he perceived that Fred was inclined to be attentive to Jennie, his manner underwent an entire change, so much so, that at times he was positively rude to him, whose over-flowing good humor showed to greater advantage by contrast, and succeeded in charming us both irresistably.

"'I do wonder what makes Mr. Tolcott behave so rudely to his friend,' said Jennie, 'I never saw anyone display so much unnecessary disagreeableness. I just believe it is nothing but envy and jealousy, because we did'nt take so kindly to him as we did to Fred. How miserable he makes himself, and evidently tries to make others so.'

"'And how superior Fred shows off in contrast,' said I.

"Jennie smiled radiantly, taking to herself as personal, all praises of her admirer, for we could not but perceive, that if he was not her declared lover, he was evidently her ardent admirer.

"'Oh,' said she, in reply, 'Fred cannot help being good-natured, he is the most unselfish, high-minded gentleman I ever met with.'

"We were in the parlor, already equipped for a walk with Fred, and waiting for him to put in an appearance, when a foot-step in the library which was adjoining, caused us to look in that direction, and to our dismay, Mr. Tolcott passed through the parlor, with a book in his hand, and the look which he gave us as he spoke, convinced us he had overheard our conversation.

"'Did you ever see such a disagreeable expression on any one's face?' said Jennie, 'I wonder how any one can act as mean as he does.'

"'I don't know I am sure,' said I, 'I never did like him from the first, and now that I know how meanly jealous he is of his friend, I think I shall hate him.'

"Of course we were trying to conceal our own act of imprudence, in speaking so unguardedly, by his lack of good nature, displayed by the look he gave us as he passed.

"From that time we took no pains to conceal our aversion to Mr. Tolcott, and Fred and Jennie became correspondingly devoted to each other, and although he complimented and sighed, and in numerous ways acted the confirmed lover, he never proposed, and as I was fully in her confidence, she told me she thought it was only because he was too timid and unassuming to pop the momentous question.

"But much as I admired Fred Walters, I never should have thought of accusing him of being in the least timid, indeed, my opinion was beginning to flow in a different direction, as on more than one occasion he had spoken decidedly flatteringly to me, when Jennie was not present, and once actually went so far as to say that she monopolized all his attentions, when in fact he could think of nothing but the alluring charm of a certain pair of heavenly blue eyes—he looked into mine at the same time—which were a sickly blue and grey mixed, while Jennie's were decidedly black, and I felt a strange feeling of anxiety creeping over me, for her.

"Oh, thought I, he is only laughing at me, he is always so full of fun, but I do hope Jennie won't hear him.

"On Christmas day there was quite a number of young folks, spending the day and evening at my brother's, and I noticed Fred was particularly attentive to a lively little lady, whose home was in Petersburg. She seemed nothing loth to receive his attentions, and they laughed and chatted, and she blushed, and they finally became all absorbed in each others' conversation. I saw him glance frequently at Jennie, so I concluded he was informing her of his devotion to my friend. I do wish he would propose, I thought to myself, he has already declared his love in a variety of ways, but Jennie will never feel she is engaged until he make a formal declaration.

"Jennie was suffering from a severe cold, which was annoying enough of itself, but when the whole party proposed to go out on Gambol's Hill, and see a display of fireworks, and my sister-in-law positively declared Jennie could not go, she could scarcely keep back the tears. Of course I expected every moment to hear Fred say he would remain with her, but as I saw him preparing to accompany his new conquest, I would not leave her, although she urged not to lose the pleasure on her account.

"I imagined she felt Fred's cool desertion, but she put on as cheerful a countenance as she could assume, and said he only did it to prevent gossip about their engagement. 'I think, anyhow,' she added, 'he intends to write to papa first, which I think is highly commendable in him, don't you?'

"Of course I said yes, and then we talked of it as a settled thing, and even went so far as to make mention of the wedding, with a strict promise on my part to act as bridesmaid.

"All at once it occurred to me, that we might at least see some of the display of fire-works, as it was not far distant, and we knew the direction, and need not go out in the cold, either, so forthwith we went in search of a window, opening in the desired quarter.

