When violets bloom and soft winds play,—
When fleckless skies float o'er the earth,—
When all is youth, and joy, and mirth,—
Life's aim is happiness, we say,
When violets bloom, and soft winds play.

When summer joys have all gone by,—
When frowning skles bang o'er the world,—
When Hope's gay banners all are furled,—
Life's aim is usefulness, we sigh,
When summer joys have all gone by.
—Emma Carleton, in The Current.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

They sent him round the circle fair,
To bow before the prettiest there;
I'm bound to say the choice he made
A creditable taste displayed;
Although, I can't say what it meant,
The little maid looked ill content.

His task was then anew begun; To kneel before the wittiest one. Once more the little maid sought he, And bent him down upon his knee, She turned her eyes upon the floor; I think she thought the game a bore.

He circled then, his sweet behest, To kiss the one he loved the best; For all she frowned, for all she chid, He kissed that little maid, he did, And then-though why I can't decide-The little maid looked satisfied. --Philadelphia Record.

#### A POCKET-PIECE.

Mrs. Ruther sat down, and folding her hands-a thing she very seldom did-looked ruefully at the breakfast table with its array of unwashed dishes, at the pile of mending in her work basket near the window, and, last and longest, at the heap of letters in her lap.

They were bills, every one of them; even the aristocratic-looking square white envelope, which no one could have suspected of being a dun, held the doctor's memorandum of the sum due "for professional services during past six months."

There were bills from the grocer, from the butcher and the baker, the traditional candlestick-maker being formidably represented by the gas company with its quarterly statement.

The total made her sick at heart. Yet she had tried so hard to be economical!-too hard, she thought bitterly, as she remembered in her secret soul that Johnnie's attack of pneumonia might have been averted by stout rubber boots and by new and warm under clothing in place of the old-flannels she had patched and darned so faithfully.

The new garments had to be purchased after all, in spite of her short sighted thrift. They were the Doctor's first prescription after the crisis

was past. She thought, too, how, to save the expense of a sick nurse, which they could so iil affora, she had tried to care for the sick boy day and night, at a time when her own physical system called for rest. Of course, she had broken down in the effort, with the result that she, as well as Johnnie, had to be nursed, and the doctor had two patients instead of one. We all of us make such mistakes, now and

Well, there was no use in crying over spilt milk; at all events, she had no time to sit down for any such purpose, so she went about her duties with willing hands, if with a heavy

There was one thing she could do, if only John could be made to con-The new cloak, which made such a heavy item in Draper & De Lane's bill, and which John had given her for Christmas, could be returned. She had not worn it, and its purchase had been conditional on her approval.

John, who, as every one will understand, was her husband, Mr. Rutherwas a bookkeeper in a downtown store, He scarcely noticed the circumstance with a salary which scarcely sufficed, with strict economy, to buy bread and butter, clothes and shelter, for his

Still, they managed to keep a moderate bank account, and this was the first time they had really run behindhand. But while she was sick there had been no one to watch and guard against all possible leaks, and the grocery bill was double what it ought to have been. As for generous, warmhearted John, he had never stopped to count dollars, much less pennies, with his wife and boy lying ill, the house had been kept like an oven, and the amount of coal and gas used had been frightful.

She thought of all this again and again through the long day, and there was small wonder if her children once. That sum total haunted her like a nightmare, and for the first time in her life she dreaded her husband's coming, because of the burden of care which awaited him.

