The Democratic Advocate.

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Original Poetry.

THE YEAR THAT IS DYING.

Written for the Democratic Advocate

BY J. S. G.

Whence cometh the moaning and sighing,
Of the winter wind, wearily flying,
Of the north wind, mournfully hieing,
O'er mountains and valleys low lying;
Where it melts into sobbing and crying?
'Tis the breath of a year that is dying.

And wherefore the flickerings of light,
In the eyes of the welkin so bright?
Or why blanch the mountains so white,
Looking haggard and grim with affright?
And the valleys, why hid out of sight?
The year is to die on to-night.

He came to us clad like Apollo,
In a buckler and shield of Aurora;
And at one blow he conquered us through,
Like that warrior scion of Rolla;
But his brief reign hath ended in sorrow,
For his sceptre and hand part to-morrow.

Thus perish the years in rotation,
While another leeps into their station,
As the kings to the throne of a nation;
Thus they pass from existant creation,
Swept off by some fell extirpation,
Like that city in John's Revelation.

Thus the centuries die, one by one dropping,
As when Autumn the lillies is lopping;
Thus the cycles roll on without stopping,
To that gulf where past ages lie rotting;
To that ocean without shore or bottom,
Whose vapours are memories forgotten.

New Oxford, Pa., Dec. 31, 1877.

Select Story.

HALF A LOAF.

A STORY FOR THE TIMES.

"Half a loaf is better than no bread, Charlie."

Little Mabel Castleton said this wistfully, her eyes, as she spoke, wandering to the cradle, where two curly heads were lying.

"But when one has had the whole loaf, May, one does not exactly relish the half rations you mention," said Charlie, moodily. But his eyes followed his wife's to the cosy nest of the twin babies.

"It is a bad time of the year to be out of a situation," said Mable, after a long silence, "and how many of whom we know are idle! It would not be easy to find employment now."

"You think I had better remain with Mr. Mifflin?"

"I do. Tell me exactly what he said to you."

"The substance of what he said was simply this:—Business is so very dull that he is obliged to curtail his expenses, and he must discharge some of his clerks. I have been with him ten years, and he was pleased to say I am very useful to him, and he is very unwilling to part with me. But he can give me but half my present salary, though he promises to raise it when business prospects brighten. I don't know what to do. We are none too rich at my present salary."

"Yet we've saved something each month. Besides, dear, we have not tried to be economical. There are many ways in which I could save."

"And make a perfect slave of yourself."

"Not a bit of it. I have plenty of leisure time, now that May and Bella can amuse each other; come, Charlie, accept Mr. Mifflin's offer. You may hear of something better, even if you remain there; but don't throw yourself out of a situation in winter, for my sake and the children's."

The last argument conquered. Charlie knew too well that it would be almost useless to look for a new situation, for the whole town was echoing Mr. Mifflin's cry of hard times. The small nest-egg in the bank would soon melt away, when it became the sole support of four; and so, kissing Mable, he promised to follow her advice. But it caused his pride a sore wrench.

He had entered the service of his present employer at seventeen, and slowly, steadily gaining favor by dint of faithfully performing every duty, he had won his way to the desk of head clerk. Not until he had secured this position and the handsome salary accompanying it, would he ask Mable to become his wife, furnishing a pretty cottage home from his savings, and giving her a thoroughly comfortable income for housekeeping expenses. He was not extravagant, but it pleased him to see his wife well-dressed, to give her an efficient servant, to have his twin girls ever presentable, his table well appointed. All this had been easy enough upon his salary, and there had been something added for three years to the little bank fund.

But to do all this upon half the present income would be simply impossible. House rent must be paid, and the sum remaining each month would have to be carefully calculated to meet all the expenses, leaving but little for pleasure or extravagance of dress.

"Then, what would Will say?"

Will Castleton was Charlie's cousin, who had been his life-long companion. Together they had left the school-room for a business position, Will entering the grain store of Harvey & Russel, at the same time Charlie had taken the place in Mr. Mifflin's dry good store. Shoulder to shoulder the young men had worked their way up, till this financial crisis had brought all business men into temporary difficulties of greater or less magnitude.

Will had expressed the warmest indignation at the proposal made his cousin, strongly advising him to throw up his situation, and "see how old Mifflin would get along without him," and Charlie, before seeing Mabel, was quite ready to follow his advice.

He knew Will would think him mean spirited to remain upon half salary, and yet Mabel was right, "Half a loaf was better than no bread."

And while Charlie Castleton was thus weighing the pros and cons of his decision, Mr. Mifflin was listening to the counsel of his old friend and chum, the senior partner of the firm that had been Gardner & Mifflin, and who, though he had retired years before, was still the friend and frequent adviser of his former partner.

"It is a mistake, Mifflin," he said. "You had better send young Castleton about his business, and engage an entirely now book keeper. You will find that half-pay means half-service, mark my words."

"But I might search C—— from end to end and not find a clerk competent to take his place."

"Then pay him full salary."

"I cannot do it unless I reduce the number of salesmen, and I am short-handed now. There is but one way to keep my head above water. You see Clark's failure involves me very heavily, and—"

And the worried man of business entered into long explanations of his difficulties not necessary to repeat here.

It touched Charlie Castleton deeply, when entering the counting-house to announce his determination to remain in his old position, to see the face of his employer brighten. He had been sitting in a despondent attitude, looking over the mails, the lines of care strongly marked upon his face. As Charlie spoke the large eyes grew brighter, and he smiled pleasantly as he said:

"Thank you, Charlie. It would have caused me serious embarrassment to lose you, and I am heartily glad you will stay. I trust you will not long be obliged to take a small salary, but circumstances compel me to economize."

