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A Good Story.

From Sharpes' Magazine.

A LEAF FOR LITTLE LADIES.

SPRINGTIDE.

It was a lovely September afternoon; the soft breeze scarce ruffled the sails of the stately ships that floated on the calm sea. All was still, save when an occasional shout broke from a merry group of children engaged in building mimic towns upon the sands. After a time, two of the little company stole away from the scene of their labors, and were soon hid from the others by the rugged rocks with which the Jersey coast was stewn for miles around.

The name of the little girl was Ellie Grierson—a bright-eyed, active chill of twelve. Her companion, Arthur Seyton, was a tall, slight boy, two or three years older than herself.

The shadows lengthened, as hour after hour of the bright afternoon flew by, and still the two scrambled on unweariedly over stones and sea-weed. They had discovered a very curious rock, which was worn by the destructive force of the tide into all manner of odd shapes.

"Here is a perfectly shaped arm-chair, Arthur; I can seat myself in it so comfortably! Is it not very curious?"

"Very; and here is nearly as good a sofa."

"No," said Ellie, shaking her head, "my chair is the best!"

"There are many queer rocks hereabouts," said Arthur; "how easily one could imagine a churchyard down yonder: those stones are the very shape of tombstones!"

"I don't see the resemblance," returned Ellie. "I could fancy, instead, a number of people bending down to dig up sand-eels."

Shut in as they were among the rocks, the children little imagined the rapid progress the tide was making, so gently and noiselessly did the little waves wander in among the stones.

"Arthur! Arthur!" shouted Ellie, clapping hands, "come here quickly: I have found a cave in the rock!"

Arthur stood by her side in a moment

"So you have! I did not know there was a cave here! but other people did, however, for here are rude sort of steps cut out in the stone up to the entrance."

"Come and let us investigate it, Arthur. I never have been in a cave before."

"Certainly; only take care you do not fall on the slippery steps."

Ellie uttered an exclamation of delight, as, after passing through a long, narrow passage, they entered a large cavern. At first she could see nothing; but her eyes soon grew accustomed to the dim light, and she looked round in astonishment at the vaulted room in which she found herself.

"O Arthur! have you ever seen such a curious place?"

"Oh! yes; the caves at Plemont are much larger. But you speak in a low voice, Ellie, as if you were afraid of being overheard by the fairies with which tradition peoples the caves."

"Is there any story about this one?"

"Very likely there is; but I don't happen to know it. I don't believe there is a cave that has not some legend belonging to it. There is one in Guernsey, which is said to have been built in the night by a band of fairies."

"I am sure the fairies would have the good taste to prefer grassy mounds and flowery meadows to a gloomy cave like this!"

"I quite agree with you, Ellie—it would be a much fitter place of abode for the black dwarfs and trolls."

Ellie examined the cavern attentively for a long time, while Arthur told her all the anecdotes he remembered relating to caves. At last she said: "But, Arthur, look! there is another opening; perhaps we may find another room."

"You had better take care, Ellie. It is said of a cave in the Western Islands that, whoever penetrates to the end returns without his skin!"

Ellie laughed. "It would be better to come back wanting one's skin than not to come back at all. But, Arthur," she continued, "look how the walls glitter! Do knock me off a piece of them!"

"Certainly, if I had a stone to do it with; but it is so dark here. Oh! here is one that will do. Now, Ellie, we must hurry back!"

"Oh! wait; here is such a pretty bit: do give it me!"

True is the saying, "Most haste worst speed." Arthur's efforts to be speedy only made him longer.

"What is the matter, Arthur? Why have you taken such a sudden restless fit?" said Ellie, looking at him with surprise.

"We have been away a very long time, and the others will be wondering where we are: besides——"

"Besides what?"

"I have quite forgotten to look at the tide; and it may be quite near us for all we know."

"Nonsense; we would hear it much plainer if it were. What odd little caves those are, in the wall; where do they lead to?"

"Tradition says, to the centre of the earth; but that's humbug. Do come away now."

