CHASED BY WOLVES.

Or Rube Wexford's Lesson.

Rube Wexford ought to have been a happy fellow. He was certainly considered one on the day when Kate Wilde became his bride. He was the envy of every young man in the rude western hamlet where the ceremony took pla e, and many were the good wishes showered on the heads of the newly wedded pair for their future happiness and prosperity. Still there were those who not only insinuated, but boasted openly, that Kate had thrown herself away, and that the helpmate of her choice was unworthy the woman he had won. Kate's father and mother were particularly opposed to the match, and did all in their power to prevent it, but the girl, besides her unwavering love, possessed a determined will, which, when once aroused, carried much before it. And thus it turned out, after months of waiting and two postponements, that the wedding bells rang out (that is, the queer affair, hanging inside the door of the primitive log chapel did its best) to announce to all interested that Rube Wexford and Kate Wilde had become husband and wife. The wedding festivities, which were added to materially by a cracked violin, smoking buffalo steaks and cider, being completed, the happy pair departed for their new home, which was situated some 15 miles from the place where dwelt Kate's parents. The west, in those days, was much more sparsely settled than now, and neighbors outside the limits of the clusters of log cabins designated as villages were few and far between. When the young bride reached the habitation provided for her reception by her husband, and which was simply a rude cabin standing in the middle of a clearing, she discovered that if she wanted acquaintances it would be necessary to travel a couple of miles to make them, the nearest human being, a family named Grey, being fully that distance away. It was in the first glow of spring when she stepped over the threshold of her new home, the trees were alive with birds, flowers and young grass peeped up everywhere, and life looked blithe and gay. For all a shadow hung over her, but she refused to think of it, tried to put it from her and in the midst of the manifold duties which claimed her attention managed to almost forget it.

The shadow was this. Rube Wexford was never accounted a strictly temperate man. Indeed, there had been times before marriage when he was for days under the influence of liquor, and Kate had seen him in this state, and therefore knew fully the extent of his weakness. But the woman loved the man, and within herself resolved that his reclamation should be her duty. That success must crown her efforts she little doubted. It had been Rube's propensity for drink that caused the union to be postponed on two different occasions. Then he braced himself against the temper, and for six months no person could point the finger of reproof at him. This was an encouraging sign, and his sweetheart showed her appreciation of it by redeeming her promise and bestowing on him her heart and hand. Kate's father and mother, however, were skeptical, and placed slight faith in the theory of a man's reformation after marriage. They reasoned with and counseled their daughter, but all their advice availed nothing, and the girl had her way. After she had left home, the old couple sat and talked the marriage over. Both agreed that no good would ensue from it, and the father finished by saying.

"Wife, the girl will come back to us, be sure. God grant that we can give her shelter and food when she does return."

Spring passed by, and summer also, but the old man's words were not fulfilled. Occasionally Kate visited the old folks, but she never had complaints to make of her husband's conduct, and only spoke well and hopefully of him. But there was a sha low over her face a cloud upon her brow, and watchful eyes began to suspect. Then the truth came out. Rube Wexford had gone back to his former ways. Scarcely was the wedding day a month behind when the demon waked within him, the appetite for drink grew stronger than ever, and the man succumbed. Kate realized now, for the first time, the task which she had set herself. She went to work patiently with tender words, wise counsels and unflagging love. The only returns were promises made and broken over and over again, until the wife's heart grew sick, and she looked forward to a future of blighted hopes. It seemed as if heaven had never made a weaker man than Rube Wexford. Sometimes he remained at home for days, worked on the clearing which had been transformed into a farm, and things went smoothly. But just as soon as Kates' face began to grow cheerful, the tempter appeared again, and all her bright hopes were dashed to the earth. One thing she had to be thankful for, her husband in his moods of intoxication kept away from the hamlet where dwelt her parents, so that her disgrace was less than it might have been. He generally visited a place five miles beyond his own cabin, kept by a desolute wretch named Washburn. Here a crowd of worthies assembled around the fire, anecdotes were repeated, rough songs were sung, and bad whisky imbibed until the whole party were in a state of intoxication, when the circle would break up, and Kate's husband would return to her in a condition which made her blood run cold.

Autumn drifted away, the crops had been gathered in, and all the indications pointed to an early and severe winter. Rube's sprees continued. No wind was to cold, no snow too deep to keep him from Washburn's. One evening in December he took down his leggins and gun from the pegs where they hung, and was preparing to go out. Kate went to him, and said:

"Rube, you must not leave me tonight. Give in to me this time and stay at home."

