NORTHWEST LOGGERS.

How the Pine Logs Are Brought to Market From Northern Forests.

The logger's harvest and means of getting his crop from the pineries to market is, perhaps, as little understood as any other great industry of the land. Even those residing in the logging districts who are not engaged in the business generally have little idea of how the pine logs they see floating down the Mississippi, St. Croix, Chippewa and other rivers leading from the pineries are gathered and rafted. The pineries of the Northwest are located on and about the great watershed where the Mississippi, its tributaries, and the tributaries of Lake Superior find their source. The main shed, which divides St. Louis, Little Black and the other rivers on the north side from the Mississippi, St. Croix, Chippewa and the other rivers on the south side, has branch sheds extending between the streams flowing south down to their confluence, and between the streams on the north side down to Lake Superior. The shed and branches are high enough to furnish head for a strong current, and from the head, leading down to the main streams, are a multitude of creeks, brooks and mere ravines. These last are all utilized by the loggers. A series of sluice dams are constructed along each creek, brook and ravine, and each dam is put in shape in the fall of the year to collect water for use in the spring. After the dams are repaired and in shape the crews of men are set to work cutting pines and piling the logs in convenient localities. When the snow comes the work of hauling the logs from the piles in the pineries to the dammed ravines begins. For this purpose immense sleds, hauled by four or six very heavy horses or as many oxen, are used. These sleds are from twelve to fourteen feet wide, and sometimes as many as one hundred logs are hauled at a load. The piles of logs are seldom more than three miles from the ravine, so that many loads are hauled by each teamster in a day. The logs are dumped from the sleds on the ice and scaled. Scaling is a logger's term for measuring a log to ascertain how many feet of lumber it contains. The scaling is done by skilled men, and with scaling clippers or log rules. The logs come from the pineries all out in uniform lengths—12, 16, 20, 24 and 28 feet. The caliper takes the diameter of the log and indicates on the rule the number of feet of lumber according to the length. In the spring the accumulation of water from the fall and winter rains and snows is sufficient to carry the logs away which have been piled on the ice.

The sluice-dams are accordingly opened, and the work of driving begins. The driving process is accomplished by crews of men who follow the logs as they float down to the main streams and prevent or break log jams or gorges. The next place of interest in the transit of the log is the boom. It is at the boom that the logs are put into brails to be floated down to the rafting grounds, placed in rafts, and pushed by steamers down the Mississippi. A brief description of the St. Croix boom will give an idea of all the large booms of the Northwest. The St. Croix boom commences four miles and a half below Marine, is five miles long, terminates two miles and a half above Stillwater, and is on the west side of the main channel of the St. Croix river. It is practically an inclosure into which the logs are driven, made into brails, let out at the foot, and delivered to the owners. The inclosure is made in this way: A row of piles, extending above medium water about seven feet, line the west shore, and another row of piles line the west edge of the main channel. Attached to the row of piles are continuous floating walks, made of heavy, long planks. Across the foot of the boom is stretched a row of logs, fastened end to end, for the purpose of retaining all the logs in the boom until the workmen are through with them. The logs, as they come down the river, are driven into the inclosure by a crew of men stationed at the head of the boom. All along the floating plank walk on the shore side are men at work tieing with ropes the logs together into brails. Every logger has certain recorded marks, which are placed on his logs in the pineries. The men on the plank walk are nearly all divided into squads each of which places all the marks of a certain logger in the brail. A few rods apart are ropes stretched from the piles along the shore to the piles along the channel. Hanging with their hands to one of these ropes and stepping on the floating logs are two or three men engaged in sorting out the particular marks wanted by the squads nearest to them on the walks making brails. The marks not wanted are permitted to float by to the ropes below.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

A POET'S ARM-CHAIR.

A German Baron's Account of His Visit to H. W. Longfellow.

