

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

The want of pure and fresh water accounts in many instances for the lack of eggs during the winter season.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer says that peach trees raised from the seed on the spot where they are to grow, and budded there, live longer and produce more fruit and are surer bearers than those transplanted.

Lemon Pudding: Three-quarters of a pound of grated bread, six ounces of sugar, one-quarter of a pound of moist sugar, the peel of a lemon grated, and the juice, two eggs and a little milk to mix it. Boil three hours.—N. Y. Herald.

A frost-proof vegetable-house is described as made with walls fifteen inches thick, double-boarded, the space between the boards being filled with sawdust. The ceiling is also boarded with about ten inches of sawdust between the boards.—Troy Times.

A writer in Gardening Illustrated says that if young shoots of the tomato are taken off and propagated like bedding plants, they will make a less rampant growth than seedlings, and be more fruitful. Cuttings prove best for pot culture; they are then to be kept near the glass with a temperature of about fifty degrees. They will make fine plants by spring.

An exchange suggests, if farmers would go to their barn on a wet day and spend their time in making an eave-trough for the barn or stable, and thereby carry away the drip which would otherwise fall on the manure-pile, causing a waste of the elements of plant food contained therein, they will make more money that day than they could any fine day in the field.

Delicious hot cake for tea is made by beating two eggs to a froth, add to them half a cupful of sugar. Into one cupful of sour cream beat half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in boiling water. Stir it into the eggs and sugar. Add a pinch of salt and flour enough to make it a thick batter for griddle cakes. Bake in "gem pans" or shallow biscuit pans, and serve piping hot.—N. Y. Post.

Bitter milk is a matter of frequent occurrence every fall and winter, or soon after the cows are off from grazing. It is caused first by bitter herbs in the hay, such as May-weed, Johnswort, etc., and also by the use of too much over-ripe food, such as straw, corn stover or late-cut hay. It never occurs when cows are fed on good food and are thriving or even holding their own, and are kept comfortably warm.—Boston Globe.

Failures in Farming.

With many people one failure is enough to convince them that all further efforts in a given direction will be hopeless; yet the world is full of examples showing that most great successes have been the outcome of repeated failures. The making of sorghum sugar is a practical and profitable operation, but its failure has been predicted again and again. Some of the fruits and vegetables now well known in this country were declared to be failures when first introduced in this country. It was not so very many years ago that it was quite generally believed that fruits could not be grown west of Lake Michigan, yet a very fair quantity and quality of fruit have already been produced in that region. Many years ago an attempt was made to introduce the Hereford cattle in the United States. For years they were utterly neglected by the public. No one could be found who would try them. Now they have among all the beef breeds no rivals which are more popular. The Jersey was in America for many years before any general favor was accorded to her, although she was almost as good a butter cow years ago as she is now. In 1853 the Galloway was brought to this continent; but that breed of cattle have remained almost unknown to the general American public until within the last three years. Now they bring at public sale from \$200 to \$500. So with breeds of sheep and horses. Pioneers in importing and in breeding have in many cases for years failed to make a profit from their efforts to improve the stock of the country, but at last they have found their reward where they have adhered to their stock. The utter failure of the attempt to introduce the Angora goat into this country has often been predicted, and even now there are plenty who declare their belief that there is no profitable place for that breed. Yet the Angora-goat interest is making progress.

Several years ago an effort was made to introduce very fine-wooled sheep into the States from Saxony. A small number of that breed was lately to be seen in Ohio, probably the sole representatives of the race in this country. But it is by no means impossible that that breed may be brought into general favor by the changes which fashion so often causes in the demand for wool. There is no one branch of farming which is more subject to the changes brought about by the whims of fashion than that of wool-growing. Yet the man who will steadily stick to his flock, be they coarse or fine in fleece, will at the end of any ten years find a balance to their favor on his books. So, too, with the breeder of horses. He who breeds the light, quick-moving, general-purpose horse may feel that just now the heavy, powerful draft-horse has rather the best of the market; but the lighter horse may soon come again into popular favor.

The changes in business and population in this country; the increased demand for luxuries which has grown out of an increase of wealth; the general use of fine and silky underwear by women and children; changes of fashion in the clothing of men, and a dozen other influences are at work to make possible and even necessary that which would have been unprofitable a few years ago. No man need be discouraged and sell out any breed of stock he may have on hand because it happens just now to have no boom, for in a few years he may be riding on the crest of the wave once more, and gathering in his profits at an altogether unexpected rate, as breeders of Scotch-poll cattle have been doing of late.—Chicago Tribune.

