

STRIKE NOW.

There's nothing more than canst command, The past has gone beyond thy hand, With many a broken vow, The coming moment is not thine; Life stands between, a narrow line, Strike while the iron's hot—strike now.

CHRISTIE'S TELEGRAPHING.

I am very glad that telephones have been invented; and yet I am glad they were not sooner invented. I should like to tell you the reason. That will take some time, for it is quite a story. We live in the country at Oakbrook, my father is treasurer and superintendent of the Oakbrook mills. Our house is situated on a beautifully wooded slope close to the river, and is a quarter of a mile from the river. That is why a telegraph wire was placed between the two.

I promised father when it was put up that I would learn to send messages over it. There was no one else in the family who could have learned. Both my brothers were away to boarding school and mother would as soon have thought of studying the Chinese language as telegraphy.

Father declared that I never would learn. Girls had but little patience for such things, he said. Nevertheless the wire was put up and connected with a battery in the library, and in just four months' time I had mastered the alphabet and technicalities of the instrument so that I could use it readily and was able to read the messages by ear.

It was Harry Randall who taught me. He was one of the clerks at the office, and he had learned to use the instrument because it was necessary to have somebody to send messages by the wire that ran from the mills to the adjacent city of Palmer.

Having explained so much I think I have said all that was necessary to enable you to understand what occurred on a certain February night, about which I am going to tell you.

We were through supper and were sitting together, father, mother and I, around the table in the library, when Joseph, our coachman, and man-of-all-work about the place, brought in the mail as usual.

Father eagerly took a letter, which seemed to have been expected, from the other letters. I noticed a disturbed expression upon his face as he read it; and I was more anxious than surprised when he arose and went to the hall door and called to the girl who was in the dining room.

"Mary," said he, "tell Joseph to harness Prince at once. I must get to the Junction in time for the 9 o'clock express. He'll have to finish his supper when he gets back."

Then he turned and said that the letter contained intelligence that made it necessary that he should go to New York that night. Of course, as the wife and daughter of a business man, we knew what he meant, and that there was not a word of remonstrance to be said. So mother went to make for him what preparation was needful and I should have followed her a moment later, but father called me back.

"Christie," he said rather soberly, "I am going to tell you something that no one knows anything about save Harry Randall. I have quite a large sum—over \$6,000—in my pocket." He touched his breast with his finger.

"I never keep large amounts of money by me, but in this case it was unavoidable, and I thought I should feel less anxious to have it with me than to allow it to remain in the safe at the office. I cannot, of course, take it to New York, so I want you to take charge of it till to-morrow morning, and then carry it to Randall for him to deposit in the bank. Don't say anything to your mother about it. She is so timid and nervous that she would not sleep a wink all night if she knew so large a sum was in the house. Do you understand?"

With no slight feeling of responsibility I took the leather pocketbook which he handed me and placed it in the pocket of my dress.

Father went on, "Perhaps you had better put it under your pillow; of course it is fire that I am most anxious about. There is no danger of the money in any other way. Not a soul knows about it."

Then he went into the hall and came very unexpectedly on Joseph, for I heard him speak somewhat sharply to him because he had not gone to the stable and declaring that his business was of more importance than his supper. I heard Joseph mutter something about taking time to finish his meal.

Ten minutes later, as father was going down the steps to get into the carriage, he turned back to me, and holding his umbrella so mother could not hear, he whispered:

"I've been thinking, Christie, that young Randall had better come and sleep at the house. I shall feel easier about you. He is to be there at work to-night until very late."

Then he stepped into the buggy, and they drove away in the darkness and rain.

I did not send a message to Harry, however. Indeed, I laughed a little as I thought of father's anxiety. He was almost as timid as mother, after all.

I was of a rather easy, careless disposition, and really had not a particle of fear of having the money in my keeping. And as we two sat there in the library, mother dozing in the big chair, and I intent upon some fancy work which I was anxious to finish in time for a friend's birthday, I

forgot altogether the package of money that lay at the bottom of my dress pocket.

