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THE WILD TURKEY.—This noble bird may be considered as both migratory and gregarious: migrations arising mainly from scarcity of food or of greater abundance elsewhere, to which they are gradually led by finding the supply increase as they advance, rather than from any particular instinct of their own. In the fall they direct their course to the rich bottom lands of the Ohio and Mississippi. Their food consists of grains, grasses, acorns, berries, fruits and insects; neither are tadpoles, young frogs and lizards despised. When there is an abundant crop of acorns flocks of turkeys may be expected. It often occurs that rivers are to be crossed during these migrations. When arrived at the banks, they assemble on the highest eminences and there remain for hours, and even days, as if in consultation, or, perhaps, to recruit their strength for the undertaking.

While thus waiting, the males employ their time in gobbling and strutting about with extended tails and lowered wings, making, with the latter, a drumming or booming sound. Even the females often imitate these movements. At last, mounting the tree and highest eminences, at a given signal from the chosen leader, they wing their way to the opposite shore. The old birds easily cross, but should the stream be wide, the young and feeble frequently miss the goal desired and fall into the stream, when they swim ashore. They swim with no little dexterity, by closing their wings and expanding their tails for support, striking out rapidly with their long and powerful legs.—When the banks are steep, as is frequently the case, many are unable to ascend, and falling back from their repeated and unsuccessful attempts, are overpowered by fatigue, and perish in the water.

The nest is a very rude structure, being a straight hollow scraped into the ground in some dry and sheltered place, and filled with withered leaves or dry grass. These are usually found on rising ground at the edge of marshes, slushes or thickets, evidently for the security the latter give the young. In one case, I knew of a wild turkey building her nest on the top of a stub some eight feet from the ground, the stub being protected by a thick top of a fallen tree. The nest contained only six eggs. These were carefully removed and placed under a sitting hen, which hatched them all seven days later. As the nest of a wild turkey usually contains from ten to eighteen eggs, I am led to believe that this unusual selection of a site for a nest was due to the former ones having been destroyed. The female alone incubate carefully concealing the nest, approaching it always with great caution and from a different point, and covering the eggs with dry leaves when leaving in search of food and bravely defending them against depredators.

It is said that three or four females will lay in one nest, one always remaining as a guard while the others seek food. This I am inclined to doubt; and unless the turkey is far more astute than supposed, there would be some difficulty in dividing the progeny, particularly if one or two eggs failed to hatch, and would cause no small amount of turkey talk to be settled by some grave old gobbler capable of acting Solomon. Possibly they may pool progeny as well as eggs. The eggs are of dull cream color, splotched with red. The young run as soon as hatched, and are covered with a delicate hairy down. They are very tender and easily killed by cold or wet. To guard against the latter catastrophe, the first night of the brood is usually passed in the nest, after which the hen leads them to dry, elevated places, carefully shielding them at night beneath her outspread wings until they are two weeks old, when they roost upon the broad branches of trees, still protected by the wing of the parent. The female calls her young by the well-known cluck. They run very fast and when pursued trust more to their legs than their wings for escape.—*Rod and Gun.*

CORN SUGAR.—The Chicago *Tribune* says that a bushel of corn will yield thirty pounds of raw or twenty-seven pounds of good sugar, marketable at four cents a pound; or, in other words, a bushel of corn made into sugar would bring $1.08. That journal claims that all that prevents the conversion of corn into sugar to an extent that would make it a prominent industry in the West is the tax now imposed upon alcohol, which is necessary to remove the foreign matter contained in the crude product of the corn.

A MAID'S FOREVER.

Sadly they stood at the garden-gate—
At the garden-gate in the bright June weather;
He had kissed her and spoken the last farewell,
And hand-in-hand they stood together;
"Yes, Yes," sobbed she, "from my heart of hearts
Erased shall your image be, ah! never;
I will love you, and wait for you years and years:
Aye, if I must, I will wait forever!"

Over the sea he sped his way.
A little year: in the bright June weather
Two there stood at that garden-gate,
Exactly as they had stood together;
Another's lips to her own were pressed
As she cried: "O love me, and leave me never!"
And the nightingale sang in the hawthorn above,
"Not very long is a maid's heaven!"

The Decayed Politicians' Retreat.

1882.

I want to give you an account of my visit to one of the most admirably organized and best administered charities on the face of the earth. The Decayed Politicians' Retreat is, as you know, beautifully situated on Saline river, about six miles from here. Being detained in this village over yesterday by business, I took advantage of the holiday to drive thither with a friend, and was kindly received by the Superintendent, Gen. Butler, who went to a good deal of trouble to show me the interior workings of the institution.

