

To-day and Forever.

My breath but touches the rose in your palm,
And lo! how the light leaves scatter,
Leaving no semblance of bloom or of balm;
But what, pray do you say to me?
Laugh, as they flutter away, my dear,
As they flow in the flow of the river!
We are done with dead roses today, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.

Your eyes but turn to the trees in my palm—
The wee little tress so golden,
And low I whisper: "The sweetest calm
Was born of that sorrowful dawn—
Sing, as it sinks to the crosses, my dear,
To the mosses that border the river!
We are done with old losses and crosses, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.

Laugh low! Sing softly! Love is a live
And awake where we walk together;
But love is fragile, and love will thrive
Best in the sunlight weather.
So, let the past be the past, my dear!
Let it go, as the shade on the river!
We are done with old sorrows at last, my dear,
Done with them to-day and forever.

—Master E. Benedict, in *Baldwin's Monthly*.

Who knows?

The birds made such a racket in the honeysuckle vine outside my window that I could not sleep. The moon was still in the sky, but a veiled yet luminous splendor in the east told that the day was breaking—the day of June that began my twenty-seventh year. When I say that I was a woman, and add unmarried, and, worst of all, that I had lost for good the requisite energy that held forth any promise in that direction, it will naturally be thought that I shall make but a sorry heroine; and it is just because of these discouraging facts that I want to jot down this little experience of a day, as a sort of consolation to that suffering part of my sex who have latent hopes, long lingering, unfulfilled, at times at the last gasp, then flickering up again with a sickly tenacity most painful to contemplate. But who knows what a day may bring forth? Who knows?

I went about on tiptoe, not to awaken mamma; and I took it as a piece of ingratitude that when she came down to breakfast, and began to enjoy the toast I had so nicely browned for her, and the egg I had so nicely poached for her, and to sniff the fragrance of a bunch of honeysuckles that I had scrambled for at the risk of a sprained ankle and the cost of a shower of morning dew upon my clean cap—
I thought I mean of mamma to begin about that church festival before the day had fairly begun.

"In so glad it's fine weather Jane," said mamma, with great urbanity of tone and manner. "I thought I'd get up early, so that you could reach the church in season; and I wouldn't waste any flowers in the house, dear—I'd keep them all for your table."

"You know very well, mamma," I replied, "that I'm not going to have a table. I've served my apprenticeship at tables. Long ago, when I was young and fair, I wore white, with my hair curling about my shoulders, and had the flower table, and enjoyed it. Later on, I put my hair up, and had a fancy table, and endured it with great resignation. Last year I had recourse to a switch to kee out my scanty locks, and was compelled reluctantly to take the post-office. This year I shan't have any thing; in fact, mamma, I'm not going to the festival."

Mamma put down her bit of toast, and turned absolutely pale.

"Not going to the festival!" she echoed, mournfully.

"No, mamma," I said, beginning already to plead my case. "Can't I have one birthday to myself? I'm twenty-seven years old to-day."

"Oh, hush, Jane," said my poor mother. "You scream so, the H enters next door will hear you and blurt it all over the place. I'm not deaf. If you choose to give up all chance of society, and neglect your Christmas duties, and refuse to help the church along, why, of course, I have nothing to say, only I must in that case go myself."

"You!" I cried, "You'll be sick for a month afterward; you haven't been able to do anything of the kind for years."

"I know it, Jane; but if you refuse to do these things, I must. I know I shall be protested with the heart, and my nerves will be shattered, and still you are young and strong, and still attractive enough to compete with any young lady in the place, and might, I verily believe, if you were not so obstinate and headstrong, be surrounded and admired as you used to be, and you might, for my sake, Jane, at least attend these little entertainments."

Mamma put her handkerchief to her eyes, and I yielded; I groaned in flesh and in spirit, but I yielded.

After I had tidied up the work and settled mamma in the cool shady sitting-room, upon her favorite lounge, with a nice book at her hand, and a palm-leaf fan close by—for the day was growing hot—I twisted up my hair before the glass, with many a sour mocking grimace at the dark, thin discontented face therein, put on an ugly brown linen dress, a calash of a hat, and went off to the church.

My mother looked after me with such misery in her face that I called back to her I would wear something nice in the evening.

