A SIMILAR CASE

Jack, I hear you have gone and done it.
Yes, I know; most fellows will;
Went and tried it once myself sir,
Though you see I'm single still.
And you met her—did you tell me?
Down at Brighton last July,
And resolved to ask the question
At a soiree? So did I.

I suppose you left the ball room
With its music and its light;
For they say love's flame is brightest
In the darkness of the night;
Well, you walked along together,
Overhead, the starlit sky;
And I'll bet—old man, confess it—
You were frightened. So was I.

So you strolled along the terrace,
Saw the summer moonlight pour
All its radiance on the waters
As they rippled on the shore;
Till at length you gathered courage,
When you saw that none were nigh—
Did you draw her close and tell her
That you loved her? So did I.

Well I needn't ask you further,
And I'm sure I wish you joy;
Think I'll wander down and see you
When you're married—eh, my boy?
When the honeymoon is over,
And you're settled down, we'll try—
What? The deuce you say! Rejected!
You rejected? So was I!

OCTAVIAS' HOUSEKEEPING.

"They are coming, Viney!"

Miss Nancy Crowfoot tucked her ball of blue yarn into her apron pocket, and, shading her eyes with one hand, looked down the lane, where tall mulberry trees threw their long shadows on the velvety grass.

"Coming, Miss Nancy!" echoed a sweet voice.

And pretty Viney Mavis hastily shoved a gooseberry pie into the oven, and came out on the back porch, with its drapery of pink and violet-cupped morning-glory vines.

She, too, gazed eagerly down the long lane, and soon the sapphire-blue eyes sparkled and the pink-tinted cheeks broke into dimpling smiles.

"It's them!" she cried. "I could tell old Dapple's jog-trot a mile away."

Viney had been up since peep of day, when the first touch of pink blushed in the eastern sky, and when the thrush and the cat-bird were trilling their earliest morning peans.

She had milked the sleepy-looking cows, their dew-laps still wet from contact with the dripping grass, and had breakfast ready just as the crimson sun was peeping over the cloud-capped bluffs, lining the shores of the great Father of Waters.

It was an extraordinary occasion, as farmer Mavis was going to the station, twelve miles distant, to bring home his only daughter, Octavia, from boarding-school.

"Don't you bother yourself about the breakfast, Viney," said the farmer, good-naturedly, as he lighted his cob pipe at the kitchen fire. "I kin eat a snack, and hev breakfast when we git home."

But Viney would not hear to it, and with her own hands she fried her uncle's favorite pancakes, yellow with eggs, poured out his coffee, and set a glass of fresh sweet milk at his plate.

"Dinner will be all ready when you get back, uncle, so bring a good appetite," she said, kissing him good-by

It was a happy family that dwelt at the old brown farm house.

Farmer Mavis was good nature personified, and Miss Nancy, the house keeper, was a sweet tempered old maid; not so very old, either, for the youthful crinkles still lurked in her soft, brown hair, and her cheeks were as rosy as a winter pear-main just touched by the frost. She was a distant connection of farmer Mavis, and had kept house for him ever since the death of his wife some six years ago.

Viney was his niece, and was as dear to him as his own daughter.

Great were the preparations which were made for Octavia's home-coming. Miss Nancy had scoured the windows and made up the plump bed with fresh, lavender-scented sheets and pillow slips, and the best home-spun coverlet.

And Viney had cooked a substantial dinner—roast chicken and cream biscuit, new potatoes and green peas and cauliflower, with custard and gooseberry pie for desert.

In the meantime Octavia was on the cars, speeding along at the rate of a mile a minute. She was a sharp featured, thin lipped girl, with light hair, and face as freckled as a turkey's egg.

"I am going home to keep house for my pa," she had said, affectedly, to her girl cronies. "To-be-sure, he has a sort of relative keeping house now—an old maid—but I shall soon set her adrift. I detest old maids!"

In due time Octavia reached home. She bestowed a cool nod on Miss Nancy and touched Viney's finger-tips frigidly.

"Mercy on us!" she cried in a thin, high voice, as she entered the house. "Dinner at this hour? How horrid! What does make pa keep such old-fashioned hours?"

Miss Nancy and Viney stood aghast at this unlooked-for reception.

"We had it earlier than usual on your account, Octavia," ventured her cousin. "We thought you might need something."

"Need something, indeed!" sniffed Octavia, with a sneer on her thin lips.

"Do you s'pose I've been starved where I came from? Besides, I had a lunch on the cars. I'm going up to my room to take a nap, now," she added. "It will be soon enough for dinner after that." And she swung out of the room without waiting for a reply.

"Wal, ef that don't beat all!" grumbled Farmer Mavis, his honest blue eyes expanding with surprise. "Ef Octavy thinks we're goin' to wait for her to nap it afore we eat dinner, she kin think so, that's all! Fetch along the coffee, Viney."

* * * * *

"I shall take the head of the table myself now, Miss Nancy," declared Octavia, as she came down to breakfast in a pink chamberry morning dress, not at all suitable to her light complexion and red hair. "My pa can't afford to keep a hired housekeeper, now I'm at home, so you had best look out for another situation. Of course we could give you references for honesty, etc.," and Octavia jingled the teaspoons in the cups, and took her place at the head of the table with a flourish of trumpets, as it were.

Great was the surprise of Farmer Mavis when Octavia informed him that Miss Nancy was going away.

"Going away!" he repeated, staring half stupidly at his daughter.

"That's what I said, ain't it?" snapped the latter, tartly. "Going away. She knows you don't need two housekeepers; and now I'm here, of course it's my place.

So there was no help for it, and Farmer Mavis harnessed up the horse, and helped Miss Nancy into the spring-wagon himself.

"That's the last of her, thank goodness!" muttered Octavia to herself when old Dapple had trotted out of sight; "and I'd give Viney her walking papers, too, if it wasn't that I really need somebody to do the heft of the kitchen work. But I'll teach her to know her place. She's no better than a servant-girl, if she is pa's niece. And when Archie Grey comes to pay the visit he promised I shall keep her out of his sight, or of course she'd be a-setting her cap for him when she knows how rich he is."

The sun had slipped quite out of sight in the crimson west, and night-hawks and bats were flitting about in search of their prey, when the sound of wheels was heard in the lane, and old Dapple came trotting into sight as briskly as if he had been in the pasture all day, instead of traveling twenty-four miles to and from the station.

