

[Written for the Detroit Free Press by a man 85 years old.]

Like to an oak upon the mountain top Whose crown is wreathed with age, I stand Among the younger folks of later years, A "thinking man" and "wise old fellow."

BRACELET NIGHT.

"Oh I'm in such a dilemma. That dreadful cook has gone. Took the twelve o'clock boat and left me here without a word of warning; and here's the house full, and Paul Graynor, who is so fastidious, has come. And I do assure you, Eve, Lucette hasn't the least idea about cooking; and I'm not sure whether you put eggs and butter, or cream of tartar and vinegar in pie crust!"

lady. All course employments are irreconcilable with my idea of an elegant and refined woman." "Ask him if he likes biscuits and tart?" whispered Eve maliciously, as taking up a book, she went to the farthest window; where enshrined behind white muslin curtains, she looked out on a glowing western sky, and water rills in the day's dying gleam. After awhile the murmurs in the drawing room died away in silence. Belle Tarleton had moved and seconded that they should walk, and there was a bringing out of broad brim hats—and then Eve had the drawing room to herself.

"What?" she asked, calmly, as he stopped, apparently at a loss. "I acknowledge that I lost my bracelet, and I don't doubt Nell's word, though I can't tell any more than you how it came there. But, granting all this, is your respect for me based on so slight a foundation that a breath can overthrow it? I think you, at least, might have known me better."

PLEASANT PEOPLE. As we pass along In the way of duty, Through the rosy lanes, By the homes of beauty, Or in city streets, Grand with air and steeple, What a boon it is Meeting pleasant people.

shut up tight and fumigate thoroughly with burning sulphur, repeating the operation in ten days afterward, the chickens being of course kept out during such fumigations and until it has been thoroughly aired. The barn yard needs a thorough cleaning out, and its contents, whether of manure piles or of scrapings, spread over the meadows, where it will give better returns than if used almost anywhere else.

out and well aired before storing the corn. A Wisconsin farmer stoutly maintains that he prevents the ravages of the beetles in his potatoes by planting one or two flaxseed in each hill. He says the bugs will shun the flax every time, and that he has grown potatoes in this way for ten years and secured good crops when others failed.

AGRICULTURAL.

Why is Fancy Poultry so Costly? Indiana Farmer. The above question is often asked by those intending to purchase high class poultry, and the fact that the prices are high, compared with that of the common market, is probably the principal reason why the farmer hesitates to invest. But if he would look into the matter a little I think he would find that, after all, the farmer makes but little profit, and the prices are not unreasonable.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE.

The Duke of Cambridge won the hearts of the men of Kingston by begging to be relieved of police protection while eating his dinner at St. George's Yacht club prior to his embarkation. When the emperor of Brazil was embarking for a pleasure trip on a small steamer, a few days ago, he fell into the sea. He was rescued by the inspector and the chief engineer of the steamer.

The Great Bell of Moscow.

The Czar Kokokol, or "King of Bells," at Moscow, is much the largest bell in the world. It weighs no less than 193 tons, and is twenty-one feet in height and in diameter. In the tower of John the Great, at Moscow, is the most stupendous bell now in regular use, but this weighs only sixty-four tons.

The Coming Days.

In the coming days of woman suffrage. Our candidate has risen from the humblest walks. When but a little girl, picking huckleberries, barefooted, too poor to own a sunbonnet, she read Homer's "Odyssey" in the original tongue. What do we see here now? A voice: "The same homely, freckled, saucy thing she always was; so there. Meeting breaks up amid great confusion and tearing of hair."—New Haven Register.

Providing for Daughters.

The way of happiness and comfort for single middle-aged women would be made much easier if a different method was pursued by parents toward their daughters while they are still young. Nothing, of course, can recompense a woman for the loss in her life of the love of husband and children; but there is no reason, why, added to this bitterness, she should always have the humiliation of dependence. Half the terrors of a single life to a woman lie in the fact that she will never have a home of her own, but must remain a dependent on fathers and brothers, the one too many in the household; the beneficiary on suffering in the family, though she actually work twice as much as the actual members.