

THE WAY TO WOO.

Don't be in too great a hurry;
Hurry never pays.
Take your time; a wary general
Always feels his way.

Take her compliments to a concert—
Sometimes to a ball;
Sometimes spend a pleasant evening—
Sometimes only call;
Sometimes be far the wisest
Not to go at all!

Do not meet your would-be rivals
With a jealous frown;
Show her that you don't care twopenny
For any man in town.
Praise her other beauties; then surely
She will run them down.

Send her presents—not too costly.
Trifles light as air;
Dainty fruits to please her palate;
Flowers for her hair—
Something that will show you close it
Fairest for the fair.

Visit her sometimes (constant sunshine
Is so very tame);
Just a little dash of water
Brightens up a flame;
Love that doesn't fix and splutter
Isn't worth the name.

Then, at last, some quiet evening
(Moonlight nights are stale);
Drop into her cozy parlor,
Looking rather pale,
Strive to hide your wear and tear,
But be sure to fail.

Just hint a distant journey
As a secret half-confessed;
Darkly speak of hidden sorrow,
That forbids you rest;
Whisper that 'tis hard to leave her,
But perhaps 'tis best.

Then if she should blush and tremble
With a shy surprise—
If there is no regular sparkle
Twinkling in her eyes—
Then—then tell the old, old story
Told first 'neath Eden's skies.

HOW SNOW IS MADE.

BY ADAM STEWIS.

Johnny spent the holidays in the
country—the jolliest place in the
world at such a time, at least for a
small city boy. But it is not about
sleighting or sledding, evening frolics
or anything of that sort that I am to
tell you now. This time Johnny
learned how to make a snow storm;
not a very big one, to be sure, still a
snow storm; and that gave him a
pretty correct idea of the way big
snow storms are made out of doors.
This is how it happened:

You will remember that about
Christmas time we had a few mild
days followed by bitter cold at New
Year's. It was one of the warm days,
and Johnny had ventured out to slide
on the hill back of the barn. In a lit-
tle while he came running in, puffing
with excitement, and shouting:
"The barn's a-fire! the barn's a-
fire!"

"Where?" I asked, starting up.
"On top, I guess," Johnny replied.
"I didn't see the fire—only the smoke.
Just see how it rolls over the roof!"
"Are you sure that is smoke?" I
asked, when I caught sight of the
white wreaths curling over the ridge
of the barn.

"Of course," said Johnny; "what
else can it be? Hurry and call the
men or the horses will be burned."
"Don't be alarmed," I said; "the
horses are in no danger. Still we will
go and see."

Before I could get my hat Johnny
was scampering toward the barn,
which he expected every moment to
see burst out in a blaze. When I got
there he stood a little way from the
barn door, afraid to get nearer lest
the flame should suddenly overwhelm
him.

"Do you see any fire?"
"No," replied Johnny; "but just
see how the smoke comes over the
roof!"
"Let us look inside," opening the
door.

Johnny came forward timidly,
greatly surprised not to see the barn
full of smoke, at least.
"Maybe the roof's a-fire on top," he
said.
"Let us take a look at it from the
other side," I said, leading the way
through the barn.

Everything was quiet in the sunny
barn-yard. The cows were calmly
chewing their cud, and the chickens,
clustered in a corner, chucked a lit-
tle at our approach, as much as to say:
"Come and warm yourselves; it's
like summer here."

Johnny took no notice of cows or
hens, but hurried to the further side
of the yard to get a good sight of the
roof.
"Well," I said, as he stopped short
and looked a little disappointed, "do
you see any fire?"
"No-o-o," he replied, doubtfully.
"Nor smoke either. It's a perfect
swindle! I was sure the roof was a-
fire."

"Go breathe on the window," I
said.
"What for?" asked Johnny.
"You'll see when you try it," was
my reply.
Johnny went to the window and
breathed against the glass.

"What do you see?" I asked.
"Nothing but a blur; but it doesn't
stay long!"
"Keep on breathing, and breathe
faster," said I.

I heard no more from Johnny for
two or three minutes; then he said:
"Is it moisture? See, it is in little
drops all over the glass, and one big
drop has run down to the bottom."

"Did you ever see anything like
that before?"
"Of course," said Johnny. "The
glass gets wet so every cold day. Does
it all come from our breaths?"
"Oh, no! The most of it comes from
the water on the stove. See," I con-
tinued, holding a small hand-glass
over the urn, "there is no steam that
you can see coming from the water,
yet moisture gathers rapidly on the
glass. The cold glass chills the air
next to it, making it unable to hold so
much vapor, so the moisture lodges
on the glass just as it does on the
window."