Baron J. von I. Wyngaert publishes some interesting reminiscences of a visit made to Longfellow at Cambridge six years ago last month. "On a day in May, 1880, I visited him, and took my place on a chair beside him," writes Wyngaert. "'Sit here,' said Longfellow, pointing me to a comfortable arm-chair of nut-tree wood. I complied with his wish. 'That is a beautiful chair, is it not?' he asked me, and his poetic eyes gleamed wondrously. 'A very beautiful, comfortable chair,' I answered in all sincerity. 'Look at the chair closely,' began the poet; 'lift the cushion up.' I did so, and saw beneath a brass plate with the words: 'From the children of Cambridge.' Very curious, I asked the poet what the inscription meant, and he said: 'The children of Cambridge presented me with this chair on my seventy-second birthday, on February 27, 1879, and I assure you that of all the recognitions, of all the gifts which have hitherto been bestowed on me, nothing has so gladdened me as this gift.' He laid his hand with an almost fondling movement upon the dark wood, fixed his eyes steadily upon it, and with agitated voice said: "This was once a large, spreading, towering chestnut tree. I have seen its branches with the first green leaves of spring, and with the long tufts of blossom, which grew darker and darker, and covered the ground all around like black caterpillars; I have heard the rustling in the branches, and amid this melody have sung many a song beneath its shade. It stood immediately before the small, old, quiet village smithy, over which its boughs stretched out, giving shade and coolness, and the sparks from the chimney often rose to the top of the tree. The children of Cambridge played around its stem, and I listened as they tried to count the nuts, and when in autumn a ripe nut, moved by the wind, fell to the ground, and with gentle crackle the green husk rolled away, it was amusing to observe how many children's hands followed it and to see who became the fortunate possessor. Early in the morning the children appeared in numbers in order to gather the harvest which had fallen during the night, and so through the old nut tree I became the friend of the children. But the smithy was small and old; it was also dilapidated—or was it that it had to be rebuilt according to the taste of the time? In short, its last hour had come, and the nut tree must fall.' A sad smile accompanied these words, which I understood," writes Baron Wyngaert. "'The children of Cambridge bought the wood, the carpenter made out of it this chair and the cover of an album, on whose upper side a picture of the small village smithy and the old nut tree was engraved. Within were the children-faces of those who had prepared me this birthday pleasure. When I rest in this chair there comes over me a feeling as if I heard again the rustling of the branches of the old nut tree or the song of the birds among them, and the recollection is uppermost in all the happiness and sorrow of my life. In thanks I dedicated to the children of Cambridge this poem.' With this Longfellow reached to his visitor a sheet containing the now well-known poem 'From My Arm Chair,' which is dedicated 'To the children of Cambridge, who presented to me on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair, made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree."—*Vossische Zeitung.*

STORY OF A POEM.

How "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night" Was Written.

Of the hundreds of residents of the city of San Antonio, Tex., only a few who frequently meet a tall, slender lady, with raven brown eyes and hair, and with a singular attractiveness in her face, know that she is Mrs. Rose Hartwick Thorpe, whose famous poem, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night," has given her a reputation in both hemispheres. How, at the age of sixteen years, the young country girl was led to write the poem, now so widely known, is thus narrated, as furnished by her personally for publication: "The poem was suggested to me by the reading of a story, 'Love and Loyalty,' in April, 1867. I was then a plain country school-girl, not yet seventeen, residing with my parents at Leitchfield, Mich., and under a pretext of working out mathematical problems, with my arithmetic before me, I wrote the poem roughly on my slate. I was forced to carry on my literary work under these difficulties because of the opinion of my parents that my time could be better employed than in 'idle dreams and useless rhymes.' I wrote the first copy on my slate between four and six o'clock in the afternoon, but much time has since been spent in correcting and revising it. I had no thought that I would ever be able to write anything worthy of public notice. The poem was first published in the Detroit *Commercial Advertiser* in the fall of 1870. The editor, upon receipt of my manuscript, at once wrote me a lengthy letter of congratulation and praise, in which he predicted the popularity for the verses which they have since received. I had no literary friends, not even a literary acquaintance, at that time, and did not know the simplest requirements for preparing my manuscript for publication." The poem at once attracted popular attention, and bestowed upon its young author a reputation which each succeeding year has enlarged. Although it has been published in innumerable forms and different books and collections, and has been translated into French, German and other languages, the poem has never brought its author any financial remuneration, as is too often the case. "It raised me," writes Mrs. Thorpe, "from a shy, obscure country girl into public notice, and brings to my side yearly hosts of new and delightful friends. Wherever I go my friends are there before me, and the poem, which I gave to the public with no 'right' reserved, while it has made a fortune for others and has dropped golden coins in other pockets, has reserved for its author admiring friends." Mrs. Thorpe spends her summers in her native climate of Michigan, where she yearly recuperates from the effects of a Texan winter. The author is thirty-six years of age, is happily married, and is enabled to quietly enjoy the respect and love of her neighbors and friends, while her literary admirers are legion.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

THE ROADRUNNERS.

Shrewd Birds Which Destroy Rattlesnakes in a Most Methodical Manner.

