☞All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author; not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer. Write only on one side of the paper. Be particularly careful in giving names and dates to have the letters and figures plain and distinct.

A NATURE PRAYER.

O birds, that sing such thankful psalms
Rebuking human fretting,
Teach us your secret of content,
Your science of forgetting;
For every life must have its ills,
You too have hours of sorrow,
Teach us, like you, to lay them by
And sing again to-morrow.
For gems of darkest jet may lie
Within a golden setting,
And he is wise who understands
The science of forgetting.

O Palms, that bow before the gale
Until its peaceful ending,
Teach us your yielding linked with strength,
Your graceful art of bending;
For every tree must meet the gale
Each heart encounter sorrow,
Teach us, like you, to bow, that we
May stand erect to-morrow.
For there is strength in humble grace,
Its wise disciples shielding;
And he is strong who understands
The happy art of yielding.

O brooks, which laugh all night, all day,
With voice of sweet seduction,
Teach us your art of laughing still
At every new obstruction:
For every life has eddies deep
And rapids fiercely dashing,
Sometimes through gloomy caverns forced,
Sometimes in sunlights flashing;
Yet there is wisdom in your way,
Your laughing waves and wimples,
Teach us your gospel of content,
The secret of your dimples.

O trees, that stand in forest ranks,
Tall, strong, erect and lightly,
Your branches arched in noble grace
Your leaflets laughing lightly,
Teach us your firm and quiet strength,
Your secret of extraction
From slimy darkness in the soil
The grace of life and action;
For they are rich who understand
The secret of combining
The good that's hidden deep in earth
With that where suns are shining.

O myriad forms of earth and air,
Of lake and sea and river,
Which make our landscapes glad and fair
To glorify The Giver;
Teach us to learn the lessons hid
In each familiar feature,
The mystery which still perfects
Each low or lofty creature;
For God is good and life is sweet,
And suns are brightly shining
To glad the gloom and thus rebuke
The folly of repining.

Each night is followed by the day,
Each storm by fairer weather,
While all the works of nature sing
Their psalms of joy together.
Then learn, O heart, the song of hope;
Cease, soul, thy thankless sorrow;
For though the clouds be dark to-day
The sun will shine to-morrow.
Learn well from bird, and tree, and rill,
The sin of dark resentment,
And know the greatest gift of God
Is faith and sweet contentment.

—I. Edgar Jones, in Louisville Courier-Journal.

TWO FORCED HOLIDAYS.

How Jim Poulder Learned the Great Blessing of Work.

"I ain't goin' ter stand this any longer. They's jes' workin' me to death, an' there aint no use er bein' a white slave furever. I'm old enough, I guess, to hev somethin' ter say 'bout what I shall do. Yes, I'm comin'!" raising his voice to a shout. "Thet's the way 'tis. Ef I ain't a-workin' an' strainin' an' workin' every minute, an' aint jes whar they want me, there's a callin' an a-fussin' 'bout my laziness as ef I never worked at all. It jes' ain't right!"

With slow, awkward steps, the speaker, an overgrown lad of fifteen years, moved from the bank of the brook, where he had been resting, to a large clearing in the forest, where his axe and coat had been thrown down by the side of a cord of wood.

The soliloquy was merely the natural expression of the thoughts that had been coursing through the boy's mind, as he lay dreaming on the grassy sods before the sound of his father's voice had disturbed him. The sudden interruption of his day-dream irritated him, and the probable thought that he would be reproved for his actions made his lot seem harder than it was.

"Ain't you got them logs piled up yet?" was what he heard, as he shambled across the open clearing to where his father stood. "Here I came up from t'other clearin', 'spectin' you'd be ready to help me with this 'ere team, an' you aint half through yet. It's too provokin' for any thing, Jim, the way thet you put me out!"

Mr. Poulder looked very much annoyed, and he removed his hat for an instant, and mopped the perspiration from his brow with a quick, jerky movement. Then he jammed it on his head again, and looked toward the half finished work of his son. Jim, meanwhile, calmly leaned against the trunk of a large tree, debating within his mind whether or not it was not the proper moment to inform his father just what he had been thinking of.

There was an element of romance in this lonely farmer's boy, and as he looked at his father, he flattered himself that he was a hero. He had already confessed to himself that he was a white slave—a phrase that he had culled and memorized from a dime novel that had been lent to him by one of his boyish playmates.

It was true that, like all farmer boys, he had been brought up to work, and although his father was sometimes a little strict with him, compelling him to do his alloted task when he had attempted to shirk it, Jim Poulder's lot was not harder than that of hundreds of other boys in the country. There seems to be a time in all boys' lives when they become dissatisfied with their surroundings, and long for some sensation, or change in the daily routine of duty. This time had arrived for Jim Poulder, and, as an excuse for his indefinite longing for something, he complained that too much work had always been given him since he was able to handle a hoe or axe.

