From King to Patriarch.

When a man begins to get along in years he gradually changes from being a king in his family to a patriarch. He is more tender and kind to his offspring, and instead of ruling them, the first thing he knows they are ruling him. My youngest children and my grandchildren just run over me now, and it takes more than half my time to keep up with 'em, and find out where they are and what they are doing. Sometimes I get mad and rip up and around like I was going to do something desperate, but Mrs. Arp comes a-slipping along and begins to tell how they didn't mean any harm, and they are just like all other boys, and wants to know if I didn't do them sort of things when I was a boy. Well, that's a fact—I did—and I got a lickin' for it, too. You see, I was one of the oldest boys, and they always catch it, but the youngest ones never gets a lickin', for by the time he comes along the old man has mellowed down and wants a pet. The older children have married and gone, and the old folks feel sorter like they have been thrown off for somebody no kin to them, and so they twine around those that are left all the closer, but by and by they grow up, too, and leave them. And it's pitiful to see the good old couple bereft of their children and living alone in their glory. Then is the time that grandchildren find a welcome at the old family homestead, for, as Solomon saith, the glory of an old man is his children's children. Then is the time that the little chaps of the second and third generation love to escape from their well-ruled home and for a while find refuge and freedom and frolic at grandpa's. A child without a grandpa and grandma can never have its share of happiness. I'm sorry for 'em. My things on the good old people, the miserable grandparents of the land, the couple with good old honest ways and simple habits and limited desires, who indulge in no folly, who hanker after nothing thing, but live along serene and want nothing but the happiness of their children and their children's children. As once said to a good old mother.

"Well, I hear Anna is to be married."

"Yes, sir," said she, smiling sorrowfully, "I don't know what I will do. My last daughter I've got is going to leave me. I've nursed her and petted her all her life, and I kinder thought she was mine and would always be mine, but she's run off arter a feller that's no kin to in the world, one who never did a thing for her but give her a ring and a book or two and it does look strange and unreasonable. I couldn't understand it at all if—if I hadn't done the same thing myself along time ago," and she kept knitting away with a smile and a tear upon her motherly face.

But I'm not going to slander these young chaps that keep us so busy looking after them, for there is no meanness in their mischief, and if they take sweeties it is because we let 'em. Mrs. Arp says they are just too sweet for words, and is always narrating some of their smart sayings. Well, they are very smart, for they know exactly how to get everything and do everything they want, for they know how to manage her, and they know that she manages me, and that settles it. A man is the head of a house about some days, and about some other thing he is the head, if he ain't a fool. A man can punish his children, but it's almost advisable to make an explanation at the time and let his wife know what he did it for, because, you see, they are her children, sure enough, and she knows it and feels it. The pain and trouble, the nursing and night-watching have all been hers. The washing and dressing, and mending and patching—tieing up fingers and toes, and sympathizing with 'em in all their great little troubles all falls to her while father is tending to his farm, or his store, or his office, or his friends, or may be at the billiard table. When a woman says, "This is my child," it carries more weight and more meaning than when a man says it, and I've not got much respect for a law that will give a man the preference of ownership just because he is a man.—*Bill Arp.*

How Candies Are Made.

Candies are so often adulterated that it is not easy to obtain permission to visit a factory where they are made. The other day, however, a correspondent obtained permission to visit one of them, and some of their mysteries were revealed to him. Children often wonder how the cream gets inside its chocolate coating. This is the process. A number of wooden trays, an inch and a half in depth, are placed on a table and filled with corn-starch. Impressions are then made in the starch by a wooden mold. The hollow spaces left by the mold are then filled with a paste of water and sugar, or cream and sugar, and the trays are put in a drying-room. When the paste is hard. The white balls or meat stuff are next dipped in a pan of melted chocolate and sugar, from which they emerge with the familiar chocolate brown coat which so entices the appetites of the young people.

Jordan almonds are made as follows: The almonds are toasted, and then put into a great steam-heated copper pan, the revolutions of which keep them rolling over and over. Some boiling syrup is poured over them, and the motion of the pan distributes it equally over all of them.

More syrup is added until the coating is of the desired thickness, and then air is blown in upon them, leaving them hard and white, a thinner syrup is used at last to give them a smooth polish.

