THE LYTTLE BOY.

Sometime there been a lyttle boy
The wolde not run and play,
And helpless like that little tyke
Ben allwais in the way.
"Goe, make you merrie with the rest,"
His weary modder cried:
But with a frown he catch her gown
And hong until her side.

* * * * *

Godde loveth children, and doth gird
His throne with such as these,
And he doth smile in plaisaunce while
They cluster at his knees;
And sometimes, when he looked on earth,
And watched the bairns at play,
He kenned with joy a lyttle boy
Ben allwais in the way.
And then a moder felt her heart
How thaeit ben to-torne—
She kissed each day till she been gray
The shoes he used to worn;
No bairn let hold until her gown,
Nor played upon the floor—
Godde's was the joy; a lyttle boy
Ben in the way no more!

—Eugene Field.

HELEN'S GOOD DEED.

"Yes," said the doctor, solemnly, "she shows every indication of going into a decline. Rest, relaxation, change of air and scene—that's what she ought to have."

Mrs. Dardanel looked perturbed.

"Dear, dear," she said; "what a pity! And she's quite a pet of mine, too, dear little thing. She is very quick with her needle and really ingenious—and the way she puts trimmings on a dress positively reminds one of Mme. Antoine herself."

"The seaside cottage would be the place for her," suggested Dr. Midland. "You are one of the lady patronesses, I believe, and——"

"Yes, but the seaside cottage is full," said Mrs. Dardanel. "Not an inch of room unoccupied. I had a note from the matron yesterday."

"Ah, indeed!" said the doctor, fumbling with his watch-seals. "Unfortunate—very."

"But," cried Mrs. Dardanel, an idea suddenly occurring to her much bepuffed and befrizzled head, "there is Mrs. Daggett's farm a few miles farther down the shore. She takes boarders for $5 a week and I believe it is a very nice place. If you think it advisable I will take a month's board for the girl there. I really feel as if the dear little thing belonged to me."

"An, excellent plan," said the doctor, oracularly. "I have no doubt but that a month of sea air would make a different person of her."

Helen could hardly believe her own ears when Mrs. Dardanel beamingly announced her intentions.

"The seashore!" she cried, her pale face flushing all over; "the real sea! Oh, Mrs. Dardanel, I have dreamed of it all my life! And for a long bright summer month. Oh, how shall I ever thank you?"

"By getting well and strong as fast as you can," said Mrs. Dardanel. touched by the girl's enthusiasm, "And here is a $10 bill for you," she added with a smile. "You may need some trifle of dress, or there may be a drive or a picnic or an excursion going in which you will want to participate."

The poor girl's first impulse was to return the money,

"No, you shall not give it back—it is a present from me and I choose that you keep it."

Helen Hyde's heart beat high with delight when first she saw the Daggett farmhouse, a long, low, red building with an immense stack of chimneys, a cluster of umbrageous maple trees guarding it about with shade and a doorway full of sweet, old-fashioned flowers, while in sight of the windows the Atlantic flung its curling crests of foam all along the shining shore. Mrs. Daggett welcomed her warmly; she had been Mrs. Dardanel's housekeeper once and knew the value of that lady's patronage.

"I've just one room left, my dear," she said, "under the eaves of the house. It's small, but it's furnished comfortably and there's a view of the ocean. I could have given you better accommodations if I had received Mrs. Dardanel's letter a day earlier. But four young ladies, teachers in the Ixwood institute, came yesterday and I'm sleeping in the parlor. But we will make you as snug as possible and the very first good-sized room that is vacant you shall have."

Helen was very happy in her little nook, from whose casement she could see the ocean, dotted with white sails.

Mrs. Daggett was a driving, energetic woman. Farmer Daggett was an honest, vacant-faced man who invariably fell asleep of an evening with his chair tipped back against the wall, and every available inch of the house was filled with summer boarders, mostly ladies. There were but three masculine appendages to the house besides its master—and an old clergyman whose parishioners clubbed together every summer to treat him to six weeks' vacation, a literary man of large aspirations and small income who had come hither for rest and opportunity to study up the "skeleton" for his next novel, and old Mr. Mifflin.

It was some time before Helen Hyde fairly comprehended who old Mr. Mifflin was. A bent and bowed little man, with silver hair curling over the collar of his coat, a ruffled shirt like the pictures of our revolutionary forefathers, and blue eyes that glistened from behind a pair of silver spectacles, he shuffled in and out to his meals after an apologetic fashion and sat all the bright afternoons under the maples staring at the sea.