Keep the Stables Warm.

A farmer who will let his animals suffer from cold when he could easily and with a very trifling expense keep them comfortably warm, not only ought to suffer himself, but most surely will suffer, if not from cold, from loss of the growth and product of his animals. The food itself, which is an already obtained product of the farm, is lost in large part if given to animals that are much of the time curled up or shivering with cold.

Now there is no necessity for letting cattle suffer, even in a large, cold barn. If the outside boarding is old and loose, and it seems like too great an undertaking to put the whole building in first-class order by new covering, a great deal can be done for the comfort of the animals by putting up tight board partitions between the stables and the other portions of the barn. It will do no special harm to have the hay-mows and tool-rooms cold, if the rooms where the animals are kept are made sufficiently warm. First line the stable against the outer walls with matched boards from floor to scaffold, nailing the boards upon three-inch studding or joists, set up on end or placed horizontally, according as the outside boarding is old and loose. The air space between the outside and inside boarding will do a great deal towards keeping the air inside the stable of an even temperature. The partitions against the hay-mows need to be of single boarding only, but if there are large, cold, empty carriage or tool-rooms, that are very cold in extreme weather, double boarded partitions here, too, will not be objectionable. Half inch, or quite thin boards, if matched and laid tight, will answer the purpose just as well as thicker, if they are nailed closely. Have double doors if you really want your stable warm and your cattle comfortable.

With stables arranged in this way we have been able to keep a large stock of cattle comfortably warm in the very coldest weather, and it has at the same time been comfortable for those who have had the care of the stock. But as the hay-mows get low, towards spring, there is more open space in a barn to be warmed by the heat of the animals, and sometimes the stock suffers more from cold in March than in the sharpest weather of midwinter. Now we do not fear to have it within our power to shut cattle close enough in the very coldest weather so that they will be able to keep thoroughly warm. There is more danger of loss from cold than from loss from bad air in a clean stable in cold weather. The tightest walls we will be likely to build, if above ground, will let all the fresh air through that will be required to keep animals healthy in the coldest weather. To make a stable still warmer, board down in part from the scaffold to the floor with single boarding, jointed but not matched. A little draught at the noses is a good deal more endurable than from behind. Let the lower part of the boarding be nailed to cleats like doors, and hinged so they can be opened for feeding and for a freer circulation of air when more air is required. These doors may be left open a little way at any time to give ventilation, more or less, according as the other walls of the stable are loose or tight. A man can keep a single horse or cow in a stable finished in this way, in a barn where one would be in danger of freezing the extremities if exposed to the open space of the whole barn with its free connection with the outside temperature. Of course the stalls for one, or a few animals, must be partitioned off smaller than for a large stock. There are a good many poor Irishmen who actually winter their single cow in a hovel with more comfort to their animals, and more profit to themselves, than is obtained by some Yankees in their old, cold barns. It is good stormy weather work at this season to fix up the stables so as to keep the stock all comfortable, and in condition to render the greatest amount of profit possible to their owners. The cost will be found very trifling compared to the gain that will result.—New England Farmer.

Composting Manures.

Will it pay to compost manures? is a question which is often asked and frequently discussed at farmers' meetings, but never settled by definite answers, or conclusive arguments. Why? Because for some purposes it will pay, and for others it will not pay.

For growing field corn or potatoes, it will not pay to compost all of the manure, but, as a rule, it will pay to compost enough of it to put a small quantity in each hill to start the young corn or potatoes.

For garden crops it will pay to compost a larger proportion of it than for field crops. The composting of manure simply advances it towards plant food, or in other words ripens it. At first thought it would seem that, under all circumstances, it would be best to thus prepare manure for plant food, but on a careful investigation it will be found that to offset the advantages, there are two ways to lose: first, the labor of composting; second, the loss of the action of the escaped gasses on the elements of the soil. Every careful observer has noticed the changed condition of the soil, to which has been applied green manure. In the process of decomposition, the soil is filled with gasses which seem to have the power to lighten it up and make it in a better condition for plant growth. It is believed by some that, somehow, these gasses in connection with the soil change the pure nitrogen of the air into a condition to render it available for plant food. Whether or not this is so is a question yet to be settled. But one thing is evident, which is when green manure is applied to the soil and well mixed with it, when it gets into an active state of decomposition, the crops grow very rapid.

