

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

"Good for nothing," the farmer said. As he made a sweep at the burdock's head; but then, he thought it was best, no doubt, to come some day and root it out. So he lowered his scythe, and went his way. To see his corn, to gather his hay; And the weed grew safe and strong and tall.

Close by the side of the garden wall. "Good for a home," cried the little toad, As he hopped up out of the dusty road. He had just been having a dreadful fight. The boy who gave it was yet in sight. Here it was cool and dark and green, The safest kind of a leafy screen. The toad was happy; "He," said he, "The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought, And to and fro with care he wrought. Till he fastened it well to an evergreen, And spun his cable fine between. 'Twas a beautiful bridge—a triumph of skill. The flies came round, as idlers will; The spider lurked in his corner dim. The more that came the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child perplexed To know what frolic was coming next. So she gathered the burrs that all despised, And her city playmate was quite surprised To see what a beautiful basket or chair. Could be made, with a little time and care. They ranged their treasures about with pride, And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours; Hence we must be diligent in our ways. The weed which we pass in idle scorn, May save a life by another morn. Wonders await us at every turn, We must be silent and gladly learn. No room for recklessness or abuse, Since even a burdock has its use.

—A. S. R., in St. Nicholas.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Strawberries For Family Use.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:

Any person who has soil that can grow potatoes can grow strawberries. Of course the richer the soil the better the fruit and crops. Manure heavily with well-rotted manure. If this is not convenient, bone-dust and wood ashes will answer, but do not plough it in scatter it on the surface, and rake or harrow it thoroughly into the surface soil. Strawberries being surface-rooting plants, their food should be placed where the roots can find it. If the lot is small, and only a small bed can be had, grow in hills two feet apart each way. By having the ground rich, a good plant will nearly occupy this space, and if all the runners are kept off the fruit will be excellent.

On farms where there is plenty of ground, set them out so that they can be worked with a horse, three feet between the rows, and fifteen inches between the plants in the row. Have the ground thoroughly worked before planting.

In procuring plants, get, if possible, such kinds as do well in your own location, and get the plants from some reliable party—one who will give them true to name. Be careful in lifting, and caring for them after they are lifted. Do not buy plants because they are cheap, as they often prove the dearest. Get them planted as soon as possible after receiving them. Do not plant too deep; only put the roots into the ground, leaving the crown above. Press the soil firmly around the roots, and if the ground is very dry, and there is but little appearance of rain, give a good watering, sufficient to wet the soil thoroughly around the roots. This done, they will start and grow without delay. Pinch off all runners and fruit buds for the first season. It is impossible to get newly-planted plants to produce a crop of fruit and a good growth at the same time. Work the ground well up to the first of September, after which let the plants grow undisturbed, which will allow them to form lots of roots and good, large crowns for producing fruit the following season. Having plenty of good, healthy roots when winter begins, they are in better condition for enduring the severe weather. Just before the ground freezes, cover with evergreen boughs, cornstalks or any material—anything which will shade the plants at the same time, not lying too close upon them.

A summer mulch is also necessary to keep the fruit clean. This should be put on as soon as the plants start into growth. By being put on rather thick, it not only keeps the fruit clean, but also prevents weeds from getting much of a start. A new bed should be made every spring, and the old one can be turned under, and a crop of late cabbage, celery or any late-growing vegetable can be taken off. Two crops, at most, are all that should be taken off a strawberry patch.

A few varieties for family use, which can be planted with confidence in all soils, are: Cumberland, Sharpless, Manchester, Mt. Vernon and Chas. Downing.

Wood Ashes as a Fertilizer.