These birds have a most remarkable habit, so remarkable that for many years I was extremely skeptical about it, never being able to find any one who had actually seen the performance, but I was fortunate this winter in conversing with two persons who can testify to the truth of the story that is to be found in at least one work on birds. It appears that the roadrunner has a strong and decided antipathy to the rattlesnake, upon what grounds it is difficult to tell—probably the snake preys upon the birds, old and young. However, the birds actually destroy the snake in a most methodical fashion, and in a way that shows that something more than mere instinct has been brought into play.

When a rattler is discovered asleep in the sun the birds are very careful not to disturb it, and proceed with great diligence to collect the detached leaves of the prickly pear, in which their nest is often built. These they place in an irregular circle about the sleeping reptile, piling them up higher and higher, until finally the snake is in the center of a corral of the spine-covered leaves. Now the latter is awakened by a peck from the bird, and strikes and is wounded by the spines. This enrages it, and every move adds to its torture, until finally it is completely impaled by the horrible weapons that cover the leaves and either dies from this cause or falls a ready victim to the powerful bill of the roadrunners. One of my informants stated that he watched the operations of a pair of these birds for several hours, during which time they hauled the heavy leaves a considerable distance to pile them about their enemy. My other informant had never seen the birds at work, but in Arizona had frequently found the prickly pear corrals, in the center of which was the skeleton of the rattlesnake. Instinct prompts the attack upon the snake, but it is intelligence that dictates to the bird that the prickly pear leaves bear spines that will be fatal to the reptile.—*Los Angeles Cor. San Francisco Call.*

—Some eggs hatch a little sooner than others. Remove the young chicks at once and keep them from the hen until all are hatched. If you do not, the hen will be likely to quit the nest with the first comers, leaving the unhatched chicks to chill and die.—*Troy Times.*

BRILLIANT LEGISLATING.

Senator Edmunds' Measure to Reform the Much-Abused Civil Service.

Senator Edmunds has brought in a bill for the reform of the civil service. It is a simple measure. It gives the President the appointment of all the minor officials without the advice or consent of the Senate, but makes them irremovable during their term without a trial on charges before a United States judge. One does not need to know much about the United States civil service to know what the result would be. One only needs to know a little of human nature. No man of capacity or business experience would take charge of an office containing a large number of subordinates if he could not get rid of any of them without a formal trial in a law court. Four-fifths at least of the things which make a clerk incompetent are small things, any one of which would seem ridiculous on paper, and absurd to lay before a United States judge. It is the repetition of them which mostly decides that a man is not worth his salary. Nothing in the whole art of administration, whether civil or military, is so well settled as that there can be no proper responsibility in the chief if he have no discretion in the selection of his subordinates. Some capable men might be found ready to take charge of offices under Mr. Edmunds' bill, but if they did so they would probably at once go to work to break it down. They would let inefficiency and disorder have full swing, and refuse to go into court with trumpery stories about A's coming late, and B's drinking, and C's being unmannerly, and D's spelling badly, and blotting his books, until the public offices became public nuisances, and the law was repealed.

Nothing is more wonderful in the history of this whole Civil-Service reform movement than the way in which public men toil and moil and twine and twist in order to avoid having the Government business conducted like other business. Every bank and corporation in the country furnishes a perfect model of the way in which the treasury and post-office should be manned and managed; and yet there is hardly any experiment too queer or fantastic for grave statesmen to attempt with the Government service in order to avoid imitating these old and well-tried private methods. If the stockholders of the Pennsylvania road were to propose that the manager should not be allowed to dismiss any subordinate without filing a bill in equity against him, we should consider them crazy; but when a Senator proposes it about the public offices, we bury our faces in our hands, ponder the plan deeply, and discuss it at great length in the public prints.—*N. Y. Post.*

Not Ruined by a Party.

We have always held that one good result of the last national election would be the dissipation of the fear that a Democratic Administration would bring some sort of disaster upon the country. Some of our Republican friends in the Presidential campaign indulged in the wildest forebodings about the probable effect on business. Even the Republican candidate for President, well known as a business man, expressed grave apprehensions. Some of our esteemed contemporaries really seemed to suffer anguish on account of their fears.

We have now had a full fiscal year under the Democratic Administration, and the comparative receipts and expenditures are as follows:

RECEIPTS.	1885-6.	1884-5.
Customs	$192,747,822.12	$181,471,939.34
Internal revenue	117,631,523.69	29,408,725.54
Miscellaneous	26,361,945.06	29,729,041.50
Totals	$336,144,290.87	$323,690,706.38
EXPENDITURES.		
Ordinary	$130,332,611.84	$152,738,411.15
Pensions	64,702,451.08	56,102,207.49
Interest	50,580,679.46	51,386,356.47
Totals	$245,615,742.38	$260,226,935.11

Truly, there is nothing in these figures to justify the fears of those who prophesied disaster as the inevitable result of Democratic rule. An increase of $12,400,000 in revenue, a decrease of $14,600,000 in expenditures—of which last pensions increase over $8,000,000—a decrease of $21,000,000 in ordinary expenses.