"Is that the way the frost forms on
the windows when it is very cold?"
"Exactly; only in that case the
moisture freezes as it forms. If you
will step into the store-room, where
there is no fire, and breathe slowly
against the window, perhaps you will
be able to see how the frost appears."

Johnny ran to do what I had told
him, and I went out to the woodshed
for a big broad-ax that was there.
When I came back he had a long
story to tell about the beautiful forest
pictures that grew up under his breath
but I had no time to listen to it then.
I brought the ax quickly to the stove
and held it high over the water-urn,
bidding Johnny to tell me what hap-
pened.

"It smokes," he said.
"Just as the barn roof smoked,"
said I. "The cold iron chills the vapor
in the air and makes a cloud of it.
If the iron does not get warm too
soon you will see something stranger
than cloud."

"I can now," cried Johnny. "It's
frost."
"So it is," said I. "The iron is cold
enough to freeze the vapor as it turns
to water. I think something of this
sort is going on up in the sky just
now."

"Do you?" cried Johnny, eagerly,
running to the window. "Where?"
"All over," I said. "The sky was
clear but a little while ago; now see
how hazy it is. The wind that comes
up from the sea is warm and moist,
and where it strikes the cold air over
the land it turns to cloud. I should
not be surprised if we had snow be-
fore morning."

"I hope so," said Johnny; and his
wish was granted. When he came
down to breakfast the trees were load-
ed with feathery snow; every fence-
post had a snowy nightcap on, and
all the ground was covered with a
clean white carpet. He could hardly
eat his breakfast, he was in such a
hurry to be out to wade in the snow
and help shovel paths. But he was
soon just as eager to get back by the
warm fire again; for it was stinging
cold out-doors, notwithstanding the
bright sunshine.

After sitting by the stove till he was
warm, he suddenly remarked:
"Snow is sky-frost, ain't it?"
"What do you mean by that?" I
asked.

"Why," said Johnny, "I mean that
snow is made up in the clouds just as
frost is on the windows."
"Is that the same way?" I said.
"Exactly the same way," he replied.
"Does it stick to the sky, just as the
frost does to the window or anything
else?"

"The sky offers nothing for it to
cling to," said I. "The snow-fall last
night was caused by the mixing of the
warm damp wind that came up from
the sea with colder air, which made it
give up all its moisture; and the
moisture was frozen by the cold air,
turning it to snow. The air could not
hold the snow after it was formed, so
it fell to the ground."

"Did anyone ever see snow while it
was being made?" Johnny asked.
"Often; and sometimes, when
the conditions are just right, it is pos-
sible to make a little snow storm in
the house."

"Really?"
"Really. I remember seeing one
in a lecture-hall one cold evening
when a window was opened for ven-
tilation; and at other times in our
kitchen at home in very cold weath-
er."

"Look sharp!" I said, and a wave of
cloud burst into the room and rolled
along the ceiling, spitting flakes of
snow.
"Spec' dat blowed in from do ruff,"
said aunty.
"No, it didn't," said Johnny. "The
snow is perfectly still outside."

"Dat's so," assented aunty. "Jes
lem me see dat once mo'."
Again I dropped the upper sash for
a moment and the intruding cold air
made a cloud along the ceiling, from
which a few snowflakes dropped into
the warmer air and quickly disap-
peared.

"Whar'd dat snow come from?"
I asked.
"Spec' you, spain dat mystery to me,"
said aunty, half inclined to think
there was magic in it.
"Johnny can tell you," said I, and
I left him explaining to black aunty
how the white snow got into her
kitchen.

Do you think you could have made
it clear to her?—Christian Union.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.
Protect the Game.
An exchange vouchers for the follow-
ing:
"A farmer boy in Ohio, observing a
small flock of quails in his father's
corn-field resolved to watch their mo-
tions. They pursued a very regular
course in their foraging, commencing
on one side of the field, taking about
five rows; and following them uni-
formly to the opposite end, returning
in the same manner over the next
five rows. They continued in this
course until they had explored the
greater portion of the field. The lad,
suspecting that they were pulling up
the corn fired into the flock killing
but one of them, and then he pro-
ceeded to examine the ground. In
the whole space over which they had
traveled, he found but one stalk of
corn disturbed. This was nearly
scratched out of the ground, but the
ground still adhered to it. In the
craw of the quail he found one out-
worm, twenty-one striped vine bugs,
and one hundred chinch bugs, but
not a single grain of corn."

THE farmer upon 100 acres, who has
a few acres of wheat, a few in corn,
a few in oats, a few in barley and a
few potatoes and roots, and then has a
liberal pasture and meadow, with four
or five acres in apples, and as many
more in peaches, plums, quinces,
and cherries, keeping a half doz-
en cows, and, perhaps, twenty-five or
forty long-wool grade sheep, will be
likely to come out better in taking
one year with another, than one who
devotes the larger number of his acres
to wheat or some other leading crop.
If any one crop is a failure, or sells
too low to afford any profit, the others
may yield profit enough to prevent
any serious loss.

