"It."

BY MRS. J. M. WINTON.

If, sitting with his little worn-out shoe
And scarlet stocking on my knee,
I knew the little feet had pattered through
The pearl-set gates that lie 'twixt heav'n and me,
I could be reconciled and happy, too,
And look with glad eyes to'rd the jasper sea.

If, in the morning when the songs of birds
Remind me of a music far more sweet,
I listen for his pretty, broken words,
And for the music of his dimpled feet,
I would be almost happy, though I heard
No answer, and saw but his vacant seat.

I could be glad, if, when the day is done,
And all its cares and heart-aches laid away,
I could look westward to the hidden sun
And with a heart all full of yearning say,
"To-night I'm nearer my little one
By just the travel of one earthly day."

If I could know those little feet were shod
In sandals wrought of light of better lands,
And that the footprints of a tender God
Ran side by side with his in golden sands,
I could bow cheerfully and kiss the rod
Since Benny was in wiser, better hands.

If he were dead, I would not sit to-day
And stain with tears the wee sock on my knee;
I would not kiss the tiny shoe and say,
"Bring back my darling little one to me."
I would be patient, knowing 'twas God's way
That sometime I my little child might see.

But O. to know the feet once pure and white,
The haunts of vice had boldly entered in,
The hand that should have battled for the right
Had been wrung crimson in the clasp of sin,
And should he knock at Heaven's gate to-night
To fear my boy could hardly enter in!

GRETCHEN'S SONG.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Gretchen's home in the Fatherland was under the shadow of the great pines, standing tall and stately, like soldiers, on the mountain-side. Franz said he could hear voices in them all day long; and the voices were always there in the night time plainer to be heard than through the day.

Franz was Gretchen's lover. She was his only friend. His only one? Ah, no! I was mistaken in saying that. He had one other, and that was his violin. Such music as he could coax from the wonderful instrument. One momont Gretchen would cry over it. The next he would make her laugh, and before she knew what she was about she would be dancing as she listened.

"Oh, there must be a living soul in it!" she said, "I am half afraid of it, Franz."

"But you are not afraid of me, Gretchen?" Franz would say, and smile softly to see her flax-flower eyes droop, and the red come out in her cheek. "Surely, you are not afraid of me?"

"No," she would answer, and then Franz would say "Listen, Gretchen, and hear what the soul in the violin tells thee," and he would play little harmonies so low and sweet that they seemed like angel voices far away. What another would have said in words, he made his violin say for him. It was the strangest, sweetest way of wooing Gretchen had ever heard of, she thought. How pleasant to be the sweetheart of such a lover as Franz, who could put his thoughts into the most beautiful language on earth, and sometimes she thought there could be nothing sweeter in Heaven.

By and by another lover came a-wooing. He was the son of a rich man in the village. He was proud, though just what he had to be proud of Gretchen could not understand. He could not play like Franz. He could not sing such strange and charming songs as Franz could. He seemed to lack so much, she thought, when she compared him with her lover. His father had money, and was the great man of the place, but that was nothing to be proud of. It merely happened so. This young man had never done anything to make himself or any one else better. No one was the happier because he lived. She thought no one ever would be, because, you see, she loved Franz, and on that account liked this new lover not at all, and used to laugh at his music and his shy, strange ways.

"I would not marry him if he had the world to put in his pocket," said Gretchen. "You are richer with your music, Franz, than he with all his father's wealth."

And then Franz made his violin sing the sweetest, and the saddest little song. She smiled to listen, and felt the tears coming at the same time. She knew afterward, what he was thinking about then.

Gretchen's father wanted her to marry her rich lover.

"I cannot do it," she said firmly. "Don't urge me, father, for it can never be."

"And why?" he asked.

"For many reasons," she answered. "I do not love him. I never could. That is one, and that is enough. Send him away, father, before I learn to hate him."

"I know why you will not listen to him," her father said. "It is because of that Franz. The good-for-nothing, idle fellow! I'd like to break that violin of his over his head. Now, listen to what I say, Gretchen. If you will not marry the man I want you to, I will never consent for you to marry Franz. Remember that."

He left her, and she sat down by the window of her little room and cried for a long time. She could not marry Franz against her father's wishes. She must forget her dream,—but she would not forget him or be untrue to him. She would love him if she lost him.

"You had better do as your father wants you to," Franz said, bitterly. "I am only a poor musician, and he will never take back his words, be sure of that."

"But I can wait," she said, and her face was brave and beautiful to see.

"Ah, but the waiting may be so long!" Franz said. "Have you thought of that?"

"I can wait all my life, if need be," she said, and he knew she meant every word.

By and by Franz made up his mind to go to America.

"I can work there better than here, may be," he said. "And it will be just as easy to wait there as here."

Before he went away he made a little song for her. It was such a sweet and tender one that, though he only sang it once, she forgot not a word or a note. Gretchen had never heard anything like it before, and she saw in it another proof of her lover's genius.

"Oh, it is so beautiful, Franz," she said. "The angels must have sung it to ou."

"You think it is something beautiful because you love the one that made it," he said. "It shall be your song and mine, Gretchen, and I will sing it to no one else."

