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TIGHT-LACING.

What is it makes a lady's head feel heavy as a lump of lead? What makes her nose a tip as red? What makes her cheek burn like a coal? What makes her feel as cold as Arctic pole? What cramps her body and her soul? What makes her legs short and sharp? And gives her tongue a snap-like ring? What talks her when high noon she is dazed? What is it with the vice-like pressure? What makes her feel as if she were a slave? What is it makes her sleep for bread? Does her stern modern science crush? Does her too soft to early death? What beauty's lines in her cheeks? And how on a powerful and employ? To crush from out her life its best? What, quite innocuous Nature's facts? Her waist as crooked as a vine? That each inch served fresh pain cramps? And what bad fashion of the day? Is it that laces you should say? Tony's worn without an hour's delay?—Lovers' Talk.

A FLOAT AND ASHORE.

Nobody was in the habit of calling Emily Travers a beauty, and few ever gave her a second glance in passing; yet when you happened to linger at the gate for any reason, and saw her standing there on the grass-pit feeding her doves, you would at once declare that a prettier sight than that you never saw in your life. A tall, lithe, shapely figure, a face full of sparkle and color, fair hair blowing in the wind, garments fluttering, lips chattering, and hands tossing, while all about, flashing and tumbling, and whirling and wheeling floaked and fell a cloud of white doves, making lightnings with their wings, and filling the air with whirs and coos and cries—it was a charming picture, and having once seen this pretty sight, something of its beauty always seemed to hang about Emily afterward; if she was not the rose herself, she had lived with the rose. But it was not Emily who ever gave such a subject a second thought; busy, bright and happy as she was, the whole world seemed beautiful, and that was quite enough for her, without stopping to consider whether or not she was a part of that world. Nor did Norman Macpherson ever stop to think on the subject; Emily had been a part of his world ever since he had had any, and what the world would be to him without her was something that never entered his head. He remembered the day when, a little chubby preteen three years old, he had been taken over the way to welcome the new baby there, and had asked to see her wings; he remembered when he dragged her up and down the garden paths in his cart, and spilled her out, and she refused to scream; he remembered when he was fighting with Saunders, and getting worked, how she arrived upon the scene with a stone between her two arms that would have been Saunders' death if it had happened to him; in fact, he remembered no time when she was not a part of himself, when he had not sat with his arm about her waist, when he had not kissed her at meeting and parting, when he had not left every other girl for her, and would have been amazed if she had not welcomed him as a matter of course. After he went away to the Naval Academy, Emily's letters were something that he looked forward to twice a week as unfailingly as to Wednesday and Saturday themselves; and when he made his flying visit home, it was to Emily that he went with the recital of all his hopes and angers and joys. "Emily," he said once, in a startled way, "I believe I say my prayers to you."

Being in this state of mind about sweet Emily Travers, you can imagine his wrathful consternation when, on returning home from his first cruise, having been for some time without letters, and coming in by the log window instead of the door, he saw a fellow leaning over her chair—a tall, dark, handsome man, handsome but for a scar across his forehead—leaning over her chair and holding her hand, while her backward and upward gaze was as brightly fond as his manner was devoted. For a moment Norman stood spell-bound, and as he stood, he heard Emily saying: "Oh, how can you ask me, Howard, dear? You know we never, never can be parted."

To think was something to which Mr. Norman Macpherson never condescended. He rather excelled in feeling. And just now he felt as if the only thing in the world to do was to knock this varlet down; accordingly, he took one step and did it. And then, seizing Emily's hand himself, only to throw it from him with a wild and angry outcry at her perjury, he was gone; and he never fairly knew again where he was or what had happened, till he found himself on blue water for a three-year's cruise, with plenty of time to eat his heart out, and profoundly convinced that he was a victim of the blackest treachery, and that if Emily were false, then all the world was false. Six months of that bitter diet, with the swift mad scene before his eyes, changing only to show the man falling, Sophy running forward with a shriek, and Emily standing frozen to stone as she had started from her chair, and the open-hearted and gay youth had become a taciturn and gloomy man, with-out a word to spare, ready for any

dangerous service, and never half so pleased as when some black tempest shut them in like the curtain of death and judgment that they were just about to lift.

Yet when a twelvemonth had passed, his bitterness began to be something less in degree; occasionally a ray of sense would break upon his gloom, and the thought would come to him that, after all, he had never once spoken of marriage to Emily Travers in so many words; he had taken every thing for granted; he had left the way open for any other beggar that chose to come along. Why, he asked, had he ever doubted Emily? She loved him to-day like a brother, as she had always done. Loved him like a brother! Not she, he would reply to himself, when he had felled her lover to the ground, and had flung her from him like a snake? She had reason to hate him he said; of course, she did hate him.

Life looked dark enough to Norman Macpherson at that time, and you may be sure he made no effort to set things right; but, with the persistence of his Scottish race, he flung his back to bear the burden; and when the three years' cruise was over, he made no visit to his home at all, but got another term of sea service, much to the relief of some one else who wished to stay ashore.

As for Emily, she had not been sure that night that she was not beside herself. Talking to the young naval officer who was going to marry Sophy—a secret she had kept at Sophy's requirement, and concerning which she had often drawn on her fancy for Norman's pleasure and surprise when she should be allowed to tell him—addressing him affectionately, as she felt toward one so soon to be her brother, and answering his threat of taking Sophy away by begging him not to part her from her sister, suddenly a white maniac with blazing eyes had appeared in the window, an uplifted arm had fallen, the shrieking Sophy had run to lift the head of her senseless lover, and Norman was gone. What it all meant she could not conjecture, and she was too stunned to make the effort. She went about as if she were a moving statue; every thing seemed to go on a long, long way beyond her view; she was waiting for a word that did not come; and when day after day and week after week crept by, and no explanation came from Norman, and she knew nothing of his whereabouts, except the official statements, she realized that her world had collapsed like a pricked bubble, and she collapsed with it.

