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Anticipation.

When failing health, or cross event,
Or dull monotony of days,
Has brought me into discontent,
That darkens round me like a haze,
I find it wholesome to recall
Those chiefest goods my life has known,
Those whitest days, that brightened all
The checkered seasons that are flown.

No year has passed but gave me some;
O unborn years, nor one of you—
So, from the past I learn—shall come
Without such precious tribute due.
I can be patient, since amid
The days that seem so overcast,
Such future golden hours are hid
As those I see amid the past.

Jerry an' Me.

No matter how the chances are,
Nor when the winds may blow,
My Jerry there has left the sea
With all its luck an' woe;
For who would try the sea at all,
Must try it luck or no.

They told him—Lor', men take no care
How words they speak may fall—
They told him blunt, he was too old,
Too slow with oar and trawl,
An' this is how he left the sea
An' luck an' woe an' all.

Take any man on sea or land
Out of his beatin way,
If he is young 't will do, but then,
If he is old an' gray,
A month will be a year to him,
Ba all to him you may.

He sits by me, but most he walks
The door-yard for a deck,
An' scans the boat a-goin' out
Till she becomes a speck,
Then turns away, his face as wet
As if she were a wreck.

The men who haul the net an' line
Are never rich; an' you,
My Johnny here—a grown-up man—
Is man an' baby too,
An' we have naught for rainy days,
An' rainy days are due.

My Jerry, diffident, abroad
Is restless as a brook,
An' when he left the boat an' all,
Home had an empty look;
But I will win him by an' by
To like the window-nook.

I cannot bring him back again,
The days when we were wed,
But he shall never know my man—
The lack o' love or bread,
While I can cast a stitch or fill
A needleful o' thread.

God pity me, I'd most forgot
How many yet there be,
Whose codmen full as old as mine
Are somewhere on the sea,
Who hear the breakin' bar an' think
O' Jerry home an'—me;

JOHN RANDALL'S WIFE.

"Will you let me have it, John?"

"No, Georgy, I can't."

John Haliburton uttered his refusal of his wife's request very decidedly, as if he felt the request was unreasonable; and yet there was an undercurrent of grieved impatience in his voice, and a look of perplexity and self-dissatisfaction in his eyes. He wanted to see his wife rise from the breakfast table, and thereby signify her acquiescence in his decision, before he went off for his morning walk to the mill.

Georgy, however, did not rise. Her looks did not express acquiescence. She was a pretty woman—very pretty, tall, slight, very fair, with large, clear, steady eyes and profuse brown hair. Besides her beauty, she had an air of delicate, graceful composure rather peculiar, and a voice that suggested alto flute notes. For all this she was simply the wife of a master machinist in the great Haliburton Print Works of Millville, and mistress of one of the small, white factory tenements, whose long, orderly rows constituted Millville proper.

But Georgie did not belong to the factory element, although she had married into it. She had been brought up by a relative, upon whom she had been left dependent, and whom she called Aunt Appleton.

Aunt Appleton lived at the other end of Millville—the west end—among the Haliburtons, the Dilloways, and the Verses.

Perhaps, under the circumstances, Georgy might have looked a little higher than John Randall. But then John was as good as gold—strong, steady, manly, true.

Aunt Appleton had the sense to rejoice at the reception of her pretty protege, and the generosity to give her a liberal outfit—her furniture, a complete wardrobe, a nice wedding.

It had been very agreeable to Georgy to have these things. She was fastidious to the core. She enjoyed advantages of position—her good clothes, her prestige among the other wives of the other officials in the print works. She was fastidious—perhaps a little to fastidious for her place.

John Randall had reached his last button—a somewhat shiny button on a somewhat shiny coat. He had neither time nor pretext for lingering. At this last moment his wife raised her eyes, clearly, unflinchingly, to his face.

"Why not?" she asked, in her own sweet voice.

It is never pleasant for a man to be called to an account—about money (and of course it was money, and money only Georgy wanted) by a woman, and that woman his wife. John's face flushed a little; a hot retort pricked the very tip of his tongue, but he did not utter it. He was a very patient man, naturally; and then he had that deep, pure love for his pretty wife which overreaches all slight shocks.

"I have exceeded my salary every month since we were married, Georgy," he said. "The first of January will be here in a few weeks, and I shall not be able to meet all my bills that are due. I don't feel that we ought to trifle away a penny of money. I don't believe you do, either."

"I shall say no more about it," she returned. "I ought to wear a new pair of gloves to call on Paul's bride, but if you can't give them to me I must do without them."

John Randall's brain was fine enough to understand that this was not the acquiescence he wanted. He would like to indulge her, but there was the fact that, if he begun it, he should be always behind hand, always poor.

This was his fact. Georgy had hers, also—that she was always to be denied and disappointed. She didn't mind so much wearing the old gloves on this occasion that which troubled her, which was wedging itself painfully into her convictions, was that she would have to give up all the little luxuries and elegances that she so craved; that her future was to be a plain matter-of-fact routine, deprived of those gratifications in whose absence she felt a sort of moral starvation.

