

EASILY SATISFIED.

I met my love in the summer;
The breeze blew from the South,
Sweet with the breath of the clover;
I kissed her little mouth;
But I told my pet full plainly,
As I gave her hand a squeeze:
"You love me, you, darling,
But not much bread and cheese."
But then she showed her dimples,
Her blue eyes seemed to shine;
Her hair was on my shoulder,
The little lips sought mine;
She said, "I am not hungry,
And summer time is here;
Who cares for bread and cheese, I love
I want the kisses, dear."

MAKING LIFE LOOK BRIGHTER.

Say not, "This world seems dark and drear,"
But strive yourself to light it;
Though ignorance rage, yet never fear,
"This manhood's work to fight it!"
Strive on, and rust will drop its scales;
The earnest effort seldom fails,
And purpose over doubt prevails,
Thus making life look brighter.

Does virtue meet with small reward?
That thought is worldly-minded;
For vice herself is oft abhorred;
By slaves whom she has blinded;
Though now the clouds be dark and dense,
When we shall walk by faith, not sense,
Virtue will have true recompense,
The while the clouds grow lighter.

PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Venus and the Earth.
Professor Jenkins, an eminent English astronomer, has endeavored to show a very remarkable effect of the planet Venus upon the earth. The present astronomer-royal of England proved, many years ago, that the distributing effect of this planet was really so great that the earth was materially pulled from its orbit. According to Professor Jenkins, it is to this action that an explanation must be looked for, in accounting for the cold waves which have occurred, on an average, every eight years during the last half century, and in this connection the prediction is ventured by Prof. J. that for the next forty years the temperature will be below the average. He also states, as others have before him, that a heat wave has been observed to pass over the earth every twelve years, nearly contemporary with the arrival of the planet Jupiter at its perihelion.

Temperature of the Ocean.
Investigations recently made of ocean temperatures show that the waters of the North Pacific is, in its whole mass, colder than that of the North Atlantic, and that the water of the South Pacific is, down to 4,225 feet, somewhat warmer than that of the Atlantic, but below that depth colder. Again, the bottom temperatures are generally lower in the Pacific than in the Atlantic, at the same depths and in the same degree of latitude; but nowhere in the Pacific are found such low bottom temperatures as in the antarctic portion of the South Atlantic, between thirty-six and thirty-eight degrees south and forty-eight and thirty-three degrees west longitude. In the western part of the Pacific, and the adjoining parts of the East Indian Archipelago, the temperature of the water reaches its minimum at depths between about 1,800 and 9,000 feet, remaining the same from this depth to the bottom.

A Great Artificial Water Course.
The construction of a maritime canal along the Seine, between Havre and Tancarville, is now engaging the attention of French engineers. This great artificial watercourse will begin at the extremity of the basins of Havre, and will follow, without leaving, the right bank of the Seine till it reaches a point which is called the Naris, or the Cape of Tancarville. It is to be twenty-five kilometers long, twenty-five metres broad at the bottom, and three m. fifty draught of water, this latter being some fifty centimetres greater than exists in the Seine between Paris and Rouen. One of the desirable points is that from Harfleur to Havre the canal can be accessible to brig, schooners and coal-bearing steamers coming from Cardiff or Swansea, Sunderland or Newcastle—this requiring that the draught be carried to four m. fifty.

Insulation of Electric Light Wires.
At a recent meeting of the New York Board of Fire Insurance Underwriters, the danger arising from the use of electric lights with uninsulated conductors came up for discussion. The matter had been investigated on account of an accident a short time ago in a jewelry store in Maiden Lane, when a man was on the roof running an electric light wire across. It came in contact with the telephone wire, and a flash passed down to the telephone box, destroying it. The shock loosened a considerable extent of plaster. City Electrician Smith said, that the shock must be thought, have been very powerful, and had any one been at the telephone, he might have been killed; or if the flames had passed near light goods, there might have been a conflagration. The wires of the electric light ought to be thoroughly insulated. Superintendent Harrison, of the New York Board of Fire Insurance Underwriters, said that the Board would ask this:

A New Kind of Scales.
A Frenchman has invented a new system of scales that dispenses with separate and detachable weights. The weighing is done instantaneously by means of mental slides moving on graduated beams that pertain to the apparatus. The mechanism is simply a

combination of articulated levers with a double scale-beam. The object whose weight is desired is placed on the scale-pan, and the double beam rises at the extremity opposite the zeros. Then move the larger slide along the beam until the latter assumes a horizontal position, and if the index falls between two divisions, move the slide back to the nearest division, and use the slide on the small beam to balance the scales. The sum of the readings of the two scales gives the weight sought. A properly graduated rule placed between the beams may be made to give instantly the price of any given weight of the substance sold. Of course a new scale must be put in every time the price of the article is changed. The rules may be made in sets for use in weighing different kinds of goods, such as fruits, candies and groceries.

Competent En- gineers in Demand.

The Engineering News, speaking of the demand for competent engineers in Mexico says, "Energetic men who will go there to stay, to develop the country and take advantage of the great demand that must soon set in for just such services as they have to offer. The investment of American capital there already is enormous, and the railways projected do not yet amount to what the single State of Indiana possesses. The country is barren of almost everything in the way of intelligent and capable men, while its productive resources are enormous. This 'railway age' that has set in on Mexico will last, and there is room for thousands of our capable men to develop there if they chose to go. The days of revolutions and brigandage in Mexico are numbered, and talk of annexation or forcible capture by Americans is utter nonsense. The 'live Yankees' from Boston and vicinity that are running things so lively there now are after money, and they will not tolerate jeopardizing in their investments by either Mexican or American politicians."

Rust.
Professor Barff, of London, has discovered how to treat iron vessels so as to render them wholly safe from a tendency to rust, so that boilers, if the iron of which they are made had been thus treated, would be safe against the corrosion caused by the water, and cooking vessels would no longer need either to be made of copper or furnished with a tin lining, while spades and rails and iron keels and plates, and the locomotives on our lines, and all the countless iron instruments of our modern life would be safe against the most destructive of all the agencies which waste them away. The process is to coat the iron with the magnetic or black oxide of iron, which is not only incapable of rust, but harder than the iron itself, and which adheres to iron with a tenacity greater than that with which the various strata of the iron adhere together. Professor Barff subjects the iron to superheated steam at a temperature of from 500 to 1,200 Fahrenheit, and if the exposure is continued from five to seven hours this coating is fairly formed, and if the latter temperature is secured it will adhere so closely that not even a file will scrape it off. Professor Barff left iron vessels thus treated out on the lawn for six weeks during the late rainy weather, and when brought in they were as bright as before their exposure. The coating does not affect the surface, except by turning it black.

Faraday's Electro-Chemical Researches.

The majority of Faraday's own researches were connected, directly or indirectly, with questions regarding the nature of electricity, and his most important and most renowned discoveries lay in this field. The facts which he has found are universally known. Nevertheless, the fundamental conceptions by which Faraday has been led to these much-admired discoveries have not been received with much consideration. His principal aim was to express, in his new conceptions, only facts, with the least possible use of hypothetical substances and forces. This was really a progress in general scientific method, destined to purify science from the last remnants of metaphysics. Now that the mathematical interpretation of Faraday's conceptions regarding the nature of electric and magnetic force has been given by Clerk Maxwell, we see how great a degree of exactness and precision was really hidden behind his words, which to his contemporaries appeared so vague or obscure; and it is astonishing in the highest degree to see what a large number of general theories, the methodical deduction of which requires the highest powers of mathematical analysis, he has found, by a kind of intuition, with the security of instinct, without the help of a single mathematical formula.

The electrical researches of Faraday although embracing a great number of apparently minute and disconnected questions, all of which he has treated with the same careful attention and conscientiousness, are really always aiming at two fundamental problems of natural philosophy: the one more regarding the nature of physical forces, or of forces working at a distance; the other, in the same way, regarding chemical forces, or those which act from molecule to molecule, and the relation between these and the first.

The great fundamental problem which Faraday called up anew for discussion was the existence of forces working directly at a distance without any intervening medium.