What long and lonesome days those were that came after Franz went away! It seemed as if waiting for a year of such ones would make an old woman of her. And they might have to wait so many years—but she would be true forever. Brave, noble little Gretchen!

The years came and went. No more lovers came to woo. They knew that her heart was over the sea with Franz. Once in a while she heard from him. He was waiting, like hersilf.

By and by her father died, and then Gretchen was free to go and come as she pleased. She was free to marry the man she loved, and she would find him in that wide new world and make her promise true.

But where to go she did not know. When last she heard from him he was traveling about the country with some German singers, and he might be east or west, or north or south. Perhaps—and when she thought of that her heart seemed to stop beating, perhaps he might be dead. Who knew? Stranger things happened every day in this world of ours.

But she would seek for him. She left her home and crossed the sea to the shores Franz had sought before her. He had come to New York. She would begin her search there. And she began it and ended fruitlessly. If he had ever been there they had forgotten him.

Then she went to other cities. Wherever she heard of any German singers, there Gretchen sought for her lover. But he was not among the roving minstrels. He seemed to have dropped out of existence. He had gone down in the great whirlpool called life, and she was alone, she feared.

But she was not the woman to give up her search and sit down hopelessly. "No news is good news," they say. So long as she heard nothing of him she could hope. And while hope lasted she would search for him.

So she went hither and thither—east and west, and north and south. She listened to the violins in many an orchestra, hoping to hear his among them. She did not carc to see the players. That was not necessary. She would recognize the voice of his instrument when she heard it. But she listened in vain.

So a year went by and at the end of it she found herself in a great inland city, with money almost gone and courage sinking low. How was her quest to be kept up longer? She could work, but when she worked her search could not go on.

"Oh, my Franz?" she said sorrowfully, as she leaned upon the window-sill that night and listened to the roar of life as it surged to and fro in the streets below her. It may be we have been near each other, and yet are never to meet again. It may be thou art dead. But thou hast not forgotten me, whereever thou art."

So beautiful and strong is loving woman's faith!

By and by the babel of life grew still. As she leaned out in the moonlit air, the impulse came to her to sing. Ah, it had been long since she cared to do that! And she sang—sang the little song Franz had made for her. Soft and low, at first, with a quiver in it, as if her sorrow haunted its notes and could not be shaken off; then, as the momory of the old times came back, and she thought of Franz, playing under the shadows of the pines, and seemed to hear his violin again, speaking to her like a voice from Heaven and falling like a balm upon the unrest of her life, her song grew clearer and sweeter, and the night was like a great soul that listens in its stillness.

The song ended. Then from a window high up in the great tenement-house opposite, came the sound of a violin. It was like a voice that cries out in gladness that is almost unutterable—gladness so deep that it is half a pain. The long, tremulous tones came floating to her on the wind, and a voice in each chord seemed calling, while over and above the voice of a melody wound itself like a vine that is full of beautiful flowers.

"Oh, my Franz!" cried Gretchen, while her face was pale with sudden joy! "Oh, my Franz I have found thee! That is thy voice speaking to me. Thou hast not forgotten thy song, and now thou art answering it."

Down the long stairs and across the street she flew like a bird that hears its mate. Up the stairs of the house in which Franz dwelt her feet climbed swiftly. Love lent her wings, and her body seemed light as her heart. Her soul kept crying, "Franz, I have found thee at last."

"Gretchen, is it thou?" It was Franz's voice, in the language of the fatherland, that spoke when her feet were at the door.

"It is thy Gretchen," she cried, and then he saw her at the doorway, with the light of woman's love shining in her face, and he dropped the violin, stretched out his hands toward her with a rapture too deep for words in his poor pale face.

"Oh, my Franz!" and then her arms were about his neck, her tears and kisses mingled on his face.

"I had thought that I must die without seeing thee again," he said. "But it seemed as if I could not. It will not be so hard now since thou art here to hold my hand."

"Thou must not say that, my Franz," she said, and her eyes were so full of tears that she could no longer see his face. "Thou must live for me."

"If I could," he whisperad. "But I fear it cannot be. Even love like thine is not strong enough to conquer death."

"Bring me my violin," he said. And she brought it and raised him up in bed, so that he could play. He touched the strings softly and lovingly, in low, uncertain chords. Presently they fashioned themselves into the melody of the song he had made for Gretchen. Oh, it was so sweet, so sad. She felt the tears falling down her cheeks like rain.

All at once the violin fell from his hands to the floor, and a string snapped apart with a sound that was like a sharp cry of pain.

"It is the end, Gretchen," he said faintly. "Let me hold thy hand, dear, and wilt thou kiss me?"

She bent above him and drew his head upon her breast, and kissed his thin cold cheek. A lonesome wind was blowing through the room and smote against his forehead.

"Ah, the pines!" he cried. "Dost hear them, Gretchen? They are talking to me."

And then such a far away look came into his eyes that she felt as if an infinite space was between them. And when she called his name and he answered not she knew that it was the space of death.

To clean stair rods, use wooien cloth wet with water and dipped in sifted coal ashes; afterwards rub with a dry cloth.