Joseph did not get back until after 10 o'clock, although it was only three miles to the junction, and he should have been home long before that hour.

We thought little of that, however. He had been with us several years, and I learned that he had been recently led into bad company, and that father had several times had angry words with him about his habits.

Joseph slept in the house, and for that reason it seemed to me quite unnecessary that Harry Randall should be there also.

When the clock struck 10 mother arose, declaring it was time to go to bed. She went into all the lower rooms to see that the windows and doors were fastened, and then came back to the library for me.

But I did not feel sleepy, and wanted very much to go on with my work, so I begged her to go on without me, promising to come up in the course of an hour.

The clock struck 11 almost before I knew the time had passed. I laid down my work and counted the strokes without looking at the clock itself.

I was sitting at a little center table, near the lamp. At my left, a little way off against the wall, was father's desk, with books and papers scattered upon it, and the battery at one end.

Opposite me were two long windows that opened upon the side piazza. Over these were thick curtains, closely drawn, which did not shut out the sound of the pelting storm outside. Directly opposite me was the hall door, standing, as usual, wide open.

Just then I heard or fancied I heard, a low sigh or breath in the hall. I turned my head instantly, but did not see any person, and listening intently, heard no further sound. I felt a little uneasy, and smiled to myself at my nervousness and dread. It seemed as if I had realized as I had not done before that evening, the fact that I was sitting all alone downstairs in the house, at 11 o'clock at night, with a large sum of money in my pocket.

I glanced at the desk. Possibly Harry was still at work at the office. If he was a single sentence over the wire would call him.

I was just getting up to go to the desk to signal and see if he was at the mill, when something occurred to me that seemed to turn me cold and motionless as stone in an instant.

Behind me, so close that it came from the threshold of the hall door, a low, hoarse voice, that I knew, without seeing the speaker, must be that of a desperate and wicked man, broke the stillness, and bade me "Good evening!"

For a moment, as I say, I felt as though I had been turned to stone. Then the voice, speaking again, seemed at least to restore the life in me, and to set my heart to beating violently.

The language that the man used was not even as good English as, in attempting to reproduce, I find myself writing.

"Don't be frightened, miss. I beg of ye not to be frightened. All ye've got to do is ter keep still, an' not a hair of your pretty head shall be harmed."

Then I turned my head, half wheeling my chair at the same time, and saw standing in the doorway a tall, brutal looking man, altogether as ill conditioned and fearful looking a person as I ever have seen.

Naturally enough I opened my lips to utter a little cry, but he stopped me by a single threatening motion of a club he carried in his hand.

"S—h," he fiercely hissed. "If ye raise a single scream I'll strike ye as senseless as yer mother is upstairs."

The last word changed for the moment the nature of my fear and gave me strength to speak.

"What have you done to my mother?" I demanded excitedly. "Do you mean—have you killed her?"

He uttered a low laugh. "No, my dear; she was waking up, so we had ter use chloroform. An' you must keep still or you'll find the same way. You see, it's just here—"

He drew a step nearer and seemed disposed to explain matters.

"What we want is some money which your father brought down from Palmer yesterday. Maybe yer don't know about it, but we do, and we know he left it in the house when he went off to-night. My friend is upstairs looking for it this minute. All we want is money. We don't mean to harm nobody. Ye shan't be touched if ye behave yerself an' keep quiet."

Somewhat assured by this, and having had time while he was speaking to collect myself, I was now able to assume an appearance at least of calmness.

I took up my embroidery and went on working, or pretending to work—at the pattern I was embroidering; I think the action helped me, too, for I presently found myself quite calm, and with a coolness and resolution that I can hardly believe now, as I recall it, turning over in my mind what I ought to do.

What would these two men do when they found, as they would soon find, that the money was not upstairs? They would be disappointed and desperate—capable, perhaps, of deeds that they had not at first intended.

