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THE WEEK PAST.

IN ten years the screw has entirely replaced the paddle in transatlantic navigation, the weight of marine engines has diminished one-half, the steam pressure quadrupled, and the consumption of coal has decreased two-thirds.

THE official statistics of the northern Presbyterian church show that it has thirty-six synods, one hundred presbyteries, 4,744 churches, 5,077 ministers, 535,216 communicants, and 555,347 Sunday school scholars. It raised last year $9,810,283.

IT is a common thing when a screw or staple becomes loose to draw it out, plug up with wood and re-insert. But screws and staples so secured soon come out again. I has been found that a much better way is to fill up the holes tightly with cork. Screws and irons so secured will remain perfectly tight as long as when put into new wood.

THE bill concerning the Washington monument, which has now become a law, provides that the sum of $200,000 shall be appropriated, but that the expenditure of this amount must run through four years; that is to say, only $50,000 shall be expended yearly. As it is estimated that it will take $400,000 to complete the work, at the rate named it will be eight years hence before the shaft is finished.

A NUMBER of Canadian cricketers visited Philadelphia last week to engage in a friendly contest at cricket with the Germantown club. The Canadians were inspired with the idea that they had been selected by Providence to exhibit the beauties of the game to the Yankees. But they soon discovered their mistake. The Americans went to the bat at eleven o'clock, and at six o'clock had scored three hundred and fifty-six runs, and not been put out. The Canadians left the next day in disgust, without finishing the game.

ABOUT eleven years ago the last cannibal feast was held in Kandavu, one of the Fiji islands. The remains of the pits in which the bodies were burned are still to be seen, and the "chairman" at the banquet is not only alive, but has the honor to represent on the island in an official capacity her majesty queen Victoria. We regret that no journal of that period has preserved a record of the speeches that were made and the songs that were chanted on that occasion, but we doubt not that "the feast of reason" which took place was accompanied with all the hilarity that was suitable.

A BLIND Swiss girl, who is an adept at fine needlework, recently sent to the emperor of Germany a table-cover exquisitely worked with her own hands, and to avoid the appearance of having sent the present in expectation of getting something in return, she omitted her address, and simply signed herself, "A Blind Girl in Switzerland." The old monarch was so pleased with the gift and the manner of sending it, that he he caused the German minister in Switzerland to ascertain the girl's name and address, whereupon he sent her a valuable brooch and an autograph letter of thanks.

SIR JOSEPH WHITMORE recently exhibited three hexagonal steel plates at the Kensington museum, which were so accurately planned that when one was placed on the other it glided about as if floating, and when one was dropped on another a "cushion" of air deadened the metallic sound, while, when the air was squeezed out, the contact was so close that the lower plate adhered to the upper when raised. He next made a measurement of 1-200,000th of an inch with a machine which, at a certain temperature, will measure the millionth of an inch, and lastly showed the tensile strength of steel, a specimen of which bore a strain of seventy-five tons to the square inch, without breaking. For bridges, etc., only five tons strain to the square inch, are required for safety; for guns, forty tons; for shells, fifty-five tons.

THE postal card has been the source of more worry to the postmasters than one would suppose could have been got out of a bit of pasteboard. First, the clerks were ordered under no circumstances to read anything but the address, and then immediately after were directed to stop any card of a disreputable nature, though how they were to find that out without reading it nobody knew. And then the country postmaster finds that they gave him a great deal to do. The writing is often bad, and he gets the gossip of the neighborhood hopelessly mixed. Occasionally, as we have heard of the postmaster doing, he calls in outside assistance to help him untangle some twisted sentence or semi-legible word. The latest thing in postal cards, however, is the frankness of a yankee postmaster, who ran out from his wayside station the other day, flourishing a card and calling out to a lady as she drove up to a lady friend, "You'd better read it! She ain't comin'!"

THE "personals" in the papers published a hundred years ago were as piquant as any printed in our own day. Even Martha Washington was mentioned in a London Journal as having separated from her husband thus: "Mr. Washington, we hear, is married to a very amiable lady, but it is said that Mrs. Washington, being a warm loyalist, has separated from her husband since the commencement of the present troubles, and lives, very much respected in the city of New York." The following is from some newspaper of the day: Thirteen is a number peculiarly belonging to the rebels. A party of naval prisoners lately returned from Jersey say that the rations among the rebels are thirteen dried clams per day; that Mr. Washington has thirteen toes on his feet (the extra ones have grown since the declaration of independence), and the same number of teeth in each jaw; that the sachem Schuyler has a top-knot of thirteen stiff hairs, which erect themselves on the crown of his head when he grows mad; that it takes thirteen congress paper dollars to equal one penny sterling; that 'Polly' Wayne was just thirteen hours in subduing Stony Point, and as many seconds in leaving it; that a well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be generals and members of the high and mighty congress of the United States when they attain thirteen years; that Mrs. Washington has a mottled tom-cat (which she calls, in a complimentary way, 'Hamilton') with thirteen rings around his tail and that his flaunting it suggested to the congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."

