Saint Mary's Beacon

VOL. XI LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 16, 1874 NO. 36

ST. MARY'S BEACON

IS PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY

J. F. KING & JAMES S. DOWNS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—$2.00 per annum to be paid within six months. No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months and no paper to be discontinued until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the publisher.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING—75 cents per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for every subsequent insertion. Eight lines of Brevier constitute a square. If the number of insertions be not marked on the advertisement, it will be published until forbid, and charged accordingly. A liberal deduction made to those who advertise by the year.

Communications of a personal character will be charged, at the same rates as advertisements; obituaries over ten lines in length will be charged at the rate of 50 cents per square.

All communications for publication must be accompanied with the real name of the author, or no attention will be paid to them. The real name of the author will not be published unless desired, but we cannot consent to insert communications unless we know the writer.

CALIFORNIA CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKE VINEYARD, NEAR LOS ANGELES, March 30, 1874.

I have been domiciled for a day or two past at Lake Vineyard homestead, presided over by J. De Barth Shorb, Esq., son-in-law of the proprietor, Don Benito Wilson, whose name is a household word in Los Angeles county. A portion of the original estate has been segregated and is now the property of my host, and known as Mount Vineyard. Lake Vineyard consists of 1 300 acres; Mount Vineyard of 500; and eleven and one-half miles of picket and capped board fence enclose and subdivide the two ranches. A few figures will give some idea of the extent of the operations on this estate. Lake Vineyard has 102,000 vines; Mount Vineyard 129,000. Bearing orange trees on the former, 1,600; on the latter, 450; young trees on the former, 750; on the latter, 1,200; lemon trees on each place, 250; limes on the two places, 300; olive trees, 500; walnut 450. The vintage of last year amounted to 75,000 gallons, exclusive of the spirit used in preparing the wine, and 5,000 gallons of brandy. There are in store in the cellars of Lake Vineyard between 85,000 and 90,000 gallons. There have already been shipped from the two orangeries during the present season 560,845 orange, and it is estimated that nearly as many remain on the trees. The lemon crop will amount to nearly if not quite 75,000. These figures ought to give some idea of the magnitude of the business carried on in the two vineyards and the executive ability required for its successful management; Mr. Sherb, who has entire control of both estates, is fully equal to the emergency, and under his supervision everything goes on like clock work. It must not be supposed, however, that the two vineyards comprise all that requires looking after. Immediately west of Lake Vineyard a new estate has been founded, to which the name of Oak Knoll has been given, upon which 30,000 cuttings of the raisin grape and 1,275 orange trees have already been planted, with more to follow. "Oak Knoll" is projected on *mesa*, (table land) probably two hundred feet above the level of the valley, and not long since was a tangled jungle of scrub oaks, grease wood and underbrush, but is now as clear of stumps as if it had been in cultivation for half a century. Three thousand feet of four-inches iron pipe convey the water necessary for irrigating purposes throughout the grounds, and hydrants at the proper distances furnish the water in such quantities as are required and no greater. Besides the three vineyards fifteen hundred acres in grain, wheat, rye and barley require some attention, and large outlying tracts of pasture land furnish sustenance to a herd of about two hundred sleek and well-fed cattle, most of them "Alderneys," and most of them pretty as a picture, in addition to which there is quite a *caballado* of well-blooded horses and mares. A walk or drive over these estates furnish, it may well be imagined, a constant succession of ever varying and enchanting scenes. The canons, through which access is gained to the table lands, equal in picturesque and irregular beauty any through which I have ever wandered, and I am tolerably familiar with the scenery of California, Arizona and Nevada, to say nothing of fifteen or twenty other States. In one of them the rank luxuriance of the soil and the tropical warmth of the climate was better evidenced by the size and rank growth of the ferns, certainly not less than five feet in height, than by anything else I saw, albeit the immense oaks and the parasitic vines which had overspread them bore ample testimony in the same direction. Mr. Shorb, who at present, with his interesting family, occupies the old Lake Vineyard homstead, has chosen as the site for his future residence the brow of a commanding hill, the view from which embraces a panorama more perfect in its details than any upon which I have hitherto looked; the view of the harbor, the island beyond and the ocean in all its majestic grandeur being more clearly defined than from any other point I happened to reach. A magnificent natural park lies to the north of the spot selected for the dwelling house. Art will only find it necessary to tone down the exuberance of nature, not supplement it with new devices, to make Mount Vineyard homestead a miracle of loveliness. Where so much has