"Mr. Tolcott's window, we decided, was the very place we were looking for, and as the door stood open, we concluded to go in, believing he would not know we had been there, and even while we hesitated, a flash of varegated rockets decided us, and standing at the window, we enjoyed a good view of the brilliant scene.

"All at once we were conscious of a footfall in the hall, and a cold, stern voice said, 'Come into my room, Walters.'

"We looked at each other in dismay, it was Mr. Tolcott's voice, and he was rapidly approaching. If we had not treated him so indifferently, and met his civilties so coldly, I am sure we might have met him, and have explained our intrusion; as it was we only wished to avoid him.

"Adjoining his room was a small apartment, used to receive unseasonable clothing, and familiarly known as the clothes-room. Hastily, and noiselessly opening the door, I stepped into that, pulling Jennie in with me, just as Mr. Tolcott entered, accompanied by some one to whom he simply said, sit down.

"We could not see whom he addressed, but his voice was grave, and stern as a judge.

"'I suppose you know, Walters, why I have brought you here, and what I have got to say?'

"To our astonishment, Fred answered in a whining, pleading tone:

"'Come, Tolcott, don't be hard on a fellow, I have really done no harm, and its all fun. Indeed, Jennie knows I am only joking, or at least she ought to.'

"'Does Miss Jennie know that you are already pledged to another, that the first of the coming year will see you the husband of a lady of wealth and position?'

"'I am sure I don't know,' said Fred, carelessly.

"I felt for Jennie, fearing she would betray us, but she only grasped my hand, and gasped for breath.

"Mr. Tolcott went on severely:

"'From the first I have remonstrated with you, in regard to your course toward Miss Jennie, who is an innocent, trusting girl, and to whom, but for her dislike of me, I should long since have given a friendly warning.

"'Oh, Tolcott, you are too hard on me. I know,' said Fred in a whining voice, 'that I am deeply in your debt for your generous deliverance when I thought exposure must come, and I don't want to offend you, indeed I don't, but Jennie is such a loving, clinging, silly little thing, I could'nt help making love to her, but indeed—'

"'Silence!' said Mr. Tolcott. 'Have you not one manly principle, or must I tell you, that if you do not frankly tell Miss Jennie the truth, blaming yourself as you deserve to be blamed, and leave Richmond before to-morrow night, as sure as I live I'll take the lady's case in my own hands, and give you a sound threshing.'

"'I'll do it, I swear I will,' said Fred, his voice trembling, for Mr. Tolcott was a well-made man, and he evidently meant what he said. 'You shall see this night that I have told her the truth.'

"'Poor girl,' said Mr. Tolcott, speaking more to himself than to Fred, and his voice became gentle, 'how sorry I feel for her, but unless I am mistaken in her, she has a noble nature, and will throw off this mistaken fancy, as soon as her eyes are opened to the unworthyness of its object.'

"Fred said no more, only to reiterate his promise as he left the room, and Mr. Tolcott, after pacing back and forth a few times, went out also.

"As soon as we knew they were gone, without a word I opened the door, and we made our escape to our own room.

"I expected to see her overwhelmed with despair, and imagined all I should have to say and do to comfort her, but to my infinite surprise she began rearranging her hair and dress.

"'Are you not going to bed?' said I.

"'No,' she answered quietly, 'I am going down to the parlor, to join in the dancing.'

"She was exceedingly pale, but a new light seemed to be dawning in her eyes, a proud womanly bearing seemed to have taken posession of her, and we spoke no word of comment on what we had heard, as if by mutual consent, but I just helped her to look her prettiest, and went down with her.

"As soon as we entered the room, Fred came smilingly towards her, with the old air of flattery, which he could not immediately subdue, despite his promise to Mr. Tolcott, but Jennie seemed to be totally unconscious of his presence, and in a few moments was engaged in an animated conversation with a guest of the evening, and so completely did she cut the miserable deceiver, that nearly every one noticed the discomfiture of a conceited cox-comb, who was glad to make his excuses and leave early the next morning.

"If Jennie suffered much, she had the fortitude to conceal it, and in less than a year after, she was married to a worthy gentleman, who I believe repaid her in real worth, for all she may have suffered from misplaced affection."