A piece of rag soaked in a solution of cayenne is a capital thing to put into a rat or mouse hole. They will not attempt to eat it.

Looking Back.

BY G. L. ROBERTSON.

A barefoot child, by the meadow stile,
Sets down her basket to rest awhile,
And, turning, swings her hat with a smile,
To a classmate, taking another way
O'er sunny fields, with Spring flow'rs gay;
And looking back.

With bright face saddened, a young girl leans
One glimpse to catch of fast-fading scenes;
Learning the sorrow that parting means,
As, borne along by the hurrying train,
Living her schooldays o'er again,
She's looking back.

A fairer picture there cannot be
Than yon vessel, sailing, proud and free,
Out to the billowy, open sea;
Yet a fair young bride with wistful eyes
From deck, to where the blue shore lies,
Keeps looking back.

A widow stands by a lonely grave
O'er which the sheltering grasses wave,
Marked by a scene with no record, save
The mossy traceries of changing years;
And to the far bright past with tears
Is looking back.

Whitely and silently falls the snow
On the meadows still, and cold winds blow
O'er the dark'ning fields, as, sighing low,
An aged woman, for the last time, seems
A child again; in happy dreams
Still looking back.

Thus all through the world, where'er we turn,
There are aching hearts, and souls that yearn
Over by-gone hours; and thoughts still burn
Within us, that were uttered years ago,
As in the midnight watches slow
We're looking back.

But angels, kneeling before the throne,—
The loved ones found; the long race won,—
Are thrilled with joy by this thought alone:
Their eyes "the King in His glory" see.
Yes, in His presence there can be
No looking back.

OUR TRAMP.

Our tramp came to us foot sore and dust begrimmed one evening last June.

Perhaps it was the title of "madam" prefixed to his petition for something to eat and a chance to sleep on the haymow, which moved Mrs X—— to acquiesce—somehow against your own judgment—or it might have been the weariness visible in his air and speech. Be this as it may, he was inducted kitchenward, with instructions to wipe his feet carefully, where I judged his performances with the knife and fork gave rise to Bridget's remark the next morning, that he'd breed a famine in any community inside of a week!

"What can you do, Jim?" I asked of him the next morning, as, emboldened by a breakfast, he begged for a job.

"A'most anything, sir, that's hard work," was his answer. "Them as goes to sea for a livin' gen'ly speakin', can turn their hands to all sorts."

"There's the strawberry bed to be weeded, John," suggested Mrs. X——, seemingly interested in the wanderer, who, barring the loss of two front teeth, and hair suggestive of brick-dust in its hue, was not a bad looking fellow.

I do not assert that Mrs. X——'s gentle will is law in our family, but I find it more conducive to harmony to fall in with her suggestions with as much dignity as possible; so, with an air of indifference, I acquiesced, and Jim proceeded to his task, which, being accomplished with celerity and neatness, my wife conducted him to the flower garden—the pride of her own heart, and, as far as keeping the same free from weeds is concerned, the detestation of my own.

"Ain't they han'sum, mum?" said Jim, kneeling and turning with his rough forefinger the modest face of an English daisy outward. "Minds me of that 'ere young lady on the verandy this mornin', as must be your twin sister?"

His reference to a resemblance between Nellie and herself was not at all displeasing to Mrs. X——, who is five years older than her sister, although she effected incredulity at the doubled-barrelled compliment.

"He has a rough sense of refinement, quite uncommon for one in his station of life," she said to me afterward, by which I knew the leaven of flattery was working; and when, the next day, she decided that we had better keep him till the gardening was over—"It will save you so much hard work, John," she remarked *en parenthese*—I knew that Jim, our tramp, had found favor in her eyes.

"Shall you ever go to sea again, Jim?" asked Mrs. X——, as we made a family group on the piazza in the cool of a summer's evening, while Jim loitered near by, picking up the garden tools, and whistling softly to himself.

"Yes'm," was the answer, somewhat constrained withal.

"You must have met with some strange adventures in your life," said Nellie, who was just crossing the threshold of an age when all things are touched with a glamour of romance; moreover, anything pertaining to the sea had of late been full of interest to her—ever since the dashing Captain Hanson had made her acquaintance at Hastings, where she had spent part of the summer.

I had lately learned through the medium of Mrs. X——, that Captain Hanson was daily expected to favor Leybridge with his presence, ostensibly to see one of his ship's owners—possibly and probably to renew his acquaintance with my pretty sister-in-law.

"Well, mum," answered Jim, who I have left sitting uneasily on the handle of the wheelbarrow, adventures is mostly in sea-yarns, as is writ for the story-papers; but I've had some considerable hard pulls, what with bein' wrecked four times—the las' time losin' of as good a chist of clo's as a feller would want, to say nothin' of bein' in a open boat 'leven days—me, the mate an' four men with never a bit or sup the blessed time. We was picked up," continued Jim, "by a blasted—beg your pardon, mum, for swearin'—packet-ship, boun' from Liverpool to New York. Ol' Beansole was the cap'n—mebbe you've heerd of him, sir?"—this to me.

