

Dream, My Baby.

BY EDEN E. HENFORD.

Mother's baby, rock and rest,
Little birds are fast asleep.
Close beneath her mother's breast,
Safe the bird her brood will keep.
Oh! my nestling, mother sings,
Close within the mother's arms,
Fold thy little, undelivered wings,
Safe from any rude alarms.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Oh! my baby, from the nest
Little birds will swoon away
To the east and to the west,
Wild their pretty wings to try,
But, fly they fast, my bird, or far,
Never can they find the spot,
Under sun or any star,
Where the mother-love is not.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

Oh! my baby, mother prays,
As she clasps you close still,
All sweet things for coming days,
And not any earthly ill.
Away, child, remember this:
Mother's heart is warm and true,
And she tells you with a kiss,
There'll be always a room for you.
Sweet, my baby, on my breast
Dream your happy dreams and rest.
Rest, oh! rest.

ESCAPED.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

New Jersey, as well as New York, was originally settled by colonists from Holland, and although the English at one time got possession of the territory, the Dutch regained it, and held it under the name of Achter Kos, until 1673.

Among the early emigrants from Holland was a family by the name of Kovenhoven, who took up lands in what is now Monmouth county, near the present village of Eatontown. Their descendants, under the anglicized name of Conover, live in the same regions to this day.

In 1778 this family had a farm on the ocean shore, probably within the present limits of Long Branch. At that time the men folk were all away with the Continental army, under Gen. Washington.

The family left at home consisted of the mother, a daughter of eighteen or twenty years, a son of sixteen years, and another of ten. These contrived to support themselves on the farm and also to contribute liberally to the Continental cause.

Notwithstanding the defenceless condition of the place, with the enemy in possession of the country, the Kovenhoven household was a most important post in a line of secret communication kept up between the parties of New York and the East, and their friends beyond the Delaware.

The elder of the Kovenhoven boys, though only a growing lad, was a trusted messenger in this "treacherous" postal service, and by his skill and daring in working through the British lines, had already won the name of Kalte Kovenhoven, or, as we would now say, Cool Conover.

Early in the summer of 1778, when Gen. Clinton was preparing to abandon the line of the Delaware and fall back on the Heston river, a body of Hessian troops was sent through the Jerseys to open the way to Sandy Hook, where the army was to embark for New York.

The Hessians barred the country to some extent, foraging as they advanced, and making special efforts to break up the secret postal service known to be maintained in spite of their utmost vigilance.

The line was kept running at that time, as may readily be supposed, with redoubled activity, and the messengers spared neither risk nor hardship to get their dispatches through.

The service was all the harder as the activity of the enemy forced them to seek round about ways and travel long distances. The route was turned down through the pines, an unbroken wilderness, extending, at that time, nearly across the South Jersey.

One night in June young Conover returned home from a trip into the pines weary and worn. He had ridden a long mile through the soft sands of the forest without daring to wait for rest or refreshment.

Stopping at the bars and turning his tired mare into the salt meadow, he shouldered the saddle and carried it up to the barn.

He had an important dispatch with him, fastened under his arm in a water-proof cover. Worn out with hard riding from early morning till after midnight, and with the constant strain of anxious watchfulness, he felt relieved and thankful to get home in safety.

Stiff on a heap of straw, he took off his boots and, after a long and unbuttoned shirt to remove the precious package, and then in an instant, the reaction from over-exertion conquered him, and he dropped into a deep sleep.

He slept heavily until the first beams of daylight began to shine through the cracks in the barn. Then he was suddenly awakened by a tremendous thumping close by him.

As he sprang up the butt of a musket broke through the door, and instinctively the boy realized that for once he had been caught napping.

It was his way to face danger when he could not avoid it, so he sprang to the door, feeling for his package and finding it safe under his arm at the same moment.

Six men stood outside, and in the dim morning light he recognized them as a detail from a detachment of Hessians whom he had been dodging all the previous afternoon.

They addressed him roughly, and one of them, in broken English, commanded him to find forage for their horses. "Und, yunker," he added, "roun' der house and get right away breakfast."

The boy brought out hay and grain in abundance for the horses, and then led the way to the house. His sister Katie was already astir, and immediately comprehending the situation, she set about preparing a good breakfast, without any fuss or hesitation.

The meal passed off quietly, the family keeping in the background as much as possible, and the troopers showing no disposition to make trouble.

as to the father's whereabouts was not answered.

