VOLUME I.

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From My Arm-Chair.

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE. Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's | self ready." chestnut tree.

Am I a king, that I should call my own This splendid ebon throne? Or by what reason, or what right divine. Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song It may to me belong; Only because the spreading chestnut tree

Of old was sung by me. Well I remember it in all its prime, When in the summer time, The affluent foliage of its branches made A cavern of cool shade.

There by the blacksmith's forge, beside the Its blossoms white and sweet

Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive, And murmured like a hive. And when the winds of autumn, with a shout

· Tossed its great arms about. The shining chestnuts, bursting from th sheath. Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare.

Have by my hearthstone found a home at last.

And whisper of the past. The Danish king could not, in all his pride. Repel the ocean tide, But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme

Shaped as a stately chair.

Roll back the tide of time. see again, as one in vision sees. The blossoms and the bees, And hear the children's voices shout and call,

And the brown chestnuts fall. I see the smithy with its fires aglow, I hear the bellows blow: And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat

The iron white with heat! And thus, dear children, have ye made for me This day a jubilee.

And to my more than threescore years and ten Brought back my youth again. The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,

And in it are enshrined The precious keepsakes, into which are wrought The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could Give life to this dead wood. And make these branches, leafless now so long, Blossom again in song.

-Henry W. Longfellow.

UNDER A CLOUD.

"Did you ever see a sadder face?" It was the remark of a lady to her friend, as Mrs. Loring passed her window. Mrs. Loring had ridden out for the first time for months; not now of her own choice, but in obedience to the solicitation of a friend, and the positive command of her physician. She was in deep sorrow, refusing all comfort, Heavy clouds were in her sky-black clouds, through which not a ray of sunshine penetrated.

"Fever," answered the friend, while a shade caught from Mrs. Loring's countenance flitted across her own face. "Who can she be?"

"Didn't you recognize her?" "No. The countenance was, to me,

that of a stranger.' "I can hardly wonder that it should be so," said the friend, "for she is sadly changed. That was poor Mrs. Loring, who lost her two children last winter

from scarlet fever.' "Mrs. Loring!" The lady might well look surprised. "Sorrow has indeed done a fearful work there. But is it right thus to sit under a cloud? right thus to oppose no strong barrier to the waters of affliction that go sweeping over the soul, marring all its beauty?" "It is not right," was the answer.

ing over its loss, sorrows with a selfish sorrow. The clouds that shut out the

brood so long in idle grief over the in. come.

often the least salutary influence over spoken to you several times." are, therefore, more ignorant than chil- Mrs. Loring and said: man is Mr. Loring. All that he does calling." or says, therefore, only deepens the lead her from beneath the clouds of visible. sorrow upward to the cheerful heights "We have have both been called to upon which the sunshine rests. If she pass through the fire," said Mrs. Adrishows unwillingness to be led; if she an, in more subdued tones, though the courts the shadows and hide in the gloom | smile still played around her lips. of her own dark repinings, he does not "Happily, One walked with us when become impatient. He loves her with the flames were fiercest, or we must too unselfish a love for this. And so he have been consumed.' brings light to her on his own counte- It was now that her voice reached the nance, the sunshine of even affected heart of Mrs. Loring. The eyes of the cheerfulness that penetrates the murky | selfish woman dropped to the floor, and atmosphere in which she sits, and warms | her thought was turning in upon itself. her heart with its genial radiance. In the smile that hovered about the lips Thus he wooes her with sunny gleams of Mrs. Adrian she had seen only indiffrom the clear sky that yet bends over ference, not a sweet resignation. The her, and that will make all again bright | words just spoken, but more particularand beautiful on the earth of her spirit, ly the voice that gave them utterance,

The subject of this conversation had ready under a cloud. The drooping on that morning yielded to the solicita- eyes of Mrs. Loring were raised, with a tions of one of her nearest friends, and half wondering expression, to the face with great reluctance consented to go of Mrs. Adrian. Still hovered the smile out with her in her carriage.

stillness of my own chamber accords the face of Mrs. Adrian the eye of Mrs. der strain, "For the pain that's in my some reliable commercial

turb me deeper. I know it is kindness "All gone!" The words fell from this bouquet was wafted to him: "Young straw, well rotted, is good to put under souri show that the yield of winter ing is more calculated to convince you Tennyson, 69; Anthony Trollope, 63;

"I have come prepared to hear no objections," was the firm answer. "The doctor says that you are injuring your health, and must go out. So get your-

the time when I shall lay me down and sleep in peace."

