IN THE DEEP WOODS.

There is a spring-time in my soul to-day,
An attitude of peace I seldom reach,
As thro' the solemn woods my footsteps stray,
Where brooks have voices and the shadows speech.

Silent as one who treads dark minster aisles,
I wander onward past these leafy shrines,
While sunset thro' green casements softly smiles
And swings its rosy censer mid the pines.

Far overhead the beechtrees' spreading net
Lets in faint glimpses of the sky's blue roof;
The tired leaves, dyed scarlet by sunset,
Fall tangled in the brown earth's dusky woof.

I hear the young brook whisper to the leaves,
And mark its scattered silver on the moss;
In dreamy air the spider deftly weaves
A filmy sail for idle winds to toss.

I pause beside the altars of the trees,
Where incense floats from every budding spray,
And like some distant sighing of the seas,
Sound the *soft* wind-harps waking far away.

The air seems as a chalice, and its rim
Is overflowed by sunlight's yellow wine,
Anon, some falling shadows softly dim
The mystery of its coloring divine.

I smell the vague, sweet odor of the grass,
The perfume of past spring-times come again,
And every breeze that down the glades doth pass,
Bears whispers of the silvery, summer rain.

In these deep woods immortal yearnings make
The cares of yesterday become as dreams;
All lesser things my soul would e'er forsake
To linger here, where such enchantment seems.

What bliss to wander from the world set free,
To feel the soft air blow upon my face;
Oh! nameless rapture, he who knows not thee
Hath never known life's one supremest grace.

The leaves and flowers are poems, every brook
That laves the slim stalk of some bending reed,
Is but a sentence in that wondrous book
Where Genius finds its grand, eternal creed.

Here Nature wakes about her haunts divine
Far sweeter anthems than earth's feeble hymns,
What strains aerial haunt the dusky pine,
Whose blackened shade the star of evening dims.

All better, nobler feelings come once more
To linger with me as I wander here,
Like ships returning from a brighter shore,
I greet them with the silence of a tear.

Fain would I dwell forever here alone
In these great woods unnoted and forgot,
An everlasting calm about me thrown,
The stars of eve to sentinel the spot.

I would not hear the far off city's hum,
The tumults of the outside life should cease,
To this dim refuge naught should ever come
To mar the blissful perfectness of peace.

Oh, song immortal; oh divinest song!
Where shall I find thee, if it be not here?
I will no more return unto the throng;
Here will I rest and deem thee ever near.

The woods shall yield their secrets unto me,
The sky smile softly thro' there leafy bars
Whilst evermore my feet shall follow thee
Up pathways leading to a land of stars.

—*Elvira Sidun Miller, in The Current.*

FOURTH COUSINS.

In the early summer of 1860 I went upon a visit to a distant relative of mine who lived in one of the Shetland Islands. It was early summer with myself then; I was a medical student with life all before me—life and hope, and joy and sorrow as well. I went north with the intention of working hard, and took quite a small library with me; there was nothing in the shape of study I did not mean to do, and to drive at; the flora of the Ultima Thule, its fauna and geology, too, to say nothing of chemistry and therapeutics. So much for good intentions, but—I may as well confess it as not—I never once opened my huge box of books during the five months I lived at R——, and if I studied at all it was from the book of nature, which is open to every one who cares to con its pages.

The steamboat landed me at Lerwick, and I completed my journey, with my boxes, next day in an open boat.

It was a very cold morning, with a gray, cold, choppy sea on, the spray from which dashed over the boat, wetting me thoroughly, and making me feel pinched, blear-eyed and miserable. I even envied the seals I saw cosily asleep in dry, sandy caves, at the foot of the black and beetling rocks.

How very fantastic those rocks were, but cheerless, so cheerless! Even the sea-birds that circled around them seemed screaming a dirge. An opening in a wall of rock took us at length into a long, winding fiord, or arm of the sea, with green bare fields on every side, and wild, weird-like sheep that gazed on us for a moment, then bleated and fled. Right at the end of this rock stood my friend's house, comfortable and solid-looking, but unsheltered by a single tree.