When Emily came up from that sickness it was like one emerging from the dark valley of the shadows of death, and some of the shadows still clung to her; there was a look on her pale face as if she were gazing into a land beyond. Sophy was married, and went away; her mother closed the house, and took Emily to Europe, staying down at last in a little town on the Mediterranean shores, where they could pick up their scattered threads, and see if they were still Americans; and the days went by so quietly, with the slow rising and falling of the blue water of the idle sea like an indolent breath beside them, that they hardly knew how many of them passed. If they were not happy days to Emily, neither were they entirely unhappy; only there seemed to be nothing to look forward to, and, except her mother, nothing to live for. She used to go among the people a little, to take long walks along the seawall at sunrise and at sunset, to watch the white wings of the ships as they went in and out; and one day was just as moonlit as another, and she did not care whether they staid in this place or went on toward another; she simply felt that she could not go home to that hateful house where all the misery happened.

Nor was there any very ghastly variety in Norman's days—out of sight of shore, the sun coming up and going down as if by machinery, and he only glad to be in harbor for the sake of putting to sea again. Indeed, it sometimes made him furious to see the eagerness of the young men for the pleasures of the shore, and it was seldom that he joined them that he earned mention with the Commander as the most morose man aboard.

One day, being in Asiatic waters, the officers of the Ataseck, that had passed on her way from a more southerly harbor, came on board, and as they stepped on the deck, alms' the first person that Norman saw was a tall, dark, handsome fellow with a seam across his forehead. In an instant he had turned upon his heel, and was striding to another part of the ship before he knew what he was doing; or could make up his bewildered mind to action in relation to this man, who must long since have been Emily's husband, as he reasoned. But he was not so quick that another foot did not come striking after, and a hand was laid upon his shoulder in a manner that made him wheel about at once.

"Well, Mr. Macpherson," said the stranger, in a great honest voice, "according to all the laws of society, I believe you owe me some satisfaction, and I have come to claim it."

"By all means, sir," said Mr. Macpherson, mechanically, with a bow.

And then the stranger broke into a hearty laugh. "And I won't say anything," he exclaimed, "about your outrage to your superior officer, but, by Jove!" he cried, with another peal of laughter, "it serves you right. Did you suppose all the world wanted to marry your Emily; you conceited monkey? Sophy was a girl much more to my mind, let me tell you. Sophy has been my wife this many a month. And it was of Sophy that Emily was speak-

ing when you took the law into your hands." I suppose, sir," ran on the stranger, "that I ought to give you a good thrashing; but all the satisfaction I want is to hear you say that you are ashamed of yourself." And you may be sure he had it.

But there was no time for conversation before they were joined by others, and the courtesies of the exceedingly brief occasion occupied the time of hosts and guests till the boat put off again and the Ataseck received her own. But a letter to the Department, requesting a leave of absence from his ship; went into the mail from the next harbor they entered, and the time that passed before answer came and the request was granted was longer than all the rest of Norman Macpherson's life. And although he traveled home ward as fast as steam could carry him, to his frame of mind electricity would have seemed slow.

With what elation he saw at last, the long long miles having traveled out behind him like the clearing of a tangled skein, the lights of the city stretching on all the radiation of its avenues! How gladly and eagerly, two hours after that, he hurried up the street of the little suburban town, picturing to himself the sight of Emily, the sparkle of her surprise, the next moment when he should feel her arms around him, the way in which she would forgive him, hardly daring to look up, his heart was beating so. And when he did at last look up it was only to see blinds closed and paths overgrown, and the latch of the gate too rusted to lift easily—only to find, with a numbness of sense of the world having come to an end, that Emily and her mother had gone; and, as his own people had scattered long ago, there was nobody in that neighborhood to tell him where.

But after a few hours his wits returned to Mr. Macpherson; he remembered that the family had friends, and from one to another he went then in the following weeks; but to no purpose; all that he could discover was that Emily and her mother were in Europe, but in what portion of it nobody seemed to know. For a little while he experienced all the black despair of such revelation from hope. But there was nothing to do. He turned his ill fortune, and continued the search transferred to the European continent, and then began his search anew. As fate had ordered it, perhaps in mockery of his impatience, he had not even learned the name of the editor who had demanded satisfaction; he did not even know if that officer belonged to the Ataseck, but he wrote to one of his old comrades to learn about him if possible, and meantime he walked and watched.

Mr. Macpherson's habits changed, too, somewhat. From having never gone ashore, he now never staid on ship, if he could get away, when shore was in sight. Town after town he roamed, journey after journey he managed to make, back after bank he visited, at post after post he asked. But he found no trace of what he sought, and as the year closed he said to himself that it was of no use, and that he was a man with a memory and without hope. Still he continued to go ashore from his harbor, although more from habit now than from expectation, sunshine or storm making little difference.

He had come ashore one day as usual, on the afternoon of the morning when the frigate entered port, and had taken a stroll through the little town, and had lost himself in the upper part of it. The lowering weather of the morning had opened to a drizzling mist at last, and now it was raining in a steady down-pour that the wind caught up in slanting sheets. He had, however, bought an umbrella at some shop, and was hurrying down to the shore—picturesque as ever, with all his boats and pegs, in the advancing twilight, wrapped in gusts of rain that now and then opened and disclosed the masts rocking in the offing—and wondering only if he would find the sailors waiting with the gig. The wind was straight in his face, and the rain came fine as needles; he held the umbrella, as he bent to the force of the gale, directly before him, like an African warrior's shield; and that is the reason that, suddenly, he found himself brought to a standstill, as with a sudden shock his umbrella had interlocked with another, like two hooded creatures doing battle. "A thousand pardons," he exclaimed, groggily, in English, before he retrought himself of his French. "Do pray excuse me," came a parcel of silver tones, in English, too. And then, in another moment, both of the umbrellas were sailing off upon the blast and careering out to sea—but what cared they who saw them in that gathering gloom as Emily and he were clasped in one another's arms, and life was whole again?

They were married the next day; and although, a year afterward, Norman left the navy and entered business, it was not till that morose man had earned the reputation of being the jolliest dog afloat.—Harper's Bazar.