But Ellie was headstrong, and insisted on exploring every one of the little fissues before she would quit the spot; even then she lingered, in spite of Arthur's efforts to hurry her.

"How funny you look!" she said, laughing. "What are you in such a state about? It would be great fun if the tide had come in!"

"Ellie, you don't know what you are saying," said Arthur, as, grasping her hand tightly, he drew her forward.

"What a tiresome boy you are!" said Ellie, half laughing, half-provoked. "We have only been a short time in the cave."

"The time has passed much quicker than you imagine. Hark! how near the sea sounds!"

There was something in his voice that startled Ellie, and she no longer held back.

"O Arthur! what is the matter?" she said, as an exclamation of dismay burst from his lips.

"Look!"

Ellie's face grew paler and paler as she looked forth on the expanse of waters that lay around them, only broken by the rocks that here and there raised their rugged heads above the tide.

"O Arthur! how dreadful! How can we get away?"

But Arthur did not answer. He was looking eagerly from side to side. He saw but too clearly the danger of their situation—all mode of exit cut off by the deep water that washed the base of the rock on which they stood. His look was answer enough for Ellie; and covering her face with her hands, she burst into tears.

"O Arthur! I have been very wrong. If I had not kept you so long in the cave we would have been safe. I was very, very wicked!"

"Hush dear! don't reproach yourself; it is of no use; and I can't bear to hear you: and don't cry so dreadfully! Perhaps we may be saved yet."

Little knew he what, and looked around on the placid sea, dotted by the distant sails of the many ships "bound on their voyage home."

"The water looks so clear and beautiful, Arthur—it can't be so cruel as to drown us! Oh! no, no—we *can't* be drowned!"

Arthur did not hear her; he was gazing, with compressed lips, at something on the rock by his side. It was a small piece of sea-weed: he put his hand and touched it: it was damp, and growing to the rock. Tearing it off with an impatient jerk, he flung it into the sea: he watched it unconsciously as it was washed to and fro by the ripple; then he turned and looked at Ellie. She was leaning her little pale face on her hand, her eyes fixed wistfully on the distant cliffs of France. He hastily swallowed down something that would rise in his throat as he looked at her; and, bending over the rock, he watched the water with an aching eagerness. Yes, it was rising; that was only too evident. He started up. "O Ellie! Ellie! if there was only something I could do—some way of escape I could try for you, however dangerous! But it is maddening to stay doing nothing, and see those waters rising higher and higher."—And he stamped his foot excitedly.

There was a few moments' silence; then Ellie rose, and laying her hand on his arm, looked up in his face with an earnest look in her blue eyes. "Don't speak so, dear Arthur! I don't think God will let us be drowned. Just as you spoke, the verse I read this morning came into my head:—'Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith?'"

Arthur was silent, and stood thinking for a little; at last he said: "Let us go into the cave again, Ellie. There is no chance of escape here; perhaps we may find some place in the walls to which we can climb up. I have heard that in some caves the water only covers the surface of the floor."

Ellie allowed herself, somewhat unwillingly to be led from the fresh air back into the dark cavern. Then shutting her eyes, she learnt in silence against the rock, while Arthur eagerly investigated the damp walls. "Ellie!" he exclaimed, "look! here is the very thing; do you see that sort of little shelf in the rock?"

"Yes, but can we reach it?"

"I think so; you know we are both good climbers."

After a little difficulty, Arthur succeeded in reaching the crevice, and lay down so as to stretch his arm as far down as possible.

"Now, Ellie, put your foot there, and take hold of that stone, and raise your left foot, and you will find another resting-place.—Capital! Now raise your hand, and I will try to reach you—well done!"

Ellie drew a breath of relief when she found herself seated side by side with Arthur, and asked him in a cheerful voice if he thought they would be safe where they were.

"I cannot tell, Ellie; we can only hope so."

This was not encouraging, and Ellie said no more, but looked round the cave, feeling very "eerie," for it was growing darker and darker as the evening shades crept on without.

"What are you thinking about, Ellie?" said Arthur, as he felt her tremble.

