

### OF SHIPS.

I saw a ship go sailing down  
The harbor yesterday,  
And half the little fishing town  
Stood on the rocks so bare and brown,  
To watch it sail away.

While tokens fluttered on the land,  
And kerchiefs from the sea,  
Were waved by many a friendly hand  
To loving faces on the shore,  
But none was waved to me.

My ships have sought a distant shore  
Wh all their own precious wealth,  
And ne'er more, ah, ne'er more,  
Will they bring back what hence they bore  
To me who stand and wait.

But some time I shall set my sail  
And pass to that fair clime  
Where all my vessels, strong or frail,  
Are anchored safe from every gale,  
Are anchored for all time.

Yes, some time I shall go to them  
Who come no more to me,  
The raving ocean I shall stem  
And reach the island like a gem  
That rises from the sea.

And then farewell to all the past,  
Farewell to all despair,  
When I shall greet my ships at last,  
That riding safely through the blast  
Have reached the land of prayer.

Oh what is toll and what is pain,  
And what is fierce distress,  
When we may hope to meet again  
The lips that on our precious lives,  
And hear them praise and bless?

Go forth, go forth, O song of mine,  
And speak to hearts that ache,  
And tell them now the sun doth shine,  
The violet bloom and columbine,  
Somewhere for thy sweet sake.

Yes, tell them nothing is so small  
That it shall be forgot,  
For if a sparrow does not fall  
Unnoted by the Lord of all,  
His children sure will not.

Then, if we know that something near  
To Heaven's resplendent gate  
Are gathered those we hold most dear  
When life and love were centered here,  
It must be sweet to wait.

—James Berry Bens.

### BRAVE IN ADVERSITY.

At Mr. Lonsdale's aristocratic mansion the earliest letters were brought in with the rolls and coffee, so that Mrs. Lonsdale was languidly eating orange marmalade when her husband read out the contents of the letter with the black edge which had just come from Moon Mountain.

"Left a widow!" echoed Mrs. Lonsdale. "And with six daughters. What a very unpleasant circumstance!"

"She was my favorite cousin," said Mrs. Lonsdale. "As bright a girl as I ever saw. I suppose, Naomi"—with a little hesitation—"we couldn't take her in here?"

"Take her in here?" repeated Mrs. Lonsdale almost in a scream. "Why, where could we put a widow and six young women? We actually haven't space enough to accommodate ourselves."

"Well, well, I'm sorry for poor Mary," said Mrs. Lonsdale. "I think she had the bluest eyes I ever saw. Six daughters, and we never had one. Perhaps, Naomi,"—with the hesitating formula—"you wouldn't like to adopt one?"

"Thank you," sarcastically observed his wife. "When I do receive an adopted child into my house, it will not be the country article."

At the solitary little farm on Moon Mountain, however, the same subject was being discussed while Mrs. Drix was sewing on the simple mourning which the bereaved family could afford.

Helen was washing the dishes, Rosie was darning the carpet with a piece of woolen yarn of the same color, and Lizzie was trimming seven plain straw hats with bands of crepe, as inexpensively as possible. Susy was picking over a shining tin pan of the dandelion greens for dinner. Esther, the youngest and rosiest of all, was feeding a little flock of downy chickens, and Sarah, the eldest, was absent at a neighbor's, helping to make up the spring outfits of half a dozen boys.

"Sarah was always so handy with the needle," said Mrs. Drix with pardonable pride.

"But, mother," said Rosie, looking up from her work with a troubled countenance, "what are we to do?"

"Mother," said Lizzie, "our Lonsdale cousins are rich. Couldn't we go to them?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Drix with a sparkle of the eyes that had not yet lost their forget-me-not blue. "I wrote to them, telling them of our affliction, and they sent back a letter full of condolences, without even offering to help us."

"But they are rich and we are poor."

"Yes, and they live in splendid style, Hattie Cooley says," added Susy.