A PET dog of good size, belonging to a wealthy gentleman in New York, was buried in his master's lot in Greenwood cemetery last week by an undertaker. A burial permit had to be obtained for him at headquarters, and the usual price for opening a grave was paid.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

"Wait but a little, sweetheart," you said—
Her fine hair under your finger tips,
Watching the droop of her fair young head
And the death-white curve of her quivering lips—
"Wait till the violet beds are filled
By the bountiful hand of the maiden spring;
Wait till the birds are beginning to build;
Wait till the brooks are beginning to sing.

"Wait with a song in your heart, my girl,
For the life I bear in the land so new—
A life as pure as the purest pearl
And white as a lily because of you.
And, oh! remember that come what may,
Ere the robin's call to her mate is heard,
I shall lean to the light of your eyes and say,
'Your nest is waiting, my wounded bird.'"

Hard was the snow on the hills that day,
Winds were cruel as want of war,
The sky was sullen and cold and gray,
And ships were wrecked on the harbor bar,
And, "Oh, but, my love, my love and mine,
Whithersoever your way may be,
My heart shall cling to your faith divine
Till his pulse is under the dust!" said she,

And so you parted. The desolate days
Went loitering on to the longed-for time,
When all the glittering garden ways
Were red with roses and rare with rhyme
The birds were merry in every tree,
The wind sang high and the brooks sang low,
And the ships sailed cheerfully out to sea,
And the sea was summer's in foam and flow.

And she—your darling? I smooth her hair,
But words fall back from my pitying lips,
[illegible]
To poison your life in a long eclipse?
Heaps a picture. She bids me say
Your faith had failed her (God help you friend!)
But added, "Bury my face his way;
He will know I loved him unto the end."

DEACON H.

"The greatest of these is charity."

The morning meal was completed; and as Deacon H. took his Bible for the usual devotions, he cast a satisfied glance around the room, and on the faces of the rosy-cheeked little group that surrounded the table.

The chapter chosen was the thirteenth of First Corinthians. "Faith, hope, charity," read the deacon at its close, "but the greatest of these is charity." Then followed a long prayer, in which the deacon, after giving the Lord various bits of information concerning matters of which it was quite essential He should be cognizant, earnestly invoked the graces of the Spirit, and solicited help for the duties of the day.

"Stop a moment, husband," said Mrs. H., as the deacon, at the close of the exercise, was preparing to leave the room.

"I forgot to mention that Mrs. Connor called here yesterday. She wants to know if you can find a place in your store for her eldest boy. Poor woman! she is in great distress. I inferred from what she said that her husband is drinking again; and her boy has for weeks been vainly seeking for work. I gave her some sewing, for which she seemed very grateful, though she looks too feeble to do much."

The complacent smile that had been playing on the deacon's face suddenly changed to a gloomy frown.

"Take that drunkard's boy into my store, Mary?" I wonder at the woman's presumption. 'Like father, like son,' is a true saying; I'll have no vagabonds around me."

"But James is a bright, active boy, husband, and is surrounded by the right influences I doubt not he will do well. Surely the family should not suffer for the father's faults. Could you have seen the anxiety of the poor mother, you would try in some way to aid her. It made my heart ache to look at her sad, worn face. Do, husband, consider the matter. I cannot bear to tell her you will not try her son."

"Then do not go near her," was the harsh reply. "It is no place for such as you; if they are suffering the town will look out for them. I have enough to do to attend to my own affairs. If you have work for her, give it to her and pay her for it. These drunkards are perfect pests; it is useless trying to reform them. Now, I presume Conner has signed the pledge half a dozen times, but what good does it do?"

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind," repeated Mrs. H., softly. "I believe you read that this morning and this verse also: 'The greatest of these is charity.' Do these passages mean anything?"

"Mean anything? of course they do," angrily replied her husband; "but they don't mean that I should support every drunkard's family. You women take everything liberally, and I really believe you'd give away your last penny; but my money is my own, and I shall use it as I please," and shutting the door in a very undeaconlike manner, the angry man hastily left the house.

"The silver and gold are mine; I shall require mine with usury," sadly murmured the wife.

Deacon H. and his wife were specimens of that strange dissimilarity of character that is so often seen in married life. He, although an officer in the church, and active, so far as talking and praying were concerned, was extremely penurious, giving to benevolent objects just as little as was possible for one in his position.

With the poor and unfortunate he had no sympathy; he had been successful, why could not they be? How such a man ever became an officer in the church one might well ask. But the fact only proves that the wisest and the best are not always selected for offices so important.

His wife, as before intimated, was just the opposite. Many a dollar found its way from her purse into the channels of benevolence. The heart of many a sad, weary child of poverty was lightened by her sympathy and aid. "She is doing her own duty, and her husband's also," was often the remark of those who witnessed her quiet, unobtrusive deeds of charity.

