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LITTLE TEE-HEE.

It was over the sea, in the land of tea,
By the beautiful river they call Yang Tse,
To which an additional name they hang,
Making the river Yang Tse Kiang,
A baby was born in a Chinese town;
But a look of scorn and a terrible frown
O'er the face of the father was seen to curl,
When he learned that his baby was only a girl.

Now the father, whose name was Hang U. High,
Was the last of the race of the great I. Ligh,
The father of Chinese history.
He was very proud of his pedigree,
And even declared that his lineage ran
In a line direct to the very first man.
His greatest ambition was now to see
Another limb on his family tree,
A boy who could finally step in his place,
Down the race-course of time to continue his race;

But alas for his hopes! "Chug um whirl!
Chug um whirl!"
He muttered, which means "It's a girl! It's a girl!"
And he angrily hissed: "Clack whang bog lound!"
Which means in their language "It must be drowned!"

Though the mother, in words that sound imprudent,
Insipidly pleaded: "Oh, Hang U., I wouldn't!!"
He sternly answered: "Clack whang bo quid!"
Which means in their language "It must be did!"

So he called his servant and said: "Ar Chang,
Go drown that thing in the river Kiang;"
Then turned away with an angry glare,
To smoke his pipe in the open air.

But the good Ar Chang had a tender heart.
He saw it was hard for the mother to part
From her little girl, yet, strange to tell,
The sorrow that on his heart-strings fell
Affected the strings of his purse as well.
Still he couldn't think what in the world to do,
And he stood in agony clutching his queue
And pulling it downward until he drew
His eyes clear up to the top of his head,
Till they looked like long diagonal gashes
Stretched over his forehead and fringed with lashes.
Then, letting them down—"I have it!" he said.
But the rest that he said I will tell to thee
In the very words it was told to me
By that honest, efficient and noble Chinee
Who charged me two prices for my "washee:"
He said: "I got girl-ee same old like this,
Got too much-ee girl-ee; my wife-ee no miss
One girl-ee. Ar Chang save-ee yo' girl-ee life,
I take-ee yo' girl-ee light home to my wife,
I down-ee my girl-ee in river Kiang!
You givee much money to poo' Ar Chang!"
Then gratitude stole down the beautiful slants
Of the mother's long eyes, and she gave such a glance
Of approval, he cried: "I would rather be Chang,
And serve such a generous mistress, than Hang!"

He carried Tee-Hee to his own little hut,
Where the floors were of dirt and the frescoes of soot,
And he said to his wife: "I have swapped for Tee-Hee;
We must down-ee our girl-ee in river Yang Tse—
And our mistless she give-ee much money to we!"
"I will go," answered she, "and wrap Minnee Ting Loo
In Tee-Hee's little mantle and bring her to you."
And then, with a smile of approval, withdrew.

Now it chanced Mrs. Chang had the masculine art
Of "playing it low" and concealing her heart,
In short, of enacting a duplicate part.
For expecting the time when her husband would say:
"We are poor; we'll put Minnee Ting out of the way,"
She had built a rag baby with marvelous skill,
Placed a spring here and there for the sake of the wriggle,
Supplied its small chest with a bladder and quill,
So that touch it who would the rag baby would giggle;
Just the size of Ting Loo—she had measured and weighed it—
And now, with the skill she had learned when she made it,
She pinned on the cloak past all hope of undoing,
And, bearing it so as to start it to cooing,
Right into the arms of her husband she laid it.
Thus Chang bore it down toward the river Kiang.
But happened, in passing the vigilant Hang,
To stumble, which caused it to kick and to coo,
Till Hang cried: "Away! I'll accompany you.
I never can rest till it's safe in the water.
Lest the mother has bribed you to rescue my daughter."
Then quick in the pitiless river they threw
What to Hang was Tee-Hee and to Chang was Ting Loo.

Each day, while the notable Hang U. High
Was reading the books of the great I. Ligh,
His wife stole away to the hut of Ar Chang,
While Chang acted spy o'er the motions of Hang.

But Chang never dreamed as he watched by the wall
To give warning if Hang at his hovel should call,
That his dear little wife from its hiding-place drew
The only original Minnee Ting Loo,
Nor supposed, as he stretched to its limit each limb
To peep at his master, that out of the dim
Of his hovel two mothers kept watch upon him.

And it never occurred to Hang U. High,
As he studied the books of the great I. Ligh,
That instead of retrenching on little Tee-Hee
By drowning the child in the river Yang Tse,
His lucre provided provisions for three.

—*W. W. Fink, in Century.*

RUNNING A BLOCKADE.