Jim was not a disobedient son, but loved his father and mother, and considered it a punishable crime to cross either of them by word or deed. Yet sometimes he felt lonely and restless on the mountain side, and he often thought that his work would not be half so hard if he had a companion. About his only recreation was found in the woods, gunning, or idly fishing in the small brook that flowed across his father's farm. He had left his work for a few minutes to indulge in this pleasure, when his father came upon the scene, and it was partly a guilty conscience reproving him that made the boy so irritable and cross, and put him into such a defiant position toward every one.

"Father, I'm tired of work!" he finally broke out, after his father had been staring at the felled trees for some time.

Mr. Poulder turned his head quickly toward his son, and surveyed him wonderingly for a few seconds without speaking. Jim's eyes dropped before those of his father's, and a slight blush stole into his tanned cheeks.

"Tired of work, you say, Jim?"

The question was slowly asked, as if the speaker was reflecting, or had not yet quite understood the full import of the lad's remark.

"Yes, father," continued the boy, gaining courage by the silence that followed. "I aint never grumbled afore, an' I've allus done jes' what ye told me to, but it wa'n't because I didn't feel's of I had more'n I oughter do. There aint many fellers that has to do the work that I hev, an' there aint many that would do it without makin' a kick. Ef I aint right on hand jes' when ye want me, there's a great stewin' an' fussin', jes' as of I'd committed some crime. I've jes' been readin' where a young feller left home fur good fur jes' such treatment, an' how he made his way up into the world in another State. He complained 'bout his hard lot, but his father wouldn't listen to to him. Then he ran away."

"You haven't thought of doin' thet, hev you, Jim?" interrupted Mr. Poulder at this juncture.

"Yes-n-no, I can't say thet I hev," slowly replied the lad, wincing before his father's straightforward glance.

"You think your lot hard then, my boy?" continued his father, with a kindlier look in his eyes.

"Well, yes, father, I hev thought so, but —"

"You hev too much work, you say! Thet's your trouble?" Then, as if talking to himself, Mr. Poulder continued: "Probably I've been a little hard on you, Jim. There has been lots of work to be done on the farm, an' I've only thought of gettin' it through with. I didn't think of you. I hev not been a very good father to you in thet respect probably, an' I'm glad thet you've opened my eyes. Poor fellow! he has worked hard an' faithfully, an' now he'll hev his reward."

Jim moved uneasily against the tree, and wished that his father had been a little more angry with him, and wouldn't talk so kindly about him. Somehow the turn of affairs did not quite suit him, and he wished that it had been different. He felt that his father had not quite understood his meaning; he really in his heart wanted his father to laugh at him, or get angry with him, and order him to his work with a threat. Matters did not seem to improve when Mr. Poulder continued:

"Well, Jim you needn't finish this job. I can do it as well as you, and I will leave the other clearin' until to-morrow. You can go on fishin'."

"But, father——

"Never mind; thet's all right. I can do it without help. You can hev a half-holiday."

The dumbfounded lad remained in the same position until he saw his father swing the axe over his head, and begin cutting up the trees into proper lengths for cord-wood. Then, abashed by his own boldness, and feeling a certain exultation of success in the encounter, he turned away from the clearing, and went back to the brook. From his position on the grassy bank he could not see his father, but he could hear the steady blows of the axe on the trees.

The fish were as plentiful as usual that afternoon, and several good bites were made on the bait, but the young fisherman did not enjoy his sport half so well as on other occasions. He trolled his line about listlessly, and paid more attention to the distant wood-chopper's heavy, ringing blows than to the snapping of the speckled trout. Every unusual sound seemed to startle him from his reverie, and he glanced hastily around toward the clearing.

The afternoon slowly waned, and Jim Poulder's memorable half-holiday ran itself out. For three hours he remained seated on the bank of the small brook, watching the bright leaves on the trees and the trouts in the brook, and listening attentively to the sounds that came from his father's axe. About sundown he walked slowly homeward, and stopped at the barn to feed the animals. But some one had already performed his nightly duty, and the animals were taken care of for the night. Then he went to do a few little chores around the house, and found that these too had been done by his father.

"Well, he means to give to give me a half-holiday in earnest," Jim muttered, as he stood just outside the door before entering for his supper. "I wonder what he'll say 'bout it to the supper table. S'pose I'll hev to make up fur it ter-morrow."

He gave the stick with which his favorite dog was playing a violent jerk, and ordered the canine to charge, in no gentle tones. Then, as if ashamed at his show of anger, he patted the animal on the head, and told him to follow him into the house.

