[illegible]

CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

(A Lady Poetaster.)

The wind [illegible] over the moors.
And the [illegible] bright [illegible] heather and
whin;
On the [illegible] visage,
Which stood [illegible] a window in.
And it streamed [illegible]

There, by herself, [illegible] room—
A lonely room, [illegible] with a busy pen,
But a woman [illegible] all England praised just then
'Twas the [illegible] praise cared [illegible]
But while [illegible]
Fame [illegible] lonely day by day
One [illegible] moors, where the [illegible]
On the [illegible] wind as it hurries by
And [illegible] comforting word to say.
B[illegible]
[illegible] moons and lonely [illegible] and the [illegible]
[illegible] steadily wrote the morning through:
[illegible] at stroke of twelve, laid her [illegible]
[illegible] out to the kitchen [illegible] bird.
Now what was she going to do?

Why, Tabby, the servant, was "past her work,"
And her eyes had filled as her strength [illegible]
low,
And the toth, once easy, had one by one
Become too hard or were left half done
By the aged hands and slow.

So, every day, without saying a word,
Her famous mistress laid down the pen,
Re-kindled the bread, or silently stole
The potatoes away in their wooden bowl,
And pared them all over again.

She did not say, as she might have done,
"The less to the larger must give way,
These things are little, while I am great;
And the world will not always stand and wait
For the words that I have to say."

No; the clever fingers that wrought so well,
And the eyes that could pierce to the heart's intent,
She lent to the humble task and small;
Nor counted the time as lost at all,
So Tabby were but content!

Ah, genius burns like a blazing star,
And Fame has an honeyed urn to fill;
But the good deed done for love, not fame,
Like the water-cup in the Master's name,
Is something more precious still.

—Susan Coolidge, in St. Nicholas.

AFRAID IN THE DARK.

Remarkable Story of a Young Man's Strange Power.

My name is Edward Houghton; I am twenty-eight years old, am unmarried, enjoy the best of health and spirits, hold a government inspectorship with a good salary, entailing plenty of traveling, and have only one care in the world—I am afraid of the dark. Indeed, it is something more than fear—it is a terror which has haunted me from my childhood to the present day.

Only three people in the world besides myself have my secret: my mother, Sir George Gillingham, of Gillingham Towers, with whom I lived for five years as private tutor to his sons, and who got me my appointment, and Mr. Pallatti.

When I left the Towers a twelvemonth ago, my nervous dread of being alone, I should have to pass in strange bedrooms of strange inns, when traveling on inspection duty, became so acute and overwhelming that I determined to consult a leading physician about myself.

Sir Alfred Smith listened to my story attentively, asked me a multitude of questions about my health and habits, and especially whether any thing ever occurred in very early childhood to give me a shock, although I might have been too young at the time to remember it now. My catechism over, he said:

"Mr. Houghton, I must tell you frankly that I can do nothing for you. The symptoms you have described are distressing, but I can not tell you as a physician how they originated or suggest any way of alleviating them. I have a friend, however, who is a profound believer in animal magnetism, and although I am very skeptical about many of his theories, he is one of the cleverest and most agreeable men I know. It can do no harm for you to see him, and I am quite certain he will perfectly sympathize with you, if he can do nothing else. His name is Pallatti, and I have written down his address for you. Call upon him at three o'clock to-morrow, and I will write to tell him that he may expect you."

I found Mr. Pallatti the next afternoon lounging over a book in a large luxuriously-furnished room crowded with pictures, curios, and "pretty things"—a handsome young gentleman, perfectly dressed, with a pair of eyes which, if they could not see through a millstone, looked as if they could pierce a human being through and through.

After a little indifferent conversation I began to tell him my tale, but I was so nervous that I bungled woefully, and interspersed my narrative with idiotic giggles.

"Wait a bit, Mr. Houghton, there's no hurry," said Mr. Pallatti, bringing me a glass of wine from a side-table; "you are my patient, you know, and must drink this before beginning a long story."

I expect he must have put something into my draught, for in a few minutes I found myself talking as calmly and dispassionately as if I were speaking of some other person.

I told him how, if I locked my bed in the dark and took two steps away from it, I was attacked by a terrible fear lest, by the time I reached the door, my outstretched hands would touch a window where I expected to find a door, and all the furniture seemed to play pitfall in the corner as I moved about until at last I would sink on the ground utterly unnerved and trembling to wait through long hours for daylight.

I told him how, as I went on, Mr. Pallatti's face grew slightly distributed how, when I was a boy of sixteen, my mother had described to me the circumstances of my eldest brother's birth [illegible] infant; how the [illegible] night my lamp went out, and I saw the [illegible] through a luminous haze a room with ladies and gentlemen in it, a servant coming in at the door, followed by a boatman carrying a body in his arms with a dead face and matter dripping from his long hair; how, when I told my mother what I had seen, she [illegible] to the minutest detail—the pattern of the wall-paper, the flowers on the chimney-piece—the identical scene to be enacted that first-his morning at Brighton.