"I am only going for a jaunt," he replied. "I'll be back soon."

"No, you are going to Washburn's. To-night you will, you must gratify me. I am afraid to remain here alone."

"Afraid?" he answered. Such a thing as fear was almost unknown to Kate Wilde.

She clasped her arms around his neck, and whispered into his ear, her cheek flushing brightly, then she sat down in the rocker and cried as if her heart would break. Rube stood the gun in the corner, threw aside the leggins, and cried, too.

The next morning when the winter sun beamed upon the cabin, the little log shelter held three souls instead of two. A wee stranger had come in the night, a bright-eyed baby girl. Her weak cry seemed to move all the better part of the husband's nature, and his wife looked on with new born confidence in her face. After a week when Kate was able to sit up, Rube went to relate the happy event to the grandparents. It was the first time he had visited them for some months. Very early in the morning he started, and when the afternoon shadows began to lengthen. Kate looked up eagerly for his return. It was toward daybreak when he appeared, his hands and feet almost frozen and his senses stupefied by liquor. The wife's new hopes were destined to be short lived. Freshly made promises marked the morrow, but days went by only to see them unfulfilled. Now, there was a new torture. Rube had forsaken Washburn's and made his visits to Pineville instead, where Kate's father and mother lived. It was almost more than the woman's nature could bear to know that her parents were the frequent witnesses of her husband's disgrace. This was a sort of thing which she could not and would not long brook.

Little Kate, the baby, was a month old to a day when Rube made preparations one morning for a trip to Pineville. Kate looked on silently for a few moments, and then said:

"Where are you going?"

"Only to Pineville."

"What for?"

"To see about some powder and stuff."

"That is untrue. You are going to spend the day with worthless companions, and you will come back stupid with liquor. Rube, listen to me. I have stood all which it is possible for me to endure. I have prayed and entreated you to abandon a habit which has disgraced us both. My pleadings have brought nothing. I cannot and will not have our child grow up to know a father who is a drunkard. If you refuse to stay at home, I have said my last say. Go to Pineville if you insist on doing so, but if you are not here sober by sunset, I shall go with the baby to father's, and in this house I will never set foot again."

"That's all talk," Rube answered in a rough joking and half serious fashion. "Why, its 15 miles to Pineville."

"No matter," was the firm rejoinder. "I will make the start if the child and I freeze to death by the way."

"Look out for wolves," Rube laughed again. "There have been half a dozen seen here lately. It has been a hard winter for them, and they're almost starved."

"Wolves or no wolves," muttered Kate, "I'll go."

Rube hung about the house uneasily for an hour or so, then silently rigged himself out, leggins, buffalo coat, gun and all. Kate worked away and said never a word. He opened the door, and without looking back remarked:

"I'll be here by sunset."

"See that you are," was the reply. "If you come here late the house will be empty."

The wife watched his form across the clearing and saw it disappear in the heavy timber which circled the cabin. She turned to her household duties, but had no heart for them. Well she knew that Rube Wexford would break his last promise, as he had broken other's before it. If so he must abide by the result. She was determined.

The day went by at a snail's pace, and the afternoon seemed never ending. Kate fondled the baby, listened to her crow and cry, and fed her a dozen times. Then she prepared supper, and sunset came when it was completed. But it brought no Rube. Another hour and still he was absent. So the moments passed until the clock struck ten. The baby was fast asleep. Kate rose from a chair at the cradle's side, a look of firm determination on her face, and opening the cabin door, peered across the clearing. Not a soul was visible. She closed the door, went to the chest, and took from it a pair of old-fashioned skates whose steel runners gleamed in the firelight. She laid them ready for use and proceeded to wrap herself as warmly as possible. Then she bundled the baby in the same manner, lifted her tenderly in her arms, and with the skates slung over her shoulder started across the clearing. After reaching the timber she left the beaten path and made for the river. It was coated heavily with ice, and the strong winds had blown it almost entirely free from snow, leaving a nearly naked surface. Kate laid the baby down for a few moments while she fastened on the skates. Then she lifted her burden once more and started for Pineville—fifteen miles away. The moon shone brightly; she was a wonderfully rapid skater, and she knew no slightest suspicion of fear.