Chocolate duchesses are made by a refining process. A cupful of cream is added to a pan of boiling syrup, and the mixture is poured into such cornstarch molds as are used in making candy creams. As it cools, the sugar separates in crystals from the cream, leaving the latter in their sweet husk. Common stick-candy is made by what is known as the pulling process. Exquisite quantities of sugar and water are boiled for twenty-five or thirty minutes—until they are done to a point a housewife would say—and the bubbling mass of golden syrup is poured upon a marble slab, which is often thickly buttered to prevent stickness. Any flavor can be added to it if left upon the slab, it would be a clear candy. If it is to be pulled candy, it is kneaded like dough until it becomes cool, and a deft workman then throws it over a hook, pulling it to the proper length and left until it looks like a huge taffy. The mass is then placed in a machine through which it passes, coming out in smooth, well-rounded sticks.

Brigham's Widow.

They say that Brigham Young's grave is lying as bare and desolate as a desert now. At first, while her husband was fresh, his widow used to come out there five abreast, and just literally deluge the grave with scalding tears, and at that time the green sod grew luxuriantly, and the pigeons waved in the soft summer air; but she learned to control her emotions and the humidity of the atmosphere disappeared, and grief's grand irrigation failed and gave down.

We should learn from this that the man who flatters himself that in marrying a whole precinct during life he is laying up for the future a large invoice of unavailable woe is liable to get left. The prophet's tomb looks to-day like a deserted buffalo wallow, while the widow has dried her tears and is about to make a mash on the Utah commission. Such is life in the Far West, and such the fitting resting-place of a bald-headed old galvanized prophet who marries a squint-eyed fly-up-the-creek and afterward gets a special revelation requiring him to marry a female relation. Let us be thankful for what we have, instead of yearning for a wealth of wife. Then the life insurance will not be scattered so, and widows will be spared the humiliating spectacle of a bereft and sorrowing widow, turne loosed by the hand of Death to monkey o'er our graves.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

Ramsbotham was asked if she was waiting, and she replied that she was terra-cotta. She probably meant terra-firma.

GLEANINGS.

Constant Agony is the somewhat doleful name of a Frenchman at Plattsburg, N. Y.

Some one, not an editor, has made the novel discovery that the cat is nowhere mentioned in the Bible.

A wealthy New York lady has paid $350 for an oil portrait of her pet poodle.

A Hartford woman gave birth to a child which weighed twenty-two pounds. The child died.

A Boston girl attracted a multitude by having her shoes blacked, just like a man in front of the Revere House.

It is proposed to honor the memory of Roger Williams by naming after him the principal streets in the several towns and cities in Rhode Island.

The "genuine Nautch girls" of a western show have been identified as dancers from London, where they are known as the Vivian sisters.

It is stated that three thousand depositors in Connecticut savings banks have not made inquiries about their money in twenty years past.

It is estimated that there are about 25,000,000,000 feet of lumber in the nine states comprising the southern pine belt.

The census for Victoria for 1881 shows a total population of 862,364, of whom 12,128 were Chinamen, and but 780 aborigines.

According to the assessment roll of California, there has been a depreciation of values in that state the past year of $26,117,698.

Seventeen years old, twice married, once a widow, and now deserted by her second husband is the startling history of a girl who recently attempted suicide at Kansas City.

A boy in Taunton, 14 years old, was sent a poll-tax bill, and, feeling that the assessors had made a man of him, decided to act like one, and proudly paid it.

Mrs. Tansy has a two hundred-acre ranch near Compton, Cal., which is under her own management. It is supplied with several flowing artesian wells.

A machine for counting sheep has been invented and put in operation in California. It is placed in an opening of a fence, and registers every sheep that passes it.

Some interesting ruins covering quite a large piece of ground and somewhat similar to the famous ones of Palenque were recently discovered by Sr. Isidro Bulnes in the state of Chlapas, Mexico, near a place called "Aua Escondida."

A curious petrification recently exhibited at Salt Lake City consisted of a bunch of wheat heads upon which a cricket had fastened himself. All had been turned to stone in the short space of six months by the action of a soda spring.