There are few if any fertilizers in the market that possess so many desirable qualities as good wood ashes; being rich in potash, and having a fair proportion of phosphoric acid, they supply two important materials that are deficient in most soils. But there are other important elements that are not only beneficial, but important for plant growth. Wood ashes contain large quantities of lime; not stone lime but lime that is finer and more soluble; it having once been in a condition to enter plants, it again readily comes into a condition to be taken up by growing plants, much more so than the common stone lime. Ashes contain two other important elements, namely, magnesia and silica; these are both necessary for plant growth, and like the lime, they are in the right condition to be readily taken up by the growing plants. In fact, wood ashes being the mineral elements of vegetation, they contain all of the mineral elements for the growth of other vegetation, and that, too, in the best possible condition, because having once been taken up by growing vegetation, they have been divided into small particles and made soluble in water, and they readily return to the same condition again. This is an important fact that is generally overlooked. A ferti-

zer might be well supplied with important elements of plant food, yet be in such a condition as to be of no possible use to the growing plant for several years after it is applied.

If the farmer could be sure of getting good pure wood ashes at the price usually charged, it would be for his interest to buy them for almost any crop he grows on his farm. While the benefit the first year may not be as much as from other fertilizers, the second, and for four or five following years the benefit on many soils is great. The doubt about the quality has deterred many from buying ashes in large quantities. While there are some ashes analyzed worth from thirty-five to forty cents a bushel, there are others that will not analyze worth more than half as much. If some way could be devised by which the price could be fixed to correspond with the quality, to a positive certainty, the farmer would feel that he was getting his money's worth; but as long as he has to buy, as he now does, he will be very likely to think he is being cheated, when in point of fact he is getting more value than he pays for.—Mass. Ploughman.

Keeping Potatoes Sound.

At no season of the year is it so difficult to keep potatoes in good condition, either for planting or the table, as in the spring, after the weather begins to grow warm. In the fall the tubers naturally remain dormant, like the buds of trees in winter, even in mild weather. It is natural for them to take a rest from growth, but in spring it is as natural to start into growth again. If potatoes are kept in a warm cellar, as where there is a furnace for heating the house, the sprouts will start soon after midwinter, if not earlier.

We should look upon a potato as we do a scion cut from a tree for grafting; and to keep it through the winter, we should give the two similar treatment, the aim being to prevent drying and growth. A scion that starts much into growth in the cellar is spoiled for ordinary grafting, and a potato that has made a long growth of sprouts is materially injured for the table and for planting. We should therefore keep our potatoes at this season in as dormant a condition as possible, by storing them in the coldest part of the coldest cellar, where there will be no danger from actual freezing.

Many crops of potatoes are heavily discounted in amount of yield before planting solely by the advanced condition of the seed used. A potato can grow sprouts until it is completely exhausted, and all growth that is destroyed before, or at the time of planting, is just so much taken away from the vitality and strength of the potato. For keeping potatoes in eating condition, late in spring, we have found no better way than to pour them out from one barrel into another, to bruise the sprouts, and prevent extended growth, storing them the while in the coolest place to be found. It is desirable when practicable, to plant early in spring, and thus save the first growth of the new crop.—N. E. Farmer.

Housekeeper's Literature.

Since the Observer commenced the publication of a special Household Department other journals have given more attention than ever to such matters, and new journals have appeared which are entirely devoted thereto. One of these ventures is called good housekeeping, and so far as its first number is concerned it points the way to that desideratum. Of course it takes in the kitchen. The kitchen is the hub of the balance wheel in the domestic machinery. From an article entitled "Home Amusement and Relaxation" the following paragraph is taken:

We know one house where a large and airy chamber is exclusively devoted to the use of a boy of eleven and a girl of nine. The printing-press is side by side with the doll's bed and tea sets, and the work-bench and work-basket are friendly neighbors. Willie's press is always at Ada's service for printing invitations or visiting cards, and Ada's needle and thread often help Willie in many an emergency when glue-pot and nails fail to serve the purpose. When papa goes to distant manufacturing on a business, nothing he can bring back for presents are prized more than a box of glocks and woods of various kinds and maps, or a package of papers and cards for the printing-press or doll's wardrobe. This is not mentioned as a rare case, as probably such schools of manual education are to be found by scores and hundreds, and still they are an exception rather than the rule in our families, when they might be as easily secured as in the case quoted. If, instead of buying multitudes of dolls ready dressed and throwing them into the nursery to be forgotten, the mothers should furnish the material encourage the girls in neatly making the clothes for the dolls and their beds; if, when the dolls have a tea-party, the mother would give instructions in properly laying the table and preparing the table linen, every such experience would be a lesson in kitchen-garting, an excellent substitute for actual practice in the nursery and dining-room, and of great future value to the children and of present pleasure and relaxation to the mother.