If the overworked boy expected to hear some reference to the day's work, or to his half-holiday, he was disappointed. His father and mother both talked of other things that were quite foreign to the subject which was uppermost in Jim's mind. All that evening they tried to make things bright and comfortable for him; but he felt moody and ashamed, and at an early hour he hurried off to bed.

The following morning was a bright and clear one, and the sun was shining brightly into the lad's sleeping-room before he opened his eyes. Then he started up with a jump, and made an exclamation of surprise as he looked out of the doors. It was fully nine o'clock, and his rising hour had always been six, while breakfast was invariably served at half-past six.

"Gracious sakes! what's the matter anyhow," he muttered aloud, as he hurriedly dressed himself. "I didn't hear any one call me."

Then, as remembrances of past mornings when he had slept on, after being called, rushed through his mind, he tried to think whether he had repeated such an offense. But no, he could not remember having heard his mother or father call him that morning. He walked down into the breakfast room a little sheepishly, expecting to be reproved severely for his laziness. But no one was in the room; his mother was busily engaged in her work outside, and his breakfast was standing on the table waiting for him. He sat down immediately, and hastily drank his coffee and munched a few rolls. Then picking up his cap, he started for the barn to begin his work.

"Good morning, Jim. Your father has taken the horses to the mill to-day," his mother said, as she caught sight of him. "You can't go to the clearin' to-day; there's no hurry 'bout thet work."

This was another surprise for the boy, and he stood for several minutes undecided what to do. It was so strange to have the horses fed and harnessed up to the farm-wagon and taken away to work before he was up, and yet stranger still was it to be told that the work in the clearing could wait until a later period.

He did not know quite how to act, but, after a short hesitation, he turned to the wood-pile near him, and picked up an axe with the intention of chopping some wood for the house stove. He had not split two sticks before he heard his mother calling again.

"We've hired Sandy to come an' cut up the wood, Jim," she said. "Your father thought he could do it better than you, an' then you would hev loss ter do. Never mind cuttin' it now."

Jim slowly dropped the axe. Then facing his mother, he said: "Well, mother, then let me help you. Don't you want some work done fur you?"

"O, no, I've very little to do to-day. I don't need any help," was the reply.

So Jim Poulder was forced into idleness that day. Every thing that he attempted to do, he found that somebody else had engaged to do before him. Finally, he walked away from the farm towards the brook, bewildered and surprised. He tried to interest himself in fishing again, but after a short trial he flung down his line with disgust. From the brook he walked on to the clearing in the woods, but his axe was not in its place, and every thing was silent and still. After watching a squirrel at play for a time he then turned his footsteps towards home again, hoping that his father had returned from the mill.

He was disappointed in this hope, and he ate his dinner with his mother, saying but little, but thinking much. The afternoon was more dreary than the morning. He was left alone to do as he pleased, and after exhausting his few pleasures in the woods, he became disconsolate and lonesome.

Idleness was something unsuited to one of his restless nature, although it was what he had been longing for few weeks past. Now that he had it to his heart's content, he wished for some work that would kill the time, and banish certain thoughts that would worry him constantly, no matter where he was.

"But this is lonesome, he exclaimed, rather emphatically, into the afternoon, raising himself from the soft, grassy couch on which he had been resting. "I do wish I hadn't said any thing to father 'bout work. I don't know what ter do with myself, an' I feel too mean for any thing when I'm with him. What can a feller do among these mountains without he has work? I never thought of it before. It don't seem right ter be idle nuther when every thing is so bright and busy. Them fishes and birds aint idlin', I know. They're workin' to get somethin' to eat. Poor things! an' they get caught every time they make a mistake in their work, an' nibble the wrong food. I'll feed 'em now without tryin' to catch 'em."

For a brief instant Jim Poulder forgot his own lonesomeness in his endeavor to make the fishes in the stream happy, and he leaned over the bright, gurgling brook as he threw all of his bait away, and watched it while it was eagerly devoured by the creatures of the water. He did not know that, in this simple act, he was learning one of the greatest lessons of life; that the best panacea for ennui is to turn the mind and energies towards the helping of others, and thereby making the lot of sufferers happier and more endurable.

The next morning Jim Poulder was up bright and early, but his father had anticipated him, and had already fed the animals. He could really do nothing before breakfast, and he returned to the house a little disappointed, though still strong in the resolution that he had made the preceding day. He had at last become thoroughly disgusted with himself, and he meant to make his apology by actions as well as by words.

"Father, I want to do my regular work to-day," he said, boldly, as he saw his father getting ready to leave for the woods. "I'm tired of idleness."

Mr. Poulder looked at his son for a brief instant, while a peculiar gleam of satisfaction came into his dark eyes. He did not answer for a moment, but let the boy have time to hide his blushing face from his gaze.