"Pa's come!" announced Octavia, sailing out on the back porch, where Viney sat, with drooping head and aching heart, sighing over the happy days that were gone forever. "And—good gracious! he's brought Miss Nancy back again!" she cried, snappishly, as two figures came up the walk in the purple gloaming.

"Oh, no, Octavy, I havn't brought Miss Nancy back!" returned her father, good-naturedly. "This here's my wife, Mrs. Jeremiah Marvis. I hadn't no use fur two housekeepers, you know," he added, with a sly twinkle in his eyes, "so I concluded to keep Nancy."

Octavia tossed her head and flounced off to her own room.

"I won't stand it!" she declared to herself. "I'll marry Archie Grey, and snap my fingers at pa and all the rest of them."

She went sulkily down to breakfast the next morning, without deigning a glance at her step mother, who sat at the head of the table, pouring out coffee. Her father seemed in high spirits.

"Wal, Octavy, if you can't be the housekeeper, you kin soon hev Viney's place, I reckon," he remarked, with twinkling eyes. "One weddin' makes many, they say; an' she's a-goin' to be married afore long."

"Married!"

Octavia was thunderstruck.

"Yes," continued Farmer Marvis, while Viney blushed like a brier-rose. "Archie Grey has been a-comin' to see her off an' on fur a good speli now; an' yesterday we met him nigh the parsonage, an' he asked me plump out for Viney. So I said I reckoned I could spare her, seein' you was home new, to take her place."

Viney made a pretty, dimpled, blushing little bride, but Octavia is an old maid still.

HOW NOT TO BE NERVOUS.

Dr. William A. Hammond in Our Continent.

Nervousness is nervous weakness. The principal sign of a feeble nervous organization is an excessive degree of irritability of one or more of the organs of the body. If the nervous system be weak the organs to which the nerves are distributed will also be weak, and a weak organ is always an irritable one.

It takes very little to throw such an organ out of its orderly course of action. Some slight cause or other acting on a "nervous" brain creates such a degree of irritability that its possessor feels as if he would like to "jump out of his skin," or he may be thrown into a paroxysm of intense emotional disturbance, or a sick headache, an attact of hysteria, or even a more severe drderiso may result. A "nervous" eye or ear is annoyed by unusual or persistent lights or sounds; a "nervous" heart palpitates and flutters after slight mental or bodily exertion; a "nervous" stomach is irritated by food which a healthy baby could easily digest, and the condition known as "nervous dyspepsia" is induced; and a "nervous spine" to specify no further causes derangements of nearly all the organs of the body. To cure these various disorders is often difficult and sometimes impossible. To prevent them even in persons predisposed to nervousness is comparatively an easy matter.

The whole hygiene of the subject is embraced in the sentence—strengthen the nervous system.

How is this to be done?"

First—The prescription is an ample supply of pure, fresh and cool air. The nerves will also be weak if the greater part of the day and night is passed in close, ill-ventillated and overheated apartments. The nerves more than the rest of the body, to be properly nourished, require a full supply of oxygen. They will not endure a vitiated air, whether the impurities come from sewers, gas-lights, subterranean furnaces or the individual's own person without making an energetic protest.

A gas-burner consuming four cubic feet of gas per hour produces more carbonic acid in a given time than is evolved from the respiration of eight adult human beings. Bear this in mind, you who suffer from nervousness, that when you have shut yourselves up in your rooms and lighted an argand burner (which consumes about twelve cubic feet of gas per hour) you are to all intents and purposes immured with twenty-three other persons, all taking oxygen from the same atmosphere. Is it a wonder that after several hour's exposure to the depraved air your nerves should rebel as far as their week state permits, and that your head should ache, your hands tremble and your daughter's playing on the piano almost drive you wild?

An overheated apartment always enervates its occupants. It is no uncommon thing to find rooms heated in winter by an underground furnace up to 90 deg. Fights and murders are more numerous in hot than in cold weather, and the artificially heated air that rushes into our rooms, deprived as it is of its natural moisture by the baking it has undergone, is even more productive of vicious passions. It is no surprising circumstance, therefore, to find a woman who swelters all day in such a temperature, and adds to it at night by superfluous bed clothing, cross and disagreeable from little every-day troubles that would scarcely ruffle her temper if she kept her rooms at 66 degrees, and opened her windows every now and then.

Second, Eat plenty of well-cooked and nourishing food. The nerves cannot be kept healthy on slops. Gruels, panadas, and teas are well enough in their way, but the nerves require for their proper nourishment undiluted animal and vegetable food; as a rule, the former should predominate. Meat-eaters are rarely troubled with nervousness. Americans eat more vegetables than any other well-to-do people, and they are probably the most "nervous" nation on the face of the earth.

Third—Take sufficient physical exercise in the open air. When you feel irritable, tremulous, fretful, fidgety and unable to concentrate your thoughts on the veriest trifle, take a long walk or split half a cord of wood. Even the extreme nervousness of lunatics is best quieted by bodily labor. The homicidal maniac who cannot, if kept in his cell, be trusted with a bodkin, may safely be given spade, pickaxe or hoe, and set to work in the garden. His irritability is quietly led off into another and safer channel, and his nerves are strengthened.

These are the principal rules. If they were faithfully followed, there would be less work for us doctors to do.

Her Mother is Aged 105 and the Daughter Expects to Live as Long.

Jennetta White, an old colored lady, is probably the oldest person residing in St. Louis, her age being 105 years, according to well-authenticated evidence. She lives with her daughter, Matilda Johnson, who. although her third child, is nearly 70 years of age. From her birth-place, King William, Va., she was taken while a child to Caroline, another town in the same state, and sold to L. R. Chandler. Her second master was Tim Chandler, and to her last one is still living in Kansas City. Her first master kept a Bible in which her birth was recorded and which is still in a good state of preservation. Up to a few weeks ago Mrs. White had full possession of her mental faculties and was able to move about with the aid of a cane, but more recently her mind has given way as well as her physical powers. A reporter found the old lady sitting in a chair, with her head bowed on her breast, looking as though the machinery of life that had kept her alive so many years, was gradually losing its usefulness. Militda Johnson, her daughter who looked as though she might be a grandmother, was standing near her mother, over an ironing-board hard at work. She said that hers was a very long-lived family, as they lived long enough generally to see other families die out entirely. "Why it is we live so long is more than I can tell," she continued, "for we have always worked very hard, both as slaves and as free citizens. In addition to working hard we have been exposed to all kinds of luck and weather and have been removed to different climates." The woman expects to live to be as old as her mother.

