

SELLS.
It would puzzle a philosopher to give an exact definition of the "sell." Nearly related to the hoax, it differs from it in being more innocent in its inception and less mischievous in its consequences. Some little ingenuity is required to concoct a happy "sell," but any one may perpetrate a hoax who is equal to "lending a lie the confidence of truth." The latter is a deliberately planned deception, oftenest attaining its end by personation or forgery or something closely akin to it; whereas a sell needs no such playing with edged tools, and may not only be unpremeditated, but even unintentional.

Many an unpremeditated sell has been perpetrated from inability to resist sudden temptation. One of the Judges of the Supreme Court of New York State, visited the Centennial Exhibition, sat down in a quiet corner apart from the others, to listen to a great cornet-player, and as his wont in court, drew his gray coat about his head and ears as a protection against possible draughts. His motionless figure soon attracted attention; and the whisper ran that it was the statue of some wonderful character. The Judge's sister wickedly told those near her that they were gazing at the effigy of an Aztec priest from Mexico. The information passed from mouth to mouth, and some hundreds of people were drawn to the spot, to disperse somewhat sheepishly when the object of their curiosity, having had enough of the cornet, readjusted his coat and rose to go.

A good story is told of one Boggs, whose impertinent curiosity was proverbial throughout the country that owned him. He was on one occasion travelling on the Little Miami Railroad, alongside a solemn-looking man, who presided in looking out of the window, and took no heed of Boggs' endeavors to enliven the journey with a little conversation. At last the brakeman or guard came round with some water, and the unsocial traveller turned round to take a drink. Seizing the chance, Boggs asked: "Going as far east as New York?"

"No," grunted the man.
"Ah!" said Boggs, "New York is dull this time of year; maybe you're striking for Philadelphia?"

"The surely one shook his head."
"Praps Cleveland's your destination?" inquired Mr. Boggs. "No?" Can't be going this roundabout way to Chicago? No reply was vouchsafed.

"Well," cried Boggs, despairingly, "I s'pose you've no objections to telling where you are going?"

"Well, sir," exclaimed the man, "I'm going for seven years!"

Then the Deputy Sheriff said he would rather not have folks talking to his prisoners, and Boggs gave in.

"This puts us in mind of Mark Twain's anecdote of Artemus Ward and a traveling bore, between whom the following amusing colloquy took place:

"Did you hear that last thing of Horace Greeley's?"

"Greeley, Greeley, Horace Greeley; who is he?" said Artemus.

"Five minutes elapsed, then came:
"George Francis Train is making a good deal of disturbance over in England; do you think they will put him in prison?"

"Train, Train, George Francis Train," said Artemus, solemnly; "I never heard of him."

The tormenter tried another tack; he said: "What do you think about Grant's chance for the Presidency?"

"Grant, Grant—Why man!" said Artemus, "you seem to know more strangers than anyone I ever saw."

The man took a walk up the car; coming back, he said: "Well, you ignoramus, did you ever hear of Adam?"

The humorist looked up and said: "Adam? What was his other name?"

The journey henceforth was made in pace.

Very nicely sold were a couple of tramps who waylaid a wealthy farmer in Louisa County, Iowa, and demanded his money or his life. Disinclined to part with either, he took to his heels. They chased him half a mile down the roughest of lanes, dashed after him through a briar-hedge and went panting across an old corn-field. Then the chased one struck for the woods, and went wheezing up a steep hill; his pursuers pressing closely behind with blood-shot eyes and shortened breath. The farmer dashed across a forty-acre stubble field, across a frozen creek, through a blackberry patch down a ravine, over another hill, across a stump-field, to be run down on the road by the tramps. They overhauled him thoroughly, searched him from top to toe, to find he had not a solitary cent wherewith to reward them for their perseverance.

Our concluding example relates to an affecting romance told by the Detroit Free Press. It was the second time that the hero of the story had accompanied the young lady home from one of those little social parties which are got up to bring fond hearts a step nearer each other.

When they reached the gate, she asked him if he wouldn't come in. He said he would. Sarah took his hat, told him to sit down, and left the room to remove her things. She was hardly gone before her mother came in, smiled sweetly, and dropping down beside the young man, said: "I always did say that if a poor but respectable young man fell in love with Sarah, he should have my consent. Some mothers would sacrifice their daughter's happiness for riches, but I am not of that sort."

