The Democratic Advocate.

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Select Poetry.

MY AIR CASTLES.

BY MARIE LE BARON.

On the shore of a purple sunset sea
Built I many castles,
Filled I them with vassals,
And furnished them all quaint and gorgeously.

High rose their turrets gray against the sky,
And through open casement
Glittered gold enlacement,
Fair woven of the sunbeams streaming by.

Banners waved o'er the misty, azure walls
(Fragments of rainbow, ta'en
After swift summer rain
That, like silver shuttle, through web down-falls.)

Halls of turquoise, in-blended with pale rose,
Made I these for sleeping,
And there, softly creeping,
Cool breezes, with wings fragrant, fanned repose.

Down out by thought, more subtly swift than light,
Traced all o'er the ceiling,
Pictures gleamed, revealing
Fairest, dearest scenes of memory's sight.

In niches, pure and spotless as the snow,
Forms, statue-like, were shrined,
That longing eyes divined
Were cloud images, earth-born, of long ago.

Strains of music, ne'er ending, ne'er begun,
Somewhat yearning measure,
Sweet with tender pleasure,
Each grievance from the human strangely won.

Sleep and dreaming, wondrous God-like linking,
At the sound enthralling,
O'er my body falling,
Binds me haply from all earthly thinking.

And the sorrow, that 'nathless, earth must give,
Stands afar grim grieving,
When I, swiftly leaving,
Soar to my cloud-land royally to live.

Rise my castles fair on the purple shore;
They will vanish never;
'Tis there I dissever
Flesh and spirit, mystic twins, evermore.

Select Story.

LEONE'S ROMANCE.

"Mark my words, Leone, your beau ideal you'll never find; your estimate of a man is too high."

"No, Arthur, it is but a great estimate, and you have no right to judge me harshly, because I will not throw my life away upon some society man of to-day. I am young yet, but twenty you know, and there is time enough yet."

"Yes, time enough, Leone; but I agree with Arthur that you have too high a standard of manhood, a romantic school girl's admiration of qualities that few, if any, may possess."

"Complimentary, very, to your husband, sir; but I wish for my husband strength either of soul or body, mind far above the average, and determination and purpose sufficient to raise him from the level of the human herd; and mark me, if I never find such a one, I will ever remain Leone Lightfoot, an old maid, fond of tea, cats and gossip; but I see Charles has brought my horse around, so au revoir."

The speaker was a woman of twenty, queenly in form, and whose face, though possessing character beyond her years stamped thereon, was radiant with loveliness.

Robed in a dark blue riding habit which clung gracefully around her superb form, and the face half shaded by the drooping plumes falling from her jaunty cap, Leone Lightfoot was indeed what she appeared—a surpassing lovely woman; one who had visitors by the score, for she was rich as well as accomplished and beautiful.

Three years before, she had been left, by the death of her parents, under the guardianship of her only brother, some ten years her senior, and at his elegant country seat in New York State she had lived, the idol of society, and the pet of Arthur Lightfoot and his pretty but weak little wife.

Between the three, Arthur Lightfoot, Leone, and Mrs. Lightfoot, was the conversation held that opens this story, and the cause thereof was the refusal by Leone of the heart, hand, and fortune of a worthy bachelor neighbor.

"She is incorrigible; the old Judge would have made her a good husband," said Arthur Lightfoot to his wife, after they had seen Leone mount and dash away at full speed down the grand avenue.

"Yes, she'll never marry, I fear, sighed Mrs. Lightfoot, who always echoed the sentiments of her husband.

In the meantime, Leone rode on at a pace that chimed in with her humor, and an elegant horsewoman, she held her steed well in rein, and enjoyed the springing, fleet motion, as mile after mile was cast behind.

But suddenly her horse shied violently and gave a tremendous leap, almost unseating his fair rider, who, recovering herself quickly, spoke soothingly to the frightened animal, and glanced backward to note the object that had so startled him.

The color fled from her face as her eyes fell upon the form of a man lying by the roadside, and apparently lifeless; but nerving herself by a hard-drawn sigh, the brave girl sprang to the ground and approached the spot, glancing intently down into the pale, upturned face.

The features were molded with remarkable regularity, the partly-opened mouth displayed even, white teeth, and the dark brown hair and mustache presented a marked contrast to the white face, from which every tinge of color had faded. Dressed in a light summer suit, Leone even then discovered it was well and stylishly made, while the gauntlet gloves and riding-whip proved that the stranger had been on horseback.

"He has been thrown, doubtless, but God grant he be not dead," exclaimed the maiden, as she knelt beside the prostrate form, and drew aside the coat to place her hand upon his heart.

