

TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels out in the sun;
One gathered nuts, the other had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is only just on the wane."
Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate;
He roused him at last, but he roused too late;
Down fell the snow from the pillared clouds
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a schoolroom were placed;
One always perfect, the other disgraced.
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling: Their locks have turned gray.
One as a governor is sitting to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door
Of the almshouse, and lilies his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncareful, dying unknown.
The business life hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught
The lesson I long to impart in your thought.
Answer me this, and my story is done,
Which of the two would you be, little one?
—The Methodist.

THE TALE OF A PITCHER.

The Mysterious Circumstantial Evidence
of a Household Sensation.

BY ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN.

"Madame, I cannot find the small silver pitcher!"
"Which pitcher, Julie?"
"The one for the cream, madame. I do not remember seeing it since madame's coffee was served last evening. Perhaps madame has sent it somewhere?"

"No, I know nothing of it. Search, search, Julie, it must have gotten out of sight."

"Alas! madame, I have looked in vain; it is nowhere to be found!"

And such proved, indeed, to be the case. We looked and hunted everywhere, not a nook or corner, probable or improbable, did we leave unsearched in our endeavor to discover the missing article. And, at last, I was obliged sorrowfully to abandon all hope of ever again seeing my little cream-ewer.

Now, from those who have not for inherited possession a real love and pride I cannot expect sympathy in my misfortune, but perhaps a knowledge of the intrinsic value of the heirloom may awake an interest which would, for the merely sentimental character of my loss, be missing. The pitcher was a thoroughly unique little affair of the purest silver, most curiously shaped and exquisitely wrought. Its design was that of a dragon, the tail forming the handle and the hideous mouth, in the upraised head, stretched to a frightful width to permit the escape of the sweet, yellow fluid for which it was purposed. The wicked, baleful fire of the gleaming eyes was due to two large emeralds of considerable value and of such lustre that they really seemed to impart a diabolic life to the monster.

My great-grandfather, an Englishman, had long filled a diplomatic post at St. Petersburg, and had brought home from the Russian capital many valuable and interesting souvenirs, gifts from the warm friends his long residence there had drawn about him. This little pitcher had been presented to him by a beautiful woman of high rank, or archduchess, the story ran, who had become greatly attached to the handsome English ambassador, and who had herself received it as a wedding gift. On one of the creature's flanks was engraved a tiny crest, that of a small dragon surmounted by a coronet and underneath were two tiny letters, U. V., while on the other the fair donor had caused to be inscribed the coat-of-arms of my ancestor. The antiquary can well understand my grief at the loss of so curious and ancient a possession, while he who prizes objects merely for their marketable value, may appreciate my sorrow at the theft of my valuable emeralds.

I am not rich, and live in a small but cozy little flat in New York, with one servant to attend to my wants and administer my household economy. I have met with what people call reverses, and am obliged to practice, a not very stringent, but moderate economy. I have my vanities, one of which is that all my surroundings shall be such as become a lady, and that my ordinary service and appointments shall be of as dainty and elegant a nature as I can afford. Having many relics of former wealth, I am able to make my menage quite in accordance with my desires, and though my apartments lack considerably in dimensions, yet their small proportions contain articles of vertu which would not shame a more palatial abode. I love to eat from fine china and sip my tea from fragile, dainty cups, and evidently I am not alone in my fancy, for rarely do I take my after-dinner coffee alone, and about my pretty little Chippendale table are often gathered men and women whose names represent much of the wit and talent of New York.

Even on that very evening when I poured for the last time the ivory stream from my dragon's ugly mouth, I had entertained a really brilliant little coterie. There had come to me my old and dear friend, Henry Farnsworth, who for many years had been one of New York's most brilliant art critics, and whose familiarity with the musical and artistic circles of the metropolis rendered him an authority on all gossip connected therewith. With him had come his nephew, a man who directed the publication of one of our most prominent journals. Coffee had just been brought in when Mary Van Vort, who had been a school friend of mine, and who was now mistress of a gorgeous establishment, appeared, also bringing a friend, a charming woman of perhaps 30 years, whose rare beauty compelled our instant admiration. She was a foreigner, a Swede, I think, and was visiting Mrs. Van Vort, to whom she had brought letters of introduction from our minister to Sweden, who was a brother-in-law to her hostess.