"The selection of this site was fortunate," said Gen. Butler, as he led the way across a beautiful lawn from his private house to the large brick building occupied by the inmates:

"The lovely natural scenery does much to soothe disappointment and allay remorse, and there's always a fresh breeze blowing up Saline river."

"Are your wards contented as a general thing?"

"Some of them are positively cheerful," said the Superintendent with enthusiasm.

"And you, General? After your somewhat active career don't you find it rather tedious at the Retreat, cooped up with a party of relics?"

"O I am satisfied" said Gen. Butler, smiling grimly, and shaking the large bunch of keys that he carried in one hand. "When Jones of Nevada left all his money for this object, a little more than three years ago, and the trustees invited me to the post of duty, I came like a man and a patriot. *Comme je trouve*, sir, is my motto."

By this time we had reached the heavy oaken door at the main hall of the asylum. Our conductor rapped smartly with his knuckles.

"How many outside?" asked a voice from within.

"Three," replied Gen. Butler.

The door slowly swung open and a tall man with a long red beard stood aside to let us pass in.

"Good morning, Mr. Ferry," said the Superintendent, pleasantly, "I wish you a happy Fourth of July."

"One! Two! Three!" said Mr. Ferry in an impressive voice, telling us off with his forefinger. "All right, gentlemen, you can walk in. Oh, good morning, General, I wish you a great many."

"We keep him here to open the door," explained Gen. Butler, "and he imagines he has a right to count as well as to open. In all other respects he is perfectly harmless, and so we humor him a little. It's the only satisfaction he has in life now."

The General led the way through a long corridor, and as he stopped to unlock a door an Inmate came up and, touching his cap, asked permission to say a few words in private.

"Well, speak up, George," said Butler. "Who has been sitting on you now?"

"If you please, General," said Boutwell, for it was none other than the great but unappreciated financier, "nobody has been sitting on me, sir. But I have solved the problem at last, and I want leave of absence to go to Washington and lay my solution before Congress."

"Solved what problem, George?" asked the General winking at us.

"The problem of silver resumption, General," replied Inmate Boutwell.—"It is very simple when you see it. Will you permit me to explain?"

"I'll give you just a minute and a half, George," said the General looking at his watch.

"You see there are from a million and a quarter to a million and a half teething children in the United States—perhaps two million. Now every blessed one of 'em has to have a silver dollar to bite on. If you pass a law withdrawing this immense sum from use in the process of dentition, silver will flow into the national coffers, will find its way into the natural channels of trade, confidence will be re-established and——"

"All very good, George," interrupted the General, "but what is going to become of the babies? You can't teeth them on greenbacks. Don't you see that if you withdraw their silver dollars, the entire rising generation will be unable to masticate, consequently there won't be any market for beef, corn, or chewing tobacco, and the deuce will be to pay in trade circles generally. It won't wash, George."

"I didn't think of that point, General," said the retired financier, taken a little aback.

"No, George, you didn't," continued the Superintendent. "You had better go to your room and think the whole matter over again; and when you have devised some way of obviating the difficulty I spoke of, why then we'll talk about a leave of absence to go to Washington."

"Now," continued the General, as Inmate Boutwell moved rather ruefully away, "I'll show you our oldest case, the centenarian of the establishment." We entered a little room, in the centre of which, bent over a table, sat a person of extreme age, attired in a rusty swallow tail coat. He was writing diligently and without cessation.

"Look up, Hannibal," said the Superintendent, poking him gently with his cane. "Look up and see the gentleman."

When the aged Inmate looked up, we saw that he was tied in his chair to keep him from tumbling out. He smiled blandly upon us for a moment from behind his spectacles, and then began to write again as industriously as ever.

"What is he doing?" I asked.

"He is writing franks. He has lost all his teeth and his hair and his hearing and his wits, but he can hold a pen, and he writes franks from morning till night, stopping only for his gruel. The other inmates are celebrating the Fourth, but here is old Hannibal at his customary occupation. He writes his name on every old envelope, newspaper or scrap of paper that he can find, and puts them all in the big mail box in the hall. Of course, like the contributions of the rest of the inmates, they never go any further than my office. But he doesn't know it, and he placidly keeps on writing franks. The only thing that ever exasperates him is the sight of a postage stamp. I suppose he will write franks till the Day of Judgment. Such," added the General, didactically, "is the force of habit."