With a cry of terror she sprang to her feet, her hand stained with blood, for from his side a small stream welled up slowly.

"He is dead, and has been murdered—"

"No."

It was almost a whisper, and the heavy lids raised from the dark eyes—eyes filled with anguish, but yet strangely dark and fascinating.

"Thank God, there is yet hope; be quiet sir, I implore you, and I will aid you all in my power," exclaimed Leone, and drawing her habit around her, she ran rapidly a few paces down the road to where it was crossed by a small stream, and saturating her handkerchief returned, and without hesitation drew aside the clothing and placed it upon the wound—a small bullet wound in the left side over the heart.

"You must keep perfectly quiet, and I will soon return," she said softly, hardly knowing whether she was heard or not, and then in an instant she was in her saddle, dashing at her utmost speed toward the nearest farm-house.

Dashing like the wind up to the door, and startling quiet farmer Jessop and his family nearly out of their wits, Leone cried:

"Mr. Jessop, let your son ride at once to Dr. Wells, and tell him a gentleman lies dangerously wounded on the road, near Hillside Spring; tell him to come there at once, and you, Mr. Jessop, please come on with your carriage, and bring all that you think necessary."

Everyone in the county knew and loved Leone Lightfoot, and rapidly her orders were obeyed, which observing, she wheeled her foaming horse, and again sped away upon her return to the wounded stranger.

There he lay just as she had left him, but groaning slightly, and each instant dampening the blood stained handkerchief, the girl awaited the coming of the surgeon.

Would they never come? she thought; but at length, when it seemed hours instead of minutes, the sound of wheels broke on her ear, and the next instant the surgeon drove up at a rapid pace.

"You are a noble woman, Miss Lightfoot, and if this man lives he owes his life to you," said the good old physician, as he approached and knelt beside the prostrate form.

"But will he live, doctor?"

For some minutes no reply was given by the man of science, who carefully probed and examined the wound, but then he said slowly:

"It is a serious injury—ha! here I have the ball; yes, I hope he will live;" and Dr. Wells took from the wound a small bullet, while he continued:

"Now he needs the most careful nursing."

"He shall have it. Thank God, here comes Mr. Jessop," and immediately after the carriage drove up, and telling the doctor to come on with the wounded stranger to her brother's house, Leone again mounted her horse and rode on to have all in readiness for his arrival.

It was weeks before the stranger was sufficiently recovered to tell his story regarding the wound that had so nearly proven fatal to him, and then by careful nursing, he informed Leone, who had been untiring in her devoted care of him, that his name was Clarence Ainslie—was an Englishman, who nearly a year before had come to America, and purchasing a few acres of land in the West, made it his home.

He also stated that business had called him to New York, and that while enjoying a horseback ride he had been suddenly fired upon, was thrown to the ground, and had an indistinct remembrance that some one was robbing him; for his watch, pocket-book, and all valuables he had about him were gone.

That Clarence Ainslie was no ordinary man Leone Lightfoot knew when she first saw him lying by the roadside, but that he would ever possess the power to control her life she had not believed.

But so it was, for each day proved to her that she had met her beau ideal; and yet was he for her? Might he not already have loved? Might he not already be married?

The thought chilled her very heart; and yet when she saw the dark fascinating eyes turned upon her with admiration, and read—or hoped she did—therein a deeper, holier feeling, Leone felt happy, and longed to be a very slave, and become a mere automaton to the caprice of Clarence Ainslie.

Now, Arthur Lightfoot, and his pretty wife looked upon the matter in a different light, for though hospitable in the extreme to the stranger guest, they looked upon him as a poor English emigrant, a petty Western farmer, and did not like the idea that he should wholly control the heart of Leone, for they were not blind to her devotion to the wounded man.

Still they could not but admire the courteous manner of their stranger guest, when after six weeks, he was sufficiently recovered to join them in the parlor and at dinner.

That he had been reared a gentleman was evident, and that he had traveled, and seen something of the world was also evident, as was also that Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot had never seen a handsomer man, they were compelled to admit; but that Leone, the belle, the heiress, and most lovely woman of the day should love an unknown and poor Englishman—bah! the thought, even, was ridiculous.

When the trunk of Clarence Ainsle arrived, for he had sent for it as soon as he was able to speak, Mrs. Lightfoot paced around it for half an hour in the vain endeavor to find something plebeian about it, but the trunk was a good one, English make, and bore on it simply the letters "C. A., England."

With a disappointed look the inquisitive little woman ordered it sent to the sick man's room, and sought her chamber.

