DON'T WAIT TILL YOU'RE OLD.

Don't wait till you're old
For your love to be told,
For the little blind god is capricious;
In young hearts he delights,
And, if robbed of his rights,
May resent it in ways quite mal cious.

He may cause you to pair
With a maid fresh and fair,
Who at heart cares for naught but your money,
Or make you regret
With some ancient coquette,
The old days that were buoyant and sunny.

For first love at least
Hids his guests to the feast
In the heyday of youth and of passion;
And the laggard may find,
If to fondness inclined,
Both his speech and his looks out of fashion.

Then whisper your vows
Under Youth's budding boughs,
With a world and your future before you,
Nor wait till the sere
Of old age to make clear
That a heart may be wooed to adore you.

So uncertain is life
That a well-chosen wife
Should companion one's years of discretion
From the threshold, elate,
Of man's sturdy estate,
Lest he miss, by delay, the possession.

THE COOK'S DOUBLE.

Jonathan Savage, having bought a house out of town, and comfortably established himself and family therein, found himself in want of a cook.

A young girl applied for the situation.

When questioned by her new mistress, the girl proved respectful and apparently capable.

She stated that she had been brought up as a cook.

She gave her name as Peggy, and declared herself anxious to suit.

And having given satisfactory answers to all interrogatories, she took her way to the kitchen, where she set herself zealously to work without delay.

"A perfect treasure," Mrs. Savage declared—"decidedly a perfect treasure."

There was no cause to change their opinion the next day, nor the next.

On the third night, however, Mr. Savage was surprised, on alighting from the train, to see Peggy in her black straw hat and waterproof cloak standing on the platform.

He addressed her, but she did not answer him.

And he hastened home, wondering what had happened that the "treasure" should have been dismissed so suddenly.

To his surprise, Peggy opened the door for him.

"Well, Peggy, you must have walked fast to get here before me," he said, pleasantly.

Peggy made a courtesy, but said nothing.

"I saw you at the station, didn't I?" said Mr. Savage.

"Please, sir, I don't know," said Peggy.

"You've been there?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Her way of being polite and leaving it all to me," said Mr. Savage to himself.

But though he discovered that Peggy had not left the house all day he could scarcely believe that he had not seen her.

That very evening another odd thing happened.

Little Thomas Savage going to look for a lost chicken, came in with a story.

"I thought I saw a ghost, mother," he said. "It was standing by the well, looking ever so funny; but just as I was going to run I saw it was Peggy, all wrapped up in something."

"Peggy has been standing just there chopping meat ever since you went out," said the mother, pointing to the kitchen door.

It was no more Peggy than if was a ghost, but the boy persisted in his statement.

He was so obstinate, indeed, that he was sent to bed in some disgrace for contradicting his mother.

Mr. Savage slept late next morning, and was aroused by the breakfast bell.

As he hurried down stairs consulting his watch, he saw the door of the servant's room, which opened on the stairs—the room being built over the kitchen—standing slightly ajar.

And as he looked, a dark face, encircled by a night cap peeped out, and a hand, with a white frail about it, pushed it to.

Peggy's face, Peggy's hand, without a doubt.

"Had to get breakfast yourself my dear?" said Mr. Savage, as he took his seat at the table.

"Oh, no," replied his wife. "Why did you think so?"

And at that monent Peggy, in her ordinary dress, walked into the room with a plate in her hand.

"Singular," said Mr. Savage to himself, but made no further explanation.

It was a month since Peggy's entrance into the family, and she had given every satisfaction.

Still it was plain to be seen that something was the matter.

Miss Olivia had come to reside with them, and every one was well, but Mrs. Savage looked anxious.

So did her sister.

So also did Mr. Savage.

The ladies exchanged mysterious glances with each other, and the gentleman often shook his head warningly at his eldest boy, when he had just opened his lips to say something.

Mr. Savage often asked his wife what could trouble her, and she frequently said:

"Why are you so serious, my dear?"