I never saw a more charming natural manner nor a person more devoted

of self-consciousness. She was extremely blonde, with such glorious warm gray eyes, shining lustreously from beneath long, dusky lashes, above which were finely pencilled eyebrows of the same dark hue, which formed a curious contrast to her golden hair. She had a perfect command of our language, though she spoke it with a winning little accent, which added another charm to her already sufficient share. She had travelled much; and I was a little shocked and disappointed at seeing her, after daintily sipping her coffee, detach from her chateleine, where many odd trinkets were suspended, a small cigarette case of repousse gold, from which she abstracted a tiny cigarette and, with a lovely smile, murmuring "Have I your permission, madame?" placed it between her perfect lips. There was nothing unfeminine in her manner, but the action shocked my old-fashioned prejudices, though as the small object was being consumed I could not but admire the rare grace and perfect ease of her every gesture.

One other guest completed the circle in my salon that evening. He was an Italian, a dark olive-skinned son of the south, who had not often been one of my kaffeeklatsch. I could not, with all my efforts, discover his real mission to this country. He had been introduced to me by a common friend who had met him while traveling abroad, and who had been greatly pleased by his brilliant social qualities and by his wonderful musical talent. De Vendosa had asked my permission to call and, charmed by so gifted a being, I had cordially welcomed him. This was only the third time I had received him, and that evening will be ever marked by a white stone in my memory.

Every one of us had travelled extensively and were thoroughly acquainted with foreign countries and customs. The rare descriptions of persons and places which were scattered so carelessly that night would have adorned the finest works of travel. Such bon mots, such epigrams! and then such music! My beloved little upright fairly awoke to a new life under the wonderful manipulation of M. De Vendosa. And as the beautiful Swede responded to our solicitations and poured a flood of harmony from her fair white throat broadcast into the room, we mutually glanced from one to another in the culminating rapture of an enjoyment which was too deep for words.

And alas! such a festival must ever be associated in my mind with my irreparable loss! I bemoaned my misfortune to Mrs. Van Vort, and she shared my sorrow and advised all sorts of schemes for the recovery of the heirloom. I told Dr. Farnsworth of the ill-luck which had befallen me, and he promised to do all in his power to repair it; and so affected was I by my loss that I could not refrain from speaking of it, on his next visit, to De Vendosa.

"Do you remember the last evening you passed with me?" I asked, and wondered a little at the rush of color which of a sudden, dyed his dark cheek.

"I do indeed, madame, he replied, courteously with the gallantry of his nation. "Can one who has once partaken of madame's charming hospitality ever cease to remember it?"

I acknowledged his flattering reply and said, "Ah, but monsieur, I wish to recall to you that one evening in particular, when you and Mme. Ericsson enchanted us with your beautiful music?"

"Perfectly, madame, perfectly," he replied; and then, as if impatient of the subject, he moved towards the piano saying, "will it please you if I give you a little more music?"

I acquiesced of course and he played for some time, improvising at intervals, and finally gliding into a strange, weird Swedish folk-song (with which Mme. Ericsson had charmed us on that memorable evening), in the midst of which he stopped suddenly, left the piano and, approaching me, bade me a hasty, though courteous farewell. He made no apology for his abruptness, and I could only account for it by remembering the impulsive character of his nation. But in recounting to Dr. Farnsworth his evident impatience at the subject of our conversation and his odd and mysterious actions, my good friend looked a little suspicious and put me through a rigid examination as to the length of my acquaintance with the young Italian and the value and genuineness of his credentials.

"Perhaps he could tell you something of the mysterious disappearance of the pitcher," he suggested.

"Nonsense!" I replied, testily, for I was really fond of the brilliant young foreigner and felt utterly sure that he was as innocent of the theft as the doctor himself.