"Wasn't it he," I asked, as a dim remembrance of the name brought to mind a newspaper narration of cruelties on ship-board, which somehow died out very suddenly, "who was heavily fined for brutality toward some of the emigrant passengers?"

"Wot's a fine, that the owners steps up an' pays," said Jim, in scorn, "to lettin' a woman die on deck from the wet an' cold? An' why didn't they bring up some of his other cruelties—shootin' men off in the tops'l yard, drivin' 'em overboard in the Mersey, or breakin' a rib or an arm wi' an iron belayin' pin?

"Oh, come now, Jim," said I, "You don't mean that there are men on ship-board to-day who are such brutes as all that? Why, the law would"—

"The law!" repeated Jim. "Law's for cap'n an' owners, not for us sailors, though they did manage to shove the petty officers of the Jack Frost, Jr., into prison, a few years ago, arter they killed two or three men aboard on the passage—though I mind it was said that the cap'n and mate 'scaped punishment by happenin' to both die—sing'lar, wasn't it?—jus' afore the ship was hauled into dock."

"But such men are the exception. There are plenty of kind-hearted men who go as captains now-a-days," I urged after a short pause.

"Indeed there are!" suddenly broke in Miss Nellie, with energy. "Char—that is, a captain whom I know," she said, interrupting herself suddenly, "says that the trouble is with the men; that they are a drunken, reckless lot of—"

"Nellie," said Mrs. X——, reprovingly.

"Well, I don't care!" said the willful girl. "Only I beg Jim's pardon; I didn't mean such men as he is."

"It's all right, mum," returned Jim, quietly. "Tain't to be expected that the likes o' one o' you young women, wi' a heart like one o' them ere big J'pan lillies, knows o' men's badness aboard ship—why should you?"

"But are there no captains who are kind to their men?" asked Mrs. X——, in some perplexity; and Miss Nellie was heard by me to say, under her breath, that she knew one, at least.

"Bless you, yes'm" said Jim, "There's lots of 'em; only it hasn't been my luck to sail with 'em. There's cap'ns sail out o' New York to-day, as I hear don't allow swearin' from men nor officers; gives 'em good grub, watch an' watch, an' has 'em in the cabin of a Sunday for prayers. Though," he added "where there's one o' them, there's a dozen that's either fiends themselves, else they're that careless as they let the officers do just as they happen to feel. I don't mind tellin' you," he continued, seemingly betrayed into an unwonted confidence, that my business ashore is mostly to run foul of a cert'n man as I'm sure to meet sooner or later. I know he's roun' these parts. An' when he an' I does meet," said Jim, rising and striking a brawny, clenched fist into the hollow of the other hand apparently for everything but somerememnbered wrongs, "there'll be a hard reckonin!"

"I think," said Mrs. X———, rising, with as much dignity as is consistent with a height of five feet four, "that we have heard quite enough. Come, Nellie!"

Whereupon the twain (the latter a little unwillingly, as I fancied) entered the house, manifestly to the discomfiture of the sailor.

"There they go," he said, dropping his head and speaking in rather a sad voice, "a-thinkin' how I'm only a low, revengeful cretter, with no feelin' mor'n the ship's log. But, how far would you forgive a man who has had you strung up the main riggin' for a full hour by the two thumbs, an' all for that I begged of him to send me up to stow a r'yal in a gale, 'stead of a little chap as was a stowaway, an' no more fit to go than a girl baby?" again asked Jim.

Before I could frame a suitable answer, which should combine prudence with the usual forms of good advice, always proffered and seldom heeded in such cases, Jim had taken himself off. I saw no more of him until the following morning, when he abruptly informed me that it was to be his last day; no persuasions or inducements of mine being sufficient to turn him from his purpose.

Clad in a pair of voluminous overalls and a dilapidated old felt hat, I was assisting at the turfing of a flower bed in front of the house; and while awaiting the return of Jim with the wheelbarrow, I was accosted by an elegantly dressed and gentlemanly-looking young man, who, accosting me by the rather familiar title of "old chap," demanded in a somewhat peremptory tone, to know "where Mrs. X——, hung out."

With an inward chuckle, I mildly designated the house behind me as the residence in question, and asked if he wished to see Mrs. X——.

"What's that to you?" was the rather unexpected answer, in a low tone and with a manner that savored rather of coarseness, which contrasted strongly with the suavity of manner with which he greeted Miss Nellie, who just then appeared on the scene with both hands full of flowers.

As the young lady blushed charmingly, and murmured her surprise at meeting Captain Hanson, that gentleman, not at all disconcerted by this introduction to myself, which immediately followed, expressed, with great ease and fluency, his unadulterated satisfaction and surprise at the meeting, as though it had been on the banks of the Nile.

Completely ignoring my own presence, as the two stood by the gate, the creaking of the wheelbarrow was heard, and in another moment master Jim came bearing down upon us, the wheel just grazing the doeskin clad leg of the gallant captain, who, turning, remarked, with languid reproach in his tone:

"My good fellow, pray be a little more"—

Captain Hanson, to the best of my knowledge, has never finished his expostulation.