"It don't seem as if you ought to be disappointed, Georgy," said the husband, finally. "You know just what my salary is, and just how far it will go. We used to talk about saving something every year, so that I might better myself one of these days. I don't like to deny you."

"Never mind," she said, rising.

She was one of those women who say too little rather than to much.

John went off to his work. Bridget, the girl-of-all-work, came in to clear the table. Georgy dusted the parlor, and made the pudding, fed the canary, and then placed the sewing machine in the window, facing the dull, leaden light of the November day, and sat down to stitch wristbands. She had been married more than a year, and was making her first shirt for John. She was very thoughtful,—a dogged pain on her face all the while.

"Perhaps I shall stay to Aunt Appleton's to tea," she said to her husband at the dinner table. "If I do you will come for me, won't you?"

He reflected a moment.

"I told you last night, Georgy, that I should have to be from home an hour or two this evening. There is to be a meeting of the officials of the mill at half-past seven. I should be too tired to dress and go up to your aunt's afterwards."

"I have forgotten," she said quietly; so quietly that he thought she did not care.

When he was gone she went to her bedroom to arrange her toilet for the call. She had a genius for dress; and, despite the mended gloves, she looked as stylish as she did pretty.

Just as she approached her aunt's gate old Mrs. Haliburton, in her velvets and steelest of steel-colored silks, was being handed from her carriage by her son. The Haliburtons were the owners of the mill in which John Randall was employed. Stephen the only son, had just returned from a five year's residence abroad. These two facts caused Georgy to scrutinize the mother and son somewhat closely; and doing so, Stephen Haliburton raised his hat to her.

"A pretty face," he remarked, carelessly, to his mother. "I suppose it is some one I have known or should know."

Old Mrs. Haliburton, with her keen eyes and beak nose glanced sharply back toward Georgy, whom she had not perceived, and nodded.

"It is that young person whom Jane Appleton brought up. She is married now to one of our men, I believe."

Georgy found Paul Appleton and his bride holding a sort of formal reception. The rooms—where her own wedding had been solemnized a year before—were quite filled with guests. A very dainty and graceful bride was the new Mrs. Paul, in her lavender train and point lace shawl. Georgy tried not to feel the least tinge of envy as she looked at her.

Aunt Appleton had always sense of gratitude towards her protege for having forborne to fascinate either of her own marriageable boys, and this gratitude cropped out in active kindness under the exultation she felt over Paul's match.

Georgy moved easily about the well-furnished rooms; somewhat she seemed just fitted for such surroundings. The subdued, well-bred manners, the faint perfumes, the refined faces, and the rich dresses, were like a stimulant to her. She needed such quickening to be fully herself. Her composed, delicate beauty unfolded to perfection in this atmosphere.

She had been talking to one and another, taking in shapes and trimmings with her quick artist's eye, and in a pause was just reflecting upon the hang of the new curtains when a voice said near her:

"I seem not to be able to recall you at all, Mrs. Randall. Yet I must have known you before I went away. My mother has just told me your name, and I have come to reclaim acquaintance if you will permit me."

"I remember you perfectly, Mr. Haliburton," Georgy returned quietly. "I was hardly grown up when you left us, five years ago."

"Five years? Ah, true enough! Won't you take this chair? What a lovely lily! Why, it is not real!"

"No; these wax flowers are very like nature, though—almost a plagiarism; don't you think so, Mr. Haliburton?"

"Why, yes. It must be quite difficult to make them. I dare say they bring a good price."

Under her serene smile a quick thought went through Georgy Randalls's mind. She began to examine the gentleman before her with interest.

Stephen Haliburton was a gentleman by habit, and a man of the world by a force of circumstances. But nature intended him for a diligent, painstaking, persevering man of business.

If he was not a great or a very good man, it was because he had so much time, so much money, so much flattery. He was spoiled by his opportunities, yet he needed only the right influence to elevate him beyond himself. He was thirty years old now—he was past the age when a man disdains to be led by a woman. But Stephen Haliburton had never disdained it. He had always been led by the keen-eyed, beak-nose woman in steel silk, who, as Georgy talked with the heir, sat hold ing her wine-cup up to the firelight not far off.

The heir seemed to like Mrs. Randall's talk; perhaps because there was so little of it. In return he was rather unreserved—gossiping about his plans and his prospects. He said that he was glad to get home. He meant to settle down at Millville now; look after his factories and the operatives, and introduce some improvements He wanted a better class of work—more tasteful designs; he hadn't seen a pretty print from the factory. Didn't Mrs. Randall agree with him?"

Yes; she agreed with him. It was a strange basis for parlor gossip—oils, chemicals, designs for calicoes. He was surprised to find how much she knew about it; and she—she was a little surprised herself. The most delicate pink began to flush her cheeks, the irises of her eyes grew into great black flakes, full of luster. All at once, at last, she turned a casual glance without the window.