Freedom is having a tough time in Europe. Menotti Garibaldi is now charged with gross frauds.

JONES & CO.

A San Francisco Idyl.

I guess pa and ma were rich one time, for when they came to California it was on their wedding tour, and cost lots—came by way of New York and Washington and Panama city, in a steamboat; and ma brought a maid to wait on her, and pa had a servant named Jim; and and when we got to California—I say we, I'm only 14 now, but I was not born then, though that don't matter, I guess—pa had lots of money. I was born at the Lick House, and you ought to see my baby clothes. Jones & Co. haven't the kind of goods them was, because Maud has draggled them all to pieces. Maud is the baby. Six years old, Maud is, and it wont be long before she will be a clerk for Jones & Co. First babies always have the nicest things. Ma says first babies are like second wives.

Well, I am of the opinion that after pa went into his house on Van Ness avenue he went into stock, whatever that means. Going into stock must be a curious business, and sometimes pa came home looking splendid, and wanted to buy everything, and laughed at me for being so mean, and not getting better clothes, and then he wanted to drive in the park and go to the theater. One day he came home with a brand new carriage and a span of long-tailed horses, and a coachman and footman. Then sometimes pa came home and looked very blue, and talked about stocks, and I began to watch pa, and noticed that sometimes when he laughed the loudest he looked as if he wanted to cry, and then he sold the horses, and then the house and the furniture was sent to the auction, and ma felt very bad, and pa wasn't like himself any more, and never told me stories nor kissed me, and once when Maud was asleep in his arms he kissed her and cried, and when I told ma she guessed pa didn't feel very well, and then she cried. After this we went to a boarding-house—a nasty, musty boarding house. Everything was well enough only a boarding-house ain't like home.

Then the baby came, and it died, and ma almost died; and I heard pa say to the man that kept the boarding-house that it was pretty tight up, but it was all coming out right; and, the next day, pa didn't have any watch nor any sleeve-buttons. I didn't seem to notice it, because I saw that maybe he had sold them to pay board; and I heard pa and ma talk away in the night, and sometimes ma cried, and pa would look in the morning just as if he hadn't slept a wink, and I don't believe he had. Once it was dreadful. Pa came home tipsy; and I never saw ma feel so bad, never; and then they talked it over, and finally ma went home to grandpa's in New York, with Maud, and I stayed with pa to go to school. Then pa kept getting worse, and worse, and went to live in rooms and eat at restaurants; and pa stayed out late nights, and I guess he drank more than was good for him, and I thought something had got to be done. So I said to pa one day:

"Pa, let's go into business and open a store." And he laughed and said, What" kind of a store."

And I said, "oh, a candy store, or a stationery store, or a thread and needle store, just such as women keep and little girls help in."

And pa laughed and said he would think of it, and when he came home that night I asked him if he had thought about it, and he said he had not, and I said he had better, and he said he would; and that morning he didn't go out, but stayed at home and wrote ma a long letter. So next day I went into a store on Polk street, kept by a nice old lady who had a bad husband, where they sold everything, and she said in French they called it lingerie. I did not know what she meant, because it was French, and I asked her if she did not want to sell her store, and she said:—

"Do you want to buy a store, little girl?" And I said: "My pa does." And she smiled and said she guessed the sheriff would have a store to sell in a few days. I said I would tell pa, because he knew Mr. Numan, the sheriff. It was one of Mr. Numan's men, that sold pa's house and furniture for him.

And the next day I told pa about the store, and what a nice one it was, and he had been a dry-gaods man once, and had had a large store, and sold silk dress goods, and velvets and furs, and laces worth more than $1,000 a piece.

I don't exactly know what pa did, but I think something "turned up" a few days afterward, for I heard him say he had made a "raise;" and he showed me more than $1,000 in gold and notes, and for a day or two carried them in his side pocket, and mostly kept his hand over them, for fear they would jump out and fly away; and pa bought me some shoes and a hat, and stuff for aprons, and I made them myself, and I never saw pa look so happy since ma went away, and one day he said to me:"—

"Vevie, I have bought the store on Polk street, and you are to be my saleswoman and partner."

And sure enough, in a few days we went into the store, and over the door was a great big sign of "Jones &. Co." and pa said I was the "Co." And when I said, "And so pa, you are 'Jones'?" he blushed, and I guess he didn't like his old friends to know that he was seelling needles and thread and tape and things. We had two snug little rooms in the back of the store to sleep in, and I made pa's bed and swept out the rooms and tidied things. At first pa shut up the store when he had to go down town on business, but after a little while I tended it, and when there were two customers in the store I waited on one, and it wasn't long before I could make change and sell things almost as good as pa could; and by and by when he went down town I tended store and we had splendid times. We went out to a nice place across the street for our meals; I tended store when pa went, and pa tended store when I went.

One day pa came in and looked dreadfully troubled, and then I said; "Pa, ain't I a partner, and don't partners have a right to know everything, and ain't you hiding something about Jones & Co?"

And then I found out that pa had bought too many things for the store, and that a note for $1,000 had to be paid, and that's what made pa feel bad. And then I thought and wondered how I could get $1,000; and I kept on thinking over everybody that I guessed had a $1,000, and everyone that I guessed had it, I guessed would not lend it to pa. And then I thought about the rich Mr. Flood, and said: "I will go down to his bank and get it, for he's got more than a thousand millions; and down to the bank of Nevada the cellar is full of gold, and of course, he don't use it all the time, and before Mr. Flood wants it I'll take it back and pay the interest." And then I jumped up and hurrahed for Jones & Co. took my best bonnet and put on my gloves, took off my store apron and combed my hair, and got into a car, went to the Nevada bank, told the clerk I wanted to borrow $1,000; and he laughed and said he guessed I had better see Mr. McLane. I asked who Mr. McLane was and the clerk said Mr. McLane was the president and was in the back room, and I went into the backroom, and Mr. McLane said:

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?"

And I said: "I want to borrow $1,000."