A DOWN-TOWN man has a mule that never kicks, can not be induced by all the arts of hind-foot tickling to kick; a small boy can sit with his back against this mule's legs and paver get the lift of a kick; a dog can bark at him for seven hours, and he won't kick in short; there is no kick in him. P. S.—This paragraph is a faint attempt to introduce a new kind of mule. N. B.—The mule we speak of is dead.—New Haven Register.

As a rule, men do not lay their hearts as the feet of women until they are sure the things will not be stepped on.—N. O. Picayune.

The Latest Arctic Discovery.

The name of Nordenskjold, the learned and daring Swede, is henceforth to be added to the list of successful explorers. He has completed a great achievement, and at the same time has made a distinct and original contribution to the sum of human knowledge. Late in December, when within a few days' call of the end of his perilous voyage, he was blocked in the ice near Kelleit Land, an island off the northeast coast of Siberia. Here he and his gallant company passed the winter; it is not yet known how many of the explorers in the same destroying seas; and preparations on a great scale were already making to rescue them if alive, or to find traces of their loss. Others were more hopeful, and predicted that they would come safely to port as soon as the warmer currents swept along that stormy coast. Their confidence has been justified; and the news of the arrival of the Vega and its gallant crew at Berings' Straits has been received with satisfaction and relief throughout the civilized world.

Prof. Nordenskjold has been on many previous voyages of adventure and discovery. Seven years ago he was selected by the Government of Sweden to command a sledge expedition toward the Pole. He and his companions went farther than any travelers had gone before, but the difficulties were too great for endurance, and the expedition was abandoned without practical result. Three years later, with the co-operation of a wealthy merchant of Gothenburg, who shared his enthusiasm, Prof. Nordenskjold sailed in command of another expedition along the coast, past Nova Zembla, to the great central rivers of Siberia emptying into the sea. It was the first time the inhabitants of that vast region realized the possibility of communication and traffic with Europe by way of the Arctic Ocean, and they hailed the Swedish stranger as a national benefactor. Mercantile ventures were successfully made over the new route the following year, and have doubtless continued to this time, for northern sailors are courageous and enterprising.

The success of these enterprises emboldened him to undertake a more daring adventure, and seek a passage to the Pacific Ocean through Behring's Straits. King Oscar, himself a sailor, and an enlightened friend and patron of learning, encouraged the project with personal sympathy and liberal grants of money. The ablest of his naval officers were contributed to the expedition, and representatives of the English and German Navies were invited to accompany them. Eminent men of science also contributed their services, and sailed with them. Mr. Dickson, the Gothenburg merchant who had enabled Prof. Nordenskjold to make his earlier voyages, opened his purse again, and with a gift equal to that of the Crown itself, enabled the voyagers to sail with every possible device that could contribute to their comfort and safety. The Vega sailed on the 11th of July, 1878, and on the 3d of May, 1879, she was reported in the Straits, and about starting for home by way of the Suez Canal.

When they arrive at a mailing station, which may not be for several weeks, we shall have full particulars of this interesting voyage. Its successful accomplishment will give a fresh impulse to Arctic exploration, and stimulate anew the increasing interest in geographical science. It is the first general success that has crowned the efforts of sailors in these Northern waters for many years, and it has been achieved where the greatest navigators of the world have failed. It has demonstrated the possibility of commerce between the two great oceans by a route hitherto unknown. The value of the discovery is still to be shown. But to have found an open sea eastward from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and to have actually made the first passage, is a distinction to be proud of.—Boston Advertiser.

"Snap" in the School-Room.

There is no place in the world where snap is more needed than in the school-room. A teacher needs it on his way to school; he sets an example by the way he moves along; what sort of a man he is appears by his movements in the street. He should walk well, with head erect, and shoulders thrown back like a man, and a cultured man at that.

He needs snap to make his external appearance as becoming as possible. His clothing and shoes should be kept nicely brushed, his linen should be white, his nails should be carefully cut and clean, his hair properly arranged and teeth brushed, and thus show that education has had an effect upon him.

Snap is needed to correct other things. Some have a habit of picking their teeth—with their fingers; some of gnawing, some of spitting, and some of blowing the nose. All these things should be done out of view of the scholars. A teacher can step out into the entry and blow his nose, if it must be done; teachers sometimes sniffs more than our high civilization will warrant.

Snap is needed in your school work. Don't sit in your chair for an hour at a time. Let your style of sitting there exhibit activity. Sit upright; don't lean on your elbows. Insist that your pupils shall sit in a good style, too. When you stand, stand properly; don't lean up against the side of the house, door or desk; stand erect.

Snap is needed in conducting your classes. Have your pupils walk prop-

erly to the recitation seat; have them wait there, standing, for your direction to sit; unless they can take their places properly without. When a pupil's name is called, see that he rises promptly and looks you in the face. When he goes to the blackboard, see that he arranges his work evenly and neatly. Have it copied until it is right. When you recite or explain, have snap enough to do it better than any one else; be a model when you undertake to do a thing.

Have the snap when disorder begins to repress it at once. Disorder originates in one person generally; find that person out and put an end to his disturbing influence.

Have snap enough to watch your own influence on the school, and see whether you are the cause of the order or the disorder. Watch your tones of voice; see whether you "get mad" or not; see whether you speak harshly or not; see whether you use the same language you would if a visitor were present—if you don't, something is wrong.

Have snap to pursue a course of study just as earnestly as you want your scholars to. Do not go home to be stagnant and unprogressing. Select something and go forward, go forward. Take up geology, and get the needed books and follow it up until you know it; you will need a year or two on that one subject. But do not neglect to take hold of current events at the same time. Discuss these with your pupils day by day. In fine, have snap enough to be a live, progressive teacher, instead of a dull machine teacher.—Our Schools.

A Microscopic Painter.

AMERICANS are well acquainted with Meissonier's "1807," for which the late A. T. Stewart paid \$29,000. Meissonier worked fifteen years on this painting, a fact which will be readily believed when his manner of painting is known. Whatever be its size, every figure he paints is the object of a special study. The arm of the Colonel of the cuirassiers in "1807" was the subject of a series of studies, each one of which is an admirable bit of painting; the arm was not decided upon until after he had tried seventeen different positions, and had witnessed a score of charges of cavalry. No detail was put on canvas that had not been repeatedly examined, so that the picture represents over 200 preliminary pictures. As there was a disagreement between two veterans about the color of the collar of the uniform worn by a certain regiment, he spent a week in various libraries in order to gather evidence about the subject, and undertook a journey to London to consult a veteran surviving member of the regiment.

