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J. E. COLLINS Editor and Proprietor.

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The Old Town Clock.

Upon the square in the quiet town,
The courthouse stands, and looking down
From the tower above is the well-known face
Of the old town clock. From its lofty place,
Over the tree tops swaying tall,
It patiently tells the time to all.
In summer days, from the streets below,
So close and dense the green leaves grow,
Its pointing hands can scarce be seen;
But over the rustling boughs of green,
And mingled with joyous song of bird,
Its warning voice is ever heard.
Throughout each day and silent night,
While the stars o'erhead are gleaming bright,
Ever and ever sounds the bell
And ever its lesson seems to tell,
A lesson rung with every tone,
To the midnight watcher sad and lone.

Time is fleeting,
Ne'er retreating,
Another day
Has passed away;
Gone forever,
Returning never;
Every treasure,
Every pleasure,
That it carries,
Never tarries;
Time is fleeting,
Ne'er retreating.

"Time is fleeting," but naught heed they
Who carelessly hear the bell each day;
"Ne'er retreating" the thoughtless and gay
Who make of their lives a holiday.
"Time is fleeting," but they forget
Who laden their moments without regret
As they onward fly, with earthly gaining,
With worldly care and sad complaining.
"Gone forever," the steady knell
Over and over seems to tell;
And they who dwell both far and near,
Can oft the quiet teaching hear,
As through the quaint and shady streets
The echo lingers and repeats.

Down the river that wanders along,
With a murmuring, ever-changing song,
Till its shallow waters deeper grow,
Oft float the bell-tones faint and low,
Till they startle the dreamer idly afloat,
Who tranquilly, in his gliding boat,
Drifts where the shadows and sunbeams lie,
Between the islands neath summer sky;
And the fisherman hears them down in the bay,
And the hunter notes the hour of day,
As the soft breeze lightly carries the sound
Over the marshy hunting-ground,
Where the lotus flowers, with spreading leaves,
A rare and antique beauty weaves.

Sadly, ah! sadly, through the air
They come to the hillside, still and fair;
Over the lonely, sacred spot
Where many rest who hear them not;
Unheeded falls the echo there,
Unheeded wavers in the air,
Unheeded now, but once each tone
By them was heard, and loved, and known.
Hour after hour of their lives had been told,
Now resting together, the young and the old,
So calm, so hushed, no earthly sound
Will call them from that sleep profound.

"Gone forever!" thus the bell
Swayed in slow and solemn knell
Till its voice was stilled and the faithful hands,
Of the old clock fell; and ruin stands,
With drear and melancholy face,
Over the once-familiar place.
With the fleeting time and into the past,
The old town clock has vanished at last.

—*Monroe Commercial.*

TODDLES.

I felt like a lady that morning. I was a lady, I thought, after all; quite as much so as Mrs. Jones, who lived in the great cupola house on the hill. Quite as much of a lady, I said to myself, briskly, as I dusted up my little shop, and arranged the sheeny ribbons and striped goods in the window. The window was hung with pretty lace curtains, and there was a globe of gold-fish in it that sailed about as courteously and busily as though they were getting their living as head clerks.

It was a sweet soft autumn morning; the village street was grassy and quiet and I hummed a tune as I glanced cheerily out at little Toddles, flitting about in her scarlet ribbons under the old willow outside. Bless her little rosy face! why shouldn't I be happy when I've her to look after?

I was happy, and I hummed again that old snatch of a tune, and nodded gayly to Toddles, wondering vaguely to myself what was going to happen that I felt so uncannily bright. Nothing—simply nothing; things were done happening to me long since. My way was straight and narrow, my days quiet and uneventful.

As I sipped my coffee that morning I remembered that I held the cup up to the light, and I felt a certain sense of satisfaction in the translucence of the rare bit of china. It is so pleasant to know that one's own election may keep one aloof from the ugliness and squalor of poverty.

It doesn't take much to keep one person, of course, and I don't count Toddles for anything. It needs but the odds and ends of things—a bowl of bread and milk, a cup of coffee, with now and then a lively bit of ribbon—to keep the little one going famously.