"You have been a kind employer to me for ten years," replied Charlie, "and if I am really of any more value to you than another would be in my place, I will not desert you."

And looking into the careworn face that trouble was marking more deeply than age, Charlie resolved to serve Mr. Mifflin more faithfully in his perplexities than in his more prosperous days.

It was not long before the old gentleman felt the sympathy of his young clerk, and looked to him as he had never done before, for advice as well as service. He admitted him to confidential relations, explaining to him the difficulties caused by the failure of other firms, some heavily indebted to the house of John Mifflin, others upon whom he had depended for goods obtained upon credit.

Day by day, as the hard, trying winter wore away the two friends grew faster, and so far from lessening his work, Charlie found himself willingly lifting some of his employer's burden's upon his own shoulders.

He gave more time to business, and was gaining an insight into it of which an opportunity had never before been given him.

And Mabel, at home, was bravely taking her share of the diminished loaf with a smiling face and a cheerful heart. As far as might be she kept from Charlie the knowledge of her domestic economies; but some of them were apparent.

The woman, whose competent aid demanded high wages, was dismissed, and a half-grown girl engaged to mind the babies, while Mabel cooked and washed and ironed and sewed, meeting difficulties with a courageous heart. She had never been a drone in the world's hive, having been a busy little dressmaker before Charlie Castleton won her heart, and took her to preside over his pretty home.

But for three years of her married life she had been much petted, and there were many pleasures to put aside, many dollars well weighed before they were spent.

It was with a heart full of pardonable triumph that the young couple at the end of the year of reduced pay, found they were still out of debt, and had not touched the nest egg in the bank.

"You see, Charlie, we made the loaf go round," said Mabel, as they went carefully over the year's expense book.

"There are no crumbs" he said with a wry face.

"Never mind; it was better than idleness."

"You are right; and there was more than that, Mabel. I have been able to help Mr. Mifflin more than I could have done in our old relations to each other. His perplexities made him long for some one to whom he could speak confidentially, and when the ice was once broken he took me fully into all the business confidences. I could often suggest a way out of difficulty that had not occurred to him, and even when I was of no actual use to him, it was a relief to pour out his troubles to some one who was in full sympathy with him."

"But you have worked very hard, Charlie! I never saw you so tired as you often have been this year, and your face is more careworn than it has ever been."

"Well, it is some comfort to know that business prospects are looking brighter. By closest economy, Mr. Mifflin has managed to meet the obligations he was afraid would ruin him, and there is a good look out for the coming year."

"Will he give you a whole loaf yet, Charlie?"

"Not yet, I think. Never mind. We have held out so far. We will not despond yet."

"Despond! I guess not! I am going to have some of those crumbs you were speaking of, next year. I have learned some valuable lessons in saving."

The second year was certainly not an easy one for Mabel. A wee baby, in addition to the three-year-old twins, kept the mother's hands busy, while there was no decrease in the household work. Many little articles of clothing and housekeeping, too, that lasted well one year, were past service in the second, and it was not so easy to replace them.

Often Mable feared the savings for a "rainy day" must be broken in upon, but she kept all such fears shut up in her own heart, and had always a bright word of cheer for tired Charlie when he came home.

She never told him that the late breakfast that she had planned to let the babies sleep while he ate his early one, comprised none of the little tempting dishes of his own meal, but was literally bread and milk six mornings out of the seven. She never let him know that the reason she suggested his lunch down town, to save the long walk home, was really to save the price of that meal toward the dinner, the dainty little parcel he carried never costing the price of a regular meal for them all.

She did not tell him she was cutting up her own dresses to clothe the twin girls, and sewing busily every leisure moment to keep all the little ones tidy.

And yet there came a day in June, when six months of the second year were almost gone, when she spent the last dollar of the week's money while the week was only half gone. Charley had given her, long before, some signed checks to meet such an emergency, but it was her pride to think that not one had yet been presented at the bank.

She took one from the desk where they had lain so long, and spread it out before her, calculating with puckers on her pretty face, how small a sum she could stretch over the necessary expenses.

"I hate to begin," she said half aloud; "if once we break in upon that money, it will melt away like snow before the sun."

There was no alternative but debt, and Mabel knew that Charlie would never be willing to owe any man a cent while he had a cent with which to pay him. So, with a great sigh, she dipped her pen in the ink to fill out the blank check. Before it touched the paper, however, she paused listening. There was a step in the hall that was not that of the nurse or her charges, a voice ringing out full and clear, calling:

"Mabel! Where are you, May?"

"Here, in my room," she answered. "Oh, Charlie, what is it?"

For the face at the door was so radiant that all care seemed to have slipped from it forever.

"Good news, May! And yet—perhaps I should feel sorry, too, only I did not know him."

"What are you talking about?"

"Did you read this morning's papers?"

"Yes."

"Did you notice the death of Amos Gardner?"

"No. Is that the Mr. Gardner who used to be Mr. Mifflin's partner, before you went into the store?"

"Yes; he was a bachelor, and he has left his whole estate to Mr. Mifflin, except a few legacies. The store will be closed till after the funeral; so we have three days' holiday, May."

"I am glad you will be able to rest."

"But that is not all. Dou you guess the rest?"

"You are to have your old salary again?"