Rube Wexford sat near the warm fire which was surrounded by a dozen men beside himself. He had been there for hours listening to anecdotes of hunter's lives, even adding to the general fund some of his own experiences, but though his companions coaxed and persuaded they could not prevail upon him to taste liquor. This was something so entirely new that many a laugh and joke was had at his expense. He answered all persuasions to imbibe in the same way, saying only: "Not to-day, boys; not to-day."

When sunset came he was still in his seat. He wanted to go home, wanted to keep his promise, but he thought he would wait awhile and start later, so that it would not look to Kate too much as if he were giving in. So thinking he went to a quiet corner by himself, and had not been there long before he fell asleep It wss 11 o'clock when he awoke with a start, and said hurriedly;

"What is it Kate?"

A loud roar of laughter brought him to his senses, and a rough voice cried:

"Rube, guess you have been dreaming!"

"Yes," he replied foolishly; "I thought my wife was calling me."

He glanced at the clock and said:

"Boys, I must go."

"Have something before you leave," was the general cry.

"No, no, not to-night."

Then he was gone, his conscience smote him as he crudged through the snow. It would be after two o'clock when he reached home. One thing consoled him somewhat; he was sober. But would Kate be in the cabin when he returned? Of course, she must be. Nothing short of madness could tempt her to keep the rash vow she made in the morning. So thought Rube. This was because he was incapable of estimating the great suffering which he had caused his wife. On, on he went until through the stillness of the night was borne to his ears the sound of falling waters. It proceeded from a spot which marked the half way between Pineville and his own home, and was caused by the river tumbling down a steep descent of 15 to 20 feet of rugged rocks. His road at this point lay close to the river bank, and soon he was in full view of the cascade. As he passed it he noticed with a sort of shudder how cold and dark the water looked as it tumbled down. For 30 feet above the falls there was no ice. It broke off abruptly, and the current rushed from beneath with terrible velocity. Beyond in the moonlight glistened an unbroken surface of clear ice for fully half a mile before there was a bend in the river's bank. The sight was an old one to Rube, and he paid little heed to it, but stalked on silently, still thinking of Kate and wondering if the cabin would be tenantless. Suddenly he stood stock still and listened. Many an ear would have heard nothing, but the sound of rushing waters. Rube's acute and practised hearing detected something more, and he felt instinctively for his ammunition and looked to the priming of his rifle. Then from a distance the sound came again—a peculiar cry, followed by another and another, until they ended in a wild chorus of unearthly yells. Rube muttered to himself one word—wolves—and strained his eyes in the direction of the curve in the river's edge. The cry proceeded from that direction and grew louder every instant. Before he could decide on a plan of action there shot out from the bend in the river what looked to him like a woman carrying a bundle and skating for dear life. She strained every nerve, but never once cried out. Next came a wolf, followed rapidly by others, which swelled the pack to a dozen, all ravenous, yelping, snarling and gaining closely on their prey. Rube raised his rifle, fired and began to load as he had never loaded before. The cries came nearer and nearer. Great God! the wolves were upon the woman! It seemed as if no earthly hope could save her, when, quick as an arrow from a bow, she swerved to one side, the maddeded brutes slid forward on their hind legs, and she had gained a few steps. Again she flew onward, and again she tried the ruse of swerving aside, the man on the bank in the meantime firing rapidly, and picking off wolf by wolf. A fresh danger arose. The woman evidently did not see the abrupt break in the ice above the falls and the dark swift current which lay beyond. Perhaps she was too frightened to hear the rushing waters. On she went, making straight for the falls, the wolves almost on her heels, and the man's voice crying in terrified accents, as he dropped on his knees in the snow:

"Kate! Kate! My God, save her!"

The woman was on the brink of the ice, when she made a sudden sweep to one side. Nearly the entire pack unable to check their mad flight, plunged into the water which carried them over the rocks, and Kate Wexford was flying toward the river bank, where she fell helpless in the snow, her babe in her arms, while Rube's rifle frightened the remainder of her pursuers. It was some time before she could answer her husband's voice. When strength enabled her to do so, she rose feebly in the snow, her resolution to go to her father as strong as ever. Rube took her hand, knelt down and said:

"Kate bear with me for the last time. As God is my judge, I shall never again taste liquor. This night has taught me a lesson which I cannot forget."

Kate believed him and accepted his promise. Then they started for Pineville, Rube carrying the baby and more than half carrying his wife. When they arrived there, Kate told her parents she had been dying to show them the baby, and taking advantage of the moonlight night, had made the journey on skates.

