Come to the Woods.

Come to the woods, for the wild birds are singing,
The sprays are all green and the flowers are gay;
Come where the birch all its tassels are pluming,
And fresh looking cowslips—oh come, come away!

Come to the woods, there is health in the blowing
Of fresh scented breezes that tint the cheek gay;
Come where the tree boughs above you are bending
Down through their coverts—oh come, come away!

Come to the woods, come kneel on the mosses,
And see how the sun Old Earth's bosom turns gay;
Come where the ferns the gray rocks are darkening,
Come to the woods—oh come, come away!
—Mrs. Harry Don, in Good Housekeeping.

Costly Cut-Glass.

Cut-glass comes high, and it is no wonder. Down at Corning the other day I saw them making it, and though the hill-girded village of the southern tier is a very difficult place to reach from Syracuse, I felt repaid for the hardships of travel in what I had the privilege of seeing. Corning, New York, is getting bold advertisements the world over for this industry. Until the manufacture of cut glass was begun there several years ago by James Hoare it was thought to be as much a secret of foreign art as the making of hair-springs for watches. Thomas Webb, of London, was the master of crystal-cutting, and on the tables of half the monarchs of the old world his wares have an honorable place. Nowadays connoisseurs in these things concede that as fine cutting is done at Corning as abroad. The importation of glass in this form has ceased almost entirely. Corning happened to have a glass-works where a prime article in transparency was made. "That's what took me so far out of the world," said Mr. Hoare, as he stood in the midst of his treasures, clad in a frowsy working blouse, with his sleeves rolled up. It is the greatest pride of the celebrated cutter that no man in the shop can do so good a job as he can himself. All his riches will not take him out of the realm of the buzzing wheels, where the glass is going through the cutting process. There are seven of these, all of which require skilled labor of a high order, and at none of which can hurry be indulged. The prismatic intricacies of the ware are completed on a variety of wheels supplied with sea sand and dripping water. The most delicate figures are produced by the employment of wheels of various sizes. While I stood by an artisan was cutting in relief the crest of the prince of Wales upon a set of goblets ordered by a wealthy Anglomaniac. The three wavy plumes in this heraldic sign were brought out with all the effectiveness of a cameo under the dainty touch of the workman. Mr. Hoare told me that the lead glass used for cutting cost him 60 cents a pound. There is a loss of over 50 per cent. in weight in producing the finished piece from the uncut vessel. The manufacture of this glass is in itself very interesting. The establishment is entirely distinct. All the bulbs used in the millions of electric lamps of the Edison plants throughout the world are made at these works. A small army of men were filling orders of this kind the day I went through. At the Corning works the crucibles in which the glass is smelted are now being made. For years it was thought necessary to import them, and as it is their manufacture is a trade by itself. Talk about the mud pies of our childhood, here is where you see the wonderful pranks of the gutter applied to a valuable industry. The wet clay is kneaded and mixed in troughs by men in bare feet, who give it the required consistency by repetitions of the process carried on for whole days. Then the clay is rolled into strips of about the diameter of bologna sausage, and in the hands of modelers built little by little into the desired forms. Each crucible represents labor worth over $100. They are left to dry in a store-room for eighteen months before being put to the fearful test in the furnaces.—*Syracuse Standard.*

George Was Inside.

The son of a well-known New-Yorker left the city last summer and went to India to make his home with an uncle who had grown rich in the Orient. Several months ago the family received a letter from the uncle saying that his nephew was dead, and the body had been embalmed and sent home by a sailing ship. Last week the vessel arrived here, and the young man's parents, attired in deep mourning, went to receive the remains. A peculiarly-shaped box was delivered to them and was removed to their home. When the undertaker opened the chest to give the parents a last look at the body it was found to contain a large Bengal tiger. The surprised father at once cabled to his brother in India:

"Some mistake. George's body not arrived. Coffin contained Bengal tiger."

Last night this answer was received:

"No mistake; George inside tiger."
—*New York Mail.*

A most industrious class of people are the Finlanders in Klikatat county, Washington Territory. The commune prevails among them to a large extent. A late arrival comes from Finland and the settlers come together and in a few days build a house and fence a farm for him. There is no season in which they are idle. During the run of salmon they will be found at the canneries and fish-wheels. When winter comes they are in the timber, cutting rails, posts, and fuel.