"Any other experience like this?" asked Mr. Pallatti. "I can't tell you how deeply you have interested me, Mr. Houghton."

"Only one other," I begun, "and that occurred at Gillingham Towers, where I lived for five years as private tutor to Sir George Gillingham's sons. He had been telling me one evening a curious story of a tragedy that occurred in his family more than [illegible] ago, and he showed me the portrait hanging in the great drawing-room of the three principal actors. Some papers of the utmost importance were abstracted in the confusion at the time, and Sir George said that his inability to produce them if ever called upon to do so might be most disastrous. The danger, of course, decreased as the years rolled by, but the sword still hung over the house of Gillingham, though the blow by which it was divided might never fall. While here Gillingham's [illegible] was broken over the Towers; my window was burst open, my light extinguished, and the matches I always kept to my hand were wet and useless. For the second time in my life the horrible fear rolled over me, and I found myself alone and helpless, a vague dread upon me, and narrow windows, the [illegible] crash of which was thrown up—a hundred chances opportunity, with one bare table in the centre, a few broken chairs piled up in the corners, some dirty-looking pictures in black frames on the walls, and a great glass case full of stuffed birds, small crawling and [illegible] creatures, and all

[illegible] of dilapidation and decay. [illegible] was clearly developed the [illegible] of a man and a woman sp[illegible] and I could see that their out[illegible] with those of two of the family [illegible] George had pointed out to me. [illegible] at that moment to turn my head, [illegible] thin stream of light shining through [illegible] in the door. I reached it at a bound, [illegible] catching up a lamp some one had left [illegible] on the stairs, returned to my room [illegible] every thing as usual. I told Sir George [illegible] we thoroughly explored the deserted [illegible] of the Towers, but could find no room [illegible] least resembling the one of my vision.

As I [illegible], a page-boy brought in coffee, and while I had drunk mine the curious feeling of [illegible] constraint under which I had been [illegible] passed off, and I said quite cheerfully [illegible] here, Mr. Pallatti. I have made a [illegible] of it, and now, what do you prescribe?"

"A dose" [illegible] Mr. Pallatti.

"What [illegible]?" I laughed.

"No, [illegible] with. There is no cure but death for [illegible] wonderful gift of second sight, and it is a [illegible] if too much used, full of danger [illegible] and nerves. But prevention is better than cure; so buy a little dog and let him [illegible] at the foot of your bed, and you will [illegible] troubled by visions again, even if your [illegible] does go out."

We parted [illegible] mutual promises to meet soon, but I [illegible] ordered away on duty, and it was almost [illegible] before I saw him again.

I had [illegible] turned to London, and was intending to call [illegible] him up, when I received a letter from Sir George Gillingham, begging me to go down [illegible] the Towers on a matter of the [illegible] importance. I lost not a minute in [illegible] the summons, and, full of anxiety and misgiving that something was very wrong, arrived at the Towers as the dressing-gong for dinner was sounding.

Sir George [illegible] me as I drove under the great portico, [illegible] looked so worn and harrassed that I could not help whispering, "Good Heaven, Sir George, what is it? Has that confounded [illegible] the title-deeds cropped up again, after all?"

"Yes, it has, with a vengeance," said Sir George, "but go dress now, and meet us in the dining-room. There are no ladies—only Pallatti, who says he has met you before."

I entered the drawing-room with the soup, and shook hands cordially with Pallatti. He and I were in ordinary evening dress, but Sir George was arrayed as for some great state function. He wore black knee-breeches and silk stockings and great diamond buckles in his shoes, the broad ribbon of the Bath crossed his white waistcoat, and he wore half a dozen orders as well. He had brought his hat down with him, and we sat down to a dinner fit for the gods. The wine he gave us was surely ever brought out except when some royal prince accepted the hospitality of the Towers for a night, and was almost priceless. I knew it and Mr. Pallatti soon found it out, and our eyes twinkled. Sir George saw it and was glad. He drank to each of us in the old-fashioned way and said: "I am making a little feast to-night, my young friends, for reasons of my own. It [illegible] story, let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—well, to-morrow we'll do the same, let us hope," he said, turning it off with a laugh.

Mr. Pallatti was certainly well worth a good dinner. Without seeming to monopolise the conversation he always had something original and upon every topic that was started, and his fun and wit were so keen and spontaneous that our solemn little dinner party became quite a rollicking affair. Amongst the subjects we discussed was the last new trick of the last new conjurer, which was puzzling all London and giving learned judges and doctors and parsons sleepless nights in the endeavor to find it out.

"Why, don't you know how that is done?" said Mr. Pallatti, and he proceeded to solve the riddle in a dozen words.