Mr. McLane opened his eyes and turned his chair around and looked at me, and said: "A thousand dollars," with as much surprise as though $1,000 was all the money he had in the bank. Then I began to get scared and cried; and then I told Mr. McLane all about pa and "Jones & Co., and what we wanted to do with the money, and that I would pay it back to him; and he looked kinder puzzled, and asked me what pa's name was; and I told him and where the store was; and all about ma and Maud, and how the baby died. I guess that was not very much like business, and I don't know what Mr. McLane wanted to know all that for. Then he looked at me again, and I guess he wasn't going to let me have money, when a gentleman at the other desk came up to where I was sitting on a chair, and Mr. McLane said:—

"Well, Flood, what do you think of this young merchant?"

And then I knew it was the rich Mr. Flood; and I looked into his eyes and he said:—

"Let her have the money; I will endorse the note."

Then I jumped up and kissed him, and he kissed me; and Mr. McLane made a note for ninety days, and I signed "Jones & Co.," and Mr. Flood wrote his name on the back of it. I took the money away in a canvas bag. that Mr. McLane said I must bring back and I took the money to and didn't he look surprised when I poured out the big $20 gold pieces on the counter? Then I told him what had happened at the bank, and when I asked him if he didn't think I was a pretty good business woman after all, I guess he felt real ashamed.

After this, I never see anything like it—such lots of carriages and such nice ladies kept coming every day, and most of them all traded with me, and pa was just as happy as he could be. Jones & Co. was making lots of money. When I took Mr. Flood's money back, I just marched right through the bank, past the big counters, into Mr. McLane's room, and I took very good care to let the clerk that laughed at me before see the bag. Mr. Flood was in there, and Mr. McLane and I opened the bag. Mr. Flood came up and laughed, and Mr. McLane laughed, and I heard Mr. Flood tell Mr. McLane they would have the lunch to-day. And then Mr. Flood told me if I wanted to borrow money again, not to go to any other banks, but come to his, and I thanked him, and Mr. McLane brought my note conceled by a great big blue "Paid" stamped across the face, right over where I wrote. "Jones & Co." Then I told Mr. Flood that when we felt able to send for ma I should come over and borrow some more money, because I wanted to buy a house for ma and Maud, so that they wouldn't have to go into any more nasty boarding houses, and Mr. Flood said I should have all the money I wanted.

When we sent for ma and Maud, grandpa gave me the money to come, and so we didn't have to borrow any more; and we took a nice cottage, not very near the store, for pa didn't want ma to know about Jones & Co., though I was just crazy to tell her. For several days we fooled her. She thought pa had a store down town, and I was going to school. I told lots of fibs about being detained at school, going down town, and all sorts of stories to account for being home late. One day who should I see coming into the store but ma.

Have you any pearl shirt buttons, little girl?" said ma.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, looking her right square in the face.

"Goodness gracious!" said ma. "Is that you, Vevie?"

I said, "Beg pardon, ma'am, what did you want?" And then ma looked at me again.

I had a store apron and a small cap like a French girl; and because I wasn't very high pa bought me a pair of wooden brogans, with felt buttons, into which I slipped my feet, and they made me four or five inches taller; and ma stared at me, and then laughed and said:

"Oh, I beg your pardon, little girl; you look so much like my daughter Genevieve that I thought you were her."

Then I heard pa snicker down behind the counter. He had seen ma come in and he hid. Just as soon as ma went out pa jumped up and laughed and said: "Snatch off your apron and cap, Vevie, and run around the block and get home before your mother."

I did so, and when ma got home she was the most surprised person you ever saw. We knew this thing wouldn't last, and so that night we told ma all about the house of "Jones & Co., and ma kissed pa and said he was a noble fellow, and "just as good as gold," and that she "never was so proud of him in all her life, and fell to kissing him and crying and talking on. I never saw ma act so foolish in all her life, and pa said she was "making love on him over again."

Well, now the story is about over. Ma came down to the store to help. At first she looked kinder sheepish, especially when some lady came in she had known at the Lick house, but she soon got over all that and began to make bonnets, and we had a millinery store, and then she insisted upon saving the expense of a separate house, and we moved into a large store next door, with nice rooms fixed to live in and a nice show window for bonnets, and little Maudie is beginning to be handy about, and all of us work, and we are just as happy as the days are long and have lots of money.

I have never seen Mr Flood but once since, when I went down to the bank unbeknown to pa, and told Mr. Flood and Mr. McLane that any time they wanted to borrow $1,000 "Jones & Co." would lend it to them; and they laughed and said, "Couldn't tell—stocks might go down." An then Mr. Flood said, "If all the people he had given and loaned money to would pay it back as I had, he didn't think he would get busted in a long time."

And then I saw the clerk that laughed at me and I smiled at him and bowed; and since then he has been buying all his gloves at the store. I told him I thought he used a great many pairs of gloves, and he said they wore out very fast counting money. He is dreadful particular about his gloves, and if there is nobody in the store but me, he is sometimes half an hour picking out just the kind he wants.

Pa has bought a splendid gold watch—a real stem-winder; and we, "Jones & Co.,"—have bought a nice large lot out on Gov. Stanford's new cable railroad and paid for it; and if the times are good this summer, as pa thinks they will be, we shall have a house of our own again.

THE DROUGHT OF '49.

The Terrible Condition of Things in Jersey Town That Year.

Hackensack Letter in Brooklyn Eagle.

"Stranger, I take it?" observed an elderly resident the other day, as I stopped him and asked if there were any blackberry trees around this way. "I jedged so. I was a stranger myself when I fust kim here. That was in the summer of '49. Hottest semmer ever known in these parts."

"Any warmer than this?" I asked him.

"Summut, summut? That summer of '49 the cedar trees melted and run right along the ground! You notice how red that ere dust is?"

"Pretty warm," I ventured.

"Why, sir, durin' the summer of '49 we kept meat right on the ice to keep it from cookin' too fast, and we had to put the chickens in refrigerators to get raw eggs.

"Where did you get the ice?"

"We had it left over and kept it in b'ilin water! Yes, sir. The temperature of b'ilin water was so much lower than the temperature of the atmosphere that it kept the ice so cold you could not touch it with your finger.

"Anything else startling that season?"