On inquiring the way to Shrewsbury town, the corporal decided that "Etouart" must accompany the party a mile or two up the shore to point out the road.

The boy did not dare to object under the circumstances, as was the less unwilling to go as in walking up the beach he might meet Dennis Hendrickson, the messenger expected to take the dispatch and carry it forward.

He therefore led the way down to the shore, striding along beside the corporal's horse, explaining to that worthy the state of the tide, and the necessity for making some haste to avoid the rising water.

The Kovenhovens still spoke Holland Dutch at home, and "Etouart" understood nearly everything the Hessians said to each other, but he was very careful not to permit any sign of intelligence to escape him.

To his surprise and consternation, he found that one object of their raid—longshore was to capture himself. They were bound for Sandy Hook, and had instructions to pick him up on the way, though they had but dim ideas as to what he could be like, or where they could come up with him.

He had taken the precaution on leaving the house to make an excuse for sending his sister the spy-glasses, which hangs over every longshoreman's mantel. The quick witted girl had caught the hint to keep watch of the party, as he knew she would do.

After following the beach nearly a mile, and finding the Hessians hadn't a shadow of suspicion in their minds as to who he was, he was just congratulating himself on getting out of a dangerous predicament in safety, when out of the very lane the soldiers were turning into, there came the last man in the world he wanted to see. This was a shoemaker by the name of Saanborne, whom everybody in the neighborhood disliked and distrusted.

He sprang his duty as a patriot, and was believed to be a traitor at heart.

Coming upon each other at right angles, Saanborne and Edward met almost within arms' length. No sooner did the shoemaker see the troopers than he threw up his hat and cried out:

"Kalte Kovenhoven caught, by George, so they've got you at last, you young rebel!"

Edward tried his best to make Saanborne understand that he was not a prisoner, and that the Hessians did not know him; but the man would not heed his signals.

"You needn't make signs to me," he said, "I know you as to your signs, and don't want 'em."

"Kalte Kovenhoven?" queried the amazed corporal, looking all about him in confusion. "Who is Kovenhoven?"

"This is the little sand-snipe that has made you more trouble than a hull regiment of ragged Continentals."

"Du Kleiner Spitznube!" cried the corporal, not without amused interest. "Is't dot so?"

The soldiers drew their horses around him, and incited by Saanborne, two of them loomed their halteres to scare him with them. If they once confined him, they would get possession of the dispatch.

He had no great fear as to his own fate even if made a prisoner, but the dispatch they must not get hold of. Such were the thoughts that flashed through the boy's mind, and prompted a desperate resort.

Dropping to the ground as one of the troopers reached out to lay hands on him, Conover darted on his feet between the horses and sprang across the beach. Tearing off his coat as he ran, he leaped into the surf and dove through the breakers that were rolling from four to six feet high over the bar.

"Fire! fire!" screamed Saanborne. "He'll get away from you!"

But the soldier's orders were not given to firing without orders, and the corporal, completely bewildered, could only remark, "Dot poyl you growt!"

"Etouart" however had no notion of drowning. Clearing the line of breakers, he struck out straight off shore, and although several shots were fired at him he was not hit, and soon he was out of the musket range. The tide, running down, carried him up the beach, and the soldiers followed along after him, expecting him soon to grow weary, and to see him sink under the waves.

Katie Conover watched the departure of the soldiers with a long sigh of relief, and when they were out of earshot called to her mother that they were fairly off.

She followed their movements until they turned towards the lane, and then dropped the glass, satisfied that all was well. Something, however, prompted her to take another look after Ned, and while trying to make him out, she saw a figure dash across the beach and into the surf.

A moment's reflection told her what had occurred. She understood that Ned had met with some sudden peril, and rather than to risk the loss of the dispatch, he had plunged through the surf and was swimming out into the ocean.

"Now," she reasoned with herself, "he doesn't expect to swim across the Atlantic, and he can't stay in the water all day, hoping to be picked up by a coaster. What he thinks of is that may be I'll see him, and try to pick him up with the surf-ski; and so I will."

Calling her younger brother, the brave girl ran down to the shore, and with the child she dragged the surf-ski across the beach.

A Jersey surf-ski is a very light boat of cedar, thin as a shell and easily handled. To launch the little craft through the breakers and jump into it without upsetting, requires a good deal of skill and a good deal of pluck beside. Katie was not a novice in such things, and in a few minutes she was paddling a strong, steady stroke up the beach, heading a point or two off shore.

