

THE LITTLE KNIGHT.

The knight of olden time, they say,
Went bravely out to battle,
And sto'd serene amid the strife,
The din and roar and rattle,
Because he carried on his arm
A ribbon or a glove,
And fought and won, or fought and fell,
All for his lady-love.

We boys may be like knights, they say,
Although our lives are quiet,
And though we may not ride to war,
With martial clank and riot,
Yet we may still be brave and true,
And fight against the wrong,
And, like the gallant knights of old,
Help other lives along.

So, Cousin Alice, you, I see,
Wear ribbons with your dresses;
Please, will you spare one pretty bow,
From off your braided tresses,
Just to remind me, day by day,
I must be good and true,
A valiant knight to serve the right,
Because—I am fond of you!

Then, Cousin Alice, let me wear
Your pretty colors gayly,
And they shall make me kind and true,
And brave and gentle, daily;
For, like the knights of olden time,
I promise, "honor bright,"
If you're my little Valentine,
To be your faithful knight.

—Margaret Johnson, in *February St. Nicholas*.

UNDECEIVED.

Augustine Powers had never felt the fatigue caused by labor nor the hardship and suffering entailed by poverty; and one would be quite sure, to see her as she sat listlessly before the piano in her rich and tastefully furnished apartments, that the thoughts of woe and misery never found even a transient place in her breast. But although young and beautiful, and possessed of every luxury which money could purchase or a refined taste could contribute, she imposed upon herself the duty of helping bear the burdens of her sex who were less fortunate than she, by providing each day for the wants of some unhappy creature. For this purpose her trusty servant Peter was sent out every evening to investigate the condition of such as were receiving her assistance or to recover new objects for her generosity. At the time she is brought to our notice, her attitude indicates that she has been indulging in one of those harmless reveries called "day dreams." Her thoughts seem to wander far away from her surroundings, and even the crumpled letter which she holds in her hand has apparently ceased to excite her emotion. The reader may, however, glance at this letter. It was written in a plain, school-girl hand, and ran thus:

MY KIND FRIEND: The trouble you have already taken in my behalf causes me to hesitate before acquainting you with what has produced my greatest anxiety; but as you requested me to notify you in case anything occurred, and as you are my only friend in whom I can confide, I feel it my duty to comply. The man who has so greatly wronged me, and at whose door I lay all my misery and degradation passed the house, where I am living this morning. He has certainly discovered my whereabouts, for he looked very hard at the windows, and will, I fear, use every means to frustrate my intentions. Had he never treated me so cruelly, and then left me to die alone, I could still endure him; for, notwithstanding all the distress he has caused, the vision of happy moments still haunts the vacant chambers of my heart. What his object may be in seeking me out I cannot say. He may fear I will discover his true name, for I am sure he made use of a fictitious one, and disclose his base conduct, but this I will never do. If I could only go away from here, I think I would be happy, but I am so weak that I can scarcely move.

What shall I do? Cannot you, my good friend, advise me? I am so entirely alone. Your humble friend,
MARY.

Miss Powers had read this letter an hour or so previous to our introduction to her, but now she seemed to have lost all interest in its contents. Presently a servant entered bearing a card which he handed to his mistress. "Ah, Mr. Walter," she muttered half aloud; "show him in, William." A moment later Mr. Walter was ushered into the room. His appearance was that of a man about six and twenty, not over handsome, but with a face filled with intelligence and a tall, well-proportioned frame. As his eyes met those of Miss Powers his countenance plainly told the admiration with which he regarded her. All his inmost soul seemed expressed in that one look. "I have brought you," he said, after a moment's pause, "some money your father requested me to hand you. He also wished me to ask, now that Peter is ill, if I could be of any assistance by accompanying you on your visit to that poor girl of whom you spoke to him this morning."

"How thoughtful papa is," interrupted the girl; "and I am sure it is very kind of you, Mr. Walter, to consent to render me such a service. I am quite certain you did not understand this was to be part of your duty when you entered the banking house of Powers, Farlow & Co."