"I shan't stay long here," I said to myself, as I landed.

An hour or two afterward I had changed my mind edtirely. I was seated in a charmingly and cosily furnished drawing-room upstairs. The windows looked out to and away across the broad Atlantic. How strange it was; for the loch that had led me to the front of the house, and the waters of which rippled up and down the very lawn, was part of the German ocean, and here at the back, and not a stone's throw distant, was the Atlantic! Its great, green, dark billows rolled up and broke into foam against the black breastwork of cliffs beneath us. The immense depth of its waves could be judged of by keeping the eye fixed upon the tall, steeple-like rocks which shot up here and there through the water a little way out to sea—at one moment these would appear like lofty spires, and next they would be almost entirely swallowed up.

Beside the fire, in an easy chair, sat my gray haired old relation and host, and not far off his wife. Hospitable, warm-hearted and genial both of them were. If marriages really are made in heaven, I could not help thinking theirs must have been, so much did they seem each onner's counterpart.

Presently Cousin Maggie entered, smiling to me as she did so; her left hand lingered fondly for a moment on her father's gray locks, then she sat down unbidden to the piano.

On the strength of my blood relationship, distant though it was, for we were really only third or fourth cousins, I was made a member of this family from the first, and Maggie treated me as a brother. I was not entirely pleased with the latter arrangement, because many days had not passed ere I concluded it would be a pleasant pastime for me to make love to Cousin Maggie. But weeks went by, and my love making was still postponed; it became a sine die kind of a probability. Maggie was constantly with me when out of doors—my companion in all my fishing and shooting trips. But she carried not only a rod but even a rifle herself; she could give me lessons in casting the fly—and did; she often shot dead the seals that I had merely wounded, and her prowess in rowing astonished me, and her daring in venturing so far to sea in our broad, open boat, often made me tremble for our safety.

A frequent visitor for the first two months of my stay at R—— was a young and well to do farmer and fisher who came in his boat from a neighboring island, always accompanied by his sister and they usually stayed a day or two. I was not long in perceiving that this Mr. Thorforth was deeply in love with my cousin; the state of her feeling toward him it was some time before I could fathom, but the revelation came at last and quite unexpectedly.

There was an old ruin some distance from the house, where, one lovely moonlight night, I happened to be seated alone. I was not alone, however; from a window I could see my cousin and Thorforth coming toward the place, and thinking to surprise them, I drew back under the shadow of a portion of the wall. But I was not to be an actor in that scene, though it was one I shall never forget. I could not see his face, but hers, on which the moonbeams fell, was pained, half-frightened, impatient. He was pleading his cause, he was telling the old, old story, with an earnestness and eloquence I had never heard surpassed. She stopped it at last.

"Oh! Magnus," she cried. "Oh! Magnus Thorforth, I never dreamed it would come to this! Oh! what grief you cause me, my poor Magnus, my poor Magnus, my more than friend!"

What more was said need not be told. In a few moments he was gone, and she was kneeling on the green sward, just on the spot where he had left her, her hands clasped, and her face upturned to heaven.

Next day, Magnus Thorforth went sadly away; even his sister looked sad. She must have known it all. I never saw them again.

One day, about a month after this, Maggie and I were together in a cave close by the ocean—a favorite haunt of ours on hot afternoons. Our boat was drawn up close by. The day was bright and the sea calm, its tiny wavelets making drowsy, dreamy music on the yellow sands.

She had been reading aloud, and I was gazing at her face.

"I begin to think you are beautiful," I said.

She looked down at me where I lay with those innocent eyes of hers that always looked into mine as frankly as a child's would.

"I'm not sure," I continued, "that I shan't commence making love to you, and perhaps I might marry you. What would you think of that?"

"Love!" she laughed, as musically as a sea-nymph, "love? Love betwixt a cousin and a cousin? Preposterous!"

"I dare say," I resumed, pretending to pout, "you wouldn't marry me because I'm poor."

"Poor!" she repeated, looking very firm and earnest now. "If the man I loved were poor I'd carry a creel for him. I'd gather shells for his sake; but I don't love anybody and don't mean to. Come!"