"Most extraordinary!" exclaimed Sir George. "Do you mean to say you found it out yourself?"

"Yes," returned Pallatti; "the very first time I went. I have never has been and never will be a trick of any kind that I am unable to unravel. I suppose it is a kind of gift, but I have never made any use of it except sometimes to have a little fun." And he gave me a peculiar look out of his black eyes.

"Exposing all [illegible] fortune-telling and rapping and table [illegible] and such knaveries, I suppose." I [illegible], composedly.

"Quite so," replied Pallatti, dryly.

"And now, gentlemen," said Sir George as the last bottle of claret was emptied, and we were ashamed [illegible] to look as if we should like some more, "if you please we will take our coffee in the dining-room, as there are no ladies, [illegible]," and he rose from the table and walked toward the door. As we followed Pallatti whispered in my ear: "Mr. Houghton, I [illegible] like to be a modern Clarence and be drowned in a hundred dozen of that claret!"

To my surprise Sir George led the way to the great state drawing-room, and as we entered a perfect blaze of splendor was before us. The huge saloon, with its frescoed ceilings and profusion of gilding, was lighted up by hundreds of wax candles in great chandeliers, in sconces, brackets, and clusters; the walls were entirely covered by full-length portraits of old Gillinghams; over each portrait a powerful [illegible] and reflector threw so strong a light that every gallant knight and gentle dame seemed to have come to life and be gazing at the black-coated intruders into their [illegible] assembly. Two enormous fires [illegible] burning, one at each end of the room, and before one of these Sir George stood a [illegible] motioned us to be seated. He looked [illegible] and so stately, and the brilliance of the scene was so overpowering, that [illegible] I listened for his words with a kind [illegible]

"Gentlemen, I am [illegible] going to detain you for any length of time [illegible] telling you over again the history which [illegible] you have both heard already from my lips. [illegible] on this particular night I wish to recapitulate some of the main facts.

"In the year 1[illegible] my great-grandfather, Sir Hugo Gillingham, [illegible] after being many years a widower, married a young and beautiful girl and brought her to the Towers. There are his portraits [illegible] hers," pointing to them, "go up to inspect them closely—turn them [illegible] art. Who knows what may come of [illegible] ing so!" he said, almost fiercely.

"The girl was faithless to him—faithless from the very day [illegible] married, and her lover was her own [illegible] cousin, the [illegible] wastrel, the vagabond, worthless cousin, the man who had squandered his birthright and willingly parted with all the [illegible] states of Gillingham to his younger [illegible] and his heirs forever. There is the [illegible] portrait in that corner; study his features closely, both of you. The [illegible] brought ruin and misery on many [illegible] house, and Sir Hugo did his best to [illegible] himself in the same fate. Gentlemen, [illegible] fact that the poor scarecrow, there, once sat in that travesty of a throne, hilst well born, virtuous ladies crouched [illegible] and to kiss his [illegible] pointed to a chair, surmounted by [illegible] of canopy of gold and crimson.

"One night," continued Sir George, "Sir Hugo returned home [illegible] than he was expected, and, walking upstairs, the first thing he heard [illegible] voice of his wife in conversation with a stranger in one of the rooms. He [illegible] door; it was locked, and by the time [illegible] burst it open a man was leaping out of the open window. Sir Hugo dashed after him, and, after half a dozen passes, [illegible] through the body of George [illegible]. Returning through the window [illegible] and his wife [illegible] putting a constraint upon himself [illegible] from sparing her with his foot [illegible] on to his bed-chamber, where [illegible] thing that met his eye was a good [illegible] with the lid open, without a [illegible] examination showed that his very [illegible] title-deeds had been abstracted. [illegible] and his way [illegible] staring eyes [illegible] the body for [illegible]. Returning through the window, [illegible] eat up and [illegible] hands, [illegible] head at him and [illegible] but her face was the face of a maniac, and she never recovered her reason, dying many years afterward within the walls of a madhouse.

"He saw the whole devilish plot now. Conrad Gillingham, using his wife as his tool, had intended to abstract the deeds, and, with these in his possession, to attaint him of high treason and claim the estates.

"There was a state trial, which any one can read to this day, and he was acquitted, with a universal expression of pity for his misfortune, and of loathing for the subject of vengeance.

"To piece together these facts has cost me months of labor, in reading through old diaries and letters in the muniment-room, for I have never felt sure whether some day or other I or some of my descendants might not be challenged to produce the title-deeds of Gillingham. The blow has fallen upon me at last. It seems that some descendants of that old collateral branch, all long since dead and gone, as I hoped and believed, have turned up. At any rate there are agents busily at work, making all manner of inquiries, searching registers and so on, and my lawyers have told me point-blank that I may be called upon to produce these deeds, and that if they are not forthcoming my tenure of Gillingham Towers may be in serious jeopardy. Unless you, my young friends, with your keen wits and ready invention, can help me, my resources are at an end."