"Arthur, Leone really loves that wounded man, and what will become of it all!"

"It is Leone's romance, little wife; she will recover from it; a few tears at parting; hard riding for her poor horse, a few sentimental songs, and all will be over."

"But Arthur, suppose it should not be; suppose he should love her, for you know he's poor and she's rich—what then?"

"Well he cannot have her, that's all," and Arthur Lightfoot went out for a drive.

At length the hour came for Clarence Ainslie to depart, for no longer could he impose upon the kindness of his host and hostess, and determined to leave that evening, he asked to see Leone alone.

With pale face but quiet manner, the young girl entered the room, and stepping forward, Clarence Ainslie said, feelingly:

"Miss Lightfoot, no longer can I impose upon your kindness, and to-night I leave you. Shall it be forever?"

No answer came, and the Englishman continued:

"To you I owe my life, and to you I would dedicate the years that yet remain. I am unknown to you—a stranger in a strange land—and you have but my word for it that I offer you a love that never was offered to woman before, a hand and heart that has never sinned intentionally against a fellow being. Will you accept what I have to offer?"

"I will."

"You will trust me; take me as I am, and become my wife."

"I will."

No other word was spoken, but two hearts were perfectly happy.

Of course, Arthur Lightfoot and his wife objected and decidedly refused, but Leone was determined. It was no romance with her, and when she flatly told them she would marry Clarence without their consent they made a virtue out of necessity, and gave in, consoling themselves with the thought that after all his being a stranger and a poor man was really the only faults that they could find in him.

At the request of the parties most interested it was a quiet wedding, just six months after the meeting of the lovers, and Dr. Wells and farmer Jessop's family were only invited, and to this day the good old lady has not ceased to gossip about the magnificent trousseau the bride had, and the quiet happiness that shone in the eyes of the young couple.

It had been decided that the bridal tour should be to Europe, as Clarence Ainslie said that business would call him there soon, and Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot had been persuaded to accompany them; so the day after the wedding the New York steamer bore a happy quartette from the land of free America.

Arriving safely in England, a few days were passed quietly at the hotel, and then, by an invitation from Clarence Ainslie, the party started out to visit the spot where he had passed his boyhood's days.

Through meadow lands and lovely country the carriage drove, until suddenly Clarence, who was driving, wheeled into a grand gateway leading to the superb country-seat of some man of wealth.

A few moments more, and the carriage drew up before the marble steps of an elegant mansion—one of those old rambling structures often found in England; and springing lightly to the ground, the Englishman said, while a merry light twinkled in his eye:

"Leone, I welcome you to your home. Mr. and Mrs. Lightfoot, Lord Clarence Ainslie begs that you will accept the hospitality of Ainslie Castle."

Tears filled the beautiful eyes of Leone. Arthur Lightfoot's cheek colored, but he was silent, while, after a second's hesitation, his wife exclaimed:

"Clarence Ainslie, you are a cheat. Why, I thought you were a Western farmer—"

"That was all the land I owned in America. I purchased it, and built a shooting box thereon, because I was fond of your Western sports, and in America I was simply Mr. Ainslie—here I am Lord Clarence, of Ainslie Castle. Am I forgiven?"

Reader, we all have too much human nature, now-a-days, to for a moment suppose the deception practised was not pardoned by one and all; in fact, Mrs. Lightfoot says she likes to be deceived, and in this case Arthur echoes the opinion of his wife.

The Wool Demand.

The *Economist*, the leading industrial paper of the country, is appealing to the farmers for a home supply of wool for our manufacturing purposes. The demand for that quality suitable for delaines would be increased by the erection of mills for these lower qualities of goods, if there was a prospect of a supply from home sources; and it is not doubted that many mills that now produce common class woollen fabrics would be converted into factories for the production of alpacas, delaines, and worsted goods. In most of the New England States, as well as in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, the decrease in the production of sheep has been going on for years, whilst Canada has largely increased in her production, the secret of which is believed to be, that there they follow the English system of growing turnips and making choice mutton and lamb. The agriculture of England had gotten to a low state about fifty or more years ago, when this system was started, of sheep raising and the cultivation of turnips for feeding them, which, by steady perseverance, has brought up the farms of the country to a state of fertility unsurpassed elsewhere.

The Merino carcass being small needs but little water, and is supposed to get enough in winter from licking the snow; but the large long-wooled is quite a drinker, and needs water constantly at his command. The treatment and food under which the Merino thrives would shrink and depreciate the long-wooled sheep. The long-wooled sheep is a meat producer as well as a wool grower, hence it needs both water and succulent food to make every ewe of prime Lincoln or Cotswold breed a profitable animal on the farm.