"Very likely," said Mrs. Drix. "But as long as there are seven pairs of hands in this family, and God spares our health, I do not propose to turn genteel beggar!"

"But mother," began Rose, who was the caretaking member of the family. "I think—"

"I've settled it all in my own mind," said Mrs. Drix, stitching away until her needle looked like a gleam of steel lightning. "The house is large, although it isn't built after the latest fashion. The air is wholesome, and there is the Black Spring, where people come to get the water for ten miles around. I mean to keep boarders!"

"Hurrah for the little mother!" cried Essie, clapping her plump hands, "and I may help you make custards and do up preserves, mayn't I, mamma?"

"Susy and Esther shall help me," declared Mrs. Drix. "Sarah can always earn her living at tailoring work. Helen shall go to the glove factory; I'm told they need new hands there. Lizzie can help Mrs. Dart, the milliner, and Rosy is to be governess at Mrs. Millingham's. And if, between us, we can't earn a decent livelihood, it will be very strange."

Susy and Essie were delighted. Rosie naturally regarded her position as a decided promotion. Helen, however, dropped a tear into the pan of hot water which she was just poured out.

"The glove factory, mother?" she repeated. "But it will be such a strange, lonesome place. I don't think I shall like it."

"We must all of us try to like our duty, child," said the brisk little widow.

"Mary is going to open a boarding house," said Mr. Lonsdale again to his wife. "She has requested me to in-

sert an advertisement in the dailies for her."

"Very laudible of her, I am sure," said Mrs. Lonsdale, with a yawn.

"Suppose you were to go there for a few weeks before the Saratoga season opens?" suggested Mr. Lonsdale.

"You can't very well stay here while the painting and repairs are going on."

"I don't know that I can endure that sort of living," said Mrs. Lonsdale, dubiously.

"Mary Drix used to be the best housekeeper I ever knew," answered her husband.

"Do you suppose she will take me cheap?"

"I should imagine so."

So Mrs. Lonsdale wrote a patronizing letter to her husband's cousin, bespeaking the best room.

But when she got to Moon Mountain there was only one little square room left. The fame of the Black Spring had gone forth in all directions, and a newspaper editor had promulgated an article praising the delicious pine-scented air and well populated trout brooks of the mountain, and the consequence was that the farm house was full.

"But this room is too small," said Mrs. Lonsdale fretfully as she looked around.

"It's all I have left," said Mrs. Drix, "and I could have let it half a dozen times over if it hadn't been reserved for you, Cousin Naomi."

"You'll take me at a reduction from the usual prices, I suppose?" said Mrs. Lonsdale.

"I shall charge you just what I charge everybody else, neither more nor less," answered Mrs. Drix.

"But I'm a relative," pleaded Mrs. Lonsdale.

"What good does that do me?" said the widow, fixing her blue eyes full on Mrs. Lonsdale. "My terms for a room of this size are thirty shillings a week."

"But that is too much," whined Mrs. Lonsdale.

"How much did you expect to pay?" asked Mrs. Drix with a curious sparkle in her eyes.

"In this wilderness here," said Mrs. Lonsdale, "twelve shillings would be—"

"If those are your ideas we never shall come to terms," said Mrs. Drix. "But if you are really cramped for money—"

"My dear Mrs. Drix," said the rich man's wife, "you have no idea of the perpetual demands on us for money."

"I will take you for twenty-five shillings," Mrs. Drix completed her sentence as if the other had not spoken.

And the bargain was completed.

Mrs. Lonsdale had not been in the house a week before she took her husband's cousin severely to task.

"That horrid old man in the faded olive-green suit has the best room in the house," she said. "The very best."

"Yes," said Mrs. Drix, "he is my mother's uncle. He was always very good to my poor husband."

"But I'm told he only pays half price?"

"That is my affair," said Mrs. Drix. "But is it true?" insisted Mrs. Lonsdale.