How a Yankee Schooner Did It Seventy Years Ago.

During the summer of 1814 the British took possession of all that part of the State of Maine lying east of the Penobscot, and claimed it as a part of their lawful territory. They established a sort of naval headquartes at Castine, and from thence sent out their cruisers. Upon the Kennebec River at that time were many thriving towns, and quite a number of Yankee privateers were fitted out there. Several sailed from Bath, and even as high up as Hallowell were fitted and manned some of these troublesome little craft. In consequence of all this the British turned their attention to this latter river, and established a blockade at its mouth. They knew that some privateers were being fitted out somewhere up the stream, and they were determined to take them if they came out.

And there was another thing which the enemy had in view in this blockade. There was a fort up the river a short distance, and also several military storehouses; and they (the British) had learned that provisions and ammunition were expected from Boston or Salem for these places. So they meant to kill two birds with one stone: They would prevent the privateers from coming out, and also prevent the stores from going in.

Many still living, who resided upon the Kennebec during that war, remember well the season of that blockade. They depended for much of their provisions upon the coasters which came from Massachusetts; and now that the small vessels were prevented from coming in they suffered much. In Hallowell, Waterville, Gardiner and other places, provisions were so scarce that many people who were considered well off in ordinary times lived upon the swill-gatherings of the more wealthy; and a silver dollar's worth of meal could be carried away in a common pocket-handkerchief. The suffering was great. The people knew that there were several vessels anxious to get in, but the British war-brig at the river's mouth prevented them.

Among the vessels which were expected at Hallowell was a heavy schooner named the Polly Ann. She was owned and commanded by a man named Eben Wait. Also another schooner called the Eliza, which belonged to Abner Jenkins.

The Polly Ann and the Eliza both cleared at Salem, Mass., the former loaded with one of the most valuable cargoes ever sent to the eastward, for, beside a large lot of excellent provisions, such as flour, corn, rye and pork and beef, she had a large quantity of arms and ammunition for two privateers that were lying at Bath. The loss of the Polly Ann would have been a severe blow in two ways: It would have sadly added to the want of the poor people of the Kennebec, and have prevented the outfit of two stanch privateers, and it would have also added much to the power of the enemy by furnishing them with things which they much needed.

The Polly Ann was a new and valuable vessel; but not so the Eliza. The latter was very old and very rotten, and she was now upon her last trip. Her owner had resolved to try the run to Hallowell, and then pull his old schooner to pieces for firewood, as that was about all she was good for. On the present occasion she was loaded with provisions, but the load was necessarily a light one, as Jenkins dare not venture to sink her too deeply.

The two schooners sailed from Salem together. In fact Jenkins would not have dared to sail alone, for he was not sure his rickety old craft would carry him through. The Polly Ann was manned by Captain Wait; his son Nathan, a youth of nineteen; a man of thirty, named Jim Tufts, and Samuel Locke, a young man of twenty-five. The Eliza had beside her Captain, David, a brother of the commander; Walter Davis and Charles Allen, both young men and able.

When the two schooners reached Wood Island, which lies at the mouth of the Saco River, they were boarded by some Yankee fishermen who resided there, and who informed them that it would be of no use for them to go any further.

"Ye can't git into the river," said one of them, "for a cussed brig-o'-war's a lyin' off an' on there all the time. An' I ken tell ye one more thing, too: Them Britishers are on the lookout for you. They've heered as how't yeou were a comin' in with provisions an' arms for privateers. They've been informed somehow."

This was a damper upon Captain Eben Wait. He had known that there were British war vessels upon the coast; but he had hoped that there might be none in his way. He could not turn back. He knew that those whom he loved were suffering for the want of the food he had with him; and that the privateers could not sail until they had the stores he had in charge for them. And, further, much of the provisions he had in cargo might spoil by being kept too long in the hold of his vessel.

What should he do? The loss to him, if he failed to make his trip, would be great; but he thought not so much of that as he did of the loss to those who were depending upon him for the very means of sustaining life. He questioned the fishermen very closely, and was convinced that they spoke truly. Three of them had come from Mauhegan only two days before, and had been robbed of their fish by this same brig.

"And," continued the informant, "one of the officers asked us if we knowed the Yankee schooner Polly Ann. We pretended 'at we didn't know anything about it. He said he'd have ye ef ye come that way."

Captain Wait pondered a long while on the information he had received.

"It's a hard case," he said to his friend, Captain Jenkins. "I know how these fellows watch. There's no getting by them."