"Can't tell; foreigners, Italians especially, are apt to feel a strong predilection for other's goods. I think I'll institute some inquiries concerning the fellow."

"You need do no such thing," I said, genuinely angry at his suggestion. "I would rather lose 50 cream jugs than have that brilliant, lovable boy accused of so mean a crime."

Time went on and I had to resign myself to my loss. Julia was almost as much distressed as I, as the months rolled on and we heard nothing of the pitcher. It was a little singular that after that oddly-terminated call of De Vendosa I should have seen nothing more of him. He sent me a little note a few days later, apologizing for his abruptness on the plea of extreme nervousness caused by certain trouble which had weighed heavily upon him of late. That he did not entirely exclude himself I learned from Mary Van Vort, who brought Mme. Ericsson to call upon me several times and who spoke of his frequent visits to them.

"Come, come Mary, what is it? What are you making at? Out with it at once. I do not know anything of De Vendosa save that Mrs. De Witt met him in Italy and asked me to show him some kindness, and as I heartily like and admire the young fellow I was only too glad to do so. Now, what do your questions mean?"

I spoke defiantly rather for I read distrust and suspicion of my favorite in her manner, and was impatient of it. She drew her chair close to mine and said in a low tone, with meaning in her voice:

"You have never recovered your pitcher, and De Vendosa was here the evening on which it disappeared."

"Well, well, you are telling me nothing new!"

"Wait a moment. He has been a frequent visitor at my house of late, and twice, after his departure, have I discovered that something of value has disappeared from my rooms. Now, what does it mean?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said capriciously, for even I was a little staggered at this weight of evidence. "Perhaps your servants are dishonest, why not suspect them?"

"Why not suspect your Julia of having taken your pitcher? No, were my servants thieves they would not select such articles as those which I have lost. I feel doubly anxious, because I have become really fond of Pauline Ericsson, and I fear that she is forming an attachment for your protegee. I have not mentioned my suspicions to her, knowing that they would distress her, but I must probe the mystery which surrounds De Vendosa."

"I wish you success," I said crossly. "But pray don't come to me with any more questions, and, if you discover that Paola De Vendosa is a common thief, I beg you not to take the trouble of acquainting me with the fact. One hates to be proved at fault in his pet science, and if I, an old student of physiognomy, have made such a tremendous mistake in this man's character, I don't want to know it. Now, what about the opera?" And so I resolutely shut my ears to her suspicions.

I am very fond of children, old maid though I be, and have a constant stream of little visitors on bright afternoons. My artistic sense and love of the beautiful are gratified as well as my philoprogenitiveness by the deliciously quaint appearance of the lovely little creatures who, one and all, call me "Aunt Fanny." What pictures they make in their exquisitely dainty, rich costumes, with their masses of dark and golden curls falling upon the deep, Vandike collars of their plush coats, and their big, serious and merry eyes gazing out from beneath the thick picturesque bangs which frame their smooth, babyish brows! They are most welcome visitors and seldom find me unprepared for their reception. Perhaps I show a subtle wisdom in enhancing my own attractions by the added charms of delicate cakes and bonbons; at all events, they love to come and I love to have them.

One day in March I am holding my tiny court when the door is thrown wide open and two new comers rush into the room. Behind them appears a white-capped bonnet, who is making vain attempts to quiet their spirits. They rush up to me and throw themselves tumultuously into my arms.

"Oh, Aunt Fanny, Aunt Fanny, we have brought you something you love; guess, guess what it is?"

"Why yourselves, little geese," I say, stooping to kiss the glowing cheeks.

"No, no, wrong; it is something better, cream, real cream from our place at Staten Island. Marie, *apportez toute de suite*. She has it, Marie has."

"Really! How delicious! and so sweet for you my darlings, but Marie may take it to Julia who will put it in a cooler place than this warm room."