It is said that John Bright has given up all idea of coming to this country, notwithstanding his great admiration for it. The old lady who thought it possible that he might bring his "disease" with him will therefore breathe easier.

A waiter in a Paris restaurant was a clever juggler, and his feats of tossing plates gained him extra fees from the amused guests. Stimulated to fresh endeavors, he acquired a trick of seeming to swallow a fork; but at this he was not expert, and a spoon nine and one-half inches long slipped down his throat in dread reality. A dangerous and difficult surgical operation was all that saved his life.

The Benton family, of Scarburgh, Cal., have turned their farm into a separate kingdom. The nine members passed a formal declaration of independ-

Bill Shute was a member of the 26th. While the old boys crowded around the old flag at a recent reunion, Bill, with an irrepressible humor, called out, "Boys, I am no speaker, but there's a blamed sight more of you here than I ever saw in a fight!" This brought down the house.

"Now, boys, recite your verses; then you can coast." "I'd rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than dwell in the tents of the wicked," repeated the older lad. "So'd I," ejaculated the junior youth; and away he flew after his sled before the father had time to remonstrate.

"Well, remarked a young M. D., just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and then wait for something to do, like 'Patience on a monument.'" "Yes," said a bystander; "and it won't be long after you do begin before the monuments will be on the patients."

A woman in France slept seventy-three days in one inning, and when she awoke and learned that her husband had been taking his meals at a restaurant during all this time, instead of getting out of bed at daylight and going to market, she was so mad that she declared she wouldn't go to sleep again as long as she lived.

"A little fellow, from four to five years old, having perforated the knee of his trousers, was intensely delighted with a patch his grandmamma had applied. He would sit and gaze upon it in a state of remarkable admiration; and in one of these moods suddenly exclaimed: "Grandma must put one on t'other knee, and two behind, like Eddy Smith's.'"

The Egyptian flea is larger than the American grasshopper, and when one gets at work on a dog, just about the small of the back, the canine will reach and haul himself round in a circle till he gets that flea, if he has to wear the hide all off his hind legs and break his spine to do it.

When Haverly was in London it was arranged that when he was going too far in his patriotic anecdotes he should be nudged under the table. The result was that he said: "In our country Jay Gould has a conservatory three-quarters of a mile long, three hundred feet high, and (what are you kicking me for?) two feet wide."

At a meeting of clergymen not long since a reverend gentleman by the name of Loss, of dimensions somewhat extended, laterally and altitudinally, presented himself. Says one of the brethren to him, "When you left your people you were a great Loss.' "Yes," said another, "when he dies he will be no Loss." "Nay," said a third, "he will be a dead Loss."

"Ma," said a youth, as he came skipping into the house, "it's wicked to take anything, ain't it?" "Yes, my son, it is wicked to take any thing, but don't be so boisterous." "Whoop! Well, I've been swimming, and don't ask me to take a lickin', cause it's wicked. I'm after a piece of pie." And before his parent could get hold of a slipper he had slipped out through the pantry with it, and was sicking the dog on to a scissors-grinder down the street.

It never rains but it pours. A Newport visitor, after a long struggle, managed to get a foothold in society, and all of a sudden found that she had been invited to nine dinner parties, all on the same evening. Utterly unable to decide which to accept, she sat down and had a good cry over it, and that made her eyes and nose so red that she was ashamed to go to any.

"I often cross the street to avoid meeting a man," says Mr. Beecher, "not because I have any thing against him, but simply because I do not feel like speaking to him. I suppose all men are this way." Yes, nearly all men are that way, Mr. Beecher, and we are glad you have mentioned the subject, for it gives us a chance to agree with a great man. We sometimes cross the street and climb a fence to avoid meeting a man, not because we have any thing against him, but because he has something against us; a bill, Mr. Beecher.—*Exchange.*

"What do you think, Mr. Spangler?" asked the lovely Miss Hasmumpkins: "that horrid Mr. Drown says my dress skirt is too long for a ball-room. What do you say?" Replied Spangler: "Long? Why, my dear girl, it's only about two feet—and such little feet!" added the chief flatterer. No wonder the girls say Spangler is such a nice man.

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