"'Tis confounded bad," returned Jenkins. "Now if 'twasn't for the cargo I've got aboard they might have my old hulk in welcome. I don't know but I'd be willin' to pay 'em somethin' to carry her off; for the firewood she'll make won't hardly be worth the trouble of cuttin' her up. She's half rotten, and t'other half is as full of nails and spikes as her sails are full of holes. But with your vessel it's different. She's new and valuable. By thunder, Eben, I'm afeared we'll have to go back. But it's cussed hard, isn't it?"

But a new light had gleamed upon the bronzed face of Captain Wait.

"Look ye, Abner," he said, eagerly, "if I could carry your cargo all safely up the river would you give up your old vessel?"

"Would I?" cried Jenkins. "I'll bet I would. Yes, sir; I'd let her go to grass in a minute."

"Then I think we can do it. At all events, we'll try. My schooner can easily carry all the load you've got, from here to Bath. We'll drop in shore and shift cargoes as quickly as possible."

Jenkins heard his friend's plan explained, and his own face grew bright. The two schooners were anchored, and then lashed side to side; and then all hands turned to with a will. Before night the Eliza was "flying" light, with nothing aboard that could be possibly taken away. They left her hull, her masts, her three sails, and such rigging as was absolutely necessary to keep her on the wind.

The distance from Wood Island to the mouth of the Kennebec is about thirty miles; so the run was not a long one. Wait did not wish to start until after midnight, as his plan was to bring the war-brig in sight just about daybreak. The wind was from the south'rd and east'rd, and blew a fair breeze, and it was likely to remain so, at least until the sun rose again.

At one o'clock in the morning the two schooners again made sail, and at three the light upon Cape Elizabeth was upon the larboard quarter. At 3:30 Seguin light was in sight ahead. Seguin is an island at the mouth of the Kennebec.

At four o'clock the first gleams of the coming day appeared upon the horizon, and in a very few minutes afterward the tall spars of a British brig-of-war could be distinctly made out ahead, just outside of Seguin, and to the south'rd of it.

"Now's our time," shouted Captain Wait, hailing his companion who was close under his lee.

Abner Jenkins ran his vessel to the windward of the Polly Ann, and as he came abreast he cried out:

"Would ye set her a going now?"

"Yes. Are you going to?"

"Yes. I can fix that there."

"Then do it as soon as ye can. The Englishman hasn't seen us yet. Set her head a little to the north'rd of east!"

"Aye, aye," responded Jenkins; and thereupon he set at work.

In the meantime Wait had his sail all taken in so that the Englishman should not see him; and as the water was shoal he let go a light anchor.

Jenkins' first movement was to lower his boat and secure her by a painter to one of the stern davits. Next he put on all sail, and had the sheets belayed very carefully for running with the wind a little forward of the beam. The tiller was next set, and as soon as he was satisfied that the schooner would run in a direct line with the tiller thus, he lashed it fast. He knew the Eliza well enough to know that she would be true to the course he had given her; and having seen that the sheets were securely belayed, and that nothing of any value was left on board, he had his crew get into the boat and pulled for the Polly Ann.

Away went the schooner in fine style, dashing the foam from before her, and leaping over the light waves as defiantly as could be. Captain Wait took his glass and went aloft. He could now see the brig plainly. She was under easy sail, and appeared to be lying-to.

By the course upon which the old schooner was sailing, she would pass only about three miles from the brig, and that, too, before many minutes.

"Hi-yi!" cried Wait. "There she goes!"

As he spoke a wreath of smoke curled up from the Englishman's deck, and in a moment more the report of a heavy gun came booming over the water.

"He's taken the bait," shouted Jenkins.

Another and another gun boomed away from the deck of the brig, but the schooner did not stop. She dashed away over the water with her flag flying and showed no disposition to obey the Briton's summons.

"Hi! Look!" cried Wait, as a round shot plowed up the water under the stern of the flying schooner.

But this was not to last much longer. The brig soon put up her helm and bore away, and cracked on all sail.

Away went the schooner and away went the brig. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the Englishman's guns; and the Yankee coaster seemed to fly the faster. But the brig was gaining rapidly. Nearer and nearer it came, and shot after shot riddled the poor devoted schooner. Presently her mainmast went by the board—then her bowsprit dropped—and finally she lay a helpless, sinking, rotten, useless mass upon the water, which must soon open its bosom to give her rest.

Meanwhile the Polly Ann had run up her anchor and made sail; and as the brig overtook her prize, the successful Yankee was passing behind Seguin. In a short time the island was left upon her starboard quarter, and once more she was in full view of the Englishman.

"Let's heave-to here a little while, just to see the fun," said Wait.

This was readily agreed to; for the Polly Ann was just in the mouth of the river with the wind fair for running her up at any moment.

