

MY MARINER.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Oh, she goes away singing,
Singing over the sea!
Oh, he comes again, bringing
Joy and himself to me!
Down through a rosemary hollow
And up the wet beach, I ran,
My heart in a flutter to follow
The flight of my sailor-man.

File on a husband sitting
Still in the house at home!
Give me a mariner, fitting
And flashing over the foam!
Give me a voice resounding
The songs of the breezy main!
Give me a heart beating bounding
Evermore hither again!

Coming is better than going;
But never was queen so grand
As I, while I watch him blowing
Away from the lazy land!
I have wedded an ocean rover,
And with him I own the sea;
Yet ever the waves come o'er,
And anchor, my lad, with me.

Hark, to his billowy laughter,
Blithely on the homeward tide!
Hark, to it, heart! up and after:
Of o the harbor side:
Down through the rosemary hollow
And over the sand-hills, light
And swift, a sea-bird follow:
And hoi for a sail in sight!

—Harper's Magazine.

MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

"Boiled spring chicken for tea, eh?" said I. "And lobster salad and fried oysters! Upon my word, this looks as if we were going to have company."

"So we are, my dear," said my wife, looking a little guilty, as she polished up the surface of the big silver tea-tray with a new chamouis leather. "They are all come to visit me—Uncle Silas and Aunt Melicent, and the children, and Cousin Joab, and the two Miss Wilmerdings, and my Aunt Louisa, to meet the Rev. Mr. Speakwell, from Minnesota, who married my second cousin, Jerusha Wilde. Mr. Speakwell is troubled with the catarrh, and he thinks of staying at our house for a few weeks, while he is being treated by Dr. Dosem."

I put down my linen duster and brown-paper parcels with some emphasis.

"Oh, confound the Rev. Mr. Speakwell!" said I.

"John!" ejaculated my wife.

"Well, my dear, I can't help it," said I. "It's not in human nature to endure everything. And I've been related out of all patience ever since our marriage. The Jenkinsons went away last week, the Birdsalls took an affectionate leave yesterday, and now, just as I was contemplating a peaceful evening by ourselves, here's a new swarm, hungrier than the rest, just about to settle down upon us! In my opinion, Kitty, my dear, relations should be abolished."

"I am surprised at you, John," said my wife. "My own people, that are so fond of me."

"There's where you are mistaken, my dear," said I. "It's your comfortable spring beds and good cookery that they are fond of, not you."

"John!"

"I'd be willing to wager a good round sum on the truth of my assertion," said I.

"Because you have no relations yourself—"

"Thank Providence for that!" said I, devoutly. "I was reared in a foundling asylum, and have nobody to thank but myself for my tolerable success in this world."

"It's no reason you should find fault with mine," said Kitty, with her bright blue eyes full of tears. "And Mr. Speakwell is such a spiritually minded man, and dear Uncle Silas loves you just as if you were his only son, and Cousin Joab is so interested in our children."

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said I, dryly. "But I slept all last week on soft cushions laid in the bath tub; and we had fourteen people here over the anniversary; and I was obliged to give up my room for a month last winter to old Mr. Mansewell, not to speak of our being half poisoned with Aunt Louisa's hygienic messes in the fall. When the poet said, 'There's no place like home,' I presume he meant when there were no relations visiting. I'll tell you what, my dear, with the sudden inspiration, 'I've a great mind formally to deed over this house to your relations, if they will agree solemnly to leave me in peace for the rest of my life, where-ever I may set up my family tents.'"

"Nonsense!" said my wife. "Do go up stairs and change your 'things, and brush your hair, and get ready for tea. They're all waiting in the best parlor, and I was expecting your return to see about hiring some cot beds from the village hotel, to put up in the attic for those little Speakwell children. You see, Aunt Louisa has the blue bed-room, and Cousin Joab sleeps in the little wing chamber, and Mr. and Mrs. Speakwell will have our room, and—"

"Indeed!" said I. "And we are to sleep in the barn, I suppose."

"Don't be cross, John," said my wife, appealingly. "One must be hospitable, you know. And I can easily make up the sofa-bed in the back parlor for our use, for a week or so."

I said nothing, but ground my teeth in silent despair, as I sprang up stairs two steps at a time, to make what changes I could in my toilet by the aid of a ten by twelve glass hung over the wash-stand of a stuffy little bath-room.

