

NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

Only a night from Old to New!
Only a night, and so much wrought!
The Old Year's heart all weary grew,
But said, "The New Year rest has brought."
The Old Year's heart, its hopes laid down
As in a grave; but trusting, said,
"The blossoms of the New Year's crown
Bloom from the ashes of the dead."
The Old Year's heart was full of greed;
With selfishness it longed and ached,
And cried, "I have no half to need!"
My thirst is bitter and unslaked.
"But to the New Year's generous hand
All gifts in plenty shall return;
True loving it shall understand;
By all failures it shall learn."
"I have been reckless; it shall be
Quiet and calm, and pure of life.
I was a slave; it shall be free,
And find sweet peace where I leave strife."
Only a night from Old to New!
Never a night such changes brought,
The Old Year had its work to do;
The New Year miracles are wrought.
Always a night from Old to New!
Night, and the healing balm of sleep!
Each morn is New Year's morn some time,
Morn of a festival to keep.
All rights are sacred nights to make
Confessions and resolve and prayer:
All days are sacred days to make
New gladness in the sunny air.
Only a night from Old to New;
Only a sleep from night to morn,
The New is but the Old come true;
Each sunrise sees a New Year born!

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

"Maxwellton's brasses are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."
It was my favorite song. I looked up
from the desk where I was writing as
the fresh, young voice rang loud and
clear on the summer air, and drawing
the window curtains a little aside peeped
out at a young girl in my neighbor's
garden.
A young girl as pretty, as blooming,
as pure-looking as the delicate white
roses—blushing faintly in unconscious-
ness of their beauty—that had stolen
from their own trellis to climb the grape-
arbor, by the side of which, to pluck the
fairest and sweetest, for a moment she
singing stood.
Then for another moment or two she
fitted hither and thither among the oth-
er flowers, the sun making gold of her
flowing hair, until some one called
"Millicent" from the house, and trilling
the last line again "I'd lay me down and
die" like a meadow lark, she vanished
from my sight.
My neighbor didn't know I was his
neighbor, though I was perfectly aware
he was my neighbor.
I will explain. The cottage in Apple-
land, of which I was occupying the second
floor, belonging to an old friend of mine
who had gone abroad. Knowing that I
was anxious to secure a secluded country
home for a month or two of the summer
so that I might finish and revise—well
no matter what, but a work, I flatter my-
self, of some importance, he had kindly
offered me the use of the rooms as long
as I chose to remain.
Entire seclusion was my object in go-
ing to my friend's cottage, and that was
thoroughly understood by the old house-
keeper, who never made her appearance
except at meal time, and who had men-
tioned my arrival to no one in the neigh-
borhood.
After dark I used to let myself out at
a side gate effectually screened from view
by a group of grand old apple trees and
stroll about for an hour or two, and then
let myself in again without any one be-
ing the wiser.
Not a very difficult proceeding, how-
ever, I must admit, as my neighbor's house
and my friend's house were about half a
mile from the village on one side, with
about two miles of dense woodland on
the other.
They had originally been built for
two sisters who, marrying, refused to be
urged separated from each other, so only
a low fence divided the front lawns and
back gardens.
My neighbor, as I discovered by peep-
ing at him on sundry occasions, was an
elderly, stout gentleman, with keen, dark
eyes, shaggy eyebrows, decidedly fond
complexion, stubby nose, stubby beard,
stubby hands and a projecting chin and
upper lip. His household consisted of
his wife, a motherly looking old lady as
stout as himself, a cook as stout as her
mistress, a coachman and gardener as
stout as the cook, a rough-coated, awk-
ward dog, answering to the name of
"Bub," and a shaggy pony called "Sis."
Well, here I had been domiciled for
two weeks, writing away as for dear life
—as totally lost to the world as though I
had never existed, until the morning
when I heard the meadow lark singing
"Annie Laurie."
Who could she be? She didn't re-
semble my neighbor or my neighbor's
wife in the least. I resolved to find out,
if possible, and so the next morning I
said, carelessly, to the old housekeeper,
when she brought up my toast and cof-
fee, "Have the elderly couple next door
any children?"
"No, sir," was the reply, "not a chick
or child, which I don't mean they haven't
chickens, sir, for they have, only as the
saying is. Never have had, and never
will have, I suppose, at their time of life,
unless by a miracle, though they're awful
fond of 'em. Seems to me as folks that
are awful fond of young ones never has
'em; p'r'aps that's the reason they're so
fond of 'em' not knowing what a worry
and care they are falling into ponds, and
out of trees, and down-stairs, and get-
ting the cholera morbus with eating un-
ripe fruit."
"And the young lady," I interrupted,
dipping a crust into my coffee and nod-
ding toward my neighbor's garden, "whom
I heard singing yesterday was—"
"Their niece, sir, and is to have all the
money when she comes of age if she
don't displease her uncle. You see, sir,
Miss Millicent's mother lived next door,
and her aunt, her mother's twin sister,
lived here. They were the loveliest sis-
ters you ever knew, and died within a
few days of each other, one leaving a
daughter, Miss Millicent, and the other a
son, Mr. Chester, and Mr. Gardner, now
our neighbor, was their eldest brother,
though he looked not more like them
than you do, and he's the guardian, and