The young man was about to make some remark expressing his willingness to undertake the mission with so agreeable a companion, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a servant bearing the card of Mr. Nathan Farlow, Mr. Powers' partner in business.

"Good afternoon, Miss Powers," exclaimed that gentleman a moment later. "I am indeed happy to see you looking so much better than you were yesterday. Ah! good afternoon, Mr. Walter," for the first time glancing in the direction of his employe, "you have left the office rather early this afternoon."

"It was to deliver a message from Mr. Powers, explained the clerk.

"Yes," added Miss Powers, "Mr. Walter has come to offer me his services by accompanying me on a visit of mercy this afternoon."

"Ah!" and Nathan Farlow's face lost its pleasant expression. "I should like to offer my assistance if I could hope to gain that confidence which Mr. Walter seems to have inspired."

"Why, Nathan!" exclaimed Miss Powers, "I always imagined you would much rather be at your club than wading through filthy streets and

tenements in search of worthy destitute. But if you would really like to accompany me, I should be so happy to have you go to-night," and her face lighted up with real pleasure as she spoke.

"What is the especial object of your visit, and at what hour do you intend going?" inquired Farlow.

"Oh, there is no fixed time," responded Miss Powers; "I usually send Peter out shortly before dark. It is the time most people who deserve assistance are to be found at what they call their homes."

The other part of the question she seemed either not to desire to answer, perhaps, on account of its delicate nature, or else had forgotten it, at least it went unanswered.

During this conversation Walter had remained a quiet spectator. Several times he attempted to say that, since his services would not be required, he had better hasten back to the office, but on each occasion he was interrupted. Now, however, he embraced the opportunity, and was soon on his way down town.

When Augustine and Farlow were left alone, the conversation turned upon matters which more nearly concerned their personal affairs and prospects. For it must be known that Nathan was Miss Powers' affianced, and their marriage was to take place at no distant day. That the only child of that proud aristocrat, Schuyler Powers, should marry a man of Nathan Farlow's wealth and social position seemed but natural. Mr. Farlow was what would be termed "a man of the world;" handsome in appearance and fascinating in manner, he had gained the purest affection of this lovely girl, and as they conversed together on this bright autumn afternoon, no one could doubt the depth of her feeling. Once during the conversation, when Miss Powers reverted to the sad case of the young girl they were about to visit, and pictured the cruel treatment and misery she had endured, a keen observer might have noticed a flush pass over the handsome face of Farlow, which deepened perceptibly when she expressed her sympathy for the poor creature, and her contempt for the man who had so basely deceived her.

Just previous to their intended departure, Farlow gazed anxiously at his watch, and then, as if a sudden thought struck him, said:

"I am sorry, Augustine, that it will be impossible for me to accompany you to-night. I have an important engagement, which I had entirely forgotten; you must defer your visit until to-morrow, when I shall be glad to assist you in doing so good a work."

With reluctance the young girl promised to comply with his request, and neglect what she knew to be, her present duty. After some further conversation upon general topics, Farlow bade her an affectionate adieu.

He had scarcely left the room when a servant entered with a note addressed to Miss Powers. The handwriting was the same as that received a few hours previous, although it was written by a weaker and far more unsteady hand. It contained the following:

MY VERY KIND FRIEND: If you can conveniently, please do come and see me. I have grown so much worse since morning, and I fear a sad and miserable life will soon be ended. You are the only friend I have in the world. Do not deny my last request.

MARY.

Miss Powers had no sooner finished reading this note than her course was decided upon. Surely, thought she, Nathan will not object to my responding to so earnest an appeal as this. I will send immediately for Walter and get him to accompany me.

A few lines were hastily sent to the lodgings of Mr. Powers' employe, and were as hastily answered by the clerk in person.

After explaining her object Miss Powers excused herself for a moment, and soon reappeared attired for the street.

It was almost dark when they reached the lower part of the city. Men, women, and children were hurrying along, shopkeepers were commencing to "light up," and all the confusion and din of a great thoroughfare sounded in their ears. Presently they turned into a side street, and then into another, the filthy condition of which plainly indicated the poverty of the neighborhood.