OUR CONSTITUTION.

How it Was Drafted and Ratified by the States.

Finally it was decided that the Federal Constitution, as now completed, should be presented to the Continental Congress, and then referred to special conventions in all the States for ratification; and that when nine States, or two-thirds of the whole number, should have ratified, it should at once go into operation as between such ratifying States.

When the great document was at last drafted by Gouverneur Morris, and was all ready for the signatures, the aged Franklin produced a paper, which was read for him, as his voice was weak. Some parts of this Constitution, he said, he did not approve, but he was astonished to find it so nearly perfect. Whatever opinion he had of its errors he would sacrifice to the public good, and he hoped that every member of the convention who still had objections would on this occasion doubt a little of his own infallibility, and for the sake of unanimity put his name to this instrument. Hamilton added his plea. A few members, he said, by refusing to sign, might do infinite mischief. No man's ideas could be more remote from the plan than his were known to be; but was it possible for a true patriot to deliberate between anarchy and convulsion, on the one side, and the chance of good to be expected from this plan, on the other? From these appeals, as well as from Washington's solemn warning at the outset, we see how distinctly it was realized that the country was on the verge of civil war. Most of the members felt so, but to some the new government seemed far too strong, and therewere three who dreaded despotism even more than anarchy. Mason, Randolph, and Gerry refused to sign, though Randolph sought to qualify his refusal by explaining that he could not yet make up his mind whether to oppose or defend the Constitution, when it should be laid before the people of Virginia. He wished to reserve to himself full liberty of action in the matter. That Mason and Gerry, valuable as their services had been in the making of the Constitution, would now go home and vigorously oppose it, there was no doubt. Of the delegates who were present on the last day of the convention, all but these three signed the Constitution. In the signatures the twelve States which had taken part in the work were all represented, Hamilton signing alone for New York.

Thus after four months of anxious toil, through the whole of a scorching Philadelphia summer, after earnest but sometimes bitter discussion, in which more than once the meeting had seemed on the point of breaking up, a colossal work had at last been accomplished, the results of which were most powerfully to affect the whole future career of the human race so long as it shall dwell upon the earth. In spite of the high-wrought intensity of feeling which had been now and then displayed, grave decorum had ruled the proceedings; and now, though few were really satisfied, the approach to unanimity was remarkable. When all was over, it is said that many of the members seemed awe-struck. Washington sat with his head bowed in solemn meditation. The scene was ended by a characteristic bit of homely pleasantry from Franklin. Thirty-three years ago, in the days of George II., before the first mutterings of the Revolution had been heard, and when the French dominion in America was still untouched, before the banishment of the Acadians or the route of Braddock, while Washington was still surveying lands in the wilderness, while Madison was playing in the nursery and Hamilton was not yet born, Franklin had endeavored to bring together the thirteen colonies in a federal union. Of the famous Albany plan of 1754, the first outline of a federal constitution for America that ever was made, he was the principal if not the sole author. When he signed his name to the Declaration of Independence in this very room, his years had rounded the full period of threescore and ten. Eleven years more had passed, and he had been spared to see the noble aim of his life accomplished. There was still, no doubt, a chance of failure, but hope now reigned in the old man's breast. On the back of the President's quaint black arm chair there was emblazoned a half-sun, brilliant with its gilded rays. As the meeting was breaking up and Washington arose, Franklin pointed to the chair, and made it the text for prophecy. "As I have been sitting here all these weeks," he said, "I have often wondered whether yonder sun is rising or setting. But now I know that it is a rising sun!"—*John Fiske in Atlantic.*

Shoes for Ladies' Wear.

A lace boot or shoe comes nearer fitting the foot than any other. They clasp the instep, keeping the sole of the shoe well up to the arch beneath, and stay the ankle, both of which will enable the weaker to walk better and with far more ease than when, as is always the case more or less with a buttoned shoe, there is too much room given the foot to feel the support of the shoe. Ladies who walk a great deal, especially those having high insteps hollowed out underneath, will certainly find more ease in a lace shoe than in a buttoned one. Dealers will often tell us that they are not in fashion, but they can always be had or made. Skaters need a laced shoe for the same reasons. Gentlemen are wiser than we in this respect. The majority of men have learned to appreciate the merits of a lace boot and now wear them.