"You must find a curious collection of epistles in your mail box, General?"

"Rather! We have a good reading room connected with the institution, and most of the inmates take great interest in our current affairs. Many of them fancy that they are still influential in shaping political events. They write innumerable letters which nobody ever reads but myself. Not long ago I found a letter from Blaine, addressed to the Pope, asking for the Vatican influence to help him along in the Presidential campaign of '84. You would have laughed at the piteous appeal which Schuyler Colfax once mailed to President Tilden. He wanted the Post Office at South Bend, and said he could produce certificates of good moral character. Only yesterday I found this brief letter in the box. You may value it as an autograph."

THE RETREAT, July 3, 1880.

DEAR SYLPH: Although writing comes hard, I thought I would send you a single line. I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer. I may have made escapes, but my worst enemy cannot say that I ever let any guilty man mistake.

U. S. GRANT.

"What!" I exclaimed, "is *he* here?"

"Yes," said our guide. "We employ him about the stables, and he seems tolerably happy. If you give him a cigar when you pass there, he will be affected to tears."

The majority of the inmates had assembled in the large courtyard of the asylum, around which was a high brick wall patrolled by keepers. The recurrence of the national anniversary seemed to excite considerable enthusiasm. I recognized many faces once familiar, but now almost forgotten. The assortment of decayed politicians included representatives of every political caste, from the ex-Senator or the ex-Governor to the played out ward striker. I remarked the peculiar satisfaction with which Gen. Butler pointed out Blaine. Apart from all the others sat Morton, of Indiana, gloomy and morose, his chin resting upon the handle of a crutch. I started to approach him, having known him in other days.

"You'd better not," said the Superintendent, catching my intention and my arm at the same instant.

"Why not?"

"You'd better not, that's all," said Gen. Butler, significantly; and just then Morton looked up from his crutch, and scowled across the courtyard at John Sherman, with an expression on his face which convinced me that the Superintendent was right.

The inmates had hoisted a flag in honor of the day, and were making speeches. I regret that I am not able to report their remarks, which were full of patriotic sentiment. I was particularly impressed with the eloquent words of old Subsidy Pomeroy who wept as he pointed to the flag and moved the following resolutions, which were seconded by Schuyler Colfax and passed unanimously:

Resolved, That the inmates of this Retreat point with pride to the record of their services in the past and pledge their unwavering support in the future to the Government of this grand Republic.

Resolved, That the purity of our institutions must be maintained at all hazards.

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to lay these resolutions before Gen. Butler, and to ask at the same time that there be plums in the duff on the occasion of this anniversary of our national independence.

In the cheering which followed the reading of these resolutions, one old man—nearly as old as the centenarian whom I had seen inside—swung his cap feebly, and shouted in a tremulous voice, "Plum duff! Plum duff! If any snipe attempts to haul down that flag, shoot him on the wing!"

Gen. Butler gave me a meaning look, and tapped his forehead without making any remark. At the gate of the court yard into the building, we came [illegible] sitting upon a bench [illegible] in his hand, and was [illegible] over these words: [illegible]

"A verb must agree with [illegible] live in number and [illegible] must agree with its [illegible]"

When the student [illegible] looked up eagerly, and [illegible] "Will you [illegible] verbs, General?"

"Come, boys," [illegible] with the others. "Good holidays. I'll hear you to-morrow."

"He has an idea," said Butler, as the dusky student moved reluctantly away, "that the only cause of his political failure was his weakness in English grammar, and that, if he can once master syntax, he will get back into the Senate. I consider it a real kindness to encourage him in this belief. Bless you, I am perfectly safe in doing so.

"The inmates are quite happy here," the Superintendent went on, as we entered the spacious domitory. "They treat each other affably as a general thing, and if a political discussion becomes at all heated, as once in a while happens, that small garden hose yonder is equal to the emergency. Of course we are obliged to keep a careful watch on kleptomaniac inmates like Colfax, Patterson, Belknap and others.—They are apt to appropriate little articles belonging to the institution or to each other. Secor Robeson was caught a day or two ago ransacking Hamilton Fish's trunk, and although the ex-Secretary stoutly denied any evil intention, a cake of Spanish scented soap belonging to Fish was found in his pocket. Robeson is now locked up down stairs, and Parson Newman, our chaplain, exhorts them twice a day."

"What do you do with turbulent subjects?"

"We are troubled with very few. Down there, at the end of that corridor, where you see that grated door, is an iron-barred apartment where the unmanageble and violent are confined. I don't think you want to visit it."

