☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates & to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

WE DON'T KEEP THEM LONG.

While others sing of the coming spring,
Mine is a sadder song.
Of the children sweet around our feet—
O, we don't keep the children long!

Not for the day till they'll fly away,
Away from this home of ours,
Just as the snow in spring will go,
Just as in fall, the flowers.
The babies we bless, with fond caress,
And love still deeper, fonder.
Like birds will sing, like birds will wing,
Like birds the wide world wander.

The laddie wee, upon my knee,
A man shall meet my vision.
While other feet as swift, as sweet,
May tread the field elysian.
The little girl whose hair you curl,
Her sweet rose-mouth soft kissing,
Away will trip, away will slip,
And you shall do the missing.

We'll still be near and still be dear,
But oh, with eyes grown clearer,
We'll surely see that there must be
Another nearer, dearer.
We know that best is God's behest
And thank Him for the giving
Of each soft dove, whose nestling love
Makes life more worth the living.

For if I could name sound most good
And cheeriest to a mother,
'Twould be the shout when boys rush out
And rush back with another.
Though sweeter than this and deeper bliss
Is to dream when day is dying,
And on your breast in sleepy rest,
A tired little head is lying.

O, men we shall see, oh, women to be!
Some day we shall love you duly.
But now when you're small and our all in all
Most tenderly and most truly.
So while you stay we'll thrust away
Silence, sorrow, sadness,
And fill to the brim from dawning dim
Every day with gladness.

Let others sing of the joys of spring,
Mine is a gladder song,
Of the children who meet around our feet,
Their laughter loud, their kisses sweet,
Their love which makes all life complete—
Though we don't keep the children long!
—*Kate M. Cleary, in Good Housekeeping.*

TWO WAYS OF ASKING.

Miss Dolly's Lesson in Love and How to Manage.

"Tears, idle tears! Niobe dissolved! My dear child, what on earth is the matter?"

Time: Four of a summer afternoon. Place: A pretty boudoir, furnished in the fashion of to-day, modeled on the style of Louis Quinze, with a dash of "Liberty" thrown in, and modern accessories, such as crystal flower vases, three-volume novels, and photograph-stands, juxtaposed with Queen Anne silver and knicknacks ancient and modern. Dramatis Personae: a graceful figure in white, flung with an air of desolation on the floor beside a sofa, her charming neck visible beneath delicious little rows of golden curls, her frame shaken by sobs; an older woman standing a few yards distant, dark, beautifully dressed, "good-looking enough for any thing" without being distinctly handsome, aged somewhere within the right side of thirty, and wearing an expression half compassionate, half amused. There is a suspicion of raillery in her voice, which is felt and deeply resented by the fair sorrower. Anger is often akin to sorrow as pity is to love, and the voice which responds to the question when reiterated is decidedly petulant.

"I wish you would go away and leave me alone."

"I shall not do any thing of the sort," returns the other. "I am going to talk to you and I do not care in the least whether you are angry or not, although I had much rather you would take my remarks in good part."

"O," responds the voice, still smothered in the sofa-cushions, but losing nothing of its resentful quality. "I know how clever you are, and that you think that you can manage every one's affairs a great deal better than themselves."

She intends this to be a "nasty one," and, as a matter of fact, it does not fall very pleasantly on the ears of her interlocutor; but she sits down on the sofa, and replies with good humor: "Well, my love, I may confidently say that I could manage your affairs a great deal better than you manage them yourself, and that if I were you, I would have Mr. Clement Lascelles at my feet in a very short time."

"Perhaps you have him there now!" says the prostrate one, ceasing to sob and trying to sneer instead.

"Well, Dolly dear, to tell you the truth, I fail myself to recognize in that young man the charm which I observe he has for—for some people; indeed, I do consider him a poser, with an exasperatingly good opinion of himself. If you ask my candid opinion, I think that he would be all the better for being kic—"

Dorothy flounces up in a moment. "I will trouble you not to insult my friends," she cries, with flaming cheeks. "And it is not very easy to believe your sincerity when he was sitting in your pocket all last night, and you were out walking with him for two hours this morning."