"More than that. Mr. Mifflin took me to his house this morning and told me all his plans. He will enlarge the business, and take on all his old salesmen who are willing to come. He has given me permission to offer a position to Will Castleton, who has been nearly a year out of employment, because he would not accept your theory of 'half a loaf' being 'better than no bread.'"

"I know. Poor Will, I am afraid Maria had a worse year than ours has been, Charlie."

"Nor is this all, May."

"More good news still!"

More still! Mr. Gardner, Mr. Mifflin says, did me some injustice some time, by supposing that I would proportion my work to the decrease in my salary. To atone for this he has left me five thousand dollars."

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Hold on, little woman; he also advised Mr. Mifflin, in their very last interview, to reward me for my 'faithful, disinterested devotion to him in his late difficulties,' by taking me as a partner in the business."

"Charlie! Oh, my Charlie! I must either laugh or cry!" said Mable almost hysterically."

"Laugh, then, by all means! The new firm of Mifflin & Castleton must not be christened by tears, even happy ones; Hurrah! who will say after this that half a loaf is not better than no bread?"

The Strasburg Clock Outdone.

In Reading, Pa. there is now on exhibition, the most wonderful clock in the world. Capt. J. Reid, the owner, claims that it is far more wondrous than the greatest of all clocks, the one at Strasburg, and when he takes it to Paris next spring it will not only open the eyes of the world, but will realize Reid a fortune.

It was conceived and built by Stephen D. Engle, a jeweler and watchmaker, at Hazleton, Pa. He is about forty-five years of age, a married man, with a wife and children, and he was about twenty years in perfecting the clock. Mr. Reid says he paid Engle $5,000 for it, and gave an order for another and much larger one to cost $50,000. Engle never saw the Strasburg clock. In fact he has seen but little of this world, as he has not traveled more than 200 miles from home at any time.

This clock stands eleven feet high. At its base it is about four feet wide and at the top about two. It is about three feet deep at the base, gradually less toward the top. Its colors are dark brown and gold. The Strasburg clock is about thirty feet high, yet its mechanism is not so intricate nor has it as many figures as the Hazleton clock. The Strasburg clock's figures ar about three feet high and the American clock about nine inches. A view of the latter's working, as can be seen at its daily exhibition, is far more satisfactory than that of the Strasburg clock.

The Engle clock shows at the top an apostolic procession, the tempting Satan, Christ, the three Marys, a figure of Justice and a golden cock, that crows after Peter has passed. Three minutes before the hour (any hour in the twenty-four) a pipe organ inside the clock plays a hymn or an anthem. It has five tunes. Bells are then rung, and when the hour is struck the apostolic march commences. Double doors in an alcove open and a figure of Jesus appears. Double doors to the left then open and the apostles appear slowly one by one in procession. As they appear and pass Jesus they turn towards Him. Jesus bows, the apostles turn again and proceed through the double doors in an alcove on the right. As Peter approaches Satan looks out of a window above and tempts him. Five times the devil appears, and when Peter passes, denying Christ, the cock flaps its wings and crows. When Judas Iscariot appears Satan comes down from his window and follows Judas out in the procession, and then goes back and up to his place to watch Judas, appearing on both sides. The Biblical lesson is magnificently illustrated, the figures being carved and colored after a very old and reliable painting. After the procession passed, Jesus and the three Marys disappear and the door is closed. This scene can be repeated seven times in an hour if necessary, and the natural motion of the clock produces it four times per hour, whereas the Strasburg procession is made but once a day at twelve o'clock.

Below the plaza where the procession is made on the Engle clock, is the main dial, about 13 inches in diameter. To its right is a figure of "Time," with an hour glass. Above this is a window, at which appear figures representing youth, manhood and old age. To the left of the dial is a skeleton representing death.

When the hour hand approaches the first quarter, Father Time reverses his hour glass and strikes one on a bell with his scythe, when another bell inside responds, then childhood appears instantly. When the hour hand approaches the second quarter, or half hour, there are heard the strokes of two bells. Then Youth appears and the organ plays a sacred hymn. After this Father Time strikes two and reverses his hour glass, when two bells respond inside. One minute after this a chime of bells is heard, when a folding door opens in the upper porch and one at the right of the court, when the Saviour comes walking out. Then the apostles appear in procession. The clock also tells of the moon's changes, the tides, the seasons, days, and day of the month and year, and the signs of the zodiac, and on top a soldier in armor is constantly on guard, walking back and forward. As the hours advance, Manhood, Old Age and Death take part in the panorama. It is a marvelous work of genius and one that should be seen to be appreciated.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

A New Breed of Cats.—In the little manufacturing village of Queechy, Vt., has arrived a new breed of cats. Last spring they made their first appearance. Several old family cats, all of them quite aged, gave births to litters of kittens of a very peculiar appearance. They were long haired, with large legs and long claws and very heavy tails. One specimen in each litter was raised, so as to see this freak of nature in maturity. At six months of age they are very large. Some of them are striped like a lion, others are quite black. The fur is from three to six inches in length all over the body; a tuft of long hair rims the ears. The head is like that of any cat except the eyes of all of them have a wild or frightened look. At the neck the fur stands out like a wide ruffle, the tail is covered with long fur, and would measure, perhaps, six inches in circumference. All of them are very active, and will spring from the floor to the top of a room eight or nine feet high with perfect ease. When frightened, they are disposed to turn and show fight, and they will not permit much petting. They are probably a cross with some wild animal of the feline race.

French polish may be composed of one pound shellac, two pounds naphtha, three ounces dragon's blood.