The young man started with alarm; he didn't know whether he liked Sarah or not; he hadn't dreamed of marriage.

"She has acknowledged to me that she loves you," continued the mother; "and whatever is for her happiness is for mine."

The young man stammered out: "I—I haven't—"
"Oh, never mind! Make no apology. I know you haven't much money; but of course you'll live with me. We'll take in boarders, and I'll be bound that we'll get along all right."

It was a bad situation. He hadn't even looked love at Sarah. "I had no idea of"—he began; when she held up her hands, saying: "I know you hadn't; but it's all right. With your wages and what the boarders bring in, we shall get along as snug as possible. All that I ask is that you be good to her; Sarah has a tender heart, and if you should be cross and ugly, it would break her down in a week."

The young man's eyes stood out like

coconuts in a shop window, and he rose up and tried to say something.

"Never mind about the thanks," she cried; "I don't believe in long courtships. The eleventh of January is my birthday, and it would be nice for you to be married on that day."

"But—but—" he gasped.

"There, there! I don't expect any speech in reply," she laughed. "You and Sarah settle it to-night, and I'll advertise for twelve boarders straight away. I'll try to be a model mother-in-law. I believe I'm good tempered and kind hearted, though I did once follow a young man 200 miles and shoot off the top of his head for agreeing to marry my daughter and then quitting the country." She patted him on the head and sailed out. And now the young man wants advice. He wants to know whether he had better get in the way of a locomotive or slide off the wharf. If ever a young bachelor was "sold," Sarah's young man was in that predicament.—*Chamber's Journal.*

SOME TIME.

BY MRS. MAY RILEY SMITH.

Some time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine now in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproach was love most true.

And we shall see, how while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me,
How, when we called, he heeded not our cry,
Because his wisdom to the end could see.
But even as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes commingling with life's wine,
We find the worm-wood, and rebel and shrink
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blot the loving Father's so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close shut-leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, "God knows the best!"

Romance of William S. O'Brien.

Born in New York in 1833, poor as a church mouse; living here for thirteen years as the poorest of the poor do live, stealing as a stowaway or shipping as a cabin boy on board the ship *Paradise*, and arriving in San Francisco on the 6th of July, 1849, a lad in his fourteenth year, destitute alike of education, of money and of friends; beginning life as a bar-keeper in an eating-house in the basement of one of the San Francisco stock exchanges; and dying the other day, leaving no wife or child behind him, but a fortune of certainly not less than \$15,000,000, and perhaps of 40,000,000—this is the outline of the romance of William S. O'Brien, one of the great Bonanza kings; and a stranger story has seldom been told. Was it luck or natural sagacity and prudent daring that won for him and his three millionaire associates their immense fortunes?

It is hard to say. The capricious Dame Fortune had, no doubt, much to do with it; but her favors would not have yielded this beautiful increase had they been bestowed on men devoid of some excellent business qualities. It appears that O'Brien must have been thrifty and saving in his youth; for at time of the first mining excitement he was keeping a saloon of his own and acting as his own barkeeper. He was seized with the fever, went to the mines and made some money, with which he went into business with the late Col. W. C. Hoff. This connection was dissolved in two years, and O'Brien then formed a copartnership with W. J. Rosner, in the ship-chandlery business. Meanwhile, however, he was speculating in mining stocks, and here fortune smiled upon him. His investments were cautious and in small lots, but they almost always turned out profitable, and he began to grow moderately well-off. He now formed a partnership with Mr. Flood, another successful stock operator, and Messrs. Mackey and Fair subsequently joined the firm. And now a dazzling and unexampled piece of good fortune awaited them. The Consolidated Virginia and California mines were opened, and their shares were in the market. By shrewd questioning of miners and others, or by other means, O'Brien and his partners satisfied themselves that the lodes were valuable—although there is no reason to suppose even they dreamed how valuable they were—and as quickly as possible they bought up the shares until they possessed nearly the whole of them. The Big Bonanza was discovered; the unexampled richness of the lodes was disclosed; million after million of the finest silver and gold ore ever found came to the surface; the shares went up to fabulous figures, and O'Brien and his partners found themselves almost incredibly rich. They established the great Bank of Nevada, and from that time on they have been the money kings of the Pacific coast.

