PLYMOUTH ROCK LEGEND.

Another Popular Idol Smashed.

[From the New York Times.]

A Congregational society in Harlem is building a new meeting-house, in front of which is to be placed a large piece of Plymouth rock. Some years ago it was estimated that there were in the possession of Congregational societies and of private Congregationalists 11,500 tons, in round numbers, of Plymouth rock. In all probability these 11,500 tons have by this time grown to be fully 20,000 tons, for no earnest Congregationalist and no loyal descendant of the Puritans is satisfied unless he is ballasted, so to speak, with a piece of Plymouth rock. The quantity of specimens of the "true cross" in the possession of devout Roman Catholics is conceded to be very great, but it is insignificant in comparison with the quantity of pieces of Plymouth rock that are scattered over the country. With these pieces a building six times the size of the Capitol at Washington could be constructed, and this building could be surrounded by a wooden fence seven miles long and eight feet high made entirely of Elder Brewster's favorite chair.

The world is slowly learning the truth concerning the Pilgrims. It is now pretty thoroughly established that they did not land on the day which has for so many years been celebrated as "Forefathers' Day." In fact there was no general and simultaneous landing of the Pilgrims. After the Mayflower had entered the bay formed by Cape Cod, small parties in search of rum, and Pilgrims, in search of a sufficiently gloomy wilderness, landed day after day at different points along the coast. There is no doubt that, after Plymouth had been selected as a good place in which to board during the winter, all the Pilgrims still remaining on board the Mayflower were ordered to go ashore, but there is not the slightest foundation for the popular theory that all the Pilgrims went ashore at Plymouth, two by two, at precisely the same hour, and in devout imitation of Noah's collection of animals.

While the story of the landing of the Pilgrims has been thus stripped by the learned critics of its original picturesque features, no one has disturbed the myth of Plymouth rock. It is taken for granted by everybody that those Pilgrims who did land at Plymouth stepped ashore on the rock. Now, if Plymouth rock was the regular steamboat landing, if there was a convenient wharf at the foot of it, and a commodious pair of stairs leading to the top, with, perhaps, a freight elevator, or at least a crane wherewith to hoist freight and baggage, it is quite possible that the Pilgrims did land on the rock. If, however, these conveniences were lacking—and there is too much reason to believe that they were—the Pilgrims unquestionably landed somewhere else.

Judging from the present height of Plymouth rock, after thousands of tons have been carried away from it, we must believe that its summit was at least forty feet above the water at the time of the arrival of the Pilgrims. What could be more absurd than to suppose that the Pilgrims could step from a small boat to the summit of such a rock? The sailors of the Mayflower, instead of approaching the rock with their fragile boat, would have kept carefully away from it and all other rocks, in order to avoid being dashed to pieces. Had any well-meaning Pilgrim said to them: "Land us on that rock, so that posterity can have something to make relics out of," the sailors would undoubtedly have made a very irreverent reply, consigning the rock and the well-meaning Pilgrim to an unpleasant locality.

The Pilgrims must have landed on a sandy beach, and they probably got very wet in so doing. It is all very fine for eloquent orators to picture to us the Pilgrims walking arm in arm over the gang plank of the Mayflower to the flat summit of Plymouth rock, preceded by a band of music, welcomed by a deputation of leading Indians bearing banners inscribed, "Welcome, venerable strangers," and "Give us Bibles," but the Pilgrims did nothing of the kind. They were rowed to the beach, where they were compelled to step overboard and wade ashore. They may have held a prayer-meeting soon after they landed, but undoubtedly their first proceeding was to sit down in the sand and proceed to empty the water out of their boots, at the same time informing the mate in charge of the boat that he was a loathsome Amalekite, and that they would get even with him just as soon as they could organize a court with power to punish such like offenders. The Pilgrims were not in the least picturesque, and they were very wet and angry. Thus does the truth of history conflict with romance.

The fact that the Pilgrims landed on a beach instead of a rock will of course not put an end to the sale of relics. The precise beach must be found, and its exhaustible sands will become as precious relics of the landing of the Pilgrims. Every Congregational meeting-house will supply itself with a section of Plymouth beach, and small bottles of sand will be exhibited by every descendant of the Pilgrims, as proof of his reverence for his ancestors.