he's expected here on a visit this very
day."
I couldn't tell for the life of me why I
spilt my coffee on the snowy tablecloth
and choked myself with the last fragrant
of toast, but I do, and the old woman
hastens to my side, and thumps me upon
the back with all the force of which she
is capable, and says reproachfully: "My
good gracious, sir, you even turned quite
black in the face! Don't do it again, sir,
for what a dreadful thing 'twould be to
have you dead in the house and every-
thing so mysterious, and me p'r'aps ac-
cused of the murder." With which very
pleasing remark she hurries away to an-
swer a ring at the front door bell, and
then returns to tell me as she removes the
dishes, that the cousin has come. The
driver made a mistake and stopped at our
door instead of Mr. Gardner's. And a
very nice appearing young man he is, too,
one of those men who look as though they
would make good husbands and excellent
providers, and glances askance at my pa-
pers, pens and ink, for as I had already
discovered the worthy old soul shared
Emerson's opinions on the subject, and
gravely doubted the capability of writers
and artists and people of that ilk, in re-
gard to their taking care of themselves,
and had no doubt at all as to their utter
incapacity of taking care of any one else.
Breakfast over I went to work again—
that is, I tried to go to work, but my ef-
forts were in vain. "Annie Laurie" kept
running in my head, and so I jumbled
my historical facts and the words of the
sweet Scotch song together in such wild
confusion that at last I gave up in de-
spair, and pushing my writing materials
away, I determined to refresh my eyes and
brain by taking a look at my neighbor's
beautiful garden.
As I peeped between the blinds Bub
came tearing like mad, ran around the
grape arbor three times, snapped at a wee
grasshopper, jumped over the low com-
munication to Sis, who was grazing there,
and got back in time to meet the two
people who came sauntering up the gar-
den walk.
Millicent and the cousin, a tall, slim,
sharp-faced, passably good-looking young
fellow, with his hair carefully parted in
the middle, a blue necktie and a faultless
summer suit.
I glanced in the mirror at my own ob-
stinate, curly, brown crop, that refused to
be parted anywhere—my cravatred neck,
and my well-worn blue flannel, and I be-
gan to hate him. Millicent walked beside
him, her fair head drooping and a smile
upon her lips. She was dressed in white
and had a pink rose clinging to her soft
curls, and one in her bosom, and a bunch
of half-open buds at her belt, and she
plucked another from the vine and fast-
ened it with her own pretty hands in the
buttonhole of her cousin's immaculate
coat.
From that moment I hated him, and
from that moment my work ceased to
progress, and I took to walking up and
down my rooms in the daytime, and stroll-
ing about the garden half the night.
In a few days—they seemed like years
to me—Mr. Chester, the housekeeper had
called him, went away again.
I blessed the driver, the horses, the
very carriage that took him back to the
town, for I—you have guessed it, I sup-
pose—was wildly in love with my neigh-
bor's fair-haired niece.
Well, one night I was swinging in the
hammock that hung in the midst of the
group of old apple trees, swinging and
thinking of her, when I gradually ceased
dreaming and thinking and wandered in-
to the land of dreams. And a voice—a
sweet, familiar voice, followed me there,
and I heard it say, "But auntie, I do not
love my cousin; and should a woman ever
marry a man she does not love?"
"No, by heavens, no!" I shouted, and
sprang from the hammock, still half
asleep.
Two shrieks, a scamper, a loud bark,
and my neighbor's garden was deserted.
Early the next morning I heard Mr.
Gardner loudly and angrily questioning
the meek old housekeeper.
"Wished to remain in hiding did he!"
he shouted—"oh! so as to write undisturbed?" And then sarcastically, "that's
a very pretty story, but slightly impos-
sible, and a very pretty young man listen-
ing—the spy—to the conversation of two
ladies, and rudely joining in with a voice
like thunder, scaring them nearly out of
their senses. Where is he—this retiring
young man? This exclusive author? By
heaven! if he does not come out to me I
will go in to him!"
I rushed down stairs and confronted
him at his own gate, my eyes flashing
and my voice trembling with passion.
"I am no listener, no spy," said I. "I
was sleeping in my hammock and was
suddenly awakened by a very emphatic
question—Annie Laurie—that is Millicent
meant your niece—asked her companion.
In the confusion of the moment I answer-
ed the question as emphatically as it was
asked. If I have frightened or offended
that young lady I humbly ask her pardon,
but I warn you, sir, to call me no more
"Opprobrious names."
Millicent came out on the porch and
glanced at me shyly. "He doesn't look
very wicked, uncle," she said, in a low
voice, and a gleam of mischief in her big
eyes, "and I firmly believe what he says,
and freely forgive him for the fright he
gave me."
I bowed and turned away, and a mo-
ment later I heard a rippling laugh, and
then in a few minutes more the verse of
the song she had sung when first she had
gladdened my tired eyes:
"Maxwellton's brasses are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."
After that I boldly threw open the
window blinds and smiled down on her,
and she smiled up at me. Then I asked
her for a rose over the fence one day, and
she gave it to me. Then we met in the
meadow and discoursed of the manifold
virtues of Bub and Sis. Then one blessed
August afternoon (set in my memory
like a great, pure pearl—it was just after
a shower, and the earth wore one broad
smile of sunshine and the birds sang as
though they would burst their slender
throats), she came to the meadow gate—
a spray of honeysuckles in her bosom—
and I said, "I love you—and you?"
"Why," she answered, dropping the
long lashes over her beautiful eyes and
speaking with sweet hesitation, "I—
love—you!"
I kissed her pretty mouth. "My dar-