Rube kept his vow, the roses bloomed again to Kate's cheeks, and to-day a happy family of boys and girls feel no touch of shame as they look up with pride to their father.—From the New York Mercury.

A Frenchman's Vivid Impressions at the Coronation of the Czar.

Albert Wolff in the Paris Figaro.

The Emperor alone stands up; the Metropolitan still kneels between His Majesty and the Empress; upon the twelve steps of the estrade the kneeling priests form a double line which stretches away beyond even to the Holy Gate. Dominating the whole assembly the Czar stands, bearing all the insignia of the empire; near him is the imperial standard. I cannot even attempt to give my readers an idea of the real grandeur of the movement and the image of awful power which the whole figure of His Majesty symbolizes. I may well say that this power actually terrifies; for to us, men of another civilization and more modern institutions, such enormous power concentrated in the hands of any one man whether the Czar or another, must appear more terrific than astounding. It must also be observed that the Czar's stature well befits his right to appear as the incarnation of human might. He is very tall; his shoulders are huge; his features recall those of the Emporor Paul, whose portrait I saw in the Kremlin; the expression of his face is energetic without harshness; his blonde beard—deeply blonde—and blue eyes give much gentleness to the countenance and attenuate the strong materialism of the general aspect of a sovereign, who is the very mage of force. The Emporor is considered one of the strongest men in all his vast empire—his is truly a herculean nature, which repeats with mirthful ease the great deeds of the strongest knights of old—twisting a horseshoe in his sinewy hands or breaking a coin between his fingers with as much facility as though it were a fragment of glass.

Prince Bismark's Ailments.

Perhaps no one in all Europe is more deserving of pity, at present, than Prince Bismarck. He suffers from one of the most terrific ills to which humanity is heir—a cruel, and in his case incurable, form of face neuralgia. A nerve originating in the brain and spreading in three branches over his face is the seat of the disorder. When the first of the three branches is affected, the pain is felt in the forehead, the eyes and the upper eyelids. When the second is implicated, the seats of the pain are the under eyelids, nostrils, upper lip and upper row of teeth. When the third nerve is involved the victim is tortured by exquisite pain in the under lip, lower row of teeth and the chin. When all three branches of this nerve (the trigeminus) are affected, the agony is simply infernal. This disease from which Prince Bismarck is suffering is, in the majority of cases (certainly in his case), the result of severe mental labor, anxiety and worry, and oftener affects the middle aged and the old than the young. "Bismarck allows his beard to grow because he cannot bear a razor near his face. He speaks in a whisper, as if fearing to rouse his tormentor, and often when speaking tears fall from his eyes with every word and roll down his furrowed cheeks into his showy beard." Such is the picture drawn by a distinguished Berlin physician.

Baron Rothschild, of Paris, lights his private carriage with electricity.

FIELD AND FARM.

Farming Brevities.

A fruit-grower says it is a good plan to trim trees high and pasture orchards with sheep. He prefers it to plowing or mulching.

Blocks of wood two inches square, painted red, are twisted into the upper strand of barbed wire fence as danger signals to farm stock.

President McCann according to the Elmira Husbandman, once tried salt and ashes put on the hills to keep cut-worms from attacking the plants. The salt made the young corn yellow and sickly in appearance; it took several weeks to get good color again; while the application made no difference, so far as cut-worms were concerned.

In the vegetable garden reserve a few stout, healthy plants for seed. Every farmer can just as well raise a variety of seeds as to buy them. Gather them in paper bags, and label before storing away. A few dollars may be saved every year in this way, and fresh seed insured.

Small evergreens, or in fact any kind of trees, may be moved at any time with care to disturb the roots as little as possible and to keep them well supplied with water. May and June and September are perhaps the best months to move evergreens.

There is no better way of preserving eggs than liming them. This is done by slaking some lime and adding some water as if to make whitewash. Then pour off the clear liquid into a vessel and put the eggs in it. When filled cover with a piece of cotton closely upon the eggs and put an inch in depth of the thick lime on the cloth; keep this covered with water. In a cool place eggs may be kept well several months in this way.

Fashion Notes.

The fanchon is the bonnet of high fashion in New York.

Ashes of roses, or, as it is now called, old rose, is a matchless color for the toilet of a woman no longer young.