THE Methodist section of the cemetery in Springfield, Mass., contains a tombstone erected to the memory of a man kicked to death by a horse. The tombstone bears this consolatory epitaph:

Blame not the beast who sent me to the dust,
For the God of nature said he must.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

He was near 60, and rich. She was just 20, and poor. His attentions became marked. Her younger and poorer attendants were given the shake. He called oftener and stayed later. He was gray and had stiff joints, and his breath was not sweet. But his collaterals were bulky. He had a big deposit in one of the banks, and his corner lots were where the city is growing. Time went on, and she was as patient as she could be. Yet she longed for some spoken word to which she could catch on—some token of regard as an earnest of more to follow. At last, when her patience was at its last ebb, and she was pining for a sight of Gus' ulster or a smell of Will's cigarettes, he spoke: "To-morrow night," quoth the old man, as well as his celluloid gums would let him, "I shall bring you the first pledge of my affections. Promise me you will care for it." "You're too real sweet," was all she could murmur, as he hobbled down the steps. But dreams of diamond solitaire ear-rings, gold bangles, ruby lockets and pearl necklaces danced through her brain all night, and kept her heart beating with expectant happiness all next day. Would night never come? Yes, at last it came. But it brought not the old man. Instead came a District Telegraph messenger with a note and a parcel—a long, wide and flat parcel, tied up in white paper. A jewel-case, of course. Nothing short of a bracelet set or a chain and locket. Controlling her impatience, she opened the note first. "I am too diffident," it ran, "to be present when you open the offering I send, but shall call to-morrow to hear what you think of it." "Old darling," she said, running over to the glass to be ready to see how she would look with the things on. Then with trembling fingers she tore the paper from the parcel. But what was this? With a stifled cry she sinks into a chair, while from her hands on to the floor falls a cloth-bound book with title, "Love is Enough." At last accounts she was seated in the parlor, all traces of her emotion banished, calmly awaiting the old man's ring. But Fred and Gus and Charley and Will and Ed were with her, and they were all chuckling together, to think of the "firing out" they were going to give the old man when he arrived.

HOLSTEINS AS BUTTER COWS.

During the past winter and early spring we have tested a few of our cows, and quite a number of young heifers, for butter. Considering all circumstances, the very young age of most of the heifers, the fact that they were imported last fall, and dropped their calves soon after coming out of quarantine, and before they were acclimated; also that these tests were made in winter and on winter feed—corn fodder, not cut, long hay with grain feed of bran and ground oats, with not over a quart of corn meal per day, a feed not calculated to produce butter—we are very much gratified with the result:

	Lbs.	Ozs.
Jannek, 8 years old, tested last season	19	15
Ægis, 8 years old, tested last February, four months after calving	15	8
Topaz, 4 years old	13	4½
Rarity, 4 years old	12	13
Netherland Princess, before 2 years old	14	4
Netherland Princess, at 3 years old	14	11½
Oriana, before 3 years old	13	3½
Frolicsome, 3 years old	13	..
Meadow Lily, 4 years old	12	10
Carlotta, 3 years old	12	1
Clothilde, 3 years old	12	3½
Isadore, 23 months old	10	13½
Meadow Maid, 23 months old	9	4½
Careno, 2 years old	9	7
Amazon, 2 years old	9	5
Catalpa, 2 years old	8	14½
Hernstine, 2 years old	8	12
Kitty, 22 months old	8	5½
Marjorie Daw, 23 months old	8	13½
Mistletoe, 23 months old	8	5

A few of the above were tested for four days, and a few others for eight days, but we have given the rate per week, in order to have all uniform.

Our 3-year-old heifers are now milking from fifty-four to sixty pounds per day each; many of our 2-year-olds over forty pounds, although not acclimated. —*Smiths & Powell, in Dakota Farmer.*

A TRANSPARENT leather, said to possess great strength, is now made in Germany by a new process.

FALL.