ling," I said, "you have been my darling
ever since that bright June morning I
heard you singing 'Annie Laurie' to the
roses."
"And you mine," she replied, looking
in my face with bewitching, saucy frank-
ness, "ever since the morning you flew
out as though shot from a cannon—your
eyes flashing and your hair in the wild-
est disorder, with no collar, let alone a
cravat on, and defied my uncle. I
thought you simply delicious—so differ-
ent from any one I had ever seen before
—so very unlike my cousin! But El-
mer," and a shade stole over her bright
face, "uncle will never, never consent to
—"
"Our marriage, my dearest?"
"Yes, to our marriage, for he has set
his heart on my marrying Chester, and
he's my guardian and I'm only nine-
teen—"
"Only be true to me, Mellicent," I in-
terrupted, "and I'll wait for you patient-
ly—faithfully—only say that your prom-
ise—"
"Ne'er forgot will be," sang she.
"And," I took up the song, "for Bon-
nie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me—"
"But stopped suddenly.
Uncle Gardner—his shaggy eyebrows
bent in an ominous frown—stood before
us. He had returned from business
much earlier than usual that afternoon,
and that blundering Bub had brought
him to us and stood there wagging his
heavy tail just as though he had done the
most friendly thing in the world.
The next morning before I had ceased
dreaming about her, my Millicent had
been spirited away.
And in a week's time—what a long,
wretched, dreary week it was! I had
left Appleland and was once more in-
stalled in my little den in the attic of a
great lodging house in the noisy city.
And to keep the sorrow from breaking
my heart I worked like a fiend, and the
book to which I have referred before,
came out and reached the third edition,
and I came down from the attic to the
second floor front, and doffed my fan-
nel suit for something more seasonable.
Autumn passed away and winter came,
and spring followed, and summer
brought her roses, and then came autumn
again, and then in turn retired for the
months of cold and snow, and every day
hope grew less and less bright, for I had
not heard one word from my lost darling.
The second New Year's day since our
separation dawned bright and cold, and
as I came up gasping from the basin of
icy water, into which I had plunged my
head, Dick Van Cleve danced in from
the next room, in extreme dishabille,
vaulted over a chair or two, tossed his
shaving mug in the air and caught it
cleverly and then asked:
"Going to make calls?"
"Make calls?" repeated I, contemptu-
ously. "Did you ever know me to do
such a silly thing?"
"Oh! I don't mean the regular busi-
ness," said he, "only a friendly drop in
on some of our fellow women writers."
"There's that little Clarke girl, she'd
be delighted to see you—thought you
looked vastly entertaining—more than
I did—and she's a poor, young thing, and
very lonely, needs cheerful compani-
ship. They say she lost her lover a year
or so ago, went abroad and never came
back again."
"I'll go," said I.
"That's a good fellow, and we'll take
her something nice to eat by way of a
New Year's gift. Don't believe she gets
anything nice in that dingy old boarding
house," and Dick prouced out again to
complete his toilet.
An hour found us crossing—avenue
on our way to the old-fashioned street
where dwelt the little Clarke girl, where,
pausing a moment to give a cent or two
to a poor child who had just left the
basement of a handsome brown stone
mansion, a voice rang out from the draw-
ing-room above that sent all the blood
madly leaping through my veins.
"Maxwellton's brasses are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and die."
I grasped my friend's arm and held him
until the last note died away. "I have a
call to make here," I said then.
"By Jove!" he explained, "are you
sure. This is no end of a swell."
I ascended the steps, walked without
a word past the colored servant who open-
ed the door, straight into the parlor.
She had just risen from the piano, and
with a cry of joy she flew to my arms.
The uncle, the aunt, and the cousin
were there.
"Dear uncle," she said, turning her
lovely face toward him, while my arms
still enfolded her, "release me from my
promise, I beg you. I have tried to wait
patiently, but he found me, and we love
each other, and come what may, will nev-
er, never be parted again. Wish us a
happy New Year. Dear aunt, dear coun-
sin, speak for us."
"God bless me!" said the uncle.
"Ours was a love match, Robert,"
whispered the old lady.
"I hope you may be very happy, Millicent," said the cousin.
"God bless me!" repeated Uncle Gar-
dner again, "and God bless you, my dear,
and the young man, too, for that matter,
although he has interfered so seriously
with my cherished plans. But if you've
really made up your minds not to part
again, 'come what may,' why there's no
more to be said except that I wish you
both a happy New Year!"—Free Press.