At last they halted in front of a large tenement, around which a dozen or more half-clad and dirty children were at play. Into this house they entered and ascended its gloomy staircase. At the fourth floor they paused a moment, and Miss Powers scrutinized the passage way, as if in doubt which door to enter, when they heard angry sounds come from one of the rooms near at hand. Anxious to shield the delicate ear of Miss Powers from such harsh language, Walter hastened along the passage, but when he reached the door of the room from which the sounds came, he hesitated a moment, as though he recognized the voice within, then, casting a hurried glance in the direction of his companion, passed on as if unwilling to have her understand the cause of his hesitancy. The sounds from the room became louder and more distinct as Miss Powers approached the door. She stopped, looked steadfastly at the door an instant, then stood as if riveted to the spot.

"Ah!" said the person inside, whose voice was that of a man speaking in great passion, "so after offering you money, a comfortable home, and everything, you still refuse, do you? I should like to take you by the hair of your head and pull you out of that bundle of rags."

And he seemed to move toward the object of his fury as if about to execute his wish.

"Oh, William, don't, please, don't," pleaded a female voice. "I shall leave here soon enough, and will want neither your money nor your home. Home!" she repeated, half sarcastically, "you took me from the only home I ever had."

"Well," said he, "that is immaterial now. I tell you, you must leave here to-night, and the sooner the better, and be sure no traces of your intended whereabouts are discovered. I don't

want that fool of a girl hunting you up again."

"Oh, William," returned the other, "don't say that! She has been so kind to me!"

"Kind! She's a little fool," retorted the man; "but I did not come here to talk about her. You must be got out of here before to-morrow, dead or alive. I will go now and call a carriage."

"Oh, please, spare me!" pleaded the other, in a weak voice. "Before to-morrow my spirit will be far away; then you can do what you choose with my body."

"Nonsense; you can't deceive me," replied the man. "Do you think I want my affairs repeated to such a silly fool as this Miss Powers must be?" Saying this he moved hastily toward the door, and as he flew open the flushed and angry features of Nathan Farlow met the cold, scornful glance of Augustine Powers. He staggered back a moment, then stepped forward, and would have hurried past her, but she stood in the doorway and prevented his passage. Then summoning all her courage, and with a look of infinite disdain, she took him by the coat-sleeve and led him to the bedside of the dying girl. All through this scene the occupant of the room, who was none other than the unfortunate Mary, gazed vacantly around as if bewildered by what transpired. Then, as if suddenly recalling her senses seemed to comprehend the question Miss Powers was about to ask. "No, no, my dear Miss Powers, this is not the man I spoke of. He never treated me unkindly. Did you, William? You would never desert your little Mary. You said so, William?" She was evidently fast falling. "William," she murmured, holding out her thin white hand toward him, "they shall never deceive me." She grasped his hand tightly, and added, in half broken whispers: "I hope God will forgive me for all the wrong I have done. Heaven bless you, William." These were the last words she uttered. In a few seconds she was a corpse. For a moment all remained quiet as the grave. Then, as if moved by a sudden impulse, Farlow made one dash for the door, and ran hastily down stairs and into the street.

The Powers family never saw him after that night. Through his attorney he withdrew his interest in the firm of Powers, Farlow & Co., and it was understood that he had gone abroad. Miss Powers, after making provision, as well as her condition would allow, for the burial of her dear friend, was taken with a severe fit of illness which lasted many months, and, the physicians say, was caused by extreme nervousness.

Many years after might have been seen, in one of the daily papers, the notice of the marriage of Augustine Powers, daughter of Schuyler Powers, to James Walter, of the firm of Powers, Walter & Co.—*Chicago Ledger*.

"An Obery Cuss."

Captain Paul Obery has opened an aquatic museum in New York. He should secure an old fellow whom he encountered during his float down the Arkansas river, just before reaching Red Bluff, a native, who had never before the States to invite him to an interview.—*State Journal*.