"That summer of '49? Well, I guess! The Hackensack river began to b'ile airly in June and we didn't see the sky until October for the steam in the air! And fish! fish!. They were droppin all over town cooked just as you wanted 'em. There wasn't anything but fish until the river dried up!"

"What did you have then?"

"The finest oysters and clams you ever heard of. They walked right ashore for water and they'd drink applejack right out of the demijohn! Yes, sir. You call this hot! I feel like an overcoat!"

"What is your business?" I asked him.

"I'm a preacher," he replied. "By the way, you wanted blackberry trees. Just keep up the thumb hand side of the road until you come to the pig pasture and there you will find the trees. Climb up on my goose roost and, and you can nock down all the berries you want if you can find a pole long enough."

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Agricultural Notes.

Efforts at economy on the farm amount to nothing unless directed by brains.

A good many farmers in different parts of the country have, by loss of animals during the season, had the fact impressed on their minds that Paris green is a deadly poison, the use of which cannot be too carefully guarded.

More labor-saving machines for doing work in fields and gardens have been invented in the United States than in all other countries combined, and these are fast finding their way into all parts of the world.

Plants in a limited space require unusual attention to stimulate them. It will injure them almost as much as frost to become too dry, yet they must be watered with care. Little dashes of water are useless. They require to be thoroughly moistened. A good plan for small baskets and vases is to put large handfuls of charcoal and lay upon them a large sponge thoroughly wet, or a handful of sphagnum or damp moss. This will keep damp all summer, yet prevent sour and sodden soil, which injures plants.

Professor William Trelase of the University of Wisconsin, at Madison, earnestly requests cooperation of farmers of the state to render the botanical and horticultural work done at that institution more effective and mutually useful. "Specimens of weed and introduced plants of questionable value, of cultivated and other plants attacked by fungi (rust, smuts, mildews, etc.,) and of noxious and beneficial insects, together with information as to the best means of dealing with them, will be gladly given, so far as possible, and questions will always be cheerfully answered."

How to Cook Ducks.

BRAISED DUCK WITH GREEN PEAS.—Prepare a small duck as for roasting, but do not stuff it; put it into a saucepan with a layer of slices of salt pork or bacon under it; over it strew half a cupful of mixed minced parsley, leek or onion, and green mint; season it with salt and pepper, set the saucepan over the fire, and turn the duck occasionally until it is brown all over; meantime shell a quart of green peas; when the duck is brown cover it with boiling water, put in the peas and stew it gently until the bird is tender; then serve the duck laid on the bacon and peas.

Stewed Duck with Cabbage.—Slice a small red cabbage, put it into a saucepan on a tablespoonful each of butter and vinegar with a dozen whole cloves, a dozen peppercorns, and a teaspoonful of salt; cover it and set it where it will cook very slowly. Meantime cut in two-inch pieces the remains of cold roast duck, brown them in a tablespoonful of butter, seasoning highly with pepper and salt: when quite brown put them on top of the cabbage and continue the gentle cooking until the cabbage is tender; turn it out on a dish and serve the duck on it.

The Uses of the Cellar.

Dr. Geo. Thurber, the veteran horticulturist, points out in the American Agriculturist for September some of the uses of cellars in keeping living plants:

Every one knows the importance of a good cellar in preserving vegetables, but to those who grow flowers it is of equal value in keeping plants not used as food. There are many things which can be kept through the winter, in a state of suspended animation, so to speak, provided they do not actually freeze or become killing dry. "There," said a gentleman whose place is one of the many near Boston, well worth visiting—"there is the most valuable structure of the whole." To go from one part of the grounds to another, on high land, a bridge was needed. Two heavy walls were built of stone; a roof of timbers was made and coverered with earth. This gave both a bridge and an above-ground cellar, a spacious one too, in which tender and half hardy plants, so largely used in the decoration of the grounds, were kept during the winter. Most persons will, however, content themselves with a house cellar, and there is more danger usually that it will be too warm, rather than too cold. The temperature should be kept as near forty degrees as possible. Light, if admitted at all, should be but little, at most a sort of twilight, for we do not wish the plants to grow, but to keep in a state of complete rest. It will not do to utterly neglect the plants thus stored. They will need very little water, but especially toward spring, must have enough to sustain life. In such a cellar may be kept those shrubs that are just on a verge of hardiness. The variegated hollies, cape jessamines, oleanders, pomegranates, and a long list of other evergreen plants; also fuchias and other deciduous shrubs that have a complete rest during winter. Geraniums, and other bedding plants, taken up and planted out in boxes of soil, will keep almost as well in the cellar as in a greenhouse. Indeed, a good cellar, well used, is worth more to the average amateur than a green house.

About Seed Corn.

From the prairie Farmer.

Early last spring we advised our readers to look to the quality of their seed corn. In view of the probable fact that the present season will be a bad corn year in many sections of the west, especially east of the Mississippi river, we advise that the saving of corn for next year's seed be carefully looked to. Corn, if the husk is stripped down when nearly ripe, will soon harden and dry out, so it will germinate and be somewhat shrivalled. We do not advise the saving of corn for seed unless it is thoroughly ripe, unless in seasons that promise like the present, but when it is a question of seed or no seed, do the best you can. Go into your field, and, selecting the finest and ripest ears, strip down the husk that is beginning to bleach. Let the corn stand thus on the stalk for a week, and then break off and trace up in a dry, airy place, and you will have corn that will certainly germinate. If the season prove late, so the corn ripens on the hill, go ovor the field again and select the best of the ripe ears. You will thus have duplicated your stock of seed, it is true, but you will find plenty of your neighbors who will want what you do not use next spring, and at prices that will amply pay you for your care and trouble. In all that region where corn does not ripen this year, the next best thing is to go over the cribs of last year's corn and sort out the best, to be put away in some dry place for preservation. It is well, however, before you trust too much to this old corn, to try its germinating powers. Shell a few grains from a number of ears taken at random from those selected for seed. From these pick out a certain number of counted kernels. Place these in sand kept constantly moist (not wet) and warm. If good, nine-tenths of the kernels will sprout in three or four days. Or the grains may be placed between folds of flannel, kept dark, warm and moist and thus you may notice from day to day their powers of germination.

The End of a "Flirtation."

Speaking of the Garland murder trial in Virginia, the New York Tribune says:

The poor girl whose coquetries provoked the duel has neceived her punishment. She should not hear a word of censure. With one man whom she professed to love dead, and the other on trial for his life, what condemnation from without could hurt her more?