He turned and rang the bell, and then leant his head upon his hand, his elbow on the mantlepiece. A servant entered, and looking up he said quite naturally: "Put out all these lights and close the room again, Mallam—I only wanted to show Mr. Pallatti how it looks on a state occasion—and take the cigars and things into the billiard-room. We will finish the evening there."

Of the almost incredible events which followed I confess that I am unable to offer any explanation. I can only vouch for their having actually occurred. Whether, as Mr. Pallatti honestly believes, the soul can in certain rare instances leave the body and wander up and down the spirit world like a dog in a fair, prying into the secrets of the dead, or whether those events were merely the result (to quote the doctor in "Martin Chuzzlewit") of a "most extraordinary happy and favorable conjunction of circumstances," will forever remain a mystery to me.

When I got into bed that night my brain was in a whirl, and I should have been glad to exchange nerves with a cat. The unusual quantity of wine I had drunk, the dazzling splendor of the state drawing-room, the awful midnight tragedy of a century ago, and the life-like portraits of the principal actors seemed to forbid the very idea of sleep. But when I thought myself most wide-awake I began to doze off, and was soon "as fast as a church." How long it had lasted I could not tell, when I woke with a start, and for the third time in my life found myself alone in the dark. I stretched out my hand for the matches, but they were gone, and at the same time the luminous glare appeared upon the wall. Then the room, with its one tall open window, the broken furniture, the case of stuffed birds, and the two figures of my former visions developed rapidly. I could see the last plainly enough now—a man in a long horseman's coat and brown boots with great silver spurs, a woman in a long white wrapper, with fair hair flowing over her shoulders nearly to the ground, and they stood together by the table reading from a large sheet of paper which they held between them, by the light of a single candle in a tall silver candlestick. Occasionally they turned their faces toward me with an anxious expression, as if they were listening for something, and I immediately recognized two of the portraits in the state drawing-room. Suddenly they started violently, the man rushed to the window and leaped out, the woman thrust the papers into her dress, and a second man with a drawn sword flashing in his hands dashed into the room and through the window in pursuit of the fugitive. Then the woman drew out the papers and tried to tear them, but they must have been parchment, and she failed; she put them over the flame of the candle, but one corner only began to shrivel, and they would not burn. At last she turned to one of the dirty prints which opened at her touch, thrust the document into a cavity in the wall, and, reclosing the aperture, fell headlong to the ground. I could not have borne much more, when there was a glare of light in my eyes, a hand shook me roughly by the shoulder, and a voice (Pallatti's) exclaimed: "Good heavens! Houghton, what is the matter! You must have had the nightmare, and look quite exhausted." He took a tiny vial from his pocket, and pouring the contents into a teaspoon, put it to my lips. Whatever the potion was it was so strong that it nearly took my breath away, but its effect was instantaneous, and I asked him quite calmly: "How on earth did you come here!"

"Why, I felt so nervous and wakeful after Sir George's entertainment that I couldn't sleep, and as I got worse and worse, I thought I would see if you were in the same plight. You certainly seem to have been no better off than I, and I think we had better stick together and keep ourselves awake by talking till daylight doth appear."

"Most willingly," I said, "and I will begin by telling you my vision like a modern Pharaoh, and perhaps you may be able to expound it, O Joseph. There may be nothing in it, or every thing, who knows!"

The next morning, after an almost untasted breakfast, Sir George, Pallatti and I were prosecuting a vigorous search in the haunted wing, but after an hour of hunting and poking into every hole and corner, we came reluctantly to the conclusion that there was nothing corresponding in the remotest degree with the room of my vision. The case of stuffed birds and the dingy prints were especially conspicuous by their absence.

We were walking away, silent and disappointed, Sir George and I leading the way, and had nearly reached the door which shut off the wing from the rest of the house, when a shout from Pallatti, who had been following at a little distance caused us to stop.

"Eureka! Eureka!" he almost screamed; "I ought to have seen it at a glance! Come back both of you; we shall know all about it in five minutes."

The usually calm and impassive Mr. Pallatti was in such a violent state of excitement that we almost feared for his reason, but we obeyed him and returned upon our steps.

Without hesitation he went straight into a room called the best bed-chamber, in one corner of which there still stood the great iron chest from which the fatal title-deeds had been abstracted, and taking a foot-rule from his pocket carefully measured the wall on one side of the door—nine feet.

Then he came out into the corridor, which was panneled throughout with dark oak from floor to ceiling, and measured off nine feet from the side of the door on the outside, marked the place with a deep score of his knife. Transferring his attention to the next room (known as the blue-bed chamber,) he scored off seven feet. His discovery was patent enough now. Again applying his rule to the space between the two scores, it was at once seen that there were eleven feet of wall unaccounted for.

"There is a carpenter at work close by," panted Pallatti; "we saw him as we came up. Run, my dear Houghton, and bring him here with his tools."