Dress Reform.

Speaking of unseen features of feminine toilets, Boston has evolved something in that time, says Clara Belle. The dress-reform committee of that city are the authors of what they call the corset-abolishing underwear. One of their enthusiasts, Abby Gould Woolson, has brought some of the articles to New York for missionary purposes. She showed them to an invited gathering yesterday, and I noticed that, very adroitly, the girl who acted as a figure-model on which to exhibit them was a slim-waisted creature, who might as well go without corsets as not so good were her natural outlines. The outfit consists of three garments—viz., a balmoral skirt, composed of a deep princess waist reaching to the knees and joined there to a

broad, straight flounce; then a suit of white cotton cloth, or muslin, shaped loosely to the form by vertical seams, and terminating in sleeves and drawers. With one thickness of smooth cloth the latter garment covers the entire body from chin to wrists and ankles. Finally beneath this, a woolen undersuit, woven upon the same model, and, like the chemise, buttoned down the entire front. An undershirt of fitting make may be buttoned either to the balmoral or chemise, and to the inner side of the latter the stocking supporters are attached. Thus equipped with four garments—a union undersuit, a princess petticoat, and a princess dress—you have not a belt in your whole attire nor a bit of gathered fullness, save what is found in the skirt flounce.

A lift of the shoulders meets resistance only from the tops of the stockings, so loosely worn and connected to your entire garb. Summer discards the flannel undersuit and reduces the number of garments to three. What I am waiting for is to see some roly-poly girl put herself into that kind of an undersuit, expecting to present the same natty appearance that the slender model did. What will happen? Why, she will slump quivering down in a mass like a lot of too soft jelly removed from the mold, and the experience will teach her not again to show herself without corsets on. That's all.

Gleanings.

If there are not now a sufficient number of grape-vines growing upon the premises to furnish an abundance for family use, do not let the present opportunity pass for planting one or more standard varieties, at the corner of the wood-shed, house or barn, or any other favorable locality. There is nothing planted on the farm or home lot which remunerates so richly for the expense and trouble in cultivation as the grape. Vines trained upon the south side of a building thrive nicely and yield wonderfully. Soap-suds is good for them.

A new way of mending a torn gown is the following, which will appeal to those who hold with Dr. Johnson that "a tear may be the result of accident, but a patch is premeditated poverty." The frayed portions around the tear are carefully smoothed and a piece of raw material, moistened with a thin mucilage, is placed under the whole. A heavy weight is placed upon it, until the mucilage is dry, when it is only possible to discover the mended place by very careful observation.

Numbers of trees with good roots and well planted die after removal, simply from a weakened constitution brought about by poor living. It has always been understood in this country that a transplanted tree is safer for being pruned, but the pruning generally consisted of shortening in all branches, strong as well as weak. But it is now found that the tree should not be shortened in, but merely thinned out. The weaker branches should be cut out and strong ones left.

Potatoes when fresh cut and put into the ground, are more likely to decay than if they were allowed to remain a day or two, and as it were, to sear over. The cut surface will dry a little, and there will be a sort of skin coming over it, which, I think, protects it, and keeps it from rotting sometimes. Sprinkling a little plaster over the potatoes when first cut has an admirable effect in searing over the cut part and keeping it from decaying.