So the schooner was hove to, and all hands gathered aft to watch the operations of the evening. Beside the heavy guns which Wait had stowed away under the main-hatch for the privateers, he had a lot of muskets. He had eight of these brought up and loaded, and the Yankee flag got ready for running up to the main peak.

The brig was seen to overhaul the poor, riddled, dismantled hulk, and our Yankee fancied they could almost hear the British curse and swear.

"But won't they cuss a leetle more when they see us?" said Jenkins.

"Reckon they will," responded Captain Wait.

In a few minutes from that time the brig was seen to put up her helm, and very soon afterwards the old hulk gave a lurch and went down.

"They see us!" cried Wait, as the brig put her head about.

And so it would seem; for the man-of-war not only put about, but her men crowded upon her forecastle and gazed off to where the Yankee schooner lay. Up went her studding-sails, below and aloft, and she came plowing through the water at a swift rate.

At length she fired one of her bow guns, and the ball fell direct beneath the end of the Yankee's flying jib-boom.

"Up with the helm!" cried Captain Wait. "Haul over the main sheets! Get out the muskets!"

The muskets were taken by the men, even the man at the wheel going in for one, and as soon as the vessel was nearly headed up the river, they gathered along by the taffrail. The Stars and Stripes were run up to the peak, and as the glorious ensign opened its magic folds to the breeze, the Captain gave the order to fire.

The reports of the eight muskets ranout upon the air; three hearty cheers were given by the homeward-bound men; and then the Polly Ann danced away up her native river.

Surely the officers and crew of the blockading brig must have felt particularly foolish about that time. And that they did feel so is evident from a remark her commander made to a poor fisherman whom he overhauled for fish on the evening of that very day. It was a fisherman who had ventured down of Cape Small Point after haddock. He asked the fisherman if the Polly Ann had entered the river.

"Ye-e-es, sir," answered the poor fellow.

"Did she carry much of a load?"

"Gerewsalem! yew'd a thought so, I reckon," answered the fisherman, who seemed desirous of giving an emphatic reply. "She was loaded daown to the gun'lls, sir. It's a marcy 'at she didn't sink!"

The Englishman replied in a very extended and very elaborately wrought sentence of oaths, and added: "I wish she had sunk! I never was so fooled before; and never will be again!"

But the man spoke without counting his cost. The Polly Ann stopped at Bath and unloaded her large guns and ammunition; and three days afterward two sprightly privateers sailed down the river, and captured the brig-of-war, and carried her into port.

Meanwhile the successful schooner kept on up the river, carrying gladness to all patriotic hearts; furnishing food for hundreds of famishing bodies, and inspiring many desponding souls with new hopes and aspirations.

Some Entertaining Maine Bear Stories.

Bears are getting so uncomfortably numerous around Moosehead Lake as to alarm even the old Indians and other settlers by their frequent boldness and surprising cunning. The other night members of the family of George C. Luce, living about two miles northwest from the head of the lake and near the branch of the Penobscot River, were aroused by John Abbo, who had heard an unusual noise in the pantry, and coming down stairs they saw by a light shining from Mr. Luce's bed-room a large bear helping himself to family provisions. Abbo's gun was standing near the pantry door and within a foot of the bear, which unconcernedly watched the approach of Abbo, while he tested the various articles within reach. All this was going on while Mr. and Mrs. Luce slept, oblivious to the intrusion, within a few feet of the scene. Abbo finally succeeded in reaching his gun, when the bear retreated through the pantry window, which he had smashed on getting into the house. Mitchell Francis, an Indian sleeping in an adjoining bed, was aroused by the breaking glass, and he, together with Abbo, drove the bear into the woodshed, but were unable to shoot with any certainty on account of the darkness. Finding himself cornered, Bruin made a plunge and went completely through the rear of the shed, which was strongly boarded and escaped in the darkness. In about an hour, however, Abbo found the brute in the pantry again, as did Luce. This time Abbo went to the window just in time to save the retreat, and without stopping to raise the window took aim, fired and the bear fell, though he was not finally despatched until he had made a desperate fight in the door-yard. His weight was between three and four hundred pounds. Thursday night, just after the Brattleborough fishermen had come off the lake, Mitchell Francis discovered a bear in the road near Savage's Hotel, where the party were stopping. Three shots killed him. He weighed over three hundred, and his head and paws were divided among the party. The following day another was seen by one of the guides who was unarmed. A bear broke into one of the store-houses on the Penobscot the other night and carried off hams, fish and a quantity of other articles. Sunday three sizable bears were brought into "Kineo" by the guides. Deer, moose and caribou are very plenty in the region, but the law and the flies prevent the hunting of them.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Among the concessions recently granted by the Mexican Government is one which allows Louis Logorreta and Arthur Mayer to gather for ten years the cactus or maguay plant on Government lands. These persons must establish in the country within two years a paper and textile mill, in which the cactus leaf is to be used, and for each such mill, erected at a cost of not less than $150,000, the Government will give a premium of $30,000. The plant is said to be so abundant that the industry can be extended almost without limit.