"Why," she said, with a slight start, "it is almost dark. And I believe it is raining. I must go at once."

She stepped towards the window. Great plashing drops were falling upon the flagstones. The dull November daylight was almost gone.

Mr. Haliburton rose also.

"Did you walk?" he inquired. "Let us take you home. My mother will be going soon."

The little stir attracted Mrs. Appleton, who—most of the guests having gone—was devoting herself to Mrs. Haliburton.

"Stay to tea, Georgy," she suggested. "John knows you are here—does he not?"

"Yes; but it is raining. I think I had better not stop."

"I have been asking Mrs. Randall to take a seat with us, mother," interposed Stephen Haliburton.

"Ah, yes!" said the lady, with contracted nostrils and prolonged lip again. "I shall be happy."

And then the keen eye overlooked Georgy, as if to ask if there were any just cause why the Haliburton carriage, the Haliburton horses, and it might be the Haliburton heir, should traverse the length of Millville to take home this young person, who had married one of the Haliburton employees.

Georgy stood unmoved, a little concerned as to whether her last dress and bonnet should walk or ride, not at all concerned as to her own disposal.

The factory bell had done ringing, and John Randall was in sight of home just as the carriage of his employer stopped at the door, and his wife stepped from it. He did not, however, overhear her say to Stephen Haliburton, "If you call to-morrow afternoon, I will show you what I mean."

"Had you a pleasant afternoon?" her husband asked, by-and-by, as they sat at the tea-table.

"Very pleasant," she said, thoughtfully.

"It was very polite in Mrs. Haliburton to bring you home."

"Yes, I should have spoiled my dress."

It was always with a little effort that John Randall could get his wife to talk, and she seemed peculiarly silent to-night, and absent as well as silent.

Her eyes were brighter, too, than common—her face a little flushed. He was too generous, too unselfish a man to begrudge her even a happiness in which he had no part; but something in her abstraction filled him with uneasiness. The uneasiness was not decreased when, reaching home a little before the usual hour the following afternoon, he met Stephen Haliburton just leaving the house, nor when he found Georgy with the same brightened eyes and hightened color as the night before.

That was the beginning of John Randall's trouble.

It was not so much common jealousy—a man's instinct of revolt at another man's admiration of his handsome wife—as it was a fear—a desperate, deathlike fear—that Georgy needed something he could not give to make her happy. He could never give her any luxuries. He could never say such things as he fancied Stephen Haliburton must be able to say to woman. But he loved her so! O heavens! he loved her so! How could he endure that anything should come between them?

"I won't wrong her and tease her with suspicions," he said to himself, in the depth of the night. "I'll just fight my way the best I can against it. I'll keep on steady. Perhaps she'll see it right by-and-by."

Poor fellow! he did not realize how his own determination implied the dreary thought that her heart was turned from him. He raised himself on his arms to look on her as she slept; and all through what followed he retained the pure, calm face, as it pressed the pillow, whitened by the moonlight that glinted the frost on the window-panes and flooded the room.

She seemed colder to him after this, and he kept silent.

He knew that she met Haliburton at her aunt's; he knew that when she went to the seaside the ensuing summer, for a week's visit to Mrs. Paul Appleton, there he was also. He knew that she seemed to be living a life apart from him; and once—that was when the iron entered his soul, when he went into her little desk, a present he had made her during their engagement—for a sheet of note paper, and found it locked and asked her carelessly enough for the key, she flushed and said she would get the paper for him.

But he kept true to the promise he made himself. He kept on "fighting his way against it as best he could," hoping, with a sick heart, that she "might see it right by-and-by."

The months wore away. The second year of their marriage was nearly completed. John had been very careful—as careful as Georgy herself—that there should be no outward or visible sign of misunderstanding or coldness between them. No suspicion had come to any that the second year of their married life had been less happy than the first. Nor had he ever omitted to give her any little indulgence within his power. He had prepared a surprise for her on the coming anniversary of their wedding during the year.

The anniversary fell upon Sunday; and so their little commemoration of the day must come the preceding evening. No allusion had been made to any celebration by either of them; but John felt sure, some way, that she could not let the time pass without some sign. For his own part, he had half resolved to attempt some explanation of their estrangement. Anything, he thought, would be better than this chilling reserve. With his mind divided between the anticipation of relief and jealous dread, he went to the counting house that Saturday night to receive his money. The Cashier looked up with a certain embarrassment at the approach.

"Ah, Mr. Randall—the accumulation you have left in my hands! To be sure! And, by the way, Mr. Haliburton spoke to me to mention to you that there were to be some changes made, and—and—but there he is himself, sir."

John Randall turned, with a feeling akin to desperation, to meet his employer. It had gone through him like a thunderbolt, as the cashier spoke, that he was to be displaced. Stephen Haliburton simply said, as John faced him. "I'll not detain you now, Mr. Randall. I shall call this evening to let you know of the changes I feel obliged to make."

