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FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions or tigers; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere.

Anger may be foolish and absurd; one may be irritated when in the wrong, but a man never feels outraged unless in some respect he is at the bottom right.

A man who thinks it foolish to reward his wife's devotion with kind words and caresses is the same one who wonders why it is that women sometimes go wrong.

It is strange how often it occurs that the person who thinks he knows most about a business is one who has never been engaged in it.

The surest way to attain success in life, according to the elder Pitt, is to be as regular and careful to the books you read, as of your dinner.

How many can adopt the dying words of Payson as their own living words, "I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being?"

Much misconstruction and bitterness are spared to him who thinks naturally upon what he owes to others, rather than what he ought to expect from them.

To protect one's self against the storms of life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it proves a tempest in the harbor.

Neglect no woman merely because she is plain looking; for beauty is to woman but what saltpetre is to beef—it gives it an expearance, but imparts to it no relish.

As the shadow in early morning, so is friendship with the wicked; it dwindles, by hour. But friendship with the good increases like the evening shadows, till the sun of life sets.

Nothing but frank intercourse with independent minds, nothing but discussion on equal terms, will keep a thinker intellectually humble and conscious of fallibility.

One of the best rules for getting on easily in the world is to let the mind dwell upon the beautiful and good things of life, and to think as little as possible of falsehood and wickedness.

What man believes that he will do; and if he has no faith to guide his practice and impel him to action, he will only drift—and no man drifted into a good and useful life, certainly not into salvation.

A woman from her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides shelter, food, and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet-spoken, considerate, and deferential.

RAINY DAYS.

The spring day rose from her sleeping
In the deep, dim caverns of mist,
With the waiting world to be keeping
Her brief and beautiful tryst;
But her sweet eyes opened weeping
As the sunshine her pale lids kissed,
And thus she rose from her sleeping
In the caverns of eastern mist.

The world hath dreamed of the meeting,
From the first of the fartherest years,
But her hand was cold to his greeting,
And her cheeks were bitter with tears,
Her voice was the wind repeating
The pain of the heart that hears;
But the world was glad of the meeting
To the last of the lingering years.

For forth from her tears came flowers,
And out of her grief delight,
And the buds swelled under the showers;
The blossoms, with sandals white,
Climbed up to their forest bowers,
From the broken seeds and night.
But who could foretell the flowers,
Or see in the grief delight.

Careless Words.

Various were the comments of the good people of A—when the sign of Alfred Keith, M. D., was first nailed upon the window shutter. The old ladies wondered if his cures were as infallible as Blink's Panacea; the young ones if he was married or handsome, loved picnics and sleighing parties; whilst the gentlemen of the village positively declared that if he was a young physician, it was presumption to endeavor to compete with old Dr. Smith.

But alas for the interest hanging around young Alfred Keith! Had he enveloped himself in mystery his office would soon have filled with patients, but it was quickly known that he only came to A—— in order to increase, if possible, a very small income; that he had never prescribed a dozen times in his life, and that he was to poor and agreeable for mammas with marriageable daughters to care about cultivating his acquaintance.

But with none did Dr. Keith's voice harmonize so well as with Clara Graham's. Clara was the belle of the village. Her father was the richest man, her mother the proudest lady, and Clara the prettiest and sauciest girl in the place.

The summer-time sped on gaily and rumor said that the doctor and Clara were engaged. The white jessamine flowers over a certain vine-covered piazza at the side of Mr. Graham's house might have confirmed the report could they have spoken, but Mr. Graham was supposed never to trouble himself with anything less important than money, and his lady was altogether too haughty a dame for the curious to risk the fear of her displeasure by prying questions. Had Clara been asked if the report was true, she would undoubtedly have replied "Yes," with such a comically serious face that no one would have for a moment believed her.

Not that she was ashamed of marrying a poor man, as Alfred Keith undoubtedly was; but the sensitive delicacy of the young girl shrunk from having her love talked and jested about.