"Well, now, mamma," said Kate, "it may be that Mr. Lambert acted as he did last evening, from some such cause, at least I will not condemn him until I know him better, for since I think of it, I fancy Mr. Van Arsdale could be such a character as Fred Walters."

"But, mamma," said Blanche, "you hav'nt told us what became of Mr. Tolcott, I am quite in love with him, did you never meet with him again?"

For answer Mrs. Hartley raised her eyes to a portrait over the mantle, and while they filled with tears, she said: "Is it possible my daughter, you have not recognized in your father, the man that I never knew to be guilty of a dishonorable act."

BIRDS AND CIVILIZATION.—There is a large series of the smaller birds of our wood-lands and prairies which have been decidedly benefited by the advent of white men here. Of but one sort of quadruped, the field mice, can this also be said. It is commonly observed that almost no small birds are seen in the depths of a forest, but that they become abundant as one approaches the neighborhood of settlements. Travelers through Siberia know that they are coming near a village when they begin to hear the voices of birds, which are totally absent from the intervening solitudes. Every ornithologist has proved these facts in his own experience, and explorers who go to uninhabited and primeval regions have learned not to expect there the chorus that greets their ears from the great army of songsters in populous countries.

The song birds, the small denizens of our summer groves, pastures, and meadows, seem, then, to recognize the presence of man's civilization as a blessing, and have taken advantage of it, both from love of human society and for more solid and prosaic reasons. The settlement of a country implies the feeling of forests, the letting in upon the ground of light and warmth, the propagation of seed-bearing cereals, weeds and grasses enormously in excess of a natural state of things, the destruction of noxious quadrupeds and reptiles, and the introduction of horses and cattle. Each of these alterations of nature (except in some cases—the woodpeckers, for instance) is a direct benefit to the little birds.

THE SPARROW AND THE WREN.—Between these two species of birds there seems to be an eternal feud, and notwithstanding the pugnacity and ill-disposition of the former, in single combat the latter is almost invariably conqueror. The superior numbers of the sparrows, however, generally overpower the sweet voiced wren, and force it to retreat.—This is almost universally distasteful to the lover of birds, for who would not a hundred times rather hear the melodious notes of the little wren than the monotonous chirping of the sparrow. Before the introduction of the quarrelsome sparrows the coming of the wren was eagerly looked for by the members of nearly every household, and a snug little box was always kept in neat trim for them and called their home, and of which they always took immediate possession. Now how few of them are to be found. These places are usurped by the sparrow from which hundreds of people have tried to catch a sweet note, but have always failed. It is a sad fact, but nevertheless true, that almost all our feathery tribe whose reputation ranked both high for fine plumage and sweet music, are being driven away by the hordes of this foreign species whose vocal chords are capable of giving forth no better music than a harsh chirp and whose ambition is confined to wrangling and quarreling.

☞ Artificial ice, said to be superior to nature's product, is manufactured in the South at a cost of only 70 cents per ton. It is turned out in blocks two and a-half feet long by ten inches in thickness.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

An Interesting Chapter about these Useful Domestic Articles.

Pins are of very ancient invention, as they were manufactured by the Egyptians in the time of the Pharoahs. Many of these useful articles were found in the tombs of her kings in the Pyramids. Some of them were of quite elaborate manufacture, and must have been costly, as they had gold heads and were 6 to 8 inches in length. Needles are also supposed to be of great antiquity, and their introduction in Europe is said to have taken place at the time of the Saracen invasion and conquest of Spain. The first needles made in England were manufactured at London by a negro, who came there from Spain during the reign of Queen Mary. He died without imparting the secret of his art; but it was subsequently recovered in 1565 by one Elias Growse. A century later one Christopher Greening was instrumental in establishing a factory at Long Creadon, in Buckinghamshire.