"Who is that old gentleman?" she at last ventured to ask Mrs. Daggett.

The lady frowned.

"It's old Daddy Mifflin," said she, "and I wish it was anybody else."

"Is he a boarder?"

"Well, he is and he isn't," obscurely answered Mrs. Daggett, who was picking currants for a pudding while Helen sat by and watched her. "But he won't be here long. You see, my dear, he hasn't any friends. When me and Daggett came from Vermont and bought this place we got it cheap because of old Mifflin. We were to give him the northeast chamber and they were to allow us so much a month for his keep. It ain't every one that would be willing to have an old man like him about. But he's harmless and quiet and the $2 a week helped us. But now Breezy point has grown to be a fashionable resort and things are changed. And what's worse his folks have left off sending the money."

"I wonder why?" said Helen, her large, dreamy eyes fixed sadly on the old man, who sat under the maples wistfully watching the sea.

"They're dead, p'raps," said Mrs. Daggett. "Or p'raps they've got tired of him. Anyhow, it's three months since we've heard a word, and me and Daggett have made up our minds that we can't stand it any longer, so we're going to put him on the town. Lawyer Boxall says it's legal and right and they can't expect anything else of us. Squire Sodus is to send his covered carryal next Saturday and old Daddy Mifflin'll suppose he's going for a ride. And so things'll go off smooth and pleasant."

"Smooth and pleasant!" Helen Hyde looked across the grassy lawn to the little old man with his mild, abstracted face, his ruffled shirt front, the silver hair that glistened in the sunshine and the white, clawlike fingers that slowly turned themselves backward and forward as he sat there.

"He owned the place once," said Mrs. Daggett, but his sons turned out bad and he indorsed for Squire Sodus' cousin and lost everything. And here he is in his old age, without a penny! What is it, Becky? The oven ready for the pies? Yes, I'm coming.

She bustled away, leaving Helen alone. A sort of inspiration entered the girl's heart as she sat there with the briny smell of the ocean filling her senses and the rustle of the maple leaves murmuring softly overhead. She took Mrs. Dardanel's $10 bill from her pocket and looked long and earnestly at it. She thought of the little one-horse carryall which she and the girls from Ixwood institute who have hired together to drive over the hills and glens all those sweet, misty summer afternoons, of the excursions to Twin Rock by steamer, upon which she had counted; of the new black bunting dress which she had decided to buy. She must abandom all these little darling extravagances if she indulged this other fancy.

"As if there could be any choice," she said to herself.

Then she got up and went softly across the grass and clover blossoms to where Daddy Mifflin sat.

"Do you like this place?" she asked, softly.

"It's home, my dear," he answered, seeming to rouse himself out of a reverie; "it's home. I have lived here for eighty-odd years. I could not live anywhere else."

"But there are other places pleasanter."

"It may be, my dear; it may be," he said, looking at her with troubled eyes through the convex lenses of his glasses. "But they wouldn't be the same to me."

Helen went to Mrs. Daggett, who was baking pies and rolls and strawberry shortcake all at once.

"Mrs. Daggett," said she, "here are $10 which Mrs. Dardanel gave to me to do as I pleased with, and I please to give it to you to keep old Mr. Mifflin here five weeks longer."

"Mercy sakes alive!" said Mrs. Daggett; "he ain't no kin to you, is he?"

"No," said Helen, "but he is so old and feeble and friendless, and—and—please, Mrs. Daggett, take the money. Perhaps by the time that is gone I shall be able to send a little more. My employers are going to pay me generously in the city, and I feel myself growing better able to work every day."

So Helen Hyde adopted the cause of one and for a year she paid $2 a week steadily, even poorer and more friendless than herself, and Mr. Mifflin never knew what a danger had menaced him.

At the end of that time the old gentleman's grandson came from some wide, wild region across the sea, a tall, dark-eyed man with the mien of a prince in diguise.

"My father has been dead a year," he said. "And his papers have only just been thoroughly investigated, so that I have just learned, for the first time, that there is an arrearage due on my grandfather's allowance. I hope he has not been allowed to suffer——"

"Oh, he's all right!" said Mrs. Daggett. "We have taken excellent care of him."

"You are a noble-hearted woman," said the young man, fervently clasping her hand, "and I will see that you are no loser by your generosity."

"It ain't me," said Mrs. Dagget, turning red and white, for Helen Hyde, now spending her second summer at farmhouse, sat by, quietly sewing in the window recess. "I'm free to allow that me and Daggett got out of patience and was going to put him on the town, but Miss Hyde, here, one of our boarders, she's paid for him ever since."