On the whole, we are forced to conclude that Democratic Administration is as safe as Republican and somewhat cheaper, and that the indications of returning prosperity are not unfavorably affected by the political change. This is a great country, with rich resources and enormous advantages, and it will never again be believed that only one party can govern it.—*Boston Herald.*

An Authoritative Denial.

The esteemed evening *Capital* thinks the Confederate bonds will never be paid. There is not a question but it believes just what it says. There are very few if any people in this country who believe those bonds will be paid, but there are a great many orators and organs advocating the principles of the Republican party that endeavor to make people believe they will be. Before a Democratic President was elected, the payment of the rebel debt was discussed on the stump and in the organs as one of the misfortunes which were sure to befall the country in case Democracy triumphed. The *Capital* does well to correct the wrong impressions its party is responsible for, especially when it is known that one of New York's shrewdest and most eloquent lawyers has accepted a retainer of British gold to present the cause of the foreign holders of Confederate bonds, and has actually been before Congress and argued the case in the interests of his clients.—*Des Moines Leader.*

A Voice from Abroad.

Prof. H. Von Holst, the famous German author of "A Constitutional History of the United States," says in a recent number of the Berlin *Nation* that the opinion formed of Cleveland's ability and character has proved in the main correct.

"He has now shown," says the historian, "in a higher and wider sphere that he possesses sound and sober judgment, the best intentions, high moral courage, and an unostentatious energy, which are proof even against the violent and continuous attacks of those machine politicians who find themselves menaced in their most vital interests. What he has already done for his country in the display of these qualities suffices to link his name to those of the best Presidents. The 'bloody shirt,' the legacy of the late war, has forever ceased to be a factor in American politics; the best-sounding phrases and the most vehement gesticulations of shallow-brained trimmers, a la Blaine, can not snatch another shred from its grave. The more obstinately and furiously they persist in the attempt, the more surely and rapidly they dig their own political grave."

The Republicans who applauded Von Holst's judgments upon Jackson, Van Buren, Pierce and Buchanan ought to step up to the rack and say what they think.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BLAIR VS. THE PRESIDENT.

The Republican Senator's Weak and Dishonest Attempt to Cast Discredit upon the Chief Executive's Efforts to Uphold the Prerogatives of His Office.

Senator Blair's defense of Congress from the imputations of recklessness or dishonesty put upon it by Mr. Cleveland's veto messages is a very weak affair. As a Senator it is his privilege to secure the passage of these vicious bills in spite of the President's objections if he can do so, but he can not criticise the vetoes as he does without placing himself in the attitude toward the President which he thinks it is wrong for the President to assume toward Congress. In spite of the demagogy which Mr. Blair has introduced into his report, and of his attempt to create the impression among ignoramuses that Mr. Cleveland has no right to veto these little jobs, the fact remains that he has such a right, and that it is his sworn duty to exercise it if he regards the measure presented to him as dishonest.

In the case of every one of the sixty or seventy private pension bills which the President has vetoed he has given good and sufficient reasons for his course. He has shown that the great majority of the bills objected to were in the interest of frauds, bounty-jumpers and deserters, and in cases where the hardship was undenied he has shown that the relief proposed was no more properly a pension charge than would be any other instance of destitution occurring without reference to the war. The reasons given for the vetoes have satisfied as well as surprised the country. Pleased with his resolute opposition to the most contemptible form of swindling, the people have been astonished at the extraordinary capacity of the Congress of the United States for such dirty work.

Senator Blair's attempt to shield himself and his money-grabbing associates by casting discredit upon Mr. Cleveland will hardly succeed. He writes like a man who is in the wrong and who knows it. Against his generalities and innuendoes it is all-sufficient to get the facts which the veto messages complained of contain.—*Chicago Herald.*

DEMOCRATIC SENSE.