To see how eagerly a human being will catch at a straw, it is not necessary to witness a drowning. The phenomenon is now manifest chiefly within saloons, where one end of the straw is immersed in a tumbler.

The hymn for the Centennial—Old Hundred.

Original Poetry.

AN APOSTROPHE TO TIME.

Written for the Democratic Advocate

BY RALEIGH.

Time! O thou unrelenting time!
What force can stay that course of thine?
What pow'r can melt thy stubborn heart,
That's adamant in ev'ry part?

Remorseless time! unwearied thou!
That leav'st thy mark on ev'ry brow,
Why in thy course not pause awhile,
And many moments thus beguile?

In the far distant future where,
'Mid scenes by us ne'er viewed till there,
Wilt thou frail mortals all convey,
For vast eternity to stay?

O land us on that blissful shore,
Where pain and sorrow are no more;
Where everlasting spring abides,
Where crystal water calmly glides.

Then in that peaceful, happy land,
We ne'er shall take the parting hand;
And day and night with ceaseless praise,
To Christ our loud hosannas raise.

Western Md. College, May 23, 1874.

Our Olio.

How Queen Victoria Entertains.

I need not tell you how simple, plain and perfectly English and womanly are the habits and tastes of the Queen. The Prince of Wales, socially, is nothing more than a rich, sporting, pleasure-loving squire. The style of entertainment at the palace, for example, is quite like that you would receive at the house of the Duke of Sutherland or the Duke of Westminster. Nay, I have even heard the complaint hinted that when the Queen entertains officials at dinner the viands are not various or as well served as at any ordinary aristocratic gentleman's house. The Queen certainly sets an example of economy to her upper class subjects. When she comes to London for the early Parliamentary season, her favorite method of dispensing hospitality is to give garden parties and "breakfasts" in Buckingham Palace gardens, or in the private garden of Windsor Castle. Invitations to these are, of course, very much sought for, because they are the most select; there you come directly in contact with royalty, and see it more nearly and familiarly than if you dined with the Queen in the castle.

When you are conducted to the garden by one of the scarlet flunkies of majesty, said flunky is about the only visible hint of its being a royal party. You see pretty tents and canvass pavilions disposed here and there under the oaks, on the velvet lawn, or by the side of the pretty miniature lake. If this is in the Buckingham Palace garden, which is in the very centre of fashionable West End London, the moment you have passed behind the high wall which shuts it out from St. James' park on the one side and Grosvener square on the other, you would never guess that you were in the midst of the city. The surroundings are exquisite and most illusorily rural. You see a number of gentlemen and ladies elegantly dressed standing about in groups; partaking of the by no-means sumptuous fare that is being served without ceremony in the tents.

The scene is cheerful, elegant *bon ton*, easy and unrestrained. You catch a glimpse of the Queen, dressed in black, with here and there a relief of rich white lace, but with no suspicion of tinsel or gaudiness about her; a plain lady, of substantial proportions, in the prime of life, the centre of a respectful but by no means awed or abashed circle, receiving those whom she recognizes with a slight smile and a pleasant word, and the presentation of those she does not know with a slight bow. There are faces here familiar to you in the windows of the print shops—noblemen, statesmen, ministers, ambassadors, leaders of society and court fashion; but there is little or no pretention of manner or carriage.

You are surprised above all at the simplicity, the elegant commonplaces, of the whole thing. You may jostle Wales or the Russian Ambassador or the Lord Chief Justice without being in the least aware of the fact. The gentleman who, seeing you are a stranger, asks you if you will not have a sandwich and cup of coffee, may be a fashionable artist or a provincial mayor, and may be the Duke of Teck. If, perchance, you have been at a *fete champetre* at some great country house—say at Chatsworth or Belvoir—you say to yourself that this differs in no striking respect from it, unless, indeed, it differs by its lesser brilliancy and its more suggestive simplicity.—*London Correspondent Boston Post.*

Something for the Curious.

Curious examples of words spelled backwards; compiled for the *Democratic Advocate:*

Live.	Evil.
Snug.	Guns.
Murder.	Red rum.
Railway.	Yaw liar.
Wagon.	No gaw.
Rat Trap.	Part tar.
Tartar.	Rat rat.
Revel.	Lever.
Ergo.	Ogre.
Book.	Koob.
Horison.	No sir, Oh!
Potation.	No it a top.
Seton.	Notes.
Animal.	Lamina.
Drawer.	Reward.
Prevention.	No, it never p.
Deliver.	Reviled.
Pupils.	Slip up.
Pastor.	Rot sap.
Tender.	Red net.
Straw.	Warts.
Wonder.	Red now.
Garder.	Red rag.
Partridgetrap.	Parteg dir trap.
Milk Cows.	Klim Swoc.
Dray.	Yard.
Star.	Rats.