Neither O'Brien, Flood nor Mackey had been born rich nor had received a good education, but they conducted their vast business with wisdom and were successful in all their great operations. The combined capital of the California and consolidated Virginia mines is \$108,000,000, divided into 1,080,000 shares. The amount paid up on these is \$474,600, and the product of the gold and silver bullion extracted from the mines has been \$91,721,886. This is dazzling, and it is all the more remarkable from the fact that these immense profits have been realized within three years. Mr. O'Brien was personally very popular; he was liberal, genial and cheerful, and kind to

his relatives. He never married, but he is survived by two sisters, a nephew and a niece. His death will not interrupt in any way the business of the firm, nor of the bank of which a branch has recently been opened in this city. Mr. O'Brien leaves a will, the contents of which are not yet known. His life has indeed been a romance; his early death is to be deplored.

The personal characteristics of Mr. O'Brien seem to have been very amiable. His friends say of him that he was remarkably liberal, and, notwithstanding his great wealth, was plain and unassuming in his deportment. "I don't think," says one friend of his, "that he was ever known to drive more than one horse at a time." If a friend were financially distressed, his purse was open to him. By his advice, a gentleman, who had only \$50,000 in the world's pecuniary success, failed in a short time he found himself with \$1,000,000 in hard cash. Mr. O'Brien never deceived any one who asked for his advice. On one occasion, when it would have been greatly to his advantage to have permitted a stranger who came to him to invest in Virginia mine stock, he told him to buy San Francisco gas stock instead. The Virginia went down, the gas stock went up and the man was saved from ruin. He never refused assistance to those who asked it; was free and jovial in his disposition, and after he had grown wealthy he did not ignore the companions of his early days.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

From an Old Magazine.
"Thou dost not admire that picture, Giulio?" said the great painter, Tiziano Vecellio, of Venice to his favorite pupil, Giulio Mantoni.

"Si, signor; but whose portrait is it? When was it painted? and where has it been until now?"

"Thou dost not ask who painted it. Hast thou curiosity, hast thou wish to learn this?"

"Curiosity enough, as thou well knowest, signor, to prove my descent from Eve, whose falling that way lost a paradise to Adam. But I need not ask who painted this, for there is only one who can paint thus. There is only one pencil which can blend such beautiful coloring with such free drawing. Signor maestro, if thou couldst have thy pictures unrecognized, thou must even hang them with the painting to the wall."

"Flattery, Giulio—rank flattery! But I believe thou meanest what thou sayest. As to this portrait—"

"Ay, signor, whose likeness is it?"
"As thou art anxious to know, my Giulio, and often playest a trick upon thy master, methinks I shall not tell thee. Thou mayest look grave if thou wilt, but I shall not tell thee now. Call my gondolier; the day is pleasant and they shall row me across the Lido. Adio, adio!"

The painter went on his way across the lagoon and smiled as one smiles at a lucky thought or a successful speculation. The musings were pleasant and as he lay "at listless length" within the canopy of his gondola they found such utterance as this:

"He is a good youth, and hath a proper love for art; he is studious, too, gentle in manner, affectionate, and with a warm heart. My Beatrice is a tender dove, and it will be well if she can find shelter in his breast. How he gazed upon the picture! If he admire the original only half as much, the train will soon be in flames. He is a goodly youth." And with such thoughts did Titian take council on his brief and pleasant voyage to the Lido.

Meanwhile the pupil employed himself in looking at the portrait more minutely than he heretofore had done. The renewed and closer examination confirmed his original opinion of its excellence, not alone as a work of art, but as the representation of a character of feminine loveliness more attractive than he had yet beheld in Venice. The portrait represented a beautiful girl just in the spring of youth, bearing aloft in her hands a massive casket, and pausing, as it were, in her onward progress, to cast a smile upon the beholder—like a sudden sunburst! The face was one of exquisite beauty; but the naive and cheerful expression, the hearty joyousness, the guileless and trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a part of intellectual loveliness far greater than usually accompanies mere beauty of features. For—though to say so would be treason against the majesty of that sex whom we generalize as "fair"—I fear it is but too true that the perfection of personal and mental beauty do not often meet in one. Yet, even now I remember to have met that union.