So that was the beginning and the end of my love-making with Cousin Maggie.

And Maggie had said she had never meant to love anyone. Well, we never can tell what may be in our immediate future.

Hardly had we left the cave that day, and put off from the shore, ere cats'-paws began to ruffle the water. They came in from the west, and before we had got half way to the distant headland, a steady breeze was blowing. We had hoisted our sail and were running before it with the speed of a gull on the wing.

Once round the point we had a beam wind till we entered the fiord, then we had to beat to windward all the way home, by which time it was blowing quite a gale.

It went round more to the north about sunset, and then, for the first time, we noticed a yacht of small dimensions on the distant horrizon. Her intention appeared to be that of rounding the island and probably anchoring on the lee side of it. She was in an ugly position, however, and we all watched her anxiously till nightfall hid her from our view.

I retired early, but sleep was out of the question, for the wind raged and howled around the house like wild wolves. About 12 o'clock the sound of .. gun fell on my ears. I could not be mistaken, for the window rattled in sharp response.

I sprang from my couch and began to dress, and immediately after, my aged relative entered the room. He looked younger and taller than I had seen him, but very serious.

"The yacht is on the Ba," he said solemnly.

They were words to me of fearful significance. The yacht, I knew, must soon break up, and nothing could save the crew.

I quickly followed my relative into the back drawing-room, where Maggie was with her mother. We gazed out into the night, out and across the sea. At the same moment, out there on the terrible Ba, a blue light sprang up, revealing the yacht and even its people on board. She was leaning well over to one side, her masts gone, and the spray dashing over her.

"Come," cried Maggie, "there is no time to loose. We can guide their boat to the cave. Come, cousin!"

I felt dazed, thunderstruck. Was I to take part in a forlorn hope? Was Maggie how beautiful and darling she looked now—to assume the robe of a modern Grace Darling? So it appeared.

The events of that night came back to my memory now as if they had happened but yesterday. It is a page in my past life that can never be obliterated.

We pulled out the fiord, Maggie and I, and up under the lee of the island, then, on rounding the point, we encountered the whole force of the sea and wind. There was a glimmering light on the wrecked yacht, and for that we rowed, or rather were borne along on the gale. No boat save a Shetland skiff could have been trusted in such a sea.

As we neared the Ba, steadying herself by leaning on my shoulder, Maggie stood half up and waved the lantern, and it was answered from the wreck. Next moment it seemed to me we were on the lee side, and Maggie herself hailed the shipwrecked people.

"We cannot come nearer," she cried; "lower your boat and follow our light closely."

"Take the tiller, now," she continued, addressing me, "and steer for the light you see on the cliff. Keep her well up, though, or all will be lost."

We waited—and that with difficulty—for a few minutes—till we saw by the starlight that the yacht's boat was lowered, then away we went.

The light on the cliff-top moved slowly down the wind. I kept the boat's head a point or two above it, and on she dashed. The rocks loomed black and high as we neared them, the waves breaking in terrible turmoil beneath.

Suddenly the light was lowered over the cliff down to the very water's edge.

"Steady now," cried my brave cousin, and the next moment we were round a point and into smooth water, with the yacht's boat close beside us, The place was partly cave, partly "noss." We beached our boats and here we remained all night, and were all rescued next morning by a fisherman's yawl.

The yacht's people were the captain, his wife and one boy—Norwegians all, Brinster by name.

My story is nearly done. What need to tell of the gratitude of those whom Maggie's heroism had saved from a watery grave?

But it came to pass that when, a few months afterward, a beautiful new yacht came round to the fiord to take those shipwrecked mariners away, Cousin Maggie went with them on a cruise.

It came to pass also that when I paid my very next visit to R——, in the following summer, I found living at my relatives house a Major Brinster and a Mrs. Brinster.

And Mrs. Brinster was my Cousin Maggie, and Major Brinster was my Cousin Maggie's "fate." — *Gordon Stables.*

Deluded Negroes.