"Will you wear your rose colored crepe?" pleaded mamma.

"Will I wear spangles, and jump through a hoop?" I said. "No, mamma; I'll wear my black silk."

"And curl your hair?" she coaxed.

"There's a whole switch already curled for me in the bureau drawer," I replied. "It's nice this hot weather to have very little hair of one's own!"

"Don't scream so!" said poor mother, looking toward the Hunters' side windows.

"whether I most hate you or love you, but I'll keep this to remember the girl who flirted and fooled away the truest affection a man ever had for a woman."

He hacked the curl from my head with his penknife, and looked at me as if he was half tempted to do me further butchery; and God knows I didn't care then if he had drawn the knife across my throat; I should not have resisted him.

"Don't go, Jack!" I cried out at last, holding the edge of his coat. "Don't go, anyway, so far as China; if you do, I shall commence to dig a hole when you get there. They say that China is right under us, and I'll begin with a little pick and shovel as soon as we get news of your arrival. Then you can begin on your side, and we'll meet each other half-way."

He flung me from him with something like an oath. "You would joke and laugh over my grave," he said, and went away, not to come back again.

Who would have believed it possible? That the years could come and go, the sweet summers bloom and fade, the heart of the roses lose strength and fall and fall away, to come again as sweet, as strong, as fresh as ever, and Jack, my Jack, never come back to meet me? Yet he was not dead—nor wed. That was one good thing. And he was out there among those women with narrow eyes and stunted feet, and he didn't as yet know one word of the language. He was growing fat, he wrote home to his people next door, and bald, which didn't matter on the top of his head so long as he could keep enough to cultivate a pigtail. This was necessary, as he meant to set up for a Chinese mandarin, and was already embroidering a gown for the purpose on spare nights. And I felt, when they read me the letter, that it was Jack's turn now to make merry, when other turns were sick and sad.

If he had only sent me one little line! He showered gifts upon other people—cheests of tea and parcels of silk, lovely bits of decorated china, big soft beautiful shawls of crape. He sent gewgaws and gold to so many others; if he had only given me one little word!

They must have told him I had been sorely punished; that my mischievous gaiety he had whiffed out like the flame of a candle; that even the beauty of which he had been so proud and fond was gone—every bit of it gone. Sleepless nights and useless weeping, long wearisome days, and endless years filled with wild yearning, that which seemed forever hopeless, had robbed me of all. The old bloom of the heart took with it the crimson cheek, the laughing eye, and the light elastic step. Even my hair fell out. Alas! poor me, the flesh fell from my bones. As I hinted before, it was not very alluring object that greeted me in the glass on the morning of my twenty-seventh birthday. "Aroint thee, witch!" I cried, and wiped away with the hardest some salt tears that fell upon the dimity bureau cover, and upon the grave of sad sweet memories. Then I put on my ugly brown dress, and the hideous bonnet to match, and went off to the church, pausing at the portal to look longingly over at the cool, quiet graves of some of our old neighbors. A soft wind stirred the long grass there; a few birds hopped lightly and fearlessly about.

How calmly, calmly smile the dead
Who do not therefore grieve!
"The Year of Heaven is Yea," I said, and went on into the church, where the ladies were grouped around the strawberries that had just arrived. I took possession of a whole crate of these, sending the young pretty maidens home to recruit for the evening.

There were a few faint polite remonstrances when I declined to take any active part in the evening's entertainment. "We must leave that part to the young and attractive," I said, and there are abundant of acquiescence. I had the consolation of hearing several remarks upon my extraordinary good sense, and practical capability.

I was gracefully allowed after I had hulled a whole crate of strawberries, to hold a step-ladder and some nails for Mrs. Smith, the apothecary's wife, while she hung some gorgeous drapery, and otherwise deformed the cool gray walls of our little chapel, so that I was pretty well tired when I went home at nightfall. Mamma met me at the gate, and looked at me so dolefully that I burst out laughing.

"Never mind, mamma," I said; "I won't look so cadaverous after I'm rested and dressed for the evening."