As the General spoke, a peal of demoniac laughter rang through the corridor, and a grinning visage appeared at the gate, while the owner saluted us with a volley of horrible profanity and ribald abuse. "Who was that?" I asked, as we hastened away.

"The only occupants of the apartment for the unmanageable and violent at present," said Gen. Butler, "are Bob Ingersoll, formerly of Peoria, and Zach Chandler, of Michigan."

"Before I go, General," I said, "I should like to see——"

"I know whom you mean," interrupted the Superintendent, "and I am sorry that our rules will not allow me to oblige you. Mr. Hayes is a private patient, whose friends pay his board, and he has a room to himself. Nobody visits him but myself and Carl Schurz, who is detailed to attend him. You see his mental capital gave out, and he had to be put in the hands of a receiver. But although a disappointed and broken-down man, his heart continues to bleed for the poor Africans."

I thought that Gen. Butler winked just then, but it is always hard to speak with positiveness in regard to his ocular demonstrations.

We had reached the door of the asylum. I cordially thanked the Superintendent for his courtesy to myself and friend, and also took occasion to commend the excellence of his administration.

"If you write an account of your visit," he said, as we shook hands, "send several copies of THE SUN. The poor fellows will be delighted to see their names in print once more."—*N. York Sun.*

WORKING LAND ON SHARES.—Working land on shares seems to be a poor business for both parties. It is to the interest of the tenant to spend as little for extra labor as possible, because the owner of the land gets half the benefit without bearing any of the expense. When the country was new and the land was rich, a man could, perhaps, afford to give half the products, as he could get fair crops with little labor; but now that the land is more or less run down, and it is necessary to build it up with manure and good culture it is impossible for a man to expend the necessary labor and give half the produce for rent. It may be done for a year or two on land in high condition, but the farm must inevitably deteriorate under the system. A man might afford to rent a grass farm on shares, but not an arable farm. It is difficult to take one of our ordinary run down farms and raise enough from it, for the first few years, to pay the cost of labor and support the teams. It would be cheaper, so far as profit is concerned, to pay one hundred dollars an acre for a farm in high condition, with good buildings and fences, than to accept as a gift one of these run down farms. It is time this matter was understood, so that those uneasy mortals who are always expecting to sell, and consequently make no efforts to keep up and improve the land, should be compelled to turn over a new leaf or else dispose of their farms at a low figure.—*Ohio Farmer.*

☞A thief who lately broke open a grocer's wherehouse, excused himself on the plea that he went to take tea.

A CURIOUS SOUVENIR.—The following anecdote of the First Napoleon was related by an Englishman, who was a considerable time in the French military service, and who vouches for its authenticity:

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking incognito through the camp and listening to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group not far off a grenadier of the guard who was roasting some potatoes.

"I should like a roast potato above all things," said the Emperor to the man; "ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"I have only five," said the grenadier, "and that's hardly enough for my supper."

"I will give you two napoleons if you will sell me one," continued Berthier.

"I don't want your gold," said the grenadier; "I shall be killed, perhaps, to-morrow, and I don't want the enemy to find me with an empty stomach."

"Berthier reported the soldier's answer to the Emperor, who was standing a little in the background.

"Let's see if I shall be luckier than you," said the latter, and going up close to the granadier, he asked him if he would sell him a potato.

"Not by a long shot;" answered the grenadier; "I haven't enough for myself."

"But you may set your own price," said Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for myself, "repeated the grenadier; "besides all that, do you think I don't know you in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I, then?" inquired Napoleon.

"Bah!" said the grenadier. "The little corporal, as they call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?"

"No," said the grenadier, "but if you will have me come and dine with you when we get back to Paris, you may sup with me to-night."

"Done!" said Napoleon: "on the word of a little corporal—on the word of an Emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier. "Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones, the rest I'll eat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking:

"The rogue is a good soldier, I'll wager."

Two months afterwards Napoleon the Great was in the midst of a brilliant court at the palace of the Tuileries, and was just sitting down to dine, when word was brought to him that a grenadier was without, trying to force the guard at the door, saying that he had been invited by the Emperor.

"Let him come in," said his majesty.

The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the Emperor:

"Do you remember having once supped with me off my roast potatoes?"

"Oh, is that you? Yes, yes, I remember," said the Emperor; "and so you have come to dine with me, have you?" Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this brave fellow."

Again the grenadier presented arms, and said:

"A grenadier of the guards does not eat with lacqueys. Your majesty told me I should dine with you—that was the bargain; and trusting to your word I have come hither."