—Judge J. B. Foraker, the nominee of the Ohio Republicans for Governor, is a graduate of Cornell University, New York.

Single Dresses.

There has been suddenly developed a fancy for simple dresses of plain faonics and a single color, by way of giving variety to the wardrobe, and prominent among these costumes is the use of plain grenadine with gros grain, as opposed to the rich velvet figured grenadines with satin. When the dress is colored—dark red, copper, lapis blue, or golden brown—it is made of the smoothest silk gauze of a single shade, or else changeable with black, draped over plain gros grain or taffeta silk. If the dress is black, the material is the armure-figured or square-meshed grenadine, and the silk is plain gros grain or ottoman repped. Lace is the trimming for all such dresses, but this may be confined to the basque, in which case only three or four yards are required for the full frill on the sleeves, neck and down the front. The ecru embroideries that are done on a net foundation and resemble lace, are used for the colored grenadines, while for black dresses the French, Spanish and guipure laces are chosen. At the best furnishing houses there are black grenadines of nice quality made up with the deep-plaited kilt skirt, full apron drapery, and short basque that constitute the popular design this season for the simplest wool dresses. The grenadine kilting is wide plaits, and may be edged with lace which falls at the foot upon one or two knife-plaitings that are needed to relieve the long straight effect of the lengthwise plaits. The upper drapery is not cut out by any pattern, but is arranged in inexplicable folds on the top of the skirt, in any way most becoming to the wearer. The lower edges of the grenadine are most often turned under above a kilt-plaiting, but if it is meant that the front should be decidedly in apron shape, it is edged with lace four or five inches wide; as this lace must not be used on the back drapery, only two yards are needed, and this is put on in a gathered frill without heading, the edge of the lace being passed under the wide hem of the grenadine; one-third extra fullness is all that is added for lace. Plaited lace is not now used. The trimming width of laces for basques is about three inches, while that for aprons and for flounces on skirts varies from three to eight inches in width; when two different widths are used they should have the same design, and indeed the same pattern may be had in three different widths, the third width being used for frills around the hips, which are either laid upon the vertugadin puff, where they will appear just below the short basque, or else they are attached to the basque itself under the slender scallops that are cut along its edge. The French laces that imitate Chantilly designs are used for such dresses in pretty patterns of shaded roses, rose-buds, palms, and feathers; the prices of these begin as low as twenty-five cents a yard in the three inch widths, and increase up to $1.50; excellent designs are sold for thirty-five or fifty cents a yard. As we have said, three yards will trim a basque, but modistes can also use six yards for fully trimmed basques, and six yards are used on very simply trimmed lower skirts. When grenadine is used for flounces a pretty plan is to have each flounce four inches deep when finished, and add lace two inches wide; these widths will answer alike for gathered and plaited flounces; a hem as wide as the lace gives a pretty effect to the flounce, while other flounces have an inch-wide hem, with two or three tucks, each a third of an inch wide, above it. The Spanish guipure laces, with square guipure meshes and thick Spanish dots and scallops, are in keeping with the plain iron grenadines, and there are more costly Spanish laces with hand-run figures and cords of silk.