been done as has been by Mr. Shorb, and is being done to improve and utilize the natural resources of a great estate, it is a matter of impossibility within the limits such a letter as the present to particularize. A gentleman of liberal education and enlarged views and a careful student of whatever promises to inform him of new and advantageous processes, as well as of old, in farming, viniculture and fruit growing, he spares no pains or expense to introduce whatever method will improve the soil and economize labor. He has already reclaimed several tracts of what has hitherto been considered worthless bog, by the construction of drains, using for the purpose the tiles with which many of the old buildings of the early Spanish settlers were covered. It is his purpose to continue the work until there will be no more marsh on the estate. It is also his purpose to stock several of the streams and reservoirs on the estate with trout, bass and other fish. The lumber for the hatching boxes is on the ground and the order for the eggs in the hands of his commission merchants. A few days since he received one hundred and fifty banana roots of a variety grown in the Sandwich Islands at a point some two thousand feet above the sea level in a climate much colder than is ever experienced in this section. He has selected a spot upon which the tomato and tobacco plants are never touched by the frost as the site of his banana grove, and will give that important experiment a full and complete trial. He is introducing other tropical fruits, among them the chiramoya, celebrated for its exquisite richness and delicacy of flavor. Of course time only can determine the result. The olive oil of his own expressing reminded me of the article which many years ago was dealt in by the merchant. It is a difficult task to find such now a days. Mr. Shorb expects to make the article an important item in his list of products. I have stated above that there are fifteen hundred acres on the estate sown to grain. Last year there were but three hundred acres, upon which the net profits, exclusive of the amount necessary for the use of the farm stock, was about four thousand dollars. The entire crop was grown upon mesa lands without irrigation. Deep ploughing and thorough harrowing contributed largely to this gratifying result. The tract sown to grain this year will next year be used for pasturage and the virgin soil of the mesa adjoining, now used as a pasture, will be sown to grain. Laborers are now employed in removing the under growth and the lower growth of the oaks to enable the ploughmen to do their share of the work at the proper season. Mr. S. has not found it necessary as yet to resort to summer fallowing, but will do so, so soon as the soil gives any indication of overcropping. If any doubt exists as to the practicability of raising abundant crops of the cereals on these mesa lands without irrigation in ordinary seasons the result of last year's crops on the Wilson estate and the promise of the present ought to remove it. Mr Shorb stated to me that a moderate estimate would give $400,000 as the amount annually sent out of this county for breadstuffs, every dollar of which ought to be kept at home and a large surplus raised for export. The system of reservoirs determined upon by Messrs. Wilson and Shorb will enable them to husband an immense quantity of water. There will be no imperfect work about these reservoirs. Wherever the site of a dam is fixed upon, a canal or trench will be dug across the arroyo, and the soil removed to the hard pan upon which the superstructure will be raised. No room will be left for seepage, no root of tree or bush, along the track of which the water can find its treacherous way, beginning with a silver thread and ending with a rushing torrent. Distributing pipes of iron with patent iron gates will regulate the supply according to the demand. Instead of an ordinary wooden flood gate a twelve or fifteen inch iron pipe projecting over the top and beyond the outward base of the dam will receive and discharge the flood waters, that in exceptional seasons may come down from the water shed. In due time iron pipes will convey the surplus water to the outlying tracts to the south of the estate, hundreds of acres of which will thus become available for the creation of new estates where now only the wild flowers and grasses of this section are to be seen. Even then the waters will be contrived a double debt to pay," for Messrs. W. & S. have it in contemplation to erect a first-class turbine wheel flouring mill, which will have the first use of the water, and afterwards distribute it to the adjoining farms. I find that I have no room for anything like a description of the immense wine cellars, vats, tanks, casks, etc., connected with the manufacture of their wine. The greater part of their vintage, consisting of port, angelica, white wine and Mount Vineyard (the latter a sweet wine much prized at the East and produced only upon a few tablones on Mount Vineyard) is shipped directly to the East, and ranks deservedly high in the market. In taking leave of my host and his beautiful estate I can only regret that I cannot better do justice to its many objects of interest. I can and will, however, remember always with sincere pleasure the abounding hospitality and good cheer which made the three days I passed under his roof one of the pleasantest episodes of my trip to the San Gabriel. I should be wanting in common courtesy if I did not make mention of the charming manner in which my host's efforts to make me feel at home were seconded by his accomplished and amiable wife. But, *Noblesse oblige*.