I was off like a shot, and soon returned with the astounded carpenter, who had been shedding gimlets, bradawls, nails, and screws and such small articles plentifully by the wayside out of his basket in his haste. Pallatti had already sounded the wainscot; the rusty nails gave way at the first wrench, the planks were removed, the carpenter was dismissed, and then, with an almost inscrutable feeling of awe, we stood within the very room I knew so well. The stuffed birds, the crazy furniture, the dingy prints—all were there, and on the little table in the center stood a tall and tarnished silver candlestick, the candle long since devoured by the great-grandfathers of the mice who scampered into their holes as we entered.

For two or three minutes not a word was said, and then I sprang at one of the prints and tried to tear it from the wall, but Pallatti stayed my hand.

"There is not a secret spring in the world could baffle me for two minutes," he said, quietly.

With one touch of his fingers the picture flew open, and putting in his hand he pulled out a mass of crumpled parchment.

A short inspection proved to Sir George that they were the long-lost deeds, and we all saw for ourselves that one corner was shriveled and stained with grease and smoke.

* * * * * * * *

The next morning I found Sir George waiting breakfast for me alone.

"Where is Pallatti, Sir George?" I asked.

"Gone," replied Sir George, bursting out laughing. "He said he was afraid of your punching his head if he stayed."

"What on earth should I do that for?" I wondered.

"Because he played you a trick—went into your room after you were asleep, blew out your light, stole your matches, and hid himself in the cupboard in the hope that you would be able to give us the benefit of one of your experiences, as you call them. But he told me to assure you on his honor that not one hint of what happened that night shall ever pass his lips."

"And I quite believe him," I said warmly. "Pallatti is a glorious fellow, and although it wasn't very pleasant for me at the time, the game, in this case, was well worth the absence of the candle."—*Edward A. Irving, in Belgravia.*

DIVERSITY OF CROPS.

The One Thing Needful to Agricultural Success in the South.

That the prevailing system of agriculture in every civilized country rests on a basis more or less rational, will not be controverted. There is reason why some sections should be specially devoted to the production of the grasses, including the cereals; in other words, to farming, and others to what is termed planting. A controlling influence is also exercised by the species of labor employed in the cultivation of the soil. The order and exactitude requisite in conducting the operations of planting are thought to be best promoted by having a sufficient amount of labor at the absolute control of the planter. This is especially true in regard to the management of cotton, sugar and rice; and partially, if not equally so, of tobacco. On the other hand, the successful production of grain and grass admits of a change of operations from year to year; and, indeed, of a reduction or increase of the number, temporarily, during the progress of the season. A few steady laborers, with such succession of force at busy times as the occasion demands, are sufficient, under intelligent superintendence, for the general work of the farm. But the conditions necessary to successful planting are of a more stringent nature. The loss of a few days at a critical season might involve the failure of the crop, or at least make all the difference in the result between profit and loss. Hence the planter must provide himself at the beginning of the year with the amount of labor requisite to meet all contingencies. With this under his control he is able to carry on his operations with all the precision of machinery.

It was under such conditions as these that the planting interests of the South grew up and flourished. And attained an almost unexampled prosperity until rather a recent date. Those who had not the opportunity of witnessing the manner in which these industries were presented, can form but a faint idea of the skill, judgment and capital necessary to success. It is owing to the absence of these conditions during some years past, more than to any other cause, that almost every attempt to continue the culture, on a large scale, of the leading staples of the South has resulted in disastrous failure. The climate and soil are the same, the planter has lost none of his skill, the former labor of the country still remains, and the difference in expense between free and involuntary labor is not so important an element as to affect the general result; but it is the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of regulating this labor in the most efficient manner, which now constitutes the greatest impediment in profitable planting. In following this course of remark, it is not my intention to express any opinion on past public events. They have passed into the domain of history. It was deemed necessary, however, to state present facts and difficulties exactly as they exist, for the purpose of drawing the deductions to which they inevitably lead, namely, the absolute necessity of abandoning, in great part, the old system of planting, and of substituting in its place such a diversity of crops as will enable the cultivator to derive from several smaller sources an equal or greater amount of revenue than was formerly derived from the cultivation of a single leading staple, to which every thing was made subservient. For though it may take years to convince the Southern planter that what was formerly the source of so much profit must still continue, under favorable circumstances of season and prices, to afford him a handsome income, he will be convinced at last, and the sooner the better, that the planting business can never flourish again in the South under the altered conditions of the country, even if it were desirable that it should, which, indeed, may be well questioned.—*Boston Budget*

Origin of Electrical Terms.