"A woman, and nothing to live for? One of God's intelligent creatures, and nothing to live for!'

There was so much rebuke in the tone with which this was offered that Mrs. Loring was partly aroused thereby. "Come! Let us see whether there be not something to live for. Come! you must go with me this morning."

So decisive was the lady's manner—so impelling the action of the will-that Mrs. Loring found herself unable to resist; and so with reluctance that was not concealed, she made her preparations to go out. In due time she was ready, and, descending with her friend, took a seat in her carriage and was driven away. Houses, trees, public buildings, swept Houses, trees, public buildings, swept like a moving panorama before her eyes, like a moving panorama before her eyes, I lay for a little while stunned, weak grown, but it is not good when sown signs of a Prosp and though familiar objects glassed themselves therein, they failed to thought began to run clear, I said to say that either milk or beer can be proawaken the slightest interest. The sky myself: 'Is there nothing for my hands duced from food which chemistry says was clear, and the bright sunshine lay to do, that you lie here idle? Is yours lacks the elements of which they are see him driving his work instead of his everywhere; but her heart still sat under a cloud, and folded around itself gloom Then I thought of my husband's sorrow, duce plants if the minerals are lacking.

See him driving his work instead of his duce plants if the minerals are lacking. for a mantle. Her friend talked to her, which he bore so silently and manfully, Fifteen cows, allowed to stand out one that he will certainly work his way calling her attention every little while to striving to look away from his own hour on a cold day, shrunk in milk nine some new palace home, or to some grief that he might bring comfort to quarts; ice-cold water given to a cow glimpse of rural beauty which the eye me. 'Is it not in my power to lessen will shrink the milk; cows allowed to caught far in the distance. But all was for him the gloom of our desolate house- stand in water on a hot day will also shrunk back among the cushions, and her face wore its saddest aspect.

a neat looking house of moderate size, with a plat of ground in front, wherein were a verdant square and borders of well-tended flowers. Ere Mrs. Loring had time to ask a question the coach- of mine was removed. Since then I the old agriculture the idea was preva-

"Why do you stop here?" she in-

"I wish to make a brief call. Come! you must go in with me."

tive way, and said "no" still more positively.

'but one who has suffered like yourself. "Come !"

in the carriage, of her flock, that, scarcely a year ago, the tender babe I now call my own restnumbered four. I want you to meet ing on my bosom, a thought of heaven her. Sisters in sorrow, you cannot but feel drawn toward each other by cords

of sympathy.'

have grief enough of my own without | thoughts at times awaken !" sharing in that of others. Why did you bring me here?" There was something | bosom and sat in silence for some molike anger in the voice of Mrs. Loring. "Six months, nearly, have passed since God took your children to Himself, and time, that softens grief, has brought to you at least some healing pain. I have been selfish in my grief. leaves. The friend I wish to visit-a friend in humble life—is sorrowing with have repeated to myself over and over as deep a sorrow, that is yet but three again, until I believed the words." months old. Have you no word to speak to her? Can you not, at least, spoke in a surprised voice. "In the mingle a tear with her tears? It may image and likeness of God we were all do you both good. But I do not wish to made; and if we would have the lost urge a selfish reason. Bear up with beauty restored, we must imitate God womanly fortitude under your own in our lives. He loves every one with sorrow, and seek to heal the sorrow of a a divine tenderness, and is ever seeking and ten to twenty pounds of nitrogen. sister, over whose heart are passing the to bless us. If we would be like Him.

waters of affliction. Come, my friend !" we must love each other and seek each ped out upon the pavement. She did ability to impart blessings, and made so with a reluctance that was almost un- true happiness to depend on the exerconquerable. Oh, how earnestly she cise of this ability; and if we fold our wished herself back in the shadowy hands and sit in idle repinings, happi- phosphoric acid. Whether the ingredisolitude of her own home.