But young women like her, and the mothers of such women, would do well to read carefully the story of this trial. Here was a girl betrothed to one man, corresponding and exchanging locks of hair and photograps with another, whose moral character she herself declares she thought to be atrocious. But "letters and locks of hair go for nothing," she says. In what other civilized country where wives and sisters are honored would "letters and locks of hair count for nothing" with an innocent maiden? Where else would a decent girl be left by her mother to make herself common and cheap by such gifts to any stranger with whom she choses to flirt? Yet this hint is an index to the prevailing social custom in a large class of our young men and women, a class who are in intention and act innocent and respectable. The consequences are that the girl, who is "given her fling" by her parents to enjoy herself while she is young, goes to her husband, if not with smirched reputation, at least, with calloused sensibilities, and a heart more like the old wilted plant which has been exposed all day in the street for sale, than the dewy flower which he fancies it.

Women, too, and especially young women, know nothing of the affections and passions of men which they provoke. They are children playing with fire. Now and then there is an outbreak like the present, or the murder of Jennie Cramer, or the disappearance of the pretty child who was complacently suffered to visit a camp to flirt with the soldiers. How many thousands of American mothers now are turning their pretty silly girls loose, unwatched and unwarned, to ride, flirt, and correspond with men of whom they know nothing? We hear much of the boldness of innocence in this country, but it is one of those virtues which are as disastrous as vice.

Effect of Odors on Milk.

Upon this question Professor Arnold, in the work "American Dairying," says "The London milk Journal cites instances where milk that has stood a short time in the presence of persons sick with typhoid fever, or been handled by parties before fully recovered from the small-pox, has spread these diseases as efectually as if the persons themselves had been present. Scarlatina, measles and other contagious diseases have been spread in the same way. The peculiar smell of a cellar is indelibly impressed upon all the butter made from milk standing in it. A few puffs from a pipe or a cigar will scent all the milk in a room, and a smoking lamp will do the same. A pail of milk standing ten minutes where it will take the scent of a strong-smelling stable or any other offensive odor, will imbibe a taint that will never leave it. A maker of gilt-edged butter objects to cooling warm milk in the room where his milk stands for the cream to rise, because he says the odor escaping from the new milk while cooling is taken in by the other milk and retained to the injury of his butter. This may seem like descending to little things, but it must be remembered that it is the sum of such little things that determines whether the products of the dairy are to be sold at cost or below, or as a high priced luxury. If milk is to be converted into an article of the latter class, it must be handled and kept in clean and sweet vessels, and must stand in pure, fresh air, such as would be desirable and healthy for people to breathe.

Exercise.

Give your brain sufficient food and an abundant supply of oxygen, and then give it a fair amount of good hard work every day, if you wish to maintain it in high state of healthy activity. Barristers and clergymen, who use their brains much, are the longest-lived men in the country, showing plainly that brain-work is good for the general health as well as for the efficiency of the nervous system in particular. The muscular system must be treated in a similar manner if you do not wish it to become subject to fatty degeneration. An unused muscle shrinks, and becomes soft and flabby presenting an appearance of marked contrast to the brawny arm of the blacksmith. Instances of the feebleness of tissues thos preserved frequently present themselves to the notice of the surgeon. A muscle is called upon to perform a vigorous contraction, but it snaps in the effort. The heart self isit sometimes torn asunder in attempting to send an extra supply of blood to some needy limb. No man can afford to lower his general vitality for the sake of mere idle gratification. He never knows when he may require all the energy which can be stored up in his tissues. A railway accident, a runaway horse, a run to catch a train, a fall on the ice, or even a fit of coughing, may bring a life of misery or an early death to one who would have passed unscathed through them all had he allowed his nerves and muscles to wear away in vigorous activity, instead of carefully preserving them, like smoked bacon, in the fumes of tobacco.

"Gwine to de Pos'office."

From the Detroit Free Press.

One of the oddest sights in the south is to see the negroes hang about the postoffices. They are the first ones to call in the morning and the last to leave at night, and it is by no means rare to have them inquire for mail ten or fifteen times a day. I was in the office at Marietta, Ga., when an aged darky limped in and inquired:

"Am dar' fo' or five letters heah for Junebroke Duke?"

"No, sir," replied the postmaster, after taking a look.

"Well, den, I'll take one."

"There are no letters for you."

"Isn't dar a newspaper?"

"No."

"Hasn't I dun got nuffin' 'tall?"

"Not a thing."

"Dat's curus—werry curus," muttered the man as he walked out.

I followed after, and when I asked him if he expected an important letter that day, he replied:

"Sartin I does. Dat's why I'ze walked fo' miles dis mawnin'."

"Where was the letter coming from?"

"I dunno."

"Who did you expect to write to you?"

"I dunno."

"Did you expect news or money in the letter?"

" 'Deed I did, sah. I's pected dat letter might hab $20 into it."

"Who from?"

"I dunno, but I 'spected it."

He then told me that he could neither read nor write, had no friends to write to him, had never mailed a letter nor received one in his life, and yet he had inquired for mail at least 500 times a year for the past ten years. In fact, it wasn't an hour after I left him before he circled around to the office again and said:

"I reckon I mus' hab some mail by dis time."

"No—nothing for you."

"Wall, if dat hain't curus—very curus. Reckon I'd better wait fur dat 1 o'clock train!"

Lively Old Noblemen.

English bridegrooms of 60 and 70 years are often hale and hearty and frequently rear large families of children. The duke of Westminister, perhaps the richest man in England, after fifteen months of mourning for the beautiful Duchess who died in 1880, after bearing him nine children, has just married Lady Carolina Cavendish, a lovely girl thirty years his junior. However, the duke is only 55 and has a good 25 years before him. The young lady's sister has borne several children. A former earl of Leicester, at the age of 70, married, to punish his nephew and namesake, a sister of the present earl of Albermale, a lady some 50 years his junior, whom his nephew had jilted. The chastisement was complete.

A Family's Fatality.