And the owner bowed, and left him.

With the money in his nerveless hands, John Randall walked homeward like a man dazed. He was to lose his place. For what reason he could not conjecture. But to lose it was to lose reputation, courage—everything. He had never imagined such a possibility as that. The money that he carried—he should not dare to make a present of it to Georgy now. He might have to wait for other employment. It might be needed for their bare every-day bread, before he got work again. A chill like death struck to his soul.

Georgy, evidently, had not overlooked the recurrence of their wedding day. The cosy rooms of the cottage all wore a little air of festivity. Some slender vases held the gleanings of the flower-beds; chrysanthemums—blood-red, white and purple—verbenas, and scarlet geraniums.

She came to the door that night to meet him—one of her "company" dresses on, some knots of velvet fastening her collar, and seeming to give a glow and brightness to her white skin. He took her hand; she raised her face, and with a wild heart-bound he kissed it, as he had not for years before. She was coming back to him again! That was the thought that thrilled him. Her infatuation—if such it had been—was at an end; upon his new happiness, came the dreary recollection of his lost situation. He thrust the money in his pocket. By-and-by he would tell her all.

"You won't mind waiting supper for an hour, will you, John?" she asked, as she led him in. "I am going to give you something nice, by-and-by, and—I think Mr. Haliburton will be in."

John Randall's blood froze once more. It was not for him, then, that all these preparations were made. Georgy had never spoken Mr. Haliburton's name to him before. He could feel that she was embarrassed as she did so.

"I want you to dress, John," she added, coaxingly. "I have laid everything out for you."

It seemed to him that he would have turned upon her, but that he felt sobroken by the thought of losing his place, and resented her gayety, her indifference, her secrecies—all that had made him so miserable through this long year. But he had not the spirit.

He went to dress as she had asked him. When he returned to the parlor Stephen Haliburton and his wife sat upon the sofa side by him. It was rare indeed to see Georgy's fair face so illuminated. Her cheeks were glowing, her eyes were sparkling.

As for Mr. Haliburton he was always the quiet gentleman, with no sense of being out of his place, no apparent suspicion of what was rankling in the heart of his employee.

What a nice little supper Georgy had ready. Yet nobody ate.

Finally the supper was over, and they went back to the parlor.

Georgy disappeared for a moment, and, returning, approached her husbands glancing shyly at the same time to her guest, whose face brightened beyond its wont as he caught her eye.

"We meant to make it all very formal John; but I see Mr. Haliburton thinks I might as well tell it at once in my own way."

She paused and a sober pallor overspread her husband's face.

"What was coming?" his eyes asked, with no faith that it was anything to lighten his secret burden.

Georgy nervously folded and unfolded a slip of paper which she held.

"This is for you, John:" and she held it shyly towards him. "My anniversary gift. I have been working for Mr. Haliburton, too, this year. And I have thirty guineas here—the price of the designs I have made from the calicoes."

"Georgy!"

"You never suspected it? I did not want you to till I knew whether I could succeed.'

John Randall had no voice in which to word his amazement or his gratitude for his restored faith, which, though his wife did not suspect it was by far his most precious anniversary gift. She went on:—"I could always use my pencil nimbly, you know, John. And it had occurred to me one day why I couldn't do something with it for profit. I spoke to Mr. Haliburton, and he was so kind—you must thank him, John—he took so much trouble with my crude attempts; he did so much to encourage me. And now I am fairly in the way of work. I shall work better, to know that you know of it. I want to design for carpets by-and-by, as for prints; that pays so well—a percentage on the sale."

She stopped short suddenly conscious of how much she was saying.

"I have a surprise, also, for you, Mr. Randall," added Stephen Haliburton, quietly. "I hope it, too, will prove agreeable. The universal testimony of the mill officials, as to your efficiency and trustiness, make me feel that I am not showing you a proper appreciation, and I desire to give you a somewhat more responsible position, with an increase of salary!"

The very glory of heaven seemed to be opening a way to John Randall out of all his trouble.

"I am too happy, Mr. Haliburton to talk much," he said in his straightforward way. "I have been depressed lately—the sudden removal of all causes for low spirits—"

He stopped short. The big tears rolled down his cheeks. Stephen Haliburton alone perceived what Georgy never suspected, that her secret had made her husband jealous. He grasped John's hand.

"My dear fellow, it's too bad! I feared it a little once or twice. Of course I could not hint it to Mrs. Randall."

"What, John?" What Mr. Haliburton?"

"Nothing, Georgy, that you will ever know." They were alone together, by-and by, with their new-formed happiness. Perhaps Georgy equally believed that there was no more need for mystification

"What ever made you think of it, Georgy?" her husband asked.

"Why, John, it was that day about the gloves. I set myself considering why you should have all the tool, and all the indulgence. I pondered how I could made or save something

"I am happier than I ever thought I could be again, dear."