"My Lord," said the foreman of an Irish jury, when giving in the verdict, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

Ninety Years of Wedded Life.

In Montreal, in January, 1789, Michael Gannoe and Melisla Gannoe were married. He was 17, she was 14. In 1801 they removed to Scottsburg, now Scottsville. There they lived together for 78 years. On the 5th of December, 1879, Mrs. Gannoe died, at the age of 103 years, after a married life of 89 years. Her husband is still living, 108 years old. He is sound mentally. With the exception of being a cripple from a fall he had 16 years ago, his physical condition is excellent. He became blind in his 90th year. He was blind six years, when his sight gradually returned. When his wife was dying he stood by her bedside. When she could no longer speak to him, he became so affected that his eyesight failed him again. On the day of her burial he was escorted to her coffin to take his last look at his venerable consort. He could not see her face. He exclaimed bitterly: "It is hard, after living nearly ninety years with her, that she must be taken away without my being able to see her again!" He had never been known to weep before.

The New York "Style."

The mode of wearing the hair as adopted by the ladies in New York is becoming more and more peculiar. Most fashions change gradually. Unless that were the case no fashion would render patent its absurdity. In looking through a series of fashion plates commencing some fifty years ago, when the rage for phrenology had brought high foreheads into vogue, the hair was brushed back from the brow so as to show it to its fullest extent. It gave woman a masculine, staring expression, still the passing interest in phrenology waned and women began to dress their hair reasonably, allowing it to shade the brow, as it should do. But of late they have been wearing it lower and lower, until now many ladies absolutely hide their foreheads entirely. It is not at all unusual to meet well-dressed women whose hair, natural or false, comes down to their eyebrows; others drawing it forward in such profusion as to give them an appearance actually grotesque. The majority of the New York women, who make any pretense to fashion, look as if they had no brows, these being invisible on account of this singular arrangement of hair; neither are they content to depend upon nature. They decorate—or rather, they don't decorate—themselves with front-pieces of divers patterns, and often ill-matched in color, and so aided, look about as ill as they well can. If they knew exactly how they looked in the eyes of good taste, they would, we are sure, alter the dressing of their hair. Hiding their foreheads gives them an insipid, not to say imbecile, expression. They might, with hair and eyebrow mingling, be mistaken for bleached Fiji Islanders, and candor compels us to say that the intelligence of some of their faces does not need toning down.

A Screamer.

It was not until some months later that Mr. McGinnis, in a diffusive moment, explained the cause of the appearance of himself and wife which had so puzzled and astonished his neighbors. Green Islands, like most other parts of Wisconsin, is plagued with mosquitoes of a large and peculiarly vindictive kind. On the night in question the mosquito net at McGinnis' got out of order and the mosquitoes swarmed in troops. Mrs. McGinnis, maddened by their attacks got up and going to the shelf upon which stood a bottle of camphor, rubbed her face and arms with the fluid, and then performed the same kind of office for her husband, who lay snugly asleep. In the morning upon waking, she was horrified to find a black man lying by the side of her. Jumping up she seized a club and attacked him. McGinnis, on waking, was equally astonished at finding himself assaulted by an athletic negro woman armed with a club, and a furious fight ensued. Mrs. McGinnis was a powerful woman, and it was not until both combatants were exhausted and terribly wounded that a pause ensued and the combatants recognized each other. An investigation was then made, and it appears that Mrs. McGinnis had mistaken in the dark an ink-bottle for that which contained the spirits of camphor. Hence the metamorphosis and its terrible results.

Not the Man.

"R. Huntington took the skeleton of Henry Clay to Washington and placed it in the Smithsonian Institute Monday, April 26th, the day the Farragut statue was unveiled. The officers of the institution were greatly pleased at the present. The skeleton now stands by the side of that of the immortal Lexington. Early last winter Mr. Huntington suggested to Hon. Erastus Corning and Henry C. Jewett the propriety of having the bones of Henry Clay resurrected, and they commissioned him to undertake the work. Professor Henry A. Ward, of Rochester, and his assistant, Professor

Lucas, were consulted, and at first they entertained grave doubts about the bones having resisted decay, buried as they were nearly fourteen years ago, in muck soil. They feared that, even if found intact, they would not stand the cleaning and drilling necessary to be done in mounting them. Nevertheless it was decided to make the experiment. The large bones were discovered to be like flint, and the smaller bones had the texture of whalebone. The joints were sound and free from imperfections; but a close examination showed that one of the ribs had been broken and reunited."