One noticeable feature about the revival at the M. E. Church is the quiet earnestness of the whole congregation, and especially the young men of this town. For good behavior, earnest work and Christian sympathy, we believe they far excel those of any other town it has been our lot to live in. We understand have seen a few, but you air the first talkin' alligator that I ever seed."

The captain, to humor the fellow, and not knowing that his words would enforce conviction, replied:

"Yes, don't many of us talk, but I got the hang of it somehow."

"Wall, I'll be dinged," said the old fellow, slowly rowing down stream.

"You must've larnt it from the Yankees."

"Yes."

"How'd they do it?"

"Split my tongue."

"It's a pity they hadn't split your blamed head open, for you'll cause devilment enough, turned loose in this here river. Come out on the bank an' let me get a good look at you. I'd like fur my wife to see you, fur she thinks that I'm the ugliest thing next to a cat-fish, but blamed if you don't lay over me. What you goin', any how?"

"Going back down to the Mississippi."

"What you been?"

"Been up to Fort Smith; went up after a school of bass."

"Wall, I'll be dinged if you aint a obery cuss."

"Say, if I come out may I stay all night with you?"

"Yes, go a leetle furdur down thar an' yer ken git in the bayou an' sleep thar, but mind, if I ketch you on my trot-line you're gone up, talk o' no talk. Good bye; never seed the like o' you, before an' I hope never to agin," and taking a final look he mused: "My Lawd, but he's a obery cuss."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

The Rhythm of Marching Men.

M. Marcy, experimenting and studying the march of French soldiers, discovers that low heels have a favorable influence on the pace which a person makes, and that the rhythm of the step has an important influence on the speed. The rhythm was studied by means of an electric bell, actuated by a pendulum of variable length, to enable the subject to keep exact time, and the distance traveled was recorded on the odograph by electric signals sent along the line every fifty meters traversed. It was then found that the length of the steps increased little until sixty-five steps per minute are taken; it then increases until seventy-five, and afterward increases as a higher rhythm is reached. The speed of travel increases with the acceleration of the rhythm up to eighty-five steps per minute, and decreases at higher rhythm.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Horse Notes.

The stock of cow ponies available for such purposes is thought likely to run short within the next year or two. This in itself will furnish a frontier breeding industry after awhile.—*Texas Farm and Ranch*.

Ex-Gov. Stanford, of California, lately imported fifteen fine young thoroughbred mares, bred to some of the best horses in England. Only three larger importations of thoroughbreds have ever been made to this country.

"Take good care of your colts, no matter how insignificant they may appear," says the *Rural World*. "Mind Messenger was sold as a yearling for only \$12.50. She now has a record of 2:16 1-2, and is worth several thousand dollars. They may all be worth the more for having good care and plenty to eat."

Great care should be taken at this season of the year, to keep horses from taking cold, which is liable to occur if they are left standing in storm or cold drafts after being driven. The better the horse the greater the care, with many people, but humanity dictates that the dumb beast should be taken care of, whether good or poor.

Every horse should have exercise as regularly as a person, and needs it just as much. It won't do to leave your horses stand in their stable one week and take them out and over drive them or over work them, and call that regular exercise. But give them honest work and honest grooming every day, or leave them out in the lot every day, and they will be all the healthier and better for it.

In raising mules for profit, says an exchange, the great aim should be to raise that kind that will sell readily and to the best advantage. Size and good build seem to be the principal requisites sought for by the best buyers. It pays to try to meet the demand. To do this, the selection of the jacks is of the first importance. He should be at least fourteen hands tall, have a good length of body, a deep chest, with upright ears, a good temper and sprightly appearance, and, above all, a good sound condition.

The description and pedigree of the famous horse Jay-Eye-See, who bears for his name the initials of his owner, are as follows: Black; 15 hands high; foaled April 15, 1878. Bred by Richard West, Georgetown, Ky. Sired by Dictator, 1st dam Midnight, the dam of Nootide, 2:20 1-2, by Pilot, Jr.; 2d dam Twilight, by Lexington; 3d dam Daylight, by Wagner; 5th dam Darkness, by imp. Glencoe; 4th dam by Sr Richard; 6th dam by Ogle's Oscar; 7th dam by imp. Knowles; 8th dam by imp. Diomedes. This horse is looked upon by all who have watched his wonderful career, as the fastest trotter in America.—*South and West*.