"Do you know, I have fancied you were unhappy lately, John, because you thought I was longing for things you could not give me? I could hardly wait for to-night to come to tell you all—"

"My darling!"

And he folded his arms about her, with his face on her shoulder; and in the brightness and silence of the room, with its odor of flowers and glows of leaves, they felt their way through the coming future, safe, confident, out of the reach of any bitter trouble, since they loved and trusted one another.

The Origin of Camp-Meetings.

The origin of camp meeting is thus stated by a writer in the New York *Evening Post:* Though not attended with any idea such as originated the modern camp-meeting, the out-door and secret gatherings of the Huguenots in France and of the Dissenters in England probably gave the first rise to all subsequent movements of this nature. In America their beginning is said to have been occasioned by a want of church buildings. Two brothers named Magee, one of them a Presbyterian preacher, and the other a Methodist, who created during the summer of 1790, a great religious excitement in that part of Kentucky in which they lived, are said to be the founders of camp meetings in this country. Their congregations soon became far too large for the limited church accommodation at that time provided, and a union out-of-door meeting was decided upon. To this the people flocked from all parts of the State. The success of the meeting was great, and at once apparent. The number of converts was something that approached the marvelous. It was determined to renew the experiment the next year. From all parts of the State, as well as from bordering territory, immense numbers of people gathered. Reports say that there were assembled as many as 20,000 persons, which was a wonderful number for that time.

Since then the movement has continued to go on, though until within the last six or eight years it was thought that camp meetings were growing out of date. Within that period a new momentum has been given to them. It is the purpose of the Methodist Episcopal Church to give to this movement a dignified, systematic and permanent position in the religious community. To that end associations are formed, grounds purchased in the name of corporate bodies, cottages built (which are slowly taking the place of tents), and a crops of regular and distinguished divines are provided to superintend the services.

Under this system these meetings have grown in the respect and sympathy of the community—so much so, indeed, that there is some talk of imitation on the part of the Presbyterians. The Young Men's Christian Association, in which that denomination takes an active part, joins with the Methodist brethren in out door meetings, which, though by no means revival meetings, tend that way.

A CLOUD BURST.—A few weeks ago a rain cloud burst and washed away the road bed of the Honesdale branch of the Erie Railway for the distance of about one hundred feet. Cloud bursts are of infrequent occurrence in the Atlantic States but they are quite common in Nevada and elsewhere in the extreme West. A cloud burst is not a water spout, though the two are often confounded in the popular mind. A water spout results from a whirlwind which gathers a quantity of water from the face of the ocean or some other broad surface, and whirls it upward and through the air. Cloud-bursts occur in the summer during heavy thunder storms and are simply rain showers of sudden and extraordinary violence. An overladen cloud suddenly condenses, and the water of which it is composed falls to the earth in torrents. In a mountainous country like Nevada the results of a cloud-burst are often terrible. So sudden is the flood, that sometimes where not a drop of water has been seen for months, a large turbulent torrent all at once comes pouring down, washing away trees, houses, roads, rocks and everything that comes in its way. One of these floods thus pouring down a steep, dry, mountain canon, frequently shows an advancing, resistless front of logs, bowlders, and brush twelve or fifteen feet high.

LECTURES.—A man in Oneida, N. Y., depends on lecturing for a living beyond any other man we know of. His sister left quite a property in trust for him; but, knowing him to be peculiar and likely to spend it all, her will provided that he should receive five dollars for every lecture he should deliver. And so he lectures morning, noon and night, as opportunity offers, or a little audience of children or adults can be gathered, if it be only a complaisant family groud around a breakfast table.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.—A singular accident occurred in Germany. A basket maker had a quantity of willow switches stored away in a cellar. Going down to fetch some his remaining away too long seemed strange, and another person went to look for him. This man did not return either, and two others went down. All four were killed by the fermentation of the green willow switches

The Art of Making Butter.

In response to numerous inquiries before the American Institution Farmer's Club in regard to making prime butter, Mr. Todd, gave the following information:

Many producers of butter make a grave mistake, which deprives them of a large amount of clear cash, by supposing that the products of their dairy will return as much profit when the butter is made in such a careless manner that it resembles a cross between mutton tallow and lard, rather than gilt-edged butter. Thousands of tubs and firkins of butter, strong enough to perambulate the city, are sold from ten to fifteen cents per pound; whereas, by exercising a little care and neatness, and adding the proper quantity of salt, every pound would have brought thirty or thirty five cents. The loss has to be sustained by the producers. Thousands of hard-working females, who grind out their dimes by irksome drudgery, could save two or three dollars per every hour's service when making butter, by simply spending a few minutes more than they have hitherto done in managing their milk, cream and butter with extra care. It is the scrupulous neatness in washing milk pails and pans, in the management of the cream, in churning and packing butter, that secures an article that will pass for prime gilt-edged butter, which always commands a remunerative price, whether it is made in Orange County, or on the prairies of Kansas. I wish to impress on those butter producers who always complain of low prices, the eminent importance of observing only a few things which will enable them to make an article which may be forwarded directly to any of our fashionable hotels, where every pound will command the highest price.