"Yes, it is true," confessed the widow. "He is very old, and can't go up and down stairs, so of course he must have the first-floor room."

"But he hasn't any property."

"He owns Carragee Farm across the mountains," said Mrs. Drix, "but nobody will rent of him because the land is so rocky, and the farm house was burned down last fall when there were so many fires in the woods. Beyond that he has nothing."

Mrs. Lonsdale curled her lip.

"Such impudence," said she. "Nobody has any right to live to be 70 years of age without having laid up some little provision for the future."

"I was thinking," said Mrs. Drix, "that perhaps Cousin Mortimer Lonsdale would contribute a little something to his support, as we are equally related."

"You may be very sure that he will not," said Mrs. Lonsdale, with emphasis.

"Very well," said Mrs. Drix calmly. "He shall never want while I can help him."

The very next week, however, old Mr. Darrow was found dead in his arm chair. And by will he had left everything he possessed to his grand-niece, Mrs. Drix!

"I wish you joy of Carragee Farm!" chuckled Mrs. Lonsdale. "Of course you have to pay taxes on it, so it will absolutely be money out of pocket."

"It was all he had to give," said Mrs. Drix.

Meanwhile the family were prospering. Sarah was engaged to marry a thrifty young farmer of the neighborhood. Helen was earning a good living.

"I never can redeem myself!" said Mortimer huskily. "You had better have let me shoot myself, Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Drix, curiously. "Suicide is the last resort of the coward. Don't you know, Mortimer, that it is always darkest just before daylight?"

"I don't know what you mean," said he.

"Then listen to me. The old lawyer has just come over from Carragee Farm. He says that they have struck a rich vein of iron on the rocky hills there. A stock company want to buy it of me for £5,000, and I've agreed to sell it. Uncle Darrow was as much your grand uncle as he was mine. We'll divide the money, Mortimer, you and I."

"But I've no right to it, Mary," faltered he.

"Not by law, perhaps," said the widow, "but you have by equity—at all events, half of it shall be yours. What do I want of five thousand pounds? Half will be great riches for me. The girls are all doing well, and I like to lead a busy life. Nay, Mortimer, you must take it."

He turned away his face.

"Mary," said he, "you have heaped coals of fire upon our heads."

So Mr. and Mrs. Lonsdale settled on a pretty farm on Moon Mountain, and strange to relate, their only son, Geoffrey, eventually married pretty Essie Drix.

"So that you'll have to adopt one of Mary Drix's girls after all," jocosely said her husband.

"She's a perfect little darling!" said Mrs. Lonsdale who had softened strange of late.

And, in spite of the discouraging prophecies of the world, the Widow Drix and her family had succeeded in maintaining their independence.

When the Leaves Begin to Turn.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,  
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;

Another race the following spring supplies,  
They fall successive, and successive rise,  
So generations in their course decay,  
So flourish these when those have passed away.

—Homer.

There is a curious blending of joy and sadness in the golden autumn season; joy at the balmy days, the most pleasant of all the year, which come and go with quiet punctuality, amid a hazy, shimmering atmosphere that lends a visionary enchantment to everything and seems to make our life a dream. And how sad and yet beautiful when we mount some eminence and look far over the distant hills—over the gold-tipped tree tops to the blue sky beyond—a scene which inspires us with solemn awe and reverence, reminds us that even so ought we look from this world, no matter how pleasant it may seem now—far beyond the lofty tips of the trees and the fathomless depths of the skies, to a golden autumn world, where everything is resplendent with the holy radiance of a divine existence; a place where there is but one season, a bright and endless autumn, aside from this terrestrial sphere.