"Is Mrs. Adrian at home?" was in- proved this!" quired of the tidy girl who came to the door. The answer being in the affirmative, the ladies entered and were shown sun are exhalations from its own stag- into a small but neat sitting-room, on nant surface. It makes the all-pervad- the walls of which were portraits, in ing gloom by which it is surrounded, crayon, of four as lovely children as I pity Mrs. Loring, unhappy sufferer | ever the eyes looked upon. The sight | that she is; but my pity for her is al. of these sweet young faces stirred the friend, with a smile of encouragement. ways mingled with a desire to speak waters of sorrow in the heart of Mrs. sharp rebuking words, in the hope to Loring, and she hardly restrained her agitate the slumberous atmosphere in tears. While yet her pulses throbbed which she is enveloped like a shroud." with a quicker beat, the door opened she lay tenderly clasped to the bosom "I wonder," remarked the other, and a woman entered, on whose rather of her new mother, giving even more of "that her husband permits her to pale face was a smile of pleasant wel-

"My friend, Mrs. Loring," such was "Husbands," was replied, "have the introduction, "of whom I have

their wives when bowed with affliction. The smile did not fade from the coun-Some men have no patience with dis- tenance of Mrs. Adrian, but its expresplays of excessive grief in women, and sion changed as she took the hand of

dren in regard to its treatment. Such a "I thank you for your kindness in

Mrs. Loring scarcely returned the encompassing shadow. A wise, un- warm pressure with which her hand selfish man, with a mind to realize some- was taken. Her lips moved slightlything of his wife's true state, and a but no word found utterance. Not the heart to sympathize her, will always feeblest effort at a responsive smile was

she will but lift herself above the unvailed to her the sorrow of a kindred clouds. It is the misfortune of Mrs. sufferer, who would not let the voice of Loring that she is not blessed with such | wailing disturb another's ear, nor the shadow of her grief fall upon a spirit al-

useless, and so reason was not attempted. i a sister in sorrow.

precious to me-very precious-but God

took them." A slight huskiness vailed her voice. "Beautiful children!" Mrs. Loring

"He who laid upon me so heavy burden gave me strength to bear it," was the low reply.

affliction," said Mrs. Loring sadly. "No strength! Have you sought wise worthless apples and put the cider end, dividing the crate into three tiers elsewhere employed by the authorities. Sustaining power?" Mrs. Adrian spoke into musty casks. Such cider, howwith a winning earnestness.

"I have prayed for comfort, but none came," said Mrs. Loring, sadly. "Praying is well; but it avails not, unless there be also doing. "Doing?"

Sorrow has no antidote like this." face of her monitor.

cheerful a countenance as it was in my the flow of milk to an extent sufficient have never suffered my heart to brood lent that dung was dung from whatever idly over its grief; but in daily duties source produced; that from meadow sought the strength that never is given hay being supposed equal to that to those who fold their hands in fruitless from the best hay or the inactivity. The removal of my children of meal or grain. The new agriobjects of love that I felt must be in a lands lie waste, but tells them if they measure restored. I had the mother's have finished their haying by the midinto the fold of my love. Ah, madam ! this is the best balsam for the bereaved But Mrs. Loring shrunk farther back | and bleeding affections that I can tell of. To me it has brought comfort and re- bushels were considered a good yield, goes pleasantly through my mind, and I picture to myself the mother of this spiritual kingdom of our Father. I can-"No-no! I do not wish to see her. not tell you what a thrill of delight such

Mrs. Loring bowed her head upon her

ments. Then she said: "You have read me a lesson from feed green to cows." which I hope to profit. No wonder my heart has ached on with undiminished There is nothing now to live for,' I

"Nothing to live for !" Mrs. Adrian Mrs. Loring, so strongly urged, step other's good. He has given us the ness is not possible. How fully have I

> the opposite," said Mrs. Loring, speaking from the warmth of a new impulse. "Long enough have I been sitting under a cloud.