When it is desired that plants should feel the immediate effects of manure, it should be well rotted, but not mixed with other materials, except just to keep it from burning. It is as a rule a waste of labor to compost manure with an equal bulk of loam or muck; better compost it directly with the soil, and thus save labor.

He who in composting his manures adds more to it than enough to keep it from burning, and the gasses from escaping, does not occupy his time to the best advantage.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Health and Success.

A sound body has more to do with success in life than most persons realize. There are instances where men it continued ill-health have achieved eminence, but this is not the rule. Alexander Stephens, of Georgia, and Thaddeus Stevens, of this State, our old commoner, were considered remarkable men, because, despite ill-health, they impressed themselves on the Nation. There are other cases in distant lands—enough to prove the rule. We do not, of course, hear of the many failures in life resulting from ill-health. The failures, either in speculation or life, are not paraded. But there are examples where momentary spasms of ill-health have clouded the minds of men of genius, and deranged their plans. Napoleon lost one of his great battles because of a fit of indigestion. And when the mind must carry the ailments of a diseased body, and yet do its legitimate work, it evidently must perform double duty. It can not always do this and succeed. Hence a healthy body has much to do with success in life.

One of the first considerations then in family training is that which relates to health, and this is the more important in our day, when so much of a child's life is spent in close school-rooms and it is compelled to breathe a vitiated, super-heated atmosphere. Pure air and exercise are Nature's great restoratives, and these need to be intelligently and regularly imparted. The play-cure for children is far better than summer resorts and medicated waters. Play supposes outdoor exercises. It imparts buoyant spirits, cheers the mind, gives healthy tone to the thought and makes the blood pure and strong. But play alone is not best—as all work is a duty. "All work and all play makes Jack a dull boy" is a true adage. Still some work is needed for its disciplinary influence, and to make firm the muscles and nerves. This work should be, so far as possible, out of doors. But if this can not be given, a saw and buck for wood in the cellar is better than no work at all.

Another element favorable to good health is pure air when sleeping. If children are accustomed to ventilated rooms, they will ultimately enjoy them, and will feel oppressed in an unventilated room. And they will sleep soundly and healthfully when the cold air of winter is pouring in—so it does not blow on them. Sleep under such conditions is not affected by troubled dreams, nor is it followed by nervous headache. Healthful sleep is dreamless. And this supposes pure air and not too much heat. A cold room is better than an overheated room. But one that is sufficiently comfortable for preparations for retiring to be made without a chill is best. Children thus reared will grow up healthfully; and this good health, with intelligent, practical education and self-reliance, will be of more value than thousands of unearned capital.—Philadelphia Call.

Paying the Traitor.

Men use treachery and despise the traitor. Their moral sense revolts against the means which their craving for success persuades them to use. The fact shows that faith in the moralist's maxim, "Nothing is expedient which is dishonorable," is not strong enough to remove this moral contradiction. And so the world, which makes success a duty, will continue to pay and despise the traitor.

The late Count de Chambord's birth occurred after the assassination of his father, the Duke de Berry, in 1820. His mother, a woman of great courage and force of character—she offered to lead the royal troops against the revolutionists of 1830—plotted to seat him on the French throne, as the only legitimate Bourbon.

In 1832 she landed near Marseilles and appealed to the French Legationists to rise against Louis Philippe. The appeal fell upon deaf ears, and the Duchess was obliged to hide herself. One of her suite, named Deutz, agreed to sell to the Government for fifty thousand francs the secret of her hiding-place. The betrayed Duchess was arrested and imprisoned.

To M. Didier, the Secretary of the Minister of the Interior, was assigned the disagreeable duty of paying the traitor. At the appointed hour, Didier called his son into the office, and said: "Look well now at what passes, and never forget it. You will learn what a scoundrel is, and the method of paying him."

The Secretary spoke to a messenger, and Deutz, the traitor, was brought in. M. Didier stood behind his desk, on which were placed two packages, each containing twenty-five thousand francs. As Deutz approached the desk, the Secretary made a sign to him to stop. Then, with a pair of tongs, he picked up the packages, and dropping them into the open hands of the traitor, pointed to the door.—Youth's Companion.