The first pins manufactured in England were made at Gloucester in 1626; but subsequently this industry was established in Birmingham, and that city is now the headquarters of the pin trade of Great Britain. The best English pins are of superior excellence, and are put up in green paper; but inferior pins are also put up in the same way, and are frequently palmed off upon the unsuspecting purchaser as the genuine production. When pins were first made in England the raw material passed through fourteen different processes before completion, and each of these processes required a separate operative. The operations consisted of straightening the wire, pointing, cutting into pin lengths, twisting wire for heads, annealing heads, stamping heads, cleaning, whitening, washing, polishing, winnowing, paper-pricking, and putting in papers.

The business of pin making was established in this country in 1812, when, in consequence of the war with Great Britain, the price rose from six cents to one dollar per paper. Invention was subsequently stimulated, and pins were manufactured at Greenwich, New York, or what now constitutes that part of the metropolis in the vicinity of Christopher street, west side. At the close of hostilities the effort was abandoned, as we could no longer compete with English cheap labor and low rates of interest. In 1820 the business was resumed at Bellevue Almshouse, but soon was again abandoned. In 1824 Lemuel Wright, of Massachusetts, invented and patented in England the first machine that made solid-headed pins, but the enterprise lacked encouragement, and it was nearly ten years subsequent before pins of his make were sold in London. Perfect pins were by this process manufactured during the revolution of a single wheel, and this machine, since considerably improved, is the one used at present in the largest manufactories in Birmingham.

Since 1824 several Americans have patented machines for making pins, but the most successful invention was the work of a Mr. Fowler. But the entire process is a mystery to the uninitiated, and the secret is carefully kept hidden from curious eyes. Most of the best American pins are made in Connecticut, after Fowler's process. In one establishment are eighty-five machines, which consume annually many tons of brass or iron wire, and turn out millions of pins. Brass pins are whitened by long boiling in copper vessels containing block tin. The process of making white iron pins is still a secret. There are eight pin factories in the United States with an annual production of about 7,000,000,000 pins.

Pin-papers are marked by the use of a molded piece of wood, which corresponds to those portions representing the small folds, through which the holes are made for the pins to be secured. The pin-sticker, usually a girl, gathers two of the folds together, and places these between the jaws of a vice having grooves to serve as a guide for the entry of the pins. When filled the paper is released and held up so that the eye of the expert at once detects every defective pin, and causes its removal.

Needles differ from pins in being made of steel, and having an eye for the reception of the thread, a sharper point, and a highly-polished body. English needles of the best makes are very elastic, the metal being suitably tempered, and the epes all finely finished and burnished, so as not to cut the thread. A great many needles are spoiled while in the process of tempering, as the steel of which they are made is apt to be so variable in quality, and in a heated state, while undergoing chemical action, they are easily injured.—Scouring is also a delicate operation, and needles when properly hardened and polished are always of inferior strength and quickly accumulate rust.—*New York Mercantile Journal.*

☞ When a man is told that the whole of religion is summed up in the love of God and the love of man, he is ready to cry out like Charova, in Gebir, at the first sight of the sea,—"Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?" Yes, all: but how small a part of it do your eyes survey! Only trust yourself to it: launch out upon it; sail abroad over it—you will find it has no end; it will carry you round the world.

Any spiritual blessing is worth more than the most costly temporal good. A devout thought, a pious desire, a holy purpose, is better than a great estate or an earthly kingdom. In eternity it will amount to more to have given a cup of cold water with right motives to an humble servant of God than to have been flattered by a whole generation.

Mrs. Siler, of Cartersville, Ga., an old lady of more than eighty, has made a quilt containing twenty thousand pieces, not one of which is larger than a dime.

TRAPPED.

She had been so often importuned by him to let him come in the house, that her heart melted till it was almost as soft as his head.

"But mind," said she, "my pa is burglar-mad, and imagines every noise he hears in the house is one of them; and as he will not allow me to keep company in the house, you must go as soon as he comes home.'

He promised obedience. They had scarcely sat half an hour before the old man was at the front door, fumbling with his key.

"Oh! I must hide you," cried the girl, as she hurriedly glanced around for a place.