"Those lines of the song Lucy sang last night will run in my head."

"What lines, dear?"

Ellie repeated, in a voice which she tried in vain to make steady:

"'They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The hungry cruel foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
To her grave beside the sea.'"

"Try and think of something else."

"I have been trying for long, and I cannot."

Ellie started, a few minutes after, as the cave gave back the rich tones of Lucy's voice, as he sang the beautiful [illegible]

"'Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waters near me roll,
While the temp[illegible]

"'Hide me, O my [illegible]
Till the storm of life [illegible]
Safe into the haven [illegible]
Oh! receive my soul [illegible]

He sang steadily through the verses, and Ellie thought the words had never before seemed so beautiful as they did now. Soothed and comforted she hardly knew how, she leant back wearily against the rock, for she was thoroughly worn out by the long day spent in scrambling among the rocks. Unlike Arthur, she did not realize the hopelessness of their situation. She knew they were in danger, but Ellie had a child's simple faith in God, and having asked him to take care of her and Arthur, she felt secure in His protection. Her heavy eyes gradually closed, and in a little while her head fell on Arthur's shoulder, and she was fast asleep.

"Poor little Ellie!" said Arthur to himself, as he drew her cloak closer round her—"What a mercy it is that she can sleep so peacefully!"

Hour followed hour, and Ellie slept on while Arthur listened to the monotonous ripple of the water, and the shrill cry of the sea-bird, as it flew by to seek its nest among the cliffs. The cave was now quite dark, and, from the sound of the waves, he was expecting to feel the tide break against him every moment, when a moon-beam came floating in along the water. Arthur's heart died within him, as with it came the remembrance of Willie's words, uttered in the morning, and forgotten till that moment, "It is full moon to-night, and there will be a spring-tide." A spring-tide! All hope was gone now, and he knew that a little later the cave would be full. He held the sleeping Ellie in a despairing clasp, and counted the precious moments that yet remained.

Arthur had thought of death before. He had often dreamt of falling on some glorious battle-field, and being borne to his grave to the sound of martial music, leaving an honored name behind him; but it was a very different thing rushing forward to meet death amid the roar of cannon, the trumpet's blast, and the shouts of the battle, to awaiting it in a dimal cave among the rocks, like a condemned criminal the hour of his execution, imprisoned by the rippling waves as securely as the felon by the massive walls and iron bolts of his prison.

Time wore on, but Arthur grew calmer as the tide rose higher. His defiant feeling had died away, and he felt how vain it was to struggle against God's will; and though his dreams of earthly glory had faded, would the welcoming songs of the angels be less sweet, his golden crown less bright on that account? While he was thus thinking, a little ripple passed gently over his foot, and though it was what he had been expecting, he recoiled as if struck by a sudden blow. Ellie still slept; she did not feel the large tear that fell on her brow as he bent over to catch the murmured words that she uttered in her sleep. She was dreaming of home; she said Willie's name and laughed aloud. Arthur shuddered involuntarily as the cavern walls echoed back the light laugh with a hollow sound. Was it right to let Ellie sleep on, dreaming so unconsciously, with death and eternity so near? And yet how to waken her, and tell her that all hope was gone! Arthur could not find courage to do it; he smoothed back with a trembling hand the heavy hair from [illegible] little sleeper, and let the [illegible] he listened to her q[illegible] could she sleep so sou[illegible] the sleep "He giveth [illegible] would she be spared al[illegible] waken to find herself in heav[illegible]

At last Ellie moved restle[illegible] tide had by this time reached the [illegible] place, and was gently flowing over her [illegible] which were curled up upon the rock. Ar[illegible]thur was bending down to awaken her gently, when a sound from without caused him to start violently, and then shout aloud with all the strength he could muster. He hardly knew his own voice—so hoarse and changed did it sound! He shouted again—this time accompanied by a piercing cry from Ellie, who had wakened in alarm; and, terrified at finding herself in the water, clung, shrieking, to him.

An answering shout from a well-known voice—the sound of oars—a lantern's light gleaming on the walls, and a boat forces its way into the cave.