IN rooms to live in, simple white
for color of walls and paint, as well as
any extremely dark treatment, should
be avoided. The walls of rooms
should be of such 'back-grounds' as
will best suit the dresses and com-
plexions of the large number of peo-
ple. Delicate white intensifies, by
contrast, any unpleasantness or want
of perfection; extreme dark would
make people look white and ghastly.
Neutral colors will be found the best
—generally some gray or cool color
that will contrast with warmth of
complexion.

POLISHING PLOWS.—If those who
wish to save themselves the trouble of
polishing a rusty mouldboard, will
have recourse to muriatic acid, (quite
a cheap article), they will find that
this acid will not touch the iron, but
will render the rust soluble and easily
removed. I would not advise allow-
ing the surface to remain moist with
any acid twenty-four hours. Muriatic
acid will do the work in five min-
utes, and should be either washed off
or cleansed by running through the
soil without delay.—Farm Journal.

A NEW WAY TO COOK CHICKEN.—
The following is highly recommend-
ed: Cut the chicken up, put it in a
pan and cover it with water; let it
stew as usual, and when done, make
a thickening of cream and flour, add
a piece of butter and pepper and salt;
have made and baked a couple of
short-cakes, make a pie crust, but roll
it thin and cut in small squares.
This is much better than chicken pie,
and more simple to make. The crust
should be laid on a dish, and the
chicken gravy put over it while both
are hot.

BETTER THAN SHORT-CAKE.—
Make nice, light, white gobs by mix-
ing flour and milk nearly as soft as
for griddle cakes, and baking quickly
in hot gemp pans. Break, not cut,
them open, and pour over strawber-
ries, raspberries, blackberries; peach-
es, (or even nice stewed apples) mix-
ed with sugar and a little rich cream,
if you have it. Ten times better than
any pastry or short-cake, and you get
rid of soda or baking powders and
shortening.

HOT water is the best thing to kill
insects on house plants. It is almost
certain that 120° of heat will destroy
aphides and all other insect that in-
fest shrubs, without hurting the
plant. The way to use it is to invert
the pot and hold it over the plant so
that it will not fall out; and then dip
the plant into water, heated to 120° Fah.,
and instantly withdraw it. By doing
so, every insect will perish.—Young
Folks' Monthly.

FOREST TREES ON PRAIRIES.—L. P.
Noyes, Springfield, Linn County, Iow-
a, earnestly recommends prairie
farmers to plant maples. He has the
common maple, six years from seed,
six inches in diameter and sixteen to
twenty feet high. The seeds are ripe
in June, and should be gathered and
planted immediately in drills six feet
apart and tilled like corn. A
shady situation is the best.

In time of pease prepare for lamb.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY TOM R. EBRIGHT.
To whom all communications designed for publication in this column
should be addressed.

ROBERT GAFFIELD.
[Concluded from last week.]

'Charles, Charles!' said the teacher, who at this mo-
ment appeared; 'control yourself. I do not wonder
at your indignation; for,—his whole face indicating
the contempt he felt, as he looked at the cowering,
mortified boys,—I have seen and heard all; but, re-
member, that your getting into a passion will not help
Robert, while it will only harm yourself. As for you,
'brave' young gentlemen,' turning to the culprits, 'we
will talk this matter over by ourselves, after school.'

What transpired in that interview was not known to
the other boys. The result, however, was a marked
change in most of the lads in their treatment of Robert;
and some of them, indeed, who had followed the others,
more in thoughtlessness than cruelty, showing him
kindness, and all ceasing to molest him. This day
proved a crisis long to be remembered in Robert's life;
for, combined with Nellie's consulting Dr. Lane, great
good came to Mr. Gaffield, and through him to all his
family. It so happened, that this was one of the rare
days when Mr. Gaffield was sober enough to attend to
his business; and being in the town of Westport that
afternoon, he heard an exaggerated account of his son's
treatment. He went home full of the matter, and
found Dr. Lane there, with Nellie upon his knee.—
The good doctor was riding by the cottage, when a lit-
tle, shrill voice cried out, 'Stop! do stop, Dr. Lane!
I want you to come right in, and 'describe' for my
father. He do have such sick legs; and I know you
can help him. Please, do.'

'Why, you queer little puss; who told you to ask
me this?'
'My own self,' was the child's answer, drawing her-
self up to her full height. 'I know somefin', if I am
littler.'