And the bonne departs, glad, no doubt, of the opportunity to have a little chat with my maid. I am testifying my gratitude to my small benefactors by a liberal supply of sweetmeats, when a sharp, shrill cry attracts my attention. In the doorway stands Julie, her exalted French nature aroused to a tremendous pitch, as she pours out a valuable string of unintelligible sentences. I see that she holds something aloft in her hand, but I am too near-sighted to tell what it is.

"Julie," I say in a tone of authority which has its effect, "what is the matter?"

"But see, madame, it is *not est ce pas*, our dear, little pitcher come back to us!"

The little Ormstead had recognized it before I, and now the elder burst forth, indignantly:

"It is no such a thing. It is mamma's own pitcher, Marie, Marie, *detes donc, n'est ce pas que c'est d'aujourd'hui*?"

I had by this time taken the little jug into my hands. It was indeed my own, miraculously and mysteriously restored to me. There could be no doubt as to its identity. Even were such a design duplicated it would not bear the stamp of my family arms and my great-grandparent's initials. Still the children clamored for the vindication of their mother's claims, and I could only silence them by putting on my bonnet, and wrap and escorting them home, in order to investigate the matter. Mrs. Ormstead was a comparative stranger to me; that is, I knew her as one knows so many people in New York. I met her occasionally in society and we exchanged formal calls, but her lovely children were the only real bonds of union between us. She welcomed me very kindly and listened with much interest and sympathy to my tale. When I had finished I said:

"I am sure, Mrs. Ormstead, you will pardon my natural desire to know how the pitcher came into your possession."

"Certainly," she replied, "and I am only sorry that I can help you so little. I have had it but a few weeks and did not know that the butler had put your cream into it, but ever since I have owned it he has shown a great pride in its beauty; shall I say, or ugliness? and I suppose a little professional vanity, on his own part, induced him to display it. My husband has a strong fancy for pitchers. Whenever he sees and odd jug he buys it, so that it has become a sort of joke with us. One day I was holding a reception when he

walked into the room with his overcoat on, and the peculiar bulging of one of his pockets caused much laughing comment. 'It is a pitcher!' we all exclaimed, and sure enough he drew out this little jug, which was greatly admired, and furnished a subject for conjecture and comment for some time. He had seen it in the window of a pawnshop, down town, had gone in and purchased it. That is all I know concerning it."

I thanked her and asked, as delicately as possible, to be allowed to reimburse it at the same price which Mr. Ormstead had given, but she called to her two little ones and, placing the jug in their hands, bade them give it to "Aunt Fanny" brimful of their love.

Determined now to trace the thief, I sent that evening for Dr. Farnsworth and asked him to place the matter in the hands of detectives, and having learned the name of the pawnbroker, from whom Mr. Ormstead had brought it, I gave him that as a basis of operations. I heard nothing of importance for some time, and in the meanwhile, Mary VanVort told me that she had felt obliged to forbid DeVendosa her house. Mme. Ericsson had finished her visit and was shortly to sail for Europe. I hoped to see her again before her departure, as I continued to feel a strong interest in the beautiful woman. I was unsuccessful, however, in finding her at her hotel when I called, but one morning I received a note from Mrs. VanVort saying that Mme. Ericsson was to sail that afternoon, and if I would like to go down to see her off, she would call for me in her carriage. I sent back a pleased acceptance and we reached the dock about half an hour before the steamer sailed.

The lovely Swede had made many friends during her sojourn in New York and her stateroom bore floral testimony to her popularity. I was a little ashamed at my simple offering of fragrant violets, but she placed them on her breast with a charming smile which had I been her lover, would have caused me to squander a fortune for such rewards. We were standing in a group, laughing and chatting, when Mme. Ericsson's maid approached with a long sable-lined garment, which she wrapped with anxious tenderness about her mistress. The latter thanked her with evident appreciation of her devotion, and the maid was about to withdraw, when a couple of men appeared and hastily approaching the woman, the foremost walked quickly past us, laid his hand upon her shoulder saying:

"You are Christine Elborge, the maid of Mme. Ericsson?"

The woman bowed and madame made a hasty movement as if to speak, but her maid interrupted it.