Select Poetry.

THE ENTRY OF THE SNOW.

BY R. D. JOYCE.

But soon all soft airs died, and from between
The east and north a strong wind blew full keen
For many a day, and from the steely sky
The sun deceptive let his arrows fly
On bank and brake, and without heat to fall
E'en 'gainst the garden's gleaming southern wall;
And colder still it blew, till one bright morn
It lulled awhile upon the spreading thorn;
The field-fares bickered at the ruddy haw,
And loud the finches chirruped in the trees;
While, high o'er all, in blue, thin columns broke
From the tall chimney-tops the palace smoke.
All things shone crisp and cold, till from the sea,
Between the east and north rose gradually
A great woolly cloud, that grew and grew
Voluminous, till from the ether blue
It blotted out the sun ere evening's hour,
And wrapped the ghostly garden, tree and bower,
In its thick folds obscure. Then from on high,
To earth slow spiralling adown the sky,
The first great feathery snow-flakes made their way,
Till all the garden changed from black to gray,
From gray to white. Then rose the wind again
From the fell north and growled against the pane
And round the house, and each successive blast
As the night fell grew stronger than the last,
Till, as the great whales, gathered in a shoal,
In some far bay anear the shining pole,
Gambol in thunder, while the waters boil
Around them like the Maelstrom's whirling coil,
And high to the sheeted foam-wreaths toss,
So that strong wind among the feathery floss
Of falling snow wallowed the livelong night,
Tumultuous, till at lenght the morning light
Rose calm and clear, and upward sprang the sun,
And with his level beams serenely shone
On the soft snow-robe that lay white and pure
O'er glade and splendid hill and dazzling moor.

Our Olio.

Going to Florida.

Having returned temporarily from a recent visit to Florida, where I located a homestead of United States Government land and acquired during my travels in the northeastern portion of the State a considerable amount of knowledge in relation to matters in that region, I wish to make a statement for the benefit of others who may think of removing to that part of the "Sunny South."

Florida is not the place for a laboring man to move to, nor for poor mechanics, except where their special trades are available for that region, and where they are not liable to have to compete with negro labor in the same line. If a man of family wants to go to try trucking or farming he should have at least $600, as he needs that much if he takes a Government homestead, so that his land only costs him the fees for having it entered and outlined, for he ought to have enough to support him a year, besides buying stock and implements.

If he can build his cabin, clear some ground and fence it, and raise feed enough the first year to give his horse, cow and pigs what is fairly their due, he will be doing right well. For a man or a family to go into the woods to make a home and living with no other capital than their energy and perseverance and a few implements, is to begin a life that is calculated to discourage and dishearten the most sturdy and determined, even when good health is retained. In spite of all said to the contrary, Florida is not a very healthy region, though but few violent or contagious diseases are known. Chills and fever and a few other disorders that are generally found in low, warm countries, where there is more water than there ought to be, abound, and quinine is an article that is in much demand. United States Government lands can hardly be had any more near to towns, railroad stations or steamboat landings, but State lands can be bought very cheap, and some of them in convenient locations. But the way to get land best is to have a few hundred dollars to buy ground that has been occupied, and is partially improved.

Many such places are offered for sale; and, indeed, a person knowing the amount offered by land agents and others might well suppose that half the State was for sale. Florida soil is nearly all sand, and there is very little of it that is healthy enough to live over that will produce a fair amount of corn, cotton, sugar cane or vegetables, without considerable fertilizing. Florida's chief glories are its climate and its fruits. Tropical fruits and northern fruits, with few exceptions, flourish, but oranges are now considered the greatest and most desirable and profitable crop in that line. It requires several years to get an orange orchard into good bearing, and such an orchard or grove, several acres in extent and in good condition, is considered almost as valuable as a good gold mine. On account of facilities for getting supplies and for sending fruits or vegetables to Northern markets, I believe the northeast part of the State is much the most desirable to locate in.

I am confident that this region will become a wealthy and important one within a few years, and that Jacksonville, its principal city, is to become a prominent and populous business centre. Yellow fever has been doing some terrible work this fall at Fernandina, but frost is likely to end its existence very soon now, and I think this will be its last chance to make such ravages, as the knowledge gained by this experience and the improved sanitary and quarantine regulations that will be enforced will keep it out entirely heareafter. The existence of fever at that point should not deter persons at the north from visiting other portions of the State, if they have occasion to do so. When I went down to Jacksonville I expected to go over to the Land Office at Gainesville and attend to the entering of my homestead myself, but after getting there I found the quarantine regulations did not allow free intercourse in that direction. Being in a dilemma and hating delay, I concluded that I would have to seek the services of some one of the land agents there who profess to attend to such matters for parties who want to thus locate. I had been warned of their wiles and devices, but was inclined to talk the matter over with some of them anyhow. Chance led me first into the office of ——, and after talking to him a while, I concluded to give him his fee of $25, to give me the information and pay the land office fees, that would enable me to secure Government lands. I believe this was a wise thing to do, though, had I been more wary and less precipitate, I think I could have secured land in a location that would have suited me better than the land I have. Northern and Western people, with enterprise and capital, are going into Florida pretty fast, and there seems to be some good chances for speculation in lands, as well as the mercantile chances that are incident to an improving country. Good fish are very abundant in all parts of the State, I believe, while venomous insects and reptiles are not sufficiently numerous to amount to much. Where there is society, it appears to be good, and there are few places where the native or ultra Southern element asserts itself with much of its former spirit. It will be but a few years before the State will be entirely controlled by her emigrant population. If very poor men from the Northern cities or States are bound to go either West or South, I suppose they can go more cheaply and do as well in Florida as in the West, as timber is plenty and its genial and winterless climate is a compensation for its thinness of soil. But if such persons go, they ought to realize, at the start, that a hard struggle and a long course of severe self-denial is before them.

