

**HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.**

—Fruit trees, as well as animals, respond to judicious care.

—Sopsands are a valuable fertilizer for all forms of vegetation, especially serviceable for small fruits, and in the fruit garden proper will never be wasted.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A correspondent says that the best means of removing moss and earth accumulations from an old shingle roof is to sprinkle lime freely along the comb of the roof and let the rains dissolve and carry it over the shingles.—*N. Y. Times.*

—A good cough medicine is made of boiling two ounces of flaxseed in one quart of water; and rock candy to sweeten it to your taste. After straining, add also the juice of several lemons. This should be taken at night, and if possible it should be hot when taken.—*Detroit Post.*

—Have you any cabbage stumps? Set them out in the garden, as soon as the frost leaves the ground, where they will not interfere with other crops. Cover them half of their length. Green, tender leaves will soon appear which will give the earliest of greens. The blossom shoots will appear later.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The following is claimed to be a very effective cure for scratches on the fetlock joint of a horse, one which never fails: Wind a woolen rag around the affected part, and fasten it and let it be till it wears off. No matter if you drive your horse in the mud, do not take off the rag, and before you are aware of it the scratches will be cured.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—A writer in a scientific journal ridicules the idea that apples sweat and that they must undergo a sweating process before they are put in barrels in order to keep well. He states that only injury comes from leaving apples in piles in an orchard, and that the moisture found on them comes from the atmosphere. He recommends placing them in barrels as soon as they are picked.

—The way to make loose hair covers is to take the exact pattern in paper, lay this on the material, and baste it round and cut it out, allowing turnings; then stitch with the machine. The back of the chair will sometimes have to be gathered, and filled here and there to the front. It is a great improvement to put a gathered bounce round the chair covers. Where absolutely necessary, fasten with buttons and button-holes. Use as few strings as you can; they are apt to hang down unwarily and look untidy.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The winter radish is rarely found in farmers' gardens, though it is considered a treat by all who are fond of this vegetable at this time of the year. Try it in the garden of the coming season. The seed need not be sown until the time for turnips. Thinned and well cultivated they will grow from ten to twelve inches long and three inches in diameter; when they are gathered bury them in sand in the cellar. Before using they will not grow well during the hot season and nothing is gained by haste in planting.—*Utica Herald.*

**The Mole.**

The mole is considered a nuisance if not worse, generally worse. We have known farmers and gardeners to soak seed in poison to kill the mole. But the creature does not want the farmer's or gardener's seed. It is naturally insectivorous and carnivorous. In its burrowing it, of course, runs through the seed hills and rows, and may cut off the tender roots of plants and even heave the plants and when driven to it will eat the seed. This is to be regretted. But we must not look only to the losses from the mole. It confers some benefit. The question is, how much? If it does more good than evil, it is a friend and not an enemy. We are aware that the question is one that is difficult to answer, and that it can not be answered except in a general way. One thing we do know; the mole must live, and as it lives principally upon the insect life under the ground, it must devour large quantities of the pupae of insect enemies, worms, etc. Perhaps the mole will have to be placed with the birds in our estimate of its value. It will not do to charge him with everything and credit him with nothing. We can conceive of no greater injury being done the farmer and gardener than the killing off of all the birds. If the birds were gone we would soon find that the fruit that had been saved from their depredations, had been saved at a ruinous cost. More properly speaking, however, in many cases there would be no fruit saved. The insects would destroy the whole crop.

There is no mistake about it, as a rule we show little appreciation of our various mute friends, the birds, moles, toads, and the natural enemies of insects. If it were not for them, we would be eaten up alive. There is scarcely an insect that troubles our crops that would not at times at least, make our fields and gardens barren, but for their natural enemies and perhaps moles and toads and even snakes. But generally we make indiscriminate war upon all these. The whole force of many a farm will turn out to kill a snake, if one is discovered on the premises; and we confess we do not like a snake ourselves. But many of these snakes destroy large numbers of mice and field rats, and perhaps we may be paying dearly for the satisfaction of our prejudices or fears by killing them. Moles are sometimes so numerous that they do great damage, and it seems advisable to poison or trap them. But even then the remedy may prove worse than the disease. Certainly we ought to stop the indiscriminate slaughter of the lower animals that infest the fields and woods. If we kill it should be done only after fully understanding the uses of our victims, and carefully comparing the good with the evil they do. We think that we can well afford to give the birds the little fruit they eat and perhaps, too, we can better afford to suffer the injury done by the moles rather than kill them, except perhaps under peculiar circumstances. Still we do not like moles, and we generally trap them. But the point we wish to make is, that we ought to study such matters more carefully than we usually do.—*Weston Rural.*