She put the hateful envelopes out of sight-at least he should eat his supper in peace and comfort-and made the children tidy for their father's home-coming. The fact that New Year's is a legal holiday in no wise shortened his day's work; the books must be posted before taking account

of stock. It was long after dark, when at last she heard the sound of his latch key in the lock of the front door, and she hastened to hurry up supper, as the children rushed pell mell to welcome their father. He came in smiling, as usual, the center of a small tumult of \$10 for it. Mi. Smith has been offered joyful noise. "Maybe you think it \$600 for the coin, which is an extremely isn't cold out of doors," he said rare one; only four other perfect specibrightly. "Supper most ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter." And then, with a glance at the mantel, "No let- U. S. Mint. Mr. Smith values his ters?-only one delivery to-day. I re-

member. "I think they might have let you off early this afternoon," she answered

"Impossible, my dear," he replied, "why this is the very busiest part of my year. Don't you know that, little

"I ought to, by this time," she said. with. Dear old grandpa! He would thereto appertaining, had not found the sorry attempt at a laugh; "but be so pleased to know that the pocket- the customary charges which adminis-

couldn't help hoping all the same; come, supper is ready." there chanced to be company at tea, askep. She hever even was withing all conversation in which they could not take part was postponed until after their early bedtime.

In or phan one cent for either time or an or phan after their early bedtime.

flock said good night, and went up-stairs with their mother to be tucked it?" Aren't you glad? Don't you believe

away for the night.

Then a hush fell on the household, and Mr. Ruther lit his pipe, and drew the evening paper from his pocket.
When his wife came down again and took the seat on the other side of the tatell. "What do you think, Nell?" he said, "Tom Whittemore is going out

to St. Paul." "So far?" she answered. "He will be quite a loss to you, won't he?"
"Well, yes, I shall miss him; we

have always been good friends, you know, but I'm not sure that his going as it is for him. He has a good offer out there, good salary, and the chance of an interest in the business-an offer that concerns us most, however, is that he wants me to take his place in Tho Building Fund-at just what it cost him, \$500, and \$15 a month to the Fund."

"I don't quite understand."

"O yes, you do, if you will think a tion, and the rent of the house goes to the purchase money. He has paid five hundred on it, and the rent now is \$15 a month."

Is that so? Why, it is a better one than this, which costs us \$10 more." "Which goes into our landlord's pocket-yes. It really is a wonderful chance for us, because the property has advanced in value since he bought it, and is certain to increase in the future, but he wants ready money to His speech must be just ahead of the

"And you are going to take it?" she asked eagerly.

"I think I can," he replied. "Our Mr. Barker is the president of the Building Fund, so there won't be any trouble about my taking Whittemore's place. Then, I have \$400 in bank, will. As soon as a man shows rare and I think in a week or two I can manage to raise the rest. By the way, have the bills come in, and how much are they P"

moment had come, with a fresh bitterness added thereto. She brought out them to him sat down in calm despera- and defenders. But this power, which tion, while he examined them-the fact that she was only indirectly responsible for the size of the bills in no wise tending to make her feel less like a criminal.

"Whew!" he said, as he took them. "Plenty of them, at all events-Doc-\$18. Well, that pretty nearly sweeps my bank account."

"John, dear John, don't look so miserable-I couldn't help it-I am so sorry! You can return my cloak, I havn't worn it!"

"Do I hold you responsible, my dear? Who bought the cloak, you or I? If that were all, I could manage. As it is, I can pay the bills, but the house must be given up, and it really is such a chance as comes once in a lifetime."

Mrs. Ruther made no answer, she was crying quietly behind the newspaper which she had picked up and was holding in front of her to hide her

Her husband began figuring on the back of one of the envelopes; it was a way he had when worried. Presently she let fall the paper, with

a half smothered exclamation, and rushed out of the room and upstairs. -it was a common one--probably she imagined she heard the baby cry or Johnnie cough. In a very few minutes she came back, laughing and crying all together, and flung herself on his shoulder, holding out a silver coin.

"Take it, John! take it! it really is! -now you can pay the bills and take the house too!-oh, I am so glad! so

glad!" she sobbed incoherently. Mr. Ruther was no numismatist, and for one terrible moment he actually feared that his wife had lost her mind. It cost him no small effort at self-control to draw her gently to him, and ask in tones whose very quietness told of his effort--"What do you mean, my darling?"

"Why, John, don't you understand? This is the silver dollar Grandpa gave me when I was a baby, and it is an found her absent-minded more than | 1804 dollar-it really is-and perfect, don't you see? Now what do you think it is worth?"