The technical terms used in regard to electricity refer to units of various nature. Thus the unit of capacity is one farad; the unit of activity, one watt; the unit of work, one joule; the unit of quantity, one coulomb; the unit of current, one ampere; the unit of resistance, one ohm; the unit of magnetic field, one gauss; the unit of pressure, one volt; the unit of force, one dyne. These names are mostly derived from the names of men who have been famous in the field of electrical research. Thus Michael Faraday, James Watt, and James P. Joule, famous English discoverers, give their names to the first three units mentioned; Charles A. Coulomb and Andre M. Ampere, French inventors, to the two units following; G. S. Ohm and Carl F. Gauss, Germans, name two more units; and the volt is named from the Italian discoverer, Volta. The dyne is derived from the root word of dynamo, itself meaning force.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

LIGHT FOR THE BLIND.

A Luxury That Gives Great Satisfaction to the Inmates of Asylums.

You have probably often seen blind asylums brilliantly lighted at night, and you have probably just as often wondered why the blind required such a luxury. An inquisitive reporter recently ascertained that the blind are not deprived of their sight to such an extent as is generally supposed. Superintendents and managers of asylums are aware of this fact and know all the little foibles and petty tricks of their wards. The blind are most mischievous at the very time when one would think them to be the least troublesome—that is, in the evening. The superintendents in this city understand this and order all the gas jets in the institution to be lighted promptly at sundown. All the tricky ones are then watched by the janitors as carefully as Tabby does the mouse. Most of the blind have some powers of eyesight, and light rays, as a rule, can be readily perceived by them. They know that when all the lights are going at full blaze they can not cut up any pranks, and that all the books with heavy print, which they can take to bed and read far into the night, are taken away from them. These are the principal reasons why the passers-by sees all the lights burning in the rooms of the blind asylum. But there is another and special reason. Guardians of the blind state that the latter derive a great amount of comfort from the light. Many of them can perceive rays, and that is the only gratification left to their impaired vision. As soon as night comes on they wait patiently for the gas or lamps to be lighted and then muse under the illumination that is sensible to their optics.

Superintendents find it hard to divide the blind into distinct classes, according to the degrees of blindness. There is one continuous graduation from the totally blind to those who can see to read large type. The blind are divided into three classes by those who come in daily contact with them. The first class is composed of those who can not perceive light of the greatest intensity. They are devoid of the comfort which light gives. The highest test to prove total lack of vision is to place the blind person in the direction of lightning during a thunder storm, and if the flash is not perceived this proves that the sense of vision is entirely gone.

In the second class are those who can perceive and appreciate light and can see only the barest outline of the forms of persons. These are fed with illumination and want it most. Regularly at sun-down, they seek the chairs nearest to the light, and draw ineffable comfort from it.

The third class can not only distinguish light, but can also partially read and discern the features of their friends. This class is by far the most troublesome. They do not especially care for gas light, sometimes because it interferes with their little plans of mischief. The janitors always make it a point to light the gas in their rooms and keep their idle brains out of mischief.

Light and music are the blind person's chief delights. All the lost powers of vision are almost compensated for by the extraordinary sense of harmony and time. A peculiar musical talent and gift are apportioned to the blind, and secure for them positions of note. Many piano tuners are blind. In Paris nearly all the head piano tuners are blind persons. The same is true in Boston, where all of the pianos in the public schools are tuned by the blind.—*Albany (N. Y.) Argus.*

ETIQUETTE AT VASSAR.

A Glimpse at the College Life of Bright American Girls.

Vassar is a college in all that the name implies; and a thorough education is given in all academical branches; and it has its rules of social etiquette just as rigidly adhered to as in Yale or Harvard.

Every girl in the college sallies forth during the early days of the term, cardcase in hand, to call on the freshmen in her corridor. If the freshmen be out, a card is left; if in, the acquaintance is formed. But in either case the call must be returned within a week. After this calls and visits are more informal, and parties given.

Each girl is expected to give a party in her room once in the year. These are invariably held after ten o'clock, at which hour lights should be put out; but with closed doors, carefully shrouded in shawls and waterproof cloaks, the night watchman gets no hint of the dissipation being indulged in within.

When three girls share a sitting-room, with a bed-room apiece opening out of it (for most of the rooms are in groups of this kind), they combine in the giving of their entertainments, thus saving no small amount of trouble and expense.

Besides the individual parties or "spreads," there are the legitimate class parties. The seniors invite the juniors, the juniors the seniors, the sophomores give the freshmen a party early in the year, and later on invite them to the "trig" ceremonies, an eccentric performance to signalize their joy at having finished their course in trigonometry, to which the freshmen are still looking forward.