**Spring Woollen Goods.**

The new wool stuffs for spring dresses revive the styles of our grandmothers both in their soft faded hues and in the quaint designs wrought upon them, or rather woven there, in old-fashioned sampler stitches. The cross stitches of tapestries and the beaded work done a century ago by painstaking needlewomen are now admirably copied by machinery in both silks and crewels on the rough-finished bison-cloths, the smooth albatross wools, and on many canvas-like fabrics. Small detached figures are most used for the sunken cross stitches, while the raised boucle figures are larger arabesques, birds and branches of bowers. The backgrounds for these designs, which are done in gay colors, are soft shades of gray, brown, blue or old red, with the greater number in the new ecru shades, which are now called *Suede*, like the colors so popular for gloves, Panama like the tints of straw braids, and *chamignons*—the pinkish-browns of mushroom-rooms. Only a part of the dress is made of these figured stuffs, and the preference is for confining the figures to the lower skirt, which is severely plain, and to the vest, which is the only trimming for the blouse; however, there are many variations to this rule, and the use of remnants and short lengths for combination dresses may still be resorted to. Other fabrics for what the French manufacturers call *grand' mode* dresses copy to perfection in their weaving the stitches of quilting in the quilted skirts that formed the lower skirts of dresses in olden times. A small flower or leaf, dots or stars, may then be printed all through the quilted design, and this antiquated-looking fabric will form the full round skirt of a costume that has a boucle and most oddly bunched up draperies of a plain color.

For those who do not like figured goods there are ottoman albatross wools of the lightest quality, not heavier than veiling or bunting, yet woven with threads across that give repped effects; just the reverse of these is the *fil-a-fil* wools with alternating threads of two colors or of different thicknesses lengthwise in the fabric. Both these materials, as well as the summer bison-cloths, are of light weight, and are almost as transparent as muslin. A great many striped goods are shown both in wide stripes of solid hue and in others that have the *fil-a-fil* stripes in quaintly contrasted colors, or in two tones of a single shade. The blue-grays seem to prevail in these striped stuffs, and also in the checks, blocks and plaids that are shown in fine wools; otherwise the preference is for the new ecru tints that always find favor in the spring. Chevrons come in all the striped and checked designs, and in the illuminated and Venetian mixtures of color that have no set pattern. What is called Jersey albatross is a sheer wool bunting woven in elastic webbing like Jersey cloths. New plaids for children's dresses have their bars crossing in squares that are woven in Greek key patterns, and these show odd contrasts of color, such as *Suede* with shrimp pink, or gray with *Suede*, gray with *Suede*, or porcelain blue with buff.

Cashmeres are more largely imported than at any previous season, and in exquisitely fine, soft and light qualities. Three colors most seen in these are *Suede*, sky blue, and cream white, and the novel way of using them is to put them under transparent embroideries on white net, representing lace, in the way silks and satins have hitherto been used. All garish luster is thus done away in these refined toilettes, which have the entire skirt covered with ecru embroidered net, which is itself made into a skirt of what is called piece lace, or else the front and side-panels only are covered with this net woven to represent many rows of lace. The designs are similar to those of Oriental laces, and much of the pattern is done in darker ecru threads than the groundwork of the net. The tapestry figures and raised velvet blocks noted on silks and on bison cloths are among the new fancies for cashmeres; these, like the lace-covered cashmeres, serve for skirts, while the waist and draperies are of plain cashmere.