——As Mr. Edmunds compares 1886 with 1884 he must feel a slight depression of spirit, a consciousness of an aching void beyond the consolation of any cocktail. He has had his private diversion and revenge, but at what expense! Now let him promise and swear to support the Republican candidates in 1888 or he is a lost statesman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

——President Cleveland does not believe that measles affect the spinal column except in pension cases; nor that diarrhea causes sore eyes; nor that suicides by drowning and morphine poisoning were the result of injuries received in the service. On all these points of practical medicine he takes issue with Dr. John A. Logan.—*St. Louis Republican.*

——President Cleveland's disposition to use the veto is of bad augury for the advocates of extravagant appropriations. During the year and a quarter that he has been in office he has interposed many more vetoes than any of his predecessors; in fact he has more than doubled the highest record thus far, that of General Grant. Most of these vetoes have been called forth by private pension bills, and doubtless there would have been many more if the President had time to examine the mass of this class of legislation which has come before him. The President's disposition is happily adapted to the needs of the time.—*Bradstreet's.*

——An elderly man in Jamestown, D. T., it appears, has been attracting attention by throwing away money and revealing himself as a cousin of Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes, of Fremont, O. The first piece of evidence naturally threw doubt upon the second, and the prodigal Burchard was committed for lunacy. It appears, however, that he really is a cousin of Mr. Hayes. When there was found among his effects a letter from that statesman offering to pay him his annuity of $200 down if he would take $4, or 2 per cent., off for cash, the people of Jamestown could no longer dispute his claim of kinship, though at his desperate prodigality they marveled greatly.—*N. Y. Times.*

——The love of the Republican party for the colored man was most conspicuously exhibited in the rejection of Mr. Matthews by the Republican Senate. Mr. Matthews was nominated by the President to succeed Fred Douglass as recorder of the District of Columbia. He was rejected because he was a Democrat. The Republicans are particularly hostile towards war veterans and colored men who are Democrats. There was not the slightest grounds for the rejection of Mr. Matthews beyond the one fact that he refused to consider the Republican party as the rightful owner of his race. The Democratic party has shown far more practical good will towards the colored man than the hypocrites in the Senate who only seek to utilize him for political purposes.—*Albany Argus.*

Making a Navy.

It is evident from the way in which the Secretary has addressed himself to his duties that he means to inaugurate a naval establishment worthy of the United States. He believes and says, and such is the opinion of all informed and just men, that the naval service should be considered quite apart from the naval administration. The naval service, the personnel of the navy, is in the main composed, to use his own words, "of a body of accomplished men, representing a high, social standard of personal character, who are deservedly respected and honored throughout the world." Continuing his own language: "This, unfortunately, can not be said with equal justice of the Navy Department, and whatever dissatisfaction the country has ever experienced with the naval arm of our Government will be found to have had its origin, not in the naval service, but in the naval administration, and even there dissatisfaction should be limited to certain branches only of the business of the department." The plan of business reorganization which he outlined in his annual report has business principles of directness, economy and practicability on its side. It has commanded the approbation of thoughtful men everywhere. The evils and blunders of the present mal system he laid bare with an unsparing hand; but he was careful to discriminate between the blame due to faulty methods and the consideration to be extended to honorable men who were at the mercy of such methods. The large discretion of power given him under the law is to be used by the Secretary in the direction of a business-like reconstitution of the department itself.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FREAKS OF NATURE.

A Philosophic Lecture on Johnny Fresh, the Dude and Mother's Boy.

Do not look down upon the fresh young man, my son, in sublime contempt or in pity. To be sure the fresh young man is a pestilential nuisance; he wearies you continually; sometimes you think it was a mistake that he ever was born. You laugh at his exuberant unsaltedness; you experience perennial shame while in his presence; you curse him mentally before his face, and overtly behind his back; and yet the fresh young man suffers nothing from your lack of appreciation. He is quite unaware that his presence is an abomination and his every act and his lightest word more terrible than a pestilence. His is not a sensitive soul and his cuticle is dense. He does not waste half his time wondering what others think of him or his actions. He goes right on. When he wants a thing, he goes and takes it. When he feels like saying any thing, out it comes. While you are looking about you, fearing that your walk or your conversation may be criticised, he drives straight on to the goal of his desires. He is fresh, but he gets there just the same—or rather, he gets there because of his freshness.

Ten or twenty years hence, while you are peddling along in the dust of common place prosperity or the mud of obscurity, you will see him ride by in the luxurious coach of affluence. You will find him, perchance, fresh as of old, but his freshness has stood him in in good stead, while your salineness has hardly served to helped you to salt down enough lucre to pay your funeral expenses. Yes, my son, freshness is hateful to all save its possessor, but it is the stuff which helps a man amazingly in this world of ours. Therefore, my son, do not contemn the unsalted youth, and think twice before you apply to him the ungrateful title of Johnny Fresh.

There is another freak of nature, my son, that I would have you view more leniently. I refer to the dude. In the first place the dude is scrupulously clean, and we have high authority for placing cleanliness next to godliness, and in these days, when the latter attribute is so very rare, we should recognize and respect whatever approaches and approximates it. Look at your hands now, begrimed with a week's accumulations, and your finger nails, each with its new moon of mourning, and tell me if in these eccentricities you are superior to the despised dude.