The character of the entertainment is burlesque. Mathematical signs and terms are personified, and good natured ridicule showered on "classmates," objectionable college institutions, and even the "faculty" itself. There are occasional minstrel performances, with peanuts, apples, maple sugar and lemonade for refreshments; also dancing in the college parlors, and sometimes "powder" and costume balls—of course confined to inmates of the house.—*Golden Days.*

—Masons will be interested in the invention by an Eastern man of two kinds of plastering composition. That to be used for the first coat consists of sand, sawdust, plaster of paris, slacked lime, sugar and carbonate of soda, while that for the second coat is made of cream of tartar, pumice stone, sugar, lime, and plaster of paris, each composition being compounded and applied in proportions and after a manner described. Both compositions have been patented.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Mutton is in greater demand than wool, yet the supply of choice mutton is always far below the demand.

—All barns should have good cave troughs, connected with spacious underground cisterns, if water is needed.

—Dairy farming furnishes a constant source of income and it may be carried on with small capital without danger of being smothered by larger establishments.

—Every farm should be provided with a light tackle for raising sick or injured animals when it is necessary to sling them up, or for any other purpose where the saving of time and strength is an object.

—For ambrosia, choose sweet oranges, peel six and slice very thin, taking out the seeds. Grate a large cocoanut. Alternate the cocoanut and oranges; sprinkle powdered sugar over each layer.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Investigation does not warrant the statement that tile draining increases damage from floods. On the contrary, during the warm months tile drainage mitigates damage. Surface ditching and deforesting cause devastation from floods.

—After the cabbage maggot is once developed, no application will kill it that will not at the same time kill the plant. Drawing the earth away from the stems, thus destroying the eggs before they hatch, if carefully followed, will save the crop.

—Mock Mince Pie: One half cup brown sugar, half cup molasses, half cup water and a half cup vinegar, a little butter, cinnamon, nutmeg, cloves and raisins, two crackers or two slices of bread crumbled fine. Bake with two crusts.—*Albany Journal.*

—Imperial Gingerbread: Rub together half a cup of butter and three cups of flour, stir in a cup and half of molasses, a cup of cold water and one egg, very well beaten; add a tablespoonful of ginger, a teaspoonful of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; beat the mixture and bake in a flat pan.—*Christian Union.*

—While it is generally conceded that posts set in the ground upside down will last much longer than in the reverse position, the why and wherefore of it has been a mystery with the public. The reason is this: The pores of the wood are so constructed as to draw and push the moisture upward from the roots to the leaves and branches of the tree, and this same principle of action causes the constant drying out of a post set reversely to its natural growth, while if set down the pores will constantly draw the moisture upward, thus causing its premature decay.

—Apples for domestic use may be kept in a cool, dry cellar in this way: Get made a number of tiers of broad shelves one foot apart, with a raised edge of an inch to keep the apples from falling off. Spread the apples on the shelves and cover them with any kind of cloth, sacking, spare blankets, or such material. A little clean, dry rye straw might answer this purpose. As apples are used take those which ripen first, become shriveled, or have specks of decay on them, leaving the sound ones. It will pay to get cheap blankets or felt carpet for this use, as a few barrels of fruit may be kept until late in the spring. Pears are kept remarkably well in this way.

DEHORNING COWS.

The Effect as Shown by Experiments at the Wisconsin Station.

The Wiscon Experiment Station has been endeavoring to solve the problem as to the effect of dehorning on the milk production. It has been held by high authority among dairymen that the dehorning "craze," as it is called, would in time prove disastrous to the dairy interest. This question can not, of course, be settled at once, but carefully conducted experiments can settle the question of the immediate effects. The Wisconsin Station gives the following conclusions as the results of their experiments to date:

We have then as the result of dehorning twelve cows: First, a slight falling off in the milk yield; second, an increase in the fat, and third, an increase in the temperature of the animal, denoting a slight degree of fever for a few days after the operation. Whilst these results are not conclusive, yet they indicate that dehorning a well-fed, healthy cow is not by any means a serious operation, and unless further experiments show a more marked injurious effect on the animal than the one given above, the question of dehorning cows will depend entirely on the practical advantages to be derived from it. If by dehorning we can insure an economy in feed and storage as has been claimed, and if at the same time there is no perceptible falling off in quality and quantity of the milk, then the operation will be one of personal convenience. One thing should, however, be taken into account, and that is the condition of the animal. A cow that is poorly fed or out of condition is certainly in no condition to undergo an operation of any sort, nor will there be any benefit derived from it. The question of injury to the constitution or temperament of the animal can only be settled by experiments on a large number of animals extending over several years.

To Make Farming Profitable.

Probably there never was a time when farmers realized more clearly than they do now that they do not receive a fair share of the rewards of labor. While much can be hoped for from proper legislation to free them from unequal taxation and secure a just distribution of profits, they can do much more to better their condition by the application of sound business methods to their own business. To be successful the farmer of the present day must be a good business man. He must not only know how to grow good crops economically, but how to sell them, and also how to buy his supplies and invest his savings to the best advantage. When farming done on thorough business principles is the rule and not the exception, and farmers are thoroughly organized, they will have no trouble in securing their share of the profits.—*Farm and Fireside.*

MISCELLANEOUS

—A California farmer, believing that cats will exterminate squirrels and gophers, purchased a large number and set them at liberty on his land.