Here is a boy's composition on fall: "This is fall because it falls on this season of the year. Leaves fall, too, as well as thermometers and the price of straw hats. Old topers, who sign the pledge in summer, are liable to fall when fall cider making opens, for straws show which way the cider goes. Husking corn is one of the pleasures of fall, but pleasure isn't good for little boys, I don't think. Old men want a little fun; let them husk. A husky old man can get through a good deal of corn sometimes. Digging taters is another of our fall amusements. The way I like to dig taters is to wait till they are baked nicely and then dig them out of their skins. Most winter schools open in the fall. The best winter school I went to didn't open until spring, and the first day it opened the teacher took sick and the school closed for the season. Once in a while we have a very severe fall, but nothing like the fall of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Summer is misnamed. It should be called pride, for doesn't pride go before a fall?"

THE Hartford *Courant* says the grand residence of the late Cornelius J. Vanderbilt, on Vanderbilt Hill, was never occupied by its owner. It looks deserted, and the entrance of the two roadways is placarded "No admittance."

DURING the year 1881, according to the Registrar General's report, 139 persons for every 100,000 of the population of Scotland died of old age, and only 111 for every 100,000 of the population of England.

A BLEAK REGION—A SAILOR'S ACCOUNT OF WRANGEL LAND.

The island rises abruptly from the ocean, though not precipitously. There is no beach to speak of, the land having an average elevation of ten feet above the surface of the water. It is surrounded by deep water, and from soundings that our party made we found an average depth of ten to twelve fathoms at a distance of ten feet from the shore. There is no earth to speak of. The soil is formed almost entirely of what seemed to be large black pebbles of a sandy nature. Between these grew a green and thin three-bladed grass, resembling very much the wood-tick grass of the Eastern States. The island has a circumference of about 150 miles. The island is a flat table land. As you go toward the center you come across numerous ponds and marshes of blackish water. The only vegetation you see there is a small, pinkish, odorless flower with four petals and the familiar rock-moss. The soil is what you might call peat. It is not mushy, but elastic, reminding you when you walk on it of the "give" in cork. Everything is black, just as if it had been smeared with coal-tar. You find piles of driftwood everywhere. The island during some seasons is entirely submerged under the ice. It is a well-known fact that in some seasons the island is lost to sight, and that is undoubtedly the reason why Capt. De Long, of the Jeannette, did not, as he was instructed to do, leave any account of himself. There is no animal life on the island. I was told that there were squirrels, but what would they find to feed on? I did not see anything. Ducks and birds make a resting-place on the island, and in open seasons the Mesinker natives come from the American shore to fish and to hunt walrus. These are the natives from which relics of the lost whalers Vigilant and Mount Wollaston were obtained. Desolate and uninviting as the island is, it was a sort of a two-days' picnic for us; and our party was glad to get an opportunity to stretch our legs a little.

HE COULDN'T WAIT.

Edward Irving, the eccentric London preacher, once said "grace" at a friend's table until the host, seeing that the food was growing cold, checked him. The verbose preacher was indignant, and thought his host far more carnal than spiritual.

Carlyle, on a visit to his brother, was requested to read a portion of scripture before breakfast, as is the custom in Scotland. He commenced the book of Job, and would have read to the end, had his brother not interrupted him in the third or fourth chapter by saying, "Let us pray."

Not a few old men can remember how sorely they were tried, when boys, at the long "grace" before meals. Their keen appetites did not tolerate such trying prolixity.

Years ago, when "Uncle Sam," as the Rev. Dr. Taylor was called, presided over Phillips Academy, Andover, there lived an old family on the hill who boarded several students.

Every Sunday at dinner it was the family custom to repeat a verse of scripture. No matter who might be present, the custom was never interrupted. The head of the house "said a verse," and each one at the table, in order, was expected to repeat some text. Peter, the hired man, usually closed the recitation.

Peter did not like this ordeal. His memory was poor, and, sometimes, as he was last in order, the verse he had selected had been recited by another. One Sunday, there were more guests than usual, and Peter was very hungry. It seemed to him that each one had tried to repeat the longest verse he could remember.

When his turn came, he grimly repeated the words in Acts 10: 13, "Rise Peter, kill and eat!" and, suiting the action to the word, helped himself out of the nearest dish.