He took the coin and examined it critically.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully, 'ten dollars, perhaps.

"Ten dollars! oh, John, you dear old goose! ten hundred would be nearer to it. Just listen," and she ran for the evening paper, which in her hurry she had left lying where she had dropped it, on the floor.

"Listen," and in tones that quivered with excitement, she read:

"'A VALUARLE COIN. "'Mr. Robert Smith, of Blank county, has in his possession a genuine silver dollar of the coinage of 1804, which he recently purchased of an old colored woman, to whom he paid mens being known to exist, one of the four being in the collection at the specimen at \$1,000, which extravagant price any numismatist who wishes to secure the coin will probably be obliged to pay, since it is the only one of its

kind in the world which is for sale.' "Now, don't you see, supposing we can sell this for even \$600, you can buy the house, pay all the bills, and still have money enough left to move piece he gave his first granddaughter trators bring in for their services, and had done so much good. Mother al- had expo-tulated with General Jack-Both Mrs. Ruther and her husband ways taught me to regard it as some- son for the emission. The answer is had long ago tacitly agreed to surren- thing very precious, because he gave worthy of the man, it bears date May der to the children the first hour or so it to me one afternoon, and the next 28, 1826. after his return every evening. It was morning they found him dead in his "I have no charge," he says, the "children's hour," and unless bed, just as though he had fallen "against your estate; I never charged there chanced to be company at tea, asleep. She never even was willing an orphan one cent for either time or

By and by that came, and the little | don't you say something, John?

Mr. Ruther was intently studying the precious coin, which, though dark from long lying by, was as perfect as when first issued. He looked up now,

relief. per down, and looked up with the air of a man who has important news to tell "What do you think Nelly" he really I don't see what there is left for me to say. If this newspaper paragraph is true, and I dare say it is, your grandfather's dollar will take us safely out of the woods. I'll take it to Burdin's to-morrow and see how much it is worth, but don't set your figures too high.

So the next day the coin was taken won't be a rather good thing for us, to the principal dealer in curiosities in the city, who gladly bought it on speculation; and though he did not pay \$1,000 for it, he did pay enough he can't afford to refuse. The thing to more than make it possible to accept Mr. Whittemore's offer. - Mrs.

M. P. Handy.

Emerson on Oratory. Eloquence is eminently the art which only flourishes in free countries. It shows the power and responsibility of moment. Don't you know he got his man. Recall the delight that sudden house by joining a building associa- eloquence gives—the surprise that the moment is so rich. The orator is the physician. Whether he speaks in the capitol or on a cart, he is the benefactor that lifts men above themselves, and creates a higher appetite than he satisfies. The orator is he whom every man is seeking when he goes into courts, into conventions, into any popular assembly. There is no true orator who is not a hero. His speech is not to be distinguished from action. move with, and so offers to let us have assembly, ahead of the whole human it at cost. He gives me the refusal for a week, which is very good of him." race, or it is superfluous. No act indicates more universal health than eloquence. The special ingredients of this force are clearly perceptions, memory, power of statement, logic, imagination; or the skill to clothe your thought in natural images, passion which is the heat, and then a grand power of expression, all the great interests, whether of state or of property, crowd to him to be their spokesman; so that he is at once a potentate, a There was no help for it, the dreaded ruler of men. It is easy to see that the great and daily growing interests at stake in this country must pay prothe pile of envelopes, and handing portional prices to their spokesmen so fascinates and astonishes and commands, is only the exaggeration of a talent which is universal. All men are competitors in this art. Eloquence is as natural as swimming-an art which all men might learn, though so few do. The orator must command the whole tor \$95, Draper & De Lane \$110, Jones | scale of the language, from the most \$50, Brown \$35, rent \$25, gas \$30, coal elegant to the most low and vile. Everyone has felt how superior in base actif) containing 93 per cent of force is the language of the street to that of the academy. The street must be one of his schools. Ought not the scholar to be able to convey his meaning in terms as short and strong as the porter or truckman uses to convev his? The speech of the man in the street is invariably strong, nor can you mend it by making it what you call parliamentary. The power of his speech is that it is perfectly understood by all; and I believe it to be true that when any orator at the bar or at the senate rises in his thought he lescends in his language-that is, when he rises to any height of thought or of passion he comes down to a language level with the ear of his audience.