Irish poplins, that have found favor again with English women, are imported in quantities of medium weight suitable for demi-season dresses. They will be used here by those who prefer corded ottoman effects, and are to serve for the entire dress, with trimmings of velvet. The sober shades of gray and ecru that prevail at present are very handsome in those corded fabrics of mixed silk and wool; there are also smoother poplins, resembling pongees, of substantial thickness that show no cords.—*Harper's Bazar.*

**One of Webster's Stories.**

Daniel Webster was fond of a good story, and told a few illustrating his early life in New Hampshire. One evening at a convivial party, where he and several distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happened to turn on the legal profession. "When I was a young practitioner," said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were but few men who dared to enter the list with him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit for a piece of land, brought by a little, crabbed, cunning lawyer called Bruce. Bruce's case was looked upon as good as lost when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came on for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard, and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong, and unless it could be impeached, the case of the defendant was lost. The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up for the defense, old Barnaby commenced a furious attack on this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was, under any circumstances, to be believed. "And who is this red-coated witness?" exclaimed Barnaby, "but a descendant of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty, and who would hesitate not to deprive my poor client of his land by making any sort of red-coated statement!" During this speech Bruce was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited, and convinced that his case was gone, knowing, as he did, the prejudice of the jury against the British. Whilst, however, Barnaby was

gesticulating and leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent appeal, his shirt-bosom opened slightly, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red undershirt. Bruce's countenance brightened up. Putting both hands in his coat-pockets, he walked to the bar with great confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all lookers-on. Just as Barnaby concluded Bruce whispered in the ear of his client: "I've got him—your case is safe;" and, approaching the jury, he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary. Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red-coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country, and his character for truth and veracity. "But what, gentlemen of the jury," broke forth Bruce, in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eyes flashed fire, "what are you to expect of a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy our testimony on the ground that my witness wears a red coat, when, gentlemen of the jury—when, when, gentlemen of the jury?" (here Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel, "when Mr. Barnaby himself wears a blue one?" The effect was electrical; Barnaby was beaten at his own game, and Bruce gained the cause."—*Exchange.*

**A Thousand Wives.**

Do what they may, no Mormon leader will ever equal the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Muley Hassan, who has just added the one thousandth wife to his harem, and has celebrated this unique millenary by a brilliant feast given to the other 999, or rather to the other 600, for 400 are either dead or pensioned off. Like the Mormons, the Sultan does not keep all his better-halves at one place, but distributes them among his winter and summer residences at Fez, Morocco, Taitet, and so forth. Even then, unless he has more palaces than fall to the lot of most Emperors, there must be enough in each house to seriously interfere with harmony now and then. We wonder if he felt as much pride and satisfaction when he added the thousandth to the number as Baron Trenchard did when he published the "collection of British Authors?" For we imagine that after a man has married his three or four hundredth consort—though on this point we must speak with the doubt arising from a total lack of experience—he cares very little for a new wife, as a wife, and regards each further addition much as a collector looks upon a new Elzevir, or a new specimen of Japanese pottery, or another pipe, when he does not care to smoke, another violin, which will hang upon his wall untouched. It is the pleasure of the miser who heaps up stores; a pleasure, which, in this line of hoarding, only one man in the modern world, fortunately, is allowed to have. It is curious, however, to observe that, while what might be called the physical wonders of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments"—the carpet or the horse that traveled a month's journey in a day, the talisman that conveyed one's words at once to the distant lover—that, while these and the like are coming true by the power of modern science, the social wonders, as they seem to us Occidentals, are beginning to fade away. A son of this very Sultan, the Prince Muley Edris, not long ago married an Italian governess, who did not give up her religion, and who stipulated that she should be the only wife; and a brother of the Sultan, the Sheriff of Wezdan, has an English wife, who no doubt was equally determined to have her husband all to herself.—*Boston Advertiser.*

