

OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

Monkey Moonshine.

Little monkey moonshine, When the stars are bright, Swinging on the cornstalks In the dead of night.

A Foot-Race for Money.

We make the following extract from an installment of Edward Eggleston's serial "The Hoosier School-boy," printed in St. Nicholas.

Jack, the "Hoosier School-boy," has discovered some unencumbered property in Kentucky belonging to Mr. Francis Gray. This he intends to attach for a debt owed his father.

"Where is it?" asked Tinkham. "It's in Kentucky, five miles back of Port William. I took it last week in a trade, and I haven't yet made up my mind what to do with it."

"That's the very thing," said Tinkham, with his little face drawn to a point—"the very thing. Mrs. Dudley's son came home from Port William yesterday, where he has been at school. They've heard of that land, I'm afraid; for Mrs. Dudley is very positive that she will not sell the claim at any price."

"I'll make a mortgage to my brother on that land, and send it off from the mail boat to go down to-morrow," said Gray.

"That'll be too late," said Tinkham. "Deal will have his judgment recorded as soon as the packet gets there. You'd better go by the packet, get off and see the mortgage recorded yourself and then take the mail boat."

To this Gray agreed, and the next day, when Jack went on board the packet Swiftsure, he found Mr. Francis Gray going aboard also.

USEFUL HINTS.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected.

One ounce of salicylic acid is sufficient to preserve a barrel of cider, that is, to keep it from fermenting and becoming sour.

A SMALL CUP of warm milk containing a teaspoonful of lime-water may be given frequently in cases of "bowel complaint."

There is nothing better for inflamed eyes than to bathe them with a solution of salt and water. Make the solution weak at first, gradually increasing the amount of salt.

To remove acid stains from garments: Chloroform will restore the color of garments where the same has been destroyed by acids.

To prepare food for mocking-birds, mix together two parts corn meal, two parts pea meal and one part moss meal, add a little melted lard, but not sufficient to make the mixture too greasy.

In Reimann's process for rendering cloth waterproof the fabric is passed slowly by machinery through a tank divided into three compartments.

Persons with weak lungs should read aloud daily, and take plenty of exercise in the open air.

BOUTWELL'S HOLE IN THE SKY.

An Amusing Episode of the Great Impeachment Trial.

A writer in an Eastern publication, in giving some reminiscences of the impeachment of President Johnson, says: I wish to give one other description from this famous trial so full of interest—that relating to Gov. Boutwell's "Hole in the Sky."

Having had the good fortune to be present, I can say, with all truthfulness, that I never have, before or since, witnessed a large audience so convulsed with laughter as was the whole Senate and the immense crowd of spectators on the occasion of Mr. Everts' reply to Gov. Boutwell, touching this astronomical wonder.

In the course of his elaborate and able argument, Gov. Boutwell said: "Travelers' and astronomers inform us that in the southern heavens, near the Southern Cross, there is a vast space which the uneducated call the hole in the sky, where the eye of man, with the aid of the powers of the telescope, has been unable to discover nebulae, or asteroids, or comets, or planet, star or sun."

Here is what Mr. Everts, when he came to make his argument, said in reply: "I may as conveniently at this point of the argument as at any other pay some attention to the astronomical punishment which the learned and honorable manager, Mr. Boutwell, thinks should be applied to this novel case of impeachment of the President, Cicero, I think it is, who says that a lawyer should know everything, for sooner or later, there is no fact in history, in science, or of human knowledge that will not come into play in his argument."

At first I thought that his mind had become so enlarged that it was not sharp enough to discover the constitution had limited the punishment, but on reflection I saw that he was as legal and logical as he was ambitious and astronomical.

A LADY of Holyoke, Mass., has built a house out of money she has made by selling her husband liquor. He drinks regularly, and she bargained with him that if he would drink he should buy all his liquor of her.

Mr. JAMES REDPATH writes of certain counties in Ireland that showed an increase last year in savings-bank deposits: "The increase noted did not come from the small farmers at all, but from the shopkeepers, the pawnbrokers and the 'gombeen men' (or petty money-lenders), and, instead of indicating a condition of prosperity, it showed that every business was depressed."

As AN illustration of the peculiar dangers which attend the bringing up of babies in St. Louis, a paper of that city relates the following: "In the parks of this noted summer resort some of the benches have but one standard, and the other day, after a nurse girl set a baby down on one of these benches and turned away to devote herself to her duty of gossip, a substantial gentleman sat down on the other end of the bench, and, as it had no leg, the baby flew up in a tree and had to be taken down by a man with a step-ladder."

HOW THEY SALT A CLAIM.

"I wish you would explain to me all about this salting of claims that I hear so much about," said a meek-eyed tenderfoot to a grizzled old miner who was panning about six ounces of pulverized quartz. "I don't see what they want to salt a claim for, and I don't understand how they do it."

"Well, you see, a hot season like this they have to salt a claim lots of times to keep it. A fresh claim is good enough for a fresh tenderfoot, but old-timers won't look at anything but a pickled claim. You know what quartz is, probably?"

"No." "Well, every claim has quartz. Some more and some less. You find out how many quarts there are, and then put in so many pounds of salt to the quart. Wild-cat claims require more salt, because the wild cat spoils quicker than anything else."