Never in New Jersey.

A young man, whose mind was wander-
ing, was placed by his friends in the care
of Dr. —, of the town of —, in
the State of New Jersey, in the hope that
he might, under his judicious treatment,
soon be restored to health. He was, how-
ever, very discontented with the place,
and with the restraint on his movements
that was felt to be needful; and the doc-
tor, more than once, in kind and friendly
conversation, endeavored to make him
reconciled to his situation. And as the
young man was of a religious turn of
mind, and a constant reader of his Bible,
the doctor one day, when talking with
him said, "You ought to remember, my
friend, that the apostle has taught us that
in whatsoever state we are, we should
therewith be content."
"Yes, yes," replied the other, "I know
Paul says that; but then I don't think
Paul ever was in the State of New Jer-
sey."—December Harper.

A Colorado Yarn.

The Leadville Chronicle publishes an
account of the most marvellous discov-
ery yet made by mortal man, provided
that it is true, which is more than doubt-
ful. Two miners, while sinking a shaft
near Red Cliff, are represented to have
found a deep subterranean chamber
without apparent communication with
the open air. What they claim to have
seen is thus described:
The cave at first seemed empty, but as
their eyes gradually became accustomed
to the deep gloom, the men saw in the
further extremity a huge black object,
which, not without some trepidation, they
approached. As they neared it, to their
unbounded amazement, they made out
the lines of some sort of sailing craft. It
was, as nearly as they could judge, about
sixty feet long by some thirty feet wide,
and lay tilted forward at an angle of
about fifteen degrees over a rough pile of
stone. The body of the craft was built of
short lengths of some dark and very porous
wood, resembling our black walnut if it
could be imagined with the grain pulled
apart like a sponge or a piece of bread,
and made perfectly square. Both ends
(it was evidently intended for sailing
either way), were turned abruptly up
like the toe of a peaked Moorish slipper.
The planking was apparently double
riveted on with nails of extremely hard
copper, only slightly rust eaten, and with
the heads cut or filed in an octagonal
shape, while along the upper edge of
the ship eleven large rings of the same
metal, and evidently for the securing of
rigging, were counted. At the bottom
edges of the craft, and running its entire
length, were two keels some four and a
half feet deep and six inches thick, hung
on metallic hinges, and at the ends were
fastened rough copper rods, extending
upward and bent over so as to attach to
two masts rising from the upper edges.
If the cross of an inverted V be conceiv-
ed to represent the deck lines, the two
stems are at about the angle and position
of the masts. These were upward of
twenty feet long; and, as evidence that a
sail was at one time stretched across,
some ragged remnants of what appeared
to be cordage were found clinging to
the inner edges. The ends of the masts
were secured in pivots, and it was evi-
dent that in tacking one could be
moved forward and the other back,
thus bringing the sail at an angle with
the body of the ship—an idea which
it might not be bad for our modern nav-
igators to imitate. This, it is believed,
explains the copper rods which moved
the keels so as to reciprocate the position
of the masts. While the whole ship was
intact, the wood crumbled like dust be-
neath the finger touch, and fearful of trap-
ping the two prospectors did not venture
to explore the interior. Lying on the
ground near by, however, was discovered