"Thank God! we are in time!" bursts from the lips of Ellie's father, as he lifts his little daughter into the boat; and Arthur returns, convulsively, the grasp of his brother's outstretched hand.

A little longer, and the boat nears the shore; and as the boatmen's cheering shout brings joy to the anxious hearts of the group assembled there, Arthur looks back to the scene of the past danger, and thinks of Ellie's verse: "Why are ye so fearful, O ye of little faith!"

☞ Marrying a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird for its singing.

Selected Poetry.

NO SUCH THING AS DEATH.

"There's no such thing as death!"
To those who think aright,
'Tis but the racer casting off
What most impedes his flight;
'Tis but one little act
Life's drama must contain;
One struggle keener than the rest,
And then an end to pain.

There's no such thing as death!"
That which is thus miscalled
Life escaping from the chains
Which have so long enthralled;
[illegible] a once hidden star,
Piercing through the night,
[illegible] shine in gentle radiance forth
Amid its kindred light.

[illegible]ere's no such thing as death?"
[illegible] Nature nothing dies!
[illegible]om each sad remnant of decay
Some forms of life arise;
[illegible]e faded leaf that falls,
All sear and brown, to earth,
[illegible]re long shall mingle with the shapes
That give the flowers birth.

"There's no such thing as death!"
'Tis but the blossom sprays,
Sinking before the coming fruit
That seeks the summer's rays;
'Tis but the bud displaced,
As comes the perfect flower;
'Tis faith exchanged for light,
And weariness for power.

Selected Miscellany.

Cooking by the Sun's Rays.

BY PROFESSOR JOSEPH HENRY.

Were it not for the aerial envelope which surrounds our earth, all parts of its surface would probably become as cold at night, by radiation into space, as the polar regions are during six months' absence of the sun. The mode in which the atmosphere retains the heat and increases the temparature of the earth's surface may be illustrated by an experiment originally made by Suassure. This physicist lined a cubical wooden box with blackened cork, and, after placing within it a thermometer, closely covered it with a top of two panes of glass, separated from each other by a thin stratum of air. When this box was exposed to the perpendicular rays of the sun, the thermometer indicated a temperature within the box above that of boiling water.—The same experiment was repeated at the Cape of Good Hope, by Sir John Herschel, with a similar result, which was rendered, however, more impressive by employing the heat thus accumulated in cooking the viands of a festive dinner. The explanation of the result thus produced is not difficult, when we understand that a body heated to different degrees of intensity gives off rays of different quality. Thus, if an iron ball be suspended in free space, and heated to the temperature of boiling water, it emits rays of little penetrating power, which are entirely intercepted by glass. As the body is heated to a higher degree, the penetrating power of the rays increase, and finally, when the temperature of the ball reaches that of a glowing white heat, it emits rays which readily penetrate glass and other transparent substances. The heat which comes from the sun, consists principally of rays of high intensity and great penetrating power. They readily pass through glass, are absorbed by the blackened surface of the cork, and as this substance is a bad conductor of heat its temperature is soon elevated, and it in turn radiates heat, but the rays which it gives off are of a different character from those which it receives. They are voluminous, and have little penetrating power; they cannot pass through the glass, and are retained within the box, and thus give rise to the accumulation of the heat. The limit of the increase of temperature will be attained when the radiation from the cork is of such an intensity that it can pass through the glass, and the cooling from this source becomes just equal to the heating from the sun. The atmosphere which surrounds the earth produces a similar effect. It transmits the rays from the sun and heats the earth beneath, which in its turn emits rays that do not readily penetrate the air, but give rise to an accumulation of heat at the surface. The resistance of the transmission of heat of low intensity depends upon the quantity of vapor contained in the atmosphere, and perhaps also on the density of the air. The radiation of the earth, therefore, differs very much on different nights and in different localities. In very dry places, as for example, in the African deserts and our own western plains, the heat of the day is excessive, and the night commensurably cool. Colonel Emory states, in his Report of the Mexican Boundary Survey, that, in some cases, on the arid plains, there was a difference of 60° between the temperature of the day and that of the night. Indeed, the air is so permeable to heat, even of [illegible] intensities, in this region, that a very re[illegible]able difference was observed on some occa[illegible] when the camp ground was chosen in a [illegible] between two steep hills. The interradia[illegible]etween the hills prevented in a measure [illegible]ual diminution of temperature, and the [illegible]ometer in such a situation stood several [illegible]es higher than on the open plain.