Yes, I always wanted to be a lady. And as I sat in my snuggery behind the front room I half felt inclined to forgive Richard Gray for the heart-break he gave me long ago. And, oh God! it *was* a heart-break. But if he had married me, then perhaps he would have shut me up in some gloomy city house, to be a lady after his fashion, to stifle for want of a bit of fresh air, to walk softly under a thousand petty conventionalities, and to cease being my own mistress. Ah! that I never could endure. So it is, perhaps, as well that Richard left me as he did for some one else—God knows where.

You see, I like it—my little shop. There's something so delightful in seeing the pretty girls of the village, and now and then a fine lady, hanging over my dainty wares, and trying the soft lace and the scarlet and blue and orange with many a laugh and many a glance in the mirror. I call it my reception day—the delight of a holiday afternoon. I love colors; I love grace and beauty; and perhaps I might have been a fine lady myself, who knows, if I'd ever had the opportunity. Richard used to say so. But ah! he paid me many a flattering thing and many a false in those old days. But if I ever dreamed of any other life than this one now—well, I've given up dreaming.

For there's Toddles, so round and sweet and soft and real. She leaves me little time for building air-castles.

You see, I love the child as if she were my very own. For she came to me one day about four years ago a wee little baby thing, curled up in a heap on my doorstep when I went to open the shutters. Wherever she came from I never knew. Toddles never explained; she just stretched up her little fat arms to me and gurgled "Tod-od-doddle," and that was her sole introduction.

It was surmised that the child had been dropped by some traveling circus passing through the town, and I had excellent neighborly advice about putting the treasure in the foundling hospital. But one seldom takes good advice, and I didn't.

To tell the truth, I grew so attached to the child that I should even have been wicked enough, I fear, to regret any one's turning up to claim it. But that's not at all likely now, after so many years—no, not at all likely; no more likely than that Richard and I should ever meet again in this world. And that—that is among the things that can never happen.

It was on this wise, our parting:

Richard's mother was old and feeble and miserly. She'd spent a good deal of money on him—sent him to college, and expected, folks said, to "make something of him." She always expected to get her money's worth out of her transactions. Richard held her in a sort of awe, somehow, though she was a little wizened old woman that he could have lifted with his left hand. But I liked him for respecting his mother.

One day we two were sitting at twilight talking of the future dreamily, as was our wont.

"My little one," said Richard, putting his arm about me, "it half seems too bright to ever be."

"*Ever* be!" I echoed. "Oh, Richard, if you talk that way, it will never be."

Richard smiled, but his face grew overcast. I felt that a storm was coming.

"Well?" I queried, seeing that he sat brooding and silent.

"Darling," he said, soothingly, "I knew it would come hardly to you; but how can I go against my mother? Her poor old heart is bound up in me, Jeannette, and she—well she never hear to—to anything that—"

"That seems to lower you," I added, in a steely voice that seemed to cut its way out of my heart like a keen, cold knife.

"Oh, I am a coward—a poltroon!" cried Richard, wringing his hands. "I was born to bring trouble on those I love. Who, who shall I leave to suffer for me now, Jeannette?"

"The one who will say least about it," I answered, hardily. My heart was throbbing heavily, like a clock that ticks the hour of execution; but I made no outcry, and we parted in that final parting silently. And I have lived silently ever since.

One year after that I heard that Richard's mother was dead, and then that he had married: who, I knew not—who, I cared not. He had married another woman while my last words were yet ringing in his ears—right there, before the face of the living heaven, married another woman, and swore to love and cherish her, as he had often vowed to love and cherish me!

But I did not seem to feel this blow as I had felt our parting. I just flung him out of my heart there and then, and my love and my silence vanished. I looked into the face of my misery with a smile, and I took this little shop in the village, and worked early and late, and made it thrive. Then, two years later, came my little Toddles to me, sitting like a lily on my door-step, as if some angel of peace had dropped her there. Yes, that was her Theresa, but Toddles has always been her only name for herself, and I like it because it is hers.