The first and last lesson in drawing—drawing one's breath.

Peculiarities of Birds.

It is well known to naturalists that all birds which build on the ground feign lameness when they think their young are in danger. The reason why the ground builders pratice this deception, and the tree builders do not, is obvious. A correspondent of the London *Field* writes:

"I have unusual opportunities of witnessing the great cunning of wild ducks in particular, when their young have been led away from the water, or are placed in circumstances where escape from imminent danger is impossible. Every Spring many broods of them are hatched in this neighborhood, and the parent birds are tempted to wander often a considerable distance with their young over the lawn, and away from the lake, in search of grubs and insects—and the rapidity with which the ducklings pounce upon the smallest insect is really surprising. In such situations the old duck is quite aware of the helpless position of her brood, and on your approaching anywhere near them she immediately arises with her plaintive quack of warning, and away she goes. But if you still proceed in the direction where her brood lie in concealment, she returns at once, and by every dodge attempts to distract your attention and induce you to pursue an apparently disabled bird. The difficulty of discovering the ducklings is often so great, though there may be scarcely a turf of grass to hide them, that one fears to go near where you know they lie in case of tramping on them. I have said, that as far as my observation goes, feigning lameness is confined very much to birds of a certain class, viz., those which build their nests on the ground. But to be still more explicit:—1. All birds in the game list do so, I believe, without an exception. Pheasants are most careless of their young, and easily made to forsake their nests during incubation; but still they feign lameness to draw you away from their brood. 2. Water fowl are particularly demonstrative in feigning lameness; at least all the duck tribe, including the red-breasted merganser, are so. With regard to sea birds, such as the auk, razorbill, and guillemot, I have not had the same opportunities for observing them, but they can scarcely be said to build on the ground, as they inhabit the ledges of the highest rocks that impend over the sea. 3. All waders do so, including the curlew, redshank, snipe, ruff, sandpiper, water rail, oystercatcher, ringed plover, dotterell, coot, and water hen. 4. I think plover are no exception; the golden plover I am pretty sure I have seen feigning lameness. The peewit or lapwing we all know has a way of her own, but still she does her best to allure you from the abode of her young. 5. Lastly, we must not omit those smaller birds which build on or near the ground, though their young remain in the nest till fledged, such as yellowhammers, larks, wagtails, &c., all of which class feign lameness when you disturb them from their nest. But one of the most extraordinary cases of this sort that ever occurred to me happened about two years ago in connection with a singular instance of audacity from one of the most impotent of birds. I was training two young dogs for the 12th, when I felt something fluttering at my feet, and supposed that I unfortunately had trampled on a young grouse. On looking down I saw a bird, which turned out to be a nightjar, dashing at my legs, with its feathers set on end like a gamecock. How long it might have continued its assault I cannot say, and so fearless was it that I might easily have caught it; but when one of the dogs appeared it immediately took alarm, and sidled off in a most crippled-looking fashion till it had led the dog to a sufficient distance from the spot. On looking carefully down I discovered its two young ones within an inch or two of my feet. Admitting, then, the fact (and I don't anticipate contradiction from any field naturalist) that all ground-nesting birds do, as a rule, feign lameness when their young are approached, the point of interest for naturalists to note should then clearly be, not the birds of this class which do, but those which do not, feign lameness under such circumstances. *Exceptio probat regulam;* and the exceptions in this case, I believe, are very few. There is only one which at present occurs to me—that of gulls in general. The black-headed gull will sometimes dash past you within a few feet of your face when she thinks her young are in danger, but I don't think she feigns lameness. The larger gulls, like the two blackbacks, soar aloft, cifcling over their nest, and uttering one monotonous, melancholy note of distress. There is nothing more interesting to observe than the foculty which all animals possess of giving their young warning of danger, and the promptitude of their young in hiding immediately when they see the mute signal or hear the note of warning, as the case may be. I have frequently listened with interest to see if I could detect anything different in the note of warning from the ordinary tone of the bird. In the case of wild ducks I can distinctly do so. It is generally a single quack, in a more plaintive tone, when at once the ducklings are hushed and disappear like magic, even in the most exposed situations, defying often the strictest scrutiny for a considerable time, though lying at your feet with no other concealment than a turf of grass or a sheltering stone. When in the water, should a hawk skim overhead, the warning quack will sometimes make all the ducklings dive in a moment."