"I beg your pardon if I have interfered, said Helen, blushing scarlet as the large black eyes fell scrutinizingly on her face, "but he seemed so old and helpless that——"

"God bless you for your noble deed!" said Ambrose Mifflin, earnestly.

But there was something in Helen's manner which prevented him from offering any pecuniary recompense to her.

"My grandfather will require your care no longer," said he. "We have been fortunate in our Australian investments and I am prepared to buy the old farm back again and settle here permanently."

And when Mrs. Dardanel began to think about getting her winter dresses made up, she received a note from Miss Hyde, which ran as follows:

"Dear Mrs. Dardanel. I am sorry to disappoint you, but I cannot undertake any more orders, for I am to be married next month to Mr. Ambrose Mifflin and we are to live at the Daggett farm And, oh! how proud I should be if you would come here and visit me next summer, when the roses are in bloom and the strawberries ripen. Ambrose is all that is nice and I have the dearest old grandfather-in-law in the world. Affectionately, HELEN HYDE."

And all this life's romance had grown out of Helen's month at the seaside.—Exchange.

MADE A FIZZING COMBINE.

A Drummer Out-Yarned by an Old Man Who Had Been West.

The drummer had finished telling the Detroit Free Press man a remarkable story when an old man, who had been listening quietly, squared his chair around and put in. "That yarn of yours don't surprise me a bit," he said earnestly, "I used to live in the west myself and had some strange experiences in the mountains."

"As to how?" inquired the drummer with some show of resentment.

"Well, in every way, I was a cowboy and miner, and stage driver and merchant and a little of everything, but the oddest thing that ever happened to me and knocked my chances for becoming a millionaire silly took place in a wild valley about a hundred miles from Denver. I had gone there with my partner prospecting and one day in digging around sort of promiscuously we struck a vein of pure soda, white as snow and beautiful to look at. We drove a shaft in it to the depth of 100 feet and found there was enough in it to made us rich, so we went back to Denver and brought out some capitalists and they were eager to buy it on the spot. While the dicker was on and just before we had agreed upon a price a couple of fellows found a sour tasting spring about a hundred feet up the hill and they began to drill a hole to see what it was. They found out mighty quick, too, for they hit a vein of vinegar in about twenty feet and a big three-inch steam came out with a rush that they couldn't check, and before anybody had time to do anything it had swooped down the narrow gorge and was running head into our soda well."

The old man stopped and the drummer asked what difference that made.

"Never saw an alkali and an acid combine, I reckon, did you?" exclaimed the old man. "I never saw the genuine thing myself till that day, and we all saw it then, when from the mouth of that shaft there heaved up fully fifty feet into the air a six-foot square column of size and lather and foam till you couldn't see anything else in the gorge. We couldn't stop the vinegar, and for a month she sizzed away and there wasn't enough soda left in the pocket to tone up a biscuit with."

Then the old man, with a solemn look at the drummer, got up and went off to bed.

Odd English.

Odd specimens of English and peculiar bits of construction now and then appear in books. From a town history recently published in one of the Middle States we quote some examples of an English style that would have been greatly improved if it had passed under the supervision of a strict editor, and then had had the further advantage of a proof-reader who knew his speller.

"In those days their were no well laid out public highways, as of the present day; but foot paths, marked by blazed trees to guide the weary traveller through dense forests, which more or less of them has became extinct at the present day."

"Of all animals the panther was the most treacherous animal that the settlers had to contend with; for they would lie crouched in the bushes, and there wait in suspense for their victim, and when it passed by, would leap out upon the same, giving no warning until it had its victim within its folds."

"How far different it is at the present day, than it was seventy years ago, in keeping of the Sabbath day. No person in those days what attended regular service every Sabbath, regardless of the storms, or what else might happen.

"They at once went to him, and found a dung-fork in one hand, and the lines in the other, dead."

"He was soon rescued, but badly injured, of which he never fully recovered."

Texas Thoughts.

Exclusive society subsists chiefly upon ices.

Bought kindness never lasts long.

Why not turn the man with the great liver medicine loose on the Chinese?

A drunkard is a man who loves whisky better than his own family.

No editor can please all men unless he lets all of them run his paper for him.

The strong man is a spider and the weak man his fly.

The miser is a man who has a fortune that is so heavy that it makes him poor to tote it.

The toper has the only corner on corn.

It is not too hot yet for silly lovers too coo about this cold, cold world.