VIATOR.

[illegible] the Prince of Wales was [illegible] Artemus Ward gave him some practical hints as to how to manage Alexandra, based on his own experience with Betsy Jane. "Now you are married my boy," said he, "you can eat onions."

(Written for the Beacon.)

RUSTICUS.

A countryman once to the city came [illegible]
On seeing the sights he had set his [illegible]
The first place he went was to see a great show,
And he couldn't help laughing, things tickled him so.

He looked first at the stage and then at the crowd,
And then at a [illegible] so loud,
Well, this is worth my money, I trow,
And he couldn't help laughing, things tickled him so.

He bowed to one stranger, shook hands with another,
Who seemed quite amused and a smile tried to smother;
But he walked unconcerned 'mid the crowd to and fro
And still he kept laughing, things tickled him so.

The morrow he thought to spend on the street,
Said he, I'll make good use of my feet;
Around the city I'm determined to go
And away he went laughing, it tickled him so.

Ere long whilst perambulating the street,
A dashing young man *by chance* he did meet,
Who invited him round to the *club* and you know,
It quite pleased his fancy and tickled him so.

The youth was bedazzled by the gorgeous display
Of dice, balls, and cue, and gents at their play;
In the sport he soon joined and made a good throw
Which again made him laugh, it tickled him so.

Soon with excitement on the game he was bent
And in fine was determined to stake his last cent;
But his his laugh turned to weeping at the next throw
Yet the gents took *a smile*, it tickled them so.

The next morning by times he left for his home,
With the night all the charm for the city had flown,
For alas! he had learned from the glimmer and show
'Twou'd 've paid him far better to 've stuck to the hoe.

WHAT IS THE BENEFIT?

Address by P. B. LEATHERMAN, *at a meeting of Wilkinson Grange, Woodville, Miss. April* 2, 1872.

This question is often asked in reference to the Order styled the Patrons of Husbandry. I must confess that it puzzles me not a little to answer the question when thus asked, for there are so many and such important benefits to farmers arising from this institution, so many benefits within the reach of Patrons if they will but wisely use the advantages which association places in their reach, that it is difficult for me to say which is *the benefit*.

Unless you know the disposition, temperament, or leading characteristic of the individual who propounds this important qustion, you cannot know which one of the many benefits to select to suit his case. You cannot know which one he would take to be the benefit.

To one of a social disposition you might say it furnishes a pleasant opportunity of meeting with brothers, sisters, and friends, and interchanging, in an agreeable manner, your views and experience in that pursuit in which most of your time and capital are invested, and you will gain useful knowledge and may impart information of value to others. With him this might be *the benefit*.

One of a different temperament could not see the benefit here; this presentation of the subject would display no pleasing prospect to him. He must have something more tangible, more practicable, that has more money in it, or he cannot see the benefit. You may tell him that Patrons can purchase working implements from the manufacturers at as low rate as they allow to wholesale dealers.

To every farmer there is something tangible in this, and it is easy to perceive that there is a benefit here, but most persons will hardly think it *"the benefit."*—Just this little pecuniary advantage is not quite enough to satisfy the mind as to the reason for organizing a secret society, and one, too, of such vast proportions as the Patrons of Husbandry have already attained and seem destined to reach.

But there is more advantage in this benefit than does at first appear. If we calculate the amount of money saved to each individual member yearly by purchasing, from the manufacturer, his plows, sweeps, and cultivators, it might not be more than about sufficient to pay his annual State and county tax, and may be not that much.