The young artist admired the portrait for some time and then fell into a meditative humor—a thing unusual for him, for, though he was a Spaniard, he was a youth of quick imagination and lively temperament, and it is not the want of such to anticipate the contemplative thoughts which they believe belong to the maturer season of manhood. The youth thought and thought and thought until, when Titian returned, he found his pupil seated opposite the portrait, with his pencil in his hand and his head downward drooping—even as in his mood of poetic thought I have seen that of Wordsworth, the great master of the lyre. Titian came near, but Giulio did not stir; nearer still, and Giulio was breathing heavily; close to him and touched his shoulder. The youth up-started! He had fallen asleep before the portrait!

"Oh, what a very unlover-like accident! But a sister is a treasure to the Spaniard, and the day was dull, and it was wearisome to be alone, and, if the truth must be told, Giulio, who had all a painter's eye for beauty, had been up half the preceding night, serenading a beautiful *dama*, whose bright eyes had fascinated him one evening as he passed beneath the windows of her father's palace.

Giulio Mantoni had been Titian's pupil for some six months previous to the incident of the portrait and the slumber. Without any introduction he had come, but had paid a large sum for the privilege of instruction. After a time his gentle manners, his love for the art and his rapid progress in it had so far won upon Titian—a lone and widowed man—as to make him solicit that Giulio would become an inmate of his house. Titian was a solitary for his son was a wild youth, who had left Venice for Cyprus in the suite of the admiral, and his daughter Beatrice was in a convent in the Friuli, of which one

of his relatives was a lady principal. Giulio Mantoni accepted the invitation, and for three months preceding the day on which this slight tale commences he had been to Titian affectionate, kind and obedient as a son. He was so skillful with his pencil, too, that Titian was reminded by his skill and enthusiasm of what his own son had been at the same age, some thirty years before.

Some days passed on and the portrait still remained in Titian's studio. Giulio often looked at it but never spoke of it, and Titian did not err when he thought that there was a meaning in his silence.

But the grand festival day of Venice was at hand. This was Ascension Day, of which the Doge performed the annual ceremony of signifying the maritime power of the signory by casting a golden ring into the waters of the Adriatic. The custom was, at this proud celebration, for Venice to send out her population of all degrees, and it was certain at such times the fairest daughters of Venice never were absent.

The short voyage of the Doge from the quay of the ducal palace to the boundary of Lido and Malamocco was always performed on this occasion in a stately vessel called the Bucentaur, a galley said to be of equal antiquity with these maritime nuptials. This magnificent vessel always bore a freight of some importance; for besides the Doge, the council, the chief officers of state and the admiral of the port (who acted as pilot, and was bound by oath to bring the vessel back to her harborage in the arsenal), it bore the ambassadors from the various countries in alliance with the republic. Sometimes, besides the *nobilissimi* and the state officials, it bore citizens of worth, and at times the Doge was glad to see by his side the great painter, Tiziano Vecellio, whose pencil could counter such immortality as earth is proud of, and whose works reflected more glory upon Venice than Venice in all her glories could bestow upon him.

Giulio, with others of his age, followed in the procession, for it was a scene of matchless beauty and magnificence, well worthy the attention of a painter's mind and eye. The Bucentaur was swept on in a stately manner by the rowers, and Giulio's light gondola came near it, within full view of the gallant company beneath its gorgeous canopy of crimson damask, richly embroidered with gold. To Giulio's amazement, Titian had by his side a young lady, and when she turned her face for a moment, Giulio saw to his surprise and delight that she was the fair original of the portrait.

The ceremonial went on, and Andrea Gritti, the Doge, wedded the sea (an unstable and fickle mistress) with the accustomed words, "We wed thee with this, in token of our true and perpetual sovereignty." The moment these words were uttered, and the ring cast into the sea, it was strewn with flowers and fragrant herbs, in the fanciful idea that thus the bride was crowned.

The pageant ended, Giulio speeded to Titian's house. He found the great artist before the easel, busied, as usual, in some work for immortality. They spoke on various subjects, but Titian made no mention of the young signora, of whom Giulio had just one glance. At last Giulio said that he had seen Titian on the deck of the Bucentaur; but this, though it challenged Titian's allusion to the lady, drew no remark from him about her, so that, at last, Giulio ventured to say that he thought the signora much resembled the portrait which he had admired from the moment it first met his view.