"If you have anything to say to me, this is no place, in the presence of ladies and gentlemen. Let us go forward."

She moved away, but before she had taken many steps she wrenched herself, suddenly, from her captives, turned swiftly, seized her mistress's hand and pressed it convulsively to her lips, then turned again to the men. Immediately the second warning came for us to leave. Mme. Ericsson turned pale as death and implored that some one should find her maid. It was too late, however. Already the gangway was being lifted and with a hasty farewell, which she was too paralyzed by surprise and emotion to return, we left her, a white, terror-stricken statue, leaning for support against the bulwarks. We could not discover the maid, upon landing, and were left in suspense as to the meaning of the sudden arrest. Never for a moment did we associate the detention of Mme. Ericsson's maid with the theft of my pitcher, but the next evening Mrs. Van Vort and I were sitting sipping our coffee when Dr. Farnsworth entered.

"Well," he said, after saluting us, "the mystery is at last solved. Circumstantial evidence has convicted the thief, for we cannot make the accomplice confess. Now, mesdames, who do you think stole the pitcher?"

"M. DeVendosa!" promptly replied Mrs. Van Vort, evidently pluming herself on her perspicacity.

"Wrong, dear lady," said the doctor, with an amused smile; "the pitcher and your own valuables were stolen by no other than your charming guest, Mme. Ericsson."

What a denouement! We could scarcely credit our senses; and not until I received the following letter from Paolo DeVendosa was I thoroughly convinced:

Dear Madame,
Now that you know the truth, let me explain what must appear to you mysterious. Ah, my poor darling! To think that she is unconscious of her terrible weakness. I have just come from Christine, her nurse from her birth and now her maid. It seems that my dear one has always been afflicted with that most unhappy of all diseases, kleptomania, and after the act is committed she entirely forgets having perpetrated it. Christine, with wonderful and perhaps mistaken devotion, has taken upon herself the risk of disposing of the articles, never referring to them before her mistress. I saw Mme. Ericsson take your pitcher, also various things belonging to Mme. Van Vort and, oh! madame, imagine my torment when I tell you that I loved her. I understood it not, but one day, remonstrating with her, she thought I insulted her and forbade my calling again. Since then I have been in torture until I learned the truth from Christine. Oh, madame! your good heart will suggest some means of procuring the poor creature's release! Meanwhile I go, I fly to my darling, who shall know the whole truth from one whose life shall be spent, if she permits it, in shielding and protecting her weakness.

Ever, dear madame,
Faithfully yours,
PAOLO DEVENDOSA

BATHING.

A Clean Old Custom Handed Down from Antiquity—The Various Styles of Baths, Their History and Characteristics.

If cleanliness comes next to godliness Cincinnatians are near neighbors of the godly. The average Cincinnatiian is a great bather. Every house making any pretensions to modern improvement has its bath-room, while the public bath-houses all agree that patronage is good and steadily growing better. What a panacea of all ills the bath-tub is! When you have a bad cold you take a bath; when your head aches you take a bath. If you have a chill or a fever, a pain or an ache, into the bath-tub you plunge. If you're tired and weary and dusty the first thing you think of is a bath. If you've been out all night with the boys the first place you make for in the morning is the bath-room. On occasions of that kind a bath feels as fine as a good night's sleep and square meal thrown in. A man always feels better and younger and looks younger and better, and will give a larger "tip" to the waiter and a more cheerful mite to the beggar after a bath than before it. The bath is

AS OLD AS THE HILLS.
It comes down from the most remote antiquity. The Egyptians used to bathe in the Nile. The Hebrews made bathing compulsory by law, and the Mohammedans and Hindoos enforce it as a duty of religion. Public baths were among the public institutions of the ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans. If Pharaoh's lovely daughter hadn't gone bathing in the Nile, Moses might never have been discovered in the bullrushes. If Nausicaa and her fair companions had not bathed themselves in the waters of the sea, the shipwrecked Ulysses might never have been rescued. So it will be seen that the bath is hoary, venerable and patriarchal. But