"The other day you were tired of work; now you're tired of play. Isn't that rather contradictory, Jim?"

"Yes, but I didn't know what I wanted then. *I want to work now.* I've got to hev somethin' ter do. It's too lonesome up here to loaf. It don't agree with me."

The impulsive boy blurted out the sentences so forcibly that his father could not doubt his earnestness, and the two rode away to the woods together. It was a clear summer's day, and the air was sweet with the scent of wild mountain flowers. Similar days had been enjoyed before in the woods, but none seemed so bright to Jim as this particular morning, when he chopped the great trees down by the side of his father and forgot all of his complaints in his work.

His two holidays had taught him a lesson that he never forgot, for, after all, he concluded that work was the greatest blessing that is given to young men on this earth.

His love and respect for his father were also increased by the little incident in his monotonous life. Instead of reproving him in violent words, Mr. Poulder had taught him the folly of his wishes by letting him feel it himself, which, after all, is the keenest punishment that can be devised. Jim was bright enough to see the subtlety of his father's actions, and he admired the scheme no less than the orginator of it.—George Ethelbert Walsh, in Youth's Companion.

DEPEW ON TOBACCO.

Why the Railroad Magnate Gave Up the Use of the Weed.

The following remarks are attributed to Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, the President of the New York Central railroad, and well known for his prominence in affairs of public interest. His example and experience are instructive to young men everywhere:

"I was a confirmed smoker, smoking twenty cigars a day, up to about a dozen years ago, when I gave up the habit. I do not now use tobacco. Twelve or thirteen years ago I found myself suffering from indigestion, with wakeful fits at night, nervousness and inability to submit to much mental strain. I was in the city of Albany one day, and bought a twenty-five cent Partaga. I was walking up Broadway, and at the corner of State street I took the cigar out of my mouth and looked at it. I had smoked about an inch of it. A thought struck me. I had been reading a German savant's book on the unhealthfulness of the use of tobacco. I looked at my cigar, and said, 'you are responsible for this mischief.' I threw that Partaga into the gutter and resolved not to smoke again. For six months I suffered the torments of the damned. I wanted to smoke, but I resolutely refused. My appetite, meanwhile, was growing better, my sleep was growing sounder, and I could do more work. After I had worked continuously one day, late at night I thought I would try a cigar as a soothing influence. I lighted a cigar; it was delicious. I enjoyed the aroma of the smoke and the pleasure of the cigar more than I can say. The next day I smoked four cigars, and the next two. I found that the use of tobacco was affecting my physical system, and I stopped it entirely, and have not commenced again, and probably never shall."—Phrenological Journal.

THE ENGLISH GIRL.

An Admirable Example of Genuine Vere de Vere Repose.

I suppose no girl in any land, taking specimens from among the aristocrats, is so altogether manner-perfect as the English one. She is an admirable example of that repose that, according to the Laureate, belongs alone to the "Vere de Vere." Few things rouse her, fewer things amuse her, nothing under a lengthened and laborious explanation could bring her to see a joke. Yet, at the most trivial, the most ordinary little quips and cranks of life, matters that would hardly raise a smile in you or me, she will laugh immoderately. But tell her a rattling good story that has sent you half an hour ago into fits, and has grown so dear to your soul that you must needs pour it into the ears of somebody else, and grief, indeed, will be your portion as you watch her reception of it.

Perhaps this inability to grasp a jest is born of that great determination I have before this hinted at. To range herself creditably to take a high position in society, that occupies all her thoughts, sleeping and waking, to the exclusion of such frivolous matters as "a merry tale well told."

To-day she is to be presented to her sovereign, to-morrow night she will go to her first ball. Very few girls marry in their first season, unless, indeed, a very big fish happens to be landed, and this is seldom unless the debutante is one of those rarely lovely creatures above alluded to. Sweet seventeen, though very anxious to be appreciated, and by no means gauche or shy, is still a little incomplete; and as the ingenue has been rather played out by this, she has to wait a year or so spent in acquiring the subtle charm that distinguishes her more mature sisters, before bringing to her feet that ambition of her soul—a rich parti.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—The Atlantic liners accomplish their high speed with a consumption of one and a half to one and three-quarter pounds of coal per horse power.

ABOUT CIRCULAR SAWS.

How the Plates from Which They Are Made Are Treated and Tempered.