Brilliant Boston Cats.

Looking out in the street one day we saw some cruel boys kicking a yellow kitten, says Lydia Very in the Boston *Transcript*. We rescued it, and bringing it into the house it put its little paws around my neck and licked my face, thus showing its gratitude. Cats are said to be less sagacious than dogs. I remember one we had when children which would follow us out into the street, walk behind us to the house where we spent the evening, sit on the doorstep till we came out, and then follow us home. We have had several which could open different fastenings with ease. We had one that would fetch and carry like a dog, run after a ball or green apple at any distance, bring it back in its mouth, and, do this as often as required. It has been said that dogs have been taught to say several words. We have had cats which could say "No," "I don't," and "Now" as distinctly as persons. I have not the least doubt that almost any animal could be taught some words if continually in the society of one person and petted. An invalid lady who lived not far from us had a canary which would say: "I'm so pretty." This bird died soon after its mistress. A gentleman in Salem had a tame robin which, constantly hearing the phrase, "It's time for William to wash," would say it after his wife. A stray cat, dropped by some unfeeling person, became the mother of four kittens, which she lodged in a neighbors hen's nest. These were drowned. The cat found food in our yard. The next brood of kittens were brought by her and put into a box under the porch. The box, lined with carpeting, was put there for any stray cat and she found it.

Cats are sometimes accused of being treacherous; this appearance is wholly owing to timidity. Whatever faults they may have may be traced generally to the way they are treated. If a cat is kept hungry she will be a thief, and I do not blame her. If she is struck and kicked she will use her claws, and who can blame her? If she is left out in the cold shivering she will visit and often take up her abode with another which is kind to her. It does not become man to accuse her of treachery, for man is the most treacherous of all animals. But whoever may neglect or ill-treat them they have more friends than enemies.

They are the companions of the sick and lonely, the pets of childhood and age, and the faithful servants of the man. I have a friend who, when Sambo is asleep in her arm-chair, will take a less comfortable one for fear of disturbing him, like the caliph who cut off the corner of his costly robe to rise without awakening his favorite pet. I have another friend who all winter puts her cat, James Garfield, to bed in his barrel with a hot soapstone. Some may laugh at this, but is not extreme kindness far better than extreme cruelty. An artist friend has a cat called Diogenes, which has far better lodgings than a tub. Another cat rejoices in the name of Poninous Balfour.

Jay Gould's Outlawry.

It begins to be noised about that Jay Gould will astonish New York next winter with some magnificent receptions with which he hopes to take the social world by storm. He has found society unwilling to recognize him in ordinary channels. Several prominent clubs have declined to admit him to membership, and even the Stock Exchange declines the honor of his company. But the old man has his money and his family, and does not mind it for himself. It is only on account of his boys that he desires to break through the wall of prejudice. He had set his heart on his son George marrying into society, and it was a great disappointment when he took up with a penniless actress. But he forgave him readily, and the two are inseparable. They go up and down town together and walk the street arm in arm, and it is plain that the father would make any sacrifice to gratify the son. So, if money will do it, the boys will get into society, and in this case money is pretty certain to accomplish it. Society shut its doors grimly against the elder Vanderbilt and Astor, but opened them readily to the millions of their sons. It may not receive Jay Gould—I question if he care a ducat about it—but when the boys shall come knocking for admission with $50,000,000 jingling in their pockets, the golden knocking at the door will be found to be irresistible. Money alone can keep in the social race. It used not to be so, but it is undeniably so now.—*N. Y. Letter to Philadelphia Record.*

There are two brothers living in Biddeford, Maine, who bear the name of John Weslie. The elder, when a boy, was stolen by Indians, and after a time given up for dead, and a tombstone was set up to his memory. In the meantime another son was born to the family and named after the first John, who some years after was returned to his family. In the family the two boys are known as "Our John" and "Indian John."