How one can sit and watch the yellow leaves as they relax their hold on the parental branch and fall eddying to the earth, and conjecture a thousand imaginations of a worldly nature. The comparison is good when we bring them in connection with our existence, which buds forth on the tree of life for a short period, and sprouts out in all the glory and vigor of full development; and then we grow old and withered, our comeliness is gone, and we begin to totter upon the old branch of life by a mere stem or thread, and finally the tree gives a wavering shake and we drop from the branch with the thousands of others that have gone before, and in the course of the season our places are filled with another generation that bud, bloom and die and fall like leaves of the trees. Some of these leaves occupy a prominent and auspicious place, others hang silently and still on some obscure branch in unassuming resignation. But the icy blast of death that sweeps us from its branches casts us all down in a conglomeration of mass, unrecognizable as to the position we once held on the old tree. Even so is the reality of our lives, and when we are precipitated into eternity from the old weather-beaten tree of life, it is to be hoped that in the full enjoyment of a real existence in that other fadeless autumn world, we can look back to our life spent here on earth and wonder how we ever could have valued it as anything more than a leaf.

Not a Beggar.

Detroit Free Press.

"Gentleman," he began in a smooth, molasses sort of voice, "I am dead-broke but no beggar. I want to raise about three dollars, but I shall do it in a legitimate manner. Now, then, let me ask you to inspect this."

He took from his pocket a piece of iron chain as large as his thumb and containing six links and passed it around. After it had carefully been inspected by each of the party he continued:

"I want to bet my overcoat, which is certainly worth \$10, against \$3 in cash that none of you can separate one link from the others."

The piece of chain was passed around again to be more closely scrutinized, and finally one of the party, who was a machinist, returned it with the remark:

"And I want to put up that sum against your overcoat that you can't do it yourself."

"Done!" said the stranger as he pulled off his coat.

Coat and cash were put up in the hands of a stakeholder, and the stranger asked the group to follow him. He walked across the street and into a blacksmith shop, and picking up a hammer and cold-chisel he deliberately cut out a link. The crowd stood around like so many pumpkins at a county fair, but when the stranger held up the link and claimed the stakes the machinist recovered his wits sufficiently to exclaim:

"Sold by a professional deadbeat! The money is yours, old fellow, but in exactly thirty seconds after you receive it I shall begin to kick, and you had better be twenty rods off!"

"Thanks, glad to have met you—good-day!" replied the stranger, and he was out of sight in seven seconds.

### CREEPING UP THE STAIRS.

In the softly falling twilight  
Of a weary, weary day,  
With a quiet step I entered  
Where the children were at play;  
I was brooding 'er some trouble  
Which had met me unawares,  
When a little voice came ringing,  
"He is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah! it touched the tend' rest heart-strings  
With a breath and force divine,  
And such melodies awakened,  
As no word can define,  
As I turned to see our darling,  
All forgotful of my cares,  
When I saw the little creature  
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered  
On her little hands and knees,  
Keeping up a constant chattering,  
Like a magpie in the trees;  
Till at last she reached the topmost,  
When 'er all her world's affairs,  
She delighted stood a victor  
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting brief, behold an image  
Of man's brief and struggling life,  
With a quiet step I entered  
Where the children were at play;  
I was brooding 'er some trouble  
Which had met me unawares,  
When a little voice came ringing,  
"He is creepin' up the stairs."

On their steps may be no carpet,  
By their sides may be no rail;  
Hands and knees may often pain us,  
And the heart may almost fail,  
Still above there is the glory,  
Which no sinfulness impairs,  
With its rest and joy forever,  
After creeping up the stairs.

### AGRICULTURAL.

#### Save Your Own Seeds.

Iowa Homestead.

Wherever it is possible farmers should save their own seeds of vegetables for planting. It has been demonstrated that the seeds from plants grown in this climate are better than those even grown in the same latitude in the states.

They grow more rapid and mature earlier. Melons, cucumbers, tomatoes and squash should be covered so as to protect them from the frost and allowed to remain until thoroughly ripe before they are pulled. To improve the variety something may be gained by selecting the seeds when taking them out. Only the largest and most perfect seeds should be saved. Most of the vegetables grown here mature from two to three weeks earlier than the seeds procured from eastern seedmen.