> specimens of eloquence we have had in this country. If I should make the shortest list of the qualifications of the orator, I should begin with manliness and, perhaps, it means here presence of mind. Men differ so much in control of their aculties! Fundamentally, all feel like and think alike, and at a great neat they can express themselves with an almost equal force, But it costs a great heat to enable a heavy man to come up with those who have a quick sensibility. These are ascending stairs -a good voice, winning manners, plain speech, chastened, however, by the schools into correctness; but we must come to the main matter, of power of statement-know your fact nug your fact. For the essential thing s heat, and heat comes of sincerty. Speak what you know and believe. Eloquence is the power to translate truth into language perfectly intelligible to the person to whom you speak. What is said is the least part of the oration. It is the attitude taken, the unmistakable sign, never so easually given, in tone of voice, or manner, or word, that a greater speaks from you than is spoken to in im. When a great sentiment, as religion or liberty, makes itself deeply felt in any age or country, then

t is the merit of John Brown and of

Abraham Lincoln-one at Charleston,

one at Gettysburg-in the two best

great orators appear. If there ever was a country where loquence was a power, it is the 'nited States. Here is room for every legree of it, on every one of its scending stages—that of useful peech, in our commercial, manufacturing, railroads, and educational conventions; that of political advice and persuasion on the grandest theater, reaching, as all good men trust, into a vast future, and so compelling the best thought and noblest administrative ability that the citizen can offer, Is it not worth the ambition of every generous youth to train and arm his mind with all the resources of knowledge, of method, of grace, and of character, to serve such a

# constituency?

Jackson's Generosity. It seems that the young man whose estate General Jackson had adminisered, on taking possession of it when of age, and on examining the accounts

THE POWER OF DYNAMITE.

It Is Greatly Overestimated and Soon To Superseded as an Explosive.

Dynamite in its simplest form closev resembles moist brown sugar and is nitro-glycerine absorbed in any inert base. It is not yet twenty years old, having been first offered for sale in June, 1867. In the form in which it is licensed, dynamite must consist of 75 per cent. of nitro-glycerine and 25 per cent. of an infusorial earth known as

Of dynamite, properly so called, there are only two kinds, distinguished as dynamite No. 1 and No. 2. No. 1 is composed of 75 per cent. of nitroglycerine and 25 per cent. of the infusorial earth kieselguhr; No. 2 of 18 per cent. nitro-glycerine and 82 per cent. of a pulverized preparation composed of nitrate of potash, charcoal, and paraffine; a mixture introduced to replace gun-powder in coal-working where dynamite No. 1 was too power-

Nitro-glycerine is a very pale yellow liquid, about half as heavy again as water. It is simply a cold mixture of one part of nitric acid and three parts of sulphuric acid. It has no smell, but a sweet aromatic taste, and, though it is not in a strict sense poisonous, yet a single drop placed on the tongue will almost immediately produce a violent headache; even the handling it, before the dynamite cartridges were in 1870 wrapped in parchment, would do the same. The "dynamite headache" is a disorder very

well known in the trade. The discovery of dynamite was not fue, as has been generally supposed, to accident, but to direct experiment. The first made consisted of charcoal and nitro-glycerine, and, before the porous silica known as kicselguhr was finally adopted, numerous trials were made of various other absorpents, such as porous terra cotta, sawdust, and ordinary and nitrated paper soaked in the liquid explosive and rolled into cartridges. During the siege of Paris, when the kieselguhr ran short, the French engineers found the best substitute to lie in the ashes of Boghead coal, and next to that in pounded su-