1. That every milkpail, pan, churn and butter-bowl is cleaned with boiling hot water as often as they are used.

2. See that the udders of the cows and hands of the milkers are as clean as pure water will make them before an atom of milk is drawn.

3. Provide a clean place for the pans while the cream is rising, where the pure breezes from the green fields may blow into the window over the cream and out at an opposite opening. Good butter can never be made in a filthy apartment, where there is offensive effluvia arising from any thing, no matter what.

4. Cream ought to be churned every day; yet, if one can provide a clean corner, in a cellar or milk-room clean and cool, and keep the cream-pail on a clean piece of flagstone, he can make superior butter by churning twice per week, provided the temperature of the cream is maintained from day to day about sixty Fahrenheit,

5. Always skim the milk soon after the cream has risen. Thousands of barrels of cream are ruined for making gilt-edged butter by not skimming the milk soon after the cream has risen. The sooner the cream is removed after it has risen the better the butter will be. Milk, which should be skimmed at evening, is frequently left till morning, when the cream will be injured to such an extent that gilt-edged butter can not be made from it at all; neither will it make as many pounds as if it had been skimmed at the proper time.

6. Let the churning be done by a person whose hands and clothes are as clean and as sweet as a blossom of red clover; and let the churning be continued until the butter has come. It is ruinous to the butter to put cream in the churn, as is sometimes done, and churn rapidly for a minute or two every hour in the day, then in the evening all take hold in turn, and keep the cream dashing and splashing until midnight. If the cream is properly managed, butter will always come beautifully in less than half an hour.

7. The butter should be worked and thoroughly salted soon after it is churned. There is but little danger of salting too much. One ounce per pound is not enough for butter that is to be shipped any considerable distance. It is ruinous to the grain of butter to throw it into a dish-pan and knead it with the hands. The best instrument for working out the butter-milk is any thing that will cut deep gashes in the butter into which the butter-milk will flow. The next day after churning, the butter should be worked again, and packed. Beware of working butter too much. A great many persons continue to work and knead their butter to its injury after the butter-milk is removed, thinking that all the "crystal tear drops," which are not butter-milk, must be worked out.

8. Thousands of tubs and firkins are received in the New York market containing what was once prime gilt-edged butter, but which was spoiled by being packed before the tubs had been properly prepared by being soaked in brine. For the sake of saving three cents worth of salt, for preparing a strong brine in which to soak a firkin two or three days, many a frugal housewife has been obliged to accept half the price of prime butter simply because the staves were not saturated with brine before the butter was packed.

DRINKING WATER.—Drinking wine is a habit, so is drinking spirits, ale, cider coffee and water. The last is thought a necessity; but to drink much is a habit. Some people drink little not because their constitutions require less than others; it is their habit. Those people never perspire so much as those who drink more. The more that is drunk, the more water passes away, or the system would suffer. As it is, the strain effects it. The skin, the kidneys, bowels, lungs, all are drawn upon. The result is, as may be naturally expected, exhaustion. For this reason, the man who drinks much water, particularly during the Summer and in the hottest weather, is less able to endure fatigue. the water is of no benefit to him—that is, the excess. It must pass away, and this requires an effort of the system, which is the sweating process. Had he not used the excess of water, he would not have perspired so; it would not have been there for the system to expel. It is a habit to drink water so much; a false thirst is created. We should drink only what is needed. The habit of drinking more will soon be overcome, and the person will feel much stronger and more capable of bearing fatigue. In Winter, little fluid is needed beyond what our food furnishes; in Summer some more, but not much.

Newspaper Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the pay.

2. if a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearage or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for is *prima facia* evidence of intentional fraud.

IN THE CHAIN GANG.—The chain gang of Los Angeles has among its members Robert Gordon Milne, a graduate of Oxford University, England, class of 1867, who is serving a sentence of twenty-five days for the petty offense of appropriating a half gallon of native wine value 25 cents which he claims he desired to purchase, and afterward threw away. A city paper publishes a fine scholarly production from his pen, replete with classical quotations, taking grounds against the system of degrading criminals by compelling them to work on the public streets with ball and chain.

Death Sentence in Servia.