A gray bonnet looks well with almost any dress except a brown one. You can make the trimmings match the color of your costume. Gold thistles and gold lace look well on a gray bonnet.

The prettiest shade for gloves to be worn with telegraph blue is pale mastic or Suede. Black gloves are no longer fashionable with colored toilets.

The empress of Russia wore a dress at the Moscow ball of straw-colored satin and crape, with wheat ears embroidered in silver. Her dress for the ball of the nobility, though of white satin and silver opened over a petticoat of crape strewn with roses and narcissi. On entering Moscow she wore straw-colored crape; and at the fete given by that city she appeared in green china crape, with sash and bows of pink moire and bonnet of pink velvet. Crape, too, entered into the composition of the beautiful Louis XVI costume of tea-rose satin, the front of the dress being of pink crape and satin looped up with feathers and pearl acorns.

Black was a uniform for so long that it is rather curious to see it combined with the art reds or a dull shade of yellow, and to see how vivid an effect is produced by a lining, a group of feathers, or even a bunch of roses, upon a black costume. The value of yellow in bringing out other colors is beginning to be well understood, and nothing prettier can be imagined for a spring costume than an electric blue surah with glimpses of gold in the lining and a bunch of buttercups in the belt.

A remarkably pretty dress for a girl of 10 is of peckock blue satin over a white silk petticoat, and is made with a deep vest shirred deeply to a point, and a long loose jacket, the edge of which is embroidered in a floral design in colors; the skirt has fine narrow pleated flounces, each edged with the same embroidery, the neck and sleeves having a trimming to correspond, and being finished off with handsome French lace.

A most bewitching dress for a boy of three or four is of deep crimson sateen, cut low in the neck, and having a pleated guipure. It is trimmed with flouncings of silk embroidery, and narrow pleating run the whole length of the little garment. A broad sash folded in three confines it a little below the waist, and is fastened with a buckle at one side.

The most stylish costumes, in spite of the fact that combinations are in vogue, are those en suit, dress, mantle and bonnet being all one color and frequently of one material, or the headwear may be either of white or black lace, without any color in the trimming. Capote bonnets retain the favor of the fashionable world.

A Two Minute Sermon to Young Ladies.

Ladies--caged birds of beautiful plumage, but sickly looks; pale pets of the parlor, who vegetate in unhealthy atmosphere, like the potato germinating in a dark cellar--why do you not go into the open air and warm sunshine, and add lustre to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks, elasticity to your steps and vigor to your frames? Take exercise; run up the hill on a wager, and down again for fun; roam the fields, climb the fences leap the ditches, wade the brooks, and after a day of exhilarating exercise and unrestrained liberty go home with an appetite acquired by healthy enjoyment. The beautiful and blooming young lady —rosy-cheeked and bright-eyed—who can darn a stocking, mend her own frock, command a regiment of pots and kettles, and be a lady when required, is a girl that young men are in quest of for a wife. But you pining, screwed up, wasp-waisted, doll-dressed, consumption-mortgaged, music murdering, novel devouring daughters of fashion and idleness, you are no more fit for matrimony than a pullet is to look after a brood of fourteen chickens. The truth is, my dear girls, you want less fashionable restraint and more liberty of action more kitchen and less parlor; more leg-exercise and less sofa; more frankness and less mock modesty. Loosen your waist-strings and breathe pure atmosphere, and become something as good and beautiful as nature designed.

Variety and Fashion in Dress.

Variety is the salt of life; the prettiest colors and most graceful shapes, if seen continually and in masses, will weary the eye. The reason why fashions change so rapidly now is because they at once spread through every stratum of society, and become deteriorated and common. But even this ought not to goad us on in a wild race of senseless and sometimes ugly experiments.

Be plain in dress and sober in thy diet is advice on the side of which it is safe to err, and the excessive craving for something new is often bred by idleness. When the mind is occupied, outside objects assume their true value. What was beautiful yesterday is beautiful today, and remains so until some new necessity springs up to replace it. We ought ever to remember that repose of mind and body is a paramount charm; repose of mind is fascinating, repose of body is dignified; neither can exist without complete comfort and fitness in dress. It is everybody's duty to appear as nice-looking as possible.

Still to be neat, still to be dress'd
As you were going to the feast.