With an oath, the sailor dropped the barrow and sprang forward, exclaiming: "I knew I'd run foul of you!" but too late to lay violent hands upon Captain Hanson, who, catching a glance of the sailor's face, muttered an inarticulate remark, and turning down the driveway, ran like a startled fawn, closely pursued by the avenger, leaving Miss Nellie and myself gazing blankly at each other.

"Oh, John, he'll kill him—indeed he will!" said the girl, with white face and clasped hands, as she watched the pair disappearing over the brow of the little hill which led to the town.

"You needn't be alarmed, young lady," was my confident reply. "Captain Hanson has the lead, so to speak, by at least three lengths, and is gaining all the time."

But to this day I have never learned satisfactorily concerning the result of the race, for neither Captain Hanson or Jim has ever returned to tell the tale.

When last seen, as per report of old Rogers, ex-mariner, now mail-carrier, "they were headin' for Philadelphia, with everything set, the clipper—by which I understood Mr. Rogers to refer to Captain Hanson—"bein' two knots ahead, an' workin' to win'ard all the time."

"For aught I know, they kept on until they reached the Atlantic; and it is quite doubtful whether Miss Nellie, now engaged to be married to the son of our neighbor Jones, will soon hear the last joke against her runaway lover.

But, being somewhat a methodical man, I have estimated the cash value of our experiment somewhat as follows:

Services of Jim for ten days,	$15 00
Old clothes left behind,	50
Satisfaction at having saved my sister-in-law from a Marriage with a brute,	10,000 00
Total,	$10,015 50

I would remark, in conclusion, that my wife takes all the credit of the investment.

"What," asks a corresopndent, "causes the hair to fall out?" Before we answer we must know whether you are married or single. This is important to a true understanding of the case.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

So Like a Flower.

A lily grew by the River of Life—
Tender, and meek, and fair!
Out over the waves of the troubled tide,
That tossed themselves by the lily's side,
She breathed a perfume rare;
And voyagers drifting down to the sea—
Weary with labor and strife, may be—
Were cheered by the fragrant air.

Sweetly the sunshine, and softly the rain,
Fell where the lily grew;
And the wind that beats on the river's breast
Scarce touched the leaves on the lily's crest
As o'er her head it flew;
And when night clouded the strand and stream,
Serene and holy the golden gleam
Of becoming stars broke through.

But Time stood thoughtfully whetting his scythe,
Close by the bank one day,
Where a flood of glory, a vapor fair—
As if an angel were brooding there—
Over the lily lay.
And there the fragrance pure and sweet,
Rose from the bloom that grew at his feet,
Scenting the soft breath of May.

Then long o'er the blossom with tender eyes
Time bowed his wrinkled head;
"Christ blesses the flowers that the earth doth miss—
The aged reaper said,
He turned the glass in his trembling hand;
Silently, swiftly the shifting sand
Ran through a silver thread.

He gazed down the river; the crimson bars
Of sunset filled the West.
"The beautiful gates—they are open wide!
I'll lay the lily afloat the tide
On some warm wave at rest,"
He knelt where meekly the sweet flower stood,
And gathered her to his breast.

And he placed her fondly afloat the stream;
Peacefully there she lay,
As a child in its cradle sinks to sleep
When evening's earliest shadows creep,
Smiling as still at play;
And while Time stood in the twilight there,
The sweet wind kissing his snow white hair,
She passed from his sight away.

The lily grows by the River of God—
Tender and meek, and fair!
Out over the waves of the peaceful tide,
That ripple softly by the lily's side
She breathes a perfume rare!
And voyagers passing the pearly gates
Find rest at last, where the loved one waits
With Christ—her Christ—over there!

—*New York Evening Post.*

Fashion Novelties.

Striped satin purses are fashionable.

The turban is a new shape for breakfast caps.

Dainty breakfast caps are made of colored India mull.

Steel or brass buttons are seen on all dark woolen suits.

In Paris, morning is confined to the hours between rising and four o'clock.

The French ginghams known as Madras ginghams have gay red bars and plaids.

Short dresses for dancing are being worn in Paris, and a few have been made here.

The genuine India muslin, such as writers of fiction array their heroines in, is worn again.

Simpler jewelry is now worn by fashionable young ladies than has lately been the custom.

White bonnets trimmed with pleatings of Breton lace are the novelty for receptions and dress hats.

In order to dress at present, one must exercise one's judgment above all things, and show good taste.

Transparant fabrics made over satin are chosen for ball dresses this winter, and white is preferred to colors.

Crown braids are again fashionable for the hair, and are preferred by ladies to the stiff finger-puffs so long used.

New bows for the throat are made of long loops of narrow Persian ribbon hung on one side of a sort of jabot of Breton lace.

Square necks are much used on low corsages, and not a few are V shaped; the preference, however, is for the round low neck.

"Motto" bows for the neck are made of a number of colored satin ribbons painted by hand in pretty designs on the many ends.

A rosette of satin ribbon is worn high on the left side of Grecian berthas, and a bow of many loops is on the top of the right sleeve.

The srriped moires, satin and velvet striped gauzes, and repped silks striped with satn in colors, are much used as parts of ball toilets.