Perhaps I had better give up the money at once and so get rid of them. And yet, father had confided it to my care; and it did not belong to him but to the company. I ought not to give it to these men if I could help it. Oh, why could I not give the alarm in some way? What if I could open my mouth and cry out at any risk? Could I make Joseph hear away out in the wing of the house as he was? Alas! I knew that I could not, even had I not this man been sitting there by the door—he had taken a chair now—eyeing me fiercely as though to read my thoughts. Ah, if I had only done as father wished and telegraphed to Harry Randall to come up! And then, with this last thought another came to me. Why could I not summon Harry even now, if perchance he was still at the office?

I arose from my chair, mechanically grasping my work in my hand. My

guard got up also, evidently suspicious of my slightest movement.

"I'll have to ask you to keep quiet, miss," said he with a harsh determined voice.

I turned upon him indignantly. "I suppose I may change my seat if I like," said I.

And without waiting for his permission, I walked deliberately over to the desk and sat down on the revolving chair that stood before it. At the same time I threw my work down on the desk in such a way as to cover completely the battery, which instrument my companion had probably not noticed at all. Perhaps he would not have known what it was if he had.

I sat there a moment, listlessly twisting the chair back and forth, and trying to make up my mind what to do.

Just then there was a slight noise on the hall stairs and the man became uneasy, stood up and looked at the library door as if he was about to go toward it. Then he turned again to me, and with a threatening gesture said:

"You just set there while I step into the hall a bit. And if you stir or make a noise it will be the worse for ye. Do you mind that?"

He went softly into the hall. Feeling that now was my opportunity, I put my finger on the knob, and as silently as possible sent my signal over the wire into the night, down to the mills and Harry Randall.

"Harry, are you there?"

In another instant I was leaning back in my chair and moving an inkstand on the table to make a noise. How my heart was beating, and my ear was strained to catch the sound that—if I might in God's goodness hope it—might possibly come back to me!

Almost a minute—it seemed an age—I listened; and my heart sank as no answering signal was heard. Then—click! click! click! came the sound sweeter to my ears than the sweetest music, and I knew Harry was there. These sounds were to some extent covered by the drumming of my thimble, but to me were as plain as spoken words.

Instantly I sent back my answer—two excited words, run together: "Robbers! Help!"

The total silence that followed assured me, after a minute's anxious waiting, that Harry had comprehended my message, and that doubtless he would come at once to the house. Fortune had favored me, for I had heard the man creeping up the hall stairs, and thus I had escaped the results of any suspicions he might have had had he heard the clicking of the instrument.

I did not look at the clock, and so cannot say how long I sat there in silence. It seemed to me that it was hours.

Then there was a sound of whispering in the hall. The next moment there appeared in the doorway a second stranger, rougher and more desperate, if possible, in appearance than the first; and close behind him to my great surprise and indignation, was our man Joseph. They both advanced into the room, the one looking angry and disappointed, and the other with a sheepish air as he caught my eye.

"We have found the key of the safe," growled the second stranger, "but all for nothing. The money wasn't in it and we have looked high and low and can't find it. But Joe here sticks to it that it's somewhere in the house, and he thinks," looking fiercely at me, "you know where. It's no use, miss—we haven't any time to spare and we won't have any nonsense. I see it in your eye; you know where the money is. And you've got to tell."

He had advanced while he had been speaking and was now quite near. I arose from my chair, fearing that he meant to lay hands on me. And at that instant—my ears painfully alert to any noise—I was certain I caught the sound of a footfall outside the window and I gained fresh courage.

"And why have I got to tell?" I demanded, purposely raising my voice so it could be heard outside the house.

"What right have you to break into this house this way?"

The man caught me by the wrist, uttering at the same time a fearful oath.

"You make another sound above a whisper," he cried in a voice hoarse with rage, "and I'll—"

He did not finish his sentence. There came a loud crash at both windows at once and the next instant Harry Randall with two watchmen from the mill burst into the room.

The rescue was complete, so far as saving our lives was concerned. The robbers attempted no resistance.