Insignificant as this saving might seem to some, when parceled out among individuals it would amount to a very large sum for a whole community. But this saving is not the only benefit arising from agriculturists and manufacturers dealing directly with each other. It introduces to planters a mode of conducting business which is new to them, inasmuch as they have never practised it, although they have long known that great advantages might be derived from it. It is virtually opening a direct trade between the industrial classes of the community and withdrawing a vast amount of the profits of our labor from the shrewd middle-men or go-betweens.

Agriculturists and manufacturers produce the necessary subsistence, the comforts and the luxuries, with which the world is supplied. But who grows rich from the products of industrial pursuits? *Those middlemen, who add nothing to the intrinsic value of the products of honest labor;* who, like the lilly of the valley, *toil not, neither do they spin,* [illegible] *we are clothed like one of these.*

Merchants have formed an influential class in society since they became organized among men. I have no desire to detract from their usefulness. And if they [illegible] rest of mankind, let them be [illegible] fit received; but let us [illegible] their services when not needed, [illegible] place a very high valuation [illegible] their [illegible]

They seldom have [illegible] by Patrons in some of the great cities of the middle and Western States on this plan of dealing directly with the consumer and with the manufacturer of the products of their industry, and they derive great advantages thereby. But if they should feel the evil effects of transacting business through unnecessary agents, how much more should we feel it, and how much greater effort should we make to throw off the useless burden?

It is clear, that the planters or cotton-growers of the South support in wealth or luxury at least three classes of middle men, whose services are not needed and who amass great fortunes from the products of our labor and capital. These three are known as brokers, commision merchants, and owners of cotton-presses. They add no value to our cotton, but derive great fortunes from it.

If the planters would ship their cotton directly to the manufacturers, the men whom it must finally reach before any real value is added to it, they would save the millions of dollars which make the wealth of those middle-men and which is so much needed now by the planters themselves.

But planters cannot make arrangements with the manufacturers of cotton into cloth so as to ship their crops directly to them, for planters are a divided portion of society, each one acting independently of all the rest, and no individual of the whole class producing enough cotton to supply one factory either with the required quantity of lint or with the different qualities desired. Planters have no union, and hence they have no influence and no power. But Patrons of Husbandry may, if they choose, effect such an arrangement with manufacturers. They form agriculturists into a society or association, and thus develop the strength and power which exists in that portion of the community which is truly the chief corner-stone of society, and ought to be at the head of the corner.

Suppose our Grange should increase until two-thirds of the cotton-growers of this country are members, we will then annually have about ten thousand bales of cotton to be disposed of by members of this Grange, including almost every quality of cotton desired at a factory, from the lowest ordinary to the best middling, and could have fair cotton if desired. Having this number of bales of different qualities of lint, we could easily make arrangements with some manufacturing company to receive our cotton directly from the farms, and pay us the market value at the factory. And if our little Grange is not of itself sufficient to effect such an arrangement, we could unite with other Granges throughout the South until we would represent two-thirds of *all the cotton-growers* in the United States, and surely we could find some little manufacturing company in the world that would think the quantity of cotton we could then control an object *worthy of notice*.

In this, again, we discern "the benefit" of our Order. It combines the power of individuals into associations; of small associations into immense combinations; with very great power for reorganizing and re-establishing the agricultural interests of the whole country, especially of the South. "Combinations may achieve victories that individuals cannot win." They have more means, more influence, more of every element of success, including also that wisdom which exists in a multitude of counsel.

Having organized Granges throughout the South as they have in the Middle and Western States, and filled them with intelligent planters and men interested in agricultural prosperity, we could, as was aptly remarked by one of our brothers, "readily resolve ourselves into an extensive immigration society." And this must be done ere the dilapidation, decay, wreck, and ruin which meet the eye on almost every plantation and at every rural home in the South, can be checked, and new life and energy be breathed into the agricultural pursuits of the country.

Without immigration the sedge fields will grow wider, the briar thickets more wild, and many a pleasant home may yet become the haunt of wild beasts. But I will not stop here to discuss the advantages of an extensive immigration to the South, but will suppose that the benefits of immigration hither are too evident to need confirmation, and as I am only pointing out some of the benefits which lie in the reach of Patrons, I will just state in this connection that we Southern people must offer inducements for immigration equal to those offered in the Western States and Territories if we hope to turn any part of the immigration this way.