Girls, don't do it.

"Advice to Young Women" occurs the [illegible]ing:—"There is a practice quite prevalent among young ladies of the present day, which we are old-fashioned enough to consider very improper. We allude to giving daguerreotypes of themselves to young men who are merely acquaintances. We consider it indelicate in the highest degree. We are astonished that any young girl should sell herself as cheap as this. With an accepted lover it is of course all right. Even in this case the likeness should be returned if the engagement should by any misunderstanding cease. If this little paragraph should meet the eye of any girl about to give her daguerreotype to any gentleman acquaintance, let her know that the remarks made by young men, when together, concerning what is perhaps on her part a piece of ignorance or imprudence, would, if she heard them, cause her cheeks to crimson with shame and anger. "Were it a sister of ours!" But that not being the case, we give this advice to anybody's sister who needs it, most anxiously desiring that she should at all times preserve her dignity and self-respect."

☞ It is extraordinary how many defects we can discern in a friend after we have quarrelled with him. The same remark applies to woman after she has rejected us.

☞ A young lady who had mislaid or lost her beau, was advised to hang up her fiddle.—She said the advice did great violence to her heart strings.

French and English Social Relations.

In France the social relations between class and class, between employer and employed, between mistress and servant, are freer and more friendly than these relations are in England.—In France, even under Bonapartist despotism, and despite the love of luxury which afflicts every grade of community, the revolution's mark remains. Everywhere there is respect for the able man, even when he has sprung from the lowest social depth. The soldier who has fought his way from behind the bar of a village inn to the rank of Marshal of France; the forlorn peasant boy who has turned a five franc piece into a splendid fortune; the humble girl greatly matched; all find even in show-adoring Paris, a welcome, hearty and sincere, in the circles to which they rise. In Paris poor boys who have become great men, may be seen any day airing some bronzed Normandy dame, in the high cap of her native village, proud indeed of a mother or a sister. If there be a section of the Paris public, however, where exceptions to this healthy state of feeling may be found, the inquirer must seek it in the sombre streets and behind the ponderous gateways of the Quartier Saint Germain.

Here may be found shrivelled old people, nursing, in hereditary ruins, the hereditary prejudices which belong to them. Here we find, in the dilapidated section, the hopeless section of French society—something like the feeling which is prevalent in the genteel world of England, where anxious lives are passed in steering clear of acquaintances engaged in business.—That distance so jealously guarded by gentility between class and class, which Judge Talfourd deplored in his last speech from the bench, does not exist in France, save among the old nobility.

Among our neighbors, masters and servants meet in a frank, gracious way. Mistresses talk with their servants; your gatekeeper will broach the topic of the day with you. This general friendliness shocks many English visitors to Paris; yet its effect upon the people of France has been most salutary. It has refined the humbler classes, and it has broadened the view of the richer classses. It has given dignity to every kind of labor: and the general respect for labor has imposed self-respect on the laborer.—A vain and frivolous race has become a thrifty race and a sober race. You may see drunken rag-pickers any day in Paris, but you must make a very long day's journey, indeed, before you will come across a drunken artisan.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

A College Scene.

While I was at —— college, among a number of new martriculants was one from Greene county, who was very "green" himself. He came with exalted notions of college, professors, &c., and manifested the greatest amazement at every thing he beheld. In conversation with him, "the boys" were led to speak of his having to declaim before the professor. He protested that he could never do that——never. They insisted that it would be to his advantage. He said that was too much for him, and he would pack up and go home. But he was at length prevailed on to commit a piece to memory; and, by the way of giving him exercise, the boys who had won his confidence, would take him out to the woods, mount him on a stump, and put him through a rehearsal. They flattered his performances from time to time, until he became quite vain of himself and efforts; indeed, he was now as confident and beautiful as he had been doubtful and timid.