"In black letter, the character, "y" much resembles the character corresponding to "th," and hence "y" was often used instead of it, and this gave rise to the forms *ye* for *the* and *yt* for *that*."—*Students English Language.*

"Mamma," said a precocious little boy who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the doctor has any more babies to give away don't you take 'em."

Pneumatic Tubes.

The London *Times* gives us a description of the Atmospheric Tubes now in use in that city to convey packages and the mails. A tube of the same kind is under construction in Washington, and the adoption of such means of transit for all large cities is only a question of time:

The length of the tube is just a mile and three-quarters; it is of a flattened horseshoe section, five feet wide, and four and a-half high at the centre, having a sectional area of seventeen square feet. The straight portions of the line are formed of a cast-iron tube, the curved lengths being constructed in brick work, with a facing of cement. The gradients are easy, the two chief are one in forty-five and one in sixty, some portions on the line being on the level, and the sharpest curve is that near the Holborn station, which is seventy feet radius. The tube between Holborn and the postoffice lack one hundred and two yards of a mile. The gradients of one in fifteen on the postoffice, in no wise prove inimical to the working of the system. The wagons, or carriers, weigh twenty-two cwt., are ten feet four inches in length, and have a traverse contour conforming to that of the tube; they are, however, of a slightly smaller area than the tube itself, the difference—about an inch all round—being occupied by a flange of india-rubber, which causes the carriers to fit the tube exactly, and so to form a piston upon which the air acts. For propellingthe carriers, the machinery consists of a steam engine having a pair of twenty-four inch cylinders with twenty inch stroke. The engine drives a fan twenty-two feet six inches in diameter, and the two are geared together in such a manner that one revolution of the former gives two of the latter. The trains are drawn from the stations by exhaustion, and are propelled to those points by pressure. The working of the fan, however, is not reversed to suit these constantly varying conditions; it works continuously, the alternate action of pressure and exhaustion being governed by valves.

Marriage Maxims.

A good wife is the greatest earthly blessing.

A man is what his wife makes him.

It is the mother who moulds the character and destiny of the child.

Make marriage a matter of moral judgment.

Marry into a different blood and temperament from your own.

Marry into a family which you have long known.

Never talk at one another, either alone or in company.

Never both manifest anger at once.

Never speak loud to one another, unless the house is on fire.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive, and with the best judgment at the time.

Let each one strive to yield oftenest to the wishes of the other.

Let self-abnegation be the daily aim and effort of each.

The very nearest approach to domestic felicity on earth, is the mutual cultivation of an absolute unselfishness.

Never find fault, unless it is perfectly certain that a fault has been committed; and even then prelude it with a kiss, and lovingly.

Never allow a request to be repeated. "I forgot," is never an acceptable excuse.

Never make a remark at the expense of the other; it is meanness.

Never part for a day without loving words, to think of during your absence. Besides, it may be that you will not meet again in life.

An Interesting Relic.

A cabinet-maker in Troy is constructing a lady's secretary, which is interesting from the material of which it is composed. The *Whig* thus describes it:—The panelling and ornamental portions are of oak from the Lawrence, Commodore Perry's flag ship in the memorable engagement on Lake Erie, Sept. 13, 1813. The oak was secured by Mr. G. P. Chapman of this city, under whose order the secretary is being made. The Lawrence bore the brunt of the battle until she became so riddled with shot that she was almost ready to sink. While the Lawrence was receiving the concentrated fire of the enemy, the Niagara, a ship of heavy armament, was practically out of the engagement. Commodore Perry left the Lawrence in an open boat in the midst of the engagement, and went on board the Niagara. That vessel was then brought into action and the battle was won. Riddled with shot and almost wholly disabled, the Lawrence was taken into the port of Erie, Pa. The vessel subsequently sunk at anchor. She was sold at auction and raised, but was allowed to sink again. Not long ago Mr. Chapman was fishing over the wreck, and observed through the clear water a piece of plank nearly detached. By skillful labor with lines the piece was secured. The oak is dark from the action of the water on the vegetable oil, but perfectly sound. Mr. Chapman has placed on one of the panels, in letters of oak, the memorable words of James Lawrence, when he was dying on the bloody deck of the Chesapeake, "Don't give up the ship."

ANTS.—Each ant in an ant hill knows his companions. Mr. Darwin several times carried ants from one hill to another inhabited apparently by tens of thousands of ants; but the strangers were invariably detected and killed. Thinking there might be a family odor by which they were recognized, he put some ants from a very large nest into a bottle strongly perfumed with assafœtida, and placed them in their nest after twenty-four hours. At first they were threatened by their companions, but were soon recognized and allowed to pass.