We rarely catch a sight of ourselves in the looking-glass, but others are constantly obliged to see us. We bestow care and thought upon ourselves? A little thought, a little knowledge and a little common sense will help us far more than wasting time, money and artifice. The smallest thing of beauty is a joy forever; beauty elevates our thoughts and lightens our troubles, and when brought up to it our children's minds take the impress, and are guided by a fitting sense of form and color, and learn easily to distinguish and appreciate what is good in art.—Lady Paget in the Nineteenth Century.

The Love Of The Beautiful.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted, graceful woman and she unconsciously to herself grows to a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-forward business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant, practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions always impress them. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules, not by stern example alone, but in the thousand other ways that speak through bright scenes, soft utterance and pretty pictures, so will they grow. Teach your children then to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers, encourage them to put in shape the hanging baskets, allow them to have their favorite trees, lead them to wander in the prettiest wood lots, show them where they can best view the sun-set, rouse them in the morning, but with the enthusiastic "see the beautiful sun-rise," buy for them pretty pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms, each in his or her childish way. The instinct is in them, Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege and they will make your homes beautiful.

White Clover

There is wonderful conversation of ways and means in nature. It has been several years since there was as much white clover seen as there is this season. For the past three or four years there has been but very little of it, in fact it has scarcely been noticeable for some seasons back. This year there is a large amount of it. The query is, where did it all come from? or rather where did the seed come from? In many fields and gardens that have been regularly cultivated for a long time and where no white clover was seen recently the ground is well set with the plant. Do the seeds remain in the ground uninjured and ready to grow under favorable circumstances all this time? It would appear so, thus showing the conservative powers of nature in preserving such small seeds. The seeds of white clover are not much larger than grains of gunpowder, and it is a marvel how they are preserved, and held in readiness to sprout and grow where the proper conditions are supplied. There is no other way to account for the appearance at irregular intervals of an abundant growth of the plant. No care is taken to preserve or propagate the white clover, and yet it comes to the front whenever the season suits it. This fact ought to give one some idea of the necessity of destroying the seeds of foul weeds, as rag weed, ox-eye daisy moth mullen and others. If the farmer does not see to destroying them nature will see to their preservation, and will send them out to plague the careless farmer in unexpected ways, times and places.

Agricultural Implements of the South.

The south seems slow in introducing improved agricultural implements. Farm labor is much cheaper there than it is here at the north, and there seems a disposition to adhere to old methods. But southern farmers, who yet essay to cultivate large areas, are forced, in some degree, to adopt modern reapers, separators, improved plows, &c. The utility of these economic implements will become more and more evident as they are introduced and used. Our great northern manufacturers are demonstrating to the southern farmer the expediency of using their wares, and in Atlanta, Chatanooga and other cities there are even now establishments turning out farming machinery. The Southern Cultivator, of Atlanta, remarks: "Harvesting wheat and oats, without neglecting other crops, has always been a troublesome problem with southern farmers. Now that reapers have been greatly perfected, the trouble is decidedly less. Those planting on a large scale can run reapers of their own; those who have only a few acres can get them cut by persons who make reaping a business." Thus our southern brethren are fitting themselves to the situation, and as the south is now, as it was ever destined to be, the agricultural portion of the Union par excellence, only a few years will elapse before southern agriculture will equal, if not surpass, that of the North in most respects.

Origin of State Fairs.

The present system of fairs and cattle shows originated with Elkanah Watson, an Albany merchant, about 1810. His application to Boston for guarantee funds was met by ex-President Adams with a terse rebuff: "You will get no aid from Boston. Commerce, literature, theology, medicine, the university politics are all against you." Nevertheless, the more liberal legislature of New York in 1819 appropriated $10,000 a year for six years, to be divided among its counties for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures. In 1818, several months before the passage of this act, several of the most prominent citizens of Washington county met in the court-house at Sandy Hill and organized a county agricultural society. The first recorded fair was held at Salem in 1822, with entries for premiums, a plowing match, "plowmen in white frocks," and an address delivered in the church. Fairs on a less scale had been held every year before this in Argyle, Greenwich, Hebron, Granville, Whitehall and Kinsbury. The prizes were small and records scanty. The whole awards numbered scarely 100.

Things in General.

A simple and inexpensive jail is that belonging to Naples County, Idaho. It is a hole in the ground ten feet deep, into which the prisoner is dropped, and out of which he cannot climb, as the hole is larger at the bottom than at the top. When the prisoner is wanted the guards drop a line and pull him up on it.