The Rev. Mr. Speakwell was a big man, with a still bigger voice, and a limp, faded little wife, whose sole earthly interests seemed centered in her four white-eyed, freckle-faced children. Uncle Silas and Aunt Melicent were a silent couple, with excellent appetites, and two small boys who giggled and snickered at each other in the intervals of the conversation.

Cousin Joab talked incessantly with his mouth full, and the two Miss Wilmerdings served as general echoes to the rest; while Aunt Louisa devoured

lobster salad ad libitum, and kept on sending up her cup for more green tea until I trembled for her nerves.

While my wife, careful and troubled, like Martha of old, with many things, looked ready to drop with the hospitable exertions she had made, and I, sitting a mere cipher at the head of my table, felt as if I was keeping a boarding house without any of the pecuniary emoluments therefrom.

"My trunks will be up in the 6 o'clock train," said the Rev. Mr. Speakwell; "I'll trouble you, Cousin Poyntz, to send an expressman to the depot for 'em. And if there's any apartment in the domicile, Cousin Poyntz, that could be fitted up as a study for my use, it would greatly facilitate my intellectual occupation during my sojourn in the suburbs of this great city. And I must beg that you keep the house very still during the hours which I devote to study."

Here my wife looked at me aghast, thinking of little Johnny and the baby. "Never mind, my dear," I remarked sotto voce, "we can easily get 'em boarded out somewhere."

"And," went on the Rev. Mr. Speakwell, "I should esteem it a favor if a horse and buggy could be procured for my daily use when going to Dr. Dosem, in the city, as the motion of the train disagrees with my nervous system."

"I don't happen to own a carriage, but I might buy one," said I.

"Thank you, Cousin Poyntz," said Mr. Speakwell, blandly.

"And if there's any other little thing you should happen to want, pray don't be backward in mentioning it," I added.

"No, I won't Cousin Poyntz," said the reverend gentleman, with the utmost gravity.

And I am bound to say that he kept his word.

For three days I endured the swarm of visitors which literally infested my home, and then I made up my mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"I'll put a stop to this thing," said I. I came home one night a tragical expression on my face.

"Katherine," I said to my wife, "I am ruined."

"What!" cried all the company at once.

"Those shares in the Western Union, you know," said I, smiting my forehead.

"Yes, dear," gasped poor-Kitty.

"They have gone down," said I, "not worth a penny."

"Oh John."

"I wish I had taken your advice, and let 'em alone," said I. "But, after all, it doesn't so much matter, as if I had no friends."

I looked beamingly around at my wife's relations. They returned the glance by the blankest of stares.

"If I borrow \$200 a piece from all these dear kindred," said I, with obtrusive cheerfulness, "and request Uncle Silas to endorse my business notes—"

"I couldn't think of such a thing," hurriedly interrupted that gentleman.

"I should be most happy to oblige, but I am quite out of funds at present," said Cousin Joab.

"And I," said the Reverend Mr. Speakwell, pushing back his chair, "must save what little I possess of the world's filthy lucre to pay my passage and that of my family back to Minnesota."

"Surely," cried I, "you would not go away and leave me in such pecuniary straits as these."

The Reverend Mr. Speakwell significantly buttoned up his pockets.

"It is every man's business to look after himself, Cousin Poyntz," said he; and I don't scruple to say that it is downright dishonesty for a business man like yourself to get into such financial difficulties."

And in fifteen minutes every cousin in the lot had upon one excuse or another, vanished from the room, to pack and prepare for immediate departure.

I looked at my wife; my wife looked at me. I burst out laughing; Kitty began to cry.

"My dear," said I, "it's an easier job than I thought it would be. I didn't know but what it would be necessary for me to catch the small-pox before I could get rid of your relations."

"But we are very poor John and we must give up this dear little cottage? Oh how cruel it is of Cousin Joab, and Mr. Speakwell and uncle Silas, and all of them not to help you! I know Marianna Wilmerding has \$5,000 that she wants to put out on interest, for she told me only yesterday and—"

"Yes, exactly," said I. "But probably she doesn't regard me as a safe investment."

"After all I have done for them," sobbed my wife.

"Relations are only human my dear," said I.

The company took their leave without much ceremony of adieux and that afternoon my wife came to me with tears in her eyes.

"John," said she, "will you tell me how much money you have lost in that horrid Western Union stock? Because I would rather know the worst at once."

"Lost!" repeated I looking up from the newspaper, which I was reading in uncle Silas' favorite chair, now vacated for the first time in many days. "Why who?" said I had lost anything?"

"You did."