There is no state in Europe in which the barbarous punishment of breaking on the wheel is inflicted any longer on criminals of the worst description except in Servia, one of the semi-dependencies of Turkey, on the lower Danube. Not long since a whole family was murdered by two men who were arrested by the authorities. Under the torture of the lash one of the murderers confessed his guilt and immediately detailed the horrible circumstances attending the crime. Both men were found guilty and sentenced to be broken by blows from a club, which was done in the presence of an immence concourse of people. When the two criminals had been brought on the platform every stitch of clothing left upon Alexiry was torn off, and he was firmly tied to the St. Andrew's cross. Until this fatal moment he had preserved his equanimity to a most remarkable degree. But now the executioner drew from a green bag a sort of an iron club, with an iron knob at its head. The fastened criminal looked wistfully at the man who was to torture him, and then put him to death. The executioner raised the iron club and crashed Alexiry's right shoulder. The murderer gave a shriek, and made a desperate effort to free himself of his fetters. He struggled desperately in his agony, but the next blow which the executioner gave him—on the knee-pan—elicited from he culprit a scream of pain that caused the blood of the spectators of the dismal scene to freeze. After the infliction he seemed insensible, and the other blows that crushed his joints, and the finishing strokes on his belly, were given as to a dead man.

Meanwhile, Werthstein, in his chains, had to look on. He rent the air with his lamentations, and came near fainting away when the executioner dealt Alexiry the first blow, he flung himself to the floor and begged piteously for his life; but after the lifeless and mutilated corpse of Alexiry had been detached from the fatal St. Andrew's cross, he was dragged to it and, in spite of his invocation of the Holy Moses, fastened to it like his accomplice. He yelled even before he received the first stroke with the iron club; but when that instrument of torture descended upon his shoulder joint he gave an unearthly scream, and the executioner's blow upon his knee pan made him howl still worse.

For five minutes—an eternity under the circumstances—he continued his yells, and it was not until the executioner gave him three heavy blows on the abdomen that all was quiet, and Servian justice was satisfied.

Women and Marriage.

Every woman with any romance or magnanimity has, so far as she contemplates marriage for herself merely in the abstract, an ideal, or some vague assemblage of high qualities which stand for such. She can only suppose herself voluntarily linking her fate with another, if that other is a man exceptionally good or noble, or at least distinguished among his fellows. At all events he must be something quite above the common run of men about her. The typical old maid has had this ideal, and been faithful to it; it may be for want of adequate temptation to inconstancy. Some women—the charming woman, for example—have not been allowed to keep their ideal. They have lost sight of it in finding themselves the ideal of some one else. Our typical vestal has never been a charming woman, though she may have many excellent gifts and graces. Women are so made, happily for men, that gratitude, pity, the exquisite pleasure of pleasing, the sweet surprise of finding themselves necessary to another's happines (or being flattered into the notion,) altogether obscure and confuse the judgment; they either forget their ideal altogether, or think they have found it in the very commonplace mortal who is their choice. But to some women this does not happen. The natural instinct to please is not strong in them. They only care to please where their taste and judgment approve, and their manner is cold or indifferent in general society. There is a French proverb, compounded of resignation and worldly policy, which represents the submission and destiny of the attractive woman: *Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a.* It is not that the other is deliberately unattractive, but we recognizes no necessity. She does not want to please out of her pale of sympathies; and the alternative has no terrors for her. In fact, she has forseen that a single life is her probable destiny. It is not at all necessary that this unattractiveness should have to do with a conscious want of beauty. A beautiful woman, as far as color and outline constitute beauty—but failing in bewitching qualities—may repel admiration by indifference, and live to glorify the sisterhood to which her manner devotes her; but it is the woman of commonplace exterior and sensitive mind that is most commonly left alone with her ideal. We believe that almost any woman who is not what is called "particular" may marry if she chooses—that is, if she does not speculate upon herself, or share the world's unfavorable view of her personal pretentions.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

JAPANESE COINAGE.—The new Japanese money, in progress of receiving at San Francisco is a curiosity. The reverse of the coin contains in the center the representation of a mirror, symbolical of the rising sun. Above is a circle divided into sixteen segments, representing a chrysanthemum. Below is a branch of the "kiri" tree, with three stems, seventeen blossoms, and three leaves. On the side of the mirror are the Imperial Japanese standards, one containing the sun and the other the moon. Around these devices is a wreath, one side composed of chrysanthemum leaves and the other "kiri" leaves. The obverse or face of the coin has in the center the figure of a dragon, the emblem of wisdom and purity, and a symbol of imperial power. The Japanese inscriptions on the face of the coin around the dragon may be translated "Great Sun Rising," the name of Japan, and "Third year of peace and enlightenment," the official designation of the reign of the present emperor. The special name and value are placed on each coin.

A SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.—Ann Cooper, a married woman, was severely burned on the breast and neck, a year ago, and has since been under treatment in Bellevue Hospital. A new skin would not form over the burned spots, and the surgeons decided that her case demanded a desperate remedy. On June 10, a man's right leg was amputated, and immediately after the operation had been performed Dr. Alexander B. Mott cut off from the stump 89 pieces of flesh of the size of a U. S. three-cent silver piece and applied them to the breast and neck of Mrs. Cooper. The process was similar to that of grafting in tree culture. Of the pieces of flesh thus grafted, 80 adhered, and the woman's health rapidly improved. She left the hospital, yesterday, perfectly cured.