Lumbering in California.

The lumber interest and the lumbermen sustain Glenbrook and all the neighboring settlements. They are seen nearly everywhere in this beautiful region, which, once clothed from head to foot in pines, is being denuded to supply the Comstock mines with fuel for their hoisting apparatus and supports for their excavations. Penetrating a pine forest in its heart, we find an industrious gang of vandals blasting trees out of beds upon which a tangle of roots seems to have fastened for eternity; and, standing upon the foot-hills, we hear the sibilant grind of the saw mills, the crash of axes and the dull reverberations of the blast. Following one of the many devious wagon roads—one out of use, for instance—we come to a great gap, where a deserted cabin and a curious litter of chips and shavings represent a forest sacrificed; following another road still in use, we discover the lumbermen at work carrying the havoc farther.

On one side of Lake Tahoe a steam railway several miles long is used exclusively in the transportation of logs to the shore; the logs are towed in immense rafts across the water to Glenbrook, where they pass through the saw mills; and thence another steam railway, also used exclusively in the lumber service, extends to the summit of the divide. Down the eastern slope of the mountains, leading to the Carson river, flumes twenty and thirty miles long are carried over valleys and ravines on high trestlework bridges, and the wood is floated through them over another stage of its journey toward the mines.

One morning as I was riding through the Truckee canon, a great wave and a cloud of spray leaped from the river into the air some distance in front of me. I went a few paces farther, when, by the merest chance, my eye caught what was intended to be a sign—the lid of a baking powder box tacked to a pine stump, and inscribed with dubious letters, "Look out for the logs!' In which direction the logs were to be looked out for was not intimated, and I paused a moment in uncertainty as to whether security depended on my standing still or advancing. Suddenly my mule shied round, and a tremendous pine log, eighty or one hundred feet long and about five feet in diameter, shot down the almost perpendicular wall of the canon into the river, raising another wave and an avalanch of spray.

This was to me a new phase of the lumber industry. A wide, strong, V-shaped trough, bound with ribbons of iron which had been worn to a silvery brightness by the friction, was laid down the precipice; and out of sight on the plateau above some men were felling the trees, which they conveyed to the river in the expeditious manner aforesaid.—*Appleton's Journal.*

The Hunted Fox.

The following anecdote is vouched for by a Scottish clergyman, nephew of the old lady who befriended poor Reynard:

Many stories have been told to illustrate the extraordinary sagacity, or what is commonly, but I think unfairly, called the cunning, of the fox. The singular shifts and devices resorted to by that clever animal to fling the hounds in pursuit of him off the scent or to escape their fury, have often excited my admiration, and I confess that in reading the details of a fox chase my sympathy always goes with the pursued, not with the pursuer. There is one anecdote of a fox saving his life by a bold and happy stroke, which I know to be perfectly authentic, and have much pleasure in now putting on record. One day, during the hunting season, a lady was sitting in the dining room of an old mansion-house in the southwest of Scotland, when she suddenly heard the sound of hounds and horn, and perceived that the chase was passing not far from her door. In a few minutes she was startled by the crash of a broken pane in the section of the bow window near which she was sitting. Looking round she saw that the damage had not been done by any stone or ball that had struck the glass but by the hunted fox, which had thus made a desperate dash for safety. Reynard was in the room, perfectly worn out with fatigue, and seemed piteously to implore protection. The lady of the mansion would not have been a woman had she not sheltered the poor animal who had flung himself upon her mercy. She instantly opened a wall-press in the room, and, as she pointed to the bottom of it, the fox entered and allowed himself to be securely shut in. The shutter was closed upon the broken pane, and a few hounds that appeared in front of the house, after running suspiciously about for a little, were called off to join the pack. The lady from her window had the satisfaction of seeing the huntsmen at some distance digging away for half-an-hour at a covered drain in which they suspected the fox had taken refuge, and through which he had probably passed. After their fruitless search "the field" went off disappointed, having had a capital run, but lost their fox. Meanwhile "the villain," as some of the sportsmen called him, lay safe in his snug quarters. He was allowed to remain in the house all night, and in the morning he was offered by his kind protector a good breakfast of porridge and milk, of which he heartily partook. The worthy Scotch lady, in telling the story, used to conclude by saying that when the fox had finished his breakfast, "he waggit his tail and gaed his ways."—*Leisure Hour.*

How Greenback Paper is Made.—All the paper for the money issued by the United States government is manufactured on a sixty-two inch Fourdrinier machine, at Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine, blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side on which the blue silk is dropped is the one used for the face of the notes, and from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded by officials night and day to prevent the abstraction of any paper.—*Paper Trade Journal.*

The Drone.—The man who is able to work and does not, is to be pitied as well as despised. He knows nothing of sweet sleep and pleasant dreams. He is a miserable drone, and eats a substance he does not earn. Perhaps he thinks it is not genteel to work. His kind of gentility is the most worthless and contemptible of all gentility. Had not those before him, near or remote, toiled hard, the degenerate son or daughter would be compelled to earn their bread instead of being a bogus aristocracy upon property they never earned. One generation labors hard to accumulate dollars and cents for a generation of simpletons to squander.