The boys who sat at that table will never forget the laughter that greeted this witty act of the hired man, and that disturbed the sanctity of that New England Sabbath.

STRAWS.

[From the Dakota Farmer.]

KEEP well ahead with your work; it will pay you much better than to let the work get ahead of you.

WHILE we have good harvest, where it is possible let provision be made for debts in the future.

WHILE some people made their success by going in debt, it is a good idea to get rid of it upon the first opportunity.

THE independent farmer is not independent if he owes a dollar. To be happy and prosperous we should be free of debt.

TAKE good care of your machinery. You will need it next year, and its efficiency will depend upon it being cared for.

GET the best stock that your means will admit of. You can start in a small way; it will surprise you how fast it will grow.

IT takes less money or labor to produce grass than any other crop. Then let us convert it into beef and butter; it will be a profitable business.

NO SUCCESS without labor, on the farm at least. Labor, guided with judgment and husbanded with prudence, will lead to fortune.

"FOOLING GINERAL SHERMAN."

About six miles out of Savannah, I came across a farmer who accepted a plug of tobacco and was ready to sit down on a log and answer all questions. When I asked him about Sherman's approach, he burst into a loud laugh and slapped his leg, and was so tickled that he did not calm down for two minutes.

"Excuse me, stranger," he finally said, "but whenever I think of how I fooled Gineral Sherman it tickles me all over."

"Did you fool him?"

"Well, I rather reckon."

"How?"

"Wall, you see, that's my place up thar' on the rise. When the war broke out I was the most cantankerous rebel you ever saw. I swore I'd fight and fout and fit till we lick the Yanks, if it took a hundred years. I reckon Gineral Sherman heard of it."

"Probably he did."

"And after he took Atlanta he made up his mind to gobble me. He knew I'd swore to die before I'd surrender, and he came along down from Atlanta with over 70,000 men to surround me. Mighty cute old man, that Gineral Sherman!"

"Yes."

"Wall, they got here one night about 10 o'clock. I reckon that nigh on to 30,000 of them surrounded my house up thar' and called fur me to come out and surrender and end the war."

"And of course you did?"

"And of course I didn't! That's whar' the fun comes in. I wasn't home at all, but was down in Varginny with Lee. They entered the house and sarched and sarched, and went to the barn and called and called, and when the old woman finally told 'em I wasn't home they was the maddest crowd you ever sot eyes on. They had hoofed it all the way from Atlanta to get their paws on me, and had had their long march for nothing! I expect Sherman was ready to bust with madness, and I reckon he won't never quite forgive me. It tickles the old woman wuss than it tickles me, and you'd better come up to the house and hear her tell what them 70,000 Yankees said when they got here and found me gone."—*Detroit Free Press.*

WATCHED BY A WOMAN.

Two of a party of young gentlemen at Marblehead went in swimming one warm day last summer, and, while rollicking in the breakers, they were startled to see a young lady deliberately take her seat on the bluff and watch them. The first of the gentlemen to discover the fair visitor was a young yachtsman, who was standing in a small boat preparing to dive into the water. Glancing over his left shoulder, he saw her sitting on the rocks, fanning herself, and, as if struck by a bolt of chain lightning, settled himself back in the boat and stared at the apparition. The other, who was about to wade ashore to dress, caught sight of the lady and at once dashed for deep water. Then ensued a series of pantomime between the swimmers. One thought it would be a good idea to swim about an eighth of a mile away and gain the shore from that point. The other was willing, but remembered that they would have no clothes to put on if they did so. Finally, as a last resort, one of them yelled out, "Darn, it, ma'am, can't you see that we are in swimming?" Still the maiden moved not. Then the other chimed in. "Please go away; we want to come ashore and dress." But she was deaf to all entreaties. At last, in a fit of desperation, and concluding that she "could not be much," one of the young men swam to the shore, and, wrapping himself in eel-grass and seaweed, crawled out cautiously along the rocks until he reached the spot where his clothing had been left. The shouts of laughter which rent the air at that moment divulged the whole plot, and the swimmers found that they had been made the victims of a first-class practical joke, the intrusive and overbold young lady being no other than one of their young-gentlemen friends, who, with the aid of several young-lady acquaintances, had gotten himself up for the occasion.—*Boston Post.*

FACTS ABOUT OUR FOREIGN POPULATION.