One cannot imagine how much pains his "1814" or the "Retreat from Moscow" as it is otherwise called, cost him. In a biting-cold winter day the artist had gone to Poissy, together with the celebrated art critic, Paul Burty. It was snowing, and there was a foot of snow on the ground. We found Meissonier on the turret of his chalet seated, in the war costume of Napoleon I., on a stuffed gray horse, and painting the figure of the Emperor as it was rendered by a large mirror that stood at some distance from him. He had been there three hours, unmindful of the cold, and was perfectly happy, as he said, because he had found the sinister tones of a Russian landscape. Paul Burty ventured to remark that, as he had already finished painting the landscape, he might withdraw and continue his work in the studio, without exposing himself to the same disaster that overtook the "Great Army." "How could I obtain in the studio," Meissonier quite excitedly rejoined, "the right tone and the true effect of Napoleon's gray coat in harmonious contrast with the somber grays of the sky and the snowy carpet on the ground, and the just value of the flesh tones on the Emperor's countenance, darkened by the dull atmosphere of a wintry sky?" It was there, on the top of that turret, that he completed what is perhaps his masterpiece. "About a month later the writer found Meissonier in his studio scraping the same figure of Napoleon; to paint which he had endured so many hours of a freezing temperature. "What on earth are you doing now?" I asked, almost bewildered. "An old servant of the Emperor has been here," Meissonier replied, "who was with him in Russia. He had tears in his eyes, and spent a good hour in silent contemplation before my picture. After I had coaxed him for a long while to tell me whether he found anything incorrect in the canvas, the good old man finally said: 'During the campaign of Russia his Majesty wore the uniform of the chasseurs, not that of the grenadiers.' Moreover, his Majesty never consented to have his epaulettes unfastened from his tunic. That will explain to you why the arm-holes of his overcoat were so large.' I had painted Napoleon in the uniform of the grenadiers and with the epaulettes outside of his coat. How could I help doing what I am now doing?" Thus love of truth overbalanced all other considerations, and Meissonier began studying anew the uniform of the chasseurs, the effect produced by the epaulettes under the overcoat, and so on, until he obtained the same perfection he had reached in the accessories of his previous portrait.—N. Y. Sun.

THE prospects for fruit along the Hudson River Valley are excellent, both for peaches and small fruits. The apple crop will be below the average of 1876 and 1878, this being the "off year" for that fruit.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

The Methodist Book Concern no longer pays the salaries of the Bishops. The churches stand a special assessment for the purpose.

Twenty-three of the twenty-nine members of the senior class of the Alleghany Theological Seminary have offered themselves as missionaries, some for fields in this country, and some to go among the heathen of far-off lands.

The Australians have sent invitations to Bishop Gregg, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, to visit them and institute a propaganda, representing that at the antipodes there are "thousands of members of the English Church who would be glad to join a Church of England purged of many things to which they object," and that reinforcements of Presbyterians and Congregationalists might be expected.

Philadelphia, for its population of 800,000, has 564 churches and mission stations. Of these 96 are Methodist; 81 Episcopalian, 84 Presbyterian, 67 Baptist; 41 Roman Catholic and 36 Lutheran. The Friends have 15 houses, 7 belonging to the Orthodox branch and 8 to the Hicksite. The Jews have 9 synagogues. There are 20 churches belonging to the Reformed denominations, 18-25 the German and 4 to the Dutch Reformed.

The discomfort of church pews is commented upon by a religious newspaper as follows: "Concerning pews and chairs, why is it that modern invention fails to furnish even a comfortable pew or chair? The bench of the ordinary church pew is fourteen inches wide, whereas it should be eighteen inches; then it is placed on a straight level, perpendicular to the back; but mankind are not constructed in this way, and pews to be comfortable should conform to human anatomy—the seat should slope downward toward the back, making a fall of fall three inches, while the back should incline away from a vertical line fully four inches at the top, and the distance between the pews should never be less than three feet."

The Christian of York, speaking of Church union, says: "Yes, we all want to see it an accomplished fact. Within a few months Dr. Duryea, a Presbyterian minister, has become pastor of a Congregationalist Church; Mr. Reed, a Congregationalist, has become pastor of a Reformed Church; Mr. Davis, a Methodist, assumes the pastoral charge of a Congregational Church. Other aims could be added to the list, but these will suffice. And the inquiry comes, Why can't we have Church union? Here are three ministers, no one of whom has changed his views, either of whom could return to his former denomination without humiliating himself—so that these denominational differences are boundary lines which can't be crossed over at will. Why should the barriers be kept up? Do not Methodists and Presbyterians and Congregationalists agree on the doctrine of the ordinances? Then why should there not be organic union?"

The American Bible Union, which has gone into the hands of a Receiver, has no connection with the Bible Revision Committee, which is revising the Bible jointly with the English divines. The American Bible Union claims to have led in this work of Bible retranslation. It was organized in 1850, after separating from the American Bible Society. Its first President was Dr. Spencer H. Cone. He and Drs. Conant, Bliss, Kendrick, Hackett, Schaff, Lillie and many others at once began the revision of the Scriptures. They finished the New Testament twelve years ago, and have retranslated Genesis, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Psalms, Proverbs, Job and part of Isaiah, in the Old Testament. The Union collected by gift and by purchase an immense library, which is valued at \$30,000. The work of Bible revision goes on very slowly, the Union being crippled for want of money. The War of the Rebellion robbed it of much of its Southern support, and the English revisers have distracted the supporters the Union had in England and her colonies.—Chicago Tribune.