Strange Phases of Human Nature.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley lectured at Mount Vernon Place Methodist Episcopal Church recently on "Strange Phases of Human Nature." The lecturer is a prominent Methodist minister of New York, and entertained a large audience for two hours, illustrating his subject with many interesting facts. He said there is a science of the stars, of the plants, the animals, but no science of human nature. There are sciences which are called sciences of human nature. Phrenology is one of these. I never saw a man with a large head who did not believe in phrenology, nor a man with a small head and retreating forehead, like the top of a gothic church, who did not scout at it. I once believed in phrenology, but as I grew older I saw its fallacies. I was at a meeting in Boston when three unknown men and one known as a great speaker were to make addresses. The three unknown consumed the time, while I noticed a man on the platform very uneasy and restless. He was the great man all came there to hear, and he had a head about the size of a cocoanut. I have seen men of wonderful enegry or great eloquence with heads no bigger than a twelve-year old boy's. I have seen a man of extraordinary hardness and power of muscle, and his arms felt like those of a small and delicate man. Life insurance agents will tell you that the tables of longevity enable them to estimate the probable length of life, but I said to a distinguished man in South Carolina who had lived to be very old, "what wonderful vitality you must have?" "No, sir," said he, "If I had I would never have outlived the three generations that I have; I would not have husbanded my little vitality as I have done. Sixty years ago an important case was not put in the hands of a young lawyer in Baltimore, because it was thought he would not live the five or six years the case might last. That lawyer lived to see buried the judges, jury and lawyers who tried the case and the witnesses, and to become chief justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, with a voice too weak to be heard six yards."

Mr. Lincoln, who was 6 feet 4¼ inches high, and Mr. Douglas, who was 5 feet 4 inches, stumped Illinois for the Senatorship. The discussion made Douglas Senator and Lincoln President. In one of their debates Mr. Lincoln, pointing to Douglas, said, "The way of the wicked is short." Mr. Douglas, in reply said, "When the people saw through the wicked schemes of his opponent they would cry 'how long, O Lord, how long.'" [Laughter.]

The lecturer referred to Alexander H. Stephens as one of the greatest intellects and smallest men physically he knew. Lincoln, seeing him take off his coat, said that was the biggest shuck from the smallest ear of corn ever seen. Father Hyacinthe, the most magnificent orator of the prepared kind he ever heard, is 5 feet 3 inches high. In the portrait galleries of Europe one-third only of the great men look great. Julius Cæsar, the greatest intellect of his time, was insignificant looking and subject, like Mahomet, all his life to epileptic fits, which are supposed to denote feebleness of mind. The largest proportion of handsome women and fine-looking men to be found are represented in the rogues' gallery of counterfeiters and other criminals in Washington. The lecture embraced a great many more striking facts about dreams, spiritualism, &c.

WORK.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

If we were asked, what is the one thing which more than any other is the basis of true self-respect? our answer would be work. We do not see how any idle person can respect himself. An idle person may be proud, he may be vain, he may be arrogant, but self-respectful never. And as self-respect is the parent of all manly enterprises, so is idleness the parent of all vice.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop."

Why? Because self-respect cannot abide in such quarters. We have all of us noticed the new light that comes into a young man's face, the new grace that marks his general bearing, when the doubtful period between school days and active life is bridged over, and he is fairly on his new career, whatever that may be. We have noticed in that doubtful period, what a strain there was on his self-respect, in what fearful jeopardy it was sometime; and even in after life, if ere the time has come when a man feels that he can retire from business with a good conscience, he is thrown out of business, how easy it is for him to lose tone, to get "down to hell," to feel himself generally out of place and out of tune. Work a curse? It is the greatest of all blessings. The necessity which enforces it is the most beneficial of all necessities.

Not work merely, but faithful and efficient work, is the ground of self-respect. We can go in a treadmill if the mill makes something go; if it helps on the world's work and benefit.

Our work may not be efficient, it may have to be done over again by other hands, but we must have faith in efficiency. We must at least believe that our failure will hasten the ultimate success, or self-respect, will utterly refuse to wait on our endeavors. The work done may be great or little, but if it is our best, it need never make us ashamed.

But besides work there must be good economy. It is necessary of self-respect that one shall at least feel that he could paddle his own canoe if at any time his painter should fail by those who now have him in tow. It is almost fatal to our self-respect to feel that we are dependent for our daily bread on friendly benefactors. The bread of charity, however kindly given, has something bitter in it, till we find we can get along without it. But independence sweetens every gift.

Chincoteague Island.—Chincoteague Island contains about 2,500 inhabitants, who make their living by the oyster trade. In former years the raising and sale of ponies was a very profitable business, but at this time the pony business has dwindled down to the small end of nothing. The penning consists of a few boys and young men mounted on ponies or horses going out and driving up about 40 or 50 ponies, which drive as readily as any other colts would do out of a clover field. When they are impounded, each owner wants about three prices for his colts; and all colts over two years old, if you ask the owners the questions, will tell you that they have been ridden. The ponies now on the Island have been so intermixed with larger horses that nearly all the pony qualities of twenty years ago have disappeared, and now you find a stunted, half-grown horse, who ekes out a miserable existence by subsisting upon the salt grass and fighting the mosquitoes.—*Dover Sentinel.*

Sour Stomach.—A sufferer from want of appetite and sour stomach can be greatly benefited by leaving all medicines alone and for a time existing entirely on milk and lime water; a teaspoonful of lime water to a tumbler of milk.