There, the States own large bodies of fertile lands, and offer to actual settlers homes far superior to any that can be found among the barren pine hills or low swamps which constitute the public lands of our States. All of our fertile lands that are tillable are owned by the citizens.—And until a start in the right direction is made by land-owners themselves we cannot compete with the West in immigration; we can scarcely hope to see the footprints of an emigrant from the shores of Europe, save an occasional visit from the "wandering Jew" whose peregrinations include all habitable parts of the world where "*ducats*" are, and who regards not land for its products or home for its pleasant associations.

But if we once offer sufficient encouragement to immigrants, our mild climate, fertile soil, and varied products will complete the work, and draw many a thrifty farmer from his "snug hum" in the North, the East, and the West to come and dwell with us. We must not, however, be too much infatuated by the prospects within the reach of Patrons and be too impatient to realize some wonderful advantages. We must not neglect the minor details that are necessary to work out the more important ends. Let us keep in view the great ends that may be attained, and not despise the day of small things.

Let me now ask what society, whether it be secret or not, offers to confer on agriculturists benefits equal to those which may be enjoyed by the Patrons of Husbandry? I know of no organizations which are intended for their benefit except agricultural societies and farmer's clubs. Some benefits are derived from these by both farmers and manufacturers, but their sphere is too limited to be compared with our Order, and *agricultural societies are too fond of horse-racing to effect much good.*

Their usefulness is chiefly developed in the fairs they give, at which time they afford a good opportunity for those who, by industry, ingenuity, and skill, have produced something new that is useful to mankind, to make a successful exhibition of it, to have it publicly tested, and to receive a suitable recommendation. This greatly encourages agriculturists and manufacturers to exert their skill for the sake of the increased sale and profits of their labor arising from the recommendation comprised in taking a premium at the fair. But this system of premiums benefits manufacturers more than farmers. We can have our fairs also, and we have a much better, a surer means of being rewarded according to merit. Our brethren will fairly test the merits of any product of skill or ingenuity which we may offer, and they are pledged to the fraternity not to recommend anything that is of little worth. Their approval will secure a ready sale among the brotherhood of all the products of ingenuity that may be wanted, without the least fear of fraud or humbuggery; but some say that premiums at fairs may be bought, and many believe it, so that cautious men are slow to purchase any new contrivance merely because it has taken premiums. They think that premiums are not sufficient evidence of the merits of the article thus recommended. We feel confident that there is no trick or humbug about anything that is recommended by a Grange of Patrons.

Our Order promises, as I understand it, to do all things in its power for the advancement of agriculture, for the welfare of the laborer, the cultivator, and the husbandman, and it is carrying this out in good faith to the utmost of its ability. As the number of its members increases it will have greater power for good, and will continue to develop agricultural resources, and may soon accomplish all that I have suggested as being within the reach of Patrons.

WHY HE WAS PUZZLED.—The funny man of the House this winter is said to be Mr. Nesmith, of Oregon, who tells on himself some very amusing stories. He served one term in the Senate several years ago, and a few days after he was sworn in he was passing one of the cloak rooms, and inside were Fessenden, Morrill, and several others whose names we can't recall. They hailed him, invited him in, and after conversing for a few moments, they asked him very abruptly:

"Mr. Nesmith, you have come from a very wild country, where you say the greater portion of your life has been passed. Will you tell us what first struck you on coming to the Senate?"

"Well, gentlemen, when I took my seat in this august body, said to be composed of the brains of our great country, I was overwhelmed with the strangeness of this one idea—how I came to be here."

"Oh! Ah! Ugh! So! And then, Mr. Nesmith, what then—what was your next cause of wonder?"

"The next thing, gentlemen," answered Mr. Nesmith, slowly gathering up his great length, "that came to me and puzzled me more than the first, though, was how in the deuce all you other fellows got here."