THE PRIMITIVE BATH
Was a simple process compared with the elaborate bath of modern times. The primitive bath was merely a plunge into the lapid water of some flowing stream. Now the bath is a scientific process, presided over by competent attendants and regulated by the watch and the thermometer. The bath most popular with the American people, barring, of course, the domestic tub, is the Turkish bath. Why it is called "Turkish" surpasseth all understanding. It is probably, though, because the Turks recline in a most luxurious bath in perfumed water, while about the edges of the marble basin grow fragrant flowers and blooming rose-trees, filling the apartment with their ravishing scent. The Turkish bath was first introduced into England about the middle of the 50's by a nobleman, David Urquhart by name, who had received the impression

IN THE ORIENTS.
This country adopted the Turkish bath about twenty-five years ago. Have you ever taken a Turkish bath? No! Then, in the language of Edwin Forrest, you "have never risen to the dignity of being personally clean."

When you go to a Turkish bath-house you first enter the office, where you register, deposit your valuables and receive a check for them. Then you pass into the Muetaly. "Muetaly" must be the Turk for cool room. At any rate muetaly is the cool room. In one of the numerous compartments of this apartment you disrobe and invest yourself in a bathing garment, then you pass into the warm room, the Tepidarium, they call it, where you encounter a temperature of 120 to 140 degrees Fahrenheit. Here you

RECLINE ON A COUCH
Until the perspiration is freely started. When the skin has become sufficiently soft and moist—the attendant frequently passes his hand over the body to ascertain if it has arrived at the proper state—you are ushered into the hot room, which is plain English for the caldarium, as the apartment is called, where the temperature is forty degrees higher than in the warm room. In the hot room the attendants lay you upon a heated marble slab, and the perspiration becomes more and more profuse, while the attendant thoroughly manipulates the body with a towel. From this room you pass into a

STILL HOTTER HOT ROOM.
Where the temperature is 220 to 240 degrees. You perspire a few more times in this room, when you are conducted into the shampooing room, where enough tepid water is sprinkled over you to remove the perspiration. Then you are stretched out upon another marble slab and receive another manipulation. The wind-up consists in the attendant thoroughly washing the body with a lather of soap and water, sprinkling the bather over with a tepid spray, and the bather taking a plunge in the swimming bath. The Russian bath is so called because the Russians from long ago have indulged in a hot vapor bath. The Russian bath differs from the Turkish bath in this essential particular; in a Russian bath the room is filled with hot vapor; in the Turkish bath the room is filled with hot air.

The Russian bath is attaining some popularity with the

BUSY BUSTLING AMERICAN PEOPLE.
For the reason that it doesn't take long. A Russian bath can be taken in quarter the time that it requires for a Turkish bath. A comparatively new idea in baths is the electric bath. This is a medicated bath prescribed for neuralgia, rheumatism and all forms of nervous disorders. The bather enters a bath tub, around the inside of which are a number of electric buttons. During the bath a current of electric current is turned into the water through these conductors from a battery, manipulated by an attendant. The sensation, instead of being unpleasant, or producing a shock such as contact with a battery produces, is said to be one of intense delight. Then there is

THE MUD BATH
The mud bath is indulged in almost entirely as a remedy for blood disorders. The bather is placed in a bath-tub and covered up to the chin with a thick coating of heated mud. As one coating cools off a fresh warm coating is applied. This heated mud is supposed to act as a poultice and draw

out the impurities of the system. There is one peculiarity about the Turkish bath that is not generally known, and that is its influence to preserve the equilibrium of the bather's weight. If the bather is above his normal weight, that is, above a weight suitable to his build and temperament, the Turkish bath will reduce him. If he is below his normal weight it will increase it.