The Farmer.

Improved Method of Wintering Cows.

Mr. Linus W. Miller of Stockton, New York, an experienced dairyman, advocates, in a pamphlet entitled, "Meal Feeding and Animal Digestion," a system of feeding cows during winter which involves the use of but three quarts of meal per day. He asserts that this amount of good Indian meal, fed under proper conditions, is more than the equivalent for all the good hay a cow can be coaxed to eat; that the animal does not need to have its stomach distended with a great bulk of woody fibre, which imposes upon the system a large amount of extra mechanical work both in the process of digestion and remastication; that, in brief, bulk in food is not advantageous but to the contrary, and that nutriment in food governs the condition and health of the animal, and that condensation of nutriment is true economy. Mr. Miller has conducted physiological investigations into the functions of the four stomachs of the cow, whence it appears that meal follows the same course as herbaceous food, and stays longer in the rumen than coarse food, while it also digests more thoroughly than when the energies of the stomach are divided between meal and coarse herbage.

Whatever may be the correct theory in this regard, results of actual practice appear to bear out Mr. Miller's views. The report of a committee appointed to examine into the system by the Western New York Dairymen's Association shows the following facts: The examination was conducted upon Mr. Miller's herd of Chatauqua county native cows, the average live weight of which was nine hundred pounds. The herd were fed exclusively upon corn meal for seven weeks, each animal, according to its digestive capacity, making an average of about three quarts of meal per day for each cow. The animals did not ruminate, did not manifest so much desire for food as cows fed on hay alone in the usual way, a little less than they will eat, showed no signs of unrest or suffering; and at the time of going back to hay, the cows had neither lost or gained flesh. After returning to hay, their stomachs filled and ruminating went on normally, healthy calves were dropped, and when turned to grass the animals took on flesh faster than those wintered in the usual way. Their daily yield of milk was twenty-nine pounds, three ounces, or one pound eleven ounces per cow more than that of any other herd sent to the same cheese factory.

As regards the economy of meal feeding, Mr. Miller points out that one bushel of corn, ground and tolled, will last an ordinary sized cow of nine hundred pounds weight, twelve days, and is equal to two hundred and forty pounds of hay. Corn at sixty cents per bushel is, therefore, the equivalent of hay at $5 per ton of two thousand pounds, and where it can be had at that rate the cost of wintering the animals will range from $7 to $10 according to coldness and length of the foddering season. But hay, as a rule, costs at least $10 per ton and frequently much more, hence the estimated saving by meal feeding is placed at from $5 to $20 per animal, according to the respective prices of corn and hay.—*Scientific American.*

How Much Wheat can be Grown upon an Acre of Ground.—The maximum yield of wheat upon an acre of ground is one of the unsolved problems in agriculture. Now and then we read of fifty bushels having been raised, but when the matter is looked into closely and evidence demanded, it turns out in most cases to be an estimate and not an exact measurement of a whole acre. During the last season the papers reported forty to forty-five bushels of Clawson wheat to the acre in New York and Michigan, but whether these are estimates or exact measurements nobody knows. The largest yield comes from Eaton county, Michigan, and is reported in the Michigan *Farmer* by the grower himself, Mr. Charles Wallington. He reports fourteen hundred and sixty-six bushels of Delhi wheat on thirty-two and one-half acres—of which one hundred and thirty bushels were gathered from two acres, being sixty-five bushels to the acre! If this return of Mr. Wallington be correct, it is worthy of some serious reflection by farmers. If Mr. W. can raise sixty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, other farmers can do the same; and if sixty-five bushels can really be grown upon an acre of ground, it is certainly very poor policy for farmers to be content with growing one third, or even one-half that quantity per acre, which is above the average yield.

Jersey Heifers.—In answering the question, "At what age ought Jersey heifers to be bred?" T. J. Hand says in the *Monthly Bulletin* of the American Jersey Cattle Club: "Following the commonly received opinion that the best age for a heifer to come into profit with her first calf is two years, I had my young heifers served at 14 to 16 months old, without regard to the season of the year at which they would calve. It has gradually dawned upon me, through the slow teachings of experience, that it is much more important to have them on good succulent grass for a month or longer while making their first bag, that the milk secretion may be stimulated to the utmost and the udder developed as much as possible; and now I time the service so as to have them come in June or early in July; or, skipping the heat and drought of August, to calve in September, the age being, if unavoidable, as young as 19 months, or as old as 30 months. If we want fall or winter cows, let us take older ones whose qualities have been already established. If I am right in this it deserves the attention of beginners."

Firm Butter Without Ice.—From W. P. Hazard's treatise on butter and butter making, we take the following: In families, or where the dairy is small, a good plan to have butter cool and firm without ice, is by the process of evaporation, as practiced in India and other warm countries. A cheap plan is to get a very large size porous earthen flower pot with an extra large saucer. Half fill the saucer with water, set it in a trivet or light stand—such as is used for holding hot irons will do—upon this set your butter; over the whole invert your flower pot, letting the top rim of it rest in and be covered by the water; then close the hole in the bottom of the flower put with a cork; then dash water over the flower pot, and repeat the process several times a day or whenever it looks dry. If set in a cool place, or where the wind can blow on it, it will rapidly evaporate the water from the pot, and the butter will be as firm and cool as if from an ice house.

Early maturity is the chief point in breeding animals for market now, and the chief thing to calculate for, is to have stock that will make the most weight in the shortest time, and on the least food.

Whipping Horses.