Esquimaux Joe, who acted as guide and interpreter to so many Arctic expeditions, is supposed to have been drowned near Marble Island. Joe, his father-in-law, and his two brothers-in-law, left Captain Jalebert late last autumn in a whaleboat with deer meat to trade with some whalers anchored off Marble Island. No tidings have ever been received of the boat or its occupants, and hence it is concluded that all were lost in one of the Arctic hurricanes that sweep across the northern seas.

Funerals on Street Cars.

When the street car was first opened in Mexico, an enterprising stockholder, Senor Gayosso, bought up all the hearses in the city. He then had funeral cars built for the tracks, and procured the sole right to prepare passengers and haul them to their last resting place. He is today one of the wealthiest men in Mexico. The first-class funeral cars for adults are built of fine black wood. A raised part is in the center of the car on which the coffin is placed. A canopy, exquisitely finished, covers the entire car, the sides being artistically draped. From four to eight beautiful black horses, with long plumes on their heads, haul this strange car.

The two drivers are dressed in fine black suits, gloves and high silk hats bound with wide crape bands. The coffin is placed on the rest prepared for it, and all around and over flowers are placed. Following this comes a train of cars with the friends. The windows are draped with white crape and the doors with black. A funeral train will average twenty cars and more, if it is a person of wealth who has died, but in the hundreds who follow a body to the grave cannot be found a woman or child.

I have asked the reason why no women ever attend funerals in Mexico. It is against the rules of society. Mr. Gayosso says women are not allowed to go to funerals because they cry too much. However, a wife cannot go to her husband's funeral, nor can a mother follow its babe to the grave.

There is a similarity in all the funeral cars. Those for children are white, drawn by white horses. Those for the poor are, like other things in this world for the poor, cheap and shabby. The poor Indian can have a funeral car and two passage tickets for 50 cents by applying to the police. He can even hire a plain, unpainted coffin to carry the dead to the grave. Once there, the body is wrapped in a serape and consigned to a grave which has been rented for from two to five years, at the end of that time the grave is opened and the bleaching bones are cast into a corner kept for that purpose, where they lay bleaching in the hot Southern sun, exposed to the gaze of the public.

Funerals cost from 50 cents to $2,000. One of the prettiest customs in Mexico is the universal respect which greets a passing funeral. Every man, from the millionaire to the poor half-clad peon, takes off his hat until the sad train has passed. Well-dressed senoras bow the heads and silently cross themselves, while the Indian women kneel in prayer.—*City of Mexico Letter.*

An Honest Portrait of Victoria.

None of the published pictures of the queen give a correct idea of her—she is so much shorter than her photographs represent her. The pictures are productions of a photographic trick. In all full-length photographic portraits of the queen she is posed standing on a raised platform. The train of her dress is then brought around in front so as to conceal the step on which she is standing, and by this means she is made to appear fully four inches taller than she is. She does not look to be much over five feet two inches in height. The effect of even this height is lessened by her stoutness. She is very stout, and when she stood up the other afternoon to receive Red Shirt at the Wild West entertainment she way anything but an imposing looking figure. I had a good opportunity then for fifteen or twenty minutes of seeing the chief ruler of England. There was no visitor to the Wild West show this year who was more plainly dressed than the queen. She rigidly adheres to black cashmere dresses and plain cloth capes except upon state occasions. It is said that she wears these soft cloths on account of her stoutness. Although she is so stout she does not look at all apoplectic. Her flesh looks as hard as iron. Indeed there is something very stolid and wooden-like in her figure and face. The photographs of course flatter her greatly. I have not seen a photograph of her in London which shows a wrinkle in her face. She has but few lines in her face, but these are very pronounced. She is very full under the eyes. She has the "pop eyes" of a voluble talker. This fullness under the eyes is criss-crossed with wrinkles. Her eyes are very large. On each side of her nose are two marked lines. There is not a wrinkle in her forehead and only a faint line at the corner of each of her eyes. Her face shows no signs of care, annoyance, or anxiety. It is a very cold face and has but little expression when she smiles.—*New York World.*

J. W. Scallen, one of the youngest of the New York florists, is also one of the most enterprising. He recently made a center-piece for Augustin Daly which was nineteen feet in diameter and contained 12,000 flowers.

A Genuine Magnetic Girl.