The child has brought me peace. And I feel no vengeance against any one now. Nor do I rejoice that Richard's wife is said to have treated ill, and spent the wealth she brought him.

But I had forgotten the shop in all this reverie and reminiscence.

There was a sharp twang of the little bell, and I heard a heavy step in the doorway. I set down my coffee-cup hastily, and hurried in to confront a great muscular fellow with a big beard and a slouched hat, whose presence seemed fairly to wipe out the little shop.

This was a rather different type from my usual customers, and I was a little shy of him. He hesitated, and seemed bewildered when I spoke to him—men never do get used to shopping—and it was some time before I quite made out what he wanted. It was some sort of woolen goods—a scarf or a kerchief, I think. These were not very salable stock just now, and I had put the box containing them out of sight somewhere. While I rummaged about, the stranger stood in the doorway, watching me in a way I did not like; perhaps he wanted to steal something. He looked needy enough, and shabby enough.

"Oh, here they are at last," said I, eagerly, handing down the package from a high and dusty shelf.

The man did not seem to hear me. He was looking at Toddles, darting about like a butterfly outside.

"Whose child is that?" said he, abruptly.

It was an impudent question, and I felt my blood flush up hotly for a moment. But I reflected that this man looked wayworn and weary; perhaps he had come a long journey, and left a little child like this at home.

"It is my child," I said pleasantly.

"Yours!" he repeated.

"Or at least," said I, "if not mine, it was left with me to be cared for."

"Left with you," echoed the stranger.

"Aye, so I have heard. Left with you by the wretched man, the outcast, the degraded, who knew none else on whom to thrust his burden when his tinseled wife fell from the tight-rope, and died there, groveling in the sawdust—knew none other of whom to seek the charity than the woman who had loved him."

I listened as one stupefied with opium. What did this man know or guess concerning me and mine? What object had he in view in lingering about the shop? But I said coolly, "That is a story that needs to be proved."

The stranger stooped and looked keenly at me. "Verily," said he, with a low, sardonic laugh, "he proved himself a wayward, it seems: he is both dead and forgotten."

I began to feel afraid of this man, who seemed bent upon insulting or alarming me.

I pointed sternly to the door. "Sir," said I, "if you are satisfied with the goods, I beg you will take them away. I have other things to attend to."

For a moment after the great hulking figure disappeared through the doorway of my little shop I covered my face with my hands, and all the past of my life rushed entirely over me. I had not outlived it yet, after all.

Suddenly I remembered Toddles, and hastened to the door to look after her. My customer had disappeared; the huge willow trunk hid the road from view, but I felt relieved, for there was my little one swinging back and forth with the long pendants of the willow. Only one instant I saw her in the sunlight—one instant. Then came a rushing, tearing, and tramping, a terrible sound in the air, and a great bull, tossing his horns furiously, and with eyes glaring madly before him, came snorting and bellowing up the street. The great willow was in his course, and, oh God! my little Toddies!

Then I know not whether I fainted or whether I screamed for help. I saw a tall figure leap out from somewhere in the very pathway of the mad animal, and the next moment Toddles, half laughing, half crying, was nestling in my arms.

The man whom I had sent from my door a few minutes since stood looking on us yearningly—the man who had snatched my darling from its terrible fate.

"Both dead and forgotten," he said. "Oh Jeannette! Jeannette! do you not know me?"

The rainbow ribbons in the little shop-window spun dizzily round, and all things grew dim before my eyes. For I knew that Richard Gray was come back to me. Perhaps, he had come, and deserted, perhaps, he had come back to me.

He lifted his hat, and, stooping, kissed the little one, who did not resist him.

"I brought you my motherless little one years agone. A beggar and a sinner though I was, I dared to pray your charity to my child, whom its mother, flying from her home, would have left to perish among the gewgaws and clowns in whose company she died. Yea, verily, my punishment has been bitter. And shall I leave you now, Jeannette, you and my child, and depart forever, hateful in your eyes for all years to come—hateful when not forgotten?"