At length the day arrived to declaim before the professor. There was a large class. Several had performed their parts, and our hero was called out. His courage had failed him; he looked pale and tremulous; his lips quivered. He took his stand, and throwing his arms awkwardly about began in a stentorian voice, "Imagine to yourself a Dem-os-theens addressing the most learned assembly in Greeck!" Here he clapped his hands to his face and broke forth in a wild booby wail, the tears gushing from between his fingers.

The professor, after a pause, said, encouragingly, "Compose yourself and go on." This he took for imperative, and struck off again: "Imagine to yourself a Demosthec-e-ens. Boo-oo-oo-oo!" Some of the boys sitting near encouraged him, saying to him, "Try again; and if you can't go through with that piece, speak your other speech." Whereupon he started out again: "Imagine to yourself a Demosth-e-ens—" He paused a moment, and then, with wildest mien and gesture—his clenched fists going like sledge hammers, he burst forth:

"My home is on the rolling deep:
I spend my time in feeding sheep:
And when the waves on high is runnin',
I takes my bag and goes a gunnin';
I shoot great ducks in deep snake holes,
And drinks gin sling from two quart bowls!"

At the conclusion of which he rushed in a frenzy to his seat, amid the deafening roars and cheers of the boys, and to the utter destruction of the professor's gravity.

How Judge H —— Helped to Unload the Steamboat.

A friend of ours, who was an eye witness to the fact, related to us an amusing circumstance which occurred while Judge H —— presided on the bench in his district.

On a peculiar occasion after his appointment, business called him to Liberty, and, while there, meeting with many of his old associates at the bar, got into a convinial mood, which lasted several days, and on going out he looked rather the worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's landing, there was a boat discharging freight, and in a great haste for fear another boat would pass, then just hove in sight.

The clerk sang out, "I say, old man, can't you lend the men a hand in taking off that lot of furniture? I will pay you well for so doing, and 'doubly filly' in the bargain."

"Oh, yes," says the Judge, "always ready to help in a time of need."

"Then turn in and be quick," said the clerk.

The first thing was a marble top bureau. In going off the plank the Judge slipped, and the clerk roared out—

"There now, throw that into the river will you?"

"Certainly," replied the Judge, and giving a kick with the order, overboard it went.

"Hellow! what's that for?" said the clerk.

"I always obey orders when I work for a man."

"Leave," said the mate.

"Agreed," said the Judge.

"Who is that man?" said the clerk.

A bystander remarked, "That is Judge H——, of the Fifth Judicial District of Missouri."

"Let go that line!" cried the clerk, and the boat put into the stream at its highest speed.

☞ Punch, in speaking of "sickness extraordinary," tells how a man "bolted a door and threw up a window."

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.—In writing for the press observe the following rules:

1. Write with black ink, on white paper with ruled lines.
2. Make the pages smaller than those of foolscap sheet.
3. Leave one page of each sheet blank.
4. Leave a margin all round each written page.
5. Number the pages in the order of their succession.
6. Write in a plain, bold hand, without respect to beauty.
7. Insert nothing not intended for printing.
8. Punctuate the manuscript properly.
9. For italics, underscore one line; for small Capitals, two; Capitals, three.
10. Take special pains with every letter in proper names.
11. Review every word, to be sure that none are illegible.
12. Put directions to the printer at the head of the first page.
13. Never write a private letter to the Editor on the printers copy, but always on a separate sheet.