Few owners of horses realize how much the character and disposition of the animal depend upon its owner. From the training of the young colt up to the full maturity of the horse the disposition is sweetened and soured or embittered and made vicious by the good or ill-management of the man who has charge of it. Probably no other horse in the world is so docile and attached to his owner as the Arabian and the Tartarian horses are, and these are petted and used with the greatest possible kindness. A horse, in regard to brain and instinct—and we might well say reason—stands next to a man, and there can easily be a mutual friendliness and understanding between a horse and its owner, which will lead to a community of idea and effort between the two. This should be the aim of every one who rears a colt, and it should also be the desire and business, as far as possible, of every one who keeps horses to rear and train them for himself. It is in this way only that one can derive the most usefulness and benefit from a horse.—*Texas Farm and Ranch*.

Lincoln's Religion.

Mr. Lincoln's religious opinions, writes Ben: Pöryl Poore, have been the subject of much discussion since his death. Eminent during a long and eventful life, for his kindness of heart and his generous sympathy for the opinions of all men of whatever station in life, he listened to the discussions upon religious subjects that were forced upon him, even by zealots, with patient politeness; and because he did not combat them, however extravagant, even one so honored as *Benjamin Doubt, D.D.*, which is expected will take place in about 36 days.

J. H. McGinnis, stock inspector for the Colorado Association, was in town Saturday. Mr. McGinnis' territory also includes Southwestern Nebraska, many of whose stockgrowers belong to the Colorado Association, and have the advantage of its inspector and detective systems.

H. W. Pike went down to Indianola, Monday morning and completed arrangements for starting a lumber yard at that place. He has associated E. P. Hazen His great heart of sympathy for all mankind has won the love of millions, who have no anxiety as to whether his opinions were heretical or orthodox, measured by the standard of religious bigots. That he had faith in the great principles of Christianity, that he exemplified them in his life, that he impressed them on his children, are facts established beyond cavil or question.

A Serious Mistake.

"The only serious mistake I ever made during my professional career," remarked a physician, "was when I cut the wrong leg off a patient. It resulted in his losing both legs, poor fellow."

"I suppose when he learned of your mistake he became very indignant and made a great kick, didn't he?"

"Well, yes, he became very indignant but he didn't make a great kick."—*New York Sun*.

A ROUGH PLACE.

Way a Young Man Does Not Care to Serve Uncle Sam by Taking a Course at West Point.

"I don't care to see West Point again," said a young man who having just returned from the great institution, was asked how he liked the place.

"Oh, yes, the discipline is good, and they take the stoop from a fellow's shoulder, still they do not observe those little niceties of politeness which I like to see practiced among gentlemen. I went in with a young fellow named Adams, a youth of good manners, who, I thought, could not fail to make a good impression. We were shown into an office, where I was pleased to meet a lieutenant with whom I was acquainted. He shook hands with me cordially and asked about my relatives. I introduced him to Adams, and he seemed glad to meet him and profoundly acknowledged his gratitude. 'Ah, young gentlemen,' said he, 'so you contemplate joining us. Glad of it. You'll find everything pleasant here. Just sign this, please,' showing out something that looked like a cut-throat mortgage. Just as we had signed the thing, the lieutenant, turning to a pug-nose thing who stood near with a gun, said: 'Take these fellows down to the commissary department.' Adams and I looked at each other and smiled. 'Get out of here,' demanded the lieutenant. 'Corporal, take 'em away.' We did not like the change in his manner, but thinking that such freaks might be among his peculiarities, we said nothing, but accompanied the corporal down to the commissary department, where we were each furnished with fifteen pairs of shoes, fifteen pairs of boots and about four hundred pairs of socks. Then, loaded down with our spoils, we were conducted into an upper room. 'Fix these things,' said the corporal. 'How fix 'em?' I asked. He stormed at us and told us that if we had not stacked 'em up in shape by the time he got back he would report us."

