

OUR JUVENILES.

The Story of Mother Hubbard and Her Little Lamb. Dams Hubbard lived in a brown-stone house. With windows of French plate-glass. And she kept a dog, and a wonderful cat, And never a lad or lass.

losing Tommy.

"Who wants to go to the sugar-orchard?" That was Uncle John Tyler, you might know. He put his head in at the door one bright March morning, when, oh me!—Duffy was so deep in the sulks that it didn't really seem as if she would ever get out again; and Ben was crying over spilt milk, and Tommy was trying to ride across the floor on a chair, making a great thumping and bumping and clatter, and the baby was screaming in his cradle, and—

But Uncle John laughed again, and said he guessed there was plenty. If there wasn't, he said, he would melt some sugar for them. They dipped and ate and chattered and laughed, until the woods rang with the happy sounds, and the snow-birds in the maple-boughs flew away in a flock. But after a while the little birch-bark trays were filled oftener with fresh snow, and the little wooden ladders began to dip very lazily indeed into the big black kettle.

FARM AND HOME.

Western Potatoes.—The Early Ohio is said to be better adapted for Indiana than the Early Rose. It is earlier, and does not run to small tubers. ANGLEWORMS.—Flower beds and lawns may be protected from angleworms by a dressing of salt now and a heavy application of lime in the early spring.

to give trouble. I have had it in the corn field and in the garden and rather like it on account of the remarkably rich addition it makes to the soil. An old strawberry bed overrun with quack was spaded last spring very deeply, taking care to turn the thick, heavy sod completely and leave sufficient soil above the perfect mat of root. The ground was planted with potatoes and cabbages, and I never had so clean a garden plot. On digging it over in the fall, the old sod was turned up a mass of black, rich soil in which the cabbage-roots had spread very thickly. I have plowed a heavy quack sod for corn, but avoided disturbing the roots, using a Nishwitz wheel harrow instead of a toothed harrow. The quack never appeared and the corn was very clean until the rag weed came. The quack gave no trouble. Harrowing will spread it unless the roots are picked up. To get rid of it plow it deep and work the soil with a sharp wheel harrow or a sharp-bladed horse hoe, which only scrapes the surface; but at any rate the sod should not be disturbed in the least. The more I learn of quack the more I believe it to be one of our most useful grasses.

THE HAPPY MAN.

By day, no biting crabs assail My peaceful, calm, contented breast; By night my slumbers never fail Of welcome rest.

Fauna.

If you listen this evening, you will hear a frog in the marsh. Flora. To-morrow I shall send you a basket of cowslips. Fauna. Thanks. I am just starting out a hive of bees. Would you like them to scatter pollen? There is no cessation of this correspondence throughout the season. The mutual consent and joint plannings of the two friendly goddesses are everywhere observable. It is to be noticed that for every bird that becomes whist and moping, after the height of summer is passed, some plant will be found putting on sackcloth and ashes, and absenting itself from Flora's court for the rest of the year.—Edith Thomas in June Atlantic.

MANUAL EDUCATION.

What James T. Fields Would Do Were He a Boy Again. I think I would learn to use my left hand as freely as my right one, so that if anything happened to either of them the other would be all ready to write and "handle things," just as if nothing had occurred. There is no reason in the world why both hands should not be educated alike. A little practice would soon render one set of fingers as expert as the other; and I have known people who never thought, when a thing was to be done, which particular hand ought to do it, but the one nearest the object took hold of it and did the office required. I would learn the art of using tools of various sorts. I think I would insist on learning some trade, even if I knew there would be no occasion for me to follow it when I grew up. What a pleasure it is in after life to be able to make something, as the saying is—to construct a neat box to hold one's pens and paper; or a pretty cabinet for a sister's library; or to frame a favorite engraving for a Christmas present to a kind, dear mother. What a loss not to know how to mend a chair that refuses to stand up strong, only because it needs a few tacks and a bit of leather here and there. Some of us cannot even drive a nail straight, and should we attempt to saw off an obtrusive piece of wood, ten to one we should lose a finger in the operation. It is a pleasant relaxation every day to leave books and studies and work an hour or two in a tool shop; and my friend, the learned and lovable Prof. Oliver Wendell Holmes, finds such a comfort in "mending things," when his active brain needs repose, that he sometimes breaks a piece of furniture on purpose that he may have the relief of putting it together again much better than it was before. He is as good a mechanic as he is a poet; but there is nothing mechanical about his poetry, as you all know who have read his delightful pieces. An English author not long ago said to me: "Prof. Holmes is writing the best English of our times." And I could not help adding: "Yes, and inventing the best stereoscopes, too!" A boy ought also to be at home in a barn, and learn how to harness a horse, tinker up a wagon, feed the animals and do a hundred useful things, the experience of which may be of special service to him in after life as an explorer or traveler, when unlooked-for emergencies befall him. I have seen an ex-President of the United States, when an old man, descend from his carriage and rearrange buckles and straps about his horses when an accident occurred, while the clumsy coachman stood by in hopeless inactivity, not knowing the best thing to be done. The ex-President told me he had learned about such things on a farm in his boyhood, and he was never at a loss for remedies on the road when the carriage broke down. If I were a boy again I would learn how to row a boat and handle a sail.