How He Cured a Smoky Chimney.

Yesterday, as a citizen of Woodward Avenue was helping a tinsmith to elevate a smoke-jack to the roof of an addition on the windy side of the house, preparatory to hoisting it atop of a smoking chimney, an old man with a ragged bundle under his arm came along, halted, and soon became deeply interested.

"That chimbly smokes, don't it?" he finally inquired.

"It's the worst one in town," replied the citizen.

"And you want to stop the nuisance, eh?"

"Yes, I do."

"And you think that smoke-jack will do it?"

"I hope so."

"Well, now, I kin stop that smoking in ten minits, and I won't hurt the chimbly nor put up any smoke-jacks," continued the old man, as he laid down his bundle.

"If you'll do it, I'll give you five dollars," rejoined the citizen, who disliked the idea of disfiguring his chimney with the clumsy jack.

"Kin I have the kitchen for five minutes?" asked the man.

"Yes."

The cook was instructed to vacate, and the old man took posession. Removing the top of the stove, he poured in enough water to put out every spark of the fire. Then going out, he called to the citizen on the roof:

"Has she stopped smoking?"

"Well, I don't see any smoke at all," was the reply; "what have you done?"

While he was coming down the ladder the old man made off, eating a pie he had taken from the oven. The last half of it he had to bolt down while on the run, but at no time in the race did the citizen, tinsmith or servant-girl get within twenty rods of him—*Free Press.*

Little Johnny wanted to go to church His mother was afraid he would make a noise, but his father said: "Johnny knows better than to make a noise in church." So he went. He kept very still till the last prayer. By that time he had grown tired of sitting still, and was standing on the pew cushion, with his back to the pulpit. When the lady in the next seat bowed her head for prayer, Johnny thought she was crying. He leaned over and said to the lady, in a tone that was meant for a whisper, but which was only too plainly heard: "Poor lady! What ee matter? Do oo stummut ache?"

THE HOUSE AND FARM

The Farm.

Cellers where roots are stored need to be kept cool, else the root swill shrivel or start into growth; in either case their quality will be injured.

A British bee-keeper lays it down as a rule that if the honey makers are seen flying in and out of the hive on rainy or damp days in Autumn, it is a sign that they are in a starving condition, and the proper thing in to feed them with a syrup made by boiling three pounds of lump sugar intwo pounds of water.

The superiority of Scotch oatmeal is said to be partly owing to the grain being cut rather "glazy," that is with a shade of green upon it. Oat straw is far less nourishing for cattle when the crop is allowed to stand till it is dead ripe. Early cut oats are heavier per bushel, fairer to the eye and usually sell for more money.

A punctual man is rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts neglected, ruin credit; and when a man has lost that, he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

It is said that he is a good farmer who can make a rainy day as effective as one that is fair. So he is likewise a good manager who can make a day in autumn save one in the busy season of spring. Orchards can be trimmed, fences built and repaired, drains dug, stones picked, and many other things done that will greatly lessen the labor of next spring and summer.

The true test of the relative value of home bred cows is a careful comparison of the milk and butter records of both; this will give results to which the mere facts of importation and pedigree will be secondary. If this test were made, thousand of dollars now sent abroad for imported stock could be imployed and circulated at home to the advantage of all concerned.

To keep fruit, the lowest temperature short of freezing, and unchanged, is required. In mild weather, open the fruit cellar at night, and close it very early in the morning. Fruit gives off, in ripening, a large amount of carbonic acid which helps retard the ripening; but in fruit cellars under dwellings, this should be carried off by a ventilator, as it is detrimental to the health of the family.

Toil and be Happy.—The Christian at Work thinks Ruskin never said a truer thing than this: "If you want knowledge you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it." Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work his life is a happy one. Said a poor man in Brooklyn, the other day, with a family of eleven to provide for: "If I were worth a million dollars. I should not wish to do much different than I do now every day, working hour after hour. I love it a thousand times better than to rest." He has for nearly half a centuary been surrounded by workers, and has caught the spirit of industry. He loves his work better than food or sleep. He is happy who has conquered laziness, once and forever.

Cookery a Hundred Years Ago.

A quaint old volume, issued in 1776 from a Hartford printing house, forms reading matter of an interesting character.

It is entitled "American Cookery or the art of dressing viands, etc., adapted to all grades of life." Just here it may be remarked, that if the manual de cuisine in question was adapted to all the grades of the Americrn people one hundred years ago, the people of that era must have been generally more prosperously situated than are those who came a hundred years later; for "all the grades" in this nineteenth century of ours can by no means command the somewhat expensive materials that entered into the "viands" which Miss Simmens, the authoress, treats of.