"Admire it, Signor Giulio Mantoni? Fall asleep before it in excess of admiration! Well, well, thou needest not blush. 'Tis my daughter Beatrice, whom thou shalt meet anon. But signor, if thou shouldst admire her, or if thou shouldst not, it would be well for thee to take thy sisters ere thou meetest her. Women, as thou knowest, like not cavaliers who are drowsy. Nay, I have not told her that she saw thee, and asked who thou wert, and I told her Giulio; but not that thou didst gaze thyself to sleep before her portrait. Now, let us within. Thou wilt like my girl Beatrice. She reminds me of my father fair and loving mother was."

And Giulio did very much like Beatrice Vecellio, who, in turn, admired the manly beauty and chivalrous bearing of the Spaniard. Admired—alas, that is a word all too weak. Woman scarcely knows a medium, in her intercourse with our sex between the coldest indifference and the warmest love. Long before she knew it Beatrice was deeply and devotedly attached to Giulio. Her father saw this, and did not check it; he already loved Giulio Mantoni as a son, and cheerily anticipated that, in the natural course of time and circumstance, he would become so—with the consent of Beatrice.

Very much did Giulio admire the loveliness, the grace, the innocence of Beatrice Vecellio, but he did not love her with more than a brother's love. To do him justice he was all unconscious of the feelings which his attentive kindness had awakened in her gentle heart. He read to her and talked with her as if she were his own dear sister; and she made the too common mistake of thinking that these general courtesies, made most kind through the sauciness of his manner, had a particular application. So, the signora was in love!

Two months had passed by since the return of Beatrice to her father's house, and during this time the young maiden, flushed with her growing passion (innocent as it was deep), and buoyed up by the hopes which her youth and sex might well be excused for forming, and drank, in draughts of delight (for hope is the Hebe of mortality and pours from a golden vase) which made her happy-hearted beyond what she had ever been before. Then it was that her father completed that picture which has been known as a *cl. f. d'aveure* in portraiture, which the pencil of the painter and the burn of the engraver have multiplied through the world. And during all this time which passed on happily for Giulio also, he was not in love with Beatrice.

They sat together now, in the month of July, with a delicious breeze sweeping up the Adriatic and fanning the curtains of the room like the sails of some rapid bark. It was now midday, and all was calm in Venice as in other cities at the hour of midday, for the heat of the room kept even the gondolier within doors. But it was cool in the room in which Beatrice and Giulio were sitting, for the long blinds had been drawn down,

excluding the sunshine and admitting the breeze. She had been singing, and it was from the flush of her cheek and the tenderness of her tone as she closed the cadenza that Giulio now first surmised what might be the nature of her feelings towards him. This was the song:

Oh, sue not though for fortune's dower
With lordly pomp to gild thy fate,
Nor ask of cold, ambitious power,
To crown thee with a haughty state!
Seek not for conquest to entwine
Enslaved laurels in the hair,
But listen to this lay of mine,
This orison, this ardent prayer
"Of love me, love me!"

Oh, if the noontide of thy heart
With sorrow were o'ercast,
If grief had done its deadliest part
Till joy were of the past,
How gently 'mid such gloom would fall
The brilliancy of hope's joy-shine,
When thought on thought would still recall
When first fond lips were pressed to thine,
"With love me, love me!"

The song had ceased, it was a simple melody, but there was a startling expression of earnestness in it which struck to Giulio's heart. For a brief space he sat in silence, and then thus spoke to the beautiful cantatrice:

"Lay aside the mandarin, dear Beatrice, and let us talk. You have never inquired who or what I am. I consider you as my sister, and it is not well that you should be in ignorance of this."

"Nay," said Beatrice, with a smile and a blush, "I will not own you as a brother, and I will have no unravelling of mysteries. Let me sing this barcarole."

"Beatrice," said he, with a grave air and earnest tone that suddenly chilled her mirth; "Beatrice, this is the time, for my sake as for my own, to have the name of mystery. I am not quite what I appear: in a word, I am of the royal house of Spain; my mother was the daughter of a noble of Almaine; my father, the Emperor Charles. To avoid a marriage of his choice, heart and hand being pledged to a lady-love of my own, I fled from Spain and became a pupil of your father's as much from love of the art as to give my leisure pleasant occupation."