"In any case," replies Mrs. Dalton coolly, "your remarks prove that I have had time and opportunity to form an opinion of his qualities. I don't deny that he is good-looking, but it is intolerable that he should be so conscious of it. I admit that he is not without a certain amount of cleverness, and has been fairly well educated; but I violently object to his thinking himself able to sit in judgment on people a good deal older and cleverer than himself."

"On you, for instance!" cries Dolly.

"No, I was not thinking of myself, though I admit the soft impeachment (the one regarding my age, at least); and what I dislike most of all is his placing himself on a pedestal to be looked at and longed for by—by pretty, silly little girls, who ought to know better."

Dolly stiffens her back, and says, with an assumption of dignity which sits indifferently well upon her: "If you will excuse me, I should prefer not discussing Mr. Lascelles with you. You are perfectly welcome to your opinion of him, and I claim the liberty of retaining mine." Then, her majesty, suddenly, toppling over, she says vindictively, in quite a different tone of voice: "Perhaps you think I am such a fool that I don't see through your mean abuse of him!"

"That I may win and wear him myself!" suggests Mrs. Dalton, quite good-humoredly. "No, my dear and acute child, believe me, you have not fathomed and unmasked my baseness this time. I know your dear and sensitive little heart is set upon this fascinating young man. I don't think there is really any harm in him, and I am magnanimous enough to be ready to show you how to obtain his affections, and to make him the suppliant instead of you."

"Suppliant!" cries Dolly, with fresh flames from her burning heart ascending to her cheeks.

"Yes, suppliant. Every one, my love, can see—he most of all—how you hang upon his smiles, and despair when he is indifferent or capricious."

Wrath makes Dolly absolutely speechless. If looks, etc., etc., Mrs. Dalton would, etc., etc.

"Don't be a goose, Dolly," resumes her friend, not having suffered any visible injury from the lightning glances to which she had been subjected. "Keep your temper, and reap the advantages of my superior age and experience."

"Keep them to yourself!" retorts Dolly, tartly.

"The first I must, whether or no, but the latter shall be yours. Come, dear child, you know I am fond of you; believe me when I say I would not have your enchanter as a gift, and also that I am desirous so see him subjugated by you. He shall be yours, I promise, and I will only make one condition."

Dolly seats herself on the sofa and allows Mrs. Dalton to take her hand, though she looks rather sulky. Still, she does, poor little girl, regard Mr. Clement Lascelles as the first prize in the marriage lottery, and is willing to take upon herself his part of the contract: to worship him with her body, and endow him with all her worldly goods. For in a small way she is an heiress, though he is not destitute of money, and has an excellent position. Truth to tell, the young man is not what is called "a bad sort;" he has good looks, good brains, and good manners, when he is not egged on to taking liberties by the silly flatteries of the other sex. Poor Dolly loves him madly, and has innocently shown her pleasure in his notice and her sufferings at his neglect. Mrs. Dalton having paused to give due effect to her words, Dolly, after a moment, is constrained to say rather sullkily, "Well!"

"You must take the vow first."

"What vow?" with latent irritation.

"The vow never to tell any human being—Mr. Lascelles least of all—that I, or, for the matter of that, any one, advised you how to act toward him."

"O, of course, I promise."

"Promises are like pie-crust," replies Mrs. Dalton; then, with an air of great solemnity, she goes to a small bookcase at the end of the room, and comes back with a Bible. "You must kiss the book," she says.

"O, no," cried Dolly, frightened. For she knows that she never kept a secret in her life, and is terrified at being put on an oath which she may break in spite of herself, a few hours later.

"Well," says Mrs. Dalton, firmly, "do you want him or do you not?"

"Yes," cries Dolly, with tears in her eyes, "I do."

"Then kiss the book."

"But how do I know there is any thing in what you are going to tell me?" says doubting Dolly.

"Because I say so. Do I not know the world and men?"

Dolly takes the book, trembling. "What am I to say?" she falters.

"Say: 'I swear not to tell Clement Lascelles or any other person that Marian Dalton advised me how to win his affections.'"

With a sudden desperate gesture Dolly kisses the book and repeats the formula "Now then!" she cries, excitedly.