One afternoon a party of village gossips happened to assemble at Mrs. Jackson's, where the doctor boarded, and the conversation turned upon the visits of a gentleman to the place, who was supposed to be an admirer of Clara Graham's.

"They *do* say he is very rich; but one can't tell now-a-days whether a man has money or not; fine feathers make such fine birds," said old Mrs. Patterson.

"Well, then, he need not be coming to see Clara Graham; for, take my word for it, she will never marry a poor man," replied Mrs. Jackson, putting the half knit stocking up towards the window, in the deep evening twilight, to take up a stitch.

"I thought the doctor here had an eye on her," said another, looking at him and laughing; "but you cut your wisdom teeth before you came here, didn't you, doctor! She would have dismissed you with a smile and a bow like a queen."

Alfred Keith laughed, and said there was no danger of Miss Graham's discarding him; but at the same time he felt rather uncomfortable.

"Could Clara be ashamed of the engagement, that she insisted upon its being kept so quiet?" asked he, mentally. He had told her frankly of his small dependence; but old Dr. Smith was nearly superanuated, and his own practice was increasing daily. Clara had declared herself perfectly willing to share his small fortune; but her lover's pride had often chafed that he must ask such a sacrifice from her. The evening after the tea-drinking at Mrs. Jackson's, Clara met Dr. Keith at a party. She was the gayest of the gay, and constantly attended by the stranger to whom allusion had been made the afternoon before.

"What do you think, Clara? Mary Hay is going to marry young Abbott," said a friend by her side.

"Poor Mary! how she is throwing herself away. Why, he is as poor as a church mouse; and as to this love in a cottage, it is more romantic than comfortable," was the laughing rejoinder.

"I think Mary will be very happy, though; she is not ambitious, and is accustomed to sacrifices. If she loves Mr. Abbott, all these petty trials will be light," replied her friend.

Clara gave a groan, threw up her hand and eyes with much earnestness, and said "Poor little innocent thing! You know nothing at all about it. How *can* love exist through the soap-suds of washing-day. And where is the romance of sweeping from garret to cellar with a white pocket-handkerchief tied around one's head, or burning one's hands and arms preserving time? Oh no! let me marry a rich man, who can afford to keep servants for all this. A poor man, indeed! he would be the death of me."

Careless words, carelessly spoken, but how bitter the fruits.

Dr. Keith was standing near Clara at the time. The gossip of the afternoon before had made him suspicious. He feared the feelings *did* influence Clara, and that she had repented her promise to him. He drew near to her, and said, in a low voice, "Are you serious, Miss Graham?"

"As a judge!" was the laughing reply.

The annoyance of the lover increased, and he said with arperity, "If I was engaged to a young lady who really entertained these sentiments, I should be most happy for a release."

Clara looked up in surprise, but seeing how seriously he had taken her trifling, she answered, as the haughty flash mounted to neck and brow, "And I should be too happy to release him."

A moment after she would have given anything to have been able to recall what she had just said in the impulse of anger, but it was too late. Dr. Keith had moved to another part of the room, and the conversation was soon changed by the party.

In a short time the chafed lover bowed his adieux to his hostess, saying there was a sick child whom he must visit that night, a few hours before he had assured the distressed mother that it was but a cold ailing the infant; but now one might judge that it was threatened with an incipient scarlet fever. Mrs. Jones' baby received one visit more that night than it would have done, had it not have been for Clara Graham's careless words.

And how fared it with Clara? She was unusually gay after her lover's departure, but one might judge that she expected some one by the anxiety with which she watched the opening of the door. The flush which mounted to her brow died away, leaving only a bright spot on each cheek, and an unusual brilliancy in her eyes.

"Why, Miss Graham, are you ill?" asked the lady of the house, as Clara's hand touched hers in putting down a vase of flowers. It was icy cold, whilst the fever spot on her face burned hotly.

"I do not feel well, but a night's sleep will restore all, I hope," said Clara.