Dr. Lane could not resist Nellie's confidence in his
skill; though far from responding to it, he muttered,
'It's about the most difficult case I was ever called to
prescribe for.' He followed the child into the house,
told Mrs. Gaffield why he came, and being a kind-
hearted man, found her thankful to open her heart up-
on a subject hitherto avoided.

When Mr. Gaffield came in, excited and angry,
threatening vengeance against the boys for abusing his
son, it at once gave Dr. Lane the opportunity he need-
ed for speaking to him of his habits. While he did
not, in the least, excuse the boys for their wanton cru-
elty to Robert, he showed him plainly that his own
habits, and consequent neglect of his family, was the
primary cause of it. Kindly, but unsparingly, he told
him truths he had never heard before; for he was too
good a physician not to know that there are cases in
which the tenderest mercy is to cut deep. As he
went on, the poor man looked red and white, by turns,
till at last he hid his face in his hands, and burst into
a passionate fit of crying, which so incensed Nellie
against the doctor, that she got down from his knee,
and running to her father, put her little chubby arms
around his neck, and begged him to stop; and then,
turning to the doctor, said, 'Go away, you naughty
man; go right away. I asked you to describe for him,
not to make him cry.'

'I think I may go, Nellie; I have done my best for
your father. Love and kindness will do the rest, I
hope,' said the doctor, gently.
He was right. From that moment the work of re-
formation commenced. The loving clasp of his child's
arms, to which he had heretofore been a stranger, set
the seal to the resolution the doctor's words had induc-
ed him to take. When the anniversary of that day
came round, a more orderly, industrious, or happier
family than Mr. Gaffield's could not be found in
Westport limits. Robert looked back gratefully to the
scene which the picture in the commencement of this
story represents, as the cause of the change in his father.
And even Nellie has almost forgiven the doctor
for being so 'naughty' to him; though she still warns
her 'dollies' against ever asking that Dr. Lane to 'de-
scribe' for their complaints.

F. W. A. P.

EVIL HABITS.
It is related that an Indian once found a lion, and as
he seemed weak and harmless, never attempted to con-
trol him. But every day the lion gained strength, and
became more difficult to manage. At last, when ex-
cited by rage, he fell upon the Indian and tore him
to pieces. It is thus with evil habits and bad passions.
Have you an ungovernable temper? Do you get so
angry that you cannot 'contain' yourself? If so, you
have an untamed lion. Is your appetite for stimulants,
or narcotics, so overpowering that you become almost
delirious without them? The lion has already got the
mastery, and will bring you down, unless you cast him
off. Look into your jails, prisons and poorhouses, and
see the miserable victims there with mouths full of
filthy stuff, and their bodies reeking with the stench of
whisky or tobacco, and you will see how much more
there is of the animal than of the god-like human in
such perverted and fallen creatures. The lion has
crushed them by the throat, and will not let them go. He
has crushed them to earth and they lie in the agony of faith-
less and helpless despair. Young reader, do you re-
lish the fragrance of a 'Havana'? Do you like to see
the lads indulging in the weed? And is the sparkling
wine so delicious and exhilarating? Look out! The
lion grows upon that which feeds it; and though you
are master to-day, you may be a slave to-morrow.—
What are your habits? Look out!—[Phrenological
Journal.]

WOULD YOU?—Would you keep your rosy com-
plexion, wear thick-soled shoes.
Would you enjoy quiet content, do away with airs
and pretenses.
Would you have others respect your opinions, hold
and never disown them yourself.
Would you have good health, go out in the sun-
shine. Sickness is worse than freckles.
Would you respect yourself, keep your heart and
body clean.
Would you retain the love of a friend, do not be
selfishly exacting.
Would you gain the confidence of business men, do
not try to support the style of your employer.
Would you never be told a lie, do not ask personal
questions.
Would you sleep well and have a good appetite, at-
tend to your own business.
Would you have the respect of men, never permit
yourself to indulge in vulgar conversation.

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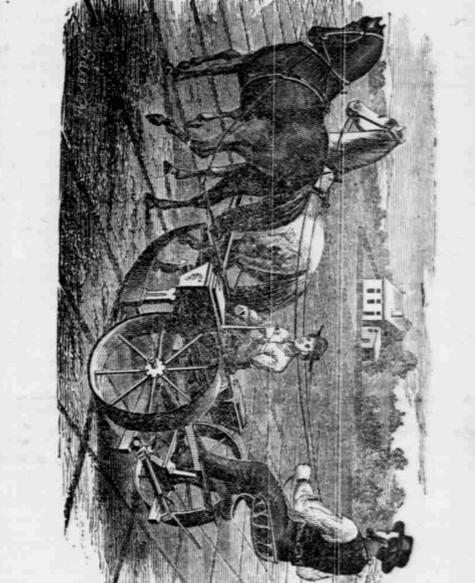
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