**Rosewood for Pianos.**

The defects of rosewood are undoubtedly making themselves felt at this season of the year more than any other, and therefore a discussion of the matter is now timely, and of a general course as regards the material could be decided upon by the manufacturers and dealers it would not be impossible that a checking piano might be a thing of the past. In this connection I might say that it is not merely rosewood as a material that should be eliminated from the manufacturing process, but the veneering process with any material. It is this process of veneering, or the covering of one wood with another by glueing, that is the real cause of the trouble, and we fear there's only one safe and sure way out of the difficulty, viz.: to use only solid woods. The use of solid woods immediately suggests the idea of carving which of course gives opportunity for considerable proper and artistic decoration which would lead to improved outlines and styles of cases. The uniformity of styles amongst the various makers to-day is a bountiful source of evil and furnishes a good chance for much of the misrepresentation and consequent dissatisfaction on the part of customers. If some of the well-known and respectable makers would inaugurate the plan of a more general custom of requiring time to produce a piano after the order was given, or in other words develop their "custom-made department," it would be a step in the right direction. The trouble, however, is that leading makers are unwilling to yield up the prestige of reputation which causes the ignorant buyers to hope that this particular brand may not have the ordinary rosewood, and so they go on, only afterwards to make explanations. There is one fact, however, that there is a difference in rosewood, and a mighty difference in the manner of veneering, and if the trade will unite in dispensing altogether with it, let them join in requiring the best quality of thick veneer, for there is much that can be prevented, for there is much mismanagement with even rosewood.—*Boston Musical Observer.*

—Canada's Upper House of legislation, or Senate, has little attention or thought bestowed upon it by the people. It is seldom in session, and has but seventy members, who are appointed for life, two-thirds of whom owe their position to Sir John Macdonald, either directly or indirectly. The Senate's whole duty seem to be to pass whatever laws the Lower House originates.—*N. Y. Times.*

**Temperance Reading.**

**THE LAW AND ORDER LEAGUE.**

Whether the absolute prohibition or the regulation of the liquor traffic be the system best adapted to restrain intemperance is a question on which good men may differ. But, whether the law of the State be prohibitory or license, good citizens must agree that it should be enforced. Many earnest temperance workers, in their eagerness to utterly banish the accursed cup from the land, do scant justice to the wisdom of the laws concerning the sale of intoxicants now on the statute books. In most States, notably in Massachusetts, this code of laws is conceived with great judgment and good sense. If these laws were enforced, it is safe to say that intemperance would be as effectually controlled as under a prohibitory regime. That they are not enforced is the weak point of the license system. The License law of Massachusetts provides, among other things, that every seller of intoxicating liquors shall be a person of good moral character; that the liquor sold shall be of good quality and free from adulteration; that no liquor shall be sold to a drunkard or to any person known to have been intoxicated within six months; that no liquor shall be sold to a minor, either for himself or for the use of any other person; that no liquor shall be sold on the Lord's Day, or between the hours of midnight and six o'clock in the morning, and that no open bars shall exist within four hundred feet of a school-house. The laws are excellent, but they have never been systematically enforced.

A movement looking toward the better enforcement of existing liquor laws has been recently started. The Citizens' Law and Order League has for its avowed purpose the enforcing of what the statutes may contain. It asks no new enactment. Its watchword is: "We ask only obedience to law." A movement so wise and so temperate has commended itself to the judgment of law-abiding citizens in all our principal cities and smaller towns, and the cause has grown apace. The organization of a League is very simple. It has one active officer, either President or Secretary, who devotes a large part of his time to the prosecution of the work. An attorney is employed in the interest of the society, who manages the cases that are brought into the jurisdiction of the courts. The law and order movement is an aggressive movement. It passes no resolutions; it circulates few, if any petitions. It is an honest, working force.

Some of the results accomplished by the various Leagues may be briefly noticed. The Chicago League has been in operation for five years. At the time of its organization it was estimated that thirty thousand boys and girls were daily patrons of the saloons. To save these children has been the aim of the League. It has prosecuted sixteen hundred liquor dealers, and secured twelve hundred convictions. The members of the League have visited over three thousand homes, and secured pledges from many children not to visit saloons. In this work it is believed that a million dollars have been diverted from the till of the bar-keeper to the homes of the city. The Massachusetts League was formed less than two years ago, but it is safe to say that in that short time saloon-keepers have received many salutary lessons, and have been taught to respect the law. The work which it is doing for children is especially gratifying. The Secretary believes that not one sale of liquor is now made to minors in Boston where one year ago ten were made. In one town in Middlesex County ten saloons were flourishing in close proximity to school-houses when the League was formed. These have been obliged to close their business.