Shower of Solid Matter.

We were informed yesterday of the occurrence at Glen Grey, about twelve miles from Queenstown, of a phenomenon which, while it lasted, nearly terrified the white and native population out of their wits. The afternoon of Wednesday a thick shower of matter, presenting a white, sulphurous appearance, fell in the valley in which this village is situated, and, passing right over from east to west, covered the entire surface of the country with marble-sized balls of an ashy paleness, which crumbled into powder at the slightest touch. The shower was confined to one narrow streak, and while it lasted, we are told, the surrounding atmosphere remained unchanged and clear as it had been before. Great noises accompanied the shower, and so frightened the people working in the fields, who at first were under the impression that it was a descent of fire—the white substance glistening in the sun—that on perceiving it they fled into their houses for shelter. No damage was caused by what fell, and upon examination of the substance afterward it was found to be perfectly harmless. At first the little balls were soft and pulpy, but they gradually became dry and pulverized, crumbling at the touch. We have before us a piece of earth on which one of them fell, and the mark left behind resembles a splash of lime-wash or similar matter. It does not smell of sulphur.—Kimberly (South Africa) Newspaper.

The Preservation of Georgia Forests.

The preservation of the forests is now a prominent topic of discussion in several States. It should not be necessary to urge the importance of this subject in any country, but the wasteful habits of the American people in regard to the destruction of timber are hard to eradicate. In Georgia the supply of timber, until a few years ago, has been considered practically inexhaustible. Now, however, in many sections of the State its scarcity is beginning to be appreciated and felt, and there is not sufficient timber left either for fencing or fuel.

The old-time destructive process of clearing land, the multiplication of turpentine farms, the work of hundreds of saw-mills, have been denuding the land of timber for many years, and now, if the present rate of destruction is continued, it will not be long before the celebrated pine forests of Georgia will be among the things of the past.

Comparatively little of the forest area of Georgia is now a part of the public domain. Nearly all the land is in the hands of private individuals or corporations, and it would be all but impossible to enact and enforce laws for the effective preservation of timbered lands except where the title remains in the State. The appeal should be made not only to the good sense, but to the self-interest of land-owners, to adopt some system for the preservation of their timber and for its replacement when already destroyed.

It has been demonstrated by at least one company in Georgia that the timber of a tract of land can be utilized and put on the market, and at the same time the forests preserved in their integrity, and the supply of lumber taken rendered all but inexhaustible. It has a rule for the cutting and milling of timber by which only the very largest trees are cut, while the balance are left to grow, and thus by the time the cutters get over the land one time, say in ten years, the process of selection can be repeated, and so on indefinitely. There is every reason why all substantial lumbermen should adopt this systematic manner of utilizing and at the same time preserving their timber. No doubt it can be so modified as to be adapted to turpentine farms, and regulations about fire adopted that will render the turpentine business a permanent and growing industry, instead of a fight against time and nature, which must of necessity end from exhaustion or destruction of the timber in a very few years.—Savannah (Ga.) News.

The Peril of Winter Fishing.

The Boston Commercial Bulletin pronounces the great loss of fishing-vessels during the past season "a horror of the sea even greater than the wreck of the City of Columbus," and says there is "no need of the annual sacrifice of life and property which is now made." It furthermore declares that "it is more hazardous to engage in Georges Banks fishing than to work in a powder-mill." The high rank of the Bulletin as a commercial newspaper gives much weight to its words on this subject, and the remedy it proposes deserves earnest consideration. It is better to "abolish winter fishing on Georges" than to have a yearly loss of more than one hundred lives, but it suggests that the use of deeper vessels with an improved outfit would remove much of the peril of the industry. The city of Gloucester is chiefly interested in the winter-fishing, and of its fleet sent out in 1883 seventeen vessels and two hundred and nine fishermen never came back. The record for 1884 may be still more terrible, for already two vessels are known to be lost and seven more are supposed to be.