Ordinary circular saws are of all sizes from six inches to six feet in diameter. The plates from which they are shaped come from steel mills in circular form, almost round, if not perfectly so. The first thing to be done is to see that each plate is made a perfect circle. A hole is then cut in the center, and the teeth are marked around the rim. The plate is then taken to a machine on which the teeth are to be cut. It is placed upon a pin at such a distance from the machine that the edge comes beneath the die, and the operation of teeth-cutting begins. The steel is cut cold, each tooth being made by one blow. All sizes and descriptions of dies are necessary, as the style of saw and saw-teeth are many. After the teeth have been cut the next operation is that of tempering, which is the most difficult and important process in the making of a saw. Several saws are placed in the furnace at a time and allowed to remain until they have reached the proper temperature, a light cherry red, when the plates must be taken from the oven and plunged into a vat of whale oil, heated by pieces of red-hot iron or steel, which are placed in the vat one after another until its contents are properly heated. As each piece is dropped in, a brilliant flame leaps from the surface of the oil, and continues to burn until extinguished by stirring the liquid with a long iron rod. The large glowing plates are then cautiously slid into the vat. Leaving the tempering department, the saw goes back to the main shop to be hammered and straightened ready for grinding. This work is done by hand. After the plate, which has been more or less warped during the tempering process, has been made perfectly straight again, it is placed in the grinding machine, which is a carriage between two wheels which turn it, and at the same time press its sides against a rapidly revolving grindstone. The carriage is fixed in automatic bearings, and is moved back and forth at the will of the operator. It usually takes about two hours to grind a large five-foot circular saw, though the time varies according to the kind of saw that is being made. The next operation is that of polishing, which is done with emery wheels. To polish a large circular saw the plate is secured to a large wheel or flange, which turns, carrying the saw with it, the workmen meanwhile pressing an emery ball (attached to a handle) against the side.

The saw must then be "rounded;" that is, care must be taken to prevent one tooth projecting farther than the others. For this purpose the saw is placed in a bearing, and made to turn slowly. It is then gradually brought in contact with an emery wheel, the latter turning very swiftly, until the edge of every tooth touches the wheel. The saw is next sharpened and submitted to further hammering for the purpose of "truing" and straightening, and is then cased ready for shipment.

One important part of the sawmaker's business is the renovation of old saws injured in fires. It is straightened up, tempered over again, and provided with a new set of teeth.

This article has dealt only with common circular saws, the teeth of which are not separate from the plate. Other saws, however, supplied with inserted teeth of various kinds, are made in large numbers. These are all patent saws, and can be supplied with new sets of false teeth as often as necessary.—Mechanical News.

THE AUSTRIAN COURT.

Substantial Perquisites Enjoyed by Emperor Francis Joseph's Servants.

Nothing except the linen, plate, china and glass is ever served twice at the court tables; but the full meaning of this can not well be grasped by anybody who has not seen the system at work. Some of the servants have as their perquisites the bottles which have come up to the dining-room but have not been uncorked; others, the uncorked bottles; and others again the wine that remains in the glasses. Therefore it is the interest of one set of servants to keep the glasses full; of another set to draw as many corks as possible, while parting with as little wine as they can; and of a third set to draw corks sparingly. The result is that often a great deal of unseemly whispering and nudging goes on at the sideboards. As regards the food, there are different orders of claimants for perquisites; one man having a vested interest in the joints, another in the poultry, a third in the sweet dishes, and so on. Then there are the men to whom wax candles belong, and these naturally make a rush to blow out the candles the moment the last guest has walked out of the room. Altogether, this system of perquisites causes the imperial banquets to be served in double-quick time, so that the longest of them seldom lasts beyond three-quarters of an hour. The Emperor's dining hour is five o'clock; but it is etiquette for the guests to arrive a clear half hour beforehand. After dinner coffee and cigars are served in a smoking-room; the Emperor lingers about a quarter of an hour and the guests separate soon after 6:30. But another curious result of the perquisite system is this—that the court servants make open traffic on the imperial leavings. Incredible as it may sound, there is a basement corridor in the palace, which is like a bazar full of shops. Here not only the keepers of small hotels and restaurants but the cooks of many ladies belonging to the second-class official world come to buy cold meats, pastry, sweetmeats, wines and candles. There is one sort of Tokay which can only be bought from the court servants, as none is made except for the Emperor. It is to be presumed, however, that the uncorked bottles of champagne and other fine wines are generally sold by the dozen, and they must form a substantial perquisite.—Chambers' Journal.

—El Paso, Mexico, must have some very public spirited ladies. An item which appeared in a recent number of one of the papers there reads: The fashionable ladies who engineered the last bull fight netted $351.56 which they will devote to the town clock fund.

GERMAN FAMILY LIFE.

The Relations of Mistress and Maid and Parents and Children.

The life of German servants is very hard, their wages are small, their food is not rich, and their masters are very exacting. With all this, however, they share in the happiness of their employers far more than do those here, and this alone does more to keep them at home than the prospect of high wages does to call them away.