In a very different dwelling from the commodious one of Deacon H., a dwelling so poor and dilapidated that the winds of heaven gained easy admission, there sat a pale, care-worn woman, busily sewing; while over a few dying ember shiveringly hovered two little scantily-clothed girls. The room was bare of almost every comfort; and a casual glance was sufficient to show that gaunt poverty had taken up its abode there.

"Oh, mother, can't we have a little more fire?" pleaded Susy, the youngest, whose thin little face wore such a wistful, hungry look, that it added a new pang to the mother's heart. "It is so cold here," and the tears began rapidly to course down the faded cheeks.

"Hush, hush, dear, mother is sorry for her little girl; come here and wrap my dress around you, perhaps it will give a little warmth. James will soon be here; I wouldn't wonder if he has some good news for us; and the poor mother sought to smile into the wan, tear-stained face, as she drew her dress closely around the little one. At that moment the door opened, and a boy entered, drew a chair to the hearth, and strove to impart a little warmth to his chilled hands.

"Well, my son, what news and though the smile on her face was sad and forced the poor mother endeavored to speak cheerfully.

"The same old story, mother; nobody wants a boy—at least nobody wants me—so we must all starve, I suppose. Oh, if father would only be different! What shall we do?" and the boy, leaning his head on his clasped hands, sobbed in agony.

"My son, my son," wailed the poor woman as she laid aside her work and drew the boy's head on her lap. "Don't Jimmy, don't! there must surely be help for us. God will not utterly forsake us."

"Then why don't He send us help? I went into deacon H's store, and though one of the clerks said they needed a boy, the decon wouldn't take me because father drinks. He said he wanted a respectable boy in his store. The hard-hearted old miser! If he's got religion, I don't want any of it."

"It isn't religion that causes him to be so unkind, my son; it is the want of it, rather. Look at his wife, if you wish to know what religion can do. You are not to blame for your father's acts; and no good man will ever think the less of you for them. But cheer up; you know you are mother's principal stay and hope; she cannot bear to see her boy so sad. Here is Mrs. H. now; who knows but she has found a place for you?"

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Conner," said that lady, entering the room; "I have good news for you; but have you no wood? this must not be; you will perish in this bitter weather. I will send some this very afternoon. Poor little girls," glancing pitifully at the shivering children, "how cold you look, come here and wrap these furs around you. Well, James, I have found you a place at last. Farmer B. says you are just the boy for him; and, Mrs. Conner, I have seen some of the reform boys, who have promised to do all they can for your husband. They say he wouldn't have boken his pledge, had it not been for the solicitations of that miserable man at the corner. But the boys will watch him more closely for the future; and I am convinced better days are in store for you."

"God bless you, God bless you," sobbed the poor woman, grasping the lady's hand, while the tears coursed silently down her cheeks. "God will reward you; we never can."

"The greatest of these is charity." Oh that charity, that world-wide, all embracing charity. That love to God and love to man. Would to God there were more of it.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR WIFE'S LOVE.

[illegible] advice in the last Weekly Times. She practices—morally—on the allopathic principles of "opposites:"

Resolve firmly from the start that you will never coax your wife to love to you—as you would a child—with sugar-plums.

In society, treat her—no, don't treat her at all; pay no attention to her, but devote yourself with exclusive zeal to the entertainment of the young ladies present, and leave her to take care of herself. This course will win you not only their respect and hers, but undoubtedly that of the entire company—for only fools in these days expect a man to play lover to his wife.

Should your wife receive a show of attention from some other masculine, become a fiend of jealousy at once, and make her life miserable at home by unjust accusations and violent expostulations against such unseemly conduct in your wife. Or, if you are a different sort of man, act the part of a dog in the manger—never take your wife anywhere yourself, nor allow her if you can help it (and I hope you can't) to go with any one else. Should her love not appear to increase under such persuasive treatment, be still more demonstrative—catch up the carving-knife occasionally and flourish it threateningly over her shrinking head, or practice violent "laying on of hands" upon her—nothing more effective than man's main strength for holding a woman's love.

Never give up a single one of your bachelor habits—smoke your dozen or more cigars every day, go to your club, treat all the "fellows" you meet, belong to a half dozen lodges and continue all your other pet vices, and then never fail to remark as you hand your wife her weekly allowance—which, of course, you have scrimped down to the last penny, as becomes your manly generosity—that at this rate of extravagance on her part you shall be ruined in less than a year; and add, as you bring your clenched fist in contact with the table in a way to make your wife and the dishes shiver in concert, "Economy, madam, economy must be the rule and not the exception in this house hereafter"—as if it had not been heretofore.

Should she dare to remonstrate, ask her in quelling tones, who earns the money; and then triumphantly march away to settle a few of your own little debts and respond to a call far charity preferred by Beauty in "purple and fine linen." You will doubtless leave your wife meditating with swelling heart on your exceeding magnanimity.