"He went away, and we went to work to arrange our goods. I thought that my socks were especially well arranged, but when the corporal came back, he gave them a kick and said: 'Fix these things.' I felt like knocking him down, but thinking that I had not got the hang of the place, I restrained my feelings. 'Come on here, now,' said the corporal. We were then shown into a long hall. The corporal left us, and, having given no instructions, we knew not what to do. After awhile Adams remarked, 'I see a lot of tricks leading to that door. Believe I'll go in and ask for directions.' He went into the room but a moment afterwards, came out like a man falling down stairs. Pretty soon after this, we saw, posted on the wall, a couple of sheets of paper. They referred to us, giving us everything but fatherly advice. 'Well, I concluded to go in. When I entered, a bluff officer, looked up and asked:

"What's your name?"

"Jackson."

"Get out of here!"

"I went back to my bill of instructions and learned that my name was 'Jackson, L. D., sir.' Thought I'd try it again, and went back."

"What's your name?"

"Jackson, L. D."

"Get out of here."

"Went back to my bill again and found that I had left off the sir."

"The next time I succeeded, but Adams, I think must have been fired out four times, at least. We soon learned that for the first three months, we were to be known as 'beasts,' and that no cadet would speak to us, and that we were not even allowed to look at one of them. One day I happened to look up at a fellow. Swelling like a toad, he exclaimed: 'Take your slimy eyes off me!'

"I wanted to knock him down, but by this time I had learned to endure insults. There may be places more uncomfortable for beginners, but I wouldn't know where to look for them. They say that the penitentiary is rough, and I suppose it is, but I warrant you that if a West Point 'beast' were to awaken some morning and find himself in state's prison, he would wonder how he came to be thrown into such polite society."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

Large Yorkshire Swine.

There is a tendency to vary in all breeds of animals. It is as much a law of nature applicable to all living things, as the more widely recognized law that "like produces like." Every breeder of swine, in particular, observes that there is a great variation in size, though in other points there may be uniformity. Thus among Berkshires, some are very large, others are of medium size, and others again, fine and small. Each size has its merits, particularly the extremes. The same thing, as might be expected, occurs with the white breed of Yorkshire, was originally large and coarse; but instead of inter-breeding and refining the large ones by the use of small fine pigs for crosses, each has of late years been separately bred, and improved rather by selection than by introducing the blood of the finer and smaller animals. This has given rise to the two distinct breeds of Yorkshire pigs which are now established. They are similar, but quite distinct in form, and it is rather remarkable, that with the natural desire of our countrymen for something not only big but odd, they have produced a breed that is very profitable. The large Yorkshires are undoubtedly the best formed, the smallest boned, the quickest feeders, of all the large breeds. They are exceedingly deep in body, with short, broad heads, fine bones for their weight, with good hams, shoulders, and sides. They are not extraordinary for length of body, but in this they are improving. A point of weakness sometimes found is a depressed chin—the weight of the body in old hogs, causing a hollowness of the back. In this respect too, there has been great improvement of late. The Yorkshire is preeminently a lard-maker, but when crossed with the Berkshire, the quality and quantity of the meat is much improved. As economical feeders and rapid growers, the large breed is only surpassed by the small Yorkshires, and for crossing,

when large-sized pigs are desired, they certainly are unsurpassed. When well-fed from the first, they attain great weights. When properly crossed, as, for instance, with large Berkshires, or with what are called Cheshires in this country, or with large sows of the Chester White breed, we may expect the greatest weight of the pure Yorkshires to be exceeded.—*Col. WELD in American Agriculturist for Feb.*

The Female Form Divine.