Commence Fattening Early.

Farm Paper.

A fattening animal may be compared to a steam engine. It is a well-known fact that a great deal more fuel is required to keep up a certain amount of steam in cold weather than in warm weather; and it is often difficult to raise the steam to the required point in the coldest winter weather. Just so it is with the animal; more fuel in the form of food is needed to keep the heat of the bodily structure up to its natural temperature, in cold weather than in warm, and it is just as difficult to lay on fat over and above this, as to raise the steam in a boiler above an average pressure when the mercury is away below zero.

Farmers are getting too much in the way of doing all their fattening in winter. They buy up sheep, and cattle in the fall and make a business of fattening these and selling them in the spring. Those who raise the cattle that then fatten and sell, follow pretty much the same practice with regard to time of fattening. Without stopping to reason the matter, they take it for granted that there is no other time for doing the work.

Where cattle and other stock are bought up to be fattened and sold as a matter of speculation, it may be advisable to buy just before winter sets in on account of the lower prices usually prevailing then in consequence of a crowded market, or scarcity of feed. But that is no reason for trying to crowd on the flesh when it must be done at a disadvantage and loss. They may be brought through the winter in good order, and then fattened up in spring and early summer. The markets are always better at this time of the year owing to the before mentioned practice of turning off fat stock in winter.

But what I wish to speak of particularly in this article is of early fattening of such animals as must be disposed of this fall. Prominent among them are the hog. Those that are to be turned off early this season can not be fattened too early as less feed, less labor, and cheaper shelter will be required now than later. In connection with this subject I would like to say that farmers having old corn can never feed it to any better advantage than to their fattening hogs. There is nothing like old corn to lay on fat.

Living from the Garden.

Chicago Herald.

Gardeners, and above all, farmers, have no business to live meanly or to think of themselves as obliged to drudge ceaselessly without the indulgence of other classes. One has no business to see town folk having early vegetables and berries a month before his tardy supply comes on, to be out of them in dog-days before the merchants and cheap boarding-house keepers in the city have begun to see the end of fresh things; he has no need to live on doughnuts and boiled dinners the year round, while others try the changes of spring lamb, fresh fish, boiled chicken, salads, ducks and green peas, capons and veal until turkey time comes again. He ought not to see town homes fragrant with flowers while his wife has only a bunch of syringas or cinnamon roses, with a tuft of asparagus, to sweeten the parlor when she thinks to pick them. What better right have rich men to sit over deserts and choice pears, plums, grapes and apricots, while he must content himself with a Baldwin apple in mid-winter? Why should he not have a becoming home with its lawn in front and large borders of the richest flowers; his house, one-story and small, perhaps, yet hung with woodbine, wild grapes and roses against the background of orchard and shade trees, spreading their flanking boughs with good effect, as if it were a cottage ornee, with its acres of shrubberies? Why should he not have in his garden choice fruits of the season—strawberries, currants and gooseberries jostling each other in earliest perfection, red and black cherries, golden and purple plums, plenty of black caps to make up for the lost strawberries, and grapes as soon as

raspberries are over, big blanched salads, peas in succession, as well as his town neighbor, who sells him groceries and cotton? Why should he not have as fine pears, peaches, winter apples and grapes at Christmas as well as the president of the horticultural society, and why should not his girls have big French roses and tuberoses as well as the solitary dahlia and China aster which decorate the yard, and the common geranium in-door? Why doesn't he have an herb bed to make his plain dinner savory, and lavender to sweeten his sheets at night? A poor English cottager will have all these by thrift and contrivance. Why not an American farmer?

Standard Points of Beef Steers.

Prairie Farmer.