A teacher, who, in a fit of vexation, called her pupils a set of young adders, on being reproved for her language, apologized by saying that she was speaking to those just commenmencing their arithmetic.

English in the East.

Bayard Taylor, revisiting Egypt after an absence of twenty-two years, notes one striking change. This is the astonishing spread of the English language within the last twenty years, resulting both from the numbers of English and American travellers who visit the East, and the use of the language by travellers of other nationalities. French, which until within the last few years was indispensible, has been slowly fading into the background, and is already less availiable than English for Italy and all the Orient. I was a little surprised in Rome, at being accosted by a native boot-black with, "Shine up your boots?" In Naples, every pedler of canes, coral, photographs, and shell-fish knows at least enough to make a good bargain; but this is nothing to what one meets in Egypt. The bright-witted boys learn the language with amazing rapidity, and are so apt at guessing what they do not literally understand that the traveller no longer requires an interpreter. At the base of Pompey's Pillar to-day a ragged dirty little girl came out of a fellah hut and followed us, crying, "Give me a ha' penny!" All the coachmen and most of the shopkeepers are familiar with the words neccessary for their business, and prefer to use them, even after they see that you are acquainted with Italian or Arabic. The simple, natural structure of the English language undoubtedly contributes also to its extension. It is already the leading language of the world, spoken by ninety million of people (doubling the number of French-speaking races,) and so extending its conquests year by year, that its practical value is in advance of that of any other tongue.

The Mole.

The mole is a first class engineer. His house under the ground is constructed with just as much system as a citadel or castle. There is a central house, from which run several roads; there are galleries around it which connect with the main portion by roads; far below the ground they have dug a large hunting domain, with a great highway leading from the fortress through it. Being very particular in the rearing of its babies, it builds a nursery at some distance from its citadel, where it can educate them in quiet. There is plenty of room for them to play, in the numerous roads, crossing each other at various angles. He bores with his feet, the two fore feet being shaped like a hand, and scoops out the dirt and throws it behind him as he advances forward. His soft, velvet fur does not adhere to dirt, and his very tough skin prevents any sensitiveness in rubbing against the sides of the close fitting hole he has bored. The mole takes night walks in the garden after snails, which he devours. He is a thirsty animal, and constructs several tanks to hold water in his underground home. Frighten him when he is at home, and it is said he will trot as fast as a horse over the very long highways or galleries he has built in his subterranean retreat. He injures root crops and builds up mounds in the meadows against the farmer's oft repeated protests; but after all, the mole is kind to his family, the best of fathers and a very affectionate husband; he will defend them even at the sacrifice of his life. A splendid example to the highest forms of the animal kingdom.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Curious Chinese Custom.

One of the greatest holidays in China is kite-day. This occurs on the ninth day of the ninth month, when the inhabitants of the cities go out upon the hills and spend the day in flying kites; sometimes thirty to forty thousand people are assembled together on one hill, where they engage all day in the beautiful amusement. All classes engage in it, we believe, from the Emperor down to the actor. Taking their kites and going to the hills to fly them on this day is called "ascending on high." The kites are of all sizes and great variety of shape of spectacles, others represent fish, or eels, or a kraken ten to thirty feet long; others are like birds, bugs, butterflies or quadrupeds; some represent men sailing through the air; others are eightsided, in imitation of the eight diagrams invented by one of the early Chinese emperors. To invent a kite is a sign of genius in a ruler or a statesman. On a fine day, when the air is full of these kites, gaudily colored, and in grotesque and beautiful forms, and in queer combinations, the effect is very pleasing. Some of them are adorned with heads of dragons and tigers. The spectator sees in the air what appears to be an immense bird, or a group of hawks; the Chinese show great skill in keeping half a dozen paper hawks going on one string; a very pretty appearance is made by a number of small kites so arranged in the air as to resemble the several blocks in a game of dominoes.

ABOUT WHITEWASHING.—There is nothing a woman is more deeply concerned in than her whitewashing, or nothing she is so conceited about as her own efforts in that line, if it doesn't "streak." To keep it from streaking is her highest ambition, and when she has succeeded, every woman within a mile is dragged in to see it, and her unfortunate husband is forced to admire it until he hurts his neck. Every woman has a natural desire to see her husband whitewash. When she has a job of it on hand she invariably proffers it to him with a strong expression of doubt in his ability to perform it, a distrust he hastens to confirm with cheerful alacrity. Man's antipathy to whitewashing arises mainly from having at some time or other stepped on the handle of a full brush reposing across a pail, and thrown about two quarts of the mixture over himself and the furniture, besides tipping over the pail and emptying its contents in his shoes.