Miss Rochila Blair, daughter of Col. L. W. R. Blair, the leading greenback politician in South Carolina, who was recently killed at Camden by Capt. J. L. Haile, committed suicide on Wednesday at her father's residence in Columbia. At first it was thought she died in a fit, but at the inquest a witness stated that a bottle of strychnine was found on her person, and the jury rendered a verdict of death by strychnine, administered with suicidal intent. Miss Blair was about 18 years of age. A singular fatality has attended Col. Blair's family. His grandfather was hanged for murder; his father committed suicide when a member of congress from South Carolina; he himself was tried for murder, and was at last killed in a street fight, and now his daughter has committed suicide.

TAKING A HEADER.

How the Elephant Duchess, in the St. Luois "Zoo" Enjoys her Daily Bath.

From St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"She's a regular duck in the water, I can tell yon."

This is what Secretary Kalb, of the Fair association, said to Globe-Democrat reporter at the Zoological Garden, yesterday afternoon, as the Asiatic elephant, Duchess, went swinging across the gronnds toward the pond under the lead of John Winner. "We give her a swim between 6 and 7 o'clock every warm day," continued the secretary, "and if you want to see a really novel sight come on." So the genial secretary and the reporter hurried along in the wake of the big quadruped, heading for the little lake just beyond the bear caves. The distance had been about half covered when keeper Winner brought his charge to a halt, and gave a young lad meeting him a mount on the broad back of the Duchess for a ride. "Half a dozen boys can ride on her back all right," said John, "as long as I will keep her moving, but let me get up there, or let me get out of sight, and she thinks she ought to lie down." Here the edge of the pond was reached, and the keeper sung out "Duke" as though there was some one by that name on the other side he wanted to see. The reporter did not expect anything less than to hear an answering "Hi" and was considerably set back to see the Duchess come down on her knees and side at the call, so giving her lord a chance to put his feet once more on the grass without the trouble of a jump. "Is that what you say when you want her to lie down? he asked Mr. Winner.

"That's about the size of it," was the reply. "You see it's a good easy word to speak with a sharp, decisive sound that catches 'em," and he lifted his pet gently by the ear, with a command that had a pleasant, cooing murmur, sliding her, as it were, at the same time into the water, and sitting down to watch the fun. The sight during the next half hour was indeed a funny one, but it was also equally interesting. Duchess was no more than up to her knees than she began to take a copious drink, by first filling her trunk and then curling it under into her mouth to let the contents run out.

"It looks as though she might drink from her mouth while she is in the pond," said Mr. Kalb; "but she don't, her thrist always being quenched in that round about way."

The operation finally over, Duchess moved out to the center of the pond, and suddenly took a "header down below." It was an out-and-out header, for she went out of sight completely, with the exception of the ridiculous lash of a tail that came up square above the surface and flaunted by itself in the air. There was not a thing to be seen for a full minute but just that solitary appendage, shining brown and ugly in the setting sun's rays that were breaking their way in a wild troop through the thick leaves of the surrounding trees, and then it went out of sight to give place to the opposite end. This was only the head and trunk of the greatest girl in the garden, and as she held her seat, submerged to her eyes, with trunk laid out straight, it was hard to tell what she most resembled. Another minute ticked away, and away went the head. This time there was some kind of a wrestle at the bottom that was lost to the lookers-on, nothing showing but a mighty swirl and wash of waves, until the back of the duchesse came up as she regained her feet, and stood very innocent and lamblike. "She is just as good natured as she can be," said the keeper, waiting patiently for Duchess to have her gay old soak out; "but she's a regular little rascal when she can be. Now, if she thinks I don't wan her to go out on the other side she just tries her best to do it. If she finds me in a little hurry for her to get through and come out, she lays out for an all-night swim, and I have to go after her with a boat. Just so with her eating. Her yard is the choicest grass-plot anywhere out here, yet she'd rather browse around among the weeds and chew plantain. She does hate to be under restraint, her whole heart being bent, when chained up, to get the best of the lock. You know the experience we have had with padlocks? Well this noon we put on a new one made of extra strength and size to Mr. Kalb's order, and finding she could not get away with it, she worried one of the links of the chain apart. The chain was one, too, that stood all the strain the old African elephant put on it when he went mad, but she managed to find a week spot."

AMERICANS ABROAD.

The Statistics of American Travel Throughout Europe and its Cost.

From Galignani's Messenger.

The first-class passenger traffic to Europe assumed unusually large proportions in the season of 1881, the total number going abroad during the season of four months, as compiled by the New York Shipping Gazette and Travlers' Guide, being 22,245. Of the thirteen lines engaged in the traffic, the Cunard carried 2,435 of this number; the White Star, 2,936; the North German Lloyd, 2,463; the Anchor, 2,414; the Inman, 2,210; the Hamburg, 2,182; the Guion, 1,805; the National, 1,676, and the General Transatlantic, 1,246. The total number which went abroad in the season of 1880 was 19,496. The record of this year so far surpassed that of last year that the number will probably reach above 30,000 before the end of the season. Not only is this shown from the statement of passenger agents, but besides the new lines established between this port and Europe in the last year there has been an increase in the number of vessels on the older lines as well as in their accommodations, size and speed. At present there are no less than twenty-one passenger steamship companies plying between New York and Europe, and, with one or two exceptions, each has a vessel weekly. There is scarcely a steamship of any of these lines sailing between now and the middle of July upon which a berth can be obtained, and this has been the case since the 1st of May.

There is one serious question involved in this yearly exodus to Europe of the wealthy and the swarming of the poor to these shores. How much does the country lose financially? It is needless to state that all the passenger transportation across the Atlantic is done in foreign vessels, owned by foreign capitalists and manned by foreign sailors. The owners disburse very small amounts of money in this country for supplies, labor or repairs. Take, for instance, the 30,000 first cabin passengers who go abroad this season. At the lowest calculation each one will pay $150 for the round trip, and thus $4,500,000 is paid to foreigners. These passengers will take with them for spending money an average of at least $3,000 each, or a total amount of $90,000,000. In addition a large number of second cabin and steerage passengers will take out of the country at least $20,000,000 more in cash and passage-ticket money. At the lowest calculation there will arrive at this port during 1882 600,000 immigrants. These pay about $30 each for passage, a total amount of $48,000,000, of which fully one-half is paid for tickets purchased by firms in this country. Here is, at the smallest calculation, a total of $155,000,000 taken out of the country, and a very little is brought back by the immigrants to take its place.