The hours of the supremacy of dynamite are numbered. The explosive of the future is undoubtedly gelatine, the latest invention of Mr. Alfred Nobel, of Edinburg. Already on the continent the manufacture of this new agent has assumed important dimensions. Many of the later operations of the St. Gothard tunnel were carried out with pure blasting gelatine, and in Austria, the richest of all the European countries in mines except Great Britain, the facmade are now given over to its manufacture. It is simply dynamite (a nitro-glycerine, with a base of 7 per cent of collodion wool, that is itself an explosive in place of the mert kicsulguhr. As a blasting agent it is more homogeneous than dynamite, and on account of its elasticity is less sensible to outward impressions, while in handling or cutting the cartridges there is no loss of the material, as sometimes occurs with dynamite. Its further advantages are that the gases after explosion are lighter and thinner and leave no dust, developing at the same time considerable more power. Taking the power of dynamite at 1,000 and nitro-glycerine at 1,411, blasting gelatine is represented by the figures 1,555, in addition to which superiority it is capable, unlike dynamite, of retaining its nitro-glycerine when brought into

contact with water. The destructive power of dynamite, which, contrary to the common opinion, does not act downward, but equally in all directions, and with the greatest violence where there is the greatest resistance, has been greatly exaggerated. Although it has from five to seven times the explosive power of gunpowder, it is comparatively trifling in its effects at even short distances. The dynamiter, with all his daring and cunning, has, after all. succeeded in doing us no more damage than gas has often done before. It would be better for him, if he desires to continue his warfare, to return to his ancient ally, gunpowder, which above ground is a much more noisy and

demoralizing agent. Dynamiters can not by any means at their disposal lay a whole city in ruins -not even a street. They may injure special buildings, and that is the most they can do. The dynamite employed for these purposes is, in the majority of cases, of the kind known as ligninlynamite, a wholly unlicensed explosive, composed of sawdust and nitroglycerine, and in its effects considerably weaker than that in common use. -Cornhill Magazine.

## Old Eli Bab.

Old Eli Bab was the noted sot of the Dwyer Ford neighborhood. He was a kind hearted man, but children were taught to shun him. The home of the wretched man, if it could be called a home, was the picture of misery. His wife was broken-hearted and his children were miserable.

"Old Bab's in town," said a man. entering a saloon and addressing a party of idlers.

"Then look out for trouble," some one replied. "I'd rather know that the seven years' itch was coming " Bab came in, leading or rather dragring after him, a little boy. The child

was begging aim to go tome. "Hello, fellers," said Bab. "Want drink?" The party of idlers promptly arose

and approached the bar. "Pa, please come on," implored the "Oh, dry up, won't you! Fellers,

what'll you have? Sold a cow this morning and am flush." Taking from his pocket a shoe, with it.

throw away.'

ness as I'm going to."

men whom he had joined would have drunk with him all day. They seemed

to have no other business. "Had you in the 'boose the last time you were in town, didn't they, eh?" asked Nat Boles.

"Yes, but that's none of your look out. I generally pay for my whisky which is more than you can say and tell the truth."

"I didn't mean any harm by it. You are getting to be such a crank that nobody can say a word to you."
"That's all right. You sit around

here and guzzle every day, but if I happen to come to town once in a while and get a little off, you go around singing it." "I don't do any such a thing.

merely spoke about it just now." "Oh, I heard of you. Fine joke for you. Why don't you drink your

"Reckon I want to drink with a man that talks to me as you do?" "Yes you'd drink with the devil." "I'll just show you."

Taking up the glass, he made a motion as though he would throw the whisky on the floor, but his appetite being stronger than his resentment, he drank it and said:

"I don't want to have any trouble with you, Eli. We are too good friends for that."