A census bulletin showing the number of males of voting age in the United States reveals the fact that there are, exclusive of the Territories, 12,571,437. A noticeable feature of this exhibit is that nearly 3,000,000 of the number—to be exact, 2,984,309—are foreign born. The proportion of persons of voting age in the foreign population is 45 per cent., or nearly one to two, while the proportion of the voting age of natives is only 19 per cent., or a little over one to five. It was not generally supposed that so large a proportion of the immigration to the country was of adult males. It also shows that, in a colored population of 6,518,372, there are 1,547,251 males of the voting age, or 23 per cent. In three of the States the foreign-born males of voting age outnumber the natives, thus:

	Natives.	Foreign.
Minnesota	88,622	123,777
Nevada	11,442	14,191
Wisconsin	149,463	189,469

Numbers of the cities of this country have a foreign population greatly exceeding the native. Of these are Brooklyn, New York city, Buffalo, Chicago, Dubuque, Detroit, Minneapolis, St. Paul, San Francisco, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Portland (Oregon(, Milwaukee and a large number of smaller places. The foreign voting population of Chicago is nearly double the native, a fact which largely accounts for the phenomenal growth of that town. These facts show of what a strangely composite population our country is composed.—*St. Louis Republican.*

DOES GOOD PRINTING PAY?

We do not suppose there is anything that men buy which gives them more genuine satisfaction in its use than good stationery. There is a pleasure in using good stationery, especially in private correspondence, which cannot be obtained by the use of a poor article, however it may be managed. The value of good stationery to business men is rarely appreciated by even those who are in the habit of using it. A letter always creates an impression. Especially is this true when the letter is from a stranger. Accordingly it is well for every one who writes letters to consider what kind of an impression his epistle is likely to create in the mind of the person to whom it is addressed.

The most important element in creating a favorable impression by the letters one writes is in the style and quality of the paper and envelope, the character of the printing forming the letter head, and the taste displayed in the general arrangement. If the whole be done in a way that indicates taste, a favorable impression is almost invariably made. On the other hand, if the general style of paper and printing be slouchy, an impression quite the opposite of favorable will be created in the minds of the persons addressed. There is nothing which the business man uses in which cheapness is such bad policy as the stationery employed in his correspondence. He may pay his clerks only half salaries, he may descend to all sorts of meanness in his management, and perceive no disastrous results arising from his policy, because no one outside of his own store will know it. Such management cannot be patent to his customers, and therefore can have no effect upon their minds. On the other hand, every one with whom he deals by the medium of correspondence has an opportunity to judge of him by the character of the letters he writes, and will not be slow to form an opinion. A handsomely written letter, upon good letter-paper, having a fine heading, indicating that good taste has been exercised in selecting it, never fails to create a good impression.

AMBER.

The best pieces of amber are now taken in the rough by Armenian merchants to Constantinople, where they are carved and chased and polished by the hand of the engraver, as mouthpieces for pipes. In the Pipe Bazaar of the great Byzantine edifice—which contains mosques, fountains, and a labyrinth of arcaded streets, each a separate bazaar—are hidden away amber mouth pieces of fabulous value, in every shade of color, lustrous as crystal, and set with diamonds and rubies. Supported by sculptured columns, and decorated with arabesques, this dimly-lighted city in the heart of Stamboul is full of marvels and treasures. Through its narrow thoroughfares camels and carriages and horsemen force their way, among a dense throng of people of every nation and type—Turks in muslin turbans, Persians in pyramidal bonnets of Astrakhan fur, Hebrews in yellow coats, with Greeks. Americans and running footmen in gorgeous liveries; and in this shifting crowd are dignitaries of the court, who spend perhaps 50,000 francs on their pipe collection; and harem ladies wrapped in long white veils, who come for gray, amber, gold-embroidered bags of musk and sandal-wood, and the sweet-scented gums made by the women of Chio, which are all sold in the Perfumery Bazaar of this great Oriental fair. Amber, little esteemed as it is at the present time in Europe, and although no longer the important source of wealth that it once was, still has a place in the luxury and religion of the East; and the dim records of its venerable history furnish us with many picturesque and poetic associations, whether we think of it in early home amid archaic forests, or as in classic lore—

**The sweet tears shed by fair Heliades—
Apollo's daughters,
When their rash brother down the welkin sped,
Lashing his father's sun-team, and fell dead
In Euxine waters.**

DRYING SWEET CORN.