But there was no sleep for Clara that night. She reached home in a fever of anger and excitement. She could recognize no reason why Dr. Keith should take her jesting words so seriously. In her indignation she forgot how much reason she had given for offense, though unintentionally; how sensative a poor man is who loves. Clara was one of those peculiar natures, the very depth of whose affection makes them undemonstrative. She forgot that he did not know, as well as she, how bravely her strong heart would battle out the world's trials with him by her side.

The night passed in this conflict between resentment and love, and the morning found her wearied out and weeping. After an hour or two of unrefreshing sleep, she arose and hurried through her toilette. But her haste was unnecessary. The leaves of her music-books had been turned; the plants in the window had the dead leaves plucked off, and placed towards the sun, one piece of sewing after another was thrown aside, and still Dr. Keith did not make his appearance.

Clara felt angry again. A few hours before had he come she would frankly have acknowledged her thoughtlessness; but now, at the ring of the door-bell, the old naughty spirit rose up as she thought, "He has been giving me time to repent, I suppose;" and her manner chilled to iciness.

Although she knew the voice and step perfectly well, Clara sat unmoved in her room till the servant announced Dr. Keith. She arose with the most imperturable calmness, and brushed off the snips of zephyr-worsted which clung to her dress, as if to her own heart she would not acknowledge her excited feelings.

When Clara entered the parlor her lover was standing looking out of the window, with his back to the door. Whether it was that her light footstep was unheard, or that he was determined that she should speak first, Clara could not determine. For the moment her impulse was to go up and place her hand on his shoulder, but pride for bade her, so she only said, coldly, "Good morning, Dr. Keith.

Clara drew up her tall figure, then took her seat, and carelessly turned over the sofa cushion against which she was leaning. "Will you be seated Sir?"

"Thank you, no. I called, Miss Graham, to release you from an engagement, which by your own avowal, was irksome to you. It is not so great a curse, after all, this being poor; one finds out so soon how little such a pretty thing as a heart is worth,"

Clara sat with her eyes fixed unquailingly on his face; and except that at this last taunt the bright spot sprung to her cheek, and the lines of her flexible mouth grew wonderfully rigid, she gave no sign of the death throes in her heart.

"You will remember, if you please, sir, that I have before said I should be most happy to be released. I see no chance of happiness in our union;" and she arose and bowed haughtily to her lover.

He had hoped that when he went in Clara would have made some apology, but now that was all over; so coldly bidding her good morning, he departed.

And Clara, poor Clara! she was not one to give way to violent weeping; but she threw herself on the sofa, buried her head in the cushions, and after one deep groan lay like one dead. A long time after she arose and went up-stairs; but to both dinner and tea she excused herself on the plea of a severe headache. When her mother stopped in her room before retiring that night, she was alarmed at Clara's appearance, and sent for Dr. Smith who pronounced her dangerously ill.

Day after day she lingered in a violent fever; and when she rose from her sick-bed her mother asked no questions as to the absence of Dr. Keith, for she had gained intelligence enough, not from Clara's ravings, but from the heart-broken voice and look of her sick child.

Years have passed, and Dr. Keith, the bachelor, is a rich man in the village; and the once gay proud Clara is Clara Graham still.

Fall of a Church Tower.

A fortnight ago half of the tower of the cathedral church of St. John, Chester, England, fell with a crash of masonry and clangor of bells. The tower rose to a height of 150 feet, and was a landmark for the surrounding country. An immense crack, which extended from the summit to the base for years past, had, after the rigors of the past winter, opened more widely, and the whole tower had given such signs of insecurity that the authorities of the church had taken steps to repair it. These precautions came too late, however, for on the north side the tower was evidently giving way, and was pronounced unsafe by the builder engaged on the work. The church itself, and the abbey adjoining, date from Saxon times, and the tower, built of the red sandstone of the district, in the early English style of architecture, was one of its most beautiful features. In the tower was a peal of eight bells, the most melodious in the city, and five of these lie buried in the ruins, while the other three are suspended in the belfry by the most slender support. The body of the church has not suffered, except to a slight extent, the tower being isolated from it. The most serious loss is the destruction of a massive and beautiful early English porch and gateway.