This is a good recipe for Bread pudding. One cup of sugar, one quart of bread crumbs, yolks of four eggs, piece of butter size of an egg, flavor with lemon or vanilla to taste. When baked, beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth; sweeten and flavor with lemon; spread the pudding with currant jelly, put on the icing, and return to the oven a few seconds to brown nicely.

A Japanese fan constitutes a very good foundation for a whisk-broom holder; it should be covered with light-blue satin; the joining to the fan is concealed by a heavy cord of silk, and two strips of ribbon are arranged diagonally across it, the ends being caught under the cord; at the opposite ends, which meet at one corner of the fan is a bow of satin ribbon.

To make Velvet Cream dissolve half a box of gelatine in a coffee-cup of milk over the fire and add the juice and grated peel of one lemon. When the gelatine has dissolved put in a coffee-cup of white sugar. Let it cool slowly; strain it, and add one and one-half pints of rich milk. Stir until cool, then pour into a mould previously wetted.

The Connecticut senate have done themselves great credit in passing a bill providing a State bounty of ten cents to any person planting, protecting and cultivating elm, maple, tulip, ash, basswood, oak, black walnut, hickory, apple, pear or cherry trees, not more than sixty feet apart, for three years, along any public highway.

A delicate mantle drapery has a scarf of pongee lined with very delicate pink silk and decorated through the center with a long spray of wild roses wrought in flossides; the edge is finished with plush cones of a delicate pink and green alternating; the scarf is caught up at each corner by means of a large bow of pink satin ribbon.

Cultivate raspberry plants shallow and keep down superfluous suckers. Aim to have about three strong canes in each hill and mercilessly cut out all others. Just before picking mulch heavily if practicable, and leave it on until pruning time the following spring. If you cannot mulch keep soil stirred until August.

Young radishes are in season for breakfast. To prepare them for the table, scrape them very slightly in water, cut a tiny square from the bottom of each radish, but be sure to let the center green leaf remain on the stalk. This is to be eaten with the radish; it prevents any symptom of indigestion.

A swinging cooper kettle is very ornamental for the table and coffee made in an ordinary boiler can be placed in the kettle to be brought to the table and kept hot by the lamp underneath.

Celery trays of cut glass in the Russian style of cutting is the correct

thing at present; the celery should be picked apart and laid artistically upon the tray.

Among the wall decorations now in great demand is eartracing paper, a thicker material than ordinary wallpaper, made of a single color.

Ten ten-penny nails dipped in gold varnish and bound together by a crimson ribbon, make an artistic paper weight.

Painting the lower panes of windows in oil colors is an amusement just now fashionable with English girls who are "artistic."

Oval, octagon and odd shapes of every kind in the mirror line are in demand.

Carnations are used to perfume finger-bowls.

A Fearless Ferryman.

Secretary Manning has awarded a gold medal to Cornelius Roach, boat-cleaver on the East Boston wharf, for bravery in rescuing several persons from drowning. Mr. Roach was seen recently, and consented to give a brief account of some of his life-saving exploits.

"At about 10:30 o'clock one evening," he said, "I went over to the Boston side, for a man named James Robinson. That was in the winter of 1876, when Capt. Gray ran the boat and Charles Deering was gateman. Deering gave me a life-preserver; Mr. Robinson wouldn't let go of me so that I could put it under his armpits. I then told Deering to give me the boat-hook, and when he handed it to me I hitched it to the collar of Robinson's coat. Then I slatted him in the face with both legs and he let go of me, the gateman keeping hold of him with the boat-hook and landing him all right. I was caked all over with ice when they pulled me aboard. Mr. Robinson had fallen in by jumping for the boat. He said he was an Englishman, and would make it all right with me, but I've never heard anything from him since.