But something filled my heart just then, like the rush of a mighty river. I looked back at my quiet life, my pretty little shop, the years of silence and of sorrow. I felt Toddle's warm heart beating against mine. He had saved her. And I looked at Richard Gray, and put my hand in his.

Since then I have tried what it is to be a lady in the far West—a lady in a log-cabin, without china, or carpet, or neck ribbons, and Richard says I have succeeded.—*Harper's Weekly.*

An Appreciative Old Party.

Sometimes it is rather difficult to sustain a conversation even with a man who is apparently willing to talk. Yesterday, on the C. B. & Q. train coming east from Fairfield, two men occupied a seat just in front of me. One of them was a pleasant-looking old man, and the other was a young man, who looked like a student. They appeared to be strangers to each other, and for some miles they rode in silence. Then our train paused a moment to catch its breath at a siding and a freight train went thundering past us. Then the young man turned to his neighbor and said:

"What a wonderful thing is a railroad."

"Eh?" said the old gentleman, looking up with a pleased expression, "Eh?"

"I say a railroad," repeated the young man, "is a wonderful thing."

"Oh!" said the old man, delighted, "is it?"

The studiently looking young man looked as though he didn't know just exactly what to say to that, and nobody blamed him.

But the old man was too well pleased to find a talkative friend to permit the conversation to die such an untimely death as that, so he asked, in brisk, interested tones:

"Why is it?"

The young man looked as though he didn't exactly know why, as indeed any man might have looked under the circumstances, but he gathered himself and said, with a little oratorical flourish:

"Why it winds through the valleys and scales almost inaccessible mountain heights; it creeps along the dizzy ledges of the beating precipice and stretches away, hundreds of miles across the smiling plains and the limitless prairies; it pierces the rock-ribbed hills, and where it cannot climb it burrows; it—"

Old gentleman, in a fine burst of enthusiasm:

"Oh, does it?"

Now, what could any man say to that? The young man felt just that way, and all the fire died out of his eyes and the flush faded away from his cheeks, and somehow he found himself wishing that he had that old man in a dark and lonely tunnel on the Union Pacific railroad, and no one by to stop the murder. Of course he sank into profound, abashed silence, but the old party was by this time thoroughly interested in the subject, and he spurred his young companion by asking, after an apparently intense intellectual effort:

"Er—er—but why? wha' for?"

The young man made one more effort to entertain his enthusiastic comrade, and answered his rather childish question, growing in earnestness as he went on:

"Why, to meet the ceaseless demands of restless trade; to annihilate space and bring the climates close together; to pour the gold and silver into the treasury vaults at Washington; to bring the corn of Iowa to the port of New York; to empty the wheat fields of Minnesota into the elevators of Baltimore; to—"

Old gentleman, fairly carried off his feet with excitement:

"Ground, fences and all?"

Then the young man glued his nose to the window and riveted his eyes and attention to the landscape, and the old party vainly endeavored to draw him out again. He was enthusiastic enough, was the old man, but somehow he didn't have the flow of language to express it. *Hawkeye.*

The number of men actually engaged in fishing in the four provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, is 42,000. It is estimated that about 200,000 persons are supported by the various branches of this industry on the shores of those provinces. One thousand decked vessels are employed in this British North American fishery, and 17,000 open boats.

A facetious boy asked one of his playmates why a hardware dealer was like a bootmaker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the former, "because the one sold the nails, and the other nailed the soles."

TIMELY TOPICS.

The microphone as a thief-catcher has proved very useful to an English resident in India, who found his store of oil rapidly and mysteriously diminishing. He fixed a microphone to the oil cans, carried the wire up to his bedroom, and, after the house had been closed for the night, sat up to await the result. Very shortly he heard the clinking of bottles, followed by the gurgling sound of liquid being poured out, and running down stairs he caught his bearer in the act of filling small bottles with oil for easy conveyance from the premises.