The Pennsylvania Railroad.

"The Pennsylvania railroad," says Postmaster-General James, "has always shown more public spirit in its connection with the government than any of the great trunk lines I don't know that I ought to say that," he reflected, "because I may not have had the same demands to make upon any of the other lines; but the Pennsylvania railroad won my heart when it assisted us in the Australian mail service on at least two occasions.

"The first was when the Cunard steamer Abysinia was going to sail from New York at 7 o'clock in the morning, and the Australian mail was not due at Jersey City till 7:39. I went to Francklyn, the agent of the steamship line, and asked him to hold the steamer. He said it was impossible, because he must cross the bar before 8 o'clock. 'Well,' said I, 'can't you wait outside?' 'It might storm,' said he, 'and I could not promise it.'

Now, the government of New South Wales had just extended a subsidy to the Pacific Mail Steamship company to carry the mail from Sydney to San Francisco, while the British government, jealous of our maritime company, had subsidized the Peninsula and Oriental Steamship company, which takes the mail through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. I desired that our steamships should beat the British steamships in getting that mail to London.

"I went up into the office of the President of the United Railroad company, Mr. Dennis, and stated my case. Said he: 'Col. Thomas A. Scott is at this moment in his office, and we will telegraph him.' So he telegraphed that the postmaster of New York was there. 'What does the postmaster of New York want?' said Col. Scott, promptly.

"'Cannot you hurry up the Pacific express, and get into Jersey City before 7 o'clock, so we can get out the Australian mail?' 'What time does the Australian mail arrive?' answered Scott. 'Certainly at 7 o'clock.' 'Then,' came the reply, 'the Pacific express will be in the Jersey City depot at 6:30.' I gave myself no more concern on the question, and next morning at 6 o'clock the train came driving in, and we got off the Australian mail, put it on the Abysinia, and beat the Oriental mail service to London three days.

"On another occasion they delivered the mail for us at extra time over the whole length of the Pennsylvania railroad, and we had a tug ready at the end of the slip which we fastened to the end of the steamer as she was slowly going down the bay, and we got the mail matter on board, and would have beat the Red Sea line twenty-four hours, but the British post-office would not hold the mail train at Queenstown fifteen minutes. We had signalled them to wait, that we had the colonial mail, and they just went off fifteen minutes ahead, and left our mail matter there twenty-four hours."

Farmers' Houses.

Many of our farmer friends in the state will doubtless build new houses this year, and to such we will throw out a few practical hints for them to consider:

Build with the intention of making a permanent home for yourself and your child after you. Do not build a home for some one else to occupy; therefore have it fitted to your own wants.

Having decided to build, first consider what rooms you want, and then estimate your means for providing them. Don't mortgage the farm for the sake of living in a new house.

Build thorough. Commence at the bottom with a good foundation or cellar-wall, as this is a matter of first importance. It will be cheaper in the end and give more satisfaction to build of good substantial materials, and in a thorough manner, than to build of cheap stuff by the job.

The number of rooms each one must decide for himself—some will want more, others less, but see to it—and if you feel yourself unfitted for the task, consult one experienced in building—that they are well arranged. The rooms most in use, kitchen, living-room and dining-room, should have precedence over those only used occasionally.

So arrange the rooms that the cellar and chamber can both be reached from the kitchen, even if you have, what every one should have, stairs in the front entry. We have seen houses in which the only entrance to the cellar from in doors was under the front stairs, twenty or thirty feet from the kitchen.

By all means make provision for entering the cellar from out-of-doors, for the purpose of carrying in and removing barrels, or anything else.

If possible, the partitions of the first story should be directly under those of the upper story, for the purpose of securing solidity and firmness to the entire structure.