The most hopeful sign in this movement is the great interest, almost enthusiasm, with which it is greeted all over the country. Seventeen branches in as many different towns have already been formed in Massachusetts, and from all sides questions are pouring in in regard to the methods of work and its results. A convention, representing eight States, has recently met in Boston, and as a result a National League was formed in the hope of spreading the interest in law and order to every part of the land. Also a grand Temperance meeting was held at Tremont Temple. The strong point of this new movement is that it gathers to itself all good citizens of whatever shade of Temperance opinion, and forms them into a solid phalanx to meet a common foe.—*Golden Rule.*

**A Rum-Seller's Experience.**

A man named Stacy, the owner of a splendid drinking saloon in New-York, signed the pledge lately and closed his house. Hearing that a party of lads had formed themselves into a Temperance society, he gave them his experience as a rum-seller. "I have sold liquor," said Mr. Stacy, "for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterwards fill the grave of a suicide. I have seen a man after man, wealthy and educated, come into my saloon, who can not now buy their dinner. I can recall twenty customers worth from \$100,000 to \$500,000 who are now without money, place or friends." He warned boys against entering saloons on any pretext. He stated that he had seen many a young fellow, a member of some Temperance society, come in with a friend and wait while he drank. "No, no," he would say, "I never touch it. Thanks all the same." Presently, rather than to seem churlish, he would take a glass of cider or harmless lemonade. "The lemonade was nothing," said the rum-seller, "but I knew how it would end. The only safety, boys, for any man, no matter how strong his resolution, is outside the door of a saloon."

SWEDEN has a law that we commend to legislators desirous of reaching the drunkard not the manufacturer and seller of drink. By this law a man drunk three times loses the right to vote.—*Union Signal.*

A LAW has recently been passed in Denmark which provides that all intoxicated persons shall be taken home in carriages at the expense of the landlord who sold them the first glass.

**Our Young Readers.**

**TWO OPINIONS.**

"I would not be a girl," said Jack, "because they have no fun; they can not go fishing, nor shooting with a gun."

"For boys are horrid things," said May, "I would not be a boy;—"

With pockets filled with books and knives, and nails and tops and strings."

—*Harper's Young People.*

**TOMMY'S WHIPPING.**

He was seven years old, lived in Chrysope, and his name was Tommy. Moreover he was going to school for the first time in his life. Out here little people are not allowed to attend school when they are five or six, for the law says: "Children under seven must not go to school."

But now Tommy was seven and had been to school two weeks, and such delightful weeks! Every day mamma listened to long accounts of how "me and Dick Ray played marbles," and "us tilters cracked the whip." There was another thing that he used to tell mamma about, something that in those first days he always spoke of in the most subdued tones, and that—I am sorry to record it of any school—was the numerous whippings that were administered to various little boys and girls. There was something painfully fascinating about those whippings to restless, mischievous little Tommy, who had never learned the art of sitting still. He knew his turn might come at any moment and one night he cried out in his sleep: "Oh, dear, what will become of me if I get whipped!" But as the days passed on and this possible retribution overtook him not, his fears gradually forsook him, and instead of speaking pitifully of "those poor children who were whipped," he mentioned them in a casual, off-hand manner as "those cry-babies, you know?" One afternoon mamma saw him sitting on the porch, slapping his little fat hand with a strap. "Tommy, child, what in the world are you doing?" she asked.

Into his pocket he thrust the strap, and the pink cheeks grew pinker still as his answer was heard:—"I—I was just seeing—how hard I could hit my hand—without crying!" and he disappeared around the side of the house before mamma could ask any more questions.

The next day Tommy's seatmate, Dicky Ray, was naughty in school, and Miss Linnet called him up, opened her desk, took out a little riding-whip—it was a bright blue one—and then and there administered punishment. And because he cried, when come came, Tommy said:—"Isn't Dick Ray just a regular cry-baby?" (He had learned that word from some of the big boys but, mind you, he never dared to say it before his mother.)