She could not see her brother in the water, but after rowing, as it seemed to her, a very long time, she saw the soldiers on the sand, and judged that Ned must be somewhere in line with them.

Pulling on until she came abreast of them, she stood up and looked about her. She found she was at least a mile off shore, and two miles up the beach from home.

Ned was nowhere to be seen, and after scanning the sea in every direction, she came back with a sickening faint that he had gone down.

At that moment she heard a faint call, and rising again, could plainly distinguish a distant hark. She could not see anything at first, but pulling rapidly in the direction of the sound, with her head over her shoulder, she was presently gladdened by a glimpse of something yet a long way off.

Rowing for a few minutes, she soon made out her brother's arm occasionally appearing on a rising wave. He was floating almost under water, and very nearly exhausted.

Katie had to give him the oars to rest

on, and to help support him as best she could for some time before he was able to scramble into the skiff.

The girl had done her best, but with all her speed he had been an hour in the water when she reached him. The loss of a few moments might have lost him his life.

With Ned lying in the bottom of the skiff limp and faint, Katie pulled away for home with a glad heart, and if she cried a little, it was for joy as much as anything.

They found Hendrickson waiting for Katie's return, thinking she might possibly have the dispatch, though he little expected to see Ned with her.

The Hessians had watched their escaping prisoner until almost out of sight and then they saw him throw up his hands and disappear. When Katie came along in her boat, they supposed her search would be useless, and had turned into a lane leading inland.

On reaching their rendezvous at Sandy Hook, they reported that the boy had been drowned and his body carried out to sea.

Saanborne hastened to spread the same report through the neighborhood, and his friends thought they had lost Master Ned, and great was the rejoicing when he reappeared the next day sound and well, and everybody said: "Isn't that just like Kate Kovenhoven?"—*Youth's Companion.*

An Essay in Quantity

Lo! the day, dawning with a rosy brightness,
Leaps to greet you on all the valleys,
While the gray twilight, vanishing before it,
Clings to the lowlands;

Where the hoarse tumult of an angry torrent,
Lonely in silence as of old eternal,
Roars a rough nocturne, even in the darkness
Thundering onward,—

Like a forlorn soul that a gloomy passion
Urges, and dark mist gathers all around him,—
But the high mountains, if he gazed upon them,
Glow with the sunlight.—*The Spectator.*

Humorous Items.

There's one melancholy fact about a calendar; there's no time when its days are not numbered.

We should think that a weak man with a heavy voice would sometimes be unable to lift it up.

When you visit the menagerie and begonia about the animals, don't give jacks the bad names.

Anthony Comstock heard somebody speak of a "new departure." "A new departure?" "I'll have it arrested at once!" he exclaimed.—*Buffalo Sunday News.*

One of the seventy-five points of difference between Judge Hilton and St. Paul is that the latter "kept his body under" and the former didn't.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

The father of a St. Louis bride presented his son-in-law with 80,000 head of cattle. "Paw, der!" exclaimed his daughter, when she heard of it "that was so kind of you; Charley's awfully fond of ox-tail soup."

"Why are you looking at me so intently, Alice?" said Theodore. "I was gazing at vacancy," replied Alice, dreamily; and yet there is a twinkle about her mouth that shows her appraisalment of the young man.

I suppose the same man would live to be eighty years old on low bread, roots, and green peas, who would reach seventy-eight years on plum pudding and milk punch. Which of the two ways do you consider the wisest?—*John Billings.*

"You're drunk, sir," said the captain to an intoxicated blue-jacket, fresh from an unlimited absence without leave. "I know I'm drunk," returned the tar, "but I shall get over that. As for you, you're looking on the meagre and gloomy floor pilying, you're a fool, and you'll never get over that."

An exhorter in a campmeeting in Georgia was telling his congregation of the wickedness of the world, and how many people cheated and lied and backbited, and all that sort of thing, when an old storekeeper jumped up and said, "I know who you are hintin' at. 'Tain't no such thing!"

A bright little Shoreham boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched upon" him. "Well," explained the young belligerent, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin, I'm afraid there won't be any fight."

A scientific lecturer put out flaming handbills headed "Know Thyself." A wag soon called on the lecturer and told him he was including a great many people to form acquaintances of a very low order. The lecturer looked at the way a moment, and said, "My friend, you are right, but it never occurred to me until I saw you."