She led him in the kitchen and persuaded him to creep into a barrel, which stood in a corner. She covered him up with a bread-board and returned to the sitting-room to meet her pa. The barrel was damp and contained an odor not altogether congenial; but he dared not stir. The old man went armed, so she had informed him. Ten minutes passed, when heavy footsteps approached the door, which was opened; then the old man took off the lid and emptied the contents of the wash basin over him! He winched, but was glad when the barrel was covered again, and the old man left the kitchen. Trying to shift his cramped position, he dumped his head against the lid, and it fell with a clatter to the floor! He leaped from the barrel, sought the cover in the dark and found it; jumped back into the slop-barrel just in time: the lid was adjusted as pater familias came in with a lamp in one hand and a revolver in the other.

"Face me like men," roared he, savagely tramping about, "and I'll show you what a man in his own house can do."

He searched around for ten minutes, then returned to the sitting-room. Julius began to wish himself at home. His love was decidedly cooled. But the castrophe was near. A little pet dog slipped into the kitchen and smelled him out.—He began to bark, which brought out the old man again, followed by his wife.

"There's some one in the slop-barrel," roared he.

"Scald him to death!" cried his wife.

"I'll fix him," said he. "Here, take my revolver, and shoot when he pops out his head, while I roll out the barrel."

Then he rolled it into the yard, turned it upside down and called for his revolver. This was not to be endured. Our love-sick youth gave one kick and emerged from the barrel, and went for the fence. He scrambled over it and ran for his life. He avoids that girl now, for he has a faint idea that it was a 'put up job' between her and her pa.

WHAT CONSTITUTES PROPRIETY.

A contemporary discussing American manners as depicted in a recent novel, and the sharp English criticisms thereon, says of the heroine, who uses such expressions as 'do tell,' 'I want to know,' &c. An Englishman would be perfectly ready to admit her innate charm, but they would not readily comprehend how she could be exactly 'a lady,' because in England 'a lady' is associated with a certain recognized stamp of manner and language. For instance, if an elegantly-dressed young woman were to say: 'Oh, it's elegant,' or 'She's very genteel,' an English gentleman or lady would instantly jump to the conclusion that, however admirable, the fair speaker belonged to the lower grade of social life. Again, as to social customs, ask a young lady in the highest grade of life in New York whether it is considered the correct thing to go to a theatre alone with a young man, and she will exclaim at such an idea; yet there are cities not many hours distant where her cousins, who occupy an equally good social position, do this with perfect propriety. Then you will find people living in New York and Boston who speak the most correct grammar and whose manners are up to the highest standard. Yet these same people have country cousins who 'want to know,' 'do tell,' &c., eat with their knives, and commit numberless other strange acts. It is an exceedingly difficult thing for a foreigner to comprehend the great difference between persons of apparently the same social position, in consequence of difference of place and circumstance. In England the earl has £40,000 a year, a castle and a house in Grosvenor-square, while his brother, the parson, lives in the depths of Devonshire on £800 a year; but the parson's sons and daughters speak just as good English as the earl's, and their habits and manners are precisely the same.

☞ Dr. Bledsoe, the principal dentist in Shelbyville, Ind., made Mrs. Billman insensible with chloroform preparatory to pulling out one of her teeth. She says that she regained consciousness, and found that the Doctor, instead of attending to business, was kissing her; that he gave her more chloroform, and when she again awoke the tooth had been extracted. Dr. Bledsoe declares that the kissing was entirely imaginary. The dispute is the subject of a judicial investigation.

☞ Isn't it funny?" he exclaimed, as he leaned back in his seat at the theatre, and wiped away the tears that the laughter-provoking commedian had produced.

"Yes, I should say so," responded his fair companion, "it's one of her sister's old one's made over."

His jaw dropped into his lap as he turned his gaze upon the young lady in front, whose personel his partner had been studying.

☞ Where the peace is that Christ gives, all the trouble and disgust of the world cannot disturb it. All outward distress to such a mind is but as the rattling of hail upon the tiles of him who sits within the house at a sumptuous banquet.—*Leighton.*

All Sorts of Clippings

Parole has got a good backer—"to-backer."

Many a son of toil is worth many a ton of soil.

It is said that the world rewards appearance more than merit.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

Never judge a cigar by the picture on the inside of the box-cover.