Tobacco caddies, or plug tobacco boxes, are made almost entirely of sycamore throughout the country, and in Boston about 300,000 feet were used for this purpose last year. This wood is valuable for this purpose, as it will not impart any smell or taste to the tobacco, and as it will not absorb moisture readily. This appears to be about the only use which can be made of sycamore lumber, which has the very serious defect of wrapping badly.

Prof. Young, of Princeton College thus illustriates the distance from the earth to the sun: "Take a railroad from the earth to the sun, with a train running forty miles an hour without stops, and it would take about two hundred and sixty-five years and a little over to make the journey." He estimated the fare, at a cent a mile, to be nine hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Marshal, Texas is excited over the filing of a claim by a Mr. Brown for seventy-six acres of land, situated in the principal part of the city. The property includes several business houses and the whole Texas Pacific Railroad shops, yard, and depots. The whole amount involved is worth over half a million of dollars. His claim has some prospects of being gained, as his mother willed away the property after his father's death, and he claimed the right of a minor.

When the New Orleans military company were in Boston they were taken on a steamboat excursion by the city officials. There were no invitations to "rounders" and "heelers," and a failure to provide sufficient police force on board to keep these roughs in subjection. The tables were spread in the grand saloon, and the military were in line, under escort, passing through the gangway, when the politicians made an irresistible rush by the procession and surrounded the tables before the committee had time to seat the guests. There was not force enough at hand to eject this mob of a thousand or more. An orgie followed. The wines were drunk by gobbletfuls, and even whisky by brimming tumblers. The mortification of the entertainers may be imagined. They had to individually call their guests aside, try to explain, and provide for them informally and on the sly.

There is to be a narrow-gauge railroad from North Conway, N. H., up the steep summit of Mount Kearsarge. The summit of that peak is 2,760 feet above the level of North Conway, itself an elevated mountain town. And it is very steep and difficult to climb on horseback or on foot. It is too steep, probably, at one part of the ascent, for railroading—even for cog-wheel railroading; and the projected road up Mount Kearsarge is to be like an ordinary traction railroad except in two particulars; it will be but two feet wide, and it will wind around and around the mountain, making a total journey of nearly fifteen miles and a gradual rise in this spiral ascent. This rise, it is calculated by the projector, will be but 200 feet to the mile.

The commissioner of patents, in a decision just announced says: "He who uses reasonable dilligence and first reduces an invention to practice embodying it in practical form, must be regarded as the first inventer, and entitled to a patent as against one who, although prior in time in making it, by negligence allows it to remain unknown. Where inventors withhold their inventions and confer no benefits upon the public there is no reason why protection should be afforded them if other and more diligent inventors produce the same thing and do confer such benefits. The rule is well established, that an applicant cannot have a patent for that which has been patented to another, unless he shall make out such a case as would defeat the patent."

Although but little is heard of the republic of Liberia it appears to be making substantial progress and promises to be an agent of great good to the native Africans. Two negro professors, Mr. Stewart and Mr. Browne, recently made an appeal in Exeter Hall, London, in behalf of the College of Liberia, which was founded in 1863, with a view to the higher education of the colored inhabitants of Liberia, and the civilization and evangelization of the native tribes of Western Africa. The college is about to be removed from the coast to the interior, in order to secure land for cultivation and industrial purposes, that technical instruction may be given, and to be in the midst of the native tribes, whose chiefs desire their children to be educated. Prof. Stewart claimed that Liberia was making great progress, citing as one fact that the export of coffee, once only $2000 pounds a year, is now 2000 pounds per day.

A Novelty to Actors is to See the Play.

"Why do actors, whenever they are not playing, at once rush to the theater to see somebody else play, instead of getting away from theatres altogether?" is often asked. The fact is, actors and actressess have naturally a strong love for the drama; they like to see good performances, and have very little chance for doing so. Sitting "in front" is a radical change from "being in the bill." People on the stage know, as a general thing, almost nothing of the scenes they are not in. Some scenes are never witnessed, even from the wings, by the actors who play in the piece hundreds of nights; and a performance seen from the wings is very unsatisfactory. It doesn't seem at all as it does from the auditorium. Therefore, to sit "in front" and see a play through is as much a novelty and treat to the actor as it is to the average theater-goer. —[Boston Post.

A drug store, blacksmith shop, grocery store and two residences at Watson were burned. Loss about $10,000.