For instance, the cheapest pudding, for which she furuishes the receipt, is a "Whitpot,' which in additton to the bread of which it is mainly compounded, calls for two quarts of milk, a half pound of sugar and nutmeg, and rosewater to taste. Her receipt for "pumpkin" pie sets forth as the necessaries for its construction, one quart of stewed and strained pumpkin, three pints of sweet cream, ten well-beaten eggs, two glssses of wine, with sugar, mace, nutmeg and ginger, to be baked in a deep dish with rich puff paste. For "simple rice pudding," she directs the use of six ounces of rice in a quart of very sweet cream, a pound of sugar, and fourteen eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one pound of raisins, and wine, spices and salt to taste, together with rich puff paste with which the baking-dish is to be lined. The ingredients for "a plain economical Indian pudding" are seven spoonfuls of Indian meal, three pints of very sweet cream, seven well beaten eggs, a half pound of raisins, a half pound of butter, the same compliment of sugan, besides a flavoring of spices. An imperial plum pudding for eight persons was to be composed of four pounds of raisins, two of currants, three of slivered citron, three of sugar, two of finely chopped suet, and two of fine bread crumbs, six ounces of candied peel, one each of nutmeg, mace and cinnamon, a pint of brandy, the same of Madeira wine, two lemons and three dozen of eggs, well beaten. For "a plain loaf cake" there are to be six pounds of sugar, two of lard, three of butter, twelve of flour, one quart of milk, two ounces of cinnamon, two ounces of nutmeg, a tea cup full of coriander seed, one pint of brandy, the same compliment of Madeira wine, twenty-four well beaten eggs, six pounds of stoned raisins, and one pint of "emptins." Miss Simmons does not state the number of persons which this "plain cake" may serve, but she does add, if large milk pans are to be used in baking it, that the cake would then require two hours baking in proportion to smaller loaves. Among those samples of the cooking of our great grandmothers there are creams, and tarts, and trifles, and syllabubs upon equally generous foundations and of marvelous construction. "A fine syllabub from the cow" was made of a quart of hard cider, sweetened with double refined sugar, and seasoned with plenty of nutmeg. Into this the cow was milked in the proportion deemed necessaey, and over it a pint of cream or more, as wished, of the sweetest cream obtainable was poured. In view of this sort of fare "adapted to all grades of society," it might be pertinent to inquire what becomes of the theory of the simple habits in force in the early homes of our ancesters; so far as cookery is to be considered, if these specimens are to be accepted as a fair representative of the whole, the housekeeper must have had weighty subjects to deal with in the relation of the family fare, and dyspepsia, it must be supposed, was a malady less prevalent then than now. Indeed nothing short of a robust digestive organization could have dealt sucessfully with such bills of fare as Miss Simmon's book provides for, and, in that view perhaps, we find the solution of the tough sinews and dauntless spirits that won us the freedom of "the land we cherish." Here is a receipt for plain soft gingerbread which, superadded to whose given above, would be a revelation to the geniuses of to-day, who undertake to guide families in the discovery of nutrimental elements in a few cents worth of food, and where, five, six, or eight persons are supposed under such direction to find full and satisfactory fare in the material that might be purchased for less than the half of an American dollar. To make this "plain soft ginger bread" you rub three pounds of sugar and two pounds of butter into three pounds of flour, and twenty eggs, four ounces each of ginger and cinnamon and four spoons of rose water. These being the plain dishes, imagination must suggest what the more elaborate ones must have been. Traditionally we know our forefathers were fond of roasts whether of animal game or poultry; their allowances of the "best brandy and wines" were something more liberal than the usages of the present day permit at the family table. "They delighted in oysters, smothered fowls in the same, and dressed turtles after the mode of to-day." Breakfast tables were laden with flapjacks (composed principally of eggs,) delicate golden waffles, swimming in melted butter and sugar, with hot biscuits and ruskes, with fried sausages (home made), with ham and eggs, and crisp, fried potatoes, and aromatic coffee, of which one pound of coffee, cleared with four eggs, and steeped, not boiled, was thought to be sufficient for the refreshment of six persons. Perhaps this picture of alimentary life in the past holds a justification of the saying "the good old times." In that sense how is the progress of this nineteenth century to be estimated? Beside Miss Simmons' Manual of "American Cookery," printed in the stormy times of 1776, which comes to us to-day like a leaf fluttering dowm the years, we have the production of another maiden entitled "twenty-five cent dinners for a family of six," printed in 1878. The coffee alone for the breakfast of the family of six in the last century would cost nearly double the sum that the writer in the present devotes to the whole family dinner of six persons, and this author states expressly her regimen is designed to occupy the middle department of cookery, where we look for more than the absolute necessaries of life. The age is prolific of theories, many of them--happily--not adapted to the practice, and in that category the fancies of many an intellecutal maid be harmless, as they are useless. Those two manuals of cookery present the extremes, and in the middle ground there are scores from which a very few may be called applicable to the necessities of the time, and which for practical purpose are really useful.

Health Societies.

One of the latest devices for making available the principal of economy by combination is that of health societies. These are conducted on the principle that prevention is better than cure. The families composing the society pay so much a year into the treasuary of the society, and elect a physician, to whom they pay, from the fund thus created, a good salary. He makes the care of the health of these families his first concern, visiting them steadily, and observing for himself what is the state of their health. He also gives to them occasional lectures on hygiene and dietetics. Members of the society are not tempted to neglect slight indispositions for fear of incurring heavy doctor's bills, but repair to the physician for advice upon the first symptoms of illness; there is no temptation to the physician to "cherish" a case of sickness, for his reputation depends on his being able to keep his society in good health, and especially to prevent severe attacks of diseases. Sensible people would much rather pay for health than for sickness, and so the arrangement is excellent all round.