a gold instrument bearing a rude resem-
blance to the sextant of the present day,
and possibly used to calculate their longi-
tude. No trace of any writing was found
save at one end of the ship, where about
midway on the bow of the ship, inclosed
in a metal ring, were twenty-six copper
characters riveted to the wood and bear-
ing much resemblance to the Chinese
hieroglyphics of the present day. No
human remains of any sort were found,
although it is possible that a search in
the hold will reveal something of this
sort.
Without pushing their investigations
further, the two miners, lost in wonder-
ment, retraced their steps to the upper
air, leaving the gashtly ship once more
in gloom and silence.
By this time it had grown quite dark
above, and with that tacit understanding
existing among men who had seen that
which borders upon the supernatural,
they spoke but little between themselves
of the discovery, but sought rest by their
kindling camp fire. In the morning the
whole thing seemed so much like a
dream that they were seriously inclined
to regard it as some morbid phantasy,
some disorder of the brain alone,
having no substance in reality, and
eagerly, yet with a strange dread, they
descended the rope again. Assur-
ing themselves by a short survey
of the facts they had learned the night
before, the prospectors hurriedly as-
cended the shaft and spent the rest
of the day in concealing, as well as possible,
the traces of their excavation. This
done, they went to the cabin of a well-to-
do miner living some thirty miles down
the gulch, and to him first told their ex-
traordinary story. The gentleman is
perfectly reliable, and, together with a
well known mining expert residing in
this city, has seen and examined the
ship, and will take steps to preserve the
wonderful discovery to the world in all
its possibly great historical value. The
minute particulars as to locality are at
present withheld for a very obvious rea-
son—they would attract a horde of vanda-
lism-seers who would soon destroy the
mouldering dust beyond hope of restora-
tion, and until the proper authorities
can be sent for they will not be published.
The discovery of the junk-like ship
with its unknown architecture, hermeti-
cally sealed in a cavern fifty feet below
the surface of the earth, gives scope to
indefinite speculation. The only possible
explanation seems, however, that ages, or
aeons, perhaps, ago, a vessel bearing a
crew of bold discoverers, tossed by the
waves, sought a harbor in a cave within a
cliff. The waves then receding left it
stranded there, and the great continental
divide, the awful upheavals and convul-
sions of nature, which we know so little
of and can only blindly speculate on,
pressed the face of the earth together and
sealed it in a living grave.
Abstinence of Camels.
The watering of camels is of great
importance, and is not generally under-
stood. Surgeon C. Steel states "that
the store of water the animal is supposed
to be capable of carrying is much exag-
gerated. I am quite of the opinion, for I
could not help observing in the recent
Afghan campaign how little attention
was paid to the watering of camels, be-
cause the idea entertained was that cam-
els could go forever without drinking.
Such a false impression was fatal to the
poor animals. Camels of the Arabian
species can take in five or six gallons of
water, which is sufficient for their use
for about six days. The Bactrian species
can only take in about half that quantity.
To insure the supply camel men traveling
with their own camels pour water down
the camels' throats, while the camels un-
derstand by instinct to be a necessary
precaution, and take in the water will-