A METHOD of producing from oak an imitation ebony, of great beauty, is thus described in the *Home Industrialist*. The wood is immersed for forty-eight hours in hot saturated solution of alum, and then brushed over with a logwood decoction. To this end, one part of best logwood is boiled in ten parts of water, filtered through linen, and evaporated at a gentle heat until the volume is reduced one half; to every quart of this are added ten to fifteen drops of a saturated solution, neutral, of indigo. After applying this dye to the wood, the latter is rubbed with a saturated solution, filtered, of verdigris, in hot concentrated acetic acid, the operation being repeated until a black of the desired intensity is obtained. Oak treated according to this method, it is said, presents a very close as well as attractive resemblance to genuine ebony.

SATS JONES: "When I see Mrs. J. in the clothes-yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow and stretched high above her in their struggles with an unruly sheet, an arrow over her head her hair in her eyes and a clothes-pin protruding from her mouth, it seems impossible that she is one and the same with the Miss Stebbins I used to feed on peppermint and about whom I used to rave so."—Boston Transcript.

More people should die on Saturday than on any other day; it's the recognized end of the week.—Philadelphia Record.

Question under what flag the battle of Bunker Hill was fought... Tradition says the flag on the occasion was red and white, with the motto 'Come if you dare'...

The agents of the Hampshire Bible society during the last year called on 5355 families of which 2522 were American and 2839 Protestant...

Journalism vs. War.

Mr. Murat Halshead in giving his reasons why he should not accept the War Secretaryship if it were offered to him, is reported as saying: 'Because I don't know anything about the duties of the office, I don't care anything about them, I don't want to know anything about them...'

New School Laws

In addition to the changes in our additions to the school laws heretofore mentioned in this paper, the following were made at the late session of the Legislature:

An act to enlarge and define the duties of the state board of education. By this act the state board is authorized to examine and license such persons as, upon a thorough and critical examination, may be found to possess eminent scholarship and professional ability to teach in any of the schools of the state for a period of ten years.

Section 107 of the primary school law is so changed that hereafter the supervisor shall assess upon the taxable property of his township one mill (instead of two mills) upon each \$1 of the valuation thereof in each year.

Section 145 of the primary school law is amended to read as follows: Every person of the age of 21 years, who has property liable to assessment for school taxes in any school district, and who has resided therein three months next preceding any school meeting held in said district, or who has resided three months next preceding such meeting on any territory belonging to such district at the time of holding said meeting, shall be a qualified voter in said meeting; and all such persons, unless aliens, shall be eligible to office in such school district.

6. It is not necessarily the duty of a moderator of a school district to countermand an order of the assessor drawn by the director. He has a right to satisfy himself that the claim for which it was drawn is a valid one, and that it was drawn by the director in the proper performance of his duty.

Historical Items.

Window glass manufacture was first begun in England in 1274, in Crutched Friars, London, and fine articles of tint glass were soon afterward made in the Savoy House, Strand. In 1535 the art received a great improvement from Sir Robert Mansell, by the use of coal fuel instead of wood.

The appellation, Poet Laureate is given to a poet whose duty it is to compose birthday odes and other poems of rejoicing for the monarch in whose services he is retained. The laureate's post in England is now filled by Alfred Tennyson.

Among the most noted dwarfs was Philletas of Coe, who was distinguished 350 years B.C. as a poet and grammarian. He was so diminutive that he always carried leaden weights in his pocket to prevent his being blown away by the wind.

John Johnson was notified by his better half the other day that the wood-pile had been reduced to one chunk, but he caught the panic down-town and failed to send up a replenishing load. Just before noon, Mrs. Johnson hunted up the ax and went for the lone chunk.

How a Woman Splits Wood.

Johnson was notified by his better half the other day that the wood-pile had been reduced to one chunk, but he caught the panic down-town and failed to send up a replenishing load.

She split on her hands and raised the ax over her left shoulder, right hand lowest down on the handle. She made a terrible blow, and the ax went into the ground, and she fell over the chunk. She got up, looked all around to see if anybody was watching, rubbed her elbows, and then took up the ax the other way.

After a while she grew calmer and picked up the ax to see if she had injured it. She didn't, and she smothered down the handle, spit on the edge, and finally went in and got a hind and greased it, suddenly remembering that an ax wasn't worth a cent without greasing.

When she rose up she determined to butcher Johnson the moment he appeared. She concluded she would not kill him at once, but torture him to death, and be two days about it. After getting into the house and putting a sticking plaster on her knee, and some lard on her elbow, she concluded to only wound Johnson on the shoulder with the butcher knife.

After panning up the tear in her dress, and getting a piece of coat plaster for her nose, she went and borrowed some wood and lard, which on her way home, that Mrs. Pringle was going to wear her last year's cloak through another winter, the good woman concluded to let Johnson off entirely, and tell him she hurt her nose falling down the cellar.

Dick Taylor and the Duke.

It is related of the late Gen. Dick Taylor, that during the Derby races the Prince of Wales took him to his own (the Prince's) stand, and as they were ascending the stairs the Duke of Edinburgh came hastily up and said: 'O Wales! do you know Forrester is booked to win?'

'Oh, yes,' said the Prince. 'The General and I have just been to the betting-stand and laid 50 guineas each on him.'

'Pardon me, your highness,' said Taylor; 'the stand is quite as near to you as to me.'

'I am so glad you told Edinburgh that,' said the Prince. 'What a deal of cheek he has to be asking my guest to lay his bets for him.'

Taylor had a sincere respect and liking for the Prince, and a hearty contempt for the Duke of Edinburgh, whom he snubbed on more than one occasion. Apart from the personal character of the Duke, he was only the second son of a Queen, while Taylor was the only son of a real President of the United States.

J. Billings.

The best thing I know of is a fast rate wife, and the next best thing is a second rate one.

There is no sure kure for laziness, but I have known a second wife to hurry it up.

'What comes after T?' asked a teacher of a little abecedarian. 'You do—see cousin Liza,' was the embarrassing reply.

A Fashionable Sermon.

These beautiful words, dear friends, carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyze their meaning and to apply it, so far as it may be, to our every-day life.

'O Mother Hubbard, she went to the cupboard, To get her poor dog a bone.' Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; these being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow, a friendless, old, solitary widow.