But I'm afraid I was rather a painful object for the gaze of a doting and once ambitious mother, even when I had donned my black silk, and was ready for the evening. My hair was neither crimped or curled. You see, I had depended upon that switch, which was brought for purposes of that kind, and failed me, and I could not bear my hair-pins thrust into my scalp; in no other way would the obstinate thing be induced to stay on. Mamma was heart-broken, and I was disappointed; but even insinuating articles become perverse at times. I thought perhaps the switch was grieving over a beloved and lost head of which it was once part and parcel, and I forgave it, and left it to its perverseness from that time onward.

When I reached the church I was immediately seized upon for something they called "the grocery counter"—an innovation brought about by the advent of a well-to-do grocer in our midst, a widower, a stock raiser, and a man afflicted with many maladies, of which he loved to talk. He had generously sent down from the city, in pound packages and tin cans, samples of his available goods, and proposed this "grocery counter" to the young ladies, which they despised and would have none of.

The grocer himself found favor in their sight. They fitted about him, filled his button-holes with bouquets, his pockets with bonbons; they looked up in his face, and tried to talk to him, poor children! as best they could. But they appealed to me to take the ugly counter, with its solid pound packages for home necessity, and I took it with an ill-concealed avidity. The truth was, a kind of heart-sickness seized me when I thought that the evening must be passed in making myself generally agreeable, and I felt that to wander about this place, distorted out of its sweet savor of godliness and quiet Sabbath rest so dear to a weary soul—to wander about among the flags and wreaths and tents and arbors, while a smile for one, a nod for another—was like the protracted and agonizing

pilgrimage of a lost soul beyond the borders of the Styx.

So I speedily quit myself behind the counter, which comfortably hid more than half my tall, gaunt figure, and was so glad of the shelter that I found myself becoming interested in these despised parcels piled up before me. I determined, if I could, to make my mission a success, so that I and other poor wretched women might have this refuge to fly to in these gale seasons of misery.

The successful grocer, who had not been very well pleased with the open ingratitude for his bequest, took heart and brightened up when he saw me giving air of smartness to his goods. He extricated himself from a bevy of young and fair ones, and came generously over to help me. In sheer gratitude I began to praise his young cut that was pasturing in a field adjoining our garden, and he remained with me. Shortly after, when he found that a queer feeling in his head agreed with the same discomfort in my own poor cranium he brought a chair behind the counter, and in a low tender voice he dealed to me the interesting diagnosis of his pet malady.

On the other side of the minister's son, who was home from college, and suffering from that period of egotism which comes to young men of his kind, remained during the entire evening, to show his contempt for the young, the fair, the frivolous. A few old married friends, whose wives were sick or away, hovered about the grocery counter, so that it really did happen that I was surrounded by men. The evening was passing pleasantly enough.

My dark corner was well patronized, and every woman who has to do with church entertainments will understand my gratification and relief when I found it was nearly ten o'clock and all was well. At this time a letter was put into my hand by one of the little post office messengers—we always made a feature of the post office at our festivals, where pink and parti-colored missives, with doves and other doting designs upon the envelope, were distributed at extravagant rates of postage. I had just been favored with a liberal offer from a customer, and elated with my bargain, proceeded to put up my bundle, not giving much heed to the love-letter from the neighboring booth.

Truth to say, I felt a little tingling of the blood at the idea of the mockery that might be concealed therein by one of those witty village youths, and the letter lay there for a full half hour, when somebody said, in the most commonplace way, "So Jack Hunter is back from China."

In a moment every thing was black before me. I dropped my hands and my eyes to the counter, and when this sudden dizziness was gone, I saw upon the little tawdry envelope Jack's scrawling handwriting. Here was the little line I had coveted all these years, and this is what my half-blinded eyes made out:

"I came home because I was mad to see you—because all these years, and your old peridy, couldn't kill my love for you. I find you just as I expected to in a space small enough to be filled outside and inside with, men. You are as beautiful and fascinating as ever, and as fond of admiration. I hear that you are about to be married to the grocer at your elbow, who so engrosses your attention that you do not care to look at the passers-by. God help him, and God bless you! I have had my lesson. Now I shall, perhaps be satisfied. Good-by."