Make a practice of dragging your business into the house and worrying about it morning, noon and night, but at no other time; or, while you are at home be deaf, dumb and blind to your wife and family, sparing all your brilliancy for outsiders.

Cultivate the charming habit of praising, in glowing terms, the beauties and virtues of other women, which you are conscious are most strikingly different from those possessed by your wife. This rule faithfully carried out, will effect wonders.

Never allow yourself to forget that your wife's mother means your mother-in-law, with all the name implies.

After wearing your wife's life out trying, by these means, to keep her love, discover that she is not your "affinity," and endeavor to impress the fact upon her mind. This last resort never fails. Upon earnestly trying it, you will have her love, or its opposite, forever.

TROTTING STALLIONS.

The Efforts Making to Improve the National Breed of Horses.

From the Boston Post.

The interest in the meeting of trotting stallions, to be held in Philadelphia the last week in September, under the auspices of the breeders' centennial trotting meeting, continues to increase, and the turf fraternity generally anticipate a wonderful display of speed. The premiums to be awarded amount in all to $13,500, and the entries far exceed in number the lists at any previous meeting. Among the famous horses which are expected to take part in the contest are Smuggler, up to the present time, without doubt, the fastest stallion in the country; Jay Gould, Mambrino Gift, Blackwood, Thomas Jefferson, and General Grant. Colts are entered from all the grazing states in the country. Messrs Tiffany & Co., of New York, have just finished the massive cup to be awarded as a trotting trophy. It is offered for free competition among all trotting stallions, for the fastest mile, the equines to trot separately against time, and to be allowed three trials each with or without a running mate, separately driven. It is claimed that the conditions under which this prize is to be competed for are less than those of "heat-races," and are, therefore, especially calculated to favor the chances of stallions that have been confined to the breeding farm during the season, as such horses can readily prepare for an exhibition of great speed for a single mile, whereas they could not be expected to compete in a well contested race against horses fitted by a long course of training. The prize cup is twelve inches high, and at the broadest part of the bowl fifteen inches in diameter. The general style of workmanship is Grecian, modified, however, by the introduction of emblems of the association by which it is offered as a prize. On either side of the bowl, springing from its oval surface, are horses' heads, with branches of laurel richly wrought in high relief; midway between these heads are substantial handles, attached to the body and strengthened by graceful brackets corresponding in shape with the curve of the bowl. The rim is ornamented with a finely-engraved wreath of laurel, entwined with horseshoes. The feet and base are purely classical in their design, and resting upon the sides of the latter are four horseshoes, with sprays of laurel in relief. The base has a satin finish, and the bowl is polished and lined with gold. The horses' heads and the handles are tinted with gold, while the horseshoes in relief are oxidized. The cup is very solid and substantial in appearance, and as a prize, is both useful and ornamental. The workmanship is superb. The cost of the cup was $1,000. As a prize this cup will be especially valuable to the winner, as this will be the first meeting of a national character in which a majority of the horse-breeders of the country will bring their stock together in general competition, though it is hoped o hold these meetings in future, yearly

A GREAT BUFFALO "POT-HUNT."

At length the scouts, who for days have been scouring the prairie in every direction, bring the welcome intelligence of the discovery of the main herds. The line of march is at once turned toward the point indicated, and the laws against firing and leaving the main body are rigidly enforced. The long train moves cautiously and as silently as possible. Advantage is taken of depressions in the prairie to keep the train concealed from the buffalo, and not a sound is raised that may give warning of its presence. Approach is made as closely as may be compatible with safety, always keeping to the windward of the herd. Then, if a convenient locality is reached, camp is made, and busy preparations for the evening hunt begin. Guns are carefully scanned, powder-flasks and bullet-pouches filled, saddles and bridles examined, and, above all, the horses to be used in the final chase carefully groomed, for highest among his possessions the plain-hunter ranks his "buffalo-runner." It is to him like the Arab's steed—a daily comrade to be petted and spoken to, the companion of his long journeys, and the means of his livelihood.

The buffalo-runner belongs to no particular breed, the only requisites being speed, tact in bringing his rider alongside the retreating herd and maintaining a certain relative distance while there, and the avoiding the numerous pitfalls with which the prairie abounds. Horses well trained in these duties, and possessing the additional requisite of speed, command high prices in the hunt, often ranging from fifty to eighty pounds sterling. On the hunt they are seldom used for any other purpose than that of the final race, except it may be to occasionally draw the cart of madame at times when her neighbor appears in unwonted attire.