"Excuse me, my dear, I said nothing of the kind. I merely stated that the Western Union shares were not worth a penny. Neither were they to me, as I had sold all I possessed a week ago."

"John!"

"Yes, my dear."

"How could you?"

"Very easily," said I with a latent smile. "My dear I think if you relations had staid here another week I should have committed suicide."

"And you told that horrid story just to get rid of them?"

"I made that unimpeachable statement with that precise intention."

"They are rather trying," confessed Kitty. "And I think they might have helped you a little when they thought you were a bankrupt."

"They will not come visiting here again," I said quietly.

And I was right. They did not.

A Phase of California Life—A Story of Ups and Downs.

Nevada Transcript.

The atmosphere of good luck that hangs around some men is past understanding. Take the case of Bob Morrow, the San Francisco manipulator, who owns St. Julien, the fastest horse in the world, to illustrate by for instance.

The reporter met a forty-niner, who used to know him in the days when a "biled shirt" worn among the mountain miners indicated that the possessor was either a blackleg or a gospel expounder, the chances being ninety-nine to one that he was the former, for parsons were then as scarce as copper pennies, almost.

He arrived in Nevada City when the cann was a mere infant, so to speak. The first thing he did after getting here was to skirnish around and hunt up a shovel, pick and rocker. With these he began scratching along Deer Creek for gold.

By dint of perseverance and hard work—his knowledge of mining did not exceed his intimacy with Bible passages—and an exercise of cheek, he got enough to alleviate the pangs of hunger to a bearable extent. He stayed around here till 1859, and by that time his clothes were so tattered and worn that he had to put his old hat under him to keep his bare body from coming in contact with the chair whenever he sat down, and then decided to emigrate.

George Heart, Joe Clark, A. E. Head and number of the other boys whose lines were so hard for comfort, wanted to go with him, but the whole caboodle of them were dead broke, and figure as they could no alternative presented whereby they could scare up enough coin to get out of camp with. Finally Arthur Hagadorn came to the rescue.

He fitted some of them out with a mule apiece, provisions and coin. They made a bee-line for the Comstock. The next time his old townies heard from Morrow he was on top of a wave of prosperity; that is, had got into the Savage and some other big mines at Virginia City. For several years he revelled in wealth. After enjoying the rapidly acquired shekels for a few years, they slipped away from him, and he was busted once more. His will and energy didn't peter out when his money did, and, making a little raise, he sprang boldly into the arena of the stock market. Since then he hasn't drawn a blank in the lottery of life, so far as heard of. As a Director of the Bank of California alone, to say nothing of all the other soft things he dropped into through the influence of the deceased Ralston, he has glory enough to satisfy any common man. As to the three individuals named above who took sail on the mules with Morrow, they are all in San Francisco, doing more or less in stocks. One or two of them have become pretty well fixed in respect to this world's goods.

Shot in Mistake.

A special dispatch from Flat Rock, Mich., says: "Philip Hughes, a colored laborer, was shot and fatally injured last night by a woman named Melissa Paxton. The two were lovers, and Hughes went to pay a Sunday evening visit to his 'lady faire,' and, finding her asleep on a sofa, took a position at her feet and commenced grinding out doleful airs upon an accordion. Suddenly the sleeping beauty awoke, and at the same instant a revolver in her hand was discharged, the bullet passing through Hughes' skull, entering just above the eyes and lodging in the back of the neck. Hughes lingered in an unconscious condition until this evening, when he died. The woman claims that the shooting was all a mistake, the revolver having been accidentally discharged. On the other hand, it is asserted that she was jealous of Hughes' attentions to another colored lady, and fired at him with malice aforethought."

MORTALITY IN INDIA FROM SNAKE-BITES.—Readers will be startled to learn that, according to a return published in January, 1878, no fewer than 22,000 human beings lost their lives in India during the previous year by snake-bites. This lamentable sacrifice of life is occasioned not only by the cobra and krait, but by other deadly species, and notably by a snake barely a foot long, the *Echis carinata*, known also by the name of Kupper or Foora. The effects produced by snake-bite vary according to the species. Thus, the bite of the cobra produces coma and speedy death. Whereas the poison of others, such as Russell's viper, produces excessive pain, convulsions, and usually death. The bite of the *Echis carinata* causes blood to ooze from the pores of the victim, who, after lingering for a week or more, succumbs to the fatal poison. The number of harmless snakes is enormously in excess of the venomous species, else the mortality would unquestionably be greater, even, than it is; and it is to be deplored that more strenuous measures are not taken to eradicate, as far as possible, a tribe of animals so deadly to man.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend. "You can easily make it so," answered the friend. "How," inquired the first lady. "By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure, rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me, as you observe."—*Centro Bulletin*.