They sat down around the stove, for the weather was intensely cold. There is no place on earth more dreary than a saloon in a small town, but men stay there. Yes, for man will stay anywhere. When evening came, Eli was beastly drunk. He had thrown away the shoe, but the boy recovered it, and to keep from offending his father by the sight of it, carried it under his

"We'll go home now," he said, taking hold of the boy's shoulder. "It's awful cold for you to attempt to walk; I'd stay in town, Eli," said a

man who looked with pity upon the "We don't have to watk," replied the boy. "Our horse is at the stable." "No, my little fellow, your horse is not there. Your father sold the horse

when he slipped away from you before dinner time. The child burst into tears. His father declared that having spent all his money, and that as he could not get whisky without it, he wouldn't stay in the infernal town. He vowed that everybody was trying to rob him, a belated but not altogether untrue reflection. "Come on," said he, "we don't care for the snow, do we. Tom?"

"No, sir." "But if you want to stay, we'll

The child, looking at him reproach-"All right, Macoovey. Come on.

Drunker than an owl. Full as a goose, Tom. "Yes, I know."

"What'll the old lady say?" "She won't say anything, but you know she'll cry. "Pretty good woman, Tom. Your mother, ain't she?"

"Yes, sir. "That's what I thought. Man never has but one mother, Tom. Never heard of a man with two mothers, did

"No, sir." "That's what I thought. When a man tells you that he has two mothers, call him a liar. He may have two sisters and a front yard full of brothers, but he won't have but one moth-

They were struggling along a lane. The child's teeth chattered. "Can't go any further to-night, Tom." said the father, stopping in a fence corner. "Just so tired I can't go any further. You go home and tell the folks not to be uneasy. I'm all right. Going

Early next morning, a traveler dismounted to examine something he saw in a fence corner. "I will never forget that sight," said he in speaking of it. "The boy had his arms around the father's purple neck, and had pressed his cheek close to the rough face of the drunkard. Both were dead, and on the dead man's breast, there lay a little worn-out shoe."-Arkansaw

## New Proverbs.

A white lie often told makes a black

his own trumpet. He who would eat the egg must first break the shell.

Every back has its pack. The man who wishes to continue believing in his friends should never put them to the proof.

Look after your wife; never mind yourself, she'll look after you. The want of money is the root of much evil,

Egotism is an a'phabet with one letter. If you'd know a man's character, follow him home.

Men love women, women love man, The surest road to honor is to de-

Only whisper scandal and its echo is heard by all. It's not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

Home is the-rainbow of life, Don't complain of the baker until you have tasted his bread. They who live in a worry invite death to hurry .- St. Louis Republican.

## A New Malady.

"Psychopathy" is a malady which has only recently come to the notice of the doctors. For the enlightenment of the multitude it is explained that a psychopath is an individual nearly worn out, he struck the bar devoid of all moral notions who at the finding an opening, they have the bark "Wife told me to have this thing es good from evil, and acts according they dared, hoping it would split or fixed, as though a man's got money to to reason so far as his own interests crack in some manner to give them a nothing is sacred to him. The Pall | happened, and they had to sail away .-The boy pulled at his sleeve.

"Now, I want you to stop that. I've Mall Gazette suggests that psychopathy Mall Gazette."

"Now of the boy pulled at his sleeve."

"Now, I want you to stop that. I've Mall Gazette suggests that psychopathy Pall Mall Gazette."

stood about as much of your foolish- is an abnormal development of

Strong at Eighty.

Mr. David Dudley Field: "My recipe for self-preservation is exercise. am a firm believer in exercise. I will tell you my mode of life. I am a very temperate man, and have always been so. I have taken care of myself, and as I have a good constitution I suppose that is the reason I am so well. You must ask the Almighty why I have lived so long, and how long I shall live. I am perfectly healthy and strong, and, though I have nominally retired from the law, am busy as you see from morning until night. Another reason I am so well is that my mind has always been occupied. I am never idle; in fact I have no time to be

"When I was a young man I had very severe headaches. In 1846 I bought a horse, and I have not had a headache since. Every morning I arise at 6 o'clock. I have done so for forty years. I take an ice-cold bath, dress myself, jump on a horse at 7 o'clock, and ride for an hour.' I then breakfast and work at my house until 11 o'clock, when I walk down town, a distance of four miles. I remain at my office until 3 o'clock, then walk home, and dine at 6. At seven I sleep for half an hour after which I am ready for anything. I retire between 10 and 11 o'clock. I have done this for over forty years. I attribute my hardihood to horse-back-riding. Have I ever taken a drink? No, sir, never, except a glass of claret at dinner. Like Pere Hyacinthe, I must have my claret at dinner. Whisky, brandy, or any liquid of that kind I never touch.