Mrs. Dalton takes up her parable. "Clement is really fond of you—he would be exceedingly fond of you, if you only allowed him."

"If I allowed him!" gasps Dolly.

"Yes," repeats her adviser. "By allowing him. I don't mean throwing yourself at his head, and showing him that you adore him; but by making him doubt your love and his own capacity for pleasing you. Different men want different treatment. There is nothing so delightful to some as to see and know that a woman cares for them—it adds ten-fold to their devotion for her; but I am bound to say these men are in the minority. Most of them are far more stimulated by doubts and fears—the woman becomes more dear as she seems more distant, and, as a rule, when a man is literally crazy about one of our sex, it is because she has worried and tormented and kept him on a perpetual balance between hope and fear. Now you, and others like you, have so hung upon Clement Lascelles' looks and words, have so positively shown him that he is a great being, a lofty intellect, a rival to Apollo, that it is not likely that he is coming off his pedestal to worship his worshipers. Your only chance, my dear, is to abandon your worship; to counterfeit indifference as best you may, and to let a gradual and startling conviction come over him that you were not really in earnest, after all."

"It is very easy to talk," pouts Dolly.

"It is very easy to act, too," returns Marian, "if you are positively certain that your plan of campaign is going to be successful."

"How do I know that it will be?"

"Try it for twenty-four hours and see how it works."

"But I don't know what I am to do."

"You must be absolutely guided by me, and not act for one moment on your own responsibility."

"I dare say it will turn out all wrong," says Dolly, ungraciously, and that I shall lose him altogether."

"All right," replies Mrs. Dalton, losing patience and rising from her seat. "Do as you like. After all, what on earth does it matter to me whether you are happy or miserable! Go your own way."

Dolly springs up and catches her by the arm. "No, no, Marian, don't go; don't be angry. I will do whatever you tell me."

"Then hearken and obey. Dick Wyndham is coming to-night. You know he is rather fond of you. Talk to him, and to him only, all the evening. Do not glance in Mr. Lascelles' direction; I will keep my eye on him and report to you how he takes it. If he appraches you in the evening, look bored and distraite, and reply to him by monosyllables."

"I shall never be able to do it," groans Dolly.

"Not with such a big stake to win?" (a little sarcastically.)

"Ah! you don't know what it is to love!" cries Dolly.

"Not as you do, certainly," retorts Marian, with an inflection of voice which Dolly is not acute enough to catch.

Dick Wyndham arrives in time for dinner. He is rather fond of Dolly—he is exceedingly hard up, and wants her money even more than her sweet self. He is bright and amusing, has a considerable fund of small talk, is devoted to sport, and has not Mr. Lascelles' asthetic taste or lofty manner of showing superiority. He has a genuine contempt for a man who talks art and plays classical music as Mr. Lascelles has for one who thinks of nothing but hunting, lawn-tennis and polo, though he rides fairly straight and is an average shot himself.

Not a little disgusted is Lascelles, therefore, when Dolly, whose sorrowfulness and its cause have greatly soothed his complacency for the last twenty-four hours, seems to have eyes and ears for no one but this half-witted soldier at dinner. She is looking charming in a dress of a delicious apricot tint, which he has not seen before, (he is a great connoisseur of dress;) if he could only catch her eye, he would beam on her one of those glances which would have intoxicated her maiden soul. But whereas it has been his wont to meet her tender pleading glances every two minutes heretofore, to-night he might be Banquo's ghost, and she one of Macbeth's guests, for all she seems to see him. His memory serves him up various sneering and savage quotations on the theme of *souvent femme varie*. He is so little congenial to his neighbor at dinner that she expresses the most unfavorable sentiments regarding him in the drawing-room later on, causing Dolly to halt between the desire to defend him hotly, and a sense of pleasure that some one besides herself has suffered from his coldness. Mrs. Dalton makes a pretext for calling Dolly aside.

"Excellent, my love!" she cries, in high, good humor, pressing the girl's arm. "He is enraged beyond measure. He scarcely took his eyes off you. Go on and prosper!"