THE FARMER'S COLUMN.

Singular Discovery.

A statement comes from South America that a singular property of tomato leaves has been discovered by a fruit grower. Having cut down some tomato vines, he used them as a mulch around his peach trees. He soon discovered that the curculio, which was destroying his fruit, had abandoned the tree surrounded by the tomato vines. Following up this accidental discovery, the free use of tomato vines proved a better protection, not only against curculio, but other noxious insects.

Cows and Cold Water.

Fifteen cows, allowed to stand out one hour on a cold day, shrank in milk nine quarts; ice cold water given to a cow will shrink the milk; cows allowed to stand in water on a hot day will also shrink their milk. Cows never should be allowed to stand in a draft. A good, careful man, placed in charge of a badly-managed herd of cattle, has increased the flow of milk to an extent sufficient to pay his wages. Putting salt on the hay mow is a useless practice; in this case it has no curative properties.

Charcoal For Fowls.

An old turkey raiser gives the following experiment: Four turkeys were fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others of the same breed were also, at the same time, confined in another pen and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of very finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their food—mixed meal and boiled potatoes. They had also a plentiful supply of charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of 1½ pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat being greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

A Cheap Greenhouse.

The cheapest plan of erecting a greenhouse, says the *German Town Telegraph*, is to dig out a pit in a side hill where the upper end will be just above ground, and the lower end two or three feet above ground, where the door must be, with two or three steps down for an entrance. Wall up, roof the wall, and cover the whole with sash, as in hot beds, the sash having more fall—say three feet in a width of ten, the house being fifteen by ten. Erect in this the stand of shelves, and when it is time to take up the summer flowers, bulbs, etc., store them here. The glass should be covered with thick straw mats, which can be removed even when the weather is coldest in clear weather, for an hour or two at midday, to get the warmth and influence of the sun. At such times ventilation also should be attended to by slightly opening a sash or two. No fire is needed. Nearly all readily-flowering plants will bloom, and there will scarcely be a week during the winter that a bouquet may not be gathered if the house is properly managed. The summer is the time to make it and have it ready for fall.

Shell Your Corn on the Farm.

Most western farmers understand the advantage of shelling corn at home; most central-western and eastern farmers don't comprehend the saving at all. We shall try to demonstrate it by a few figures. Corn on the cob is corn powdered at 70 pounds to the bushel. Shelled corn is sold at 75 pounds to the bushel. Now suppose it becomes desirable to sell 100 bushels of corn, we will see if we can not demonstrate that it is wise and more economical to sell the shelled product.

Hauled to market 100 bushels—	7,000 lbs.
Cobs and chaff weigh.....	1,150 lbs.
Clean corn weighs.....	5,850 lbs.

Total.....	7,000 lbs.
100 bushels shelled corn legal weight.....	5,850 lbs.

Total loss on 100 bushels.... 250 lbs. or 4½ bus. besides which you haul to market (five, six or ten miles, as the case may be), 1,100 pounds of cobs which you give away, and possibly haul back coal at \$3.50 to \$5 per ton. For fuel 100 pounds of cobs are worth as much as 100 pounds of coal; therefore we figure your loss on this 100 bushels of corn as follows:

4½ bushels of shelled corn at 40 cents (say)....	\$1.80
1,100 pounds of cobs at \$4 per ton (say).....	2.20
Hauling 1,000 pounds of cobs to town (say).....	1.50
Total loss.....	\$5.50

These figures are worth pondering, as it is by just such savings that farming is made to pay.—*Rural New Yorker*.

Time to Sell Wheat.

The advance in freights between Chicago and New York is having its effects on the farmers of the country. Several, who are able to hold, have informed us that they will not sell until late navigation opens next spring. Their spunk is up, and they are determined to risk the consequences. They would rather lose 40 cents per bushel than to pay 20 of extortion. About the probability of the future price of wheat, the *Chicago Western Rural* says: "Wheat will not be permanently lower than it is now. The foreign demand will be more than enough to exhaust our surplus, and therefore prices will rather go up than go down. If we could hold on just as well as not, we should be in no hurry about selling. Many farmers are always so situated that they must sell, and consequently there is no such thing as making a general retention of the crop in the hands of the producers, practical. If such a thing could be accomplished farmers would have greater control of the markets than they have now; in fact they would have complete control. But as the pros-

pects indicate not only firmness of price but an almost constant advance those who can hold, we think, will find it profitable to do so."