The real children come in for a treatment almost as severe as that of a soldier, but here, of course, the love of the parent is vastly more powerful than the benevolence of the military superior.

The parent most keenly realizes that school-training is the foundation of nearly all future progress, and watches, therefore, carefully over the child's work. He hears the child recite his lesson before going off in the morning, and takes the greatest interest in the reports from school. The schools of Germany being nearly all day schools, the children and their parents are very much together, and there are therefore many opportunities for the child to absorb lessons of a moral and intellectual kind in the most natural way. The school work being to the child of great interest, and the parent knowing from day to day the progress made, nothing is easier than for them to discuss the work of the day in their walks. In this way the parent can smooth away many of his boy's difficulties, and make his studies even more attractive.

The family circle of an evening is in Germany a picture of happiness, one where each is able to contribute something to the entertainment of all. Music takes, of course, first rank, and hard, indeed, would it be to find a family of even very narrow means where this accomplishment was not cultivated. Some of the children play on an instrument—piano, zither, violin or guitar; all will sing. The family room is the largest room of the house, where the sewing is done in the daytime, where meals are served, and where the family congregate for an hour or two's diversion before bedtime.

On anniversaries a family celebration is always arranged. The youngest tot recites a few lines; another of six performs on the piano; a third reads an essay relating to the festive occasion; the next, perhaps, has a violin obligato; this will be followed by a song; a more ambitious piano piece will succeed, and the evening close with some Latin verses, or an oration by the learned one of the family. Each one brings his share to the family entertainment, and no one is allowed to admit that he or she can do absolutely nothing to entertain others

In this manner Germans of small means, but with good education, make their lives happy, give pleasure to their children and pave the way for a successful career when they come into individual or intellectual competition with men of other countries.—Poultney Bigelow, in Chicago America.

WOMEN AND POCKETS.

How Our Wives and Sisters Hamper Themselves in Little Things.

Why don't women have pockets? They carry their purses in their hands and their handkerchiefs in their bodices, and they carry a little bag about as big as a pint cup on their arms, the exact use of which has never been defined. There is a liberal wholesaleness about the way a man provides in the construction of his dress for his own wants that is actually refreshing in comparison with the way women inconvenience themselves. A man has plenty of pockets. He can carry keys. A woman is always wondering where she left or hid hers. When the exigencies of the weather cause him to have recourse to his "wipe" he puts a hand into his breast pocket and hauls out a liberal square of cambric. A woman under like circumstances just sniffs, and continues to sniff. When a man sits down in a street-car he waits till the genie of the bell-punch and register stands in front of him, then he puts his thumb and forefinger in a tiny pocket in his overcoat and hauls out his ticket. The woman begins to get her change ready when the conductor is at the other end of the car. She pulls her bag off her arm, draws it open, takes out her purse, pulls off her silk mitten, opens her purse, unclasps an inner compartment, takes out a nickel, puts it between her lips—faugh!—snaps the compartment, shuts the purse, opens her bag and puts away the purse, and pulls on the mitten again. And this is a fair sample of the way women hamper themselves in all the little things—and life is made up of them—and then complain of the disadvantages of sex. There is nothing on earth to prevent any individual woman from enjoying innumerable pockets, loose sleeves, bifurcated underskirts, short hair, etc., and all the other modern feminine improvements.—Chicago Journal.

SUBSTITUTE FOR WAX.

An Extensive Deposit of Ozocerite Recently Found in Utah.

A carload of a peculiar mineral arrived in this city a few days ago. It was ozocerite, or mineral wax, and it came from Utah. Until recently this substance has not been known to exist in any quantity except in Moldavia and in Galicia, Austria. Three years ago, however, a deposit of the queer substance was discovered on the line of the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, about 114 miles east of Salt Lake City. The mine is known to cover at least 150 acres, and over 1,000 tons per year can now be produced.

Ozocerite resembles crude beeswax in appearance, and can be used for nearly all purposes for which wax is employed. It is now largely used in the manufacture of waxed paper. It enters into the composition of several brands of shoe polish. Mixed with paraffine, it produces an excellent grade of candles. One of the largest fields for the new material is the insulation of electric wires. It is claimed that ozocerite is preferable to any substance previously employed for this purpose. As the mineral wax comes out of the ground in condition to be used without refining, unless it is required for some special purpose, it is much cheaper than the product of the honey bee, and is evidently destined to be extensively used in the future.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

FESTIVAL OF THE BATH.

How the Queen of Madagascar Observes a Peculiar Ceremony.