Men is a relic of barbarism.

The coming man—the boy.

The devil is a great humorist. He is full of pungent satire.

Stanley and His Donkey.

At the costermongers' donkey and pony show in the People's Palace, London, H. M. Stanley said that he had been enabled to pass through a savage district in Africa half as large as England by means of a donkey named Mirambo, that used to bray in a most stentorian manner at the word of command, and frighten all the natives; and when the expedition left Africa, homeward bound, the last thing they saw was the donkey perched on a cliff braying a sad farewell.

SOME FARMING TOPICS.

USEFUL INFORMATION FOR THE INTELLIGENT FARMER.

About the Care of Fodder--Rye for Pasturage--Care of Poultry--The Preservation of Butter--Training Up Domestic Animals.

Rye for Pasturage.

A crop of rye for late pasturage is almost a necessity on all farms where stock-raising is made a specialty. Rye is a crop that provides green food long after pasture grass is gone, and it springs up so early in the spring that green food may be had from it before grass appears, after the winter is over. It is a crop that occupies the land at a time when it will be in the way of no other crop, and requires no cultivation or labor other than the preparation of the soil and seeding.

It also keeps the weeds down, and crowds the early ones out in the spring. Considering its small cost for seed and labor, and the many advantages which it holds out as a pasture crop, it is worthy a place on every farm. It may be plowed under in the spring in time to permit of a corn crop, or it may be retained for its grain and straw, and that, too, after the cattle have grazed upon it early in the spring, the straw of rye being superior to that of wheat for many purposes, while the grain always commands a ready sale.

Every farmer is aware of the fact that one of the critical periods with milch cows is when the pasturage fails, and grain must be substituted, along with hay and other dry food, for a change always causes a falling off in the flow of milk unless great care is exercised to make the change from green food to dry food as gradual as possible. With a full supply of roots, or with the use of ensilage, the liability is lessened, but more labor is required with the cows than when they are in the pasture; hence, if they can be kept on the pasture, or allowed green food in some form, the flow will be more easily maintained with less labor. For this purpose rye is the cheapest and best crop that can be grown, and it serves to begin with in the spring, when the change must be made back to green food, which also influences the flow of milk the same as when changing to dry food. In other words, it serves to shorten the time when the cows must be fed exclusively on hay and grain, and for that purpose it can not be surpassed.

The land for rye should be prepared now, and plenty of manure will make a crop pay. If it is to be plowed under for corn, it will serve as an excellent green manure, if lime is applied after the rye is turned under. It never fails on any kind of soil to provide green food, and even on light sandy soils it will thrive well where wheat or oats can not be grown.

About the Care of Fodder.

It has been well demonstrated that the fodder produced by a crop of corn is fully equal in value to the grain. If the grain was wasted, as in the case in the management of the fodder by many, it would create surprise. It has been claimed by an eminent authority that the amount of fodder wasted annually, by exposure and trampling, is sufficient to feed all the stock in the United States during the winter. The claim is a broad one, but that an enormous loss occurs is a fact fully recognized.

The practice of "shocking" the corn fodder in the fields is an old one. At first the cured fodder is bright in color, but as the rains and snows come upon it the color changes, becoming darker, the leaves dry until very brittle, and the winds literally clean the stems of all that is of value. The shocks are blown over and rot on the ground, while the cattle tramp that which remains, by pulling it first to the ground and picking it over. Just why care should be exercised in cutting the fodder and securely binding it, only to allow it to waste later on, is a mystery, yet the same thing happens over and over.

Fodder is a bulky crop, and for that reason it is left in the field. It is not given that consideration which it deserves, so far as its nutritive value is concerned. When cut at the proper time, and left in the fields until an opportunity is afforded for storing it under a covered shed, in a condition which will make it very acceptable to all classes of stock, and if cut with a cutter, and fed moistened or steamed, with a small proportion of ground grain, it will keep in good condition without the aid of hay. It may be stored under cover by standing the fodder on end, under a large roof, or may be layered, and if well cured, and not having been exposed, it will not heat. It should be used as much as possible before the wet season sets in, to lessen the bulk. If there is a power cutter, it may be cut in large quantities at a time and stored in bins. No matter how preserved, it is a fact that, until some other method than that of allowing it to remain exposed all winter in the fields is adopted, a large portion of the crop will be lost.

Care of Poultry.