A PHILADELPHIA PHYSICIAN
In a recent lecture on bathing advises daily baths for persons who perspire freely. A bath two or three times a week is sufficient for others. He discourages Turkish and Russian baths except when advised by a physician, and encourages a sponge bath taken the first thing in the morning, as one of the most invigorating tonics in the world. A bath, according to the lecturer, should neither be too hot nor too cold. The one is as weakening and debilitating as the other. "Just comfortable" is the proper temperature for the water as near as it can be described. As to the best time to take a bath, the lecturer counseled that which is least liable to interfere with the digestion, that is, "not within three-quarters of an hour to an hour after a meal."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Light of Love.
Fair is the flush of the summer dawn,
When the gate of pearl uncloses,
As it glimmers amid the dewy lawn
And shimmers amid the roses;
As it wakes the little drops of dew
To quiver of delight,
And threads the aisles of the forest through
On the trail of the flying night.
Soft in the gleam of the summer stars
When the feverish day is over,
When the fays are about in silvery cars,
And the dusky moth is a rover,
When over the couch of the dreaming flowers
The mists of the fountain creep,
And the languid cars of the drowsy hours
Are wooed by song of the deep.
But the dazzling hues of the morning fall,
And dull are its golden lances,
And all the light of the stars grows pale
In my darling's tender glances;
For the stars may burn with a thousand dyes,
And a myriad beams fall,
But the light of love in a woman's eyes
Is the purest light of all.

Farmers' Food.

What the newspapers call a "sensational" was produced a dozen years since or so by a Massachusetts physician, who undertook to denounce the diet of farmers generally, asserting that they lived on such things as they could not sell, and on food too poor for even domestic animals. But among such as have any claim to the title of farmer, they live as well, and their food is as well prepared, as those in cities and towns.

The great error into which some physicians fall are twofold. They visit the family probably when the mother is either sick, or her time engrossed with some other member of the family who is sick. In such times there is but little attention paid to the preparation of food, or the cleaning of houses, consequently the physician leaves with a poor opinion of the rich provisions which ought to adorn the farmers' table. The other error is, physicians, as well as most others, class as farmers all those whom they have failed in other occupations or professions, and who have been driven out of other business to eke out a miserable existence on some poor piece of land, either as a tenant or owner, covered with a mortgage for more than it is worth. They know nothing about farming, and that branch of industry should not be held for their miserable and lazy existence. It is to such places as these physicians are frequently called and they get their pay from the overseers of the poor, if at all. And it is unkind in charging farmers with the idleness and lack of provision in food and clothing for the families of such persons. It is too often the case when a man can no longer pay his rent or provide for his family in town, he is driven out to some hut on a farm; when the doctor visits the family he returns to town and reports what a hard time he has had "with those dirty farmers."

The charge is made, too, that farmers always sell the best of their products in either beets, hogs, vegetables, fruits or grains, and consume the poorest. This is probably true in some cases. The charge is also applicable to the penurious saving and grasping in all branches of industry, and even the professions. The world is thickly scattered over with such specimens of humanity, and the race is in a partial degree disgraced by such conduct. Yet the earth is peopled with a noble, liberal and generous race. The refuse and scallwags of all other industries try to crowd themselves into the ranks of the agriculturists, and to a limited extent give color and character to the industry of the profession of farming. Yet with this serious clog the respectability, the enterprise and good living of a real farmer redeems them from this stain. I have visited the houses and tables of all classes, and am free to testify that the richest tables of food, consisting of the very best of the art of cooking, I found in the houses of farmers. Instead of charging this class with poor living, I have been inclined to charge them with extravagance and too much devotion to the kitchen, and too much time spent in serving tables.—Ben. Perley Poore, in American Cultivator.

The Way to Get Rich.
A Land Speculation. "But," said the would-be purchaser, they tell me that the land is covered by a swamp."
"Swamp, why, of course. It's the richest land in the world."
"But how am I to get rid of the water?"
"Pump it off."
"Yes, but then it will be on some other man's land."
"That's all right; let him pump it off on to some one else's land. My dear sir, you should never be bothered by what is on some other man's land."
"Yes, but won't he pump the water back on my land?"
"The very thing you want. The best crops are raised that way. Pumping from first one field to another brings about a natural system of irrigation. I got rich that way."—Arkansas Traveler.