Fearfully, wonderfully made—sea side soup.

One girl in the kitchen is worth two at the front gate.

The first rows of summer have appeared in the corn field.

A bird's tune in the bush is worth nineteen on the hand-organ.

Chattanooga has a boy orator who is only six years old.

The best armor against temptation is to keep out of therange of its guns.

When it isn't as warm as a dog-day, in Boston, they call it a pup-day.

The best plan to raise the wind is to buy the boy of the house a tin horn.

It is a good deal better to be a good live cabbage-head than a dead beet.

The lady bathers will now have an opportunity to indulge in women's whims.

"Pease, be still!" exclaims the man who had just eaten his first dish of marrowfats.

Sea-side mosquitos are now looking over the hotel register to see what rooms are taken.

A man never finds out what a dear wife he has till the milliner calls with a bill of items.

Defalcations will continue just as long as people try to indulge $5,000 ideas on a $1,000 salary.

They hung the first paragrapher that arrived in Leadville because he called them "Leadvillians."

Every married man knows that the tongue is mightier than the pen.

The average murderer is not inclined to think hanging a capital punishment.

Asbestos is a fibrous substance. So is Parole. He frequently appears as best-hoss.

The most popular man with the ladies is the man who never met a homely woman.

The last new book is entitled—"What Shall My Son be?" Why, he'll be a boy, of course.

Many people seem to think that promises are something like colts—given to break.

"Blessed be the tie that binds" was never said by the man that was going to be hung.

The young man with the first symptoms of a blooming moustache, needs all the fresh air he can get.

It is perfectly surprising how much some men know about things they know nothing about.

The vulgar word "hash" is not heard in Boston. That article is alluded to as a culinary symposium.

Love is an intoxication. Yes, but a year of matrimony will sober you up.

When a driver is thrown over a horse's head, the brute becomes the power behind the thrown.

Illinois proposes to amend her constitution so that the Legislature shall meet once in six years.

A great many men are of the opinion that a certain quantity of wine is good for a man. It is the uncertain quantity that hurts him.

Paradoxical though it may seem, the most harmless and best natured auctioneer is always ready for a knock-down.

When good heavy rolling pins are selling at ten cents apiece it's no wonder so many men wear their hair banged.

When a man's cup of happiness is full, he too often overbalances the law of compensation by getting full himself.

An eastern exchange captions a column with "Consecrated Lye." What a world of truth is condensed in the heading.

The horse thief objected to being hung on a tree out in the hot sun, and left there for the buzzards, because it was "so mortifying."

If you want to be a-maized drink plenty of corn whiskey, you will then be sure to feel the reel truth of this item.

A man may not be able to keep his balance on a tight rope, but if he keeps it in the bank, "it's greatly to his credit."

It is one of the physiological mysteries why a man's hands will blister so much sooner on a hoe handle than on a base ball bat.

"What time does the sun rise these mornings?" "That depends on whose son it is. Mine rises at eight o'clock."

"It is the little bits of things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we kan dodge an elephant but we kan't a fly."

A Tennessee editor has named his four children Brevier, Long Primer, Small Pica and Pica. You ought to see them go to "pi."

A "Hardly Ever" temperance society has been formed down East. When a member is asked if he drinks he says, "Hardly ever, but if I do it is about this time of day."

A large eye is said to indicate capacity. A black eye indicates that the possessor was a poor judge of muscle when he felt called upon to tell the man he lied.

An old bachelor asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing? "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it's better in the dark."

To preserve a good joke put it in an almanac, or rent it out by the year to circus clowns and negro minstrels. In this way jokes have been kept in good preservation for fifteen years.

Farm and Household.