English newspapers announce with considerable interest the discovery, made by the Paris Acclimation society, that Japanese wheat, planted in April or May, is ripe and ready for the harvest quite as early as European-grown wheat, sown some five or six months earlier, and the yield is equally large with that produced from any of the varieties of European wheat. If the same result can be obtained in other places, says the Tokio *Times*, the use of Japanese wheat, it is presumed, will become universal, though no explanation of the phenomenon is yet supplied.

Dr. Jacob S. West, a resident of Boerne, Texas, prints a letter in a local paper on the manner of the introduction of yellow fever into the United States. He cites instance after instance to support his theory that the fever is transmitted by means of coffee. Four-fifths of the coffee consumed in this country, he says, comes from the very hot-beds of the yellow fever pestilence. It has fallen under his observation that towns by which the most watchful quarantines were kept were caught by the smuggling of a little "innocent" coffee.

The Don Cossacks of Russia have a peculiar way of detecting thieves, and the result of it are some times peculiar. Five thousand roubles of the government money, appropriated for the equipment of a body of Cossacks, was locked in a trunk, which, for safe keeping, was deposited in the village church, the key being intrusted to a judge. After a time the attaman required a portion of the money, but the judge who went to the church to obtain it quickly returned with the report that the whole of it had been stolen. Following the custom of the Don Cossacks, the attaman ordered the villagers to send him their handkerchiefs, which he delivered to a fortune-teller, who was required to identify the thieves. She was blindfolded, and at once seized two of the handkerchiefs, exclaiming: "These are the thieves." They belonged to the judge and the priest.

The Mandalay correspondent of the *Calcutta Englishman* thus describes the massacre of the royal family of Burmah by order of the king: A council was held by the king and his young advisers, and the conclusion come to was that extermination was the only means whereby he could obtain safety. The immediate execution was, therefore, ordered of every one in prison. Executioners were easily obtained, and with darkness commenced the scene of slaughter. It being, however, found inconvenient to get through the job in one night, a division was made, and some twenty were chosen. These were severely beaten and kicked, the women being shamefully treated. When lifeless they were hurled into a large well in the garden. Children were torn to pieces before their parents' eyes, and the parents then put to death. The Meckra prince was made a witness of the most atrocious conduct toward his wife and children, and saw his aged mother beaten senseless to the ground and then dragged to the well and tumbled in. Thongya's family fared the same, as also the two Menghees, the Myodawlaw, his two sons, and the Phawoon. The princes, instead of being put in along with their families, were killed last and thrown into the river.

Henry Bergh.

An illustrated paper, by Mr. C. C. Buel, in *Scribner* for April, contains an account of Mr. Bergh's unique and interesting work as president of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and this sketch of the *personnel* of the man:

Thirteen years of devoted labor have wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked, "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness." Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding statue of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark brown or dark blue frock overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane, strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defense without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture. On the crowded street, he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely-chiseled and bronzed face wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Brown locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show compassion. There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips and a sparce, drooping mustache, and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a stout neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality and unassuming and self-possessed dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and a French nobleman whose life and thoughts no less than long descent, are his title to nobility.

They were discussing the venerable theme of money and happiness; "money does everything for a man," said one old gentleman, pompously. "Yes," replied the other one, "but money won't do as much for a man as some men will do for money."

CHIEF JOSEPH'S VIEWS.

What He Cannot Understand, and What No One Has Explained to Him—His Heart Made Sick by Broken Promises.

Chief Joseph, headed by the Nez Perces Indians, whose gallant fight against overwhelming odds last year is still alive in public memory, has an article in the *North American Review*, in which he argues his case with a terse and simple eloquence. Following is an extract:

I have seen the great father (the President), the next great chief (secretary of the interior), the commissioner chief (Hayt), the law chief (General Butler), and many other law chiefs (congressmen), and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths talk all right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country, now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. Good words will not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your war chief, General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many misrepresentations have been made, too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people; all people should have equal rights upon it. You might as well expect the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented when penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian up on a small spot of earth, and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented, nor will he grow and prosper. I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell me.