"True, true," said the Emperor, "lay a cover here near me. Lay aside your arms *mon ami*, and draw up to the table."

Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, and turning to the Emperor, presented arms,

"A mere private," said he, "ought not to dine at the table of his Emperor."

"Ah! I understand you," said Napoleon, "I name you chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and lieutenant in my company of guards."

"Thank you heartily," returned the soldier. "*Vive l' Empereur!*" he shouted, and then withdrew.

☞Among other suggestions to enable a person to avoid the cholera, are the following: "Endeavor, if possible, to keep a clean conscience, and two or three clean shirts. Rise, with the lark, but avoid larks in the evening. Be above ground in all your dealings. Love your neighbor as yourself, but don't have too many in the same house with you."

☞A little girl in Gallion, has developed parts as a dentist. She tied a string to her little brother's tooth, tied the other end of the string to the stove leg: and touched a red-hot coal to the little victim's nose. The tooth came out.

☞"Do you reside in this city?" asked a masked man of a masked lady at a masquerade party the other evening. He fell sick when she said to him in a low voice, "Don't be a fool John, I know you by that wart on your thumb." It was his wife.

DAVIDS WEBSTER'S FAILINGS AND FAITH.—No one will pretend that he was free from all infirmities of character and conduct, though they have often been grossly exaggerated. Great temptations proverbially beset the pathway of great powers; and the one who can overcome almost everything else may sometimes fail of conquering himself. He never assumed to be faultless; and he would have indignantly rebuked any one who would have assumed it for him. We all know that, while he could see the great questions of national finance, he had no particular faculty of looking after his own. We know that he was sometimes impatient of differences, and sometimes arrogant and overbearing toward his opponents for a moment; his own conciousness of his surpassing powers and the flatteries of friends would have been enough to account for more than all of this that he ever displayed. I have known him in all his moods. I have experienced the pain of his frown, as well as the charms of his favor.—And I will acknowledge that I had rather confront him as he is here to-day in bronze, than encounter his opposition in the flesh. His antagonism was tremendous. "Safest he who stood aloof." But his better nature always asserted itself in the end. No man or woman or child could be more tender and affectionate. And there is one element of his character which must never be forgotten. I mean his deep religious faith and trust.

I recall the delight with which he often conversed on the Bible; I recall the delight with which he would dwell on that exquisite prayer of one of the old prophets, repeating it fervently as a model of eloquence and devotion:—"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines: * * * the field shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls—yet will I rejoice in the Lord: I will glory in the God of my salvation." I have been with him on the most solemn occasions, in the midst of most exciting and painful controversies, kneeling by his side at the table of our common Master, and witnessing the humility and reverence of his worship. And who has forgotten those last words which he ordered to be inscribed, and which are inscribed, on his tombstone at Marshfield: "Philosophical argument has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." I cannot help wishing that this declaration, in all its fullness (for I have abridged it somewhat) was ingratified in one of the sides of that magnificent monumental base in letters which all the world might read, amid the perplexities which modern science, intentionally or unintentionally, is magnifying so; what consolation and strength must ever be found in such an expression of faith from that surpassing intellect.—*Robert C. Winthrop.*

THROWING COLD WATER.—Some people are always throwing cold water on everything. One of them will effectually extinguish the most sanguine man in the world. They go about on purpose to dampen everybody's enjoyment. Their chief happiness consists in making somebody else anxious and foreboding. They are birds of evil omen, always expecting something dreadful is coming. They look for cholera next year. The small-pox is on the increase.

Everybody, almost, is liable to paralysis. They like to read aloud the statistics of death and disease. They like to attend funerals. They frequent cemeteries. They are found of talking over signs of death and ill luck.

The crops are sure to fail this year, they invariable say. Hops will have the fly. Potatoes will rot, and the wheat will be smutty. Epizootic will rage; colds will flourish, and colds generly end in consumption, they say they have observed. The banks are all going to break, and there will be a regular panic. The man who likes to throw cold water will stop you in the street to inquire after your health, and he will tell you that you look just as his friend Simpson did, Simpson died of apolexy when he was just about your age—ill only three hours, and left an inconsolable wife and eight small children. He says you look billious, and remarks that his mother had just such a complexion a few days before she was taken down with typhoid fever, and suggests to you the propriety of taking Jenking' Antibilious Pills, which his brother has for sale.