A Beaver Falls (Pa.) young woman of Third avenue is so full of electricity that at a recent experiment with a steel hairpin worn in her hair all day the pin was so thoroughly magnetized that it held up sixty-nine needles when attached to it by the points. When the hair of the young woman is stroked in the dark it emits sparks, and when she walks in a quiet room a queer crackling noise can be heard, as if some one was crushing nutshells. To touch her is to receive a shock as from a magnetic battery, and it is said that recently a young man put his arms around her waist and was knocked flat and almost paralyzed.

The Country School, and the Farmer's Boy.

The country school is preeminently the farmer's school. In it the great majority of the farmers of to-day received their education, and in it the great majority of those of the next generation will receive the whole of their schooling.

Is the country school doing what it should for the farmer's boy? Is it giving to the boy who will remain on the farm that kind of an education which will be the best preparation for life's work?

What is an education for? Why should a boy spend so much time in the school-room? The purpose of a boys's education is to fit him for his work, whatever that may be. The education given in a country school ought then to fit the boy to be a successful farmer, for that is to be the profession of most country schoolboys.

What education does the farmer's profession demand? The ability to read, write, and understand the English language and to make readily all the ordinary numerical calculations connected with his business—this is all, some say, that a farmer needs, and this is practically all that many of the schools supply. But is this enough? Shall we set the standard of education for the farmer at the very lowest notch? Shall we in this way say that the poorest education is sufficient for the farmer? We certainly do not think that farming is the occupation for which the poorest education is sufficient. Give the boy opportunity to become acquainted with the things around him. Put the study of soils, plants, animals, etc., into your schools. Ask your school-teachers to give instruction of this kind. Demand of them that they know enough to give such instruction *in the right way.* If you will demand only *the best* of teachers for your children, you can have these things taught to them; but if you are willing to take, year by year, the young and poorly prepared teachers, the work will not and can not be done. You will have to pay roundly for such efficient teachers; but will it not be the best economy in the long run, for are they not to instruct your children for their whole life's work?—*American Agriculturist.*

Bored by Ants.

The most dreaded insect invader is the white ant. In Africa their houses are dome-shaped mounds often eighteen feet high. These insects erect pyramids one thousand times higher than themselves! The ants on their travels so conceal their approach that their presence is not suspected until the damage is done. They usually tunnel into any object which they attack, often reducing it to a mere shell. In this way they have been known to ascend within the leg of a table, devour the contents of a box upon it, and descend through a tunnel bored in another leg, all in one night. an officer of the English army while calling upon some ladies in Ceylon was startled by a rumbling sound. The ladies started with affright, and the next instant they stood with only the sky above them; the roof had fallen in and lay all about, leaving them miraculously unharmed! The ants had made their way up through the beams, hollowing them out until a great part of the framework of the house was ready to fall at the slightest shock.—*St. Nicholas.*

A Large City.

If any one were to walk one way through all the streets of London, he would be obliged to go a distance of two thousand six hundred miles, or as far as it is across the American continent from New York to San Francisco. This will give an idea of what would have to be done in order to see even the greater part of London.

In our approach to this city, as well as in our rambles through its streets, we shall not be struck so much by its splendid and imposing appearance as by its immensity. Go where we may, there seems to be no end to the town. It is fourteen miles one way, and eight miles the other, and contains a population of nearly four million people, which is greater, indeed, than that of Switzerland or the kingdoms of Denmark and Greece combined. We are told on good authority that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, and more Jews than in Palestine, with foreigners from all parts of the world, including a great number of Americans. Yet there are so many Englishmen in London, that one is not likely to notice the presence of these people of other nations.

This vast body of citizens, some so rich that they never can count their money, and some so poor that they never have any to count, eat every year four hundred thousand oxen, one and a half million sheep, eight million chickens and game birds, not to speak of calves, hogs, and different kinds of fish. They consume five hundred million oysters, which, although it seems like a large number, would only give, if equally divided among all the people, one oyster every third day to each person. There are three hundred thousand servants in London, enough people to make a large city; but as this gives only one servant to each dozen citizens, it is quite evident that a great many of the people must wait on themselves. Things are very unequally divided in London; and I have no doubt that instead of there being one servant to twelve persons, some of the rich lords and ladies have twelve servants apiece.—*Frank R. Stockton in St. Nicholas.*