I only ask of the government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I cannot go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root valley. There my people would be healthy; where they are now they are dying. Three have died since I left my camp to come to Washington.

When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals.

I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man—free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall be alike—brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots made by brothers' hands from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people.

The Maple Sugar Season.

The Detroit *Free Press* sweetly murmurs: The maple sugar days have come, the sweetest of the year, when little cakes and big ones, too, are sold so awfully dear. Any person who desires to squander his substance in riotous living can now go at buying all the maple sugar his family can consume. We see the sugar in big brown cakes in some windows and in straw-colored cakes in other windows, and the proprietors of the first assure us that the deep brown color is a proof of its genuineness, and the proprietors of the second say they wouldn't keep the brown article on any consideration. The sign in the shop windows raises suspicion: "Genuine maple sugar." This naturally suggests that some other place keeps maple sugar that is not genuine. "Maple sugar warranted pure." Then there must be quantities that are not strictly pure. Happily, however, none of this stuff is kept in Detroit, as can easily be proven by the signs in the windows. Every storekeeper in the the city will at once acknowledge that he keeps only the pure article. Many simple persons think, misled by the name, perhaps, that maple sugar is made from maple trees in some manner or other, but whether the trees are ground up or not they are not exactly certain. In olden times it must be admitted that maple sugar did have its origin in maple sap, but modern science has made gigantic strides in advance of these crude old-fashioned ways of our ancestors. At this time of the year long ago a sort of a V was cut on the maples about four feet from the ground. An upward blow from an ax under the V cut a gash in which was inserted the wooden spout, and into the wooden troughs, or perhaps buckets, steadily dripped the sweet life-blood of the maple. Then the boy came along with the sled, generally drawn by oxen, who made frantic endeavors to drink the sap as they passed the brimming troughs. On the sled was a barrel, which, when filled, was taken to the camp where seethed the steaming caldrons ever the fierce fire. Here the barrel was emptied into the large tank which supplied the big open iron kettles suspended over the fire. Then came the sugar-off. And with it came the neighboring young men and maidens to assist in eating the rapidly-forming sugar. The sugar-off was always a big time. There was a great deal of sweet talk indulged in, of course. If there was still some snow left it was very useful. The thick boiling sugar was ladled out and was poured hot into the cool snow. The result was a waxy substance that had a sort of remote relationship to the taffy they give us now-a-days. It was sweeter than a sister and stuck closer than a brother when it got a good reliable hold in a person's mouth. These were the good old times when maple sugar sold for five cents a pound, before we got into the improved method of manufacturing it down cellar from brown West India sugar and Lake Huron sand. However, we still respect the maple sugar season, and don't dust off the cakes and bring them to the light of day except in early spring, when genuine maple sugar is made.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Allow for Contingencies.

Many farmers who are so ambitious to succeed plow more work in the spring than they are able to accomplish during the season. They plow more land than they can profitably cultivate. They get behind in their work early in the season and do not "catch up" till the close of it. They plow so much land that they are late in sowing and planting, and as a consequence they are late in cultivating and harvesting. Weeds get the start of crops and keep it till the frost puts an end to their growth. Farmers who are in debt, those who have just commenced the business, and those who have opened new farms in the far West are especially liable to lay out too much work in the spring. They are anxious to pay off their obligations to get a start in life or to make improvements, and see the necessity of raising all they can. Their ambition often causes them to undertake far more than they can perform.

Among the contingencies for which allowances must be made is unfavorable weather. On an average there is one day in every week in which no work can be done in the field on account of rain. After the rain there is ordinarily another day in which the plow, cultivator and hoe cannot be used, for the reason that the soil is not in a condition to be worked. Rainy weather is favorable to the growth of weeds, and if they are in advance of the crops it is difficult to subdue them. A season rarely passes in which the farm team is in a condition to be worked all the entire time. The like is true in reference to the man who handles the team. If work is constantly driving on the farm the liability to sickness become greater. Hurry and anxiety are not conducive to good health. Overwork during warm weather is a very frequent cause of sickness. Especially is this the case with men and animals that have enjoyed a long season of rest, or a suspension of hard work.