WHAT A PRINTER MUST BE.—*Punch* says: "How nice this being a printer!—A public servant, and withal a servant of the devil. A good natured fellow—must always smile, bow to every body—must be killing polite on all occasions, especially to the ladies—must always be a regular duck of a man, always witty, and dignified; must never do anything that would not accord with the strictest propriety of the most precise old maid, and must be correct in everything he does; he is always expected to know the latest news, is styled 'muggins' if he is not always posted; must please everybody, and is supposed never to need the one thing needful; must trust everybody, and is thought a great hore if he presents his bill; must be a ladder for all political aspirants to step into office, who very soon become independent, don't owe him anything, consider the printer at best a sorry dog, who cannot expect any better treatment than kicks and cuffs, and finally summing it up, he is expected to be a man without a model and without a shadow."

NO COMPLIMENTS IN PRAYER.—We have heard some prayers which were designed to affect the hearer rather than to reach heaven.—The following characteristic anecdote of John Randolph is a keen rebuke of the practice:

In one of his spells of repentance and sickness, he was visited by a minister, who at his request, prayed for and with him. The minister began in this wise: "Lord, our friend is sick. Thou knowest how generous he was to the poor, and what eminent services he has rendered to his country, and how he is among the honored and great men of the earth—"

"Stop, stop," said the impatient Randolph, "no more of such stuff, else the Lord will damn us both."

☞ A good anecdote is told of a man named [illegible], a [illegible] drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too steep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him, with his arm crooked and his mouth open and holding him fast asked, with an air of triumph: "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You never drink, ha!" Now one would suppose that Bently would have acknowledged the corn. Not he. With the most grave and inexpressible face he calmly, and in a dignified manner said: "Gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

A CUTTING REBUKE.—Cyrus, when quite a youth, at the court of his grandfather, Astyages, undertook one day to perform the office of cupbearer. He delivered the cup very gracefully, but omitted to taste as was the custom. The king reminded him of it, supposing he had forgotten. "No, sire," replied Cyrus, "but I was afraid there might be poison in it; for I have observed the lords of your court, after drinking, become noisy, quarrelsome, and frantic, and that even you, sire, seem to have forgotten that you were a king."

THOUGHT HE MEANT NURSING.—Jimmy O'Brien lately applied for work at the residence of a well-to-do farmer near Stittsville, where he was first regaled with a dinner. Jimmy having done justice to the meal and himself, the Squire wanted to know what he could do about the farm.

"Most anything you'd set me about, sir."

"Well, Jimmy, if you can do that I think you'll suit me. Are you a cradler?"

"Bedad, it's meself that is," replied Jimmy; "but couldd't you give me some out-door work?"

A FACT.—An evangelical old lady, hearing her son slip out an oath on Sunday, exclaimed, "My dear, what are you about? What do you think of the law and the prophets?"

"What do I think of them?" said he, "why, I think *the law pockets the profits most infernally!*"

☞ "I will bequeath to my beloved Bridget all my property without reserve, to my oldest son Patrick one half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my younger son, the rest. If anything is left, it may go to Terrence O'Carty, in sweet Ireland."

☞ A lady wished a seat. A portly, handsome gentleman brought one and seated the lady. "Oh, you're a jewel," said she. "Oh, no," replied he, "I'm a jeweller; I have just set the jewel."

HAY.—Grass, for hay, should be cut before the seeds ripen. Some farmers think it best to let the seed ripen, as the seed is more nutritious. The value of hay is in the saccharine matter contained in the stalk. This saccharine matter is drawn from the stalk to mature the seed; and the grass stalk, on which the seed has ripened, loses its saccharine matter, and is as worthless as wheat straw. If the seed is allowed to mature on the corn-stalk, the stalk will not make sugar. So with the sugar cane—that intended for the manufacture of sugar should not be allowed to mature its seed. So grass should be cut while the saccharine mater is in the stalk and before it has been used to mature seed.

TO PREPARE TURNIP SEED FOR SOWING.—To prepare the seed before sowing, take a dish that is large enough to hold all the seed that is intended to be sown, and turn on enough new milk to cover the seed; let it soak six hours, then drain it dry; take sulphur and put on a good quantity, mixing it thoroughly before sowing. The milk causes the sulphur to adhere to the seed, and as the seed vegetates, the strength of the sulphur impregnates the young plant, that the turnip fly will not molest it.