"Madam," said a doctor one day to the mother of a sweet, healthy baby. "I wish to enquire what you do to have such a lovely, happy, uniformly good child?" The mother, raised for a moment over the strangeness of the question, and then replied, simply and beautifully, "Why, God has given me a healthy child, and I let it alone."

A minister of West Anstruther appealed to Sir Robert Anstruther, who was an extensive land-owner in that parish, to assist in placing a stone in the church which he said the congregation found very odd. "Cauld, sir, cauld!" Sir Robert exclaimed—"then warn them with your doctrine, sir. John Knox never asked for a stone in his kirk!"

During the debate on the civil rights bill, General Butler, who was leading the Republican side, asked Mr. Randall, the Democratic leader, to agree to a Sunday session, in order to finish up the business.

Randall objected, saying that he had some hopes of a heretofore. Butler replied the door to his graceless offspring, he exclaimed, sadly, "Drunk again, Henry drunk again!" "All right, father," replied the staggering reprobate, "so am I!"

A railroad company suspecting dead-heads, put a detective on the track. One day he heard a passenger remark that it was very easy to go from B— to D— without a ticket. He watched the speaker and was surprised to see him hand the conductor a ticket. Getting into conversation with the passenger he said: "I'd like to know your plan for traveling without a ticket, and don't mind giving you a couple of dollars for it." "Done," said the man, pocketing the bill. "When I want to travel without a ticket I walk."

Some tests have been made at Portsmouth, England, to ascertain the effect of

a shot striking the air-chamber of a Whitehead torpedo. The first shots were fired from a rifle, but beyond slightly indenting the torpedo, no damage was done. The Gatling gun was then tried at a range of 100 to 200 yards, but it did not do the injury that the rifle. It was then fired at a point-blank range, when a shot penetrated the chamber, letting the confined air, which was at a pressure of 1,000 pounds per square inch, escape harmlessly.

In the present state of the science of electricity, M. Fontaine maintains that it is impossible to divide the electric light economically. He thus states the best practical results: A single light equal to 500 standard gas-burners has the advantage over gas, even if one-fourth of the light produced is only actually realized. If the light is reduced to a standard of 50 burners the advantage is still on the side of electricity.

If it be diminished to 20 burners there is an equilibrium between gas and electricity in the matter of cost. If, however, the electric light be only equal to 10 burners, the illumination is more costly than it would be with gas. An experiment in electric lighting has just been tried at Billingsgate, London. The engine had two cylinders, each 10.14 inches in diameter, with 14 inches stroke and using 80 pounds steam, and made 120 revolutions per minute. It imparted motion to two Gramme machines, one producing a continuous current and connected by two wires to the other of the alternating type and capable of supplying electricity to 20 Jablochhoff candles. Four circuits were employed with 100 lights in each. Nine of the electric lights were of the ordinary type, and each other in the body of the machine, facing the river, two in the street front on Thames street, and one on the staircase. The light did not apparently give so much satisfaction as the admirable system of gas lighting with which the market had been provided.

Going to the Circus.

For half an hour before the circus opened an anxious-looking, middle-aged man was observed walking around nervously. He had a free ticket and was afraid the show was on the point of being opened. When the ticket-wagon was opened he made a rush for it and bought a pasteboard; but while on his way to the ticket, he was seized by a man and for half a minute the air seemed full of

"Going to the circus, eh?" exclaimed the woman, as she slammed him around. "Sneaked out of the back way and made a bee-line for here, did you?"

"Let up on me—stop—for heaven's sake! Stop this disgraceful conduct!"

"Gentlemen," she said to the crowd, as she held up one foot and then the other, "see them heels! I've worn 'em better for a year, and there ain't nothing left but the heels and shoe-strings. All the children are just as bad off, and we don't have half enough to eat. That explains why I'm bouncing him—why I'll make his good-for-nothing heels break his good-for-nothing neck!"

"They're over a rope as she grasped him, and the concession he broke away, leaving the ticket on the ground. She handed it to her, and wiping the mud off her nose with her apron, she said:

"I ain't seen no giraffes, nor clowns, nor snakes, nor hyenas for twenty-five years, and being this ere tickets bought, I walk in and view the gorgeousness, and the children shall come to-night, if I have to paw the wash-tub to raise the money!"