At last Olivia was found in hysterics in the hall, and matters grew too serious to be kept quiet any longer.

"I must know what it is," said Mrs. Savage.

"Don't tell him," sobbed Olivia.

"I don't see why you should be ashamed of it," said Mrs. Savage. "You can't help it. It's nerves, I suppose. We'd better send for a doctor."

"I'm not nervous," sobbed Olivia. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"There, now," said Mrs. Savage, "I declare I can't bear it any longer. My dear, poor Livy has taken to ghost seeing, and she's so affected me that I really have imagined something of that sort myself. She sees a woman exactly like Peggy over and over again, when Peggy is somewhere else, to my certain knowledge, and I've seen the same thing twice. It's an optical illusion, I presume; I've read of such things."

Mr. Savage turned pale.

"My dear girls," said he, "Thomas is as bad as you are. I've been threatening to flog the poor fellow if he frightened you with his stories; but he sees Peggy in the garden, in the meadow—here, there, everywhere. And he speaks to her, and she does not answer. And then he runs home and finds her in the kitchen, or where not, and naturally feels oddly about it. I myself have seen the same thing twice."

"You have!" cried Mrs. Savage.

"You!" screamed Olivia. "Oh, I'm so thankful! I'm not crazy, then."

"Oh, dear, no," said Mr. Savage—"oh, dear, no. You see it is becoming plain to me that a certain old superstition of which I have read is founded on fact. You've heard of people who had doubles. Peggy evidently has a double. The wraith does not speak, you say. That coincides with all the stories on the subject. Yes, that's the solution of the mystery. Peggy has a double."

"But we can't keep such a mysterious girl about the house. It's like hiring a ghost," said Mrs. Savage.

"Suppose we talk to Peggy?" said Mr. Savage.

The proposition met with favor.

Peggy was sent for, and came at once.

"Now, my good girl, I don't want to frighten you," said Mr. Savage, "but something odd has happened. Did you ever have anything singular said to you about yourself—for instance, that you were seen where you never went, you know, or something like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Peggy—"yes, sir, to be sure; I always hear the same story. There's two of me. It scares folks, but I can't help it."

"Don't it frighten you?" asked Mrs. Savage.

"I'm used to it," said Peggy. "Being two of me got me lots of scoldings where I was before, 'cause, you see, I can't help where t'other one of me goes, or what it does."

"Yes, she has a double," said Mr. Savage—"Yes, yes. Very singular—very."

"I'm sorry, Peggy," said Mrs. Savage, "but it frightens my sister very much, and we shall be obliged to part. You've been a good girl, Peggy. I'll pay you a month's wages, but I can't bear ghost-seeing any longer."

"Very well, ma'am," said Peggy, "I'll pack up. You must excuse there being two of me—I can't help it."

"Very singular," said Mr. Savage, "very, very, very!"

Peggy went up stairs to pack her clothes, and came down with her box.

"If you'd like to look over my things, ma'am," said she, "there they are. If there is two of me, why, I'm honest.

Then Peggy slowly proceeded to spread upon the floor her worldly possessions.

"Nothing that ain't mine," she said; "and there's my pocket."

She turned this receptacle inside out, as she spoke, and spread out her hands.

"I'm honest, if there is two of me," she said again. "I can't help that."

"Ma," cried Thomas, just then bursting in at the door, "Peggy is going over the bridge with a big bundle—oh! why, here is Peggy, Oh, my, look."

The three elder folks rushed to the window, and stood solemnly gazing out.

In the room beside them stood Peggy with her black calico dress, pink calico apron and round black hat, and a bundle under her arm.

Over the bridge, slowly, as a phantom should, passed Peggy's double—black dress, pink apron, round hat, bundle and all.

They all saw it at once.

It was frightful.

Miss Olivia sank into a chair, trembling.

Mrs. Savage grasped her husband's arm.

Thomas fairly yelled.

Even the sterner man turned pale.

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he quoted solemnly.