'We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For mark the words: "the cupboard," not one of the cupboards, or the right-hand cupboard, or the left-hand cupboard, the one above or the one below, or the one under the door, but just the cupboard—the one humble little cupboard the poor widow possessed.' And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets, or glittering precious stones, or costly apparels, or feasts, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene. The poor dog, crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation, may be—to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar,—to open it for that poor dog.

'The cupboard was bare.' It was bare! There was to be found neither oranges nor cheese-cakes, nor penny buns, nor ginger-bread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard in the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole prop of the widow, and the loadstar of the poor dog, was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loaf of lamb, a fillet of veal, even an ice from Gatti's, the case would have been different; the incident would have been otherwise. But it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bird's nest, bare as an infant's boun without a caul.

Many of you will probably say, with all the pride of worldly sophistry: 'The widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit.' Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, this mundane desire, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, when many thoughtless worldlings would despise, it is that she owed only one cupboard, precious as it might even say—'at once the relative logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked scoffers of this generation, to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science, to explain what she did not understand. She said nothing. The poor dog had none! And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?'

Who would dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there? Must we imagine her still standing at the open cupboard door, despit to herself, the dog still drooping his disappointed tail upon the floor, the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah! no, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. Suffice it for us, to glean from this beautiful story its many lessons: suffice it for us to apply them, to study them, as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house; and to keep stores in them all. And O! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we have learned this day: let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But, brethren, if we do, if Fate has ordained that we should do any of these things, let us then go as Mother Hubbard did, straight, without curvetting or prancing, to our cupboard, empty though it be—let us, like her, accept the inevitable with steadfastness and should we, like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future characters be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text: 'And so the poor dog had none.'

Introduction of the Tomato. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives the following account of the introduction of the tomato into this country. Capt. Phineas Eldridge was a resident of Philadelphia in 1769. During the San Domingo wars between the negroes and the whites, many of the latter fled to the United States, and the more careful and enterprising brought fruit and seeds peculiar to that island with them. A Frenchman named Nicalo, with his family, became a resident of Philadelphia in 1769 and occupied a lot next to Capt. Eldridge. Nicalo and family brought a variety of seed with them, which they sowed and cultivated, among which was the tomato. Capt. Eldridge and family became acquainted with the fruit and its uses by their intimacy with the Nicalo family. They dressed and used it as a salad and were fond of it. Other neighbors procured the seed, but cultivated it merely as an ornament, many being under the impression that it was poisonous. The tomato was used as an article of food in New Orleans in 1812. They were not, however, sold in the markets, even of Philadelphia until 1829. The French refugees from San Domingo, introduced many new and excellent plants and vegetables and cultivated them in the gardens of Maryland, Delaware and other places near the shores of the Chesapeake Bay.

Where The Lumber Goes.

To make shoe pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of lumber, and to make our lumber matches 26,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year. Lasts and boot trees take 500,000 cords of birch, beech, and maple, and the handles of our bricks consumes 2,000,000 cords of wood, or what would cover with forest about 50,000 acres of land. Telegraph poles already up represent 800,000 trees, and their annual repairs consume 300,000 more. The ties of our railroads consume annually thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres, and to fence all our railroads would cost \$25,000,000 with a yearly expenditure of \$15,000,000 for repairs. These are some of the ways in which American forests are going. There are others. Our packing boxes, for instance, cost in 1874, \$12,000,000, while the timber used each year in tacking wagons and

Agricultural Implements Is valued at more than \$100,000,000.—Scientific News.

The Agricultural Gazette, published in London and devoted, as its title implies, to the farming interests of Great Britain, suggests that he would be a bold man who should venture to deny that American competition is the great nightmare of every English producer. No merely in the abundant surplus of "prairies bounded by the setting sun," but also in many minor articles (to the perfection of which human skill and labor enter), the toe of America galls Britannia's heel.

English bacon, cures, cheese, dairy-men and butter makers have long been dolefully complaining that their ordinary make is driven out of the shops by importations from beyond the Atlantic. A London builder recently stirred half the Black Country to wrath by stating in the Times that his customers preferred American locks. One day it is the vision of fleets entering Liverpool with cargoes of fresh meat and live cattle, which drives a section of "Englishmen half wild. The next, the Kentish fruit growers see with horror the demand for the finest, Blenheim oranges and Biston pippins encroached on by "Baldwins." While these most self-satisfied of all Britons (the breeders and importers of Newmarket and Epsom) have just had a wholesome pill to swallow in witnessing the triumph over the best English and French horses of Papoose and of Pizzle.

It is impossible that this well-nigh universal success of our closest rival can be accidental. There must be a reason—some motive, universal there, but less active here—which brings our cousin Jonathan in so often as a winner. Defeat should be beautiful, if its causes be discreetly examined. It can not be merely soil and climate which work this miracle. For, in spite of the American triumphs soil and climate do not enter. Nor can it be always the extra burden of taxation here which turns the scale against us. Because, in several of the wins recorded, the labor (which is the most expensive factor in the production) costs more than the same would cost here. It is not of the least use, as British farmers unwisely prefer to do, grumbling at the Legislature for not doing something in this case to redress the balance and to bring back good times. It is quite plain that, so far at least, the causes of our defeat are, to no small extent, inherent in ourselves; in our ways of conceiving and of carrying out our work.

The American thinks nothing too small not to be worth looking into, and the ingenuity and thoroughness with which every secret of nature is probed and is recorded are beyond all praise. We, on the contrary, are so satisfied that the methods we habitually are not only the best now, but the best ever to be discovered, that we do not care to do more than inquire "what is the old way." Indeed, we, as a people, resist as a matter of course the suggestion that they have anything to learn. To follow a precedent in the Englishman's one idea. Yet, as the problem offered to farmers is continually changing (for new items have constantly to be taken into account, and as relative values are continually being altered) the way to solve this problem successfully, by no means to go on copying the old ideas. If clean and butter are to pay the maker, they must now be the best of their kind, because whatever may have been the case once, customers now have a choice, and they choose the best; having once had the best they will not take inferior. If cattle are to pay the vendor, these, too, must be of the best. And it is only common sense to say there ought not to be so many middle-men to claim a share out of the final price.