A curious novelty has been introduced at certain Parisian dinner-tables, where everybody wishes to know everybody. It is to have on the back of the menu a short notice of the persons who compose the company.

The Farmer.

HAY.

We find the following very sensible suggestions in the *Germantown Telegraph* on Hay:

Those who live near populous centers have always a great advantage over those at a distance, in the comparative ease with which they can dispose of bulky articles. A man who has a pound of gold dust to sell could get it to the Philadelphia market from the Rocky Mountains at almost the same percentage of cost as another could from North Carolina. There would be very little difference in the profit to each in either case. Not so with a crop of potatoes. The Colorado farmer would not stand the shadow of a chance in Philadelphia with a New Jerseyman. Transportation would eat the whole thing up. So we find that vegetable gardening is generally best near large cities, and the more bulky articles of farm produce are generally those which find the most favor. Of these in the Philadelphia market the hay crop is the most substantial. We doubt whether in a circuit of fifty miles of Philadelphia there is any other crop which as a rule pays better. Yet it is singular that so profitable a crop does not receive more attention from progressive farmers. To be sure enough of "hay" is brought in to supply the general want, but if any one drives through the district we have referred to in the growing season, or even stands on the roads leading to the city, and notes the stuff which goes under the name, he will surely see that there is an immense field for improvement in judicious grass culture.

A year or so ago we ventured to suggest that our agricultural societies might venture to take off a few dollars from the heavy premiums for race horses and devote some little to encouraging the growth of hay, but we have seen no movement in that direction yet. But it should be done. No better agricultural encouragement could be offered than premiums for good, clean hay, with well-authenticated affidavits as to the quantity yielded per acre. In the absence of any such encouragement our farmers would do well to turn their individual attention to it. What is wanted is some system by which pure grass can be raised—grass free from weeds and worthless trash—and more than this, the nature and wants of the grass plant in various soils might be so studied as easily to bring up the crop to at least double that which the land now yields.

Even under the present slovenly system of grass-culture, as we have already said, it pays well and for the reasons given always will pay. We have now and then given some figures showing this, but there can scarcely be too much of such evidence. There are some very good ones in the last number of the report of the Department of Agriculture at Washington. A Bucks county, Pennsylvania, farmer reports the hay product of a farm of 95 acres is on an average of ten years, 42 tons per annum, and in market value $1157. Last year he marketed hay to the amount of $1204, besides keeping twenty-five to thirty horses and cattle. He has done what very few calculators do, charged his farm with interest on its value at $150 per acre, as well as all labor and expenses, and found the farm yielded him a net profit of ten per cent. This to be sure is not much as compared with the profits of some business, but we suppose the living of himself and family is included in "expenses," and if so this is better than the majority of business men can make.

Still with this favorable showing we have no doubt, if the case could be examined, it would be found that even the hay on this farm might be almost doubled by greater care in keeping clean and in the proper feeding and culture of the grass crop.

CELERY.

This delicious and valuable plant can be planted, and ought to be, from now until first of August. But May is a good time for the early crop and July for the late crop. It can be raised with not much trouble, unless the season be very dry and much watering is required. Dig trenches four feet apart, one foot deep and spade wide, the bottom of the trench dig up and cover an inch or two with well-rotted stable manure, or barn yard manure; sprinkle with salt and chop it and intermix well with the soil in the bottom of the trench, and let it remain a week before setting the plants. After a rain, draw your plants, trim the roots and broken and decayed leaves, cut the tops off nearly half the length of the stem and plant in trenches six inches between the plants, water freely, cover the trenches with bushes for a few days from the sun; water every evening until they start to grow. Keep the earth loose about the roots and shave in the sides of the trenches as the plants grow, taking care not to fill in as high as the top of the crown of the plant. Never let it suffer for moisture. Sometimes use liquid manure in the trenches, not on the plants the same also with water made brackish with salt. It is a plant native to sea coasts. An acre in good celery is worth usually $1,000.

This plant should be grown by everybody more extensively, because everybody likes it and it sells high, and it is very valuable for its medical curative qualities. Those who habitually use it, fully appreciate its virtues, one of whom, who is reliable, thus speaks of its great value as a recuperator of health:

"I have known many men, and women too, who from various causes had become so much affected by nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they shook like aspen leaves on windy days, and by a moderate daily use of the blanched footstalk of celery as a salad they became as strong and steady in limb as other people.

"A wet April and a cool May is good for grain and hay," is an old saying, the truth of which may be fully tested this season.