Independent young women select some simple style that is becoming to them, and have all their dresses of both rich and plain fabrics made by one pattern. Thus a young lady with slender, graceful figure has a preference for the round basque with deep apron over-skirt and narrow short skirt with flounces, and this, with slight variations in the trimming of the lower skirt and the upper drapery, is the design used for all the dresses of her summer wardrobe. One of these pretty dresses is entirely of India foulard of dark blue ground, with India red circles in it; this has two or three gathered flounces on the lower skirt, a hem on the round apron over-skirt, and the basque has a shirred front; with this is a parasol of the same foulard, and for morning walks her hat is an English rough straw walking hat trimmed with blue velvet and two white pigeons. A second dress is of ecru pongee with the deep apron over-skirt covered with Persian embroidery of red, blue, and olive, in very small designs. And a third dress has a skirt of gay figured foulard with scalloped flounces, while the shirred basque and overskirt are of plain lemon-colored foulard with frills of white Oriental lace. Another young lady finds the Jersey waist becoming to her, and seven of these waists complete the dresses of her summer outfit. There is a jetted silk Jersey to wear with black skirts; one of pale blue wool for a striped wool dress that shows blue, olive, rose and cream-color in the stripes; a beaded scarlet Jersey for white, red, and black dresses; a brown wool Jersey that forms the waist to her traveling dress that has checked wool skirts; an ecru Jersey for pongee skirts; another of white wool to wear with blue and white flannel skirts in the country; and still another of white silk with crystal beading to wear with evening dresses. Since the Jersey has been deprived of its scant look and improved in shape by American modistes, who have added a collar, cuffs, plaitings at the back, and sometimes a narrow vest, it has become both a popular and a fashionable garment. Those Jerseys made with sewed seams, forming a French back with some plaits in the middle seam, are preferred for slender figures, while those wove in the plain Jersey shape are liked for larger women. They are made without darts, and the single-breasted fronts have an English collar notched like the collar of a gentleman's morning coat, and above this is a high standing collar. Small cuffs are turned back on the sleeves and hemmed, and there are curved slits for pockets on each side. Modistes make a waist like this as a part of a suit, and attach it permanently to the lower skirt, or else there is a sash like that of the lower skirt sewed on the edge of the Jersey; this style is liked for young ladies and school-girls. Older ladies have the Jersey represent an outside basque simply hemmed on the edges, and finished in the back with a ribbon bow and loops over the plaiting, or to make the back bouffant when there is no plaiting. When the webbing is not thick it will show the white corset cover if tightly drawn over it, hence a cover of silesia or of thin silk the color of the Jersey cloth should be worn beneath it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A delicious salad is made by boiling new beats without scraping them. When they are tender, drop them in cold water, remove the skin, slice them, and put in a salid dish in layers, with slices of hard boiled eggs; season with pepper and salt, a little butter and vinegar.—*N. Y. Post.*

—It is expected that the journey from Paris to Constantinople will soon be made in seventy-five hours. A through train with forty-two beds now runs twice a week.

—A goodly share of the singing in the cloth-houses of Leeds comes from the throats of Australian girls.

Work for Rainy Days.

Rainy days give the farmers time to read, or time to do things that they never would have time to do if it did not rain. If you have a carriage or any farming implement that needs painting or overhauling; then is a good time to do it. Every year farmers should see that all farming tools are in proper trim for use. Do not wait until the time comes to use the implement, but see that it is in perfect order before needed. See that all the nuts are tight on your implements. If tools need it, paint them; if they need sharpening, do that. If you intend to make a fence, or building, a rainy day is a good time to get out the material. If you need any farm implement, such as a garden roller or any little implement, it is a good time to make it. Farmers with a little practice and a great deal of patience can make a great many useful things for the farm.

A good way to make a garden roller is to cut two round pieces out of a two-inch plank, of the size you want your roller. Then get a round iron rod, run it through the center of these round pieces. Next, nail strips two or three inches wide on the round pieces. Leave one strip off, get some cement and mix; till the roller with small stones and put in the cement. Then nail on the last strip. Have the iron rod long enough to project out on each end of the roller, and attach the frame to the rod. The cement will harden, and you will have an everlasting roller. A large roller could be made in the same way, only the frame would have to be made different.

If the carriage needs painting, wash it clean. Buy plenty of sand paper and smooth off the wheels. Get off all the old paint you can, using coarse sand paper first; then fine, and finish with emery cloth. See that each wheel is smooth; then do the body in the same way, first rubbing it down with pumice stone. Carriage painters burn the paint off, but you had better not attempt it, for you might spoil it. Do not take all the paint off, but leave the first coat. Buy a can of extra ivory drop black, one pint of turpentine, one of boiled linseed soil and one quart of varnish—coach varnish is best. Take any empty can and put in some of the drop black and enough turpentine to thin it to the right consistency. Paint the wheels first, then the body and rest of it. Let it dry, and when dry rub down with fine pumice stone. Then put on another coat of paint; after it is dry rub down once more with powdered pumice stone, then put on two coats of varnish. Use fine brushes, and when painting keep the brush straight, and do not bear on too hard, or your work will be streaked.

For the top take drop black and equal parts of turpentine, boiled oil and varnish; apply with a brush. It will make the top look new, and it will last much longer. This coating will also improve old harness. For the cushions, if leather, get a pint can of ready mixed paint of such color as desired, and after you have painted them, and they are dry, give them a coat of varnish. If they are cloth, sponge them off with warm water and soap. If you wish to have a gold band around the hubs, get a bottle of prepared gold bronze, and after applying it varnish the whole band. Carriages and spring wagons should be washed often: it makes them wear longer and look more attractive. All nuts should be tightened every six months, and when you wash a vehicle, throw plenty of water on it, and give the dirt a good soaking before commencing to use the sponge. After you have done this, use the sponge, being sure that you have a good one. Wipe dry with a chamois.