In an instant, before a word could be said or a blow struck, the man raised his hand and dashed the lamp from the table. In the darkness and confusion the burglars, Joseph among them, made their escape. And although every effort was made, both then and after, to secure their arrest, they never were taken.

However, as I said, our lives and the money that had been confided to my keeping were safe; and we were thankful for that.

And I may say again that I am very glad that, at that time at least, the telegraph had not been superseded by the telephone.

Toombs Sues a Negro Porter.

Atlanta constitution. The habitues of the old Kimball house remember William Gaines, the polite and dapper porter with the nut-ton-top whiskers, who always became the factotum of Gen. Robert Toombs when that distinguished gentleman was a guest of the hotel. It was the especial duty of William to see that every wish and commission of the grand old Bonaparte was faithfully executed, and to say that William proved himself a perfect, though off-color Mercury is not putting too fine a point upon his fidelity and agility. These relations led to kindness on the part of the general and confidence on the part of William, so much so that the latter, ambitious to raise his own vines and fig trees, applied to the general to aid him in getting hold of a piece of land on Fort street. The general agreed, the land was bought with the

general's cash, and William executed his deed to the general as security for the ultimate repayment of the purchase money. But the Kimball fell a prey to the flames, and William was thrown upon fickle resources of sporadic jobs of work. His financial affairs became cramped, and he was forced to default in his payments to the general. Now comes the general into court and files a bill to eject William from the premises, and to make him account for moneys profits at the rate of \$80 per annum. It now behooves William to scrape up his resources and settle with the general, and it is intimated that if he succeeds in doing so the general will abate any claim he has for the enhanced value of the property or the rents he now demands.

Irish Bulls.

A correspondent of the London Spectator gives some specimens of the florid turn of speech which seems to be ingrained in the Celt. The following anecdote will serve as a specimen of the power of repartee possessed by this tribe. A gentleman overhearing a car-driver asking an exorbitant fare of an unsuspecting foreigner, expostulated with him on his audacious misstatement of the tariff, concluding with the words, "I wonder you haven't more regard for the truth." "Och, indeed, thin, I've a great dale more regard for the truth than to be dhragging her out on every paltry occasion," was the reply.

The Irish bull flourishes in Munster as freely as in the other provinces of Ireland. By far the best exponent of this form of speech was a country doctor, now, alas! gathered to his fathers. Id mental habit he was a true lineal descendant of Sir Boyle Roche. Though hardly calculated to satisfy a logical mind, his expressions were often exceedingly picturesque and effective. Conversing with a friend about the high rate of mortality then prevailing, he remarked: "Bedad, there are people dying this year that never died before!" What an admirable result was here obtained by merely substituting the indicative for the conditional mood—to put it from the grammarian's point of view. Malapropals are often closely related to bulls, but these are not closely confined to Irish soil. However, this same old doctor, alluding to a recent and mysterious event, devoutly exclaimed: "The ways of providence are unscrupulous!" Perhaps for concentrated inaccuracy of statement nothing can surpass the following sentence, which occurred in an account of a burglary given in an Irish newspaper: "After a fruitless search all the money was recovered, except one pair of boots." Surely Mr. Matthew Arnold will not quarrel with the lack of lucidity which gave this and the following to the world: "Our most famous jig-dancer came to his death in a faction fight at a village fair. An inquest was held, at which a verdict was brought in that he met his death by the visitation of God, under suspicious circumstances."

There is a great deal of unconscious humor in the descriptions given by rustic patients of their sufferings. Witness the following instances: One applicant for relief said that he had a great bilin' in his throat, and his heart was if ye had it in yer hand, and were squeezing it. Another, who declared that, saving your presence, his sitomach had gone to the west of his ribs, must have been an interesting pathological study.

Free to All.

Baltimore American.

