The Click o' the Latch.

Oh, the click o' the latch! how pleasant its sound
When at evening my father returns
From his work on the farm! and he smiles to see
The fire as it brightly burns.
And he sees the table for supper spread,
Prepared by his daughter's hand;
"There is not another such housewife as she,"
He says, "in the whole broad land."

"Click! click!" goes the latch with a right merry sound,
As my brothers return one by one,
Each honest face glowing with smiles at the thought
Of the work of the day well done.
As my mother smiles welcome to each as he comes,
A glad woman is she, I ween;
And as each stoops o'er her to kiss her dear face,
She looks up as proud as a queen.

Oh, the click of the latch! as cheery its sound
As the chirp of the cricket at eve;
Though the folks are all home, yet I listen for it
As I muse, and sweet fancies weave.
I fancy I see in the twilight a youth
Coming up by the blackberry patch,
And I list for the sound of his footsteps, and dream
That I hear the click o' the latch.

Oh, the sweetest music that ever I heard
Is the sound of his manly voice,
And the truest heart in the whole wide world
Is the heart of the lad of my choice.—
Ah, that merry whistle! I know it well,
It comes from the blackberry patch.—
He is here at last! That step—it is he!
I hear the click o' the latch!

—*Good Housekeeping.*

HUMOROUS.

A spinning wheel—The buz saw.

A blow in the dark—A curtain lecture.

Hogs do not marry, but they are often betroughed.

The very "close" student—The parsimonious one.

This ought to be a good baseball year. It has a 9 in it.

Women at the poles would encourage arctic expeditions.

To prevent herring from smelling—cut off their noses.

Half seas over—Captains of the ocean grayhounds the third day out.

When a man has settled with the toll-gate he comes by it honestly enough.

To prevent cattle from jumping—Confine them at the beginning of the spring.

Sir Isaac Newton earned fame by seeing an apple fall. Some people make money by keeping an apple stand.

A citizen bought himself a book the other day, and wrote this on the fly leaf: "Presented to John Jones by himself as a mark of esteem."

Condemned Criminal—"Mr. Sheriff, will you see that my body is accorded decent burial?" Sheriff (coldly)—"I'll see you hang first."

Boston girl—Uncle Gawge, do you think my photographs do me justice? Uncle Gawge (critically)—Yes, Emeline, justice without mercy.

Judge—I wish to ascertain if the witnesses are all here, and will therefore read out the list. Those that are present say Aye! The contrary, No.

Customer (impatiently): Hello, there! What's sugar this morning? Grocer (hurrying up from the cellar, absent-mindedly): Same as usual, glucose and sand.

A book-keeper keeps this warning hanging on his desk: "Never address your conversation to a person adding a column of figures. There is nothing so deaf as an adder."

Little Brown-stone Boy (sighing)—"Oh, dear!" Fond Mother—"What is it, my darling? What do you want?" Little Brown-stone Boy—"I want to want something."

Mrs. Popinjay never uses slang, but she came very near it the other day, when she found her chambermaid sitting at ease in the parlor, and exclaimed: "Now you get up and dust!"

A Brilliant Prospect—Absent-minded man (in a bob-tail car)—"Conductor, I think I dropped a five-dollar gold piece in the box instead of a nickle." Street-car driver—"Well, sit down in the corner and ride it out. I'm very busy just now and can't be bothered."

Lady (as a blood-curdling war-whoop is heard from the kitchen): What is happening, Walters? Maid: That is Dinah. She always yells that way, ma'am, when she succeeds in turning the omelette without letting it drop on the floor. She's the daughter of a Zulu chief.

Shrewd Advertisers.

Readers of the newspapers of the day cannot fail to be impressed with the fact that the modern advertiser is progressive.

He is compelled to be, else competitors more active in the invention of new advertising devices, will outstrip him in public favor.

The value of printers' ink judiciously and scientifically employed cannot be overestimated; it is the medium whereby a meritorious discovery is raised from local fame to a position in the public esteem. Hence the columns of the newspapers are daily used by hosts of advertisers and in the competition which is indulged in to attain the desired end, the reader is oftentimes amused.

The greatest of American advertisers, and it may as well be said in the world, is H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., whose name has been made everywhere familiar in connection with Warner's Safe Cure, widely advertised because of its merit in the prevention and cure of kidney diseases.

By printer's ink this great discovery has achieved world-wide popularity and thousands feel grateful for the knowledge thus acquired of this greatest of modern remedies.

Furthermore, the public has been taught that disorders of the lungs, brain, heart and liver which have hitherto been regarded and treated by the profession as distinctive diseases are not so in fact, but are the attending symptoms of disease of the kidneys; therefore, the consumptive, the apopletic, the paralytic, and the sufferer from nervous disorders can be restored to health by Warner's Safe Cure, which will remove the true cause of those disorders by restoring the kidneys to healthy action.

The advertising methods employed by this greatest of advertisers are invariably instructive and, although the reader may sometimes be "caught" in reading an advertisement, which was not at first supposed to be such, there is, nevertheless, no time lost since useful information is invariably gained concerning life's great problem.

Feeding a Big City.

The business of producing and providing food for mankind furnishes a livelihood to a majority of the race. Generals in command of armies of 20,000 or 50,000 men have been brought to ignominious defeat and flight for the lack of power to supply them with food; and yet a population of two and one-half million people in and around New York is supplied with food every day and for every meal from all parts of the world. Ten thousand head of cattle are slaughtered every week to provide New York with beef, and that is not more than one-half the beef that is consumed there. Some of the beef comes in on foot; the rest in refrigerator cars from the West. Swine are brought in dressed; but sheep are all killed in the city. The greater part of the fresh fish supply of the city comes in refrigerator cars from Boston and Gloucester; the rest comes to the markets in fishing-boats. Enough fish is kept ahead in the cold storehouses to last the city two or three weeks. The vegetables come from almost everywhere. Lettuce is mainly brought from near Boston, where one firm ships $100,000 worth of it each year. Enormous amounts of celery come from Kalamazoo, Mich. The South supplies the early vegetables, and some of them come from Florida. They come on refrigerator cars, and because they can be safely shipped and easily kept they no longer command fabulous prices. But the bulk of the green vegetable business is still done in the old way by farmers who come in from their places five to thirty and more miles away and sell their produce from their wagons. Some of them start in the afternoon and drive all night, often sleeping on their wagons and only waking when their trained horses have brought them to the ferries at 1 and 2 o'clock at night. The Gansevoort market is the only place where they are allowed to expose their "truck" for sale in the city, and there it is sold to dealers. In summer time as many as 3000 wagons a day are driven in. The cattle on a thousand hills daily contribute the milk that New York consumes the next day. The farmer gets from one and one-half to two and one-half cents a quart for it and the consumer pays 8 and 10. The difference is divided among the railroads, commission merchants and peddlers, the latter getting several cents a quart. One of the curious things of the provision business is that eggs laid in Holland and Germany get to New York in less time than from some Western States and are actually cheaper than fresh eggs laid in this country, the reason being that they are rated as "dined eggs."

The raising of 30 bushels of wheat to the acre will remove from the land 51 pounds of nitrogen, 24 pounds of phosphoric acid and 37 pounds of potash. This could be replaced by 60 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 171 pounds of super-phosphate of lime and 76 pounds of chloride of potash.