I prefer boiling just enough to set the milk. (Some do not boil at all, but cut off at once and put into house.) I cut it off with a very simple contrivance called a corn-cutter, on which I think there is no patent. It consists of a board about sixteen inches long and six inches wide, set on legs, in which a knife is set so that it can be raised or lowered to suit, while one end is armed with a scraper, to remove the hearts. Thus I cut off the top of the grain and scrape out the remainder quite rapidly. I use the American dryer, which evaporates quite rapidly in a current of very hot air, which it thinks preferable to a cold current. It also has the advantage of freedom from eggs of insects. The corn as removed from the cobs is placed on thin muslin, placed on the galvanized wire trays and passed through the house. If cut off without cooking, I find that the corn sticks to the muslin worse, and is much more troublesome to remove.

There is one point necessary to observe, and a very important one. This is not to let the corn get too old before drying. One of my neighbors dried 600 pounds last season, but let it get so old that it was difficult to market. It should be just in condition to be right for the table. Drying does not change it. When it gets too old it does not dry away so much, but is very inferior. I plant small patches, so as to continue the season as long as possible. Last season I sold all I could spare, very readily, at a fair price, and there was demand for much more; so this season I am preparing to raise as much as I can handle while it is in proper stage. —*J. E., in Country Gentleman.*

HE EXPLAINED.

I thought I might as well drop in and see how they run a weekly down in South Carolina, and a little darky piloted me up one street and down another until we halted before a stairway over which hung a sign of "The *Herald*." The office was up four flights of stairs, of course, and I had only reached the landing of the first when a hunk of composition cut from some old roller whizzed past my head. There was nothing strange in that, however, as all well-regulated offices keep half a dozen of these hunks lying around as weapons of defense, and I pressed on. At the head of the second flight I looked up and thought I saw a man with a gun in his hands. All weekly newspapers having any influence always keep at least one shot-gun lying around to intimidate poets, and so I went whistling along up the third flight. Then I was certain that I saw a man, and certain that the muzzle was looking down upon me. Some editors stand at the head of the fourth flight and practice at target shooting to rest their weary brains, and I was wondering where the bull's eye was when I heard a click! click! and a voice called out:

"Stand! or you are a dead man!"

No man who thinks anything of his clothes will ever be found dead on a stairway leading to a printing office. I came to a halt, and the voice continued:

"Throw up your hands and go down stairs, or I'll blow your brains into the street!"

I didn't believe he would, but as I couldn't prove it the best way was to obey his little request. I had just got back to the hotel when in came the editor, the foreman and the devil and two comps., and they all began to talk at once. They were expecting a lightning sort of a politician up those stairs at that very time, and if he once got up he was to open fire from a revolver and have a scalp dance over the remains of the *Herald*. It was a mistake, and they were deeply grieved, and we had a lemonade together, and the man with a gun shook hands again and whispered:

"Boy! I had my finger on the trigger and a dead aim on your head, and if you had lifted one foot an inch high to come further up I'd have killed you as dead as a hammer!"

After that I always sent four boys, one after another, up stairs with my card and a written declaration that I was not loaded.—*M. Quad.*

THE MAGAZINE WRITERS' GRIEVANCES.

The magazine writers are on the verge of a strike. Their grievance is that editors won't leave their manuscripts alone. This is one of the paradoxes of literature, it may be remarked. A writer object when the editors leave his MSS. so severely alone that they cannot get into print because the editor does not favor them with sufficient inattention.