> "While the bright sun shone far above in the clear heavens," added the "May we see this babe you have

called your own?" said Mrs. Loring. The little one was brought, and, as blessedness than she received, Mrs. Loring, after her lips had touched, with a lingering pressure, the pure forehead,

"Your action has been wiser and better than mine, and you have had your reward. While the waters of love have grown stagnant in my heart, sending up murky exhalations to darken my sky, yours have been kept sweet and pure to mirror the bending heavens. I thank you for the lesson.

She wore a different face on returning home than when she went forth so reluctantly. These was a rift in the overshadowing clouds, and a few rays of sunshine came warmly down. Even the inception of good purposes had moved the long-pulseless waters, and the small ripples on the surface were catching the

A few weeks of unselfish devotion to the life duties swaiting her hand on all sides wrought a wonderful change in Mrs. Loring. In seeking to be useful to others, her heart was comforted; and when into that heart, ever yearning with a mother's undying love, a babe left helpless and friendless in the world was taken, the work of consolation was completed. She sat under a cloud no longer. Above her arched the beautiful sky, bright through the cheerful day; and when the night of grief for the loss of her precious one returned, as it would return at intervals, a thousand stars made beautiful the azure firmament.

in you; but it is a mistaken kindness." Mrs. Loring's lips almost involuntarily. man, try a mustard plaster for that the row before planting, and a free ap- wheat for the year will, it is thought, of the correctness of the Darwinian Whittier, 71; Wilkie Collins, 53; Swin-

"All," was answered. "They were FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD. fixed upon wheels for distributing it.

What the New Agriculture Teaches.

ever, is of little value compared to that end should be so placed as to allow the made from good apples and put in clean, easy removal of the lower partition. By his pupil, Coutier, up in a balloon near sweet casks. Pork fed from slops and this plan the fruit gets plenty of air, and Naples, and on its descent in the subkept in dirt and filth is not near as I can round up my boxes well with ber- urbs the population immediately cut it valuable as that fed on good meal and ries and there is no danger of their get- in pieces and ran away with them. always well littered. Good food is al- ting mashed, if carefully handled; and Blondeau wrote to L'Italia, a Naples an air ship. "Yes, the faithful doing of our duty. ways worth paying for. A pan of when exposed for sale they present a paper, that the balloon comprised 6,500 butter has been spoiled by the farmer much finer appearance and command a feet of silk and thread, and had cost years of age were married in New York Mrs. Loring gazed intently upon the going into the milk room with his boots much better price than is received for twenty-eight workmen thirty-four days city last year. covered with manure; butter and milk hundreds of quarts marketed in trays or of labor. He had traveled with a balloon "When the last heavy stroke fell upon absorb odors rapidly. It is always best closely packed in large crates. - James for thirty-five years, and often among my heart," continued Mrs. Adrian. to aim at excellence in everything. Hunter, Jr., Fairfax county, Va., in Arabs and other barbarians, but had vain; the mourner's slender form still hold?' I asked of myself. I felt that it shrink their milk. Cows never should was; and when next he returned home be allowed to stand in a draft. A good, at the day's decline I met him, not with | careful man, placed in charge of a badly-Suddenly the carriage drew up before a face of gloom as before, but with as managed herd of cattle, has increased power to assume. I had my reward; to pay his wages. Putting salt on the I saw that I had lightened his burden; hay mow is a useless practice; in this and from that moment half the pressure case it has no curative properties. In Mrs. Loring shook her head in a posi- lightened all home duties, and took away culture forbids farmers letting their wet "You will meet no light votary of heart still. And so I sought out a dle of July to go to work next day to refashion here, my friend," said the lady, motherless little one, and gathered her claim other lands. The new agriculture teaches us the different amount of nutrition in the different kinds of corn. very easy matter in a double pot. I prolong the freshness of a woman's Under the old system twenty to forty take an eight-inch pot, cork up the complexion to an advantage. It seems In the spring the young man's ulster on the "It is now only three months since conciled me to losses, the bare anticipa- but the new one teaches us that seventy clean sand to raise the top of a four- general health and vigor. Only one In the spring the lazy bullock on the hilltop she followed to their mortal resting | tion of which once made me beside my- or eighty will only be considered a fair | inch pot to the height of the eight-inch | firm sells it in Philadelphia, and their place two precious little ones, the last self with fear. Sometimes, as I sit with | yield; it also teaches us that the nu- pot when placed thereon. I then place rooms are thronged from morning till In the spring the gentle cockroach dances tritive value of the cob is superior to the four-inch pot in the center without night, by ladies seeking to renew their that of wheat or rye straw, and equal to corking, fill around it with sand, place youth. The story sounds fishy.