On rainy days you can also post up your books, if you keep any. Every farmer should keep books, and know just how much he is making on the farm, or whether he is losing money. Very few farmers can tell how much they are making. A simple contrivance for shutting gates is made by arranging a couple of pulleys, with a small rope attached to the gate, running over the pulleys; then a weight will shut the gate. Oil the spindle to make the pulley turn easily. On rainy days help your children make windmills, bows and arrows, or kites. Give your children all such things, and when older they will not care for them, but for more useful things, and will love you more for the little kindness you show them when young.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

The Secret of Raising Turkeys.

A recent number of the Lancaster *Farmer* says: One of our most successful breeders remarks upon this point: One great secret of raising turkeys is to take care, and take care all summer; and even then you can not raise them, for sometimes they will not lay, or they will not hatch, or something will befall them. Sometimes we raise turkeys without much care, when the season is especially favorable, but generally the measure of care is the measure of success. A boy ten or twelve years old, with a little direction from his father, can easily take care of 200 turkeys, and he can not earn so much money on the farm in any other way. It is an old maxim that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing well. Some may think this constant care is too much trouble to raise turkeys. This is a free country, and you can omit any part (or the whole) of these suggestions. If you know a better course, by all means pursue it. This painstaking has made turkey-raising about as sure as any other branch of farm industry. I have usually kept from eight to ten turkeys for breeders, and have raised from ninety-nine to one hundred in a summer. In 1860 I sold my turkeys for 27 cents a pound; they amounted to $280.40. In 1869 I sold for 25 to 27 cents per pound; gross amount of sales, $386.14. That year I kept an account of expenses and calculated the net profit at $213.58. In 1870 I sold for 25 cents a pound; amount of sales, $311.32. In 1871 I sold for 18 cents a pound; gross amount of sales, $286.13. I would rather raise turkeys and sell at 15 cents a pound than to raise pork and sell at 10 cents a pound. Perhaps in fattening pork you can save the manure better, but the turkey droppings, if gathered and saved every week and kept dry, are worth half as much as guano, and are certainly worth a cent a pound.

The turkey crop is steadily increasing in value, not more by the increased number of farmers who make this a specialty in their poultry-raising than by the increased attention and skill of those who have long been in the business. Care in selecting stock for breeding brings ample rewards. The prospect was never better than now for the extension of the business among the farmers who have a good range and good markets. The average size of turkeys in the districts where the business is made a specialty is steadily increasing, and we look for still further improvements.

—At Austin, Tex., in excavating in the Colorado River for the water-works, the workmen brought up a spur of curious workmanship and of evident Spanish origin. From the description of a fine spur said to have been lost by Gen. Bustamente in the river when he was retreating before Santa Anna, many believe this to be the same spur. And, near the same spot, was unearthed the framework of a clock. It is of metal, and, though oxidation has marred its luster, of course, traces of a high polish can still be seen on it, and practicles of rich and valuable pearls, with which it was overlaid, are still visible.—*Chicago Times.*

HOME AND FARM.

—If a person has been bitten by a mad dog, tie a cord tightly about the wound, apply warm water to encourage bleeding, suck the wound and apply caustics.—*N. Y. Times.*

—In the *Ohio Farmer* a correspondent recommends growing potatoes under a covering of straw, put on about the time the tops are coming through. The covering keeps the ground moist in a dry time. The straw was put on in some instances to a depth of ten to twelve inches.

—Corn Bread: Two two cups of Indian meal allow one cup of white flour, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, two and a half cups of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda, one of salt, one tablespoonful and a half of melted butter; steam for two hours in a well buttered tin, and dry off in the oven.—*Exchange.*

—The *Rural New Yorker* says tomatoes raised in poorish light soil will ripen ten days earlier than those raised in rich soil. We know this from the actual test during the past season. If large, showy tomatoes are wanted, regardless of flavor or time of ripening, then the rich soil and the rank growth are needed. Cutting off all but one or two fruits of the clusters while they are small and green will also cause those remaining to grow to a larger size.

—Says a lady writing to the *Country Gentleman:* Few housekeepers properly estimate the value of providing covers for pillows in common use, thinking if the cases are changed each week the pillows are properly protected. This is a real mistake, as any one can see by putting a white cover underneath the case and noticing how soon it becomes soiled. Old pillow cases can be used, by tearing off the buttons and putting buttonholes in the hems.