Thus stimulated, Dolly does go on, and prospers exceedingly. When Mr. Lascelles and Dick approach simultaneously she devotes her whole attention to the latter, and has scarcely a word for the former, who presently retires in tragic dudgeon, and leans against the wall looking like Hamlet, Lord Byron, or any other blighted being in the sulks.

In reality, Dick is the person most to be pitied, although his face is alight with smiles, and his heart aglow with anticipations of possessing a lovely woman, and satisfying the debtors who, metaphorically speaking, take him by the throat, crying: "Pay me what thou owest." Innocent creature that he is, he suspects no treachery, nor dreams that milk-white bosom palpitates for the "infernal young prig" over the way. Dolly will play billiards and lawn-tennis with him on the morrow; in the afternoon they are to ride together; and, as he sits smoking after the ladies have retired, he reflects on the most approved method of asking a certain question.

Up to this moment Clement Lascelles has not seen any necessity for putting his fate to the touch, because he had been absolutely certain of winning; but now that for the first time he has a rival—a rival that is progressing by leaps and bounds in his lady's favor—he sees that something must be done. He can not have been befoolsd. She loves him or—or he, the adept at reading the secrets of souls, must for once have been deluded. Perish the thought!

With gloomy brow and stately step he retires from the smoking-room and seeks the solitude of his chamber, but not his couch. The dawn has long broken ere he courts repose.

"Marian!" cries Dolly, a few hours later, bursting into her friend's room while that lady—no early riser at the best of times—still nestles among her pillows, "read this!" and she seats herself on the bed in a state of great excitement, whilst Mrs. Dalton languidly perusas the letter thrust into her hands.

"I call it great impertinence," she remarks, returning it to Dolly.

"Impertinence!" with wide-open eyes.

"Certainly!" and Mrs. Dalton, taking it back, quotes from it:

"'Though I can not pretend to offer you the one great passion of a life—sad passages beyond the ken of other mortals have tarnished the pure luster which once surrounded my soul as with a halo—yet, if you will take a heart weary with the sorrows of the ages, dimmed by the darkling doubts with which an intimate knowledge of humanity clouds the spirit, take me to your tender breast and let me find shelter there from life's griefs and disappointments. What recompense a heart blighted as mine has been can bestow I will strive to make to your angelic sympathy and goodness.'"

"Is it not beautiful?" cries Dolly, in an ecstasy. "I won ler what he means? I suppose some horrid woman threw him over once!"

"I think it is exceedingly impertinent, and I hope you will resent it."

"Resent it!" almost shrieks Dolly. "Why, it is a declaration!"

"Get me my blotting-book off that table," commands Mrs. Dalton, resolutely. "Now," she says, beginning to write, "you will answer it in this way, or I wash my hands of you, and to-morrow he will have reduced you to abject misery again."

She writes hurriedly for a few minutes, and then, with heightened color, reads the draft aloud:

"Dear Mr. Lascelles—I have received your melancholy letter, and am truly sorry for all you seem to have suffered. But, for my part, I look upon the world as a very pleasant place, and have made up my mind to enjoy myself as much as possible; so as I could not console you, and you, with the ideas you express, would make me miserable, I think you had much better look for somebody whose temperament is more like your own. I suppose you mean me to understand that you have been much more in love with some one else than you are with me, which, to say the least, is not very flattering. No! I must have an undivided heart, or none at all. Your sincere friend. D. S."

There is a desperate fight between Mrs. Dalton and Dolly before the latter can be persuaded to copy and forward what she considers a heartless and flippant missive. In the end Marian triumphs, Mr. Lacelles does not appear to breakfast, and Dolly, though her soul quakes within her, laughs and talks to Dick.

Later in the morning, when they are playing lawn-tennis, Clement Lascelles, feeling much smaller than he has ever done in his life, seeks counsel from Mrs. Dalton. With an angelic smile she alternately pricks him with daggers and makes him gulp down bowls of poison; but she does him an excellent turn by taking a good deal of the nonsense out of him. He confesses that he adores Dolly. How, oh how, is he to win her? Has he the ghost of a chance?