It was nothing but a plain palm-leaf fan. It occupied a whole bench by itself in a grove not far from the entrance of Druid Hill park. It had a lonesome look, as if longing to be swung through the hot summer air. Presently a portly gentleman, with his best unbuttoned, his necktie disarranged; his hat set back, and his mouth well open, tripped up the path. He stretched his arms, wiped off the perspiration, and seeing the bench made for it and sat down. He grabbed the fan and swooped it in the air. Right away he gave a tremendous sneeze; repeated it; repeated it again; repeated it twice more, and thrice more again. Then he gazed at the fan, dropped it, scowled at his hands, and with steady stride made for the pump, muttering curses with each breath. Next came a richly dressed swell. He was fanning with his hat. He saw the fan.

"Lucky, by Jove!" he said, as he sat down on the bench.

He grabbed the palm leaf. He dropped it. He sneezed. He looked at his hand and straightway made for the pump.

The park was now becoming full of people. A portly young lady in white, attached to a slim young man in brown, meandered up the path.

"Oh, ain't we fortunate?" she said. "Here's a shady bench—and just look, there's a big fan, too."

They sat down. She picked up the fan and shook it her face. A look of sorrow came into her face and a sneeze into her nose. The young man in brown snatched it. He also dropped it. Then the two showed each other their hands. They took out their handkerchiefs and began wiping. Presently they left the seat. Then two small boys crept from behind a near clump of trees, they grinning portentously. They saw the fan. One of them took it by the top and moved off.

"Billy," said he to his companion, "we'll git some more lasses 'en red pepper 'en try her again."

They intend making traveling more convenient on the continent of Europe by adopting our system of railway carriages. Little Belgium is wide awake in matters of business, and is setting the first example. The International Company of Sleeping Cars has submitted a project to the Government of Russia for organizing a great express train between Ostend, Cologne, Berlin, and the Russian frontier. The train will be exclusively composed of sleeping cars and saloon carriages.

Francien cottage, Elberon, where Garfield died, rents for \$500 per month.

The Old Barn.

Was ever perfume sweeter than that all-pervading fragrance of the sweet-scented hay? and was ever an interior so truly picturesque, so full of quiet harmony?

The lofty haymows piled nearly to the roof, the jagged ax-notched beams overhung with cobwebs flecked with dust of hay-seed, with perhaps a downy feather here and there. The rude, quaint hen-boxes, with the lone nest-egg, in little nooks and corners. How vividly, how lovingly, I recall each one!

In those snow-bound days, when the white flakes shut in the earth down deep beneath, and the drifts obstructed the highways, and we heard the noisy teamsters, with snap of whip and exciting shouts, urge their straining oxen through the solid barricades; when all the fences and stone walls were almost lost to sight in the universal avalanche; and, best of all, when the little district school-house upon the hill stood in an impassable sea of snow—then we assembled in the old barn to play, sought out every hidden corner in our game of hide-and-seek, or jumped and frolicked in the hay, now stopping quietly to listen to the tiny squeak of some rustling mouse near by, or it may be creeping cautiously to the little hole up near the eaves in search of the big-eyed owl we once caught napping there. In a hundred ways we passed the fleeting hours.

The general features of New England barns are all alike. The barn that we remember is a garner full of treasure sweet as new-mown hay. You remember the great broad double doors, which made their sweeping circuit in the snow; the ruddy pumpkins, piled up in the corner near the bins, and the wistful whinny of the old farm-horse as with pricked-up ears and eager pull of chain he urged your prompt attention to your chores; the cows, too, in the manger stalls—how sweet their perfumed breath! Outside the corn-crib stands, its golden stores gleaming through the open laths, and the oxen, reaching with lapping, upturned tongues, yearn for the tempting feast, "so near and yet so far." The party-colored hens group themselves in rich contrast against the sunny boards of the weather-beaten shed, and the ducks and geese, with rattling croak and husky hiss and quick vibrating tails (that strange contagion), waddle across the slushy snow, and sail out upon the barn-yard pond. Here is the pile of husks from whose bleached and rustling sheaths you picked the little ravelings of brown for your corn-silk cigarettes. Did ever "pure Havana" taste as sweet?—Harper's Magazine.