The new president of the Newton (N.J.) Collegiate Institute is Professor Joel Wilson who distinguished himself by deeds of valor as captain in the famous First Maine Cavalry, under General Kilpatrick.

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.

The Wedding Ring of Ancient Origin—Some Strange Laws Pertaining to Marriage and Bachelors.

The ring necessary in Christian marriage is the most ancient of all observances, and one that is clearly traced to heathen sources. Romans, Greek, Egyptians and many other ancient nations used wedding rings. They were made of iron, gold, brass and copper, and generally had some inscription inscribed upon them, such as "May you live long," "I bring good fortune to the wearer." Other rings which have been discovered in ancient sepulchres have keys engraved upon them, evidently as an indication of the wife's domestic authority. Among the Jews the marriage rings were generally jewelled. The wedding ring of Joseph and Mary, which was sold by a Jerusalem jeweller to the marquis of Etruria in 996, was composed of onyx or amethyst, a matter which can now be no longer satisfactorily settled, as some fifty Catholic churches possess a ring which is vouched to be the only and original ring worn by the Divine Mother. The Christian church made the placing of the ring on the woman's hand an imperative portion of the nuptial union, but, strange to say, while adopting the pagan custom, did not define the material of which the ring should be made, so that some ludicrous substitutes have done service in instances where the nervous bridegroom has forgotten to bring the necessary circlet in his waistcoat pocket. The church key and curtain rings have more than once been brought into requisition, and a few years ago a wedding was solemnized in Boston at which the ring was a circle of kid cut from the bridegroom's glove. It is an error to suppose that a ring containing precious stones cannot be used; they were very fashionable in the middle ages and even later. Mary, Queen of Scots, had three wedding rings, two in gold and the center one an entire circle of diamonds. Rings used to be placed on the bride's right hand, as is still the custom in Germany. In England, a century ago, marriage rings, although put on the second finger of the left hand at the church ceremony, were afterwards worn on the thumb. The society of Friends are among the few Christian sects who dispenses with this symbol of marital union, its heathenish origin being the alleged reason. Many quaker ladies wear them, nevertheless. The old Puritans had the same prejudices as the Friends, and in "Hudibras" a passage refers to it as follows:

Others were for abolishing
That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which the unsanctify'd bride-groom
Is married only to a thumb;
(As wise as ringing of a pig
That used to break up ground and dig.)
The bride to nothing but her will
That nulls the after-marriage still.

Butler's verse gives the impression that wedding rings were worn on the thumb at a much earlier period than the reign of the Georges.

With our grandparents it used to be customary whenever a man married an heiress to advertise the fact in the public papers. For instance: "John Brown to Miss Mary Jones and £20,000." Marriage in a smock was an old usage, which was observed by widows who had incurred debt and wished to remarry without incumbering their new husbands with their pecuniary burdens. It was supposed that if a man took a wife with nothing on her but a single garment, he would be freed from the risk of being sued for her ante-marriage debts, and within a few years a wedding took place in England at which the bride stood up at the altar to be married with nothing on her but a sheet wrapped around her form. Marriage under the gallows is another old law, now obsolete, by which a murderer escapes the death penalty if a woman expresses her willingness to marry him. In New York in 1784 this actually occurred, but the man was subsequently hung for murdering the woman whose devotion saved his life on the previous occasion. Marriage by lot is still the rule among the Moravians, but persons chosen can refuse each other if they they think fit. The only exception to the latter rule is with the missionaries, who occasionally send for wives from their distant stations. Some years ago a missionary of India wrote to the Bethlehem community in this state, and having announced the demise of his spouse requested that a second wife should be chosen and sent to him, and added that he desired a stout, short helpmate, as his first wife was of that shape and stature, and had left an excellent wardrobe behind her. He received the desired person.

Some strange laws for regulating and promoting marriages existed in the primitive colonies of this country. In 1695 the local authorities of Wrentham, Mass., voted that every unmarried man in the township should kill six blackbirds, or three crows yearly while single, and as a penalty for not obeying the order he should not get married until he had destroyed the requisite number in arrears.

A former tax in Maryland was five shillings yearly to every bachelor possessed £100 pounds, and twenty shillings on all bachelors and widowers who own £300. It does not appear that spinsters or widows were ever taxed, probably from the reason that no woman refuses a chance if she can help it.

The Preacher and the Wasp.

People who go to church to watch for the ridiculous, and loaded and primed with laughter for every little accident, would certainly get no encouragement from the man in the pulpit if his dexterity and address always equalled this example. A correspondent of the New York Sunday Dispatch says:

Congregations are often brought to the brink of an explosion of mirth without knowing it. Such was the case in a Hartford church last Sunday morning. The godly and eloquent pastor was in the midst of his powerful discourse. The large congregation hung upon his lips as he moved up to the climax of his argument. He, himself, was deeply absorbed in his work, as his ringing voice and forcible action showed.

Just then he somehow became aware of a distraction near at hand, and glancing obliquely espied a colossal wasp perched upon his shoulder. A second glance was conclusive. The wasp was bridling and humping himself in such a manner that meant mischief.

He was in no haste, but as if knowing his advantage, he leisurely performed those agile and ominous gymnastics which are the preparations and signals of an assault. He would torment the helpless minister before stabbing him. All this the parson comprehended with concealed terror, meanwhile pushing along the vigor of his speech, and keeping up the boom of his discourse.

Mysterious is the complex movement of the human mind. Futile was the intimidation, fugacious the hope, vain the plan, fatal the delay, of that wasp. Procrastination and pride were his destruction.

An inspiration seized the parson, now working double lines of thought. His plan was formed and executed with such a rapidity and success that the congregation were ignorant of the splendid strategy. Raising his voice to an unwonted strain, he swung his right arm around to that left shoulder, plucked the astonished wasp therefrom, placed him upon the desk, and shouting in stentorian tones,—

"Yes, my beloved hearers," brought his clenched fist down upon that precise spot whereon his enemy lay with an energy that made the big Bible leap, raised a cloud of dust from the cushion, and carried complete conviction both to the body of the wasp and the mind and hearts of the spell-bound congregation.

It was the climax of his discourse. So instantaneously was the manœuvre executed that no one detected the real occasion of it, and the edified hearers remarked to one another, as they left the church, the uncommon earnestness and vigor of their beloved pastor's delivery that day.

Atlanta is considering the erection of a new opera-house.