Many of the suggestions as to the care of poultry are unnecessarily cruel. In my own experience with poultry I have secured satisfactory results with less severity in handling the fowls. It is quite a common practice to lay a barrel on its side, placing the hen and chicks in it, closing the end, leaving only space for the chicks to run in and out, thus keeping the hen a prisoner until such time as the chicks are ready for the fattening coop. The latter is something I do not possess, in fact have no use for.

My hen and chicks are given a roomy coop, with slat yard, 4x3ft., which gives the hen chance to scratch an exercise and look after her family. This partial freedom secures the hen in good conditin and prepared to resume laying eggs weeks earlier than when kept closely confined.

While some advocate under feeding. I give my fowls all they will eat twice a day, and my egg record is the best in the neighborhood. I am convinced that liberal feeding will increase the receipts and keep the fowls in good condition. One of my friends tried under feeding, with the result that the flock was slowly starving. A change of plan and more liberal feeding improved the flock and gave remunerative results for the increased cost.

Another neighbor was advised to feed but once a day. He got no eggs, and deserved none. At this time I was getting four and one-half and five dozen eggs, from a flock of ninety fowls, many of them three years old.

My chicks at twelve weeks old weigh 6lbs. to the pair, and have perfect freedom. When one can produce chicks of that weight by allowing them to enjoy the few weeks of life allotted to them, what need of confining them in fattening coops and excluding all light by a green shade, to be partially raised at feeding time. This latter was the advice of a recent writer in an agricultural paper. In my own experience, if fowls are made comfortable and contented they will make constant gains, and I believe the quality of the chickens will be better than under close confinement.—H. Edes, in American Cultivator.

Training Up Domestic Animals.

Solomon's sound maxim, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," is just as sound, when applied to four-legged "children." Many farmers seem either not to know this, or to ignore it, and omit all attempts to train their young animals until they are of an age when training is no easy task. This is a great mistake.

The education of a colt should begin so early that it will never know when it was subjected to authority. It should be taught the meaning of a halter, and learn to submit without resistance to being led. And gradually, as it grows older, it should be gently inducted into all the services required of a horse, so that when finally put to use there will be no irritation or fright or reluctance, but a natural and willing obedience to the voice and hand of its master,

Occasionally—very occasionally—there may be an animal like the famous "Creuse.," having a disposition so vicious that ordinary training cannot subdue him; but usually a horse carefully trained from its youth up will submit without trouble to what ever is required of it. No rough and cruel "breaking" will be required in such a case. Training has taken its place and done the job far better.

The same method should be pursued with the calf that is in time to take her place in the dairy. The old system, like that pursued with colts, was to let the heifer run wild till her first calf came, and then, when the calf was removed, "break her in" to dairy work—an operation in most cases "easier said than done." Beginning with calfhood, she should be taught to have no fear of man, and to submit to handling as readily as when settled down into a staid, sober-sided old cow. There is no difficulty about this. It only calls for patience, gentleness and good sense in dealing with the young animal.

And so with sheep, poultry and other farm stock. We like to see a man on good terms with all his farm animals. A man whose dumb beasts are worried and shy, and try to get out of the way when he approaches, "gives himself away" badly. He shows that he is a hard master. But if his horses whinney when they see him, if his cows show no fear as he goes among them, if his sheep flock around him as he enters the pasture, if his poultry are glad at his appearance, if even the imperturbable swine grunt their pleasure as he leans over the sty, set him down as one who is "merciful to his beasts," a kind master and a good man. Such a man only is fit to care for and train young animals.

The Preservation of Butter.

To preserve butter in all its freshness for at least two months, the following methods may be followed: Dissolve six grammes 92½ grains Troy of tartaric acid in one litre 1 3-4 pints of water, and six grammes of bicarbonate of soda. This water will thus have the property of dissolving thoroughly the butyric acid and the spoiled casein which gives rancid butter its abominable taste. Select very fresh butter of good flavor and beat it up with this water until the water is clear, and until by this mixing and mashing the butyric acid and deteriorated casein have disappeared. The butter is then washed several times in fresh water; it is well drained in clean cloths and then put into glass or porcelain jars. If you wish to utilize some jars, the interior may be coated with a layer of wax or stearine to prevent the air passing through the pores. By pouring the wax melted into the jars an impermeable coat is formed. Place your butter, well drained, in these glasses or jars, and cover the surface with a sheet of paper steeped in melted wax. If you wish to prolong the preservation, salt the butter when mixing.—Dairyman, England.

Farm notes.

No matter what oats are worth in the market, if you grow them yourself you can afford to feed them.