The close of the war found thousands of unemployed, unrestrained, and impecunious colored people in the District of Columbia. With every advancing step of our armies they gathered up great bales of articles that seemed most desirable to them from their own domiciles, and from the homes of their masters they made their way to Washington, the Mecca of their imaginations, under the impression that freedom and plenty were to be attained by reaching it. They came by tens and by hundreds. The old and the decrepit, the young and helpless, the middle-aged and strong. On foot they came, and they bore with them their goods and chattels. Stout girls of 12 carried the fat, shining babies; lads of all ages balanced upon their heads baskets of provisions for the journey; buxom field-hands bore great bales consisting of feather-beds, missum's dresses, mirrors, and bandboxes, and the men were burdened with an amount of sundries that would make a cart-load.

No exertion was exhausting, no obstacle insurmountable. "Gwine norf, where you all cum frum," was the exultant reply to all interrogatories concerning their destination.

They knew little, but they dreamed much, of what would be the result of the sudden and unprovided-for change in their condition. It was a leap in the dark, but they imagined it a leap from darkness into light—from a state of bondage into a glorious condition of freedom; and they naturally considered that they would be recipients of the blessings that such a change should produce.

Alas! alas! for the awakening from this delusion! They found themselves at last in Washington, homeless and friendless. They stood upon the wharves and gazed and wondered.

The great dome of the capitol, the marble walls of the public buildings, the busy throng going and coming from their accustomed places of business, amazed them. No feast was offered them; they were invited to no hospitable homes. They found themselves strangers in a strangers land, destitute and despised, and pinched by hunger and faint with the reaction of stimulated imaginations, they began to grope their way into alleys, and byways, and stable-lofts, and rude hovels, and so became, twenty-five thousands of them, denizens of the American metropolis. How they lived, how they suffered, how they died, will never be written.—*Benj. Perley Poor in Boston Budget.*

The Happy Men in Hospitality.

The Canadian, as any one will admit who has been his guest, possesses in an eminent and most enjoyable degree the virtue of hospitality. In him are happily blended the best characteristics of the Englishman and the American. The Englishman, hearty as the welcome which he extends to a guest, still compasses his house and his heart round about with barriers of reserve and suspicion, which it is not always easy to surmount, or to throw down. The American on the other hand, for all his prompt courtesies and willingness to oblige and to entertain, is often apt to carry what we might call the hotel and business atmosphere into his acquaintanceships. He entertains royally, but it often seems as if he grudged the time and the personal attention which are requisite in order that the guest may enjoy himself to the utmost. The Canadian, as we have already said, blends in a happy measure the best traits of his British progenitor and his American neighbor. —*Philadelphia Record.*

The burglar, like his friend the philosopher, "takes everything just as it comes," and not infrequently goes for it.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

DAIRYING IN THE WEST.

The Advantages Over Other Parts of the Country.

Not many years ago, says *The Chicago Times*, men who had achieved considerable success in central New York in keeping cows and in making butter and cheese were invited to attend the meetings of dairymen's associations in the west, for the purpose of imparting information. No doubt they accomplished considerable good in the matter of affording instruction in the establishment of butter and cheese factories and in the sale of dairy products. In one respect their speaking had a bad effect. Their estimate of the capabilities of the west to produce milk, butter, and cheese that would compare in excellence with those produced in "York state" was exceedingly discouraging. Some of them thought that only inferior articles would ever be produced on prairie farms. They declared that it required a somewhat hilly country to furnish the grasses that produce the best milk, and they stated that spring water was essential to successful dairying. A few took a rather more hopeful view of the matter. They expressed the belief that grasses suitable for the production of good milk would sometime be raised on the prairies. They thought, however, that one generation of men would be required to prepare farms for the occupation of dairying. After the native prairie sod was reduced, drains were cut, and the land kept in cultivated crops for thirty or forty years, they thought that, good pastures of tame grass might be established and good milk produced. It was well enough to make in the meantime some butter and cheese for the supply of local markets, where the patrons were not very particular, and some of these inferior dairy products might find a sale in the east at prices much below those realized by eastern dairymen. Many who listened to the remarks of these "wise men from the east" abandoned the idea of becoming dairymen, and others diligently labored to improve their farms so that their boys, in a distant future, might make good butter and cheese. None, or at least very few, thought that they could successfully compete with "York state" dairymen in the production of butter and cheese designed for first-class customers in the great cities of the country.