Your collar is soiled and crumpled; your trousers are baggy at the knees and of the earth earthly from the knee downward; your coat is surmounted with the dust of ages; your hat would blush, were it able, at the sight of a brush; your shoes are guiltless of Day & Martin; your hair is in elf locks; even your face is not free from mother earth. Now look at the dude. His flesh is clean; his linen is spotless and without wrinkle; his hair is kempt; his raiment is perfect in fit and freedom from filth. Look upon yourself, then look upon him, and ask yourself if there be not something to admire and to emulate even in a dude.

And while I have your ear, my son, I have a word to say of the boy whom your contemptuously refer to as being tied to his mother's apron string. You may laugh at this boy and deride him, if you will; but I would give more for his chances in life than for those of the the boy who thinks his mother is a creature far beneath his consideration, and whose proudest boast is to speak of her as the "old woman." The boy who goes back on his mother, my son, will continue to go back through life until he is far behind all respectable folk in the race of humanity. Did you ever hear of a man who succeeded in life but had a mother in some period in his existence? I think not. And did he ever feel ashamed that he had a mother? I am sure he did not. No, my son, do not laugh at the mother's boy. The boy who has been tied to his mother's apron-string is the boy that all right-thinking people are glad to tie to.—*Boston Transcript.*

BRITISH AGRICULTURE.

Its Ruin Brought About by American, Canadian, and Australian Competition.

It seems now to be settled that under existing conditions it does not pay to grow grain or raise cattle in the best part of the continent and the British isles. For this curious and alarming state of affairs the world is indebted to the extension of steam navigation to all parts of the earth. Wheat, barley, oats, etc., can be grown on almost any arable land. It follows that wherever the factors are most favorable that region gets the benefit of this cheap access to the consuming market. A few years ago India contributed but 90,000 bushels of wheat to countries outside of the Peninsula. Its export supply is now about 50,000,000 bushels, and with the extension of the railway system it will have fully 100,000,000 for outside comsumption.

The secret of India's ability to sell in distant markets is the extraordinary cheapness of labor, which does not command more than ten cents a day of our money. The United States, Australia and New Zealand can produce wheat and lay it down in Liverpool at a price which is simply ruinous to the English and European wheat grower. This is because of cheaper and more fertile lands and the use of machinery on the broad prairies and plains, which dispenses with costly labor. Recent statistics show that tenant farmers in the British islands who confine themselves to cereals and cattle rising can not make both ends meet if they undertake to pay their rent. This accounts for the distress among the agricultural classes in the Old World, and more especially for the abject misery of the Irish people, who have no diversified industries, because the island is without coal or iron, and British laws discourage manufactures of any kind in that unhappy country.

This inability to raise grain is effecting a social revolution. It has struck a fatal blow at the authority and prestige of the Peers, who are the great land owners, and it will end in agricultural land being transferred to the peasants, in England and Scotland as well as Ireland. These agricultural workers, having no rents to pay, will be able to make a living out of the soil, for they can raise perishable vegetables, poultry, eggs and dairy products, as these are safe from foreign competition. In the meantime the cities of Europe are growing rapidly, and are yearly consuming more and more, not only of the grain and cattle raised in distant regions, but also of the vegetables, poultry, fruit and dairy products of near-by production. This explanation of the agricultural situation throws a good deal of light upon the political and social changes now taking place in the Old World.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE ELFIN.

When the Sun, in his white cloud nightcap,
Gets tired, and says: "Good-night,"
And sinks, where the sky is reddest,
Completely out of sight,

And the man, with his torch and ladder,
Goes tramping up and down,
Setting the lamps a-glowing
And flickering through the town,

Then the little Twilight Elfin,
With a laugh and a merry smile,
Slips out from his cozy corner,
And travels many a mile.

O'er land and water goes he,
This elf, with his face so mild,
And as he goes he kisses
The eyes of each tired child.

As soon as the kiss has fallen,
They follow the drowsy god;
They climb up the Dream-land ladder,
And reach the Land of Nod.

Then all night long they travel—
The journey wondrous seems—
The elfin still beside them,
A-whispering: "Pleasant dreams."

—*Harper's Young People.*

ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

The Two Kinds—Their Usefulness When Tamed, and Their Modes of Defense—Their Sagacity.