Small potatoes which are unsalable should not be wasted, as they are luxuries to the hens and pigs. It will pay to put them away for feeding to poultry alone.

Spinach is usually sown in the fall. One of the best and easiest methods is to broadcast the seed, but this must be done on land that is free from weeds. Spinach is a hardy plant and can stand quite a degree of cold.

With a good road the wagons will last much longer, and the labor of the teams lessened. The cost of transportation from the farm to the railroad is a heavy item on a bad road. When the team can haul a heavy load over a good road, instead of half a load over a bad road, it is not only a saving of labor but also a great gain in time.

SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS.

Nearly all of Them Had Passed the Days of Adolescent Youth.

The modern subjective love story is made wearisome by overmuch study of the moral inwards of the lovers. Shakespeare did not decline upon the psychologic analysis of human emotions, and, therefore, we see lovers in his plays as we see them in our own world, and this is the wholesome way of attending this everlasting spectacle. It is no small cause of the dignity love wears in our dramatist that his lovers are not often boys and girls. He has, so to speak, ripened a fruit which is hardly to be enjoyed when it is green. Indeed, he has scarcely given us one pair of lovers about whom we feel that "they are very young." and most of them present the appearance of mature manliness and womanliness. Of the men, excepting Orlando the beloved of Rosalind, and the boy who runs off with Jessica, Shylock's daughter, we cannot be far wrong in assuming that they have attained to maturity. And to what mind do Imogen, Rosalind, Portia and Ophelia seem to be in their early girlhood? Asks the Chatauquan. There is a comfortable sense of matronliness about all these women, and they are weighed, too, with character, a thing Shakespeare thought highly appropriate in a woman. Of the common condiment in love stories, Shakespeare is very frugal, that is to say, faithlessness. His lovers for the most part are as good as they engage to be, and they do not seem to have discovered those awful mistakes of choice which justify loving another man's wife or eloping with another girl.

The Flea Beetle.

The potato fields of Pennsylvania are being ravaged this summer by a little insect commonly called the flea-beetle, and scientifically "crepidodera encumeris. In three days they will strip a two-acre field of its potato leaves, the result being that the tubers rot in the soil. These insects both fly and jump, and are so numerous that the potato bug, which does less harm, cannot exist in the same country with them. A Dr. Hamilton, of Allegheny, an entomologist who has made a study of the destructive fly and beetle says of the insects mentioned: "They have never done much damage, and have never been known as a pest, but this year I have noticed a very unusual number, and there being power in numbers, they may do a great deal of effective work. The insect usually feeds on weeds in the woods, but it has also been known to attack cucumber, tomato and potato vines, and cabbage and turnips. They multiply very rapidly, there being two or three broods during the summer, taking a month for every brood. You would not notice that these insects have wings if it were not a hot day, for they have a shell completely hiding them from view, and they are unable to fly when it is cold. The absence of the common potato-bug is easily accounted for by the intense hot weather we have been having.

The hot sun kills the larva and there are no bugs hatched. The same means used against the potato-bug ought to be effective against the flea beetle. The only trouble is that on account of their smallness they can not be brushed off like the common bug."

"Sit" and "Set."

Some one who believes in teaching by example, has concocted a lesson in the use of two little words which have been a source of mortification and trouble to many well-meaning persons.

A man, or woman either, can set a hen, although they cannot sit her; neither can they set on her, although the hen might sit on them by the hour if they would allow it.

A man cannot set on the wash-bench, but he could set the basin on it, and neither the basin nor the grammarians would object.

He could sit on the dog's tail if the dog were willing, or he might set his foot on it. But if he should set on the aforesaid tail, or sit his foot there, the grammarians as well as the dog would howl, metophorically at last.

And yet the man might set the tail aside and then sit down, and be assailed neither by the dog nor by the grammarians.

"M. A."

According to a New Zealand paper, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A." never fails to have these initials written after his name; but sometimes, in places where Masters of Arts are rare, the cabalistic letters fail to make their proper impression.

A deacon in an out-of-the-way township read to his congregation the written notice of Mr. Hughe's impending visit thus:

"The pulpit of this church will be occupied on Sunday next by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes's Ma."

He added the gallant reflection, "And we have no doubt the old lady will give us a very telling discourse."

Rich milkers are as desirable as large milkers. Look for the fatty excretions in the ear and at the end of the tale.

Thousands of trees exhaust themselves in the attempt to produce fruit, and only yield that which is worthless, when a small outlay of fertilizer would not only add more vigor to the trees, but also render the fruit salable.