Five minutes after that I was running home, without my hat, and with his note crumpled up in my hand. The people at the festival no doubt thought that mamma was taken suddenly ill. They could not have fancied I was running after Jack, because he had been there at the church for an hour, and I had been totally unconscious of his presence. Dear Heaven! how could it be that I didn't know that something didn't tell me that I didn't feel he was near me?

But I didn't. I went on talking to the grocer about a remarkable operation for an ulcer that he had undergone, when Jack must have been only a few rods away! I ran down the road, my heart in my throat. Fortunately the village street was deserted. Every man, woman, and child were at the festival, except those who could not be out at all; so I ran on unchecked, a dim fear gaining weight with me that Jack had not unpacked his trunk, and was off to China again within the hour. But when I reached his house, which was next door to my own, I saw him sitting out on the balcony smoking a cigar, with his feet perched upon the railing. But his face grew very pale in the moonlight, and his feet clattered quickly down upon the porch when he saw his broad white waist-coat.

"Why, thank God," he said, "this must be my own dear little girl. Now, see here, Jenny," he began, scowling, a minute after; but he kept tight hold of me, and trembled fully as much with happiness as I did.

Nothing can persuade him that I am not a desperate flirt, as beautiful as an angel, and irresistibly fascinating. I have not the least doubt that half the village are laughing at Jack's ridiculous devotion and jealousy; but the well meant endeavors of his friends and family to convince him that I am a plain, faded, unattractive and neglected old maid, no laughs to scorn as a conspiracy of envy or jealousy. And how can I wonder at his delusion? Mamma says Jack has terribly aged during these years of loneliness and exile, and looks older and not so comely as our neighbor the grocer; but to me he is still the handsome, alluring, in every way adorable Jack. He is walking up and down the little balcony next door at this present moment, and hidden by our odorous honeysuckle vine, I am listening to him trill out the last words of his favorite ballad:

"So girls be true while your lover's away,
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morn'g
Oh! proves a pleasant day."

A Rhinoceros Attacks a Train.

At Pittsburgh, Pa., there was an exciting accident occurred recently, while the railroad show of the Sells Bros. was making its advent into the city. The cages of the menagerie were loaded on flat cars. A projection near the Point bridge struck the cages and overturned three of them, containing a rhinoceros, lion and black bear. A large crowd of people had been attracted to the spot, and following on the heels of the accident there was an incident that made the people scatter like leaves before the wind.

The rhinoceros escaped from his cage, and at a fast gait started up the railroad track. No one was particularly desirous of being in his way, and consequently everybody cleared out or got in secure positions. The frightened and exasperated beast soon encountered a locomotive, at which he made a lunge, and from the pilot tore off an iron bar with as much ease as it would have ripped away a strip of board. Then he dashed at a freight car, in the side of which he knocked a big hole. Mr. Kelly, his keeper, finally caught up with him, and catching him by the ear, attempted to lead him away, but he refused to obey. Kelly then leaped on his back, and was treated to a ride of several hundred yards. The showmen eventually succeeded in lassoing the rhinoceros, and with the aid of half a hundred men he was forced into a box car, from which he was transferred to a cage subsequently made. The bear displayed his agility by running up an inclined plane for some distance before he was captured. He would doubtless have reached the top had he been left alone.

Red Riding Hood—New Version.

Little Red Riding Hood
Patiently biding, stood
Watching ma, hiding food
Dainties with care
Away in the basket,
Which Riding Hood's task it
Was—crucel to ask it—
To granny to bear.

Then heavily laden,
The dear little maiden,
So sweetly arrayed hid,
Her red riding hood,
Turned from the highway plain,
To fields of waving grain,
Walked down the shady lane,
Through the dark wood.

Someone or other,
She wished that her mother
Had sent her big brother,
Instead of herself;
Through dark thickets swishing,
How vain was her wish,
For he was off fishing,
The lazy old elf.

Now at her grandma's gate
Why does she hesitate?
There on the porch, clad,
Sits a big tramp.
"Now, dear, I'll trouble you
Pass or I'll double you
Up," said the scamp.

Now then I can't relate
Half that this tramp he ate;
Details and aggregate
Are too alarming;
Apples and sandwiches,
Pies in japanned dishes,
Boned turkey, canned, which is
A wondrous charming.