☞ Max Adler says: We learn from an exchange that "The Legislature of Massachusetts has lately passed a law making it necessary that a dozen eggs weigh one and one-half pounds. We approve of this. The hens have too long had their own way in this business of laying eggs, and they have constantly defrauded the public. It is high time this outrage was crushed, and we are glad that the Legislature of Massachusetts is going to do it. If free American citizens are to be imposed upon with impunity by debauched and corrupt chickens, the government, for which William Penn and John Hancock died, is a disgraceful failure. Hereafter Massachusetts hens will either have to lay two ounce eggs or emigrate. The people will submit to their tyranny no longer.—They have borne the yoke until it has become unendurable. They denounce present prices for present eggs as eggstortion, and hence they demand a reform with the determination to draw up this chicken bill and pullet it through the Legislature.

"And so they go," said a rural politician, some years ago, who had represented his ward in the town council; our greatest men are fast departing—first Calhoun, then Clay, and now Webster—and I don't feel very well myself."

RIDE AND TIE.—In the days when traveling was not, as now, reduced to a system, in the non existence of public conveyances, people had to provide their own. Those who wished to make a journey were sometimes put to their wits.—For instance, it might happen that two men had the same journey to make and only one horse between them, and no carriages. The "time table" was thus arranged:—A. would mount the horse, ride half an hour, and then dismount, tying the horse at the road side, and proceeding in his turn on foot. B. came along, and when he reached the horse mounted, and rode his half hour, passing A. on the road, and tying up at the end of his time. Thus the paradox was verified, that a journey is only half as long when there are two persons to make it.

This process illustrates one of the many "correspondences" which take place in the business and social relations of the world. Most people, if they but knew it, are moving along through life on the system of "Ride and Tie." The steam horse, for instance, is the case of the quadruped. The railway system of the country, taken as a whole, is ahead of its business, and is "tied up," waiting for the traffic and population to come along and authorise the further extension, which all admit must come at some time. It is toilsome work, thus toiling to come up with the waiting locomotives, "Speculation" and Fancy." But it is a work which cannot be avoided, and the main demands for which are patience and plodding endurance. It is true that such a condition of things is not specially cheerful in this age of hope and love of excitement; but the accomplishment of impossibilities is something to which neither the mental nor scientific power of man is equal.—"Ride and Tie" is one of the unescapable conditions of human progress.

The same rule holds in almost every business relation. Over-trade or over-production, or whatever else exceeds the absolute present demand, must come under this rule of a forced pause, because it has pushed on and left the best half, the paying half, behind. Those who can move no faster must content themselves with a foot-pace, which, though slow, will be found sure. It may be inconvenient. It may involve disagreeable contrasts and painful sacrifices. But "ride and tie" has its compensations, and the pedestrian has the consolation of a fair certainty that his horse is waiting for him at the next stage.

In morals and social and political reformations and changes, "ride and tie" is the rule also. The man "in advance of the age" is only cantering on, to tie up somewhere ahead, and, perhaps, out of sight. But the age will catch up with him, and, mounting his hobby, will ride it farther than he dared to do, or dreamed of doing. Perhaps the reader is ready to say all this philosophizing is easy. So it is—quite as easy as groaning, and much more pleasant. It is never so much the lack of things needed that oppresses a man as the failure to get what he simply desires.

STILL ON THE WATCH-TOWER.—Andrew Johnson concluded his address in Memphis the other night as follows:

I will simply say that I know I have been charged with being ambitious.—Ambitious! I am ambitious. [Applause.] And I do not think I would be worthy of being called a man unless I were ambitious. [Applause.] I am ambitious of acquiring a reputation among this people that I have been a faithful representative, and that I have stood upon the watch-tower of my country, and defended and vindicated their rights when they were not in a condition to do it themselves. I am ambitious of their esteem, of their respect, and their confidence, for the reason that I have done my duty to my God, to my country, and to my family. Yes, I am ambitious! I have lived and toiled for the people because I wanted their approbation and their esteem; and when the time shall come when my connection is to be severed from this people, and from things that are mortal—when the lamp of life is about flickering its last—the most pleasing thought that can pass through my mind will be to feel and know that when dead and gone I still occupy a place in the respect and affections and hearts of my countrymen.

"I WANT TO FIND MY PAPA."—Yesterday a lady was walking along the street when she met a little girl, between two and three years old, evidently lost, and crying bitterly. Taking her by the hand the lady asked her where she was going.

'I'm going down town to find my papa,' was the reply, between sobs, of the child.