Harvest.—**The season being backward, it is not likely harvest will begin before July in this section, but it is well to prepare in time for it. Provide all the implements and have them in good order, and engage all the extra labor that will be needed at that busy season. Make all your preparations to secure your wheat crop, when it is in a proper state to harvest, in the shortest time possible. A few days at harvest time, makes often vast differences in the profits of the crop.**

Corn.—**The great secret of making a good crop of corn is, we believe, in thorough cultivation *before* planting of course in fertile soil or soil which has been highly fertilized, or better still, heavily manured, and the land kept light and friable, free from weeds or grass, by frequent stirring with shovel, plows or cultivators, which will be necessary to be done every seven or ten days after the corn is six inches high until it shows signs of tasseling. After planting, it should be passed over with the smoothing harrow, the same way it was planted, and as soon as it peeps above ground, pass the smoothing harrow across the rows, or across the way it was harrowed before. We object to close planting. Corn requires air and sun to make a large product. If drill corn, we would object to any closer than 40 inches between the drill and 18 inches in the drill, with one or two stalks in a place or single stalks 15 to 20 inches apart. If suckers are not pulled off, let it be done before they are a foot high. If they get higher they will bleed the corn too much, better let them stand, it is rarely we have found corn yield less from having had the suckers left on—in growing corn for seed there may be something in the idea that the grain may degenerate by being fructified by pollen from the sucker tassels. But we are inclined to the opinion that the tassels of the suckers perfect the pollen too late to affect the corn borne on the main stalks. We believe, from our long experience in growing corn very extensively, that the infertility of stalks is increased by close planting and too many in a hill. Under the old system of two stalks in a hill 4 or 5 feet apart, there was not a stalk in a thousand to be found which had not a perfect ear, whether it was a long or short ear. The nubbins were part of the extra number of ears to a hill.—*Maryland Farmer.***

Digestibility of Meats.—**The digestibility of different meats is according to the order in which they are here placed: First, mutton, then feathered fowl, venison, lamb and beef last.**

Cold Slaw.—**Slice one head of cabbage very fine; sprinkle a little sugar and salt over it; then pound the cabbage. For the dressing, take a half-teacup of cream, whip it to a froth, add to it one teacup of vinegar; stir this dressing well through the cabbage.**

For Arrowroot Custard.—**Use two cupfuls of boiling milk, mix the wet arrowroot with it, stir about three minutes, remove from the fire, and whip in two spoonsfulls of white sugar that has been first beaten up with one egg, boil three minutes, and flavor with vanilla; pour out to cool.**

Crullers.—**One coffee cup of sugar, six large tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one pint of sweet milk, two eggs, a little nutmeg, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of salt; mix in the flour until the dough is soft and can be easily handled, roll, cut out the cake, and fry in lard.**

Escalloped Tomatoes.—**Stew the tomatoes one hour, add a little salt and sugar. Put in an earthern dish a layer of bread crumbs, next a layer of stewed tomatoes, then over the tomatoes scraps of butter. Another layer of crumbs, &c., and so on until the dish is full, having the crumbs on top. Wet them and bake half an hour.**

Salt Fish.—**Salt fish should be put in a deep plate, with just enough water to cover it, the night before you intend to cook it; it should not be boiled one instant, for boiling renders it hard; it should lie in scalding hot water for two or three hours; the less water that is used, and the more fish that is cooked at once, the better; water thickened with flour and water while boiling, with sweet butter put in to melt, is the common sauce.**

To Cook Beefsteak.—**Slit the outside or far part, say every four inches, cutting through the lean, which prevents contraction and increases the tenderness. Have a bright fire and gridiron hot before putting it on; turn over to prevent burning. A steak an inch and a half thick will be cooked in from seven to ten minutes. Have some melted butter with a good supply of pepper and salt, and pour over the steak just before it goes to table.—To fry, prepare in same way put a little butter or lard in the pan or griddle and let it brown before putting on the meat; cook quickly, and, whether broiled, fried or roasted, if you want it juicy and tender never salt until after it is cooked.**

Liquid Glue for Fancy Work.—**A very excellent glue for joining paper or making cardboard boxes or similar articles of fancy work, can be made by the aid of vinegar and alcohol. Dissolve two ounces of the best transparent glue in a quarter of a pint of strong cider vinegar; let it simmer slowly by placing the dish containing it in a dish of boiling water; when it has become liquid turn in one ounce of highest proof alcohol, and keep it tightly corked. It can be made in a wide-mouthed bottle. If cold, heat in hot water when wanted for use.**

The Maiden's Band of Hope—A husband.

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