"On the 17th of June, I think it was, some time in the afternoon, a man came aboard the ferry-boat named Thomas Gillett. He had escaped from the Washingtonian home, and when we were between Boston and East Boston he lifted the gates at the bow and jumped overboard. I was near the stern at the time, and hearing the cry 'Man over board!' rushed aft, and jumped in, just as I was. There happened to be a boy near by in a dory, and I called to him for assistance, but he said he was afraid I would capsize the boat. I said: 'No; slew the dory round till I get hold of the stern of her.' At this moment the ferry-boat came up and one of the passengers jumped into the dory, and, with the assistance of the boy, dragged the drowning man into it. There wasn't room in it for me, and I had to take care of myself until the tow-boat Vim came out from Lewis wharf and picked me up. For this I received a medal and \$70. from the humane society, and \$10 from Mr. Gillett's wife."

"Do you recall any other rescues?"

"I will tell you one more. On the 31st of July we left Boston at 6:15, think, and as we entered the East Boston side we got foul of a small yawl-boat with two men in her. The men were so badly scared that they jumped into the water. When I reached the bow of the ferry-boat, one of the men was out of sight, and a deck hand named Hussey told me he had sunk before I said to Hussey: 'That poor fellow ain't coming up any more. I had no sooner said it than up came the man's head above the water. I jumped for him, and before he had time to sink again clapped the life preserver over his head. The other one was taking care of himself but so badly frightened that when I went to him he tried to catch me three times. I would not let him touch me, of course, and ran him against the middle pier, and told him to cling to the spiles. Then I tried to get into the yawl-boat, but could not get over the side, having burst a vein in the muscle of my arm, some time before, which made it nearly powerless when the excitement was over. I shoved the boat from underneath the guard of the ferry-boat, and a deckman and passenger jumped into it, and pulled me out of the water. We then went round and got the two men, the one I secured to the spiles having meantime been thrown a life-preserver by the watchman on the boat. The one that couldn't swim was much braver than the other. Their names were Hugh Casey and Daniel Kennedy. I didn't get anything from them, but received \$25 and a silver medal from the Humane society. Borne in Boston? Yes, sir, I was, and learned to swim at Foster's wharf. I'm on the ferry ten years next May.'" Boston Globe.

Go East, Young Woman, Go East.

A new avenue to fortune has opened for women who believe in taking care of themselves, says The Boston Beacon. It leads straight through the Mikado's realm, centering finally in the imperial palace; and among the highest nobility of Japan. If this march of progress continues as rapidly as it is going at present, in ten years' time there will be no Japanese worth speaking of, and their habits, customs, and arts will be as dead as herring. The country that can impress itself first on this impressive race will be its conquerors. Europe is ahead now, but let America look sharp; let a few clever American women of education and business capacity plant their feet firmly on the soil that is already prepared for them, and one of the greatest social changes in the history of civilization will be accomplished. The Japanese, after living in America or Europe for a few years, carry home many valuable ideas, but they haven't as yet carried off a Yankee school-marm or a fashionable milliner, and even the rank and file of giddy telegraph operators and expensive dress-makers remain untouched. Meanwhile the gilded youth of Tokio is learning to dance the "cotillon." Go East, young woman, go East.

Marie Antoinette's writing-table sold at the famous Hamilton auction, in London, for £15,000.

"BOY WANTED."

People laughed when they saw the sign again. It seemed to be always in Mr. Peter's window. For a day or two, sometimes for only an hour or two, it would be missing, and passers-by would wonder whether Mr. Peters had at last found a boy to suit him; but sooner or later, it was sure to appear again.

"What sort of a boy does he want, anyway?" one and another would ask, and then they would say to each other that they supposed he was looking for a perfect boy, and in their opinion, he would look a good while before he found one. Not that there were not plenty of boys—as many as a dozen used sometimes to appear in the course of a morning, trying for the situation. Mr. Peters was said to be rich and queer, and for one or both of these reasons, boys were anxious to try to suit him. "All he wants is a fellow to run of errands; it must be easy work and sure pay." This was the way they talked to each other. But Mr. Peters wanted more than a boy to run of errands. John Simmons found that out, and this was the way he did it. He had been engaged that very morning, and had been kept busy all the forenoon, at pleasant enough work, and although he was a lazy fellow, he rather enjoyed the place.