Mrs. Dalton, looking solemn, declares her inability to reply to this. She hints, too, at Dolly's youth and love of amusement. She hints, too, at Dick's unflagging good spirits and temper. And the upshot of it is that when Dick returns crestfallen, from his afternoon ride with Dolly, having spoken and received his answer, Clement Lascelles carries off the young lady to her boudoir on pretence of wanting to be shown something, and, replacing the melancholy of Hamlet by the conquering airs of young Lovelace, takes her in her arms, swears he has been a fool, and has never really loved any one but her sweet self, and that if she accepts him her life shall be one round of pleasure.

Twenty minutes later, Dolly has passed on all his embraces and more to Marian.

"How clever you are, darling!" she says, admiringly.

To which Mrs. Dalton replies: "Now you know how to manage him, make good use of your knowledge."—*London World.*

ARABIAN AMULETS.

Charms Against the Evil Eye, Disease and Bad Luck.

Next to a commercial grandee you will find a patriarch versed in the Koran and possessing the power of writing extracts from the book of the prophet, and through them and his own venerated mediation of insuring the individual — made happy possessor of the valuable document by paying a few sous—against disease, bad luck, the evil eye and innumerable misfortunes.

A charming old acquaintance of mine, near whose sanctified abode I made several studies and took refuge when it rained, seemed to have an extensive practice in writing these charms on eggs, perhaps three times a week at one sou each.

These charms are more frequently written on paper to be folded and inclosed in amulets, which are generally square or triangular in shape, and made of silk, leather and tin. As they believe in the efficacy of these scraps of paper, so are they superstitious about paper generally; they object, for instance, to going before French authorities to settle their grievances against each other, preferring verbal discussions of their case in presence of their cadi, for they fear that all sorts of harmful words may be written—besides the name of God—and subsequently used to their condemnation. Children wear them around the neck or tied to their cap; men and women wear them on their person, sometimes above the elbow, and in their garments; horses have them attached to the band passing across their chest to protect them from the evil eye. Those worn by the women of the higher and wealthy classes are inclosed in richly engraved cases of gold and silver and suspended to chains slung over the shoulder and passing around the waist, they add greatly to the richness of their costume and form part of their wealth.

"Tell me, Baia, what do you do when you fall ill. I suppose you call in a doctor?"

"O no; the men may do so when they are sick, for our Arab doctors are far superior to the French, but we women go to the marabout; he writes a few words from certain chapters in the Koran, such as these: 'God is the best protector.' 'He is the most merciful of those who show mercy;' or, 'A guard against every rebellious devil,' etc. This paper we chew and swallow, and with a little water which he gives us from the sacred well of the mosque Sidi Abd-el-Rhaman we need no more, and in a few days we recover."—*Harper's Magazine.*

LITTLE ILLNESSES.

Kate Upson Clarke Discusses the Immorality of Sickness.

The head of a well-known seminary used to say to her pupils: "The time will come when men will be fined and imprisoned for being sick. In this age of intelligence and light, it is a crime to be sick." In a country and a race where hereditary weakness, dense ignorance and unavoidable accidents are responsible for a large portion of the illness suffered, this excellent lady's sweeping prophecy will not come true at present. But, leaving out of sight the classes named, is she so very far out of the way? Among us who read and think, and are supposed to understand something of the law of our own bodies, is there not a vast number of ailments which we might avoid perfectly well—except for blameworthy carelessness, or wrong indulgence of appetite, or silly fear of the criticism of our "friends?"

A prominent and respected citizen of one of our inland towns had a very nice pie for dinner the other day, and was helping himself to a second piece, when his daughter said: "Take care, father, or you will surely bring on one of your headaches." "I declare," he said (as we have all heard people say sometimes under similar circumstances), "this pie is so good that it is worth a little trouble. I've got to have another piece, any way." He was laid up for three days afterward, and paid for three visits from the doctor during their painful course. Was not that man directly to blame for all the trouble he made others as well as himself?

Dr. Johnson says: "Every man is a rascal as soon as he is sick." It is sure that, with the exception of some of earth's heaven-inspired saints, most of us do lose what little virtue we possess under the spell of wearing pain, the consciousness that our business is going awry, and the other trials attendant upon illness. Our sanitary experts declare that the vast majority of the crimes committed in the world are due primarily to bad food or to hunger. It is a well-established fact that very many men and women acquire the drinking habit from the craving of the stomach, which there is no nutritious food to satisfy. A thoroughly-sane mind can only exist in a thoroughly-sane body.