Sir Roundell Palmer's fee of $150,000 for attending to the interests of Great Britain at the Geneva Conference is said to be the largest single fee ever paid to a British lawyer. There have been several instances in the United States where $100,000 have been paid, Clarkson N. Potter having received that fee in a railroad case, and General Sickles a similar sum for ousting the Gould dynasty from Erie.

Eli Perkins on Economical Girls—Gus Finds an Economical Girl.

Congress Hall, My old statistician says there are just four of those beautiful sage green dresses in Saratoga. Three, he says, are worn by very stylish young ladies and one is worn by an old lady who has no business to be wearing it. Every time he sees one of those beautiful dresses he goes into an ecstacy of delight. He rubs his hands and says, "there comes the agony of Paris—$400, if it's a cent!"

When we look up, it is a sage green.

Yesterday one of the beautiful young ladies who wears a sage green took a ride over to the lake with my friend Gus. Gus has got good blood in him, but he ain't very "stampy." He always takes to expensive girls, and after getting interested in them they talk such expensive talk about camel's hairs, velvet suits and trips to Europe, that poor Gus gets frightened off. He comes up to my room and says he don't believe there is a girl in New York who don't cost her father $3,000 a year just for nice clothes. Then he buries his face in his hands, and says: "Oh dear, there is no chance for a poor fellow on $500 a year."

Yesterday Gus came into my room, looking bright and happy. His eyes fairly shone with the ecstacy of a blissful emotion.

"What is it, Gus?" I asked.

"I've found her; she's here!" and then he stopped to catch his breath.

"Who's here?" I asked, thinking perhaps that Mrs. Woodhull or Susan B. Anthony had arrived.

"Why, the girl that I've been looking for—sweet, young, stylish—and not expensive!"

"Lightning Gus!" said I, putting on my glasses, "I'd like to see such a girl myself. Where is she?"

"We just come in from a ride—she's down in the parlor—a regular stunner, in sage green, and so economical!"

"Sage green—sage g-r-e e-n," I muttered to myself, thinking of the $400 I saw a young lady pay for just such a dress; "how do you know she isn't expensive. How do you—?"

"Why, confound it!" broke in Gus, "I know it. I've been talking to her for three hours. She talked very economical, just like a sensible girl."

"What did she say?" I continued.

"Why, she said, she was looking for a true man, a man brave and generous, with love in his heart, and with such a man she said she could be happy in a garret. Yes, she said she could be happy in a garret with the man she loved. Ha! ha!" and Gus whirled round twice and kicked the crown out of my best Dunlap hat in the excess of his mirth.

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I made Gus take me right down for an introduction to his economical friend, and then I let him go off to change his coat for dinner.

Miss D. was pretty and stylish, too. She had on a love of a $75 hat, and those pretty $18 laced gaiters which the man makes under the Coleman house. Her dress was the richest gros grain sage green with pannier, watteau, polonaise, and a court train. It contained exactly 176 yards of $9 silk. On her pretty hands were six-button gaslight green kids, which lost themselves under point lace undersleeves and over diamond bracelets. On her arm she carried a $1,500 camel's hair shawl.

"This is mother's, Mr. Perkins," she remarked. "I took it in case of a rain. I don't expect to have camel's hair and regular diamonds until I'm married. Mother's last words when I left home, were, 'Now, Lizzie, don't be introduced to any foreigners or lose your jewelry.'"

"Couldn't you be happy after you are married, without camel's hair and diamonds?" I asked, taking her $75 pearl and point lace fan, and looking down at her point lace underskirt.

"Why, I hadn't thought much about it. That's just what your friend Motley and I were talking about. And such a nice long talk—"

"Then you and Gus have been discussing the love-in-a-cottage idea, have you?" I interrupted.

"Yes, that was it; and he's so nice—"

"And didn't you say that you could live in a garret with a brave, handsome man, whom you loved dearly?"

"Yes, I did say that. I don't care if I do blush. I said I could live happily in a garret with the man I loved—and I could—if—we could have a nice elevator and have our meals sent in from Delimonico's. Why, those Paran Stevens $6,000 garret suites are just as cosy as they can be!"

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This, alas! was the economical sweetness of my friend Gus, who could live in a $6,000 garret with the man she loved. These are the economical young ladies who come to Saratoga and deceive us poor fellows—who talk garret, get our solitaires and then come the elevator and lunch from Delmonico dodges on us. These, alas! are the young ladies who gain our honest love just to steal our money for $400 sage green dresses with watteaus and polonaise all cut on the bais, or sell us. These are the dear creatures whom magnanimous fathers generously give away to us—saying, "Take her, Adolphus, and be happy—alas! if you can!"

THE COMET.—For the benefit of those of our readers who may have been alarmed by the report that the earth would be destroyed in a short time, through collision with a comet, it may be proper to say that a very great difference of opinion exists upon the subject among the best-known astronomers of the age, a circumstance, which