Before daybreak on the following morning—for a chase is seldom begun late in the day—the great body of hunters are off under the guidance of scouts in pursuit of the main herd. A ride of an hour or more brings them within, say, a mile of the buffalo, which have been moving slowly off as they approached. The hunt up to this time has moved in four columns, with every man in his place. As they draw nearer at a gentle trot, the immense herd breaks into a rolling gallop. Now the critical and long-desired moment has arrived. The chief gives the signal. "Allee! allee!" he shouts, and a thousand reckless riders dash forward at a wild run. Into the herd they penetrate; along its sides they stretch, the trained horses regulating their pace to that of the moving mass beside them; guns flash, shots and yells resound; the dust arises in thick clouds over the struggling band; and the chase sweeps rapidly over the plain, leaving its traces behind in the multitude of animals lying dead upon the ground, or feebly struggling in their death-throes. The hunter pauses not a moment, but loads and fires with the utmost rapidity, pouring in his bullets at the closest range, often almost touching the animal he aims at. To facilitate the rapidity of his fire he uses a flint-lock, smooth-bore trading gun, and enters the chase with his mouth filled with bullets. A handful of powder is let fall from the powder-horn, a bullet is dropped from the mouth into the muzzle, a tap with the butt-end of the firelock on the saddle causes the salivated bullet to adhere to the powder during the moment necessary to depress the barrel, when the discharge is instantly effected without bringing the gun to the shoulder.

The excitement which seizes upon the hunter at finding himself surrounded by the long-sought buffalo is intense, and sometimes renders him careless in examining too closely whether the object fired at is a buffalo or a buffalo-runner mounted by a friend. But few fatal accidents occur, however, from the pell-mell rush and indiscriminate firing; but it frequently happens that guns, as the result of hasty and careless loading, explode, carrying away part of the hands using them, and even the most expert gunners sometimes find their way into the collar-bones of the riders in the fall.

The identification of the slain animals is left till the run is over. This is accomplished by means of marked bullets, the locality in which the buffalo lies—for which the hunter always keeps a sharp lookout—and the spot where the bullet entered. By the time the hunters begin to appear, returning from the chase, there have arrived long trains of carts from the camp to carry back the meat and robes. The animals having been identified, the work of skinning and cutting up is begun, in which the women and children participate. In a remarkably brief time the plain is strewed with skeletons stripped of flesh, and the well loaded train is on its return. Arrived at camp, the robes are at once stretched upon a frame-work of poles, and the greater part of the flesh scraped from them, after which they are folded and packed in the carts to receive the final dressing in the settlement. Of the meat, the choicest portions are packed away without further care, to be freighted home in a fresh state, the cold at that late season effectually preserving it. Large quantities are, however, converted into pemmican, in which shape it finds its readiest market.—*H. M. Robinson, in Appletons' Journal for September.*

REV. ADIRONDACK MURRAY'S DINNER.

Golden Rule.

But the dinner— let me tell you about that, for there is a great difference in dinners. Some are thin, others are fat; some are only tormenting suggestions of what a meal should be, while others are real, solid, satisfactory. Now this dinner was a dinner that is a dinner. It was not a prophetic affair, but an actual realization—a fruition of the appetite—a heaven to the stomach. The bell rung, not with a little, thin, dyspeptic tintillation, but with a hearty, full-toned sound, as if it appreciated your hunger and was gladly conscious of the benevolence of its summons. It was not [illegible] its call, and said: "Come on and eat your fill! Come on and eat your fill!" in a deep, jovial tone, that made you feel that the house was full of food from cellar to attic. Such a summons always starts me. To me it sounds like the voice of duty, which admits of no refusal. I was at the table in an instant.

I slid into my chair as quick as an otter slides into a creek. The serving girl was at my elbow in a wink. She had "Roast-beef-roast-mutton-ham-and eggs-and-trout!" I looked at her with my face all beaming, and said, "Yes." She stared at me. I beamed again, and she vanished toward the kitchen with a strange look on her face. But she understood, that girl did. She felt the emphasis of my expression, and began to bring on the food. The roast-beef was good, the roast-mutton better, the ham and eggs simply delicious. The trout looked a little suspicious—they seemed rather thin and old, as if they had been kept a long time for company like Mr. Tilden's reform principles—but I took them in—the trout I mean. Then she said: "Coffee or tea?" I said "Both." Two cups were brought full of—something. The color of the liquids were dentical. I tasted one. It didn't taste like coffee. I tasted the other. It didn't taste like tea or coffee either. I did not like to show my ignorance, but I was compelled to do it. I was for once fairly cornered, and said, looking her mildly in the face: "My dear girl, can you tell me which is the tea and which is the coffee?" She looked at the two cups. She lifted one to her nose and smelt of it. Then she lifted the other and smelt of that. Then she lifted both and inspected them critically. Then she put them both down on the table and started to call her mother. She was evidently puzzled. She had probably never had such a question propounded to her before. I felt as I looked at her that it was a question beyond her years. I said: "Never mind, don't feel badly over it. When you get older you will know more, or perhaps you can have the cups marked, so there can be no mistake." She smiled—a smile that began at the corner of her mouth, crept around the curve of her lips, clumb up a stairway of laughing lines into her eyes, and finally broke in light all over her face.