The Progress de l'Imna, a French journal published at Tananarive, gives an interesting description of the annual ceremony known as the Festival of the Bath, which is held at Madagascar on the 22d of November. The foreign Ministers and foreign residents are always invited to this ceremony, which takes place in the royal palace. The Progress de l' Imna describes the Queen of Madagascar as being draped in a flowing robe of red, seated upon the throne, with a young Prince of the royal family at her feet. The Prime Minister was seated at her right, and to the left, upon a red velvet cushion, was the royal crown, with several of the princesses and principal dignitaries of the court seated, as usual, on the ground. The European spectators all stood facing the throne, the only one allowed a seat being M. Le Myre de Vilers, the French Minister. Behind the Europeans stood the ladies of the court, a number of officers and the choir of singers. The Queen's bath was placed in a corner of the room, railed off with curtains. After the Queen had taken her seat on the throne, a number of persons came in with the water and other objects to be used for the bath, while underneath the bath itself a fire was lighted. As soon as the water was sufficiently heated the Queen came down from her throne and took a seat to the left, while a prayer was being recited and a hymn sung. She then went into the curtained enclosure and proceeded to take her bath, a salvo of artillery announcing to the people that the sovereign was going through the most important part of the ceremony. At the end of about a quarter of an hour the Queen came out from the bath dressed in a scarlet robe trimmed with lace, wearing her crown and a magnificent diamond necklace, and holding in her left hand the horn of an ox tipped with silver, inside which was water from the bath. Accompanied by her Prime Minister, she walked to the principal door of the throne room, sprinkling the spectators as she passed along. Salvos of artillery were fired all the time and until she had taken her seat on the throne again. The Princes of the royal family, the representatives of the different castes of the nobility and the Ministers then came to pay their respects to the Queen and call down upon her head all the blessings of heaven. Speaking in the name of the people and the army, as well as his own, the Prime Minister said in substance that they were all very pleased that the Fandruna had come round, that they all hoped her Majesty would live long enough to see a thousand such ceremonies, and that the Queen could count upon the devotion of all her subjects. He concluded his speech by saying that the relations of Madagascar with foreign nations were most satisfactory, to which the Queen replied very briefly: "These being your words, I am very pleased and hopeful for the future. May you live long, gentlemen, and may God bless you!" Rice, milk, with pieces of beef preserved since the previous year's festival, were then served, and after another hymn the ceremony ended. For three days before the festival it is unlawful to kill oxen or sheep for food; but the day after the festival there is a wholesale slaughter of oxen, it being estimated that from four thousand to five thousand beasts are killed in the twenty-four hours at Tananarive alone. It is the custom for each family to send a quarter of beef to its relatives and most intimate friends, the meal at which this meat is eaten being followed by sports and national dances.

A SCOTCH SHIP CANAL.

The Proposed Improvement of the Canal Between the Clyde and Forth.

The agitation in favor of canals and waterways, which has been waged in England for some time back, has at last extended to Scotland. Such agitations are contagious, and it is not, therefore, surprising to hear the revival of an old suggestion from the North on the subject. The proposal is to improve the present existing canal between the Clyde and the Forth, so that ships might be able to pass through. The canal was constructed a century ago, and is 35 miles long, extending from Bowling on the Clyde to Grangemouth on the Forth, the line being almost due east and west, and there is a branch of 2¼ miles to Port Dundas in the north of Glasgow. It rises 156 feet and has 39 locks. At the present time only very small craft can be passed through, not only because of the short locks, but also owing to the depth of water being about nine feet. It is proposed that it should be made suitable for deep sea-going ships.

There are no great engineering difficulties in the way. The cost is variously estimated between £1,500,000 and £2,000,000—a sum which, it is thought, might be easily raised by a company. It is contended that, being the shortest route between America and the Baltic, the Continent and the east coast of Scotland, and England, the through traffic would be considerable. This may be true; but the gain in time would be reduced materially by the fact that vessels in coming off the Atlantic would require to sail up the long firth (Clyde), and would probably require, particularly if deeply laden, to wait on the tide to get to Bowling, which is some distance up the river, or the channel would need to be broadened and deepened, thus adding to the cost. For channel steamers going from Ireland or to the west coast of Scotland, England or Wales to the east coast or the Continent, the canal would be a decided benefit, for not only would their voyage be shortened, but the rocky and dangerous coast of the North of Scotland would be avoided. The canal passes through the coal and oil districts of Scotland—a fact which affords additional argument in favor of the scheme. Another consideration which carries much weight is the facility gained for the rapid passage of battle ships from one shore to the other, rendering defense in time of war more effective. Looking, therefore, to principal pros an cons as stated, the question is worthy of serious consideration. The canal is the property of the Caledonian Railway Company, and they are taking no action, meantime, in the matter, feeling, doubtless, that

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—The corn plant is a gross feeder, and the land can not be made too rich.