Women. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives the following account of the introduction of the tomato into this country. Capt. Phineas Eldridge was a resident of Philadelphia in 1769. During the San Domingo wars between the negroes and the whites, many of the latter fled to the United States, and the more careful and enterprising brought fruit and seeds peculiar to that island with them.

MARRIAGE. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives the following account of the introduction of the tomato into this country. Capt. Phineas Eldridge was a resident of Philadelphia in 1769. During the San Domingo wars between the negroes and the whites, many of the latter fled to the United States, and the more careful and enterprising brought fruit and seeds peculiar to that island with them.

MECHANICAL RECIPES. HATE IONIC.—Take one ounce of sage and steep it in one pint of boiling water for ten minutes; strain and add two ounces of glycerine, one-quarter ounce of powdered borax, one-quarter ounce of tincture of cantharides, bergamot sufficient to perfume. Apply twice a week with the hand and rub thoroughly. Two or three applications will remove dandruff and restore gray hair to its natural color. JEFFERSON CITY, PA. A. W. MOSTER.

WOMEN. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript gives the following account of the introduction of the tomato into this country. Capt. Phineas Eldridge was a resident of Philadelphia in 1769. During the San Domingo wars between the negroes and the whites, many of the latter fled to the United States, and the more careful and enterprising brought fruit and seeds peculiar to that island with them.

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She Took It.

Aunt Anarky wanted a dress. Pattern after pattern, and bolt after bolt were hauled down, but not one to suit her taste.

At last the clerk desperately resolved to sell her the next piece, or die. 'Twas the very ugliest pattern in the store. 'Aunt Anarky eyed it.

'She lifted her broad, brown nose disdainfully in the air. 'Whew!—Dat is uglifer'n pizon. My gal Blazy Ann she saunt for a putty dress. You reckin she'd despensiate to chink in such tarrish-lookin' stuff as dat?'

'Your daughter? Is it possible you have a grown daughter? Why, I didn't think you were more than sixteen yourself!'

She smilingly displayed several inches of gleaming ivory and bought the dress.

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HARRIS REMEDY CO. N.Y. CHEMISTS. Market and 6th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

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VARIETY AND HUMOR.

Dentists make a living peaceably, but for a price. The mule never kicks against his own convictions. Horse clipping is not approved of by the law-mane society. A man who owns a good oil well is said to live on the fat of the land. No man ever yet looked on the dark side of life without finding it. His profession! What is his profession! "Madame, he pedals music." Every State in the Union except Louisiana has a Sunday law of some kind. If you have good health, you have nine-tenths of all the Lord ever gives to any man. Missus Brown might kind, said Sambo Johnson; "dis 'mornin' she boil free eggs for herself, and grub dis cild de brot."

curious, very little understood, and which in many ways resemble while in others they seem to differ from the laws of other undeveloped peoples. Wives are chiefly taken by exchange. The dominant male of a group—father, eldest brother or uncle—has the customary right of swapping away the young women of the group in exchange for other young women. It is lawful for him to marry. It is clear, that old men with families have the chance of getting more wives, while young men with no families are likely to remain bachelors. If this system worked itself out, each tribe would consist of a few overgrown bachelors and a set of wild bachelors. As it happens, young men and women revolt against the old, and voluntary elopements or marriages by capture are common. The course of true love runs anything but smooth. The lover is exposed to the "crucial of spears," which are hurled at him by the relatives of the lady. The runaway bride is beaten, perhaps her feet are spared, to prevent her, from running away again. If a young pair are courageous and true to each other, however, the sympathy of the group usually comes round to them, and they enter on peaceful married life. It has been said that the old men sometimes give wives to the young, who thus "take stock," as the ancient Irish said, and become, in a way, the vassals of the old fellows. Society in Australia is not sufficiently advanced for it; but according to some authorities a very Australian state of things prevails in rural Russia. Saturday Review.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

M. Bert of the Biological Society of Paris, has obtained some curious results from his experiments on the temperature of the brain. When body and mind are in a state of absolute inaction, the temperature of both sides of the head is the same. When any brain-work is undertaken, if the equality does not continue, the left side always shows the higher temperature. Raymond says that in cases of paralysis the temperature is higher in the paralytic region than over the rest of the cranium, and here again the left side is hotter than the right by 0.3 to 0.4 deg. C. It is stated by the English journals that, of late, the exigencies of severe competition have forced Bessemer steel largely into use in the cutlery manufacture, but it is frankly acknowledged that the quality of the products thus obtained is not such as to enhance the world-wide fame of Sheffield wares. It appears that steel rollers and middles are employed for this purpose, and the increased consumption has induced several makers to blow special qualities of Bessemer steel, running them in small ingots—the same sizes in fact as "cast"—and pricing them to suit all customers. Thus, "bessemer" steels, which have been rated at the value of some \$300 a ton, have come down in Bessemer to less than \$70 per ton. German competitors, it is said, has been a powerful factor in inducing the use of low-class material.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