Keep the house well painted inside as well as out. In all cases we would advise the erection of two-story houses. The extra expense over an ordinary story-and-a-half house, is very trifling; and the better accommodations of the second story, especially is, as is generally the case, they are used as sleeping-rooms, will more than compensate for the additional expense.

Sickness in the Cars.

Many persons, especially ladies, are great sufferers from that form of nausea and headache known as "car sickness." A journey by rail has for them all the discomfort and suffering that an ocean voyage has to a majority of travelers. The effects of the motion of the car range from a mild disturbance of the stomach and an accompanying headache to "deathly sickness," with intense nausea and complete prostration, according to the condition and sensitiveness of the victim. In the lightest form the sensation is sufficiently unpleasant to make travel by rail thoroughly disagreeable; in its worst, and by no means uncommon type, it invests this necessary and convenient method of journeying with dread and despair. A simple and harmless preventive of car sickness has recently come to the knowledge of the writer, under circumstances that leave no doubt of its efficacy with some persons; and if the device will work equally well in other cases, a knowledge of it ought certainly to be spread abroad. It is at least worth a trial of all who suffers inconvenience in traveling. A lady who had occasion to take a short trip on the Lowell road—and she never travels by rail for pleasure—was, as is usual with her, as throughly sick as ever a landsman is on the heaving deep, by the time she had ridden a dozen miles. The conductor of the palace car who was apparently very familiar with such cases, told the sufferer's companion that a sheet of writing paper, worn next to the person, directly over the chest, was a sure preventive of the trouble in nine cases out of ten. He had recommended it to hundreds of travelers, and rarely knew it to fail. The prescription seemed very much like a "charm"—a horse chestnut carried in the pocket to ward off rheumatism, or a red string around the neck to prevent bleeding at the nose. But it was simple, and could at least do no harm. For the return trip, a sheet of common writing note paper was fastened inside the clothing, as directed. Result—a perfectly comfortable journey, without a hint of the old sickness that had for years made travel by rail a terror. It was so like a superstition, or a happy accident, however, that the lady would not accept it as real until subjected to a more severe test. This came in a day journey to New York, and that hardest trial of all—a night trip in an "alleged" sleeping car. Both were taken in triumph. The "charm" worked. And the lady writes: "The day journey was a perpetual wonder and delight to me. I could sit up and read, and look at the landscape through which we wirled, and act as other people do. And still I didn't feel ready to confess to a cure until I had tried the sleeping car, which has always been a horror to me. But even here the 'spell' worked. I ate a hearty supper in the dining car—and kept it! Slept soundly all night, got up as comfortable, and dressed with as level a head and as steady a hand as though I had been in my own room. Read until breakfast time—a thing I had never before done on the cars—and I was hungry for my morning meal. It is really wonderful, almost too good to be real. For the first time in my life I have experienced the pleasure of traveling. I wish that conductor to be specially thanked. I wish also that I knew his name. I would like to call the Lord's particular attention to his case, and don't want to make any mistake and have the blessing descend upon the wrong man." If this should meet the eye of the official in question, will he please consider himself thanked? To the scientific guessers is left the explanation of this peculiar potency of a sheet of paper. And, as a further possible contribution to the welfare of qualmish travelers, it is suggested whether the charm would not work equally well in preventing sea-sickness. The experiment is certainly worth trying.

"Nunc Pro Tunc."

In the early days of California history, Judge B. was the Judge of the First Instance in the town of Santa Cruz. The judge, like many old Californians, was fond of hot whiskey at night; and would at times, with a circle of congenial friends, keep watch until morning; in consequence of which his brain would be slightly muddled when he went on the bench. On one occasion, after a nigh of deep potations, a Spaniard was brought before him to be tried for horse stealing—a crime punishable at that time by death. The judge, but a short time previous, had a valuable horse stolen from his stables. The defendant was a hard-featured, wretched specimen of the genius greaser; and when the judge heard the indictment read, he took one unsteady but searching look at him, and said: "J. B., stand up! I believe you are the scoundrel who stole my horse. The sentence of this court is, that you be hanged by the neck until you are dead—dead—dead!"