"Yes, sir," said Peggy, "Good morning, all."

Away she went, and to those whom she bade adieu breathed more freely when she had left the house.

"The most curious thing I ever heard of," said Mr. Savage. "I shall write an account of it for the papers, and a letter on the subject to my friend ——, the mesmerist. Most mysterous, indeed."

It was nearly two hour's after Peggy's departure that a stout gentleman rang the door bell.

Mrs. Savage answered it in person.

There stood before her the stout gentleman.

"I call, madam," he said, "to make a few inquiries concerning a girl you hired about three weeks a go—a girl named Peggy. I should like my inquiries to be quite private for the present, if you please."

Mrs. Savage instantly summoned her husband and sister.

The parlor doors were closed, and the visitor began:

"I do not wish the girl to suspect anything as yet. If you can keep her from leaving the house you will oblige me."

"She left us this morning," said Mrs. Savage.

"I am very sorry to hear that," said the gentleman. "Pray, may I ask if anything singular occurred during her stay?"

"Sir," said Mr. Savage, "something singular did occur. I presume you hope to investigate the phenomenon?"

"Well, sir," said the other, "I don't call it that, you know. I see you've been taken in, just as the Smith's were. She's a cute girl, that Peggy."

"My dear sir," cried Mr. Savage, "you scientific men doubt everything. Now, it is certain to me that Peggy has a double. I myself—"

"My dear sir," cried the other, "stop a bit. I'm not exactly what you suppose me. I'm a detective. Peggy's double is a deaf and dumb twin sister, as like her as two peas, and this ghost dodge is her little game. She smuggles the dumb girl into the house she lives at, and she goes through the closets and trunks. Has the lady made certain that nothing is gone?"

The wraith-seers stared at each other.

Mr. Savage turned red.

The ladies rushed upstairs together.

A few moments' inspection proved to them that they had been robbed.

While Peggy had been exhibiting her bundle the double had walked away with another, containing laces, jewelry, and other small matters, not to speak of Mr. Savage's watch, which he had left on the stand in his room that morning, and the cuckoo clock from the back parlor.

Material for the Naturalist.

Some of the finest material for the novelist that can be imagined is to be found in the United States Treasury. There is a bureau called the Division of Abandoned Lands and Property that in itself is one great romance. Its history is fuller of the marvelous than anything ever written. There are $13,000,000 in its charge belonging to people in the South alone. During and at the close of the war there was valuable property of all sorts which fell into hands of army officers and was turned over to the Treasury. Over $12,000,000 of the money charged to that bureau is the proceeds of cotton taken from plantations all over the South and sold. The money it brought was turned in. The amounts finally became so great that Mr. Chase, then Secretary, created a divison that should have especial charge of all this sort of thing. There is one instance where $175,000 worth of cotton was taken from a far South estate, when cotton was worth about $500 a bale, and sold. The persons to whom it belonged were not rebels, but loyalists. They haven't an idea of where their cotton went to. Their names were on the bales, and it would not be difficult for them to make a case if they knew what to do. But it has been nearly twenty-three years since the money was deposited. And it is hardly probable that they will ever get what is really theirs. All the testimony relating to the case is in the possession of the Government. The agent who took the cotton and the one who sold it are both dead, and the owners would not be able to make their case without some proof which they haven't got.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Pleasant Surprise.

A tramp strolled into a Texas billiard saloon, and solicited alms. He was indeed a pitiable object.

"I haven't had anything to eat for a week," he said, plaintively.

The gentlemen, who were playing pool felt sorry for the man, and raised a dollar and a half for him. Jingling the money in his hands:

"I believe I'll come into this pool if the gentlemen have no objections."

The generous donors were somewhat surprised, but not so much so as they were when he, having utilized their subsidy to come into the game, got away with the pot, and invited the crowd to step up to the bar and irrigate at his expense.—*Texas Siftings.*

INDUSTRIAL BRIEFLETS.

Some Pointers that May Be of Interest to Husbandmen.