It may not be necessary, nevertheless, we do it, to add that the above refers not to Henry Clay, the statesman, but to Henry Clay, the once wonderful horse. This sporting editor assumes that all hands understand them, and that names indicate only horses. They are a queer lot!

Old Companions.

It is said that the greatest difference between man and brute is shown by the love and friendship existing in the human family, which is never seen in the lower orders of the animal creation. But it sometimes occurs that at community of feeling is exhibited in as marked a degree by the brute as can be found among human beings. Mr. Phillips, a well known citizen, living on the Franklin pike six miles from the city, owned an old blind horse. A flock of geese occupied the pasture jointly with him. An old gander seeing the difficulty the horse had to go around, attached himself to the horse, leaving his fellows for the purpose. All day long the gander could be seen going in front of the horse giving signs of his presence by a constant cackle, the horse following the sound.

The gander carried the horse to the best pasture and to water. A perfect understanding was had between them, and they seemed to know what each wanted. At night the gander accompanied the horse to the stall, sat under the trough, and the horse would occasionally bite off a mouthful of corn and drop it on the ground for his feathered friend, and thus they would share each other's meals. Finally, on one Sunday, the old horse died. The gander seemed utterly lost, wandered about disconsolately, looking everywhere for his old comrade, refusing all food, and at the end of the week he, too, died, although his life was but just begun, for a goose will live forty or fifty years. This is a true story, and can be verified by numbers of persons who often saw the strange parties marching around, and displays the wonderful affection which sometimes springs up among the lower orders.

A Test of Scholarship.

The late Mr. Fields possessed a remarkable memory. His knowledge of English literature was so clear and available that he was often called upon to settle disputed questions of authorship. Several years ago a gentleman, thinking to puzzle Mr. Fields and make sport for a company at dinner, informed him, prior to Mr. Field's arrival, that he had himself that morning written some poetry and intended to submit it to Mr. Field's as Southey's, and inquire in which of his poems the lines occurred. At the proper moment, therefore, after the guests were seated, he began: "Friend Fields, I have been a good deal exercised of late trying to find in Southey's poems his well known lines running thus—can you tell us about what time he wrote them?" "I do not remember to have met them before," replied Mr. Fields, "and there were but two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him."

"When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner.

"Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened and he had fallen into idocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression evidently betrays the idiotic one."

The funny questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.

He was about four years old, but he was a hopeful youth. "Papa, have you done anything down town that you think I ought to whip you for if I were as big as you are?"

"No, Mr. Editor," said he, "I don't object to your politics, and you haven't slandered me, but you're always publishing descriptions of new styles of bonnets, and I want to know if that's the sort of reading matter for a wife and six grown-up daughters?"

Little Lisa, three years old, in her father's absence at business, happened to let a china plate fall. Her mother was very sorry for the accident, as it broke her set. At night she told her husband about it, and he said: Why, Lisa, how did you do such a careless thing?" "This way, papa," said she, "quick as a flash taking another plate from the tea-table and dropping it to the floor."

A Negro Family in Galveston are everlastingly quarreling and disturbing the neighbors. A gentleman living close by met the wife and said to her: You are always kicking up a row. Why is there no harmony in your house?" "Dat's juss what I was telling de lazy, willless niggah. Dar ain't no harmony in de house, and no meat, and de bacon's out up, and meat barr' is empty. He is de only thing in de house wat's full all de time."

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Mad Lark of the Great Virtues in Benevolent Institutions—A Fall in Female's suffering. For the third time since the settlement of Philadelphia, a woman has been placed on trial for murder. The case was that of Lizzie Aarons, an unmarried woman of 19, charged with the willful murder of her newly-born child, and it ended in her acquittal being ordered by Judge Allison last Friday, after a most scathing rebuke of the systems of organized charity which had proved of no avail to aid the woman in her extremity.