But he spoke to ears which heard him not, for ere he had concluded Beatrice was in a swoon. She was speedily recovered and thus earnestly spoke to him:

"I did not know—I could not—that we had a prince beneath our humble roof; but whatever you are you must quit Venice. It was but yesternight I heard at the ridotto of Signor Barberigo's that the provviditori had an order to arrest a Spanish prince who was disguised and concealed in Venice. I heard it by the merest chance, as I stood near two nobili who were talking together, and that the arrest was to be made to-morrow. You must fly, signor; it neither suits your safety nor your honor that you remain here. Venice, wars with the Emperor Charles; my father, the most honored citizen of Venice, has been distinguished by the emperor, and the suspicion of having wittingly harbored you would only be equaled by the misery of your capture here."

Giulio, or, as he should rather be called Prince Anthony of Leon, seemed astonished at this intelligence.

"And whither can I fly?" demanded he, seeking counsel in this hour of peril from Beatrice.

"You named—you spoke of—you have one to whom your faith is pledged; she must ill deserve it if she will not shelter you."

"You speak wisely, Beatrice," said the prince; "it is the daughter of Strozzi, Duke of Milan, and with him, albeit he is but a cold friend of my house, nor has he much cause to be otherwise, I shall find safety. And you, Beatrice!"

"Of me—nothing—not a word now, not a thought hereafter. Here," added she, tearing off a necklace, "here, if you want the means wherewith to reach Milan, take this; I have no more need of costly ornament."

This offer was declined, for the prince had jewels with him more than sufficient to pay all charges. He saw the urgent necessity of speedy flight, penned a hasty billet of leave and gratitude to Titian, and then returned to greet Beatrice with a farewell. He did not mark that her lips were as pale as death and her eyes glazed, and her cheek and brow as stoned. Her hands trembled when he pressed it, and gently as one would embrace a sleeping child, he kissed her fair, cold brow. He was gone!

And with him went the terrible determination—which in this wreck of her heart's hopes had nerved her to act this dreadful part—to simulate indifference while amid despair she felt the immortality of love. She never moved nor spoke and when at eve her father returned he found her statue-like. For weeks she lay helpless as an infant, and at last she died. Her heart was broken. She died, and with her died her father's hopes and pride. Within a month after Giulio's departure she had ceased to be. Henceforth—and he lived to extreme old age—Titian lived but for his art; that was his wife, daughter, all to him!

Of the Prince we have no further record. The annals of Venice record not his capture, so it is presumed that he escaped. But whether he reached his lady-love, whether he married her, and whether in after life, he ever paused to think upon Beatrice, is unknown; but he was kind and gentle, so it is impossible that he could have readily forgotten one so beautiful, so gentle as her.

There is no more to add. This is the whole story, so far as it can now be known, of Titian's Daughter.

A lady sends a receipt for "hour pudding," which she says she considers good. Set one and one-half pints of milk to scald; stir five tablespoons of flour into one pint of cold milk, and when the first boils stir it in; and salt, sugar and nutmeg to taste; whip cool add seven eggs and two teaspoons of raisins, and bake one hour. Use a sauce of butter and sugar stirred to a cream, flavor with nutmeg and currant wine. It can be made with less eggs. I also make a steamed pudding, which is nice and economical: Take pieces of dry cake of any and all kinds, soak them in sour milk until they are soft; mash as fine as possible, and if there is no fruit in your cake, add a few raisins and soda enough to sweeten the milk; turn into a pudding-dish and steam one hour; make a thin sauce of boiling water, sugar, and wine, thicken with a little flour. You can make this pudding out of dry bread in the same way by adding one or two eggs, spice, and fruit; for the long blinds had been drawn down,

and the syrup of the fruit can be used instead of the wine in the sauce.

The Borrowing Nuisance.