Starving Orchards.

A ton of dry, unleached ashes per acre will furnish nearly the same ingredients advised by the Scientific Farmer for the fertilization of orchards, which is two hundred to two hundred and fifty simply by the appearance of the levees made of common iron. Their canoes pounds of bone dust and three hundred to four hundred pounds of sulphate of New Orlean; from Mobile, he would mented with geometrical lines. They from the heart, and not from a sense of ty or eighty pounds of potash, fifty to sixty pounds of lime (from the bones) and some magnesia in the potash and fertilizer, all of which are called for to to nourish orchards on insufficient soil, from the upper waters of the Missisas the flesh of most fruits contain much potash as well as lime, in combination | tributary to it stand ranged in rows like with the fruity acids, and the seeds ents required are applied in the formula army of whites and blacks scurries from given or in the unleached ashes sug- steamboat to cotton-press or broker's learned in youth never to talk about flowers that lift their bright heads for cast and lightly harrow in, leaving it to boat to crowded wharf. The "roust- "Men waste their energy in talk," he the rain to more thoroughly incorporate abouts" sing and shout in their peculiar would say, "and have none left for their caution holds back from striking the with the earth. Such treatment has and almost incomprehensible dialect, as enterprises. But if they are wise anvil with earnest endeavor, is poor and

signs of decay both in this country and

A dry soil, of but moderate richness. is the one that produces and sustains hardy trees; their wood is firm, the buds plump and close together and the parts well proportioned .- Home and Farm.

Success with Strawberries. It is becoming more and more a necessity in the successful culture of the strawberry to raise only the best varieties and put them in market in the best possible condition. We often hear the cry that strawberries do not pay, and I fully believe it; for under the common mismanagement-letting the plants run at will-weeds are allowed to occupy space in the bed, and little or no care is exercised in regard to manure. I prefer, rather than the matted-row or the hill system, to cultivate in the single row, making the rows two and one-half feet apart and the plants about eight or ten inches in the row. This will give plenty of room for the hoe and culti-Last night one of our sweetest young vator, which I use freely through the men gathered all his musical talents summer, keeping the soil well stirred behind her a vast trail of smoke, and about those pale lips; but its meaning and repaired to the pavement in front and allowing no weeds to grow about the "I shall be much better at home," was no longer a mystery; the smile was of the house in which his Dulcinea was plants. In manuring, care should be she objected to the urgent appeal of her a loving effort to send light and warmth | sleeping. He sang. several selections, taken or you may seed your bed with friend. "This quiet suits me. The to the heart of a grieving sister. From Then he threw all his soul into that ten- weeds. I prefer to use bonedust, or best with my feelings. The glare and Loring wandered to the portraits of her bosom is hard to bear," and a window which I know the ingredients and the Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Illinois, Michi- to a friend, and you expect to hear him Mayne Reid, 60; Renau, 55; Ruskin, in the upper story was gently lifted and manufacturer. Clean rye or wheat gan, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky and Mis- burst-out into uproarious laughter, noth- 59; John G. Saxe, 62; Mrs. Stowe, 65;

When the plants are sending out runners, I wait until a few young plants

Signs of a Prosperous Farmer. When you see a barn larger than his houses, it shows that he will have large profits and small affections. When you prosperity. When you always see in his woodhouse a sufficiency for three months or more, it shows that he will be more than a ninety days' wonder in farming operations, and that he is not sleeping in his house after a drunken frolic. When his sled is housed in summer and his farming implements covered both winter and summer, it plainly shows that he will have a good house over his head in the summer of his early life and the winter of old age. When his cattle are shielded and fed in winter, it evinces that he is acting according to scripture, which says that "a merciful man is mer ciful to his beast." When he is seen subscribing for a paper and paying in advance, it shows that he will never get his walking papers to the land of poverty.—Minnesota Farmer.