The Newfoundland seal industry is said to be the greatest and most profitable of any in the world, but the introduction of steam-vessels for fishing gives special interest to the inquiry whether winter-fishing is necessarily so perilous that it ought to be prohibited, or if it is thought that steam-fishing smacks will be extensively used to take cod in the winter months. Steam-smacks can also be advantageously used for mackerel-fishing, catching more fish and taking them to market much more rapidly than sail-vessels. At present much of the fish eaten in winter is taken from the water in the fall and kept on ice until it passes from the market. The demand for fish fresh from the sea is increasing so fast that general interest attaches to the discussion of the methods by which the perils of winter-fishing can be reduced.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

Embroidered Muslin.

Muslins of a solid color are imported in robe patterns that have a deep lounce and narrow garniture of embroidery done in many colors in cross-stitches and in tapestry designs. These come in ecru, cream, rose pink and pale blue, and will make gay and youthful summer dresses. For white dresses there are French nainsooks wrought all over with sprigs, daisies, rose-buds or lilies, to be used as over-dresses or as the skirt fronts of plain muslins. These are in thick designs like those of needle-work, but there are also many of the open-worked Hamburg goods that are to be used for yokes, sleeves and front breadths of the white India laces.

Bands of insertion and scalloped embroideries for trimming are in new designs that have the effect of applique-work, as they are made to stand out in relief from the surface, and represent dragons, lizards, flowers, animals, birds and insects. Netted meshes, like those of lace, are placed inside outlines of these figures and enhance the appearance of applied-work. The floral designs are in durable open-work for pique and for satens, and other patterns have small eyelets that look like perforated card-board, in preference to the more showy large wheels, stars and the like figures of Hamburg designs. The Irish point patterns are again imported in cream white nainsooks, and will be used as transparent over dark satin or velvet for trimming cashmere dresses and the Louisines and India silks. Many new embroideries in designs of many loops, like tatting, will be used for trimming children's white dresses of muslins, and also their light colored cashmere dresses.—Harper's Bazar.

The crops in Ireland have fallen off because of the emigration of laborers.

Our Young Readers.

"BAD CHILLUN."
" My muzzer's almost crazy,
Her chillun is so bad,
An' my drate bil sissy Daisy
Does mate her dreful sad,
So se says.
" And Daisy is a norful dir!
Her nice now frock she tored,
An' tause she had her hair to curl
Why she—why she just roared
Yesterday.
" When baby cwyed, an' muzzer said:
"Go an' wrook yittle Clair."
She put trams in his tralle spread,
An' ches-dam in his hair.
Tozzer day.
" What you sint one time she did?
Why ranned away from me,
She went and ranned away an' hid,
I didn't know where she be—
Touldn't line her.
" Dess I se sometimes norful, too—
Of course I is, I know;
But what's a yittle dir! to do
When she don't wort or sew
Tause she tart?
" She's dot to try; be tross, too,
When she's so small as me;
That's all the way she has to do
When she's tired—don't you see?
Tourse you do.
" When I se weally dood and nice
Through all the drate long day,
Papa tells me 'a pearl of price,'
An' muzzer's diad to say:
" She was dood."
—Good Cheer.

A VICTORY OVER SELF.