A stay-maker, asked by a reporter if he ever thought of studying women's figures with respect to their nationalities, delivered himself of the following: "Yes, the study is an interesting one. English women, when they are young, have the noblest figures, so far as I have observed," said the manufacturer, after a pause, "but they get corpulent and dowager-like after marriage much sooner than American women, after which they may be said to have no figure at all. English women, as a rule, are less ashamed of their figures when stout than most other fashionables, and seldom resort to tight lacing. Mrs. Langtry, who has been in our store several times, is a superbly shaped woman, say what they will, and is a fine specimen of English women in general, though I believe she is only half English after all. Among fashionables the French ladies are apt to be spare to scrawflessness, but they have such a natural talent for making up and concealing their defects that it is hard to judge of them. There are some pretty figures among the Cuban and other West Indian women, but they are short, yet rapidly, and soon grow dumpty; yet such as have French maids manage to make up well. Refined Irish and German ladies have fine figures on the average. So do the Italian ladies. The few Holland and Belgian ladies I have seen are rotund, and essentially well built. The best shaped woman in every respect who comes into the store is a Hungarian, wife of a musician in one of our theater orchestras. Her waist, bust and shoulders are like sculpture. She is tall, willowy and statuesque, and her walk is the melody of motion. She doesn't walk at all, in the ordinary sense, but floats over the ground. Her natural waist measure is twenty-eight. American fashionable women, though inclined to fragility as a rule, have naturally excellent figures, but there are no other women who so persistently deform and destroy what nature has given them through tight lacing and generally slavish obedience to the absurdest freak of fashion. American women are the most unconscionable lacer in the world. But, everything said and seen, the British feminine figures are the best models."—*New York Letter*.

Have an Object in Life.

Young man if you want to succeed you must have an object. If you go on through life in a ship-shod, aimless sort of a way, the chances are that you will die, as you have lived, a mere cipher soon forgotten in this world, and if in the merciful province of God you succeed in getting into the next, you will have to sit around on the ragged edge unable to join in the smallest song which the celestial choir is said to sing. There won't be any place for you and nothing for you to busy yourself about. You won't even have the satisfaction of being allowed to assist in taking up the collection, because you would go to sleep before you had got half way around.

Have an object! What does it matter if you do fall short of it? Aim high and blaze away. Suppose you don't hit the mark,—you are no worse off than hundreds of others! But let me tell you, if you aim well and keep on firing, after a while something is sure to drop. Of course if you shut your eyes and pull off both barrels at once, you may hit something, but the probabilities are that you won't, and if you do it will very likely be some odoriferous turkey buzzard or harmless little pee-wee, that it would have been much better for your reputation had you left alone.

Have an object, young man, and stick to it. You may never be President or even a Governor, but if you keep some worthy object in view and work hard, we'll wager a lead nickel that some day you will be able to take your best girl to the circus, without skulking around on the back streets for fear of meeting your wash-woman whom you owe for your last three weeks' washing.—*CALEB CORKSCREW, in St. Louis Magazine*.

Keeping Watermelons and Squashes.

We ate the last of our watermelons December 8th, a large one, a descendant from seed brought from Virginia a dozen years ago or more. This fruit, as usually managed, lasts only three or four weeks in the northern states. The season may be prolonged through October and November with a little painstaking. Specimens for late use should be picked about a week before they are in their best eating condition, carefully handled, and placed in a cool, dry room, where there will be no danger of frost. By the last of October they should be packed in dry sawdust, clean, dry hay, or cut straw, kept in a dry room and used as wanted. The old-fashioned way of keeping crook-neck squashes, hanging up in the kitchen by a loop of woolen lining, is still in use, and is effective when the room is safe from frost. When the coal fire is not suffered to go out, they keep well through the winter. The Hubbards and Marble-heads are good keepers under similar conditions. Where there are closets against the chimney, these and other hard-shelled squashes, keep well. The great secret of success is in very careful handling. As a table vegetable, and in pies, these winter squashes are hard to beat.—*Wm. Cliff in American Agriculturist for February*.

An alarming prevalence of lung diseases among the "society" people of Washington is cursorily attributed by local authorities to a constant insufficiency of substantial food.

The twelve hundred policemen in Philadelphia will hereafter be taxed 25 cents each per month, to pay for surgeons and lawyers to look after their welfare.