Fun for Youngsters.

"What I'd like to know," said a school boy, "is, how the mouths of rivers can be so much larger than their heads."

"Why should we celebrate Washington's birthday more than mine?" asked the teacher. "Because he never told a lie!" shouted a little boy.

A Chicago small boy declared to eat some of the other day on the ground that he "hadn't any teeth that were little enough for soup."

Oh, granny! cried little Tommy at the top of his voice, "I just seen the biggest ant! It couldn't begin to get larger than that door." Granny was Johnny excited, but not so much as when Johnny told her it was a clop-ant.

An act of childish sympathy was that of a little girl, who recently seeing an old drunken man lying on the doorstep, the perspiration pouring of his face, and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him, took her little apron and wiped his face, and looking up so pitifully to her mother, she said: "Oh, don't hurt his feelings, mamma, he's so old."

"My dear," she said to a five-year-old, "as a night, as she concluded her prayer to her mamma's knees, you have forgotten to pray for your little cousins. How did that happen? Don't you want our Heavenly Father to care for them?" So made a motion of again bending her knees, "Can't help it, mamma; baby's too tired. Horace and Eddie must pray for themselves just one night."

Winter Amusements.

The play called "Who Wears the Ring" is an elegant application of the principles involved in discovering a number fixed upon, and is a splendid way in which to pass an evening. The number of persons participating in the game should not exceed nine. One of them puts a ring on one of his fingers, and it is your object to guess, first, the wearer of the ring; second, the hand; third, the finger; fourth, the joint.

The company being seated in order, the persons must be numbered 1, 2, 3, etc.; the thumb must be termed the first finger, the fore finger being the second; the joint nearest the extremity must be called the first joint; the right hand is one, and the left hand two.

These preliminaries having been arranged, leave the room in order that the ring may be placed unobserved by you. We will suppose that the third person has the ring on the right hand, third finger, and first joint; your object is to discover the figures 319.

Desire one of the company to perform, secretly the following arithmetical operation:

1. Double the number of the persons who has the ring; in the case supposed, this will produce 6.
2. Add 5 to the result, 11.
3. Multiply by five 55.
4. Add 10 65.
5. Multiply by 10 650.
6. Add the number denoting the hand 660.
7. Add the number of the finger 663.
8. Multiply by 10 6630.
9. Add the number of the joint 6631.
10. Add 35 6666.

He must suppose you of the figures now produced, 6,666, you will then in all cases subtract from it 3,535, in the present instance there will remain 3,131, denoting the person No. 3, the hand No. 1, the finger No. 3, and the joint No. 1.

MARCH FASHIONS.

The success of American ideas in dress and fashion, as in other practical details of modern life, is due to the fact that out of a mass of fashions the best features have been taken and combined with what experience has shown to be the best methods of uniting the modern exigencies in regard to clothing. Street dresses must follow certain well defined rules in order not to be conspicuous or attract undue attention. The short woman can wear her skirts demi-train and untrimmed. The plump woman can display her figure to advantage in a princess dress, and the medium, slender figure, indulge in delicate stripes and fabrics, speckled or dotted by a figure. The large woman, tall in proportion, should never wear anything but solid fabrics—black or neutral in tint, and unbroken by line or dash—but she may wear a trimmed skirt, provided they are draped low, and by adding a few loops of crimson or gold satin ribbon to the folds at the back, where they merge into the train, will shorten her perspective and sufficiently reduce her line of length to make it harmonize with the line of beauty.

All the soft materials in cotton, wool or silk—and the two first have been so greatly improved that they are now equal in appearance, and more sympathetic to the touch than the last—adapt themselves to the graceful designs of the present day, designs which ladies ought to prize and cling to as long as possible, for they will not be fully appreciated until they permit them to be superseded by something far less expensive, and whose stealthy approaches may be in the end efforts to revive the panier, the marasquin and the grotesque conceits of Paris during the first consulate.

SPRING WALKING COSTUMES.

The street dress must be dark, short and unobtrusive to make it suitable for walking in different kinds of weather and in a crowded thoroughfare. The present styles of dress adapt themselves to every requirement of an out-door life, and the best styles can be worn with equal propriety for a certain degree of permanence. The "Mathilde" walking skirt, for example is more fashionable to-day than when first issued and will be good for a year to come. The "Griselda" walking skirt is another excellent design for walking dresses, and either of these may be used for spring costumes with entire certainty. The "Mathilde" is like at present to lose their popularity. With these skirts, which require but a moderate amount of material, and are exactly adapted to the all wool materials, or the pretty mixed fabrics of silk and wool, may be employed the "Melantine" or "Balsamo." The "Melantine" is pretty and youthful, very stylish for a combination of silk and wool velvet.