"But, your honor," says the District Attorney, "the man has not been tried."

The judge sternly said. "Sit down, sir; this court knows its business, and don't want any of your impertinence. Mr. Sheriff, see the judgment executed immediately. This court stands adjourned."

The officers of the court and spectators were astounded, but they knew the temper of the old man too well to trifle with him in his present condition, so nothing could be done but to remand the prisoner to jail, until the judge should sober up.

After the adjournment, the officers of the court determined among themselves to have the judgment duly entered up by the clerk, and that the sheriff make a return that he had executed the defendant. Next morning the judge went on the bench sober, and glancing over the calendar, called the case of the People v. J. B. The sheriff replied. "Your honor, the man has been hung."

"Hung!" replied the judge, "how is that? there has been no trial yet."

"No, your honor," replied the clerk, "but your honor yesterday waved the trial and sentenced the defendant, and peremptorily ordered the sheriff to immediately carry the sentence of the court into execution; and it was done."

"Umph!" says the judge, "never mind—let the trial proceded *nunc pro tunc*; all orders and judgments of the courts must be justified by due and legal proceedings had."

The judge was in earnest, the joke was ended, and nothing remained but to bring in the prisoner for trial. It need not be said that the sentence of the court was justified; and that shortly after there was one less horse-thief in that part of the country.

Fresh Water Spring in the Atlantic.

One of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Matanzas Inlet and three miles from shore, a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity. This fountain is large, bold and turbulent. It is noticeable to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil the upheaving and troubled appearance of the water shows unmistakable evidences of internal commotions. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance—something similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place and his attention was directed to the springs by the upheavings of the water, which threw his ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by this circumstance, he set to work to examine the surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring itself was almost fathomless.

Lessons in Love Making.

Don't love too many at once.

Don't do your spooning in public.

Give your little brother taffy, and get him to bed before your chap calls.

Recollect that a wedding-ring on your finger is worth a good many of them in your mind.

Try to find out by some means whether your intended knows how to earn a decent living for two.

Be reasonable; don't expect a man working for $8 a week to furnish you with reserved seats at the opera every other night.

Don't be afraid to show the man of your choice that you love him—provided, of course, he loves you. Love is a double-sided sort of concern, and both have a part to play.

Don't try to bring too many suitors to your feet. They have feet as well as you have, and you may see one pair of feet walking off from you some day you would be very glad to call back.

Keep your temper, if you expect your other-half-in-law to keep his. If he doesn't suit you, give him the ticket-of-leave. If he does not suit you, don't expect him to put up with your humors.

Deal carefully with bashful lovers; lead them gradually to the point (of proposal, of course), but don't let them suspect what you are at, or they might faint on your hands, or go crazy on the spot.

It is said lovers' quarrels always end with kisses. This is partly true; but if you are not careful those little spats you indulge in may end in the kisses you covet being given to some other girl!

If it is possible, try to suit your sisters, cousins, aunts, grandfathers, neighbors, friends and acquaintances when you happen to fall in love. If you can't suit them all, don't worry, for the thing has never been done yet.

If you use powder, don't give yourself away. For instance, it would be well to spread a handkerchief over the shoulder of his broadcloth before you lean thereon. He will be too green, depend on it, to suspect the reason. If his mustache happens to look a little powdery, there are several ways in which it could be brushed off.

Don't imagine that a husband can live as lover does—on kisses and moonlight. He will come home to his meals hungry as a bear, and any little knowledge of cookery you can pick up during courtship is about the best provision you can make for future happiness.

Remember that nature has put every man under the necessity of having a mother, and that the latter is not in any way to blame if she is regarded as the bitter part of a sugar coated matrimonial pill. If you feel in duty bound to be her sworn enemy, postpone this duty till you know something about her.