—Poached Eggs and Toast: Pour some boiling water into a frying pan; then break the egg into a saucer very carefully, and slide it off into the hot water. The water must not be boiling hard, or the eggs would fly in pieces. The water must be boiling hot to begin with, but afterwards merely simmer until the white is cooked so that no limpid part remains; then the yolk will be sufficiently done. Toast and butter some evenly-cut slices of bread, and lay them on a plate; then with a skimmer carefully lift out the eggs, and place one on each piece of toast.—*Boston Post.*

—E. P. Howell, for many years known as an extensive and successful fruit-grower, says that the experience of every grower of fruit for market is that the most important matter in beginning as a pomologist is to plant a very few varieties. Not less than four-fifths of our good fruits are unprofitable. They will serve the purpose of the amateur, whose main object is to supply his table with a succession of good fruit; but they will not pay the gardener. An orchard with a large number of varieties demands incessant work and constant anxiety.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dyspeptics and the Drug-Store.

But nine out of ten dyspeptics resort to the drug-store. They get a bottle of "tonic bitters." They try Dr. Quack's "Dyspepsia Elixir." They try a "blue pill"—in the hope of rousing Nature, as it were, to a sense of her proper duty.

Now, what such "tonics" can really do for them is this: they goad the system into the transient and abnormal activity incident to the necessity of expelling a virulent poison. With the accomplishment of that purpose the exertion ceases, and the ensuing exhaustion is worse than the first by just as much as the *poison-fever* has robbed the system of a larger or smaller share of its little remaining strength. The stimulant has wasted the organic energy which it seemed to revive. "But," says the invalid, "if a repetition of the dose can relieve the second reaction, would the result not be preferable to the languor of the unstimulated system? Wouldn't it be the best plan to let me support my strength by sticking to my patent tonic?"

Yes, it would be very convenient, especially in times of scarcity, if a starving horse could be supported by the daily application of a patent spur. It would save both oats and oaths. Even a fastidious nag could not help acknowledging the pungency of the goad. But it so happens that spur-fed horses are somewhat short-lived, though at first the diet certainly seems to act like a charm. For a day or two the drug stimulates the activity of the digestive organs as well as of the mental faculties, but the subsequent prostration is so intolerable that the patient soon chooses the alternative of another poison-fever. Before long the pleasant phase of the febrile process becomes shorter and the reaction more severe; the jaded system is less able to respond to the goad, and, in order to make up for the difference, the dose of the stimulant has to be steadily increased. The invalid becomes a bondsman to the drug-store, and hugs the chain that drags him down to the slavery of a confirmed poison-habit.

Circumstances may differ. A dyspeptic who intends to make his own quietus within a month or two, and in the meanwhile has a certain amount of work to finish, would be justified in stimulating his working capacities by all means, in order to improve to the utmost whatever chances of mundane activity may remain to him. But he who intends to stay has to make up his mind that recovery can not be hoped for till he has not only discontinued his drug, but expiated the burden of sin which the stimulant outrage has added to the cause of the disease. Nature has to overcome the effects both of malnutrition and of malpractice. The drug has complicated the disease.—*Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A Dull Pawnbroker.

The other day a Detroit pawnbroker received a call from a young man with the tan and freckles of the country on his face and nose, and an old-fashioned bulls-eye watch in his hand which he desired to pawn.

"Vhere you lif?" asked the broker.

"Oh, out here a few miles!"

"Vhere you got dot vhatch?"

"It used to be dad's, but he gave it to me."

The broker looked him all over with suspicious glance, and asked and received his name, and then added:

"Vhy you vhants to pawn dot vhatch, eh?"

"Well, I needed a little money."

"Dot looks suspicious to me, und I guess I call der boleece.

"Suspicious! Police!" repeated the young man. "Say, mister, if you don't know the difference between a thief selling his plunder and a young man in town with his gal, and that gal wanting peanuts and candy and sody water and street car rides until she's cleaned him out of his last cent, you'd better go and start a sheep ranch."

"Oh, dot vhas it, eh? Vhell, I gif you tree dollar. Dot makes it all ash blain as der face on my nose, und I hope you haf some goot times. Here—two und one makes tree."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—They have found a breech-loading cannon under the citadel at Aleppo, where it must have been buried two hundred and fifty years. Its mechanism is almost precisely like those invented in these late years. Perhaps somebody will sometimes find a telephone loaded with helloas buried deeply below the surface somewhere; for every day some evidence is brought to prove that there is nothing new under the sun.—*Detroit Post.*

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