ingly. It is misleading to say that a
camel can go without water longer than
any other animal, for he requires drink
daily, like other beasts, if a supply has
not been previously administered. Cam-
els have, moreover, a great dislike to
drinking cold running water in cold
weather, and should be watered from
holes or casks containing still water."

The Close of the Year.

BY KATHARINE H. GREENE.
Christmas, with its associating mem-
ories has come and gone! How the very
name carries me back to days of my
childhood—over years and years each
with golden circles of love, hopes, mem-
ories, joys and sorrows, linked with other
golden circles of that ever-lengthening
chain of time and eternity—and the
strange inexplicable feeling that stirred
my heart then sways my spirit now with
its sweet, indescribable charm. In fancy
do I still listen to the sweet confusion of
the bells—the star-bells, the sphere-bells,
the wonderful Christmas bells—clanging,
changing, tangling their mystical tones
together—liquid, gushing, sun-like mu-
sic, whose magical vibrations thrill the
human heart to its very centre. Oh!
those precious by-gone days, long since
crumbled to ashes and to dust! How
unutterably beautiful they appear
through the delicate rose-mist of memory.
How tenaciously they cling to us in their
rare, peerless beauty and softly whisper
Forget me not—
The old days are best!
And the dear familiar faces vanished
from the household, seem to shine again
upon us in their old accustomed places, as
the dear home-folk gather around glow-
ing hearthstones of the present memorable
day, and "Christmas past" seems to
abide in our midst once again in all its
peculiar glory.
Another year, with its joys and sorrows,
its losses and gains, its sweet and bitter
memories, has passed away! How silent-
ly, yet how rapidly has the last year gone
by, with all its scenes and changes. It
seems but yesterday since we hailed its
birth, as it came into life crowned with
the sorrows of winter, and now it is laid
in its grave and numbered with the ages
of the past. Another year gone, and a
new one welcomed with all its light and
joy and hopes. I would not cast a shad-
ow over one heart to-day, nor seek to
throw a single cloud over its golden fu-
ture. Yet remember amid all the joy
and happiness which fills the soul, that
it is not all of life to live, and that there
there are nobler and higher joys than this
world can give to which one should as-
pire. How full life is of unwritten trage-
dies! There are sad histories beneath
this gay world—lives over which doth
brood the very shadow of death! The
day is short for us all; but for some it
will be a pleasant thought when we come
to lay down our heads at last, that we
have eased a few aching hearts, have
brought peace and new hope to many a
darkened life, and raised the "cup of cold
water" to lips athirst.
The years, which in our childhood
seemed to drift so slowly along the river
of time, in our later life fit all too rap-
idly by; and we involuntarily stretch out
our hands as if to stay them in their
flight, lest they slip away and leave un-
fulfilled the plans we are daily, hourly
unfolding.
Stay, O Time, in your onward flight!
Stay, ye Years, for awhile, oh! stay!
Soon too soon, will descend the dark night,
And undone be the work of life's day.
We would elude you close in our outstretched
hands—
We would hold you back from eternity's
Too rapidly slip Life's golden sands
Into the Nevermore!
So much of life behind us lies—
So little lies before!
Stay, O Time, speed thou not so fast—
Too swiftly our precious days glide on;
So many years lie in the past—
So few are to be won.
Linger, Oh! linger awhile, we pray;
Till our work is finished, approved of and
blest—
We care not then, how soon the day
May close and bring us rest—
Bring sweetest peace to tired eyes—
To heart and brain oppressed!
St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 1, 1879.