The "princess" walking costume is a still excellent model, and forms a charming design for spring dresses for street wear, in conjunction with a long jacket or fichu draped and knotted at the back. Ladies who wish it can revive for house wear the French waist, with its belt and simple skirt, trimmed with two or three narrow flounces, and cut so as to clear the ground. This is really a pretty dress in delicate striped or checked gingham for the medium sized slender woman, and very convenient for wear with aprons of silk or muslin.

Charming spring suits are in preparation in gray and fawn shades and small stripes which quite cover the surface. These are made of a draped polonaise or deep, close buttoned, skirt, the flounces being kept-plaited or triple box-plaited and spaced between. The sleeves are demi-long and filled in with fine plaitings of crepe lisse, and the garniture consists of a combination of blue and wine-colored ribbons, arranged with narrow or less profusion. Nothing can be more picturesque to a street costume than the straight mantle, knotted in front, to complete a dress which is of one solid color or of two shades of the same color with hat to match. The fashionable shade of the season for these complete costumes is no longer the pale muslin, but a deeper shade, verging to coffee color, and fawn is also considered very distinguishing.

ULSTERS.

These useful outdoor garments will hold their own for traveling and riding cloaks, and are being made in a larger variety of materials than when first introduced. In addition to the improved waterproof cloaks in dark gray, navy blue, brown and black, ulsters are made in long and short, and of different shades and lined up to the neck, so that they are suitable for the coldest weather, and as the warm weather approaches will appear in mohair, alpaca and in summer silk and all the gray shades of linen.

More dressy garments partake of the dolman shape, although they are cut very close to the arm and remind one very much of the "wasp" of a few years ago, of which they might be called a graceful modification. Unless the garment is cut in the same material as the dress, there is little variety in color or fabric. The soft camel's hair cloth has superseded the drap d'ete, and the trimming of rich pelermettes and crimped fringe, which was from the upper side and has no apparent heading, is the most decided and decidedly the most graceful of textures.

MORNING CAPS.

Daily these are growing more stylish and dressy. A very showy specimen is made of white tulle, and is of a pale color, with velvet ribbon. The high Normandy crown is made of the tulle, but has the front half trimmed with frills of lace passing over from side to side and separated from each other by bands of the velvet. At the base of the back of the crown are two folds of the tulle, and attached to these is a four-inch cap of plaited lace. At the base of the front of the crown is a band of the velvet, and to it is attached a narrow lace fringe. From underneath the cape at the back falls loops and ends of the velvet.

NOVELTIES OF THE SEASON.

"Lace shoes" are of satin, over which appears to be lace. The designs of applique and guipure are carefully limited and superposed to all appearance on the main fabric. The shoe is finished with the smallest heel yet worn. It is narrow and so high that it requires practice to venture upon it. Some designs of these shoes imitate velvet with overlying lace. Some ladies having worn shoes up to which was set lace the fancy was taken up, and hence this really beautiful shoe. Gold silk tissue is a new fabric, extremely elegant. It looks like water running over the eye leaf. It deceives and enchants the eye and appears to be a double fabric, and you turn it over and think that you will find either the reppis or the gold leaf, but cannot find either. This costly material is intended for ball dresses, and Titania herself will wear it. Short sleeves with high bodies have been revived for evening wear.

FARM AND HOUSE.

Facts Worth Remembering.

One thousand shingles, laid four inches to the weather, will cover one hundred square feet of surface, and five pounds of square nails will fasten them on.

One fifth more siding and flooring is needed than the number of square feet of surface to be covered, because of the lap in the siding and matching of the floor.

One thousand laths will cover seventy yards of surface, and eleven pounds of lath nails will nail them on.

Eight bushels of good lime, sixteen bushels of sand, and one bushel of hair, will make enough good mortar to plaster one hundred square yards.

A cord of stone, three bushels of lime, and a cubic yard of sand will lay one hundred cubic feet of wall.

Five courses of brick will lay one foot in height on a chimney, six bricks in a course will make a flue four inches wide and twelve inches long, and eight bricks in a course will make a flue eight inches wide and sixteen inches long.