Brown bread, asparagus,
Mutton with caper sauce,
Broiled ham, to taper off,
Cheese and a waffle;
Fried eggs, tomattoes;
Baked fish, potatoes,
"Good," said he, "that it is,"
Oh, it was awful!

Onions and mutton roast,
Fried tripe and buttered toast,
Oysters, they suffered most;
Boiled turkey gobble;
Muffins and celery,
Peaches, so "maelery,"
And how this fellow he
Went for plum cobbler.

When all the grub was done,
When there was nary crumb,
Silent he rose and glum,
With painful steps he
Walked off, as she'd kicked him,
As though some one had licked him,
Forever a victim
To chronic dyspepsia.

How Prof. Henry Missed Being an Actor.

Thurlow Weed has written a very interesting letter to the *New York Tribune* describing how the late Prof. Henry, the well-known scientist and secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, just escaped being an actor. He says:

My acquaintance with Joseph Henry commencing in 1815, ripened into a warm friendship. He was then an apprentice to John F. Doty, a silversmith, in State street, Albany. I was a journeyman in the office of the Albany *Register*, published by Henry O. Southwick. During the war with England, which had just closed, the Green Street Theatre, with a strong company, liberally patronized by the officers of the army stationed in Greenbush, awakened much enthusiasm among the young gentlemen of Albany, several of whom formed themselves into an amateur theatrical company.

They fitted up a hall formerly used for dramatic representations, then known as the Thespian Hotel, on the corner of North Pearl and Patron streets. They attracted large audiences. Joseph Henry became a "bright and particular star." His young Norval, Damon, and even Hamlet, were pronounced equal in conception, and execution to the personations of experienced and popular actors. His friends, charmed with his talents and genius, urged him to adopt the stage as a profession. His own thoughts and inclination rendered him a willing listener. Soon the manager of the Green Street Theatre offered him a permanent engagement with a liberal salary. With that the young aspirant for dramatic honors was greatly delighted. But Dr. T. Romney Beck, principal of the Albany Academy, believed that there was a way opened to the young man promising greater usefulness and more enduring honors than the drama could confer. Dr. Beck invited young Henry to enter upon and complete a gratuitous academic course. While anxiously considering these conflicting offers three of his intimate friends, James Dexter, a law student, James Hunter, a printer, and myself, were called into consultation.

Hunter and myself saw for our friend in a dramatic career assured fame and fortune. Dexter, less enthusiastic, preferred academic honors to those of the "sock" and "buskin." He urged, calmly but forcibly, that if the stage was to be ultimately adopted as a profession, an academic education would increase our friend's chances for enduring success, and that after completing his education he would be quite young enough to become an actor. This argument, after a long and anxious mental struggle, proved effectual. The following day "Joe Henry" rejected Manager Bernard's dramatic offer and took his seat in the Albany Academy. Mr. Doty, when informed of his apprentice's desire to become a student in the academy, generously surrendered his indentures. It was only a few weeks before the "Young Roscius" became so absorbed in and delighted with his studies that the theatre with all its attractive associations was forgotten. Long

years afterward, when we met in Washington or in his visits to Albany, while recalling the scenes of our youth, the grave Professor Henry, with a world-wide scientific reputation, remembered this episode in his life as partaking more of a dream than as a reality.

The Gold That Wears.

We parted one eve at the garden gate
When the dew was on the heather,
And I promised my love to come back to her
Ere the pleasant autumn weather—
That we twain might wed
When the leaves were red,
And live and love together.

She cut me a tress from her nut-brown hair
As I kissed her lips of cherry,
And gave her a ring of the old-time gold,
With a stone like the mountain berry—
As clear and blue
As her eyes were true—
Sweet eyes so bright and merry!

"The wealth of my love is all I have
To give you," she said, in turning;
"The gold that wears—like the radiant stars
In yonder blue vault burning!"
And I took the trust,
As a mortal must,
Whose soul for love is yearning.

Fate kept us apart for many years,
And the blue sea rolled between us,
Though I kissed each day the nut-brown tress
And made fresh vows like Venus—
Till I sought my bride,
And Fate defied,
That had failed from love to wean us.

I found my love at the garden gate
When the dew was on the heather,
And we twain were wed at the little Kirk
In the pleasant autumn weather,
And the gold that wears
Now soothes my cares,
As we live and love together.