In many instances the feeder's whole profit depends upon his judgment in the selection of steers that have an aptitude to fatten. There are standard points which are unerring indications both of the quantity and the quality of the flesh which an animal will lay on, and should be diligently studied by every feeder who aims at success in his business. Different values are attached to these points, according as the symmetry or constitution of the animal, or the prices of the butcher's cuts are affected. We append hereto the main points as given by The London (Ont.) Farmers' Advocate:

Muzzle—Large, wide nostrils required for easy and vigorous breathing, indicating a strong constitution. Prominent lips indicate good grazing qualities.

Eye—Full, bright, placid, indicating a gentle disposition, and therefore good fattening qualities. A vicious animal is seldom a good feeder.

Ear—Medium size, fine, and covered inside with soft, silky hair.

Horn—Fine, smooth; oval shape preferred. Large, course horns usually indicate a coarse frame and course bones.

Head—Small or medium. A wide forehead is indicative of intelligence; hence, animal easily tamed or taught, indicating good thriving qualities. The poll should be prominent and the jaw wide and smooth.

Neck—Medium length, gradually widening towards the shoulders—longer for a grazer than a stall feeder; slightly arched; shoulder vein full.

Chest—Broad and full, indicating a good constitution.

Brisket—Well forward and wide, but not too deep—should be a little lower than the under line of the body. Chest and brisket should be destitute of loose flesh (dewlap). From a butcher's standpoint this is an important, though not a very valuable part, a small, skiny brisket having scarcely any value.

Shoulders—Wide across, without a depression between. A depression indicates looseness of frame, and hence a lack of strength to carry weight of body. Should not be set too perpendicularly.

Ribs—Should be well sprung, forming a wide back and a capacious barrel. Should be well ribbed home.

Crops—Here great fullness and girth are required, indicating lung-room, and a good constitution. The flesh here is also valuable.

Legs—Short, clean, flat; should stand well under the animal, and be graceful in their movement; leg bones fine and smooth. Hind legs should be straight as practicable, and not in hooked. The elbows should have free play.

Back—Straight; broad from the withers to tail attachment.

Loin—Broad and slightly arched.

Rump—Full, wide between pin bones, and tail attachment should be even, strong, and on level with line of back.

Hips—Full and deep; flesh on thigh should extend well down towards hock.

Twist—Full and deep.

Flank—Should be let well down on a level with the lower line of the animal.

Wintering Pigs.

American Agriculturist.

Pigs born later than the first of October, will need good care and skillful management to keep them in a thrifty, growing condition through the winter. This is particularly the case if you keep them in large numbers, and it is a good plan to sell all you can before winter sets in. People who keep only two or three pigs to eat up the slops from the house can handle their late pigs to better advantage than the large farmer or breeder. Such young pigs need milk, greasy water, or broth and bread, or cooked potatoes, with corn meal pudding; these are more likely to be liberally furnished from the kitchen when you have only two pet pigs than when you have two score or two hundred. Whatever method of feeding is adopted, let it be liberal. Let them have all the good feed they will eat—no more, no less. Let them have good, dry, comfortable quarters to sleep in, and disturb them as little as possible. Pigs are in part hibernating animals. The more they sleep the better for them and their owner. We simply want to keep them in healthy, growing condition, and the fatter they are when winter sets in the easier it will be to carry them through the winter. Pigs well wintered, are in good condition to thrive well on grass and clover next summer. We are not advocating having pigs come in the autumn, but if you have them and cannot sell them, or do not wish to, then take the best care of them, and feed liberally. The most profitable pork we have ever made, was from young pigs which had been well cared for through the previous winter, and the next summer fattened on clover pasture.

FARM NOTES.

The drought in Australia has killed off 14,000,000 head of sheep.

It is said that 10,000 bucks will be imported into Colorado next summer to increase the sheep herds.

Canada exported 94,286 sheep to Great Britain in 1893, against 89,083 sent from the United States.

William Cannon, of Lebanon county, Tenn., garnered 730 bushels of wheat from sixteen acres, an average of 45½ bushels per acre.

A correspondent at the Convalescents' Retreat, Glen Mills, writes under date of October 28 that they have a pear tree in bloom in the open air.