'What is your papa's name?' asked the lady.

'His name is papa,' replied the innocent little thing.

'But what is his other name?' queried the lady; 'what does your mama call him?'

'She calls him papa,' persisted the baby.

The lady then took the little one by the hand and led her along, saying:

'You had better come with me, I guess you came from this way.'

'Yes, but I don't want to go back, I want to find my papa,' replied the little girl, crying afresh as if her heart would break.

'What do you want of your papa?' asked the lady.

'I want to kiss him.'

Just then a sister of the child came along looking for her and led her away. From subsequent inquiries it appeared that the little one's papa, whom she was so earnestly in search of had recently died. In her lonesomeness and love for him she tired of waiting for him to come home and had gone to find him and greet him with the accustomed kiss.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.—To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed and so very essential to the existence of plants and animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments, must be remembered:

1. Were the atmosphere here, everywhere and at all times, of a uniform temperature, we should never have rain, hail or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation, from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when it was once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capacity to retain moisture, is proportionately greater in the warm than in cold air. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climate.

Now, when from continued evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents descending from above, or rushing from a higher to a lower latitude, by the motion of a saturated air to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and rain is the result. It condenses, its cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold.

HINTS TO THE GIRLS.—An old stager, who has been thro' the mill, gives the following parental advice to the girls:

Take lessons on the piano, and learn to paint and sing, but let your mother do the washing.

Do worsted work, and make nice little necktics for the heathen, but don't acquire that mystic art to cook "pork and beans."

Go to boarding schools and pursue some French, Spanish and German, but neglect your good old mother English.

Flatly deny the soft impeachment that you are engaged. Treat your young sprig precisely as if you were ashamed of him. It is complimentary anyhow, to the young sprig.

When you laugh, laugh hearty. Your gold fillings may be seen. It is a card for the dentist.

Tell people who are posted, and consequently know better, that you are exactly nineteen last or next summer, you forget which. They'll believe it you know.

Say naughty things of your rival and next door neighbor, and speak disparagingly of Miss Q's nose. But entirely overlook your own incongruities.

By all means "tote" a nice little dog after you on the street. There is a chance of you being taken for some one else, while it speaks volumes—for the dog.

Walk four abreast, and keep the centre of the sidewalk, but never for a moment allow yourself to be disconcerted. It shows consideration for the happiness of others.

ON THE BRINY.—The *Danbury News* man details the incidents of his temporary sojourn on the briny wave. He says:

We shipped the first sea on the fourth day. An elderly gentleman with eyeglasses had his starboard end to the intruder at the time, busily engaged peering at the horizon from beneath one of the life-boats. It struck him on the beam, and filled his coat-tail pockets with salt water. "Helen B'az s," said he, and stepped down stairs to see her. The fearful and continuous rolling of the vessel was the cause of painful and ludicrous accidents, of course. The intellectual man with long brown overcoat, that touched his heels, and sharp, inquiring eye, that seemed to reach into everything, was knocked off his feet by a wave, and, besides being drenched to the skin, was driven out of sight under a life-boat. I enjoyed that trip better than he did. One of the stewards—a bald-headed gentleman—was "teetering" along the deck with a plate of highly-seasoned beef in one hand and a cup of hot tea in the other, when a sudden lurch of the vessel lifted him into the air, and drove him with great violence against the guards. The spiced beef and a fork were never heard of again, but the tea he saved by catching it under his collar. One lady was cut in the head, and one gentleman broke a number of his legs, but was out again in an hour, eating a Welsh rarebit.

Carlyle is quite feeble, and keeps Mr. Froude close by him as a constant companion. If this means that Mr. Froude is to be his biographer one of these days, everybody will hope that he has followed the example of Mr. Mills, and prepared a very full autobiography.

"Do you go to Sabbath-school, my lad?" kindly asked a city missionary of a depraved little Dubuque urchin. "Navy," answered the innocent child, "but I've got a fightin' cock that can walk over any bird in this town that wears gaffs."

☞ "Mamma," said a precocious little boy who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the doctor has any more babies to give away don't you take 'em."

A Hoboken editor, being challenged, sent word in reply: "When I want to die I can shoot myself."