The poor woman had become intimate with a variety performer, named Aarons, under promise of marriage, and was deserted in that city in November last, penniless and nearing maternity. Lizzie Flick, a woman dependent on the world for a living, but still residing with her parents, took her to her own home and kept her there until her parents objected to the expense. After a night on the street the poor woman fell in with Ida McMinn, who, though burdened with a paramour, took her in, shared a single room with her, and furnished her with food and needed undeveloping.

After three days spent by the two in making clothes for the expected stranger, for which the McMinn woman furnished the cotton, they set out in search of the charity of which the woman was so sorely in need. First they went to the Lying-in hospital, where they received this answer: "If you will bring your marriage certificate and pay \$5 a week, we will take you in." She could as easily do one as the other, and they turned toward the Homeopathic hospital. A perty young physician promptly advised the poor girl that the almshouse was the place she should have sought. The guardians of the poor were next applied to, and warned by previous experience, she said that she was married.

She was at once referred to a magistrate to make affidavit charging her husband with desertion. She would not give his name, was refused admission to the almshouse, and again returned to the charity of the McMinn girl. Next to the Toland Home mission they made application, where she was promised a ticket to New York for \$1, that she might apply directly to her seducer. She had not the dollar, and next tried the Young Woman's Christian association. Her evident condition barred the doors to her there, and she was sent to an intelligence office. All this had taken seven days' time, and when she returned again to the poor room that she had shared with Ida McMinn, she was shut out from that by the paramour of her benefactress, who would not let her enter. Two days later a dead infant was found in the area of a cheap lodging house, to which she had got admittance that night by pawing the last ring that she had. Search was made, and the girl was found unconscious. "I thought it was dead," she muttered, "and I did not know what to do with it," she said, and was taken to the almshouse, whence she went to jail six weeks later, under an indictment for murder. The medical evidence was in effect that the life of the child when born was weak, and the district attorney said he would ask the jury to acquit.

Judge Allison then called the two women, whose charity had been the prisoner's sole resource, to come forward. He directed them to be seated near the bar, and then charged the jury as follows: "I coincide with the district attorney as to the seriousness of the offense charged and the difficulty of proving it. I wish, however, to say (and here tears filled Judge Allison's eyes) from a bench that the behavior of these two girls deserves the greatest commendation. Many women dressed in purple and fine linen would have passed the poor creature by. It remained for these, struggling in poverty and shame, to lend a helping hand. This poor girl, in utter loneliness, weak and exhausted, wandering from one charity to another, and denied admittance to all, finally sought refuge in a lodging house where she had not means to pay for that lodging, and there, in cold and squalor, she gave birth to a child. This illustrates the absurdity of the rules governing the so-called charities which give all to those having natural protectors, and deny their benefits to those less fortunate, if more culpable." Reiterating his opinion that the commonwealth had failed to make out its case, a verdict of acquittal was directed which the jury promptly returned. There were few dry eyes in court as the judge concluded, and after adjournment he sent the woman a handsome contribution, which was supplemented with money from other sources. The case has been the talk of the town, and the managers of the institutions thus brought into court are anxiously asking a suspension of judgment.

How the Australian Savages Marry.

Mr. Howitt's account of the Kurnal people just north of Bass' Straits, introduced us to a new set of marriage customs. Here the rule is elopement. The lad and girl make love to one another without the knowledge of her parents, and run away together. The bride's family, furious, go in quest of her; and if caught and brought back she will be severely punished, her mother and brother will beat her, and her father even spear her through the legs. As for the husband, whenever he returns he has to fight his male relatives. The pair may have to elope two or three times, with new pursuit and fighting, till at last her family grow tired of objecting, and the mother will say, "Oh! it's all right; better let him have her." The wonderful thing is that this is not exceptional, but the regular marriage

rite of the tribe. The anger is not real, and when the people are charged with being cruel they answer that it is not intended as cruelty, but simply to follow an ancestral custom. The consequence of this Kurnal custom is a change toward civilized ideas of marriage; it is no longer a shifting union between one group or tribe and another, but a real pairing by mutual choice of man and wife, and, to some extent, male descent comes in with it.