In view of the facts here presented, which are only types of hundreds familiar to us all, we are forced to admit that by exercising the faculties with which a kind Providence has endowed us—our intelligence, our self-restraint—we may avoid by far the greater part of physical ills which our flesh is heir to. Since these ills bring trouble to our families, from the actual exertion they are forced to make (to say nothing of the endurance of all our invalid whims and caprices); cause expense which we can often ill afford to bear; presumably shorten our lives (in other words slow suicides), and make us less able to do useful work and bear hard strains in the future, and, above all, strengthen the always strong enough tendency in human nature to center its thoughts in self rather than in higher and altruistic channels—since these things are so, most of our little illnesses become absolute immoralities in us, and we should hate them sincerely, and shun them by every means in our power.—*Congregationalist.*

ONE CAT AT A TIME.

Don't Scatter Your Shot If You Want to Be Successful.

A youngster, whose upper lip betrays signs of the coming soup filter, wants to know what business will pay him best. That is a hard question. If he is looking for the article that causes the female equine to get up and hump herself, and cares not how he obtains it, he might acquire a considerable quantity by opening a savings bank and suspending at the proper time; but if he has not the talent to become a first-class thief, he had best select some legitimate business and stick to it until he is either called to join the angels or acquires a competency. It is not always the most talented men who become most successful. The brilliant men are too often brilliant failures. They can do almost any thing, and—they don't do it—while men with less talent but more judgment fight it out on their chosen line through storm and calm, and bag the game. The man who can do one thing well is in greater demand than the man who can do almost any thing indifferently. Load your artillery carefully and blaze away at the same Thomas cat until you fetch him. Don't cripple him and let him get away while you are looking for a flock of felines to fire into. We know a man who is an indifferent workman at three trades, and has dabbled in a dozen different lines of business. He is not worth a dollar, and yet he is ambitious and possessed of considerable talent. He was in too big a hurry to get rich. He scattered his shot. He wanted to bag a barn full of cats at once, and the consequence is that he is out of cats, while his more patient neighbors have felines to throw at the birds. Don't scatter your shot.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Chapter on Taste.

Taste is the power to perceive the beautiful. Experience is needed for this, and, therefore, the formation of taste is not only varied, but gradual. No one would be content to adhere to his childish judgment, for in most cases it would be but an imperfect one. In the period of youth all is novelty and the estimate of every thing is naturally exaggerated. A young man goes to the theater for the first time; the actors are by no means talented, the scenic arrangements are any thing but realistic, but it is of no consequence, the youth is enchanted—it is a new world to him and he is, therefore, so carried away that he is absolutely incapable of forming a sound judgment; it is not that his taste is bad, but it is simply unformed.

But besides experience, cultivation is required. To acquire a good style in composition, and, therefore, to thoroughly appreciate the best writers, it is by no means sufficient to have written a great deal, experience is not enough here; there must be a careful study of the best authors, and this study will be a great assistance to the acquirement of a sound literary taste.—*London Queen.*

AMERICAN EXPLORERS.

What They Have Done and the Wonders They Have Revealed.

Explorers from America are in every land and on every sea. Already she has contributed her quota of martyrs in the frozen North, and has led the way to the torrid regions of Africa. The people of Europe, through Columbus, opened up a new world for us; and we, through Stanley, have discovered a new world in the old for them.

Much has been done on land, little on the other three-forths of the earth's surface. But here Americans had laid the foundations of a new science—the geography of the sea.

Our explorers have mapped out the surface of the ocean and discovered the great movements of the waters. They have traced the southward flow of the Arctic waters to temper the climate of the torrid zone. They have followed the northward set of the heated waters of the equator and have shown how they form these wonderful rivers of warm water that flow, without walls, through the colder waters of the sea until they strike the western shores of Euope and America, and how they render habitable the almost Arctic countries of Great Britain and Alaska. They have even followed these warm currents further and shown how they penetrate the Arctic Ocean to lessen the rigors of the Arctic cold. Bravely but vainly have they sought for the ignis fatuus of explorers—the open polar sea—produced by the action of the warm waters from the south.