How Money Is Altered.

It is notorious that the work of counterfeiting is carried on as a trade—or perhaps profession. It is not well known that men make a business of altering notes and cutting off pieces of them, and patching them together to make more notes than the originals. The number of notes that have been dealt with in this manner shows that a regular profession in this line exists. The old practice of cutting ten or twelve notes into ten strips and making therefrom one more than the original number has been discontinued. It got to be too ancient a trick, and one too readily detected. The work of the later-day artists in altering notes is somewhat more elaborate. One way is to raise the figures on the notes. The bodies of nearly all the notes are identical. The operator will take a \$1 bill and a \$2 bill, cut the figures denoting denominations of the two—being careful to avoid cutting away too much of the note to render it redeemable at less than its full value—and carefully cut out the figures of the one and substitute the figure two therefor. He thus has a \$2 bill for his \$1, and his original \$2 bill probably, because not more than one-tenth of it has been destroyed. This is a very cunning way of doctoring notes. As people generally count money by picking up the right-hand corner of each note, detection of changed notes is, in the ordinary course of business, not very easy.

The figures used in raising the notes of higher denominations are generally taken from the old fractional currency, as they are identical, or very nearly so. Another way of changing notes is to manipulate a \$10 note and a \$100 note by splitting off the body of the former. Then by pasting it on the \$10 and changing around there comes from the \$110 the sum of \$210 in pretty good shape. This plan of working things has been recently developed. The alteration of United States notes is carried on all over the country, but the West is the section where it is most extensive in practice. The altered notes are disposed of, to a certain extent, in the same way that counterfeit notes are "shoved." The great field of operation for the altered-note industry is, however, among banks just started. The officers and clerks of new banking institutions are somewhat green and naturally anxious to receive deposits. The man with the altered notes goes in and makes a deposit, and a day or two after draws it out again. Of course, he does not get the same money that he puts in, and the bank has to forward the original deposit, after discovery of its character, to Washington, to be redeemed as mutilated currency for what it is worth under the regulations. The same bank seldom gets bitten twice.

JOHN MORAN was under engagement to marry Lottie Church, at Sandy Lane Ala. He deserted her and went to live in the adjoining county. When told of his perfidy, she prayed that he might be punished by instant death. It chanced that at exactly that hour he was killed by the fall of a tree. Lottie believes that her prayer caused his death, and is crazed by remorse.

"I BEG your pardon, sir," said one of the three men who entered Dovey's store at Mercer's Station, Ky., "but will you please hand me the \$500 out of your safe," and he politely leveled a revolver "Sorry to disoblige," Dovey replied "but there isn't a cent there," and he affably opened the safe for them to see. The robbers made a thorough search and withdrew.

An academy to teach the Aztec language has been started in the City of Mexico.

The Woman Who Wears the Breeches.

The woman who always answers when her husband is spoken to, and considers herself the "better three-quarters" of the household arrangement.

The woman who buys all the provisions and clothing, even her husband's clothes, and buys them always at a bargain.

She never thinks him of any consequence in the family, but regards him as a boarder who eats a great deal and pays nothing, while the family is supported by her own shoulders and foresight, including the "bargains" she is constantly securing.

The woman who always pins on her husband's collar and cravat, washes his neck and ears, trims his hair—and pulls it, too, if he is at all refractory—who contradicts him before their children, not allowing him to express an opinion without immediately volunteering one in an opposite direction.

The woman who always demands the money on "pay days," and, if her husbands ventures to ask what she wants it for, says "there is no need for a man to have money when his wife needs it all to clothe and feed her family."

As soon as there is a hundred dollars ahead she takes it, and, depositing it in the bank in her own name, announces to her husband the gratifying intelligence that she has saved \$100, but does not consider it important to mention where she has deposited the same.

The woman who wears the "breeches" is almost sure to lay by something for a "rainy day," as she never allows her husband a day of recreation, although on holidays she usually takes him out with the other children for a little enjoyment.