There are two kinds of elephants, the African and Asian. The former is seldom domesticated, but is hunted down and killed for the sake of his tusks, which are larger and heavier than these of his Asiatic relation. All over Southern Asia, with the sole exception of Arabia, the elephant is found; but the home the animal delights in is the hot, moist, swampy forests of India and Burmah. They are great travelers, and have been encountered on mountain-tops even as high as seven thousand feet above the sea; the herds contain from twenty to fifty, but in favorably situated countries one hundred have been found living together. Each herd is led by the strongest and largest bull, who leads it through the jungles.

It takes about four months to tame a full-grown wild elephant; but he, or she, is not trusted alone for a year for fear it might run away; but the calves give no trouble and soon become great pets, coming up to the house for fruit, biscuits and sugar-cane. But it does not do to let the little creatures see where you keep those goodies, for I had a pet baby elephant who found out that the fruit was kept in a large earthen jar four feet in height, on top of which the filter and tumblers were placed, and one day, when he thought no one was looking, the cunning little thief stole into the room, and tilting every thing off the jar over onto the ground, seized a large bunch of bananas in his tiny trunk and ran away to his mother, who was too dangerous to go near, she having been only a few months caught. The impudent little creature, while eating his ill-gotten prize, kept peeping out between the old lady's forelegs with his head on one side, apparently to see what I thought of his prowess.

As he grew up he was put to drag a small cart, and unless carefully watched would gradually edge the cart to the side of the road and topple the contents into the ditch. One very bad trick he had when loose was to hide in the jungle when he heard any one riding toward the house, and as they came close he would bring his trunk down on the earth with such a bang that several visitors were thrown from their ponies, and every one had to keep a sharp lookout. With all his fun there was nothing vicious about him, and children could get on his back and play with him. To me he was most effectionate, and I have often awoke from my afternoon nap to find him standing alongside my grass hammock lightly feeling me all over with his trunk.

Elephants are extremely useful, and when kindly treated are docile and tractable; but they have good memories and recollect injuries quite as well as kindness, seldom failing to retaliate upon those who behave cruelly to them, though the chance of revenge may not occur for months and years.

You, no doubt, have read the story of the Arabian tailor who pricked an elephant with his needle as he put his trunk in at the shop window as he passed on his way to the daily bath in the river, and who, filling his trunk with dirty water, spouted it over his tormentor as he returned. This is a very common way these animals have of paying off old scores, and should there be no water at hand they will fill the trunk with ashes or dust, suddenly blowing it over those who have offended them.

The trunk is never used for striking, and, in fact, when any danger is threatened is coiled close up for protection; but when angry the elephant will catch up a clod of earth, a stone or log of wood, and throw it with great force, or they will break off the branch of a tree and make use of it as a club, or as a fan, to brush flies away. At the tip of the trunk there is a projection like a finger, and, large as the great beast looks, he can pick up a thimble with just as much ease as a log of wood or any similar large object.

The tusks are the main weapons of defense, and among the tame males it is usual to saw off the points, so that in case of a fight the combatants can not gore one another. At Rangoon, in Burmah, an old elephant named Rajah is kept whose tusks have not been cut, as he acts as a kind of a schoolmaster to the other animals, of whom a large number are employed there.

It is sometimes necessary there to put elephants on to rafts, and many of them object to this, not liking the shaking and unsteadiness. When one refuses Rajah is called, and comes rushing up behind, trumpeting loudly. The refractory beast looks round, and one glance at the gleaming tusks is sufficient, and he steps on the raft quick enough. Rajah seldom has to make actual use of his weapons. For defending itself, in addition to the tusks, the elephant kicks, and tremendous ones they can give, females particularly, and wild buffaloes, who sometimes attack them, are emboldened to do so by the animal turning round as if to run away. But this is only a device to get the assailant within reach of the ponderous hind leg, a kick from which will send him rolling over and over with a broken back.

Many anecdotes might be told of the elephant's usefulness and sagacity, and now that no one is allowed to shoot the wild ones in India it is expected that in a few years they will become so numerous as to be used for all purposes that cart-horses are now required for, at least in tropical countries. Some farmers have them draw their native plows. But as they stand cold almost as well as heat, we may yet see them become common in England and Australia.

Thirty years ago elephants had to be brought up in ships from Burmah to Calcutta. They were not allowed much fresh water, which was kept in iron tanks arranged down the middle of the vessel in front of them. These tanks were closed with round lids that screwed in, and as they had to be opened night and morning to give the animals drink the cunning creatures soon found out the way of unscrewing them and helping themselves in the night when all was quiet. Men had at last to be put on as sentries over the tanks, or the whole supply would have been drunk up in a couple of days. Another thing they did was when they received their allowance of sugar-cane in the morning they would immediately lie down upon it and then try to steal from their neighbors. If any delay took place in serving out their food they would trumpet and bang their trunks against the water-tanks, creating such a disturbance that it made the people on passing ships wonder what the vessel had on board.—*Chatterbox.*

A BOY GROWN UP.