American explorers have sounded the depths of the ocean, and discovered mountains and valleys beneath the waves. They have found the great plateaus on which the cables rest that bring us into instantaneous communication with the rest of the world. They have shown the probable existence of a vast submarine range of mountains, extending nearly the whole length of the Pacific ocean—mountains so high that their summits rise above the surface to form islands and archipelagoes in the Pacific, and all this vast region of the earth, which, a few years ago, was considered uninhabitable on account of the great pressure, they have discovered to be teeming with life. From the depths of the ocean they have brought living things, whose lives were spent under conditions of such pressure that the elastic force of their own bodies burst them open before they could be brought to the surface; living creatures, whose self-luminous spots supplied them with the light denied them in the deep abyss from which they sprang—abysses so deep that the powerful rays of the sun could only feebly penetrate to illuminate or warm.—*Prof. G. G. Gardiner.*

WASHINGTON CHURCHES.

Some of Those Which Great Men of the Past and Present Have Attended.

"To the memory of General Winfield Scott, who was for many years a member of the vestry of this church."

That was what I read on one of the windows of St. John's Episcopal church of this city, as I passed out with the congregation that had been packed within that grand old church edifice alongside Lafayette Square. On other windows were similar inscriptions commemorating other distinguished officers of army and navy, who had been connected with the church. One of them indicated that it had been erected to the memory of Mrs. Arthur by her husband, Chester A. Arthur, who was a regular worshiper at this church during his Presidency. This suggested a query as to whether or not the prominent people of the nation, those who make and administer the laws, are church-goers. Looking about I saw in the congregation Senator Edmunds, with his white beard and the black skull cap which he always wears in the Senate Chamber; Senator Evarts, with his hands clasped behind his back; Congressman Blanchard, of Louisiana, who had sought a seat in the gallery but had been unable to find one, and a number of grizzled old army officers. A look over the records of the church shows that President Madison and a number of other occupants of the White House between his term and that of the present incumbent. There are a half-dozen or more churches in Washington which boast one or more Presidents among their members or regular attendants at various times. The oldest church in the city of Washington, "Christ Church," Episcopal, which, by the way, is as old as the city of Washington itself, having been built in 1795, five years before the seat of government was transferred here, was the religious house of President Monroe, as it was of other Presidents of early days. Its cemetery was known as "Washington Parish Burial Ground," but when it had been used as the resting place of many Congressmen who died here, it was rechristened "Congressional Cemetery." The Presbyterian church, where the President now attends, was attended by Presidents Jackson, Polk, Pierce and Buchanan. Another Presbyterian church, nearer to the White House, was President Lincoln's church. President Grant attended the Metropolitan Methodist Episcopal church. Hayes attended the Foundry Methodist church, nearer the Executive Mansion.—*Washington Letter.*

Let Your Motives be Good.

It is the motive that, more than any thing else, renders an action good or bad. However fair the look of an action may be, if the right motive be wanting, the action is hollow; if the motive be a bad one, the action is rotten at the core. Who cares for an outward seeming, or show of friendship or affection, unless the heart be also on the same terms? Who does not prize a rough outside, when it covers an honest inside, more than the most fawning fondness from a heart that is cold and false? Thus it is right to insist on the principles for their own sake, because the principles give their value to the actions, not the actions to the principles, for they are but dross. The principles are the gold on which is to be placed the stamp, and if the gold is not good, the stamp, though it often deceives the people, gives it no real worth.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—If the hens are inclined to pull feathers, give them a little raw salt pork. Whenever a fowl is killed for the table or market, let them have the feathers to eat.

—Farmers' Cake: Take one cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, two small cups of flour, one egg and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in warm water and stirred in last very briskly. Flavor with nutmeg.

—Oatmeal Cookies: One cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of flour, one cup of cold boiled oatmeal, one teaspoon of soda, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one tablespoon of butter; roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

—Meat Salad: Chop fine one or two pounds of corned beef, then take two-thirds of a cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of sugar and one egg. Beat all together and pour into a frying-pan and let boil; then pour into a dish to mold. Serve in slices when cold.