he was happy again, and coming close up to my chair, said interrogatively: "Pie?" I fairly jumped. She had touched an hereditary weakness. When was there ever a time when one of my name would not eat pie? I turned around in my chair and exclaimed: "Have you pies in this house?" Her answer electrified me. It came out of her mouth like walnuts out of their shells when the bough is shaken: "Raspberry, blackberry, apple, custard and mince pie." I looked at her as at one who should bring news of the millenium. "Bring them on!" I shouted, "bring them all on!" Five kinds of pie all before me at once, and each better than the other—when have I seen such a sight? Those pies came, but they never returned. Oh! the pleasures of eating one piece and then seeing four more left untouched! Never have I had such a feast since, when a youngster, I used to steal a whole mince pie from my mother's cupboard, and go out back of the barn and eat it alone, washing it down with plenty of watermelon. Things taste differently now-a-days.

..."That explains where my clothes line went to," exclaimed an Iowa woman, as she found her husband hanging in the table.

AGRICULTURE AND SCHOOLS.

Western Rural.

The subject of our common school system should be to furnish to our young a practical education. The great majority of our children have no other education than that given in our common schools, and it is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the system should be divested of all susperfluous features, making it simple and thoroughly practical. Education in this country is of such a character, and colored by such false social ideas, that many of our best men have been led to doubt the practicability of school education. The young man is more apt to graduate from college a diplomated fop and a classic loafer than a useful citizen. Our institutions of learning, instead of emptying their graduates into the fields of honest pursuits, are continually swelling the already overcrowded professions, the great ocean of useless humanity, and feeding the black sea of vice. This is not the fault of education, however—it is the fault of society, which attaches to education false notions, among the worst of which is that labor is degrading to the educated. We can not educate too much, if we will make it practical. If every farmer in America were a thorough scientist the results of our farming would be largely increased, and the happiness of that important class of our population greatly enhanced. The time will be when as much culture will be found in the furrow as in the library, when the fields and woods will blaze with as much brilliancy of mind as does the city. Great progress has been made in this direction within the last few years, and it must go on until our schools are something besides hot-houses of impotency and fashionable uselessness, and our farms become the homes of cultured intellectuality.

A change in our common school system is the first thing to be sought. We must begin here to learn our boys and girls that education is only an aid to usefulness, a means for the accomplishment of the proper aims of life, and is not a simple ornament. More attention must be paid to the practical pursuits of life and less to the accomplishments. Instead of leading the susceptible mind entirely away from the thought of industry, never permit it to forget it. If the science of agriculture, for instance, had a place among the studies of our common schools, the boy would be led to see beauties instead of drudgery and uninviting gloom in life upon the farm, and would be less inclined to leave it, often for less honorable and even less remunerative employment. The Western Rural believes that agriculture is one of the noblest and safest, and can be made among the most profitable pursuits, in which the young men of America can engage, and is desirous that anything so calculated to retain the hearts of our young men to the farm or in weaning them from it as are our educational facilities, should be managed in the interest of this great and important industry.

LACK OF POWER IN THE PULPIT.

Boston Watchman.

It is boldly affirmed by many and quietly assumed by many more that the pulpit of to-day is losing power with men. This is no doubt in some sense true. The pulpit has to-day relatively less influence than it had half a century ago. But is the cause to be attributed wholly, as many intimate, to a decline in the style or character of preaching? We think not. We think, on the contrary, that it may be fearlessly asserted that there was never more ability, more learning, more power in ranks of the christian ministry than there is at the present time. We believe, too, that ministers of to-day are on an average as devoted to their calling as those of a former generation.

But while ministerial culture has increased greatly within the last fifty years, general culture has increased in a still greater ratio. The clergy are no longer distinguished, as a class, for their learning. Education is more diffused, and is of a higher order among all classes than it was in the times of our fathers. The pulpit is not now, as then, the chief popular intellectual power in the land. It divides its influence with the lecture system and the press, which latter agency especially has acquired prodigious potency among us. Men need not go to church now to gain mental stimuius and ideas.

More than this, far greater demands are made upon a minister than were made a generation ago. More literary culture is expected of the pulpit. An increased amount of outside work is devolved upon the pastors of our churches. The minister of to-day must be a well-read man in order to satisfy the intellectual tastes of his hearers. He must be an intelligent observer of the progress of events, know something of politics and of whatever is agitating the public mind. When due account is made of the drafts upon a preacher's time and energy apart from his regular ministerial work, the visiting that must be done—and many people are thoughtlessly exacting in this matter—the books, reviews, and papers that must be read if he would keep himself at all abreast of the age and be "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," it ceases to be a matter of wonder that his energies sometimes flag, and he is not always so profound or brilliant as his critics might desire.