Patent Flour.

Patent flour is now coming into gen-
eral use, and many of our readers may be
interested in reading the following ex-
planation of what it is and how it is
made, taken from the *Practical Farmer*:
Until recently the best flour was made
from winter wheat; or, rather the flour
made from winter wheat was white. But
it consisted for the most part of the
starch of the grain, while the most of the
gluten (the most nutritious part of the
grain) went into the middlings.
In grinding spring wheat so much
bran remained in the flour that it was
too dark to suit the taste of the con-
sumers. But the middlings, which sold
at a low price, has become the most de-
sirable part of the grain.
Middling purifiers—by which the
bran is separated from the middlings—
have made a revolution in the business
of milling.
By the new process the wheat is
ground as before, except that the effort
of the miller are directed to obtaining
the most middlings possible, and these
are placed upon large horizontal sieves
which are constantly agitated, while at
the same time by ingenious devices a
draft of air is rushed up through the
sieves which carries off the bran.
The purified middlings are then re-
ground and the product is "patent"
flour, containing the glutenous, or most
nutritious portion of the grain. Thus it
is explained why the hard spring wheats
of Minnesota, Northern Wisconsin and
Dakota bring the highest price in the
market, whereas only a few years ago
they commanded only the lowest prices.

The World's Sugar Crop.

The annual sugar production of the
world is about 5,500,000 tons, or, in
round numbers, twelve thousand million
pounds, of which three-fourths is pro-
duced of sugar cane and about one-
fourth of the sugar-beet, the quantity
from other sources being comparatively
insignificant. The countries producing
cane sugar, named in the order of their
importance, are the West Indies—Cuba
and Porto Rico—with an annual produc-
tion of at least 750,000 tons; British India
China, the islands of the East Indian
archipelago, Brazil, the British and
French West Indies, the Guianas, the United
States (80,000 tons), Peru, Egypt and

Central America. But there is hardly an
tropical region which does not produce
sugar from which it is obtainable by
commercial intercourse. The beet-sugar
crop is not important either in England
or the United States, the centers of pro-
duction being, first, France; second, Ger-
many; third, Russia; fourth, Belgium,
with a notably smaller product in Austria
and Holland, and very little in Sweden
and Italy. Grape sugar is not referred
to in the foregoing figures. Great Britain
and the United States use about one-third
of the cane and beet sugar that is pro-
duced in the world. The per capita con-
sumption of sugar in Great Britain in
1877 was 64.9 pounds, while in the United
States it is set down at about thirty-
eight pounds; but sugar is thirty-three
per cent, cheaper there than here. Ger-
many consumes about nineteen pounds
per capita, while Russia consumes only
about seven pounds per capita.—(New
York Mercantile Journal.)

Opening of a Chestnut Burr.