If you contemplate going on an excursion into the country, he is sure it is going to rain—he never knew clouds like those in the south to fail of bringing wet weather. If you are going to ride, he will tell you that the roads are in a frightful condition, and the mud up to your ankles.

If you have any particular friends, and happen to speak in your favor, he will roll up his eyes in pious distress, and say that if you only knew what he knows; and then he sighs again, and says, desperately, "Well, we are all poor creatures!"

And when you insist on being told what he knows, he sighs louder and more dismally than before, and says it is against his principle to say anything to injure anybody, or to make them to feel unhappy.

A GAME AT DRAGGING.—While Sir William Johnson was Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Mohawk Valley in 1775, one of his staunch friends was the old Mohawk sachem, Hendrick. Sir William had great confidence in the old chief's judgment, and seldom made a move against the hostile Indians and French without consulting him. "If we are to fight they are too few; if they are to be killed they are too many," was his laconic response to Johnson's question touching the propriety of sending out a small body of men which he had organized against an expected invasion.

On a certain occasion Sir William was unpacking a large box of clothing which he had just received from England.—Hendrick chanced to be present, and was particularly attracted by a richly-embroidered coat which he saw brought forth and shaken out in all its glittering splendor of gold lace and gilded buttons and bright silk facing. The old Indian's eyes sparkled, and he could scarcely keep his eyes from the coveted prize. But he held back and kept his peace for the time.

On the following morning, however, the chieftain waited upon the Governor for a purpose, as was evident from the intensity of his look.

"Sir William," said he, with wide-open eyes and a general expression of wonder, "me have a great dream last night. Me dream that you say to me, "Good Hendrick, you have been my friend, and now I will reward you."—And you gave me the new coat, with the bright gold on it, that came in the box."

The baronet reflected a few moments, and finally said:

"It is true, Hendrick, you have been my friend. The coat is yours."

The chief went away fairly beside himself with delight.

A few days after that said Sir William to his dusky ally:

"Hendrick, I had a dream last night."

"Ah! And what did my white brother dream?"

"I dreamed that you took me by the hand, and said to me? "Sir William Johnson, you have been my true friend, and I will give you proof of my great love for you. And you gave me the tract of land on the great river and Canada Creek," describing a square territory embracing nearly one hundred thousand acres of choice land.

The old chieftain was for a little time utterly confounded. This was the fairest of his domain. But he was not to be outdone in generosity.

"My pale-faced brother," he at length said, "the land is yours."

And after a pause he added, with a significant nod:

"Sir William, we won't dream any more. You dream too big for me."

The title of the land was confirmed to Sir William by the British Government, and called the Royal grant. The land was north of the Mohawk, and lay mostly in what is now Herkimer county.—*Hartfort Times.*

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.—I HAVE JUST COME FROM SHOPPING.—The company form a circle, and one of the party who compose it says to her right-hand neighbor, "I have just come from shopping."

"What have you bought?" rejoins the latter.

"A robe, a vest, stockings, flowers," in fine, anything that comes into the purchaser's head, provided that, in uttering the words, she can touch an object similar to the one she names.—Those who neglect to do this must pay a forfeit. A forfeit can be required also from any one who names an object which has been named by any player previously.

THE COOK WHO LIKES NO PEAS.—The leader of the game must put the following question to his right-hand neighbor, and also to all the players in succession:

"My cook likes no peas; what shall I give her to eat?"

If any player replies, "Potatoes, parsnips," the other answers: "She does not like them; pay a forfeit."

But if another says, "Onions, carrots, veal, chickens," "She likes them," and, consequently, no forfeit is required of the player.

The trick of the game is evident. It is the letter P that must be avoided. Thus, to escape the penalty of a forfeit, it is necessary that the players should propose some kind of vegetable or food in which the letter P does not occur, such as beans, radishes, venison, etc.

THE DIVINER.—The point of this game consists in divining a word which is named, together with several others. Two of the players, commonly agree between themselves to place it after an object that has four legs: for instance, a quadruped, a table, etc.

EXAMPLE.—If Emily wishes to have Henry guess the word which Susan has secretly told her, she says to him:—"Susan has been shopping; she has bought a rose, a dress, some jewelry, a table, a bonnet, a shawl."

Henry, of course, will easily guess that the object in question is a *bonnet*, for the word "*table*," which precedes it, has four legs.

RADISHES.—It is said that, when radishes cannot be grown on account of worms or unsuitable soil, if common wheat bran be strewed one inch thick on any good soil, well hoed in, and the seed is then planted, perfect radishes will result.