Dick's face flushed with anger. "Never you mind, Tommy Brown," said he, "just wait till you get whipped and we'll see a truly girl cry-baby then, won't we, Daisy?"

And blue-eyed Daisy, who was the idol of their hearts, nodded her curly little head in the most emphatic manner, and said she "wouldn't be one bit 's'prised if he'd holler so loud that they would hear him way down in Colorado."

Tommy stood aghast! for really and truly, he was not quite so stony-hearted as a little mortal as he appeared to be; he had been secretly rather sorry for Dick, but he wanted Daisy to think that he himself was big and manly, and he had the opinion that this was just the way to win her admiration. But all this time he didn't know what Daisy did—that Dick's pockets were full of sugar-plums; tip-top ones, too, for Daisy had tasted them, and knew that little packets of them would from time to time find their way into her chubby hand.

All the rest of the morning Tommy kept thinking, thinking, thinking. One thing was certain: the present situation was not to be endured one moment longer than was absolutely necessary. But what could he do? Should he fight Dicky? This plan was rejected at once on high, moral grounds. Well, then, supposing some dark night he should see Daisy on the street, just grab her, hold on tight, and say:—"Now, Daisy Rivers, I won't let you go till you promise you'll like me a great deal better than you do Dick Ray." There seemed something nice about this plan, very nice; the more Tommy thought of it, the better he liked it; only there were two objections to it. Firstly: Daisy never ventured out doors after dark. Secondly: Neither did Tom.

Both objections being insurmountable, this delightful scheme was reluctantly abandoned, and the thinking process went on harder than ever, till at last—oh, oh! if he only dared! What a triumph it would be! But then he couldn't—yes, he couldn't. Didn't she say that she "wouldn't be one bit 's'prised if he hollered so loud that they would hear him way down in Colorado?" Colorado, indeed! He'd show her there was one boy in the school who was not a girl-cry-baby!

Yes, actually, foolish Tommy had decided to prove his manhood by being whipped, and that that interesting little event should take place that very afternoon.

What did he do? He whispered six times!

Had it been any other child, he would surely have been punished; but Miss Linnet knew both Tommy and his mamma quite well, and therefore she knew also, quite well, that only a few days ago the one horror of Tommy's life had been the thought that he might possibly be whipped. Then, too, it was his first term at school, and hitherto he had been very good. So she decided to keep him after school and talk to him of the sinfulness of bad conduct in general, and of whispering in particular. This plan she faithfully carried out, and the little culprit's heart so melted within him that he climbed up on his teacher's lap, put his arms around her neck and kissed her, crying he would never be so naughty again. He was just going to tell her all about Miss Linnet, when in walked a friend of Miss Linnet's, so he went home instead. The next morning he started for school with the firm determination to be a good child, and I really believe he would have been had not that provoking little witch of a Daisy marched past him in a very independent manner. Her

samey nose away up in the air, and a scornful look in her pretty blue eyes. It was more than flesh and blood could stand. All Tom's good resolutions flew sky-high.

When twelve o'clock came Miss Linnet's list of delinquents began in this wise:

WHISPER MARKS.  
Thomas Brown 15 plus 11 = 26  
Melinda Jones 11 = 11

There was great excitement among the little people. How dared any one be so dreadfully bad! Tommy's heart sank, sank, sank, when Miss Linnet said:—"When school begins this afternoon I shall punish Tommy and Melinda."

And she did! She called them both up on the platform, made them clasp hands and stand with their backs against the blackboard, then wrote just above their heads:

Thomas Brown 1 Partners in disgrace, and  
Melinda Jones 15 plus 11 = 26

Oh, how mortified and ashamed Tommy was! If only she had whipped him, or if it had been some other girl. But Melinda Jones!!! (a colored girl). At the end of ten minutes, Miss Linnet let them take their seat; but Tommy's heart burned within him. Daisy had laughed when he stood there holding Melinda Johnson's hand! There were deep crimson spots on Tommy's cheeks all that afternoon and a resolute determined look in his bright brown eyes, but he was very still and quiet.