It took but a few years to demonstrate the fact that the great prairies of the northwest were capable of producing as much and as excellent grass as any territory in the country. In fact, it was shown that the native grass of the prairies furnished good food for milch cows, and that the pasture grasses that are in favor in other places could be introduced on a prairie sod with very little difficulty. With good grass and an abundance of grains, and with the same breeds of cows that were kept in the dairy regions of the eastern states, there was no trouble in obtaining good milk. Skillful hands converted this milk into butter and cheese of excellent quality. At several national and international fairs butter and cheese made in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa were awarded the highest prizes. A reputation was gained at home and in foreign countries. The proprietors of western creameries and cheese factories were proud to put their names on all the packages they sent out. They established boards of trade in all the large towns which were dairy centers, and caused the wholesale dealers in butter and cheese to attend them in order to obtain goods to sell again. They saved the margin long allowed commission merchants, abolished the credit system in disposing of dairy products, and adopted sound business rules.

The prospect for dairying in the states and territories composing the northwest are now excellent. This portion of the country enjoys advantages for dairying not possessed elsewhere. It is an excellent country for producing grass, which is the food chiefly relied on for making milk. The fertility of the soil has not been exhausted by the continuous production of grain, hops, and tobacco, as is the case in many parts of the east. Corn and all the smaller grains are chiefly raised. No commercial fertilizers are required in order to produce large crops. It is easier and cheaper to collect herds of dairy cows in the west than in the east. The production of beef is one of the leading institutions. Parties purchasing or raising animals to fatten prefer steers, and cows can readily be obtained for dairy purposes. The facilities for marketing western dairy products are now almost everything that could be desired. There is an extensive local market. Butter and cheese are in constant demand to supply mining towns in the distant west and lumber-camps in the north. Several times during the past few years the complaint has been made by eastern dairymen that butter and cheese were carried from Iowa to Boston cheaper than from Vermont. Transportation companies now contract to deliver western dairy products in Liverpool and Glasgow at rates that were not anticipated a few years ago.

In many places capital is necessary to develop the dairy interest in the west. The farmers have no money to put in butter and cheese factories. They generally commenced poor. They have spent years in improving their places. All the money they could obtain from the sale of crops has been exhausted in making fences, erecting buildings, breaking the soil, and purchasing machinery. They might exchange some of the stock they now have for dairy cows, but they have not the money to erect buildings suitable for butter and cheese factories and to purchase suitable machinery and implements for them. More knowledge of the proper sheltering and care of milch cows is also wanted, and more instruction is needed in the art of milking, the care of milk, the raising of cream, and the manufacture of butter and cheese. Western farmers have been advised to convert their grass and grain into meat and wool in order to save in the matter of transportation. There is a greater saving in the matter of transportation in converting grass and grain into butter and cheese than into meat and wool. Another thing necessary to permanency of success in dairying is retaining a deserved reputation for excellence in the articles produced and put on the market. The adulteration of butter and cheese, or the impoverishment of the latter by the removal of the cream from the milk, can not long be carried on without destroying the reputation of the maker.

Industrial Brevities.

Kansas correspondents report apple buds generally alive, and promising a fair crop of fruit. Peach buds were killed by the severe cold in all portions of the state, except in the south-central, where the promise for a full crop is encouraging. Pears and cherries promise an average yield, except in the extreme northern counties, where they were damaged considerably during the winter. Blackberries and raspberries suffered from freezing, and will not make an average crop. The hardier varieties of grape promise an abundant yield in all sections, while strawberries will make about a half crop. The prospect for a fruit crop is much more encouraging than was anticipated. Persons living in isolated regions in the territory are fond of stating that there are no insects to trouble fruit, or the trees and vines that produce it. They seek to convey the impression that there is something in the localities where they live that is unfavorable to insects. This, however, is not the case. It is only a question of time when insects, high taxes, and paupers will be as common there as in other places.