Winter Dairying.

It is evident that farmers must make preparations to do more dairying in winter. Arrangements should be made not only to have cows come in suitable for that season, but warm, comfortable and clean quarters provided for them. And then have them taken care of by careful devotion to their interests. Clean beds, curried frequently, aired in the sun on warm days, provided with water not below 54 in temperature, and if milk-warm far better. They must be provided not only with a plenty of good hay and corn meal, but a feed once a day of roots. During the winter months there are leisure and idle hands for this business. But they will have to be educated to it. The present growth of boys in Iowa have not been taught to take care of stock, and especially of cows, in the thorough manner necessary for their comfort and profit to the owner. All the products of the cow are dearer in winter than summer. Labor is cheaper, and food but little dearer. Besides, the cow has to be fed and cared for whether she is giving milk or not. The additional care and food necessary to make a cow exceedingly profitable during winter is the best investment a man can make on the farm.

There is no richer and better food for a cow than flaxseed. It is generally given in the shape of oil meal. The only virtue in it is the oil. Machinery has become so improved that the mills leave but little oil in the cake, so that one bushel of seed has as much oil in it as ten bushels of oil meal. So it becomes farmers to raise and feed their own flaxseed. It can be ground mixed with corn and oats at almost any of our feed mills, in proportion of one bushel of flaxseed to three of corn and three of oats. This will be rich food for cows, given in limited quantities once a day. It makes rich milk and keeps the cows in healthy tone.

The boom in business will not be so great but farmers better utilize all the means in their power to make the farm and all the stock on it as available as possible. And the cow stands at the head. She is all profit. She furnishes food for the family, butter and cheese for the market, paying for groceries and family supplies all the year round, furnishes calves for stocking the farm with more cows, and the steers to eat the crop of the farm, and milk to raise pigs. Stand by the cow—feed her liberally—treat her kindly. She pays it all back four fold. There is no animal on the farm which makes such liberal returns for kindness and high feeding.

Silver in Maine.

A letter was received from Professor W. F. Steward, dated Bangor, Maine, November 20. He has been examining and reporting on silver and copper mines down in the old "Pine Tree State," and is greatly astonished at what he has seen during a brief tour of exploration. He says: "But I got here a little too late, for the whole country is buried in snow, and the jig is up for my work until spring. There are indeed some surprisingly rich mines of silver and copper in Eastern Maine. I have examined and reported favorably upon several of them, and my statements have set New England, from Boston to New Brunswick, wild with excitement. My report upon the Blue Hill copper and silver mines was published in the *Boston Advertiser*, and it raised a perfect stampede in the Boston stock market. I examined the mine at Sullivan, Hancock County, last week, and was simply amazed at its richness. I brought away from that mine a box of specimens which are literally white with native silver. The ores in that locality are argentiferous galena, but as a depth is attained the galena gradually disappears and shades into rich black sulphuret of silver."—*Virginia Enterprise*.

TWO NOTICES, framed, glazed and suspended upon the walls of a dram shop on the new canal, at St. Petersburg, close to Mme. Sassetzki's "Refuge for the Homeless," are reckoned among the curiosities of the Russian capital. They run as follows: "I exhort the gentlemen who honor my establishment with their patronage, to forego robbery and theft while within its precincts, not to trash one another, and, on the whole, not to make unpleasant noises. Those who act in contravention to this warning will receive punishment in my dram shop of a sort they will experience no difficulty in feeling." The second notice affords a quaint contrast to the first: "As soon as the cold and rainy weather shall set in, five copecks will be here advanced to each needy and weary man, that he may pay for a bed whereon to rest his weary body." The author of these notices faithfully adheres to the text of both. If his customers misconduct themselves he lays onto them with a cudgel; but any poor wretch presenting himself after 8 in the evening for assistance, receives the promised five copecks after he has exhibited his legitimization papers and listened to a short exhortation read aloud to him from a religious book.

THE net receipts of the great Seventh regiment, New York city, fair were nearly \$125,000. On the last day of the fair there was a large number of articles unsold. These were all numbered and placed in one of the booths, where fifty cents admission was charged, and every one received a card with a number on when they entered and was entitled to the article bearing the number on the ticket. This was done to evade the law in regard to lotteries.