—Cranberries, like apples, should be used plentifully in the family. They are not very costly, the supply in this country is so great.

—Cut out the canes from raspberries liberally and cut them low down. Too many canes in a hill will not produce as well as a few strong and stocky ones.

—Only sharp scissors should be used in trimming lamp-wicks if an even, clear flame is wanted. The wick should not be cut below the charred portion, but just at the point of change.

—What is wanted to make farming successful is men who have ambition to make their calling honorable. To do that, a man must know all that can be known about his business and be able to do it.

—Because they increase rapidly and can, with good management, be made to mature in a short time, good hogs will help out a farmer who has got behind financially better than any other class of live stock.—Swineherd.

—An oyster omelet is quickly prepared. Beat six eggs to a light froth. Add half a cup of cream, salt and pepper. Pour into a frying-pan, with a tablespoonful of butter, and drop in a dozen large oysters. Fry a light brown. Double over and send to the table immediately.

—The apple crop is the one that needs most care in handling to make it profitable. This is contrary to custom, but is correct. Apples should be handled like eggs and carefully sorted into their grades; the first for market, the second for sale as second grade or for cellar; the third for cider or feeding.—Independent.

—Lime slacked with a solution of salt in water, and then properly thinned with skim milk, from which all the cream has been taken, makes a permanent whitewash for out-door work, and, it is said renders the wood incombustible. It is an excellent wash for preserving shingles, and for all farm purposes.

—It is for their own good that we should strive to inspire in every child the spirit o self help. If we would not have them swell the great army of helpless men and women who drift aimlessly through life, mere hangers-on of the busy, ambitious workers, we must see to it that they acquire habits of self-help and self-dependence while children.

—Sweet Gravy for Buckwheat Cakes: Put a lump of butter the size of an egg into a sauce-pan and melt, add one heaping tablespoonful of flour and stir smooth. Then pour in one pint boiling water; stir and boil briskly. Sweeten with one cup of sugar, or better still, with maple molasses. When made carefully it should be quite smooth.—Farm and Fireside.

CORN-EARS COOKED.

A New Wrinkle Which Is Becoming Quite Popular in the East.

It has been my pleasure to observe from its inception a new way of feeding corn to fattening cattle—new in this locality at least. The corn is simply boiled on the cob an hour or less, and then fed in the ear. If boiled too long the kernels will drop off, and this is to be avoided. Boiling softens both kernels and cob, and consequently both are easily masticated, and the animals eat it as easily as corn on the cob when in the milky state. It has been found that give the cattle all they will eat they will neither scour nor cloy. Not an indigested kernel is found in their droppings, and these smell like that of a sucking calf. When fed dry and whole, whether on the cob or off, a considerable portion of the grain passes away entire, and this is usually a dead loss, and it is so with raw meal, whether clear or corn-and-cob meal, if the animals are fed high with it, and it is also quite liable to scour or cloy. The saving by this process is ten per cent. for grinding, besides the trouble of going to mill, and a very large saving in the fact that every particle of the nutriment is appropriated by the animals.

The claim of advocates of corn-and-cob meal, that it gives desirable bulk, whether the cob contains nutriment or not, can here find full satisfaction, especially as it has been ascertained by measurement that three bushels of dry corn in the ear make four when boiled. The feeder under consideration claims a saving of at least thirty per cent., adding "No more dry corn for me, if you please, for any kind of stock." His cattle do better on much less grain than when fed dry. In the West, where corn is low and cattle are fed out of doors, with hogs to follow them, boiling the corn would be no object, but in the East, where conditions are different, I regard it of almost vital importance. This experience is suggestive that old horses and cows with poor teeth, or no teeth at all, would thrive upon boiled corn, for they could crush the cob with their bare jaws, and, once into the stomach, all would digest. With my opportunities for observation—the process being carried on within fifty rods of my own door—and knowing its value as I do, I shall expect to see the system adopted by many careful feeders.—Galen Wilson, in N. Y. Tribune.

Keep Your Cows Clean.

Nothing looks much worse than a cow covered with manure, a statement that we will all agree with. For looks' sake the cow should be cleaned off. But that is not all of it by any means. Some of the filth is pretty apt to get into the milk pail and if it does its effect can never be got out. There is is some quarters an apparent idea that the strainer cleanses milk. It will hold the foreign particles that may be in it, but of course it can not remove the flavor that they had imparted, and the milk absorbs flavor the moment it comes in contact with it, and it is there to stay. The cow should be kept as clean as she may be by brushing. When the weather is warm enough she can be more thoroughly cleansed by the use of water. We would not advise its use however in cold weather even in a warm stable. There are plenty of cows that are so covered with filth that the average customer would never buy her milk if he could see the cow.—