Really, however, the magazinists are not so unreasonable as they appear at first sight. In business terms they object to being treated upon that principle which led Mark Lemon to blue-pencil out of the rich man's *Punch* the most powerful clause in Tom Hood's arraignment of the rich man's selfishness in his "Song of the Shirt."

The trouble with the magazine literateurs is that it has become a fashion to dress all manuscripts which find favor in those periodicals with an editorial scalpel. They claim that it is almost impossible to get an article printed as it is written. Not only that, but that the articles are persistently emasculated by hands incompetent to touch without destroying them, and that no article will be accepted by a magazine unless this privilege be accorded the purchaser.

This fact may account for the puerility of so much of the magazine literature of the present. It is a generally conceded fact that a magazine editor, male or female, is only eligible for that position when he or she is unfit for any other walk in literary life. It can be understood, therefore, how the works of people competent to write must suffer from their critical offices; how their feeble hands must revel in the task of dissecting the backbone out of a subject and reducing it to their own vapid level.

There is small choice of redress or defense that we can see for the victim of the magazine editor. He must either become so great that no one dare mutilate his work, or give up writing for the magazines. In the former instance he would doubtless give up writing for them anyhow, so the selection narrows itself down to the choice proverbially credited to Hobson. As a man could not very well be worse off than when he tries to make a living off the magazines, his loss would be no heart-breaking one while it would be the gain of a large class of ladies, young and old, with just brains enough to reach the level of the editor, and not enough to be of any other sort of literary service to them.—*New York Truth.*

AN OLD WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY.

Men seek retreats for themselves, houses in the country, seashores and mountains, and thou, too, art wont to desire such things very much. But this is altogether a mark of the most common sort of men, for it is in thy power, whenever thou shalt choose, to retire into thyself. For nowhere, either with more quiet or more freedom from trouble, does a man retire than into his own soul.—*Marcus Aurelius.*

BETTER to be despised for too anxious apprehensions than ruined by too confident a security.—*Burke.*

SOME of the manuscript offered to printers is so bad that it ought first to be sent to the House of Correction, with its author.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A Hint to Husbands.

The Detroit *Tribune* truthfully says that one of the first and highest duties which a good husband owes to his wife is to provide a maintenance for her in case of his death, and not leave her to the charity of the world with no experience to fit her for a position where she can earn her own bread. He should explain to her exactly how his business affairs are arranged, and what his income is, so that she will not go into expenditures beyond his means, and so incur a censure she will not deserve. It is not enough that a woman has sufficient to eat, drink and wear. She should have an interest in her husband's business and a stated portion of his income to expend as she deems best. It is she who regulates household expenses, and if she is a trusted and confidential partner she will soon feel a natural pride in having the debt and credit account prosperous, and in saving a small balance each month from the domestic outlay. It seems, however, as if just the opposite was the rule in this partnership for life. The wife is too often an unpaid domestic, doing more work than one hired girl would be willing to assume; doing it more satisfactorily, and getting her board and lodging only. If she wants a dollar to spend she must account for it, and after years of servitude as a wife, mother, nurse, cook and seamstress, the husband dies some day and leaves nothing but a confused family, which finds out for the first time what business means. With health and strength fighting a fearful odds of ignorance and inexperience, they may win through, but how can a man die in peace who knows that he is leaving his children to the hard, bitter struggle with poverty? He has paid church tithes and aided the widow and the fatherless, but neglected his own. How can he anticipate the joys of heaven when the innocent ones he brought into the world will be in danger of losing it? He does not intend to be unkind or selfish, but he consoles himself with the thought: "Their mother will take care of them," and so leaves the burden on the shoulders of a weak woman. It is all wrong. The girl who has enough practical sense to ask in the rosy day of life's young dream when an enraptured lover asks her to share his lot: "Is there a house on the lot?" will be a happier wife with the title deeds to that house in her pocket than if she had taken him on the strength of sentimental promises. In the fond days of early-wedded bliss the young husband frequently asks his wife to promise that she will not marry again if he dies. One of the most sensible answers we have heard of was that of a young wife who said: "I will promise you faithfully never to marry again if you leave me comfortably provided for." The next day the husband had his life insured, and, although he is living yet, he has not for one moment neglected to see that his widow was provided for. We have only to look about us every day to see these cases of culpable neglect, and to understand why women are filling the business ranks and educating themselves to be independent, so that when the labor of bread-winning is thrust upon them, they will have some fitness for their work and avenues in which to find it. But it is due to every woman who is a wife to be provided for by her husband with a respectable and consistent portion of his estate as a testimonial of his true regard for her and her own worthiness.