The Kurnal elopement marriage shows another interesting feature. Though it is condoned to at last by the wife's family, the man is never allowed to look at, speak to, or live in the same camp with his wife's mother. This is the best fact yet produced in favor of the explanation of the custom of avoiding parents-in-law, as meaning that the act of taking their daughter, though practically allowed, cannot be openly agreed to by their acknowledging him. So deeply rooted is this custom in Australia that it retains its hold on natives under missionary influence. "A Barbroling, who is a member of the Church of England, was one day talking to me. His wife's mother was passing at some little distance, and I called to her. Suffering at the time from cold I could not make her hear, and said to the Barbroling, 'Call Mary, I want to speak to her.' He took no notice whatever, but looked vacantly on the ground. I spoke to him again sharply, but still without his responding. I then said, 'What do you mean by taking no notice of me?' He thereupon called out to his wife's brother, who was at a little distance, 'Tell Mary Mr. Howitt wants her,' and, turning to me, continued reproachfully, 'You know very well I could not do that—you know I cannot speak to that old woman.'"

Grocery-Store Talk.

The articles in a grocery store got mad the other morning and had a little talk over politics, religion, etc., in a most spirited manner. "I'm no sucker," said the mackerel. "You are a mighty scaly sort of party though," said the sugar, and I've got sand enough to tell you so to your face."

"I'll run counter to that," remarked a piece of woodwork lengthwise of the store.

"Lay the question on the shelf," said another portion.

"Let us have peas," cried out the coffee.

"Bah! you must be green," said the starch.

"Look at me and get a little stiffening to brace you."

"Lard help us," wailed the butter.

"Shell out and let's get from beneath this yolk," cackled the eggs.

"Hit him with a London club," said a bottle on the top shelf.

"None of your sauce. Wait till you catnap with the times," fired up the pepper in hot temper.

"Shut up or I'll sour on the whole lot of you," snapped the vinegar.

"Taffy, taffy," whispered the molasses.

"Let's get into the thick of it."

"Let's call it a draw," simpered the tea.

"We are too strong," howled the cheese.

"How have the mites fallen?" replied the knife as it slung the cheese on to the door.

"Aw, you shut up," answered the cheese as it closed the blade and chucked it out of sight behind a barrel.

"Let's soap for better things," said the lye.

"How can we in the presence of a lie?" said the soda.

"Well, if I'm a lye you are an alkali," came the answer.

"I rise to a point of order," sung out the yeast.

"Salt him down," squealed out a ham, "for I'm about smoked out."

"You can all be bought," said the candy.

"Ah, you sweet thing," came back the response, "what are you giving us?"

"Well, I'll be darned," ripped out the coffee sack, "if this mustn't stop."

"That's oil right," guggled the kerosene.

"Blast you all," roared the powder.

"I can match that," lumed the sulphur.

"Wa shot," shrieked the lead over in the corner.

"I'm out," groaned the meat, "and will have to be mustered out of service."

"I'm killed," chorused the oyster, the lobster, the codfish, the mackerel, the pork, the beef—and in the midst of it the grocery keeper walked in and everything was hushed and trade went on as usual.

Out-Door Exercise for Women.

Some years since the wife of a wealthy Tennessee banker, after trying a variety of remedies for dyspepsia and other ailments, consulted a physician noted for plain common sense and small doses of physic. He told her if she would split the wood for the family it would cure her. Wood-houses are unknown in Tennessee, or were at that time, and of course the wood-splitting must be done in the open air. The lady procured an ax suited to her hand, and applied herself to the task, beginning with a few sticks each day, and increasing the number as she grew stronger. Gradually her ailments all disappeared and her health became exuberant. When we knew her twenty-five years ago, with a house full of servants, and practically unlimited wealth at command, she still did all the wood-splitting for the family, and bid fair to double the half century she had already

attained. Doubtless the taking her exercise in the open air had quite as much to do with her recovery as the mere muscular labor had.