Don't seek advice in love-affairs from an old maid who has been crossed in love, a bachelor who has been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocket-book, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love-affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister; he'll have the marriage-fee in view. If you go to your family physician, he will say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody, why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with your father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to-day, and, since she knows how it is herself, we can't think, just now, of any better way to advise you.

Renewing Books.

The art of renewing books is a most delicate one, and employs all the skill of experienced workmen. When used in a legitimate way, to preserve and enrich some valuable tresrure-trove discoved in a tattered condition, a skillful workman applies with tender care a bituminous solvent to its ragged edges, and literally incorporates—by a paper making process—each mouldering page into a broad leaf of fine strong paper. This is termed "enlarging," and is a lofty department in the art of binding. Then the once ragged fragment goes through the process of binding in Russia or calf, gilding, tooling, marbling, and takes its place as the pride of the book shelf. When part of the Cottonian Library was burned in 1731, some valuable manuscripts were by the influence of the fire drawn into almost a solid ball. Some of those rescued were given over to the enlarger and may be considered the brightest triumphs of the art. They may now be seen at the British Museum. But there are other processes of renewing which are scarcely so honorable namely the manufacture of rare or early editions of old authors. This is done by staining the paper imitating closely the decorated capitals, and reprinting accurately all defects. The production of first folios of Shakespeare has been a profitable piece of business. Paris is the center of the renewing trade though it is also practiced to a small extent in England. Apropos of renewing, many collectors scorn its aid, and will only purchase imperfect copies. At a large book sale, where many mutilated volumes had sold very well, one lot found very languid bidders on which the auctioneer exclaimed: "Only £30 offered for this valuable book gentlemen, a most curious book, and quite imperfect." At another auction, at the beginning of the century, an original edition of Boccaccio, printed in Venice, and of which there were only known to be two copies in existence, was sold for £220; and a Didot Horace brought £140.

Imperfect Eyes among School Children.

Three years ago the Philadelphia Medical Society appointed a committee to investigate the condition of the eyes of the children in the city schools. The report of the committee was read by the chairman, Dr. Risley, at a recent meeting of the society. The committee had examined about 2,000 pairs of eyes. The condition of those examined, Dr. Risley said, had proved better than had been expected by the committee. The cases of impaired sight ranged from 25 per cent. among the smaller children to 40 per cent. among the older scholars. The average of diseased eyes ranged correspondingly from 30 to 60 per cent. The instances where any blame attached to the Board of Education or their sectional boards for want of care for the eyes of the children were only two, one of which was the case of the primary practicing class in the Normal School. The room is lighted by one large western window, which, owing to the position of the desks and the master's table, the children are obliged to face.

A Bee Story.

I had an improved back yard. I went through a seed store and bought a sample of everything that would grow in this climate. The result was a perfect tangle of flowers and things, from the overgrown sunflower to a for-get-me-not. Mrs. Bricktop is very proud of our garden, and while gushing over it the other morning, a happy thought worked its way under her back hair: "What a delightful thing it would be to have a hive of bees, and raise our own honey, as well as everything else!" I have thought that woman inspired ever since she convinced me that I couldn't do better than marry her. This was an original, bold idea; a happy thought. I promised her a hive of bees, and went to business with a lighter heart, and firmer belief in the genuineness of home comforts and amusements.

I bought a hive of honey bees and brought it home with me that very night. It was one of those patent hydrostatic, back-action hives, in which the bees have peculiar accommodations and all the modern improvements. It was a nice little hive, none of your old-fashioned barn-sized affairs. It even had windows in it, so that the bees could look out and see what was going on, and enjoy themselves. Both myself and Mrs. B. were delighted; and before dark I arranged the stand for the hive in the garden, and opened the bay windows so that the bees could take an early start and get to business by sunrise next morning. Mrs. B. called me honey several times during the evening, and such sweet dreams as we had!