The controversy of the Royal Horticultural garden contained a magnificent display of fruit. There were between three thousand and four thousand plates of apples and pears—contributions, too; not only from every part of the kingdom, but also from France, Germany, and other continental countries. The first prize, for the largest collection of apples in different varieties, was awarded to Mr. Bunyard, nurseryman, of Maidstone; a first prize for the Blenheim orange apple, grown at Goodwood, was given to the representative of the duke of Richmond; while that for the best flavored apples in the collection—an orange pippin, grown at Maidstone—was awarded to Mr. Bunyard. Lord Suffield secured the first prize for pears of enormous size grown in his garden at Gunion park, Norwich; while for stewing pears, some of which weighed nearly two pounds, the duke of Richmond carried off the palm.

A farmer writes to *The Times*, of London: "I have been much interested by reading the letter of Mr. Mitchell Henry on the growth of Caucasian prickly comfrey (*symphytum asperrimum*). I have been a grower of it for many years, and can indorse all he says of its value. Since the introduction of the solid-stem Russian variety of this plant by my friend Thomas Christy, of London, to whom it was sent from the botanical gardens at St. Petersburg, I have grown this variety, and find it superior in value. The last two seasons during the summer drought it has been invaluable, my cows keeping in full milk while others in the pastures failed to give milk."

Great alarm is felt in Cadada, especially in the province of Ontario, over the spread of hog-cholera, and the government is being urged to adopt more stringent measures to save the entire swine interest of the province from destruction. In Essex and adjoining counties seems to be the principal seat of the disease. Essex county alone has lost upward of 1,500 animals, and at present 130 farms are quarantined. Inspectors report that the disease can not be treated medically with any hope of success. Neglect to report the disease renders owners liable to a penalty of $100 and forfeiture of compensation should it be necessary to kill their animals.

The dairy farmers of Ireland grow the prickly comfrey extensively, and we are led into wondering why more attention is not bestowed upon it in this country. It is said to be admirably adapted to low, wet soils and to yield enormously. It is raised for several years consecutively from one sowing, averaging one hundred tons of green fodder per acre. It is cut three times during the season. Cows not only milk well upon it, but are kept in better condition, and are more quickly fattened for the butcher than when pastured on grass. Comfrey is also said to be excellent for sheep, and even hogs eat it greedily.

The importation of barley has been large, and is increasing. For the ten years from 1870 to 1879, inclusive, the net receipts, after deducting exports, constituted 13.8 per cent. of the home consumption, and averaged 5,384,190 bushels. The net imports of the last five years have been nearly twice as much, averaging 9,493,278 bushels per annum, and constituting 16.1 per cent. of the entire consumption. The increase in population can not be much more than 20 per cent., while the increase in consumption has been 50 per cent.

The sale of public lands in California is an evidence of the immigration into that state. It is estimated that there are 43,000,000 acres of government land, of which 20,000,000 are suitable for agricultural purposes. The applications for public lands in 1883 numbered 5,287, covering over 700,000 acres. There were 7,252 applications filed in 1884, covering an area of 993,570 acres. It is stated that this immigration consists mostly of farmers of moderate means, upon which the state is to be congratulated.

For the winter protection of many half tender garden plants, leaves from the woods prove valuable, and it is well therefore to secure a good supply in time. For covering tender prostrate grapevines or raspberry canes, they are less liable to produce rotting than an entire covering with earth. A little brush, or sprinkling of soil, will hold them in position. They are less suitable for covering strawberries, as they exclude air, and evergreen branches are better.

Three representatives of the Japanese government have been in Kentucky the past two weeks looking at the horses in that state, their object being to gather as much information as possible concerning the highest types of trotters and runners. They purchased nothing, but took such copious notes concerning numerous animals that it is expected they will do some business with the breeders of the blue grass region before leaving for home.