A Substitute for Rag-Carpets.

The article on rag-carpets in our domestic department reminds me of my own troubles in the past with carpets in living-rooms, and how the difficulty was solved. An account of the method may be of benefit to other housekeepers. After years of suffering from dust and tacking with the inevitable wear and tear, we decided to lay a floor of hard wood and selected, as a bright and pretty contrast, ash and cherry. So the boys and papa went to the woods, cut down the trees, and without unloading them from their sleighs, took them to the saw-mill, where they were sawn into narrow boards, three inches wide by three-quarters of an inch thick. They were afterwards dressed and when brought home, placed in the kitchen garret closely packed, *on edge*, and left to dry till spring. The carpenters were ordinary mechanics, and the floor was laid on top of the old one, care being taken, however, to insert wedges wherever it was uneaven. It is now so firm that not a board creaks and with a slight oiling once a year, it retains its pretty markings, while the weekly washing is very easily done. In summer a rug and a bright piece of matting are placed where there is the most walking, and in winter a couple of sheep-skin mats and a larger rug, produce an additional warmth, and these things are very easily taken up to be shaken, while the floor gathers no dust, and has a pleasant glow that a carpet cannot give. So we do not intend to make any more rag-carpets for our living-rooms, but to continue our polished floor to the kitchen at some future day.

Noise did you say? Then teach the children to *lift* their chairs and not push them, and console yourself with the reflection that the little necessary noise is nothing in the way of annoyance in comparison with the dust that would irritate delicate lungs, covering and destroying every article of furniture in much-used, carpeted rooms.

Strange But True.

From the Pittsburg Telegraph.

Nearly forty years ago, in South Huntingdon township, Westmoreland, Pa., lived John Hinton. He was an orphan boy, rude and uneducated, and had wandered there from the neighborhood of Masontown, Fayette County. With no known relatives, he was kicked about from one family to another till manhood. Enlisting then in the regular army, he served in the Florida war. At its close he helped to escort the Cherokees beyond the Mississippi. From Indian Territory he went to New Orleans and shipped as a common sailor on a vessel bound for the East Indies. At the city of Madras, on the western shores of the Bay of Bengal, he deserted, and enlisted in a British regiment. He served many years, and during the memorable Sepoy rebellion was noted for his daring bravery. At his discharge he was presented with a gold medal by the Governor-General himself.

He is next heard of traveling in a caravan from Delhi westward across the Indus River, through Afghanistan and Persia, to Turkey and back.

In time, from trading, he became immensely wealthy and was the owner of five caravans, containing over 13,000 horses and camels, and fifty elephants. In 1864 he visited Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan, for copper, great quantities of which are there mined and smelted. His magnificent retinue attracted the attention of the Ameer, and he was invited to an audience—an honor never before received by a Christian. A present of 100 of his best horses and a three-tusked elephant made the Ameer his eternal friend. When yearly it was followed by similar presents, besides camels and merchandise, John Hinton had the monopoly of trade from the summits of the Hindoo Koosh mountains to the confines of Beloochistan, and in real power was second only to the Ameer himself. About 1870 he was made military commander of the district of Herat, and in 1876 suppressed a local rebellion to the great satisfaction of his soverign. Trained in the arts of war among the savages of North America, and among the superstitious natives of India, where he became thoroughly familiar with British soldiers and resources, together with his years of service as the idolized commander of the Mohammedan tribal armies of Afghanistan, amounting to tens of thousands of half civilized men, he is to-day the ablest soldier of Asia. Desperate from a knowledge of the studied diplomatic chicanery of the representatives of the Empress of India, with whom from fear of treachery he refuses to treat, and, as well as the Ameer, bribed with millions of Russian roubles, he will lead the armies of the followers of the Prophet to victory or to death.

Dumas as a Duelist.

One night at the theater of San Carlo, Naples, Dumas the elder (the celebrated French novelist), found himself chatting familiarly with a stranger who, when the play was over, said to him patronizingly:

"I have greatly enjoyed your converation, sir, and hope to see more of you. If ever you visit Paris call on me. I am Alexander Dumas."

"The deuce you are! So am I!" replied the novelist, with a roar of laughter.

By the way, Dumas left Naples under peculiar circumstances.

One fine morning he printed an article in which he handled the Italian people in a manner more vigorous than courteous.

At eight o'clock the paper came out; by ten Dumas received thirty challenges; by noon, sixty. At one P. M. he called a meeting of the 120 friends of his challengers, and said to them:

"Gentlemen, I leave Naples to-night, and therefore have not time to fight all your principals singly. Nevertheless I am anxious to give them all the satisfaction that is in my power, so as I have the choice of weapons I propose fighting with pistols; your sixty principals will be collected into a group, and on receiving the word fire a volley at me and I'll blaze away at the crowd."

The proposition was not accepted.

DEFECTIVE PAGE