It is one thing for a lawyer to make half a dozen great efforts a year at the bar, or for a statesman to make a single great speech in a session of congress, or for a scholar in the seclusion of his well-stocked library to turn off an elaborate review article once or twice in a twelve-month, and quite another thing for a minister, often harassed by the petty cares of a household or the petty troubles of a parish, obliged to deny himself many helps to intellectual effort, to produce week after week, year in and year out, sermons that will interest and instruct an intelligent and, perhaps, fastidious congregation. It is no wonder if, with all that is expected of it, the pulpit sometimes fails to meet the popular demand.

But another and more serious difficulty is found in the settled and growing aversion among a large class in the community to all religious instruction. The dislike is not so much of the manner of preaching as of preaching itself. A late writer in the London Spectator candidly confesses this, and his language has been echoed by many among ourselves, thus showing where the secret of the want of sympathy toward the pulpit lies. It is the sermon itself, whether good or bad, that is an offence. Men do not like to listen to the claims of religious truth and duty. They are restive under the instructions of the pulpit. We may endeavor to correct the faults of the pulpit and to supplement its deficiencies, but it will be in vain so long as this repugnance exists, so long as it is what the preacher says, and not his manner of saying it, whether objectionable or otherwise, that is the real ground of offence.

The [illegible] of power in the pulpit may be abundantly accounted for on some one or other of these reasons, or all combined, without disparaging the fidelity or ability of its ministrations as compared with a former age. The fathers of our own denomination especially are worthy of double honor, in view of the disadvantages and obstacles amidst which they labored and wrought such enduring and noble results. But the young men are worthy successors of the fathers in piety, in zeal, in consecration to their work. The writer belongs to neither class, and, looking on them both, sees much to admire, much to excite thankfulness for the past, much also to encourage hope for the future.

THE VALUE OF SMALL ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Everything you know how to do, that is done in a home, is something spun and woven and laid upon the store; something acquired for a lifetime, that will last as those beautiful old linens used to last; something that you will have to spin and weave again.

I do not mean something that you have done once, or once in a while, or that you think you know how ought to be done. I mean something that you have got at your fingers' ends, till it does not seem hard to you or cost you the least toil of thought and anxiety. Something that you can handle as you handle your crochet-needle, or run your fingers up and down the piano keys, playing your scales. Something that you can do as you "do your hair," or tie a bow-knot in your cravat; with turns and touches that you do not measure or think about, but have got so used to that the right thing comes of it—the result that is nice and becoming, and full of a skillful grace that can not be analyzed or got at by method or recipe, but that yot have just grown into forgetting how.

Every hit of a woman's work in a home, when she takes it up as a strange thing, is like tying a bow-knot for the first time, or like sewing, or knitting, or crocheting, for one who has never touched the implements before. When you think of trying one such task after another, day after day, in all the complex doing that "housekeeping" implies, with your very living depending upon it all the while, you may well fancy how it is that American girls break down under the physical and mental strain that come upon so many of them with the fulfillment of their happy hopes—the having and ordering a "house of their own." There is no help for it, but just the making all these things, in their knowledges, such parts of yourselves as the alphabet and the multiplication table, and the consciousness of the parts of the day and week and year are; things that have been used till they are like limbs and senses—natural furnishings, that you feel as if you were born with. Then, you can take hold of life and live. You have not got the whole way and method to invent yourself.

And the best way of all is, that one thing grasped in this way is the essential grasped of a great many more. Every side of a honeycomb cell is the converse side of another; every row of knitting is half a stitch all along for the next row; in all kinds of building and making, that which is completed is already the beginning of the father structure.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, St. Nicholas.*

THE SCHOOL AMENDMENT.

The following is the substitute for the house joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution concerning religion and common schools, agreed upon and reported by the senate judiciary committee.

Resolved, By the senate and house of representatives, two thirds of each house concurring therein, that the following article be proposed to the legislatures of the several states as an amendment to the constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said legislatures shall be valid as a part of said constitution.

Art. 16. No state shall make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no religious test shall be required as a qualification to any office of public trust under any state. No public property, and no public revenue, nor any loan of credit, by or under the authority of the United States, or any state, territory, district, or municipal corporation, shall be appropriated to, or made, or used for the support of any school, educational or other institution under the control of any religious or anti religious sect, organization, or denomination, or wherein the particular creed or tenents of any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination shall be taught; and no such particular creed or tenets shall be read or taught in any school or institution supported in whole, or in part, by such revenue loan of credit; and no such appropriation or loan of credit shall be made to any religious or anti-religious sect, organization, or denomination, or to promote its interests or tenets. This article shall not be construed to prohibit the reading of the bible in any school or institution, and it shall not have the effort to impair the rights of property already vested.

Sec. 2. Congress shall have power, by appropriate legislation, to provide for the prevention and punishment of violations of this article.

Truthful wife—Yes, John; but if you had nothing but your mind to speak you'd be always dumb.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CAGED MOUSE.

[illegible] is only a poor little mouse, ma'am!
[illegible] live in the wall of your house, ma'am!
With a fragment of cheese, and a very few peas,
I was having a little carouse ma'am!