How and When Good and Bad Manners Are Formed.

Young people rarely realize, when criticising their elders, that the traits or habits that seem to them obnoxious were formed in early life. If their manners are rude, if they lack tact, if they are not well informed, it is because they have not made use of their opportunities. Manners are the truest indications of character. A discourteous person is both careless and selfish, for the best manners are but the expression of the Golden Rule; they are the card of introduction to strangers. A friend can introduce you to good society, but he can not keep you there; that depends on yourself.

A boy of kindly nature is rarely rude. A boy of selfish nature is polite only when his own desires are not interfered with.

Every man is the result of his own boyhood and youth. If he has read good books, kept himself informed on passing events, he becomes what the world terms a well-informed, intelligent man. If he has wasted his time in trifling conversation, read only sensational books and papers, neglected to develop the talent which he surely possesses, he becomes a superficial, a tiresome, if not a wicked, man.

If as a boy he has not cultivated the graces and amenities of life, he can not expect to become that most delightful of men, a polished gentleman. If as a boy he has not studied to avoid collisions with those about him, has not recognized the rights of others, has not cultivated a desire to lead men to higher motives, to give to others the benefit of his own opportunities, he becomes that most unfortunate person, a tactless man; a nuisance wherever people are brought together. One of the lessons every boy can learn is to watch those men who arouse adverse criticism and carefully avoid their habits both of mind and body. Remember the old adage: "By others' faults correct your own."—*Christian Union.*

COMMON-SENSE DIETING.

Practical Application of the Maxim "Eat to Live and Not Live to Eat."

By dieting I mean taking only such food as will most promote the health of the individual, in such quantities and at such times as will admit of the most thorough digestion and assimilation, giving the greatest amount of health and strength. There is a prevalent notion that one is dieting simply because a little oatmeal is occasionally eaten, without any regard to what is eaten beside this, or the quantity eaten, or when it is eaten, and how.

To take a little oatmeal, or "cold blast bread," or "gluten," occasionally, or when the stomach will not tolerate any other kind of food, or in addition to a full meal of rich and indigestible food, is not dieting. There is nothing in these plain, nourishing and wholesome articles which will render mince pies easy of digestion; nothing to counteract the unfavorable influences on our digestion of strong tea, tobacco, whisky, intoxicants in general, opium and the like, all wearing with the functions of the stomach.

A full meal of pork and beans with doughnuts, old and strong cheese, will not be easily digested simply by taking a very little gruel, however simple and wholesale it may be, since the unwholesome food is there, and in some way must be disposed of, digested—which is the nature of the case, is not an easy matter. Gluten, as nourishing as it is, as easily digested and favorable to health, can not render boiled cabbage, saturated with grease, or hard-boiled or fried eggs, safe and wholesome food. In other words, after a person has taken all that the stomach can possibly tolerate, an addition of wholesome food, taken just for principle's sake, will never constitute sensible dieting.

Wholesome food should be taken for its own sake in proper quantities, that the digestive organs may be properly treated, cared for, and not as a matter of penance, to atone for the first wrong. If the dyspeptic wishes to diet "on the square," let him select plain and simple food, that in the matter of digestibility is adapted to the debilitated state of his stomach, take it in moderate quantities, at proper times, chewing slowly and thoroughly, without the aid of drinks, taking less at night, the simplest of the day.

Dyspepsia, in its natural form, is as curable as any disease, if disease instead of fatigue, this should be called, the cure consisting mainly in giving the digestive organs a fair chance—a chance for reasonable rest.—*Dr. Hanaford, in Golden Rule.*

UNEQUAL MATCHES.

Social Obligations Resting Upon Every Young Man and Woman.

Another silly young lady has married her father's coachman. We say a silly young lady, because such unequal matches are unfavorable to happiness, and are generally as bad for the party who seems to have the advantage as for the other. They are not good for either; but are awkward and annoying to more than the parties themselves. It is common for persons who have made such alliances to say that they had a right to please themselves; but this is a maxim to be taken with some exception. A married pair are not quite isolated in society. They are, on the contrary, associated and connected with many persons who owe to them, and to whom they owe, duty. It is felt by these persons that the unsuitableness of the match is productive of much inconvenience to them, and must needs be so, while such a thing as society exists. It is, therefore, in some measure necessary, in marriage, to please friends as well as one's self, if we would discharge all the obligations which rest upon us as social beings.—*N. Y. Ledger.*