On the great plains of the far West, where the vegetation on the buffalo range was short and rather sparse, the driving out of the wild beasts, at least of the tall, rank grasses, to make the place of the buffalo grass. This covering of the soil has caused a greater rainfall, and what was once "droughty Kansas" is so no more. What the ultimate result will be when the whole country becomes settled would seem to be not hard to predict. Unless a considerable portion of the soil is given up to timber—not less than one-tenth of the area—the result must inevitably be a return to droughts, droughts probably more severe than in the days of the wild buffalo and the wilder Indian. It used to be the practice forty years ago to plant the potatoes about the time of corn planting, or after. This was in the days when the Mercer, the pink-eye and such medium early and medium late varieties, of superior flavor, were the favorites. Now the man who does not plant his potatoes about as early as he would sow his oats can hardly be called a successful potato raiser, and he who does not plant on soil as cool as possible fails to have studied the necessary conditions requisite to secure a fair crop in quantity and quality. The best soil for the potato is the second year's breaking, whether it be prairie or tough sod. If it be a clayer ley, or a sod that may be harrowed or brood, then it may be broken in May, and the potatoes planted the middle of June. If, of some early variety, they will usually perfect a crop of fine quality during the cool weather of autumn. If the farmer has neglected to plant early, so the growth may get strong and cover the ground before hot weather comes, an early variety may be planted just about the time of sowing buckwheat, or from June 15 to July 1, according to the latitude, and with a good prospect of securing a moderate yield of good quality. In fact the peculiarity of our seasons has almost driven out of successful cultivation all the late varieties, except in peculiar locations, and on soils moist and not liable to become strongly heated, and now-a-days, no successful cultivator of potatoes expects to raise a crop year after year on such soil that would be considered best for that heat-loving cereal, Indian corn. Michigan with its comparatively equable and peculiar summer climate, Wisconsin, Minnesota and other Northwest States now produce our best potatoes. Canada is admirably adapted to the crop. A virgin soil East or West will generally produce good crops, under the conditions as to planting that we have named. The average farmer, in the corn zone of the West, will not succeed in raising potatoes for market in large quantities. In fact, some of the best farmers prefer buying potatoes for family use. This, however, is bad practice. They are more cheaply raised than bought. If you have not planted early, try a half-acre on a pretty tough meadow broken last year, and plant about the middle of June. Plant pretty deep, say four inches, and hill but little more than you would for corn. You may perhaps even have some to sell next winter to your neighbors. The potato beetle is but little feared nowadays. Paris-green, or better, the new poison, London purple, easily and cheaply gets away with the pests. It is not that the potato is running out. The climate of the United States is not the best adapted, East or West, to the potato. Hence varieties degenerate, so that now, unless in exceptional cases, from twenty to twenty-five years may be set down as the average life of a variety. It is of especial value also that seed be obtained from time to time, and from well-known localities that we have named where the crop retains much of its normal vigor. In these days of keen competition, the farmer who succeeds must exercise his head as well as his hands. It is not mere manual labor that makes the successful farmer. Here and there an individual may be successful with special crops. The rank and file, the great mass of farmers, get a competence through diversified crops. Among these there is much to be learned by observation and a careful study of journals devoted to the art. The potato is necessary to the comfort of every family, and all who own or rent a piece of land should produce enough for family use. It may be easily done by carefully studying and reflecting upon what is written above. Prairie Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

Sheep, owing to their shyness, should be treated with great kindness. Their treatment should be such that they will actually learn to entertain an affection for their keepers. Cling to the farm, make much of it, put yourself into it, bestow your heart and your brain upon it, so that it shall savor of you and radiate your virtue after your day's work is done. Iowa State Register. Feathers should be very thoroughly dried before using them. If feather beds smell badly, or become heavy from want of proper renovation of the feathers, or from old age, empty them and wash the feathers thoroughly in a tub of soda, spread them in the garret to dry, and they will be as light and good as new. Never lay the pillows or feather ticks to dry in the sun; lay them in a shady place, where the wind can purify them. Heat makes feathers rancid. Pot plants that become unthrifty and sickly may be revived by planting them in rich mold in a sunny spot, after trimming, after the season becomes permanently warm. Thus they will often grow into a vigorous state during July and August, and be ready for repotting. Oleanders, oranges, lemons, camellias, azaleas, among hard-wooded plants, may be made healthy in this way. They must, however, be protected from the effects of sweeping prairie winds. Prairie Farmer. A good and easy way to manage a bed of strawberries for family use. Lay a board, say twelve inches or more wide, on the edge of your bed, and set the plants along by the edge of the board; then put down another board so that its edge will be two inches from the plant row; now set another row along the opposite edge of the board. So continue until the bed is completed. The advantages are: No hoeing; runners cannot catch between the rows; berries always clean from dirt; the earth under the boards gathering food to feed the plants; the roots always kept moist, etc. When you desire to renew the bed, instead of spading it up, after a crop has been harvested, remove the boards and allow the vines to run over the space formerly occupied by the boards, and the next spring replace the boards by putting them directly on the row of old vines with space between as in first setting, and you will have an annual crop with but little trouble. Cor. N. Y. Tribune. There are as many fluids and powders for the destruction of insects as there are varieties of insects to be demolished. The early application of any destroyer as soon as the first insect is discovered is more efficacious than a barrel full of the most deadly decoction after the bug, fly or worm has had an opportunity to take possession of a bush or plant. Whale oil soap, not too strong, is as popular as any application in this country. In England paraffine is coming into use. One wine-glass full of four gallons of cold water is said to be a mixture that kills death without injury to plants. Ants are sometimes very destructive to raspberries, especially when they are coming into bloom, and paraffine water is very thorough in killing them. For lawns or banks of grass the water used by the sundries on washing-day, which contains a percentage of indigo, may be used with advantage. It should never be wasted, for it possesses fertilizing properties of great value for shrubs. Woonsocket (R. I.) Patriot.

MECHANICAL AND SCIENTIFIC.

Observations of snow collected on mountain-tops and within the Arctic circle, far beyond the influence of factories and smoke, confirm the supposition that minute particles of iron float in the atmosphere, and in fine fall to the earth. Some physicists believe that these floating particles of iron are concerned in the striking phenomena of the aurora. Grouseman, of Göttingen, holds that streams of the particles revolve round the sun, and that when passing the earth they are attracted to the poles, and then stretch forth as long filaments into space. But as they travel with planetary velocity they become ignited in our atmosphere, and thus produce the luminous appearance of the aurora. In his recent voyages Prof. Nordenskjöld examined snow far in the north beyond Spitzbergen, and found therein exceedingly small particles of metallic iron, phosphorus and cobalt. Electric Magazine. A correspondent of the London Builder contends that "the health of stable-keepers, of sewer-explorers, the exemption of the inhabitants of the Ghetto during the cholera in Rome," proves, in his opinion, that the cause of epidemics lies more in the mistreatment of human life than in all external mischief put together, and attributes a great deal of illness among the wealthier classes to their overeating and drinking, just as, on the other hand, much of that among the poor is the fruit of privation. "People of means" live to the top every day, consequently there is no reserve force, for this has been all consumed in endeavoring to surmount the weight of difficulties daily presented. London men servants have four and sometimes five meals (three of meat) daily, and the hospital doctors say that their blood is so heated by high living that they are very difficult patients to deal with.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

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