Cotton-seed meal should not be fed

to young calves, but for adult stock 100 pounds of cotton seed to 800 pounds of corn meal, or other ground food, is a fair proportion.

Mr. A. S. Fuller states that an acre of unripe corn will make 20 per cent more beef than that which is fully ripe. It is also better for feeding to young and growing pigs.

To feed potatoes, beets, carrots or parsnips to horses, cut them into slices not more than an inch thick, and sprinkle them liberally with bran, to which a little salt has been added.

This is a good time of the year for top-dressing orchards, the manure serving as an excellent mulch, as well as decomposing and enriching the soil, thereby assisting the crop next season.

There is no way in which pork can be quickly and cheaply produced as upon a partially green diet, which the animals gain through the wholesome exercise of picking from the pastures themselves.

The editor of the Iowa Homestead has been filling his residence lot with soil obtained by digging a cellar. Pear trees seemed to be benefited by the operation; apple trees were not injured; but pine and cherry trees died, the covering being six inches to a foot in depth.

Secure a supply of stable bedding before the wet and cold weather sets in. Swamp grass, leaves, sawdust, etc., are good. Do not use sawdust if other material can be obtained easily, as it is no advantage to the manure pile until it is decomposed, and years are required to accomplish that.

In France foot-rot in sheep is prevented by placing shallow trays in front of the doors of their quarters in order that the sheep may be compelled to wade through a mixture of lime and water. It is not used as a cure, however, as diseased sheep must be caught and the hoof pared and anointed with a solution of blue vitrol.

Should there be too many apples, the best method of disposing of them is to procure a couple of apple-parers and cut them into pieces, when they may be evaporated and stored for winter use. Every year large numbers of apples are allowed to rot on the ground when they might be saved and made valuable by evaporating them.

A good ewe well kept pays for its keep in wool, the manure pays for the labor and the lamb is the profit. A three-months old lamb is often worth more than its dam, and a flock of a dozen sheep will easily pay a farmer \$100 a year, if only for the consumption of meat, and small flocks may be managed by a boy.—New York Tribune.

MINOR MENTION.

In Germany a man dare not cut down the trees on his own land without consent of the proper authorities, so zealous is the government in preserving the forests.

The banking firm of Rothschild in London employ women exclusively as coupon counters, and experience shows that they are far more reliable and intelligent than male employees.

The Madison Avenue Congregational church, New York, over which Dr. Newham has presided for several years, is bankrupt, and all its property has been seized upon by creditors.

Mr. Horace Goodwin, of Boston, sent Sir Moses Montefiore, the Jewish Centenarian, as a birthday gift Friday, a medallion of Washington, framed in wood from the old house at Mt. Vernon.

Col. William Goddard, of Providence, R. I., has given \$2,000 to the fund for the erection of a gymnasium at Brown university. Eighty thousand dollars is wanted.

Miss Kate Beach, Allen Arthur's alleged fiancée, is slight and small, with very large dark eyes and a very pretty mouth with curved lips. The affair has been one of some two years' duration.

The Cracker Neck cavalry, armed with the shot guns they used during the rebellion, paraded at the Graves meeting in Missouri the other night. They had the appearance of having been in the brush a long time.

A photographer in Greenwich, Conn., who put up the following notice on his door, had a brisk revival of business: "In consequence of this being the anniversary of the death of my mother-in-law, pictures to-day will be taken at half-price."

In receiving the famous decoration "For Merit," Prince Bismarck has not yet gained the highest honor the kaiser can bestow. There is another German order of merit, founded in 1866, of which the badge is a star, bearing the portrait of Frederick the Great. Those only who are privileged to wear it are Kaiser Wilhelm, "Unser Fritz," Prince Frederick Charles and "Moltke, the Silent."

Lord Exeter, who owns extensive lakes and fish hatching ponds at Burghley, is about to import a number of fish from Canada, in the hope that the best sorts may be acclimated in England