Uncle Joe Barker was a modest man. He never boasted that he had been a hero in more than one naval conflict; but when he visited his sister Mary, she said her boy kept the air blue with cannon-smoke. They made him tell stories until at last he fancied they were thinking quite too much of glory, and too little of principle.
One night Ned said:
" Tell us one of the worst fights you ever had—the one that used you up most completely."
" Well, when I was seventeen years old—
" You were not in the navy then?"
" In that year the battle was fought. I was at L—, and up to that year I had been the best mathematician in my class, but at last I had a rival—Howard by name. He was a snobbish, conceited fellow, clear-headed and cold-hearted. I detested him from the first; for if he ever gained the least advantage over me, he would sneer and take on great airs.
" At the end of a year we were contending for two prizes—one for the best composition on a given subject, one for mathematical proficiency. I was quite confident I should get the first, for Howard's essays were unequal, sometimes rather original, but lacking always in finish and delicacy. When, however, I came to hear his read, I could not doubt the result; it was better than mine. There were exceedingly effective points in it, ideas we wondered at coming from him, and of course he received the prize with many compliments.
" It was a week before the other prize was to be given, and our rivalry became more earnest. This last was to be awarded after a new fashion that year. The mathematical class was to be thoroughly examined, and honor given to whom honor was due. Then those who sustained certain exceptional tests were to have four problems given them to solve in the presence of a committee. The one who worked correctly and did the four the quickest was to receive the prize.
" A few days before the trial I found on the class-room floor a slip of paper covered with figures, the statement of a puzzling problem. The Professor's text-book was often full of such papers, and I did not once think of its being one of the four tests. I put it in my pocket, and—such things being always fascinating to me—I studied over it until I mastered it. I must have spent in all an hour on it, doing it at my ease as pleasant practice.
" About that time I was much disgusted to hear a schoolmate hint that Howard's older brother, who was in a German university, very likely did the best work on Howard's essay for him. He said the day the subject was given him he wrote to Germany, and he did not begin his essay until a day after a bulky paper came to him from Germany. I feared I had been cheated out of that prize, but there was no redress; to equalize matters, I must gain the other.
" The day came. There were at first five of us competing; three soon were out, Howard and I were left. What was my surprise, then, to have given us the very problem I had found and already studied out! I said to myself, I will be fair. I will go about it as deliberately as if I were trying it for the first time, and must not make a mistake. I glanced up. Howard was working well, confidently, but he had to think, to choose between methods, while my brain work had all been done before. I could show the whole problem finished in ten minutes and explain the why and the wherefore. When I stopped and smiled, Howard knew the prize was mine.
" The Professor requested him to go on, and he finished it in twenty minutes—just as long as I had apparently been at it, even in that time of silence and excitement, conscience kept me from talking loudly. " You know you took an hour, and he has not done that time." I answered that I had no motive for rapidity, or I could not have done it faster. " It is to do it was the proper way," he said; " I was able; I had no help." " No; the test is of the mind." " Have you stood the

stand the essay test? " " Yes, Ned." " Howard got, and kept both?" " Yes." " So your battle was a regular defeat,

Send the brightest young woman of the company out of the room and close the door. Those remaining will select a word having the same number of letters as there are people to play the game. Supposing there are seven, and the word Century is chosen. The player nearest the door selects the name of a famous character, a man or a woman well known to all present, whose name begins with C. The second player will take the letter E, and so on to the last. Each to keep his own secret as to the name chosen. The banished player is now called in and the fun begins. She must try and find out the word "Century" by getting at the initials of the characters chosen by the company. This is to be done by asking questions in turn to each of the players. No answers are allowed to be given but "Yes," "No," and "I don't know."

We will suppose the first player to have chosen Carlyle. The questioner begins: "Is your character a man?" "Yes." "Living?" "No." "Did he die within a few years?" "Yes." "An American?" "No." "An Englishman?" "No." "A Scotchman?" "Yes." "Was he a statesman?" "No." "A soldier?" "No." "One of the nobility?" "No." "An author?" "Yes." "Did he write poetry?" "No." "History?" "Yes." "Live in England?" "Yes." "In London?" "Yes." "Was he ever in America?" "No." "Did he write a history of the French Revolution?" "Yes." "Carlyle?" "Yes." This determines the first letter, and the others will be found in the same way. The game is made the more interesting from the fact that all the players are guessing at once; but those who remained in the room have the advantage of the questioner in knowing the initial letter of each character. The writer played this game not long since where one of the company bothered the questioner not a little by selecting the character of our first mother. Another chose Yorick, from Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The game might be simplified for the amusement and instruction of the younger members of the family by substituting the names of flowers, trees, or animals for those of noted characters.—Christian Union.

Confronted with His Villainy.

When Mr. Popperman threw off his overcoat last evening his wife said: "My dear, this is your birthday. Now, what kind of a present would you prefer?" "Well, money." "That's just the kind of a present I have for you," and Mrs. Popperman took from beneath her apron a plectoric bag, and emptied upon the table a pile of jingling coins. "There's your birthday present." The husband looked at the coins in amazement, and then said: "Why, my dear, the money is no good. There is nothing here but lead quarters and dimes with holes in 'em. Here's a quarter with a hole in it, and the hole is bigger than the quarter. What confounded rascal palmed that money on you? Oh! the scoundrels there are in the world!" "Calm yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Popperman. "That money must all be good. That's what you've given me for my money since we've been married."—N. Y. Morning Journal.

after all. How mean in him!" said Tom. "I am not sure of that; there are defeats, and defeats. Self and Satan defeated means victory for truth and honor."—Forward.

A Meaning.

"Miss Mary, quite contrary: How does your garden grow? Silver bells and cockle shells All in a row."