A Little Parable.

There was a country town containing about two thousand inhabitants, employed in a great variety of pursuits, farmers and gardeners, raisers of stock, mechanics of all sorts. They were all gaining a modest but comfortable living by their various labors. One day there moved into the town a man, believed to possess enormous wealth. He bought a large place, built a splendid mansion, and said to the people: "I have come to spend my money among you, according to my peculiar tastes. I wish to employ five hundred men in marching to and fro my grounds every day, and I wish to have fireworks every night, and will pay the highest prices for rockets and Roman candles. I wish to have three or four hundred little children dressed in white, with blue and red ribbons in their hair, to sit about the ground in groups, or dance in the hall every day, and I will pay each of them a dollar a day for doing it, and will buy the clothes and ribbons for them to wear. I shall wish to buy four suits of clothes a year for each of the men, and I propose to give a supper every night, with plenty of ice-cream, to all the inhabitants of the town." Could any thing be more attractive than this programme? Half the people gave up their usual occupations and devoted themselves to marching round the lawn, and the other half to making fireworks, clothing and ice-cream for these festivities.

The people and town prospered wonderfully; the men got their three dollars, the children their dollar a day, and great profits were also made on the fire works, clothing and ice-cream. But one morning the bubble burst. The rich man had disappeared. Then it was made known that all the money he had been spending had been borrowed of the town authorities at a high interest, and that as he left no assets this was a debt the town must pay. The people had given up their old occupations, had lost the taste for regular work, had acquired a love of luxury, had learned to speculate, were no longer satisfied with small returns, but wished to obtain large incomes with little labor, and besides all this derangement of their habits, they had a great debt to pay for their frolicking and waste. Now, would it not take a long time for the people of such a place to get back to their old position? The people of the country are in the condition of this town. We took a million or two of men from productive industry during four years, employing them in destroying and wasting property. The expense of this is an accumulated debt which we have to pay. We have acquired habits of extravagance and waste at the same time. And now that the excitement is over, a long period of depression which four years of war can produce it will take fifteen or twenty to repair.—
James Freeman Clarke.

A Mother's Presentiment.

The mysterious disappearance of Captain George E. Magwire some days since, says a recent issue of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, has given rise to a great deal of comment and many conjectures as to the cause of his absence. He was well known in the city, having at one time been a prominent young politician, with an avowed determination to achieve the distinction of a seat in Congress. For several years past, however, he has been in failing health and subject to the terrible disease, epilepsy, which sooner or later destroys life or takes the reason captive.

Captain Magwire was fully aware of the fate that awaited him, and knew that no medical skill could avert his doom, and that the hand of the destroyer was upon him. Death he did not fear; but he thought his intellectual faculties would become clouded, and that he would be an object of pity to his friends as unendurable. With what intense anxiety he watched the slow approach of the insidious monster of insanity can hardly be imagined. He resolved not to wait to be engulfed in its clasp, but rather to avert it by taking his own life. This determination was expressed to several of his intimate friends, but he informed no one of the time or method he should select, if, indeed, either time or mode was fixed in his mind. On Tuesday afternoon he was seen at the bridge, and since then no tidings of him have been received by his family. The presumption, growing out of the circumstances, is strong that he leaped into the river and was drowned. There is a possibility that he may have fallen from the bridge during an attack of epilepsy, but the general impression is that he committed suicide.

The disappearance of Capt. Magwire is reverted to now for the purpose of recording a very singular dream, or presentiment of his venerable mother. It can be no doubt of the authenticity of the fact

about to be related. The night Mrs. Magwire last saw her son her sleep was disturbed by a painful and vivid dream. It seemed so like a reality that she could not shake off the impression. In her dream she saw him struggling in the water; she saw him sink and rise again, and heard the gurgling sound of strangulation as he disappeared beneath the waves. She awoke her husband, and said to him, "George is dead; I saw him in the water and heard the gurgling noise made by him in drowning." This was before Mrs. M. had heard that her son was missing, or had heard any intimation of his intention to take his life. This is one of those singular dreams which puzzle the philosopher, and leads a probability to the assumption of Spiritualists. Mrs. Magwire is quite an old lady but has always been of sound mind.