There is nothing more tiresome, nothing more wearing, than the routine of indoor work that many women feel themselves compelled to follow year after year. They walk from the pantry to the work-table, to the stove, to the sink; they go down the cellar and up stairs, and pass from the dining-room to the kitchen and back again, and thus their days go by. The spring comes and goes, but they do not take time to breathe in its beauty and its fragrance; summer comes and goes, but leaves no rich memories in their hearts of its splendor; the leaves take on all their gorgeous hues of the rainbow and fall, but they have no time for even a brief autumnal intoxication; and the delicate though stern beauty of winter is quite wasted on them. Such women need of all things something that will force them out of doors, that will compel them to open their lungs, their eyes, their souls to the fresh life and inspiration of dwelling under the roofless sky. Having eyes they see not, having ears they hear not, neither do they understand what treasures of beauty, of harmony, of wisdom, the trees, the flowers, the birds, the winds, the sunshine would make them absolute owners of, if they would but consent to sit in nature's lap and listen to her multitudinous voices.

This sitting need not be idle. Out-door industry may be quite as profitable money-wise as indoor industry. There is more profit in small fruits than in embroideries. There is more money in bee-keeping than in knitting and sewing. One can do needle-work in the winter when compelled to stay in doors. Flower culture in the vicinity of cities and villages pays well. Many women are expert gardeners and realize handsomely from the sale of vegetables. The hard spading and heavy work they hire done and the lighter work do themselves. Weeding, pruning, budding, harvesting fruit can be as well done by women as by men and boys. Those women who do this kind of work year after year are free from a thousand ills and worries that beset their sisters whose lives pass wholly within doors.

LITTLE FOLKS.

"Oh, my," said little shaver-head as he popped into bed for the first time after his hair was mowed off, "how it tickles the pillow."

"Mamma," said a little girl, "do men want to get married as much as women do?" "Nonsense! What are you talking about?" "Why, mamma, the ladies who come here are always talking about getting married; the men don't."

A bright little girl of five summers asked a lady visitor if she knew their housekeeper was dead. On being answered in the affirmative the child, after a brief pause, said: "She is better off in heaven. I don't think she will have any more fits."

Millinery item—"Ma," exclaimed the boy, gazing down into the back yard, where the lady next door was talking to his sister, "come and look at the bonfire." She came and looked, and then exclaimed: "My son, that isn't a bonfire; that's a spring bonnet."

Teacher—"If your father should give you ten cents a week for ten weeks, how much money would you have at the end of that time?" Boy—"I shouldn't have nothing. If marm didn't borrow it, I'd er spent it all for a pistol and a box o' caps and quarter o' a pound of powder."

A little boy, who is in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night asked his mother: "Mamma, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?" And the mother said: "Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions. Go to sleep, my child."

Pointing to the letter X, What's that? asked a village schoolmaster of a lad whose father seemed to have been born before the age of school boards and compulsory attendances. "Daddy's name." "No; it is not, sir, it's X." No, sir; it ain't; it is the boy; 'tis daddy's name; I've seen him write it often." At another school, in reproofing a youth for the exercise of his fist, a schoolmaster said, "My lad, we fight with our heads here." The youth reflected for a moment, and replied that butting was not considered fair at his last school.

Near Reading, Pa., is a youngster whose parents tell this story of him: One day in a spirit of mischief, he took a hoe and hoed up the bed in which his father had recently planted some radish seed. Shortly after the exploit and about the time his parent was expected home his courage failed him, and apprehensive of a severe punishment he went to his mother and confessed his transgression. She mingled reproaches with consolations, and he began to whimper: "I wish, mother, I wish—I wish—" "Well, my boy," she said affectionately, "what do you wish?" "I wish," he continued, bursting into tears, "I wish I was Charlie Ross."

The Princess Pierre Bonaparte did not see her husband after the marriage of their son Roland with Mile. Blanc, but left him to enter a convent of Les Dames Trinitaires.

James Russell Lowell is 62, and as bright as a man of 35.

Queen Margherita is one of the most skillful sewing women in Italy.

Princess Stephanie is to have a dowry of \$450,000.