THERE have been innumerable improvements in steam railroading; but an experienced engineer, who says that men of his class have not been relieved of any of the load upon them, tells a New York reporter that "the time is not far off when every locomotive drawing a passenger train on every busy railroad will have a pilot. This pilot will have no more to do with the engine itself than the pilot of a ferry boat. His duty will be simply to look ahead and communicate with the engineer in the cab."

NINTY MILLION postage stamps, worth $2,550,000, are sold annually.

THE Rev. Sylvanus Hayward, who preaches in Globe, Mass., declares bluntly that the increase in divorces in that State is not due to greater laxity in the laws, but to an enormous increase of wickedness among the people, and he holds that the remedy must be found in an improvement in their morals.

OHIO manufactured over 4,000,000 pounds of plug tobacco last year.

STATE OF MINNESOTA—COUNTY OF RAMSEY—ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, held September 11, 1882.

In the matter of the estate of George Culver, deceased:

On reading and filing the petition of John F. Hoyt, administrator with the will annexed, de bonis non, of said estate, setting forth the amount of personal estate that has come to his hands, and the disposition thereof; the amount of debts outstanding against said deceased, and a description of all the real estate of which said deceased died seized, and the condition and value of the respective portions thereof; and praying that license be to him granted to sell at public auction all the real estate set forth and described in said petition; and it appearing, by said petition, that there is not sufficient personal estate in the hands of said administrator, with the will annexed de bonis non, to pay said debts, and that it is necessary, in order to pay the same, to sell all of said real estate;

It is therefore ordered, That all persons interested in said estate, appear before the judge of this court, on Monday, the 30th day of October, A. D. 1882, at ten o'clock a. m., at the court house in St. Paul, in said county, then and there to show cause (if any there be) why license should not be granted to said administrator, with the will annexed de bonis non, to sell said real estate according to the prayer of said petition.

And it is further ordered, That a copy of this order shall be published for four successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, the last of which publications shall be at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, in the DAILY GLOBE, a newspaper printed and published at St. Paul, in said county, and personally served on all persons interested in said estate, residing in said county, at least fourteen days before said day of hearing, and upon all other persons interested, according to law.

By the Court, HENRY O'GORMAN,
[L. S.] Judge of Probate.
Attest: FRANK ROBERT, JR., Clerk. sep 12-tue-5w

NOTICE TO CREDITORS—STATE OF MINNESOTA, County of Ramsey—ss. In Probate Court, Special Term, September 11, 1882.

In the matter of the estate of Mary R. Millette, deceased:

Notice is hereby given that the judge of probate of the county of Ramsey, will, upon the first Monday of the months of October, November, December, 1882, January and February, A. D. 1883, at ten o'clock a. m., receive, hear, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against said estate; that six months from the date hereof have been allowed and limited for creditors to present their claims against said estate, at the expiration of which time, all claims not presented or not proven to its satisfaction, shall be forever barred, unless for good cause shown further time be allowed. By the Court, HENRY O'GORMAN,
[L. S.] Judge of Probate.
sept 12-tues-5w

Notice to Creditors.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY—ss. In Probate Court.

In the matter of the estate of August Schuler, deceased:

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims and demands against the estate of August Schuler, late of the county of Ramsey, deceased, that the judge of the probate court of said county will hear, examine and adjust all claims and demands against said estate, at his office in St. Paul in said county, on the first Monday of the month of November, A. D. 1882, the same being the sixth day of said month, and that six months from the 8th day of August, 1882, have been limited and allowed by said probate court for creditors to present their claims.

Dated this 8th day of August, A. D. 1882.

LOUISA SCHULER,
Executrix of the estate of August Schuler, deceased
aug 22 tue 5w