Henry Woodford, farrier, was prosecuted the other day in London by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for having burnt the mouth of a horse for "lampas," which is an inflammation of the roof of the mouth caused by teething or a disordered stomach. A witness stated that he saw the horse held by a switch on the nose, whilst Woodford was smearing the roof of the mouth with a hot iron. There was a quantity of smoke, and a frizzling noise arising from the burning of the flesh, and the animal was moving its head backward and forward as if in great pain. The magistrate dismissed the charge, as the "evidence showed that veterinary surgeons were divided in opinion as to the treatment for lampas."

Mr. A. C. Tichenor, says a London paper, has lately patented a process by which a current is passed through milk contained in a vessel of special form, and butter is formed in little balls on one of the electrodes. It is said that to extract the butter from forty-five litres of milk, the current from a dynamo-electric machine equivalent to that of about forty Daniell cells, for from three to five minutes is all that is required. With such a current the balls of butter are sufficintly voluminous to detach themselves from the electrode and float to the surface of the milk but the butter thus obtained has still to be churned, so as to work the small pieces into a compact mass.

In fining three butchers, a short time ago, for selling blown mutton, Justice Massey, of Brooklyn, made the following sensible remarks: "It seems to me that a butcher who sells diseased met is as guilty as an apothecary who sells poison. The fact that the druggist was ignorant of the nature of the goods he sold would be no excuse, and if he knowingly sold poison because it cost him less than the drug asked for he would be guilty of a great crime. The same is true of these butchers. I think they should not be allowed to sell if they don't know diseased meat, and should be severely dealt with if they knowingly sell it."

It is often a mystery why well-built and carefully-managed houses, especially in the country, burn down. An illustration of unsuspected causes was found by the Sanitary Science club of Boston on one of its visits of inspection to the houses of the members. The cellar had been lathed and plastered, and the wood was allowed to touch the hot-air pipes of the furnace in four out of the six places where the pipes passed through. The aim seemed to be to make as tight a joint as possible. A very hot fire could hardly have failed to char the laths.

An English paper says: Lord Southesk's choice herd of polled cattle was sold off at Kinnaird last Wednesday. Fair prices were realized, but only four were sold for the American market, which were purchased by Lord Airlie's factor for Mr. Lyulph Oglivy's farm in Colorado. Several lots were bought by Lord Aberdeen and Lord Strathmore for their respective herds. The breakup of the Kinnard farm and establishment is greatly regretted by all classes in Forfarshire.

Prof. Sheldon says the daily school near Cork has had the effect of perceptibly raising the average of butter in the south of Ireland. A number of young women have been well drilled in the principles of butter-making in that valuable institution, and these in turn have carried the reform into the localities in which they live. The spirit of emulation is extending, and the people are beginning to take pride in their dairy work.

Reports received from fifty of the one hundred cattle ranges on the Cherokee strip, the great cattle belt of the west, show that the results of the severe storms of the winter have not been so disastrous as were anticipated, and a loss of less than 12 per cent. of through cattle have died thus far. With the wintered cattle it has not been so serious, the death rate among them being below 3 per cent.

The business of associated butter-making, by the cream-gathering system, is rapidly extending in Connecticut. Several new enterprises of the kind are being organized, and others still are being talked up. The Southington creamery reports the average net earnings per cow, for the year 1884, to have been $64, the gross process being $79 per cow, short of $15 per cow for expenses.

The farmers of the interior of West Virginia are truly afflicted. A heavy loss of stock by the great scarcity of food and the extreme cold is now followed by ravages by wolves, which infest the Elk and Greenbrier mountains, and by eagles. A flock of eagles have carried off sheep and other small stock to the value of $1,000 in Union district, Clay county.

The making of a good milker depends not only in the ability of the cow to produce milk at a minimum cost, but essentially, also, in the training, not only to develop these qualities to the highest degree. Proper feeding is necessary, and of fully as much value will be the training that induces reliance upon the feeder and milker, and absence of fear.