We intended to be up early next morning to see how our little birds took to our flowers; but a good half hour before we probably should have done so we were awakened by the unearthly yells of a cat. Mrs. B. leaped from her downy couch, exclaiming, "what can be the matter with our yellow Billy?" The yells of anguish convinced us that something more than ordinary was the the matter with him, and so we hurried into our toilets. We rushed into our backyard, and oh, what a sight met our astonished gaze! The sight consisted of a yellow cat that appeared to be doing its best to make a pin-wheel of itself. He was rolling over and over in the grass, anon darting through the bushes and foliage, standing on his head, and then trying to drive his tail into the ground, and all the while keeping up the most confounded howling that was ever heard

"That cat is mad," said Mrs. B. affrighted.

"Why shouldn't he be? the bees are stinging him," said I, comprehending the trouble. Mrs. B. flew to the rescue of her cat, and the cat flew at her. So did the bees. One of them drove his drill into her nose, another vaccinated her on the chin, while another began to lay out his work near her eye. Then she howled, and began to act almost as bad the cat. It was quite an animated scene. She cried murder, and the neighbors looked out from their back windows and cried out for the police, and asked where the fire was. This being a trifle too much. I threw a towel over my head and rushed to her rescue. In doing so, I ran over and knocked her down, trod upon the cat, and made matters no better. Mrs. B. is no child on a wrestle, and she soon had me under her, and was tenderly stamping down the garden-walk with, my head using my ears for handles. Then I yelled, and some of the bees came to her assistance, and stung me all over the face.

In the meantime the neighbors were shouting, and getting awfully excited over the show while our servant, supposing us fighting, opened the basement door and admitted a policeman, who at once proceeded to go between man and wife. The bees hadn't got at Mrs. B's tongue yet, and she proceeded to show the policeman that I had abused her in the most shameful manner and that I had bought a hive of bees on purpose to torment here into the grave. I tried to explain; but just then a bee stung the officer on the nose, and he understood it all in less than a minute. He got mad and actually lost his temper. He rubbed his nose and did some official cussing. But as this didn't help matters any, he drew his club and proceeded to demolish that patent bee-hive. The bees failed to recognize his badge of office, and just swarmed on him. They stung wherever he had no clothing, and in some places where he did have it. Then he howled and commenced acting after the manner of the cat and its mistress. He rolled on the ground for a moment and then got up and made for the street, shouting "fire." Then the bees turned to the people who had climbed upon the fence to see the fun. Then they had some fun. Windows went down, and some of the neighbors acted as though a 20 inch shell was about to explode.

By this time a fire-engine arrived, and a line of hose was taken through the house into the back yard. One of the hosemen asked where the fire was; but just then one of the bees bit him behind the ear, and he knew. They turned a stream upon that half-wrecked bee-hive and began to "play away" with one hand and fight bees with the other. But the water had the desired effect, and those bees were soon amongst the things that were. A terrible crowd had gathered in the mean time in front of the house, but a large portion of it followed the flying policeman, who was rubbing his affected parts, and making tracks for the station house and a surgeon.

This little adventure somehow dampened our enthusiasm regarding the delight of making our own honey. During the next week we wore milk and water poultices pretty ardently, but not a word was said about honey; and now Mrs. B. has gone to stay a week with her mother, leaving me and the convalescent cat and the tickled neighbors to enjoy our own felicity.

Sheep That Travel.

Traveling sheep are another of the institutions of the colony in Southern Australia. In a pastoral country like this there must of necessity always be numbers of "stock" changing hands; thus, sheep and cattle may be met almost every day passing from one station to another. By law, sheep are compelled to travel six miles per day; cattle nine miles; and horses twenty. Sheep are often met with traveling for "feed" that is, the owners thereof, having over stocked their runs, find the grass failing; so they send a large mob of sheep off to some imaginary buyer, some hundreds of miles off, choosing of course the route by which they will pick up most grass. After sauntering along for a month or two, perhaps the rain has come; and there being now plenty of grass, the sheep are brought home by a roundabout way.