Two Bright Dogs.

Some one tells this little story of two small dogs:—

"My friend had several dogs, two of which had a special attachment to and understanding with each other. The one was a Scotch terrier, gentle and ready to fraternize with all honest comers. The other was as large as a mastiff and looked like a compound between the mastiff, and the large, rough stag-hound. He was fierce, and required some acquaintance before you knew what faithfulness and kindness lay beneath his rough and savage-looking exterior. The one was gay and lively; the other, stern and thoughtful."

"These two dogs were observed to go to a certain point together, when the small one remained behind at a corner of a large field, while the mastiff went around by the side of the field, which ran up a hill for nearly a mile, and led to a wood on the left. Game abounded in those districts, and the object of the dogs' arrangement was seen. The terrier would start a hare, and chase it up hill toward the large wood at the summit, where they arrived somewhat tired. At this point the large dog, which was fresh and had rested after his walk, darted after the animal, which he usually captured. They then ate this hare between them, and returned home. This course had been systematically carried on for some time before it was fully understood."

The following published in the *Youth's Companion* will be of interest to many in this country:

"Many years ago a son of a Scotch lord, traveling in this country, happened to spend a Sunday in Stratford, Ct. Finding the hours of the day long and weary he dropped into the church and soon became more interested in the face and voice of a beautiful young lady in the choir than in the preacher's sermon. The impression made was a permanent one. On inquiry he found that she belonged to a poor family but was highly esteemed for her noble personal qualities. He made her acquaintance which ripened into respect and love. The young lady was placed under the best educational influences and afterward taken to Scotland as the wife of the young traveler.

Professor Benjamin Sillman of Yale College, who was born in Stratford, had often heard the romantic story, but had never learned the name of the Scotch lord. When he visited Scotland he met one day at a dinner table Lord Sterling and his accomplished wife. He was charmed with the country manners and the conversational gifts of the lady which rose into positive pleasure when he found that she was the heroine of the romantic story so often told in his native town.

Keep Your Birds Tame.—There is one point in poultry management to which we wish to call especial attention, as but few persons who rear poultry for profit ever attach much importance, notwithstanding it has great influence upon the profits. It is to keep your birds tame, whether they are kept in suitable enclosure during the entire year or permitted to have unlimited range, for it pays to do so, in many ways. If you keep your birds tame, so they will come to you quickly at the call and eat out of your hand without any sign of fear or distrust, they will always be quiet and content, and will fatten and thrive much better. This matter is well understood by breeders of the larger kinds of stock, such as cattle, horses, sheep and swine, while there are a sensible few who apply the same principle to poultry.

Many a fine nest of eggs has been destroyed by a wild and frightened hen, a hen which had early learned to fear her master or owner. If uniform kindness had been resorted to the hen would suffer herself to be handled while on the nest, and never once think of leaving it in such a hurry as to endanger the eggs. If the poultry on the farm is kept tame, it is not a very difficult matter to catch one or more when wanted for table or other uses. *American Poultry Journal*.

Stir the Soil.—Nothing is more conducive to thrifty vegetation, to its rapid and healthy growth, than to keep the ground well stirred; so we say with confidence, keep the cultivator and hoe in motion. Pulverization increases the capillary attraction or sponge-like property of soils, by which their humidity is rendered more uniform. It is evident this capillary attraction must be the greatest where the particles of earth are finely divided. Gravel and sands hardly retain water at all, while clays, not open by pulverization or other means, either do not absorb water, or when, by long action, it is absorbed, they retain too much.

Water is not only necessary as such to the growth of plants, but it is essential as a kind of fluid, and as a medium through which plants absorb other food. Manure is useless to vegetation till it becomes soluble in water, and it would remain useless in a state of solution if a s s so situated as to be excluded from air, for then the fibers or mouths of the plant roots, unable to perform their functions, would decay and rot off. Pulverization in a warm, dry season is also of great advantage in admitting the nightly dews to the roots of plants.

Cookies.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one half cup of cream or sour milk, flavor with any thing you like, one-half teaspoonful of soda, enough flour to roll easily, roll thin; bake with moderate fire. They are done when they can be lifted from the tin on a case-knife without breaking.