Accidents are constantly happening to farm implements and machinery, and it is not always practical to get them repaired at the time they are wanted. It is well to take all these contingencies into account in estimating how much land can be safely put under cultivation. Attempting to cultivate more land than one is able to attend to properly results in crops small in amount and poor in quality. Inability to properly cultivate land insures the growth of weeds, which causes the soil to remain foul for many years. The difference between the maximum and the minimum crops that any soil is capable of producing is astonishing. In the same locality the yield of corn per acre often varies from twenty to one hundred bushels. The former is the result of poor, and the latter of good tillage. To insure the best cultivation requires time to do work properly at the season when it is demanded. It is better, so far as yield is concerned, to cultivate a few acres well than many poorly.—*Chicago Times.*

Health Hints.

RELIEF FOR DYSPEPSIA.—Burn alum until the moisture in it is evaporated; then take as much as you can put on a dime, about half an hour before eating. Three or four days will probably answer; but take it until cured.

TO REMOVE TAN. Lemon juice used freely upon the face at night, and permitted to dry there, will be found after a few applications to remove tan from the features, though we consider it a matter of little importance. Some ladies are sensitive about the matter of tan, but men should never be; it is becoming to them.

CRAMP IM THE STOMACH.—Opium and other powerful remedies often fail to relieve cramp in the stomach. Hot water, sweetened with brown sugar and taken freely, rarely fails to relieve this painful trouble. Swift remedies are always the most desirable, as they do not disorganize the system or cause reaction.

RHEUMATISM LINIMENT.—The following is an excellent liniment for rheumatism: One tablespoonful of salt, half a beef's gall, one ounce ammonia and four ounces of alcohol mixed together; apply to the parts affected. Rheumatism, like headache, is not to be cured in all persons by the same remedy, I know, but I have great faith in the liniment given.

WEARING BELTS.—The evils arising from compressing the chest and body in early life are not confined to the female sex. Schoolboys and youths constantly practice the habit of binding up their clothes about their bodies by means of a belt tightened above the hips, instead of wearing braces over the shoulder. The same objections apply to the belt as to the corset and tight lacing; it often induces hernia-rupture.

Household Hints.

THE KITCHEN.—The kitchen should be the sunniest, cheeriest spot in all the house, for there the best hours of many women's lives are spent, and the few glimpses of the out-door world they get seem a bit of fairy-land to be treasured and dreamed over. To them the word kitchen brings a weary sigh, and is synonymous with labor and toil that amounts to drudgery. There are others who look upon "our kitchen" with a lingering fondness for the very word. It is to them a place of real enjoyment, where cluster the busiest and most useful hours of the day.

WASHING COLORED HOSE.—First, they should never be soaped or soaked. If not too soiled, wash in almost cold water; make a lather of good bar soap—white is best—and in it dissolve a small piece of alum. Use this dissolved soap in the water, and rub the goods with the hands as far as possible. Put through two waters, and rinse in two more. A handful of salt or a spoonful of vinegar in the rinsing water helps to brighten and hold the colors. Wash only one article at a time, and that very quickly. This is good for colored muslin, calicoes, linens and silk handkerchiefs.

The Violet.

Lonely and sweet a violet grew
The meadow weeds among,
One morn a rosy shepherd maid,
With careless heart and idle tread,
Came by,
Came by,
Came by,
The meadow lands and sang.

"Ah," said the violet, "would I were
Some stately garden flower!
That I might gathered be and pressed
One little hour to her sweet breast.
Ah, me!
Ah, me!
Only one little hour!

On came the rosy shepherd lass,
With heart that idly beat,
And crushed the violet in the grass.
It only said, "How sweet!
How sweet!" it said, with fainting moan
"If I must die, to die alone
For her,
For her,
To die at her dear feet."

—*From the German of Goethe.*

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Good harp players manage to pick up a living with their fingers.

When a safe gets into the hands of burglars it is no longer safe.