"Sometimes you catch a sucker, too, and you have to put him in brine pretty plenty or you will lose him. That's one reason why they salt a claim."

"Then, again, you often grub stake a man—" "But what is a grub stake?" "Well, a grub stake is a stake that the boys hang their grub on so they can carry it. Lots of mining men have been knocked cold by a blow from a grub stake."

"What I wanted to say, though, was this: You will probably at first strike free-milling poverty, with indications of something else. Then you will no doubt sink till you strike bed-rock, or a true fissure gopher hole, with traces of disappointment."

There's no doubt but a mining camp is the place to send a young man who wants to acquire knowledge and fill his system full of information that will be useful to him so long as he lives.—Bill Nye.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL IN THE PRESS. In a speech at a Press Fund Dinner, at Manchester, Eng., Minister Lowell said: "I think there is one thing in which even those who are pessimistically inclined will say that the world has improved, and that is the press."

THE HORSE'S FROG.

If we were to go to any blacksmith, and ask him if he did not think nature had made a mistake in putting the clumsy frog into the horse's foot, he would hardly be willing to say yes, but would put on a surprised look and perhaps explain that in some countries horses did very well without shoes, and so the frog was left to care for itself.

But, while not ready to take ground with you in any criticism of the plan upon which the foot is constructed, you have but to look in the corner of the shop where two horses stand newly shod; lift up their feet and observe for yourself that if the smith has not, the knife has made a mistake in putting the frog in the horse's foot.

The reason why so few men comparatively succeed in journalism, says a sensible exchange, is because so few have for it the temperament and the constitution. More than a moiety of mankind is slow, lacking in alacrity, and devoid of a sense of proportion.

The public is not inconsiderate—it is only ignorant. The newspaper is a mystery, of the manufacture of which it knows hardly anything. Those who give to it the enthusiasm of youth, the vigor of manhood and whatever of wisdom old age may have brought with it might have abiding fame in this department of literature, or the other, in the field of science, in the arena of public affairs, Taste or accident has betrayed them into a humble sphere of human exertion, nor do they quarrel with their fortune.

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HOW MUCH MAKES A MAN RICH.

"To be rich," said William L. Marcy, at one time Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with \$100, while another in the possession of millions may think himself poor, and if necessities of life are enjoyed by each it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possession is the richest."

To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy relates the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the State of New York I was called upon one morning at my office by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in, and commenced conversation by inquiring 'if this was Mr. Marcy?'"

"I nodded assent. 'Used to live in Southport, didn't you?' I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at. 'That's what I told 'em,' cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force. 'I told 'em you was the same Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport; but they wouldn't believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and find out for sartin. Why, you know me, don't you, Bill? I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect having seen him before, and so I replied that I had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to recall him by name. 'My name is Jack Smith,' answered the backwoodsman, 'and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school-house in old Southport. Well, times have changed since then, and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose.' I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when he broke in: 'Oh! yes you are, I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was Comptroller for—a long time; and the next time we heard of you you was Governor. You must have had a heap of money, and I am glad it—glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew that you would come to something. I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay so well as he imagined. 'I suppose,' said I, 'fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?'"

"Oh, yes," said he, "I ain't got nothing to complain of. I must say I have got along right smart. You see shortly after you left Southport our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State. 'And so you have made a good thing of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?' I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed to be so well satisfied with his. 'Well,' he replied, 'I don't know exactly how much I am worth, but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth \$300 clear cash.' He was rich, for he was satisfied."—From "Marcy Memoirs."

It is hard to tell, from this distance, whether you are fitted for the hard life of a newspaper writer or not. That is the only question to be decided, for qualification is quite immaterial. You must be prepared to rise from your bed as early as 10 a. m., in order that you may have finished reading your private mail by noon. Lunch is always paid for by the office, but you have got to accustom yourself to but five courses and to only two kinds of wine—some papers stand three, including champagne, but they are the exception rather than the rule. At 2 p. m. you are expected to read the morning papers, and if you are not too much exhausted by the effort you can have a game of billiards for no well-regulated newspaper office is without a well-appointed billiard room.

At 7 p. m. you are expected to tell the city editor where you will spend the evening, so that he can send for you in case your friends call, and then you can go to the theater, opera, ball or dog-fight, to which tickets and a carriage will be provided. If you think you can stand such laborious work, come on and we will see what we can do for you; but you must understand that there is none of the luxury to which you have been accustomed in a newspaper office. Plain velvet carpets are good enough for this class of laborers; lounging chairs are of course indispensable, but they are upholstered in plain satin with no ties. Only one roll-top desk and four gold pens are furnished by the office; if you need any more you will be expected to furnish them yourself. But one sofa and one silver drinking cup are allowed to each man, so you can see there are some discomforts to be put up with.—Boston Post.

Women are sadly ruled by the law of compensation. Those who are good are never pretty; those who are pretty are never good. To a man, truth is what he knows; to a woman, truth is what she believes. The only perfect woman a man ever loves is his mother. Intimate friendships among women have the same basis, and always exist between those who resemble each other in figure—they can borrow each other's dresses. Women invariably fear death—and I don't wonder.

A piece of beef is much more tender and juicy when the animal has been fed on roots than beef made where no roots have been fed.