It was towards the middle of the afternoon that he was sent up to the attic, a dark, dingy place, inhabited by mice and cobwebs.

"You will find a long deep box there," said Mr. Peters, "that I want to have put in order. It stands right in the middle of the room, you can't miss it."

John looked doleful. "A long deep box, I should think it was!" he told himself, as the attic door closed after him. "It would weigh most a ton I guess; and what is there in it? Nothing in the world but old nails, and screws, and pieces of iron, and broken keys and things; rubbish, the whole of it! Nothing worth touching, and it is as dark as a pocket up here, and cold, besides; how the wind blows in through those knot-holes! There's a mouse! If there's anything I hate it's mice! I'll tell you what it is, if I'll Peters thinks I'm going to stay up here and tumble over his rusty nails, he's much mistaken. I wasn't hired for that kind of work."

Whenupon John bounced down the attic stairs, three at a time, and was found lounging in the show window half an hour afterwards, when Mr. Peters appeared.

"Have you put that box in order already?" was the gentleman's question.

"I didn't find anything to put in order; there was nothing in it but nails and things."

"Exactly; it was the 'nails and things' that I wanted put in order; did you do it?"

"No, sir, it was dark up there, and cold; and I didn't see anything worth doing; besides, I thought I was hired to run of errands."

"Oh," said Mr. Peters, "I thought you were hired to do as you were told." But he smiled pleasantly enough, and at once gave John an errand to do down town, and the boy went off chuckling, declaring to himself that he knew how to manage the old fellow; all it needed was a little standing up for your rights.

Precisely at six o'clock John was called and paid the sum promised him for a day's work, and then, to his dismay, he was told that his services would not be needed any more. He asked no questions; indeed he had time for none, as Mr. Peters immediately closed the door.

The next morning the old sign, "Boy Wanted" appeared in its usual place.

Before noon it was taken down, and Charlie Jones was the fortunate boy. Errands, plenty of them; he was kept busy until within an hour of closing. Then, behold he was sent to the attic to put the long box in order. He was not afraid of a mouse, nor of the cold, but he grumbled much over that box; nothing in it worth his attention. However he tumbled over the things, growling all the time, picked out a few straight nails, a key or two, and finally appeared down stairs with this message: "Here's all there is worth keeping in that old box; the rest of the nails are rusty, and the old hooks are bent, or something."

"Very well," said Mr. Peters, and sent him to the postoffice. What do you think? By the close of the next day, Charlie had been paid and discharged, and the old sign hung in the window.

"I've no kind of a notion why I was discharged," grumbled Charlie to his mother; "he said he had no fault to find, only he saw that I wouldn't suit. It's my opinion he doesn't want a boy at all, and takes that way to cheat. Mean old fellow!"

It was Crawford Mills who was hired next. He knew neither of the other boys, and so did his errands in blissful ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay, when in a leisure hour he was sent to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the attic. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Got through?"

"No, sir; there ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner time now; you can go back after dinner;" the short dinner back he went; all the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five dollar gold piece.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters. "It's good you found it; well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said as he was putting the gold piece in his pocket-book. After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the attic stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered. Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingle to make compartments, and in these different rooms he had placed the articles, with bits of hingle laid on top and labeled thus: "Good

screws." "Pretty good nails." "Picture nails." "Small keys, somewhat bent." "Picture hooks." "Pieces of iron whose use I don't know." So on through the long box. In perfect order it was at last, and very little that could really be called useful was to be found within it. But Mr. Peters, as he bent over and read the labels, laughed gleefully and murmured to the mice: "If we are not both mistaken I have found a boy, and he has found a fortune."