Rooting of Cuttings. A writer in Vick's Monthly says bottom hole, and put it into enough to act on the skin, and to promote a that of oat straw, besides containing a in a warm, sunny position, and fill with much larger amount of potash than any water by pouring into the small pot. adopted child as the loving guardian of of the straws. Eastern corn ground Slips placed in the sand near the outer seas which has been visited by a party Mrs. Loring shook her head impera my own babes, now risen into the with the cob is equal in feeding value to pot will root rapidly if kept warm and of United States naval officers. They the Southern corn without the cob; but | plenty of water is kept in the pot. In to obtain the best results from any summer I place the pots on a fence in grain it should be ground very fine. the hottest place I can find, and in win- land. They found a curious race of The amount of potash taken from the ter in a south window of a warm room. soil by the corn cobs is enormous. As soon as rooted, the slips must be Sweet corn makes the best fodder to transferred to good soil. I have never found any trouble in rooting anything They gave the officers goats and pigs for in this way."

Scenes on the Levees at New Orleans.

with cotton. The tall white steamers natural sciences, sippi and from the dozen great streams impatient steeds, foaming at their fiery nostrils with anxiety to depart. An

Coal ashes and salt are employed with backs, which have long since become talk is unnecessary." Good advice this, great benefit on some soils, especially impervious to any sensations except but many find it hard to follow. Man jurious than a bad reply. in orchards bearing sour fruits. Or- those produced by severest beatings, is a social animal, and there is a certain chards, the soil of which, from close pas- Draymen urge their mules to gallop pleasure in discussing one's plans with turing or other causes, is nearly desti- through sloughs of mud, and the wan- a friend and enjoying their fruits in tute of humus, will gradually deteriorate derer on the levees is quite sure to come anticipation. Some go through the and finally die unless restored to that away well spattered and covered with world in a cold-blooded, calculating state of fertility which is necessary for little tufts of cotton. John Bull's rosy way, seeking advantage at every turn, the thrifty growth of the tree and its face and shapely form is seen here, in and doubtless finding it, but are they, state. Such orchards are greatly benedures of the planter from up river. after? Is not a little human weakness Mississippi and Tennessee, are huddled choice of confidants. And moreover together, discussing the latest political excitement, or the price of the staple local matters allow of hundreds of airing .- Causeur in Boston Tranpoints of difference, none of which do script. they fail to improve. Sometimes discussions become violent, but this is rarely the case in New Orleans, between gentlemen. I doubt if there is another point on the globe which can furnish so interesting, animated and peculiar a spectacle as may be seen here on a Saturday afternoon, when packet after packet moves away majestically and ascends the enormous stream, leaving when the wharves are thronged with

To reason with her would have been She spoke from a new impulse—pity for pain." He fainted on the spot.—Salem plication of liquid manure from the barn-be about 30,000,000 bushels, against theory than to have him stare and burne, 41; William Black, 37; M. F.

agents, passengers and laborers.

TIMELY TOPICS.

A curious display of folly and stub-The following hints are taken from an have begun to take root; then with a bornness on the part of a Russian nobleessay on "The New Agriculture" by pair of sheep-shears I stand astride the man is reported. This man owns 40,-"Health—life even! What are they still gazed on the portraits. "And all Dr. J. F. Nicholas, a distinguished agri- row and with one hand gather up the 500 acres of arable land, which he will to me? I have nothing to live for!" was taken in a year. Oh how did you keep cultural writer: "Apples carelessly runners and clip them with the shears in not cultivate nor lease to anybody else; grown will bring poor prices; but those the other. This I repeat two or three and he will not permit the extirpation well grown and well cared for and times during the season. When market- from his acres of the Siberian marmots properly packed will bring best prices | ing I use the slat crate made for sixty | or of the beetles, which spread over the even in these times. The best corn boxes, but I take out fifteen, thus leav- country, destroying a large portion of "I have found no strength in a like will make the best meal. Some farmers ing forty-five removing one partition the crops every year, and for whose exmake their cider from rotten or other- and putting a couple of strips at each tirpation many thousands of people are

Blondeau, the French aeronaut, sent never experienced a similar act of barbarism. The men most noticeable in the outrage were subsequently arrested.