[illegible] mischief at all I intend, ma'am!
I hope you will act as my friend, ma'am!
If my life you should take, many hearts it would break,
And the trouble would be without end, ma'am!

My little lives in there in the crack, ma'am!
Are waiting for me to come back, ma'am!
She hoped I might end a bit of a rind,
For her children their dinner do lack, ma'am!

'Tis hard living there in the wall, ma'am!
Over winter and mortar will pall, ma'am!
On the minds of the young, and especially when hungry,
It is upon their poor father they'll fall, ma'am!

I never was given to strife, ma'am!
Don't look at that terrible knife, ma'am!
The noise o'erhead that disturbs you in bed,
Is the rats, I will venture my life, ma'am!

If your eyes I see mercy, I'm sure, ma'am!
There's no need to open the door, ma'am!
I'll slip through the crack and I'll never come back,
I'll NEVER come back any more, ma'am!

—*Mary E. Hockaby, St. Nicholas.*

BOYS, WHERE ARE YOU?

Boys, where are you on the road of life? There are two roads, you know, one leading up to the summit of true nobility, the other leading down through marsh and slime to the quagmires of shame, degradation and self-abhorence.

Boys, which road have you taken and how far have you gone? Where are you to-night, and where do you intend to be twenty years hence? You mean to make your mark in the world, do you not? You have dreams of wealth and fame won by your own untiring zeal and industry; you look forward to the time when you will be men and do men's work, and some of you hope to occupy high places in the land. That's right, boys; dream and hope and work. Some of you will be presidents, secretaries, treasurers and leading business men one day.

What kind of men are you going to make? What kind of work will you do? What will our country be when you have charge of it?

You can not all be presidents, you may not all become rich and famous, but you can all be good and great men if you will.

But suppose you are one day called to occupy a position of great responsibility, are you ready for it, boys?

Have you clean hands, a clean heart and a clear head? Are you putting aside the filthy habits, pulling up the noxious weeds, and lopping off the unfaithful branches of your character?

You have a high aim in life, you are earnestly working to carve out for yourself a great future, but boys, are you ready for the good fortune when you have earned it? You are bound to be a leader among men you say—hold a moment—are you worthy to be a leader?

When you have mounted the ladder of fame to its very top, will you stand there, a close-fisted, conservative, one-idea man, or will you carry up there with you a generous heart, and the ability to make the world better and happier?

An ambition which could find its fruition in merely earthly honors is not a noble one. Seek to occupy a high place boys, that you may do more good when you have obtained it.

Begin now to scatter little seeds of kindness all along your way, and by and by they will spring up and bear good fruit.

There is much in getting a right start, and much in holding out. There is scarcely ever a boy who starts out with the intention of becoming a dishonest, untruthful, bad man. But sometimes a boy makes a mistake. He did not mean to do wrong, but he was not earnest and thoughtful; he was careless. Then, when the mistake occurred, somebody scolded, and exaggerated the mistake into a sin, which disheartened and discouraged him.

But do not give up, boys, because the road is rough, the hill hard to climb. It is worth while to be honest and good, one thinks so much more of oneself.

You have many discouragements. You have thorny paths to tread, flowery roads to allure you, and mountains of difficulties to conquer, if you wish for success, but remember the promise is given to him that overcometh, and not to the one that floats away with the tide.

You must fight if you would win. Do not think of giving up. Be strong. Wrestle with the waves; do not let them carry you back. If you wish for excellence, struggle for it, and the struggle will inspire and invigorate you.

Sometimes boys have no one to sympathize with them, no one to care whether they stand or fall. Let me tell you something: there is hope, encouragement, sympathy and love waiting in the future for every one who does his best to give sunshine and sympathy to others. For the man who fails there are only tears and regrets, and sometimes few of them; for the man who wins there is all he himself has won, and all his thronging friends can give him.

If, when you have done your very best, when you have battled with breakers, and struggled bravely in the current, you are yet overpowered and borne down, why then—dare to fail, and upon the failure build a new and surer foundation.

If circumstances are against you, do the very best you can, retaining always your own independence and self-respect, and God will take care of the rest.—*Ave Nik, in Pomeroy's Democrat.*

EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—A singular occurrence lately transpired in the northern part of Putnam and the southern portion of Dutchess counties, New York. After a violent thunder storm accompanied by an unusual amount of chain-lightning and torrents of rain, dead wild geese were picked up by the hundreds. Numbers of them had previously been observed alive in the shallow ponds of the vicinity, and they were seen to act strangely during the storm, as though they had been fired upon. The heads of the dead fowl were badly torn and in some cases their feathers were burned to a crisp and their bodies burst open.

..A thirsty toper in a bar-room flung down his sixpence and then filled his glass to the brim with whisky. "Hold on!" exclaimed the bartender in apparent astonishment. "There's a chromo goes with that drink," and tearing off a portion of the end of a cigar box he politely handed it across the counter.

GRAVE A