Sure enough; the sign disappeared from the window and was seen no more. Crawford became the well known errand boy of the firm of Peters & Co. He had a little room neatly fitted up, next to the attic, where he spent his evenings, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him. "It tells your fortune for you, don't forget it," he said when he handed it to Crawford; and the boy laughed and read it curiously: He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." "I'll try to be sir," he said; and he never once thought of the long box over which he had been faithful.

All this happened years ago. Crawford Mills is errand boy no more, but the firm is Peters, Mills & Co. A young man and a rich man. "He found his fortune in a long box full of rubbish," Mr. Peters said once laughing. "Never was a five dollar gold piece so successful in business as that one of his has been, it is good he found it." Then after a moment of silence he said gravely: "No, he didn't; he found it in his mother's Bible. 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' It is true; Mills the boy was faithful, and Mills the man we trust.—The Pansy.

Beecher Interrupted.

A pretty good story is told at the expense of Henry Ward Beecher. In one of his lectures he referred, as he is accustomed to do, to a domestic scene which occurred when he was a boy in Litchfield, Conn. His father was one day visiting a parishioner, and noticed in his pasture a particularly fine-looking calf. Referring to its excellent qualities, the farmer, knowing the character of the animal, said: "Dr. Beecher, you may have that calf if you can catch him." The minister at once accepted the challenge, and when Lyman Beecher set for himself a task he usually accomplished it. Without much reference to ministerial dignity, he succeeded in running the calf down. Tying his legs he carried him home in his wagon, and placed him securely in the barn.

Telling the family of his adventure, Henry started for the barn to see the frisky animal. With the usual carelessness of a boy, he permitted the calf to escape from the barn. His father, seeing the condition of things, started hatless on a race for the fugitive calf.

Here Henry Ward stopped a moment to resolve the application he proposed to make, when a person arose in the audience, and said with a startling voice: "Henry Ward Beecher, that is just what you have always been doing—letting loose what your father carefully and wisely kept shut up!" This was an unexpected but apt application, greatly appreciated by the audience.—Zion's Herald.

A Difficult Catch.

Appropos of the attempt of a number of ball players to catch a ball dropped from the top of the Washington monument, and the opinions expressed as to the ability of anyone to accomplish the feat, the question arises if any of them has an idea of the velocity acquired by a ball dropped from a height of 550 feet by the time it strikes the ground.

The experiment was tried by Paul Hines, Sam Trot, Charles Snyder, Phil Baker, and others, but none succeeded in holding it.

Now the fact is that a ball so dropped has a velocity of 187 feet per second when it strikes the ground. This velocity can be better comprehended by comparing it with a batted ball.

The longest hit which the writer has any knowledge of was made by George Wright, at Indianapolis, when the ball struck the ground a few inches over 200 yards. The ball, in this instance, was hit into the air at angle of about 45 degrees—the most favorable angle for a long hit.

Without giving the formula, I will state that, as near as can be calculated, the angle and the distance being given, the initial velocity of the ball in this case is found to be about 100 feet per second.

Allowing the same ball to have been hit in the same direction, at the same angle, with sufficient force to give it the same velocity at the starting point that it acquires in falling from the monument top, it would have gone 544 yards.

Would any of the players like to take hold of a line hit, of the same force, at short field?—Sporting Life.

Suffering Camels.

The marches of Stewart and the going to and fro of convoys, during which many of the camels were occasionally four and six days without water and food, except the dry, reed-like sabs grass growing upon the desert, told fatally upon hundreds of the poor brutes. The stamina was gone out of the survivors, and protracted rest was necessary, with good feeling for all of them. The situation admitted of neither, and with huge gaping wounds and terrible sores from packs and girths, the wretched animals continued to be driven about. An awful affluvia, noxious as a pest-house, exhaled from the wounds of the miserable animals, and has latterly filled the air wherever a camel convoy marches. I say nothing of the stench from the countless dead victims which line the route from Abu Kru to Korti. Even as I write the odor from hundreds of these lying outside the entrance to Gakdul makes the approach of this place a sort of running the gamut of smells infernal. [Gakul Cor. London Standard.]