"My advice to young men is to get eight hours sleep every night, and drink only chocolate, coffee, and tea. The young men of to-day are too fast. The candle can not burn at both ends and last long. I have never smoked tobacco in any shape and never will. Do as I have done, and you will be strong at 80 and probably at 90."

Mr. Field was at his office busy with some details of his civil code now before the legislature. "The code," he said, "is favored by a great number of lawyers. There are some old fellows, to be sure, who are opposed to it. What they want is a large library. They seem to think that a civil code is an alteration of existing things. By no means; it is a condensation, and is calculated to save much labor and research. These old lawyers have learned the law in one way, and they believe in a civil code about as much as a Mohamedan believes in Christianity. -New York Commercial Advertiser.

#### Protecting Hay in Stacks.

Not having sufficient barn room for tories where dynamite was formerly fully yet affectionately, replied, "I all my hay, I have practiced covering wouldn't stay here if I knew we'd it with boards, after being well stackfreeze to death by going out in the ed and racked down. The boards are put on the same as clapboards in siding a house, except that you must begin at the top to put them on. Lay one board in the center of the top lengthwise of the stack, place three pieces of common plain fence wire crosswi-e of the board (eighteen inches from each end, and at the middle), and drive a staple at each edge of the board to hold the wire securely; then shove the edge of the second board about an inch or an inch and a half under the first, bring the wire down and drive two more staples, letting the top one, next the edge of the first board, bend the wire down and form nearly a right angle over the edge of the first board. Continue in this way, putting two or three boards first on one side and then on the other (lest you draw the top to one side) until you have enough to carry the water down nearly to the "bulge" of the stack. If it is well built and thoroughly razed, six or seven boards on each side will securely cover a six or seven ton stack, The end wires should reach below the "bulge," and be weighted, if the stacks are exposed to the wind. With the bottom properly protected by raising from the ground on rails, there need be no appreciable loss. I use sixteen feet dimension boards, free from knots, and see no reason why they should not last at least ten years; have had the same ones in use five years, and except where one occasionally splits in seasoning, or is broken by careless handling, they are as good as ever. Two men will put on the top in an bour, and one man take it off and pile up the boards in fifteen min-

## An leeberg Full of Seals.

utes .- Country Gentleman.

Here is a story of the sea told by the captain of a Norwegian barque who It's a poor musician who can't blow came across an iceberg full of seals. The first iceberg was observed when in longitude 50 deg. north and lati-tude 45 deg. east. The weather had been very foggy and the vessel was moving along with short canvas, when suddenly a mountain of ice loomed up, and the barque drifted toward it. The berg was as clear as crystal, with the exception of a great dark mass in the center, while from a cleft in the side a column of vapor arose. When the vessel approached to within a reasonable distance of the berg, it was discovered that the black mass in the center consisted of live seals. Without exaggeration (says the captain) there were between two and three hundred seals there. The berg was evidently hollow, and "the water we could see the seals plunge into now and then was the ocean. The wall of ice that separated us from the seals appeared to be but a few feet thick, and I think t has only been there a short time. Very likely it formed after the seals were there, for it is not probable that they would have come up in such numbers from below and voluntarily made a place like that their home. They no doubt gathered there from different parts of a big floe, and have been floating around for months unable to change their quarters." After sailing around the berg without same time thinks logically, distinguish- to and laid off the iceberg as long as are concerned. Aside from himself | chance to get at the seals, but noth-

egotism, and that when a fully . A North Wilmot, N. H., little girl has now