The greatest nuisance that the farmer has to contend with, and one which entails on him a not inconsiderable amount of loss, in time and cash, is the borrowing nuisance. Neighbor A may be a very nice man in many ways; he is sociable, chatty and agreeable. He sends over to our place and politely asks us to loan him our spade. We do not like to loan him our old, weak-backed affair, so we let him have our new one, Mr. A promising to return it the next evening, sure, as we want to use it the following day. Our plans are all laid out for work, in which the spade is to play a prominent part, and yet there is no spade to be found. One of the men is dispatched to bring the missing spade, while our other hands potter around until this and other tools are brought back. In the course of an hour the man returns minus the spade, not being able to find either the spade or Mr. A. The latter having gone to some remote part of his farm to work. We then have to alter our plans for that day's work and go to work at something else, after losing considerable time for the accommodation of Mr. A. The following morning, on going to the shed where we keep our tools, the spade is found, full of dirt and grime. We start out to work with it, only to find that some of neighbor A's men have been using it as a pry and have broken its back. We swallow the loss as best we can, and buy another spade. A nice, new briar scythe is borrowed to help in clearing a piece of new ground and get it ready for the plow. In the carelessness and hurry the scythe snathe gets badly charred in the fires of brush, while the temper in the blade is entirely destroyed. This is returned, with great sorrow being expressed that the thing has happened as it has; but never a word about replacing it with a new one. Our clean sword carriage is borrowed. It is brought back after sundown with a bolt or two missing, perhaps a spoke broken, and the whole covered with a generous sprinkling of mud. The horse-rake goes to the rods of the neighborhood and finds its way home with one or two teeth broken. A sharp saw and sharp chisels are borrowed, and the saw is brought into contact with nails, which does not improve either the set or the sharpness of the teeth, while the chisels usually have several suspicious nicks in them which plainly show they have been borrowed. As with the tools and implements, so it is with books, periodicals, etc. A valuable book from our library is borrowed and taken to the borrower's home, where the children, usually with unclean hands, thumb over it till it looks like anything but its former self, while there may be several leaves missing, having been taken to supply the place of less convenient paper. Periodicals are borrowed, and if returned at all, are in a sadly dilapidated condition. Many and many a valuable book have we lost by loaning, while the broken files of our papers show that we have loaned them, too. Happily there are a few borrowers who take good care of what they borrow, and try to return it in as good order as they received it, in default of which they replace it. To such persons we take pleasure in lending, and always shall. We think our readers have had some experience with these nuisances—borrowers—and can testify to what we have written above as not being one whit overdrawn, for we could cite many other incidents similar, and, no doubt, could they.—*Practical Farmer.*

The Trick of a Would-be-Thief.

On Thursday evening, Charles Moore, an Ind employed in Messrs. Tripps' drug store, St. Thomas, was alone shortly after six o'clock when a stranger stepped in, and, showing a white powder, asked if he could be supplied with some of the same sort. The boy tasted it, and being uncertain, tried a little more, until he had taken about as much as would lie on a five-cent piece. At that moment an acquaintance entered the shop and the stranger immediately left. Mr. Mills came in soon after, and missing Charles, asked where he was, and learned that he had gone to the rear. Although somewhat surprised at his non-appearance during the evening, Mr. Mills felt no alarm until the lad's father came in about eight o'clock. A search was then instituted, and the boy was found in the cellar, senseless and almost pulseless. Fortunately Dr. Kains had entered the store by this time, and at once proceeded to administer antidotes. It was not until two o'clock in the morning, however, that the lad had recovered consciousness, when he said that he had not the slightest recollection of anything that happened after he had tasted the powder. He was able to go home at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and has since recovered so far as to return to his duties. From the description given of the powder, Dr. Kains is of the belief that it is a South American drug little used in this country. No trace of the man who had it has been discovered, although diligent search has been made by the police.—*Toronto Globe.*

Dogs in Boots.

"Puss in Boots" is a mythical personage, but the dog in boots is no imaginary creature. In the regions of eternal snow and ice, where the only beast of burden is the dog, the cold is sometimes so intense that sharp icicles form on the claws of the canine sledge travelers. This causes a most serious obstacle to the speedy progression of the dogs, and would, after a few days, render them utterly unfit for their laborious duties, as the icicles grow larger and larger as they go on, until the poor creatures are quite unable to stand. The old dogs, however, will every now and then stop and bite off the icicles from their feet. Not so with the novice. He trudges wearily along; every step he takes adds to his torture, and after a time every imprint of his foot on the snow bears a red stain from his cut and bleeding paws. At such times the dog boot is called into requisition by the driver, principally for policy, but occasionally, let us hope, out of humanity. The dog boot is generally made of raw hide, and is simply shaped like a small bag or pocket. This is drawn over the foot of the animal and made secure by tying it round the ankle with a leather string. Thus protected, if the surface of the snow is pretty level, these wonderful Esquimaux dogs will travel at the rate of forty miles a day for many days in succession.