Wurtemberg, in Germany, is often visited by terrible bailstorms. In some parts of the country whole districts are exempted from the land tax on account of the damage caused by the birds and three crows a year as long as the remained single. If he neglected hail. And these hailstorms are apparently becoming more destructive. As regards liability to being visited, it appears that pine woods enjoy comparative immunity, while beach woods and bare hillsides are particularly unfortunate. The parishes most frequently devastated lie on the outskirts of wooded hills, but it does not appear that clearance of a wood has any deleterious influence. The valleys of the Neckar and some other rivers are the least troubled by this annoyance.

turning the heads of Philadelphia ladies. Olive Harper describes it in a late letter. It is a decoction of various Orient al herbs, has a slightly resirous and aromatic taste, and is said to confer on the ones who drink it faithfully almost the bloom and beauty of eternal youth,

Miss Harper saw it often and drank it "The rooting of slips I have found a in Turkey, and really believes it will

Botel Tobago is an island in the South were surveying a rock east of the South cape of Formosa, and called at this is-Malay stock. These aborigines did not know what money was good for. Nor had they ever used tobacco or rum. tin pots and brass buttons, and hung round the vessel all day in their canoes waiting for a chance to dive for something which might be thrown overboard. Edward King writes as follows in the They wore clouts only, ate toro and Boston Journal: If one were to judge yams, and had axes, spears and knives along the Mississippi river, as he enters | were made without nails, and were ornathink the town enjoyed a full tide of wore the beards of goats and small shells duty. prosperity. Dozens of long, dark-bod- as ornaments. Such is the account of ied steamers from England, from Nor- these strange people given by Dr. Seig- ness among years of sorrow is worth way, from Russia, and scores of ships fried in a letter read at the last meetfrom each of those countries are loading ing of the Philadelphia academy of monotony.

True Success. "----the men who speak With the loudest tongues do least." It was a favorite remark of an old sea captain whom Causeur knew, that he ested, it is recommended to sow broad- office, from ship to shore, from dancing anything that he had determined upon. proved successful in orchards showing they dexterously handle the "cotton enough to keep still, and devote them- cowardly of purpose. hooks." The lines of mules pass sober- selves to doing, they will find that their ly, with the hot sun glistening on their actions speak for themselves and that

> "---still keep something to yoursel" You scarcely tell to ony. in which they all trade. They are all of But don't seal up the windows of your one mind as to general politics, but soul too tightly. It needs an occasional

> > Rome Sentinel Brevities. -The dollar is mightier than the

-"Now I'll try to brace up," as the Robert Browning, 66; Carlyle, 83; S. man said when he bought a pair of sus- L. Clemens (Mark Twain), 43; G. W.

of fat poetry from the hock. make the average father fail.

blandly inquire: "What's the point?" | Tupper, 68; W. D. Howells, 41.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A biting wind-A gnaw easter. The plow is said to be the oldest land-

The man who was in "high feather" has got down.

They say that fat is not conducive to long life-in a pig. A good motto for a young man just

starting a mustache—Down in front. A German theorist thinks cooking destroys the nutritive properties of food. The average yield of wheat per acre in Belgium is nearly twenty-eight

Balloonist John Wise writes that the north pole can never be reached save in

Eighteen hundred girls under twenty

The leaves of the coffee-plant will make nearly as good coffee as will the berries. The flavor is more delicate. There is only one thing that is more

wearing or distressing to man than having to wait for a train; and that is when the train hasn't waited for him. In 1695, in the township of Eastham, Mass., a regulation was made that every unmarried man should kill six black

he remained single. If he neglected this order, he was not allowed to do so till he had shot his full number of birds. A person who was recently called into court for the purpose of proving the correctness of a surgeon's bill, was asked whether "the doctor did not make several visits after the patient was out of danger?" "No," replied the wit-

ness; "I considered the patient in danger as long as the doctor continued his visits." In the spring a million sunbeams steal fro

out the eastern sky. "Serkys Tea," as It is called, is now In the spring we hear the buzzing of the festive April fly: In the spring the village damsel decks herself

> with violets blue, In the spring the landlord hastens to collect the rent that's due;

> In the spring the sparrow's chirping floats across the meadow land, In the spring the lovesick couple at the front gate take their stand;

'round the kitchen floor. In the spring the little children jump upon your cellar door;

In the spring the gay mosquito from New Jermey seems to float, In the pring the little urchin goes out sailing

And never comes back.