—Pruning when dormant tends to impart vigor; but if done when growing or in leaf it checks growth, and therefore a feeble tree should never be pruned after growth commences in the spring. But healthy, strong growers may be lightly pruned at either season.

—Chocol ate Meringue: Boil one pint of rich milk, add half a teacup of butter, one teacup of sugar and three ounces of grated chocolate; let it boil, and when cool add the whites of four eggs; pour this in a pudding, dish lined with slices of sponge cake and bake; cover with meringue and let it brown. Eat with lemon sauce.

—Sheep should be assorted into a sufficient number of flocks to enable the keeping of each grade separate—that is, the lambs, the old and weak sheep, the breeding ewes and the big wethers should be kept in separate flocks. This would give each grade an equal chance, and the sheep would do better in consequence.

—Lemon Tarts: Line pans with paste. Squeeze the juice from four lemons, grate the rind of two; add the yelks of six eggs and the whites of two; add a pound of granulated sugar; place in a small pan or a kettle of boiling water; stir until a thick paste is formed. Fill the shells and bake in a quick oven. Cover with meringue and set in the stove three minutes.

—Increasing demand for *good* butter with the certainty of its continuance, is the best assurance a farmer can get for engaging in dairying. It also gives steady employment throughout the year, is a constant source of income, rapidly enriches the soil, may be carried on with small capital, and is profitable on high-priced land.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Farmers must realize that they can not expect to reap a rich harvest unless the crop is supplied with feeding material from the soil in which the seed is planted. How each one's particular soil is to be fed in the best and most economical manner is a question for individual determination. Farm manures are always reliable and should be the main dependence, supplementary with special fertilizers.

—Do not put even the knife blades into boiling water, as the heat of the metal may cause the shank to expand and crack the handle. Set the knife blades down in a little pitcher with warm water until you are ready to wash and dry them. Merely wipe the handles with a damp cloth. After drying the blades rub on a little powdered rotten stone, moistened to a paste with a few drops of water, and polish with a clean, soft cloth. In this way they will not want cleaning every day on a board or in a machine, both of which processes wear the blades very much.

CROPS AND PROFITS.

Decrease the Average and Increase the Yield the Secret of Success.

There is but little question that in raising small crops farmers lose the larger part of the profits that might be secured. The raising of a crop of wheat that only yields ten bushels, can hardly be made to pay expenses, if indeed it does not prove a loss, while if the yield is increased to twenty bushels per acre a fair profit may be realized. This holds good with nearly all kinds of farm products. To this may be added the fact that small yields almost invariably imply low quality, and this in turn generally means low prices that still further cut down the profits. If a certain number of bushels are necessary to pay running expenses in raising the crop for market, the difference of a comparatively small quantity in the yield and quality will make the difference between raising the crop at a profit or suffering a loss.

In a majority of cases a better result can be secured if we are more careful to make the soil richer; to properly prepare in a good tillable condition; to use the best quality of seed and to give more thorough cultivation. Each of these effect the yield and the quality more or less, and if all are given in a thorough manner, it will only be in exceptional cases, when a sufficiently larger yield will not be secured to make the crop profitable.

In very many cases the work of preparing the land, securing the seed, planting and cultivating, is very little less when a small yield is secured than it is with a good crop, and often a small amount of additional work will very materially increase the yield.

A little more time spent in harrowing, or an additional working with the cultivator, will often make a considerable difference in the yield; better a less acreage of almost any crop, with a thorough preparation of the soil, careful seeding in good season, and with thorough cultivation given at the right time and in a proper manner, than a larger acreage less thoroughly prepared and less care taken in the selection and planting of the seed, and with the cultivation less thorough. It is an important item with all crops to have the seed sown in good season. But when you are attempting to plant a larger acreage than you can be able to properly manage, there is considerable risk of at least a portion not being planted as it should be. Decrease the acreage and increase the yield, will in a great majority of cases increase the profit.—*Farm, Field and Stockman.*

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