The law assists those who are vigilant, and not those who sleep over their rights.

Something New in Fences.

From the Rural World.

A correspondent says: "A post and rail fence, better than anything I have ever seen, patented or unpatented, is made as follows. Set the posts nine feet apart, or two feet less than the rails used. Bore a one and a quarter inch hole through the posts one foot from the ground, and at right angles with the direction of the fence. Bore three holes above this, nine inches apart, one above the other, and drive in wooden pins in all four holes to project four inches on each side of the post. Lay your rails on these pins, close to the post on each side. Bore a three-eighth inch hole through the top rail, and another one and a half inches below the bottom pin. Take a piece of wire ten or eleven feet long, and pass half its length through the top hole, and cross it under the top rail; cross it again under the second rail from the top; cross it again under the third rail, and finally cross it under the bottom rail by slipping the ends of the wire through the small hole, and bring them around in front of the post and twist them together. This makes a cheap strong fence, that will turn horses and cattle; but, if sheep are kept, a board should be placed at the bottom, or a fifth rail added."

Health Hints for Farmers.

Danger comes from sudden straining of one muscle, or set of muscles, so as to injure their tissue and cause lameness. Few escape this from the post on each side. Bore a three-eighth inch hole through the top rail, and another one and a half inches below the bottom pin. Take a piece of wire ten or eleven feet long, and pass half its length through the top hole, and cross it under the top rail; cross it again under the second rail from the top; cross it again under the third rail, and finally cross it under the bottom rail by slipping the ends of the wire through the small hole, and bring them around in front of the post and twist them together. This makes a cheap strong fence, that will turn horses and cattle; but, if sheep are kept, a board should be placed at the bottom, or a fifth rail added."

Having a bad cold in the head and no handkerchief within halting distance. Being asked what time it is when your uncle is keeping your watch to suit his time. Endeavoring to persuade a tailor that the longer your bill goes over, the sooner will the sun of resumption rise like a forty-cent sky-rocket.

Carrying a scuttle of coal up stairs while the partner of your joys stands in the hall and yells, "Oh, Henry, what a dirt you're making on my new carpet!" For the first time in one's life asking a girl if she "wouldn't like to go out some evening next week," and have her coldly say, "No you mustn't keep it hours!"

A Boy's First Effort.

A lady gave her young "hopeful" the task of writing a composition. He went to work with great enthusiasm, and the outcome is thus related.

He re-appeared, after the lapse of an hour or so, laxy from head to foot, bearing a footstep sheet, on which was inscribed in hieroglyphic, somewhat resembling the Runic characters used by our Teutonic ancestors, the following effusion:

THE SENTENCEAL.

The Sentenceal is the birthday of our Country. Our Country was born in 1842. It was discovered by C. Columbus. I pity Columbus because he was a Forener. But then he could not be born here "cause he had to discover it first. Our country is the largest, biggest, strongest country in the whole world. Hurrah for the U. S. of America.

Yours truly, WILLIE.

P. S.—It can lick any other fustled and tired out with his arduous labors, he said, with a soothing sympathy for me, mingled with a profound contempt for all his work.

"I don't wonder it makes your head ache! Poor little man! Just you wait till I'm a man! Then I'm going to hire a servant on purpose to write our books for us!"

A Hero-Martyr.

"What are you doing there?" said a kind-hearted stranger to a half-frozen plumber, who was leaning back in a recumbent position against the board fence near a service-pipe he had been engaged in repairing. It was one of those cold days, and the mechanic was with difficulty stupor that precedes death by freezing.

"What are you doing there, I say?" he repeated, with another vigorous shake. "Mending that pipe," replied the half-dazed lumber.

"But it's done, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you go home, then?"

"Sir," he replied, and there was in his face that exalted look which the martyr who dies for his fellows always wears; "sir, our shop's in the Union, and a man who'd make less than a day out of that job couldn't stay in the P. and G. F. Union forty minutes. No, sir; I'll die at my post."

The good-hearted stranger went away, saying to himself, "That's a true hero. What a City Councilman he'd make!"—*Phila. Sunday Trans.*

The Little Sweep.

Several years ago an effort was made to collect all the chimney sweepers in the city of Dublin for the purpose of education. Among the others came a little fellow, who was asked if he knew his letters.

"O, yes, sir," was the reply.

"Do you spell?"

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