Ten thousand barrels of apples shipped from New York recently, were sold in Liverpool last week. King of Tompkins county apples brought 16 shillings a barrel, Baldwins 14 shillings and greenings 12 shillings. In many parts of New York, as in Pennsylvania and New England, the apple crop is so enormous this year that barrels are practicaly worth more empty than they are filled with the fruit.

The United States fish commission reports a great decrease in the halibut and cod-fisheries of America. The cause for this is attributed either to low temperature of water or the destruction of fry by reckless fishing. A general falling off of flat fish is reported from Germany this year and a diminution of the herring fishery is recorded from Belgium.

One of the most successful of Illinois dairymen keeps a hundred cows, but never raises a pound of hay. He feeds his cows on corn fodder, cut when in blossom, bound, and set up till cured, or till winter, when it is removed to the barn. He gets seven tons of this dry fodder to the acre, and claims it is worth as much as the best of hay.

The National Fish Culture association have made arrangements to import a large consignment of carp from Germany for the purpose of acclimatizing them to the waters of the United Kingdom. In Germany, China, France and America carp-farming is extensively prosecuted with highly remunerative results.

Do not cover the lawn all over with stable manure which is to remain there all winter as an offense to the eye, the nostrils, and the feet. There is nothing more disgusting than this turning a lawn into a barnyard, and there is no necessity for it.

A Colorado paper says that "the cow may be queen, the horse king, and the sheep away up in royal honors but it is an indisputable fact that the hog, under the impetus of alfalfa and pea food, is approaching dangerously near the throne."

It is claimed and generally accepted that the Jersey reds are descended from the large importations of Berkshires when these hogs, as they did years ago, had a much coarser body, with pendent ears, and were often marked with red.

The Great Corsican.

An example of a good system of logistics is the wonderful concentration of the French army in the plains of Gera in 1806. Another is the entrance of the army upon the campaign of 1815. Says Jomini: In each of these cases Napoleon possessed the ability to make such arrangements that his columns, starting from points widely separated, were concentrated with wonderful precision upon the decisive point of the zone of operations; and in this way he insured the successful issue of the campaign. The choice of the decisive point was the result of a skillful application of the principles of strategy; and the arrangements for moving the troops give us an example of logistics which originated in his own closet. It has been long claimed that Berthier framed those instructions which were conceived with so much clearness, but I have had opportunities of knowing that such was not the truth. The emperor was his own chief staff officer. Provided with a pair of dividers opened to a distance by the scale of from seventeen to twenty miles in a straight line (which made from twenty-two to twenty-five miles, taking into account the windings of the roads), bending over and sometimes stretched at full length upon his map, where the positions of his corps and the supposed positions of the enemy were marked by pins of different colors, he was able to give orders for extensive movements with a certainty and precision which were astonishing. Turning his dividers about from point to point on the map, he decided in a moment the number of marches necessary for each of his columns to arrive at the desired point by a certain day, then placing pins in the new positions, and bearing in mind the rate of marching that he must assign to each column and the hour of its setting out, he dictated those instructions which are alone enough to make any man famous, Ney coming from the shores of Lake Constance, Lannes from Upper Suabia, Soult and Davoust from Bavaria and the Palatinate, Bearnadotte and Bugereau from Franconia, and the Imperial guard from Paris, were all thus arranged in line on three parallel roads, to debouch simultaneously between Saalfeld, Gera and Pleuen, few persons in the army of Germany having any conception of the object of these movements, which seemed so very complicated. In the same manner, in 1815, when Blucher and his army lay quietly in cantonments between the Sambre and the Rhine, and Wellington was attending fetes in Brussels, both waiting a signal for the invasion of France, Napoleon, who was supposed to be at Paris, entirely engrossed with diplomatic ceremonies, at the head of his guard, which had been but recently reformed in the capital, fell like a thunderbolt upon Charlevoi and Bluchers' quarters, his columns arrived from all parts of the compass, with rare punctuality, on the 14th of June, in the plains of Beaumont and upon the banks of the Sambre. Napoleon did not leave Paris until the 12th. The combinations described above were the results of wise strategic calculations, but their execution was undoubtedly a masterpiece of logistics.