Later in the day the children were startled by a sudden commotion on the other side of the room. Daisy was writing on her slate and Melinda Jones, in passing to her seat, accidentally knocked it out of her hands; without a moment's hesitation, Daisy, by way of expressing her feelings, snatched her slate and promptly administered such a sounding "whack!" on Melinda's back and shoulders as brought a shriek of anguish from that poor, little unfortunate who began to think that if all the days of her life were to be like unto this day, existence would certainly prove a burden.

Just about two minutes later Miss Linnet was standing by her desk, a ruler in one hand and Daisy's open palm in the other, while Daisy herself, miserable little culprit, stood white and trembling before her. As she raised the ruler to give the first blow, Tommy sprang forward, placed himself at Daisy's side, put his open palm over hers, and with tears in his eyes, pleaded in this wise:—"Please, Miss Linnet, whip me instead! She is only just a little girl, and I know she'll cry, it will hurt her so! I'd rather it would be me every time than Daisy—truly I won't cry. Oh, please whip me!"

And Miss Linnet did whip him, while Daisy, filled with remorse, clung to him sobbing as if her heart would break. To be sure, somebody ought to know, told me it was the lightest "feruling" ever child received; but Daisy and Tommy both assured their mothers that it was the "dreadfullest, cruelest, hardest whipping ever was."

"And did my little man cry?" asked mamma.

"No, indeed! I stood up big as I could, looked at Daisy and smiled, 'cause I was so glad it wasn't her!"

Then that proud and happy mamma took him in her arms and kissed him; and right in the midst of the kissing in walked Daisy.

"Would Tommy please come and take supper with her?"

Of course he would, and they walked off hand in hand. When they passed Dicky's house Tommy suggested:—"S'posin they forgave Dick and let him go 'long too." And Daisy agreeing, they called that young gentleman out and magnanimously informed him that he was forgiven and might come and have supper with them.

What in the world they had to forgive, nobody knows; but then, so long as forgiveness proved such an eminently satisfactory arrangement, all round—why, nobody need care.

The children waited outside the gate while Dick coaxed his mother to let him go, and standing there, hand in hand, Daisy plucked up heart of grace and with very rosy cheeks and an air about her of general penitence, said something very sweet in a very small voice:

"I'm sorry you were whipped, and oh, Tommy, I wish I hadn't said you'd holler!"—*Amy Terese Powellson, in Wide Awake.*

**Poverty's Means.**

The practice of the guest bringing his own food to be cooked is a common one even among classes many degrees above poverty. For example, a young clerk, on say thirty pounds a year, will buy a chop at the Leadenhall Market for his midday—perhaps his only "solid"—meal and take it to a neighboring chop-house, where it is cooked for him and served with a piece of bread for a penny. The chop, half a pound of mutton, has cost four pence; the cost of a solid meal, five pence. In Paris I saw an old veteran soldier, one who wore several medals, enter a soup-house on the Rue St. Honoré, buy a bowl of hot *bouillabaisse* for three cents, produce a roll of bread from his pocket and thus make a solid meal for five cents. In France even soup is considered solid. The butcher-scrap business in London affords, perhaps, the most striking proof of the extremities to which the poor are reduced for those nitrogenous elements of food which a cold and wet climate renders indispensable. The retail butcher shops are open from dawn until about eleven o'clock at night, when they begin to close. At this late hour there is no chance of any further demand for whole meats. But now commences the trade in scraps. These consist of such refuse as in Paris is thrown to the dogs or given to the "swill" man. In London the demand for it as human food is so strong that children are sent to stand in a line and take their turn in purchasing the coveted refuse at ten and twelve cents per pound. This trade continues up to one o'clock in the morning, when the last little pauper is sent home to his expectant parents with his sixpenny worth of refuse, the gas is wrung off and the butcher has shut up his shop. I have often been a witness to such scenes, the first one of which made a strong impression on the mind.—*London Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

—Josh Billings says Artemus Ward left his mother \$600,000 in his will, when he hadn't sixty cents to his name.