"Any chestnuts 'round here?" asked
one of three city boys who met an aged,
benevolent-looking farmer out in Livonia
Township. The old gentleman hesitat-
ed:
"You don't want to steal 'em?" he ask-
ed.
"Oh no, we just wanted to find out."
"Well there's a few trees back there,
but if I thought you wanted to steal
them I wouldn't have told you, for the
owner's gone to town; but you're bright,
honest-looking boys."
The boys brushed with the pride of
conscious goodness.
"When will the owner be back?"
"Well, not before dark, I reckon."
The boys respectfully thanked the old
man, waited till he got out of sight,
jumped the fence and were soon shaking
down the burrs.
The shaking was easy, but the opening
of the chestnut burrs was more difficult
and unpleasant. At last the boys had a
splendid pile of handsome, brown nuts
on the ground, and they prepared to put
them in the bags they brought with
them.
"Please don't take any more trouble,"
said the benevolent old man who stood
by the fence beaming kindly on the
startled boys. "I'm not so strong as I
once was, and I fear I can't hold in this
dog much longer. If you'll hurry,
though, I guess I can keep him here till
you get to the railroad track. Down,
Tige, sir!"
As the boys looked back from the
rail-road fence, they could see the stoop-
ing figure of the old man scooping the
rich, brown chestnuts into a two-bushel
bag.

The Pleasures of Business.

No human mind is contented without
occupation. No human soul is satisfied
without an aim or purpose in life. The
greatest success in life consists not in
the mere accumulation of riches but in
being able to acquire wealth with a dis-
position to apply it in such a manner
that it shall be a comfort and blessing
to others—not in the mere giving away
of money, but in putting people in a way
to labor and help themselves. There is
no joy in grinding and exacting gold from
the poor; but there is a great deal of
genuine satisfaction in being able to offer
steady and honorable employment to
the many willing hands that have noth-
ing to do. One of the greatest enjoyment
of the prosperous business man consists
in being able to comfortably provide for
the many employes in his house or man-
ufacture. In doing this he is fulfilling
his obligations to society; he becomes a
useful and honored citizen; business to
him is a real pleasure; he enjoys his suc-
cess, when they are fairly won because
he feels that he feels that he deserves
them.
When a business man has the right
kind of a purpose in life he enjoys his
occupation; he feels a just and worthy
pride in his prosperity; he is pleased
with the respect and gratitude of those
whom he directs and controls in the
management of his affairs, and he feels
that in benefiting himself he is confer-
ing a favor upon others.—Criterion

Sound Maxims.

Attend carefully to details of your
business!
Be prompt in all things!
Consider well, then decide!
Dare to do right! Fear to do wrong!
Endure trials patiently!
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully!
Go not in the society of the vicious!
Hold integrity sacred!
Injure not another's reputation or busi-
ness!
Join hands only with the virtuous!
Keep your mind from evil thoughts!
Lie not on any consideration!
Make few acquaintances!
Never try to appear what you are not!
Pay your debts promptly!
Question not the veracity of a friend!
Respect the counsel of your parents!
Sacrifice money rather than principle!
Touch not, taste not, handle not intoxi-
cating drinks!
Use your leisure time for improv-
ment!
Venture not upon the threshold of
wrong!
Watch carefully over your passions!
Xtend to every one a kindly saluta-
tion!
Yield not to discouragements!
Zealous labor for the right!
& success is certain!

The Science of Cookery.

Ruskin thus discourses on cookery
What does "cookery" mean? It means
the knowledge of Media, and of Circe, and
of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebe-
kah, and of the queen of Shebe. It
means knowledge of all herbs and fruits
and balsms and spices; and of all that
healing and sweet in fields and groves
and savory in meal; it means carefulness
and inventiveness, watchfulness, willing-
ness and readiness of appliances; it
means the economy of your great-grand-
mothers, and the science of modern
chemistry; it means good tasting and
wasting; it means English thoroughness
and French art, and Arabian hospitality
it means, in fine, that you are to be per-
fectly unalways "ladies," "loaf-givers";
and as you are to see, imperatively, that
everybody has something pretty to pu-
on—so you are to see, yet more impera-
tively, that everybody has something
nice to eat.