Snap and Sparkle.

Gratitude is not an overpowering passion with the many.

Rumor is a worthless jade. As a rule she tells more lies than truth.

To be able to forget successfully is at times a very comfortable gift.

What an irritating thing snow is. So slow and would be meek, yet so determined.

Young men "engaged" are young men lost, so far as their being entertaining goes.

Most old families have their skeletons; it's rather respectable than otherwise, and pride feels no pain.

Some people, especially relations-in-law, are never happy except when making themselves disagreeable.

Women's likes and dislikes are bound and governed by the fact that somebody else likes or dislikes them.

So many young men mope now-a-days. I believe they call it by a finer name, but it really comes to the same thing.

The present generation knows no boys. They are all grown up from their cradles; and girls should not be trusted out of one's sight.

When a fellow is pretty well on in years, and certain portions of him have dropped away, such as hair and teeth, why can't he confess it?

Any young man who keeps philandering after the girls for months together, without coming to the point, ought to be summarily dealt with.

"Child!" she says, indignantly. "I am not a child. I was eighteen last month. How long does one continue to be a child, I wonder?"

Genteel poverty means no carriages, no horses, no box at the opera, one silk dress in the year, no society, and gloves made by any one else in the world except Jouvin.

If there's one thing I hate, it is being in a place where servants are fussing and rattling plates and silver. One has eaten a dinner in anticipation long before he gets it.

I think "Always yours Most Sincerely" very nice indeed. "Yours Sincerely" would be commonplace, and quite nothing; but the "Always" and "Most" make such a difference!—*Henry Clay Lukens, in Arkansaw Traveler*

Hammer Signals.

There are few persons, either in the city or country, who have not at times, watched a blacksmith at work in his shop with his assistant or striker. They have noticed that the smith keeps up a constant succession of motions and taps with a small hand-hammer, while with his left hand he turns and moves the hot iron which the assistant is striking with a sledge. The taps are not purposeless, but given entirely for the direction of the striker. When the blacksmith gives the anvil quick, light blows it is a signal to the helper to use the sledge or strike quicker. The force of the blows given by the blacksmith's hammer indicates the force of the blow it is required to give by the sledge. The blacksmith's helper is supposed to strike the work in the middle of the width of the anvil, and when this requires to be varied the blacksmith indicates where the sledge blows are to fall by touching the required spot with his hand-hammer.

If the sledge is required to have a lateral motion while descending, the blacksmith indicates the same to the helper by delivering hand-hammer blows, in which the hand-hammer moves in the direction required for the sledge to move. If the blacksmith delivers a heavy blow upon the work and an immediate light blow on the anvil it denotes that heavy sledge blows are required.

If there are two or more helpers the blacksmith stikes a blow before each helper's sledge-hammer blow, the object being to merely denote where the sledge blows are to fall. When the blacksmith desires the sledge blows to cease he lets the hand-hammer head fall upon the anvil and continue its rebound upon the same until it ceases. Thus the movements of the hand-hammer constitute signals to the helper, and what appear desultory blows to the common observer constitute the method of communication between the blacksmith and his helper.—*Hardware Reporter.*

A Serious Objection.

A German Peasant family had made all their arrangements to emigrate to the United States. The day before the family was to take its departure the eldest son, Hans, who was an enormous eater intimated that he did not care to go West.

"Has some village maiden beguiled thee to remain behind?" asked the father.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Why then dost thou not wish to go with us?"

"I've been talking with the schoolmaster and——"

"Well, what did he say?"

"He says that when it is twelve o'clock with us in Germany that——"

"That what?"

"When it is twelve o'clock here with us, that in America it is nine o'clock in the evening."

"Well?"

"I don't want to go to a place where I have to wait that long for my dinner;" and the poor fellow completely broke down at the mere thought of it.—*Texas Siftings.*