—Several boys when arrested in New York the other day, were writing industriously, as they afterwards explained in court, to create a haunted house scare.

—The last society spoken of in California is the "Pay-Nothings." It is said to be alarmingly prosperous. The pass-word is, "Lend me a dollar," the response, "Broke!"

—"What's the most convincing proof that you know of," asked the philosophical tramp, "that a man possesses an inherent right to own property?" "A building in the front yard," promptly replied his companion.—*Chicago Globe.*

—Mistress (to servant)—"Look at the dirt on that chair, Bridget. Your work is shockingly neglected this week." "I know it is, mum; but I've been too busy to attend to it, shure. I'm a candidate for the Board av Education, mum, and I have to canvass my ward."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Uncle Cuffy—"Which is the cheapest, de fly-blister or de poor-house plaster?" Druggist—"Just the same—twenty-five cents apiece." Uncle C.—"Well, doctor, you better give me all two; my old 'oman is berry low wid de remonia; an' I want um for hab ebry comfort."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Crooked and Straight are the names of a pair of clergymen in charge of an English church. Lock & Key were long familiar names over the door of a hardware store in Louisville, Ky. Scarcely less appropriate were the last named parties to their business than were the famous U. Ketchum & I. Cheatum firm of lawyers.

—Enthusiastic Traveler—"Ah, England is a glorious country indeed. A nation of conquerors, possessions everywhere all over the globe, enormous financial resources; why, you know they say the sun of Victoria never sets." Mrs. Porkchoppe (of Chicago)—"I want to know, don't he ever get tired of standing?"—*Texas Topics.*

—A contest has been going on in a New York newspaper between a number of young women for the honor of being the youngest grandmother in the country. It has been shown by the letters of the contestants that a woman who was a grandmother at the age of thirty-two is by no means an unusual personage in this country.

—A few days ago Mr. Davis, of St. Augustine, Fla., heard a bell tinkling, and couldn't tell from what quarter it came until he looked in the air and saw a buzzard with a small brass bell around his neck. He shot the buzzard, and on examination saw an indistinct date, "1565," on the bell. He thinks it must have been hung there by de Menendez.

—An oil expert from Pennsylvania is of the opinion that there is more oil under the soil of California than in Pennsylvania itself. He finds that the ledge of oil-producing rock begins at Peru, crops up at San Diego, then dips and reappears at Santa Barbara, and again appears at San Francisco and further north.

—The meanest man in Kansas has been found. He lives in Reno County, and in writing to the treasurer of Sedgwick County in a matter pertaining to his taxes, he used a postal card that had done duty once before and spent at least three hours [illegible] the address, stamp, the first [illegible] from off the card. The postal is [illegible] framed and hung up in the treasurer's office as a memento of man's avarice.—*Wichita (Kan.) Journal.*

—In a letter from Salt Lake City descriptive of the Mormon Tabernacle, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe writes: "A glance at the congregation easily corroborated the statement that Mormonism largely recruits itself from the most wretched and ignorant classes of European countries. Some of the heads of those present might have been termed well advanced on the way back to the gorilla. Vacant countenances, eyes empty of thought were seen on every side."

—It was a rather queer remark that a Buffalo (N. Y.) business man made lately. Said he, "I can get a better bargain in any store in this town if I don't pay as I go than I can for cash, and what is still more to the purpose, can command better treatment and better service while I am making the purchase. The moment my money goes over the counter the interest in prompt delivery and such accessories must all fall back on the character of the house I am dealing with. But if I do not pay at once I am still a customer to be looked after and every thing will be done to retain my good will.

—A Boston sportsman who has been enjoying the sport at Moosehead Lake, in the northern part of Maine, entered a lumberman's house and was well entertained during the night. In the parlor of the house was the lumberman's library, which the visitor had the curiosity to examine. The list was as follows: "Lives of Eminent Saints," "Mysteries of Paris," "Robinson Crusoe," "Sure Way to a Happy Marriage," "Life of the Popes," "Teachings of the Catholic Church and Her Divine Founder and Saviour," "Catholic Faith" and "Our Department." The lumberman's mind had certainly a serious bent.

—The cook in a St. Louis family broke six of a lot of eggs in a vain search for a fresh one. She then, as she knew to her sisters, boiled all the rest, cooled them, and sent them back to the grocer to be credited back in exchange on a new bill for other articles. One day after that a darky woman came tearing down upon that grocer and asked, in the presence of other customers, why he sold her "biled eggs." He had hardly got the colored woman off with a new lot of eggs when a white woman came in with the same complaint about the sending to her house of boiled eggs. The grocer thought he must be getting insane, and, after holding his head a moment to assure himself that he was all right, broke several eggs from another lot and found them all right and pacified his customers.