Most of us children, little and big, have recited this verse; but comparatively few know there is a meaning attached to the last two lines. At the time when this rhyme was made there were really "silver bells and cockle shells," and in rows, too, though not growing in gardens.

In those days—some hundreds of years ago—there were no coaches. Ladies traveled and visited on horseback; sometimes riding on a saddle or pillion behind a gentleman or manservant, and sometimes managing their own horses, with the gentleman riding alongside, or the groom following behind. The equipments or trappings of these horses were very rich and costly. Generally, the cloth which half covered them, and on which the lady rode, would be of finest woolen or silken material, handsomely embroidered. On grand occasions, or when the lady was very wealthy or noble, crimson velvet or cloth-of-gold would be used, edged with gold fringes and sprinkled with small pearls, called seed-pearls. The saddles and bridles were even more richly decorated, being often set with jewels of gold and silver ornaments, called "goldsmith's work." One fashion, very popular in the times of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, of England, was to have the bridle studded with a row of tiny silver cockle shells, and its edge hung with little silver bells, which, with the motion of the horse, kept up a merry jingle. Bells were also fastened to the point of the stirrup, which was formed like the toe of a shoe. And this partly explains another old nursery rhyme, made, no doubt, about the same time: "Ride a gray horse to Danbury Cross, To see a fine lady go on a white horse, Kings on her fingers and bells on her toes, So she shall have music wherever she goes."

There is a very old book preserved at Skipton Castle, in England, the account book of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. In this book, among a great many other entries, little and great, is one of the purchase by the Earl of "a saddle and bridle for my lady, embossed of silver cockle shells, and hung with silver bells;" and on the same page is another entry of "a hawk for my lady, with silken jesses, and a silver bell for the same." It was the custom for noble ladies to ride with a hawk perched upon their wrists; and this Countess of Cumberland, who is said to have been beautiful and stately, must have looked very grand when thus equipped.—St. Nicholas.

A New Game.

Send the brightest young woman of the company out of the room and close the door. Those remaining will select a word having the same number of letters as there are people to play the game. Supposing there are seven, and the word Century is chosen. The player nearest the door selects the name of a famous character, a man or a woman well known to all present, whose name begins with C. The second player will take the letter E, and so on to the last. Each to keep his own secret as to the name chosen. The banished player is now called in and the fun begins. She must try and find out the word "Century" by getting at the initials of the characters chosen by the company. This is to be done by asking questions in turn to each of the players. No answers are allowed to be given but "Yes," "No," and "I don't know."

We will suppose the first player to have chosen Carlyle. The questioner begins: "Is your character a man?" "Yes." "Living?" "No." "Did he die within a few years?" "Yes." "An American?" "No." "An Englishman?" "No." "A Scotchman?" "Yes." "Was he a statesman?" "No." "A soldier?" "No." "One of the nobility?" "No." "An author?" "Yes." "Did he write poetry?" "No." "History?" "Yes." "Live in England?" "Yes." "In London?" "Yes." "Was he ever in America?" "No." "Did he write a history of the French Revolution?" "Yes." "Carlyle?" "Yes." This determines the first letter, and the others will be found in the same way. The game is made the more interesting from the fact that all the players are guessing at once; but those who remained in the room have the advantage of the questioner in knowing the initial letter of each character. The writer played this game not long since where one of the company bothered the questioner not a little by selecting the character of our first mother. Another chose Yorick, from Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The game might be simplified for the amusement and instruction of the younger members of the family by substituting the names of flowers, trees, or animals for those of noted characters.—Christian Union.

When Mr. Popperman threw off his overcoat last evening his wife said: "My dear, this is your birthday. Now, what kind of a present would you prefer?" "Well, money." "That's just the kind of a present I have for you," and Mrs. Popperman took from beneath her apron a plectoric bag, and emptied upon the table a pile of jingling coins. "There's your birthday present." The husband looked at the coins in amazement, and then said: "Why, my dear, the money is no good. There is nothing here but lead quarters and dimes with holes in 'em. Here's a quarter with a hole in it, and the hole is bigger than the quarter. What confounded rascal palmed that money on you? Oh! the scoundrels there are in the world!" "Calm yourself, my dear," said Mrs. Popperman. "That money must all be good. That's what you've given me for my money since we've been married."—N. Y. Morning Journal.

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