Human nature and brute nature are much more alike than people generally imagine, and if we were to apply the same general rules in the government of animals which actuate us in the control of children and grown persons our success would be much more certain, while the process would be far more agreeable to all concerned. If we desire a wayward child to do thus and so, we do not take a raw-hide and lash him but we simply indicate our wishes in an intelligent manner, and point out the reason why certain proclivities must not be indulged in. As soon as the child clearly understands, ten to one it is ready to obey. It is precisely the same with colts and horses, only we cannot indicate plainly by words what we desire, we should resort to ingenious but always patient management. The whip is the parent of stubbornness in a high spirited animal while gentleness will win obedience, and at the same time, attach the animal to us.

It is the easiest thing imaginable to win the affection of animals, and especially of horses. An apple, a potato, or a few lumps of sugar given from the hand, now and then, will cause the horse to prick up ears at the sound of his owner's footstep, not with fear, but a low, whinnying note of pleasure. The confidence of the noble beast thus gained, will lead him to obey the slightest intelligent tone of voice or indication of the bit. There is no such thing as balkiness to be found in a horse thus treated; he shows a desire to obey, whereas a few lashes of the whip, smartly applied, if he be a horse worth having, will arouse in him a spirit of retaliation and stubbornness that may cost the owner hours of trouble, and possibly danger to life and limb. Horses are made gentle by kindness. They "believe" in the master they love and his voice will calm them in a moment of fear or induce them to struggle forward even when overladen, and when a whip would be sure to bring them to a stubborn standstill.

No man knows the true value of the horse until he has won his regard and confidence, as it were. The whip will never do it. A kind hand and gentle voice will act like magic; thus we have known women who could handle and drive horses that would almost inevitably show some vicious traits in the hands of a male driver. These facts apply especially to the rearing and training of young colts, something which the Arabs understand better than we do. They do not "break" their colts; they adapt them; they fondle them from their birth and pet them always. An Arab would as soon strike his wife or his daughter as his horse, and no other animals in the world are fleeter, more enduring or more obedient.

Cultivation of Potatoes.

B. K. Bliss, a large cultivator, says: "Many farmers still continue to plant from three to five eyes to the hill. In our opinion this is a mistake, and the last few years confirms our opinion. Potatoes cut *carefully* to a single eye, the hills, perhaps, a trifle closer, will yield a larger crop than the careless way of throwing in seed by the wholesale. Two good eyes to the hill, with a proper proportion of flesh to each eye, will produce a far larger crop of merchantable tubers than two whole ones; will yield from one-third to one-half more in weight—an item of no small consequence, to say nothing of the saving of one-half the seed. If very early potatoes are desired the eyes should be cut carefully and placed in a box with the eyes up close together on three or four inches of soil with two or three inches on them and placed near the stove, so that as soon as the garden can be worked they may be planted out when the eyes will be large and green and two to four inches long. If there is danger of frost after they are up they should be covered with earth. In this way I have new potatoes before the middle of June to eat with green peas. Or, which will be found almost equally as well, the potatoes may be taken from the cellar and exposed to the light in a warm place, when the eyes will start vigorous and strong and ready to put out nearly as early. It is claimed that all potatoes for planting out should be thus treated, thereby securing not only an earlier but a larger crop."

Now is the time of the year when carriage tops need to be softened with oil to prevent their cracking, as they surely will unless they are made pliable. We have found fresh butter—that is butter before it has been salted—to be excellent for this purpose. It is also good for harness. If put on warm and well rubbed in, it will improve both the looks and condition of a leather top wonderfully. It is also much cheaper then neats-foot oil, and can always be had by speaking to the housewife in time. Castor oil is a much cheaper and better lubricator for wagon axles than the machine oils; it will wear longer. A little pot grease free from salt, or fresh lard, rubbed on the polished surfaces of plows and cultivators after they have been washed clean, will save a good deal of time in the spring; and, moreover, they will wear and last longer, as rust on iron is just so much decay. We can grease all of our tools of this kind in less than an hour, and experience has taught us it is time profitably spent.

Cracked Pears.—Mr. C. C. Muller, of West Philadelphia, Pa., tells the Germantown *Telegraph* how he prevented his pears from rusting, becoming hard and cracking. He says: "For the last two years I have sowed salt around the trunks of the trees, enough to make the ground white, and the result is, I have no more flinty, hard cracked pears, and my White Doyennes have regained their plump size and beautiful rosy blush. I write this for the benefit of all who like perfect fruit. I have no doubt the mystery lies at the roots, salt being death to all the worm tribe. I believe if salt was applied to all apple orchards it would be as effectual as scalding now is to pear trees. I apply the salt but once a year, and whitewash the trees with a strong salt pickle to prevent it washing off."

The importance of means of saving liquid manures is apparent from the fact that in every 100 pounds of cows' urine there are sixty-five pounds of water, five pounds of urea, five pounds of phosphate of lime, twelve pounds of sal-ammoniac and murate of potash, and ten pounds of carbonate of potash, and ammonia. While the solid excrements from one cow during the year will manure half an acre, the liquid matter properly applied would fertilize three times that amount.

Recipe for Hog Cholera.—The Belair, Md., *Democrat* says: One ounce of assafœtida and one ounce best whisky; mix thoroughly and give as a drench. Take one pint of common whiskey and one dozen long red peppers; heat and rub well with a stiff brush. If the first dose and rubbing does not give relief, repeat in six hours; continue the rubbing at intervals until a perfect irritation is produced on the surface of the skin.