-New York Express.

Words of Wisdom. Circumstances cannot control genius: it will wrestle with them; its power will

bend and break them to its path. Let every one sweep the drift from his own door and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles. Friendly letters should be written because the words spring spontaneously

One moment of true love and happimore than a lifetime of quiet, even

They who prepare the soil of the world for the seed are but little known: for unto those who sowed is ascribed the golden harvest.

Looking up so high, worshiping so silently, we tramp out the hearts of

The man or woman whom excessive

When you have nothing to say, say nothing. A weak defense strengthens your opponent, and silence is less in-

A Farmer's Square Meal.

Years ago there lived some miles from Philadelphia a farmer named Jerry Foster, noted for eating much and spending little. One day he took a wagonload of existence in a healthy and vigorous sharp contrast with the saturnine fea- after all, the best patterns to model butter, eggs, potatoes and ready-dressed pigs to the city; and before he had been fited with a top dressing of leafmold, Everybody is talking cotton, shouting of this sort rather amiable, on the in the market disposed of all his stock rotten chip manure, muck from a creek, cotton, breathing cotton, for the dainty whole? It certainly is true that he who save one pig. Driving round to a tavern, broken bones, animal hair of all kinds, and similar material generally at hand Louisiana and Texas railroad, a line as lays deep plans, and watches his opporon farms, which can be applied without yet incomplete, but running to boats tunity as a cat watches to take the fatal five cents, he sold his roaster to Mr. other expense than the time and labor which ply on the gulf, has hundreds of spring, stands a better chance of what Randolph for seventy-five cents, and deexpended. When manures are used cars scattered on the levees. Here are the world calls success than the more parted to while away the time until dinthey should be well decomposed; fresh types which you never see save on the confiding kind. But what is success? ner hour. Jerry was punctual to the warm manures excite young trees into a Mississippi river, the active, devil-may- Is it simply to lay up store of this minute, and found no one ready for the very rapid growth, but the wood is care, laborious boatmen, who have world's goods? The many so view it, meal but himself, the landlord and his rough struggles all their lives, and but those who have looked deeper feel wife. Just as they were sitting down, some of whom die violent deaths, but that he is most truly successful who has Mr. and Mrs. Randolph were called who are thoroughly in love with their borne his share of life's burdens and away, the former telling Jerry not to amphibious existence, and could not be troubles, who has opened his heart to wait for them, but go ahead. Before persuaded to change it for anything his fellow-men, whose thoughts have him, nicely crisped and brown was his else. Men from far Arkansas' head not been of self alone, and the work- own roaster, with plenty of potatoes, waters, from the muddy bluffs of Mis- ings of whose mind have not been wholly cranberries, turnips, bread and butter; souri, from the fat lands of "Egypt," concealed. Of course prudence is to be and the farmer went ahead to such good from the water-invaded plantations of observed, and care must be taken in the purpose that when the host and hostess returned to the room they found Jerry leaning back in his chair picking his teeth, complacently regarding all that remained of the porker—its bones. He never dined there again,

Authors' Ages.

Charles Reade is 64 years old; Jacob. Abbot, 75; Edmund About, 50; William T. Adams (Oliver Optic), 56; A. B. Alcott, 79; T. B. Aldrich, 42; Berthold Auerbach, 69; George Bancroft, 78; Curtis, 54; Darwin, 69; Disraeli, 73; -"That takes the cake," as the com- Hepworth Dixon, 57; Emerson, 75; J. positor said when he removed the piece A. Froude, 60: W. E. Gladstone, 69; Bret Harte, 39; J. G. Holland, 59; -The "Faille Bridal Toilet" is illus. Dr. Holmes, 69; Julia Ward Howe, 59; trated and described in a fashion journal. Thomas Hughes, 55; T. H. Huxley, 53; To purchase such an outfit is enough to George Eliot, 58; Longfellow, 71; Ben-