Utica parties have procured fifty thousand brook trout from the state hatchery at Caledonia, N. Y., for restocking the east branch of the West Canada Creek. The young trout arrived in Prospect Wednesday, and were at once started on the road to Morehouseville. They will be deposited in the creek near the latter village.

Several farms in Yorkshire, and Lincolnshire, England, have recently been let at enormous reductions in rent—in some cases over 50 per cent below the average of recent years. In Lincolnshire a farm which, up to 1883, was taken at a rental of £1 3s. 6d. per acre, has now been let at auction at 12s. per acre.

A farmer in Mark's Creek township, North Carolina, on April 9, just after daylight, was surprised to see a large bird fly down into his pen. Then he heard a hog squeal. He fired and killed a bald eagle measuring seven feet from tip to tip of wings. The half-year old hog was killed by the eagle.

The value of the dairy product of the state of Iowa alone, for the year 884, amounted to $50,000,000; while he total value of the butter, cheese, and milk produced in the United States, for 1884, was $500,000,000. These figures are best appreciated by noting the value of some of the other products.

The president of the New York Dairymen's association says that Holstein milk contains very small cream globules, which are slow to rise; hence the Holstein milk will bear transportation better than the milk of any other cow.

He Was Rather Deaf.

A young man, who had formed an attachment to a young lady, went to her father's house to ask his consent to their union. The old gentleman, who was terribly deaf, was standing on the doorstep as his daughter's lover approached. The front door commanded a veiw of a meadow in which a cow was feeding, and while Mr. C. was looking in that direction the youthful lover, whose heart was overflowing with emotion, commenced the task he came to peform.

"I am acquainted with your daughter," said he, in a loud tone.

"She is a fine beast," remarked the old gentleman, looking at the cow.

"Your daughter," screamed the young man. "I have the honor to be well acquainted with her."

"She is a noble animal," was the quiet response.

["Confound the old cow!" said the young man, in a whisper. "I wish she was out of sight."]

"I was speaking about your amiable and accomplished daughter!"

"She is very kind, indeed; never breaks down the fences; never kicks over the pail; never strays away like the other brutes I have."

"You don't understand me, sir! I was speaking of your daughter at boarding-school."

"No, I never put a board on her face; she never does any mischief here at all."

"Your daughter!" shouted the young man, frantic with excitement.

"Did you say I ought to?"

"No, sir! I was speaking of your daughter, the young lady away from home."

"Oh, yes; I have plenty of room, but I think she is too old to keep much longer. To tell you the truth, I have made up my mind to shut her up in the stable and feed her on chop stuff for a few weeks."

"Great heavens!" remarked the young man to himself. "What shall I do? This deafness will be the death of me. I will try once more, and if this effort fails I will resort to pencil and paper."

"I should like to say a word or two to you respecting your daughter."

"I shall let the butcher have her by and by—if he will give my price," said the old man with emphasis.

As a last resort, the young man used his pencil and paper—showed his letters of introduction, handsomely indorsed by men whose opinion was good authority on the delicate question on the *tapis*. After a little cross-questioning and a little hesitation the old gentleman gave his consent, and when the parties were married he declared it was the best haul he had made in all his life.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Malmesbury's Successful Book.

Nobody, in all probability, is more astonished than Lord Malmesbury himself at the unexpected pecuniary success of his memoir. The book was originally set up in type at his own expense, and six months ago he would gladly have sold the venture outright for £50. As it is, the net profits already exceed £2,000; the first Franc edition is nearly exhausted, and even Mr. Tauchnitz has paid handsomely for the right of reproduction. The author seems to have dictated the whole work to the shorthand writer, and this accounts for the curious errors in the spelling of proper names which crept into the earlier editions. Lord Malmesbury will probably shortly issue an additional volume, bringing his narrative down to the death of Lord Beaconsfield; and in the interests of posterity and contemporary history-making he still writes up his diary every day with praiseworthy diligence.—*London World.*

He Does by This Time.

"Ma, can you get out of your skin?"

"Why, mercy, no, child. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I heard pa tell another man that when he comes home nearly every night he finds you beside yourself. I don't understand it, do you?"

"No, my child; but I think your father will."—*Judge.*