Her husband always has a quiet, subdued air, and speaks in a very nervous, hasty manner, and looks around quickly from under his eyebrows, as if expecting to hear some voice in contradiction.

He has the habit of smoothing the top of his head gently and soothingly, as if his hair had been recently pulled.

The woman who wears the breeches is usually called "smart" by the men, and a "tyrant" by the women. She speaks of the homestead as "my place," or "my farm," and considers her husband of no account in the buying or selling of cattle.

She knows just how much pigs will weigh and the market value of everything the farm produces for sale. She is close at a bargain, and has been known to go so far as to drive the team and help to load the wood. She always manages the children, and if one of them should turn out poorly she says: "The child is more like his father than all the rest."

Nobody has much love for her, and, as she has proved eminently able to take care of herself by taking care of the whole family, no one cares much for her.

The woman who wears the breeches always puts her husband to bed first, that he may warm the front side, and then rolls him over to the wall when she gets in, and would make him get up and kindle the fire of a morning, only that she thinks he does not know enough.

She understands politics, and her husband votes for the man she tells him to. I'll tell you more about her some time.

Mispronounced Words.

The following words are often mispronounced. It will be well for the young reader to look them out in the dictionary, and fix the right sound and accent:

Usually, zoology, yolk, virago, turbine, tour, trow, tiara, thyme, telegraphy, tassel, suit, strata, soot, sonnet, soiree, salmon, romance, robust, repaitee, raspberry, pristine, radish, rapine, prairie, polonaise, plateau, pianist, piano forte, orang-outang, orion, orchestra, nausea, naiveite, mogul, libertine, leisure, jaguar, heinous, homoeopathy, height, giraffe, ghoul, finesse, European, equipage, encore, ducat, dishabile, Aegean sea, Marmora, Mont Cenis, Mesocow, Potosi, Port Said, Pompeii, Odessa, Nucens, Edinburgh, Ecuador, Irvy, Messina, Bombay.

Cultivate the Taste.

There can be no doubt about the ability of any man to cultivate his senses. Hunters learn to see with accuracy great distances, so do sailors; musicians bring the sense of hearing up to the finest degree of perfection. Blind men often become so proficient that they can tell the color of a garment by simply feeling of it, while men employed in the business of buying and selling great varieties of makes of butter learn not only to grade, and tell the name of the maker of each lot, but in some instances they can tell almost to a day the exact age of each lot. This is very simply and efficiently done by cultivating the sense of taste. We once heard of an instance where a wine taster, a man who became very proficient in this art, being called in to pass judgment on a hoghead of wine, decided there was a slight, very slight, taste of iron to the wine. This was not believed by the owner of the wine until the cask was empty, when he found a small iron key in the bottom of it. We do not expect every butter-maker to reach this height of perfection in the art of tasting, but there is one thing he should do, and that is study the subject. To do this, let him taste all the fine butter he can get hold of, and not with the set notion in his head that his make is finer, but with an honest effort to find wherein this lot differs from his own make. Has it a stronger butter taste, or has it, as it probably has to him, a more insipid taste—a little too fine perhaps for his tobacco tongue. If so, he should get his wife to do the tasting. When you hear of a man talking a premium on his butter at a fair or dairy convention, ride over, if it is ten miles away, and examine his butter. Taste it over and over again until you catch its peculiarities. Take some home if you can get it for love or money, and talk it over with members of your family. Some of them will be able to point out correctly the essence of merit in it, and ten to one you will be able to catch the hang of the thing and be able to do it yourself.

In cultivating the taste for testing butter, one thing must be borne in mind. Do not choose as the best article that which is most liked by your own family. They may have their peculiar notions. What you want is to study the tastes of your customers and make your butter come up to their requirements, no matter what opinion you may have of their judgment on the subject. It is far easier to adapt yourself to them than to force customers to take your butter against their will. They will not do it.—American Dairyman.

An academy to teach the Aztec language has been started in the City of Mexico.