The Mammoth cave of Kentucky is soon to be illuminated with the electric light.

The active manufacturer of dentists' tools is the only man who can do tooth things at once.

A man, who still carries in his body a bullet which entered it at Antietam, calls it last astray.

Dealers in second-hand clothing stand ever ready to relieve poor erring humanity of its abandoned habits.

Connecticut, with a school population of 138,407, had, during the past year, 130,937 children in her schools.

The fiery, untamed steed of spring is again to worry. We allude to the insidious horseradish.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Flowering grasses mingled with small pendants of fine crystal beads strung in the shape of small cat-tails are used for wreaths on some bonnets.

Child, pointing to a bronze group representing a terrific contest between a lion and a crocodile—"What are those things doing pa?" Father—"Talking politics, my dear."

"Will a village cow pay?" asks an agricultural exchange. "No," we reply, "not to their paying anything themselves, but we have often seen them dun."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

In the olden time a lady's hair rarely changed till she was over fifty; in these days a lady's hair will often show several shades of color before she is thirty.—*Andrews' Bazar.*

PERFUME.

I am the spirit of the wooded steep,
I roam at will through quiet dells,
And find pale places of sleep
In lily-bells.

I steal o'er beds of balmy moss,
Where erst the silvery brooklet ran;
I'm charmed while hiding in the moss
Or Laura's fan.

I shrink from gusts of rain and storm
In some blush-rose's bosom gay;
Full oft I stray through gardens warm,
In far Cathay.

Some fond sultana's curls of gold
I kiss and steal through cloudland's tents
In bottles I am often sold
For fifty cents.

A Hard Head.

Every man graduated from Williams college in the last twenty-five years has some recollection of Abe Parsons, or Abe "Bunter," as he was commonly called, from his butting propensities. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes: "Little is known of his early life, but he was a slave and ran away to obtain his freedom. The story is told of his recognizing the picture of his old mistress, who had escaped to the room of one of the students, who when he saw her, and at the same used to send him aid. The most powerful blows have no effect on his cranium. Two-inch planks he has shivered at a single blow, and large sticks of wood broken in two. At an agricultural fair he was once giving an exhibition of his powers by breaking cheeses, which had been placed in bags, but a grindstone had been substituted for one of them. The first blow failed to break it, but nothing daunted, he made the attempt the second time, and sure enough broke it quite to pieces. At a fire once some men were trying to break in a strong door with axes, but they were not successful in making an entrance till he was put into use, when the door quickly yielded. A thousand stories might be told of his performances. Spiritualism has brought him into notoriety as well as his connection with J. Frank Baxter, the spiritualistic medium. At Lake Pleasant, Baxter brought up his spirit and gave a detailed account of his exploits, but Abe proved too lively a ghost for him, as he was not dead, although reports of his death had been published. He is now about seventy years of age; but though he has given up some of his feats, he can make quick work with a dry goods box or door of ordinary thickness.

Hints for Dyspeptics.

Avoid pork, fat meats, grease, gravies, pastries, spices, confectioneries, tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, beer, malt liquors of all kinds. Let your food be plain, simple, wholesome—chiefly fruits and vegetables. Let your bread be made of unbolted wheat meal. Take your meals regularly; make your supper very sparing. Eat slowly, lightly and masticate thoroughly. Beware of hot food and drink. Sleep and exercise by all means. Exercise freely in the open air; never sit moping. Keep your mind entirely from your troubles. Keep regular habits, and eat and exercise half an hour before and after breakfast. Bathe frequently, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Keep you feet dry; let the soles of your shoes be thick, and no dampness may penetrate them. Keep your sitting and sleeping-rooms well ventilated. Impure air is enough to kill a well person—it is worse for the sick. Wear loose-fitting garments, especially about the regions of the lungs. Banish the pipe, cigar and snuff-box as the plague, if you wish good health. Of all the dyspepsia-breeders and promoters, tobacco is first and worst, the "Indian weed." Keep away from the apothecary; avoid all medicines and nostrums.—*Health and Home.*