THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Seasonable Information for Tillers of the Soil.

Tile-Draining Land.

Many people have been put to large extra expense in doing this work through the advice of mere theorists, who, knowing nothing practically about the work, and having read in books that the tile must be laid at equal distances, have caused the draining of much land that did not need it. In all first attempts at draining only the sloughs and soft places should be improved. In other words, the soft places need to be made homogeneous, so far as possible, with the higher and dryer land. In a rolling country, the intelligent farmer should be able to tell what land needs draining, nearly as well as a drainage engineer, certainly better than the mere theorist, who knows little of draining, and perhaps nothing of the soil to be drained. In all those cases where there is a good fall and plenty of outflow, it does not require the nicety of leveling, and the accuracy of detail that is required when the fall is light, and the bottom difficult to manage. In all these common cases the farmer should be able, with a few simple tools, to do all the work, from the engineering to the opening of the ditch, the laying of the tile and the filling; certainly so by the aid of some simple and practical treatise on the subject. We decidedly discountenance any and all draining until the owner of the land has first made up his mind as to the necessity of the same, and the cost; for where it may pay to thoroughly drain one piece of land, it will not pay to touch another. Here the farmer must be guided by the worth of his land, the crop to be raised, and the cost of laying the tile. If his judgment says it is feasible, and his pocket will pay the cost, then go ahead. It will be money well spent, and amply pay the interest on the investment; and if the work be properly done, the tile will continue to draw better each year until the maximum is reached, and then remain permanently good. Hence the draining must be regarded as a permanent investment, of which the yearly interest is to be charged to the crops raised. If you find your drainage so far has done this, go ahead. If not, go slow.—*Ex.*

Judging Draft Horses.

A good draft horse must possess strong vital organs, which fact is usually indicated by the form and relative size of the trunk. His joints and legs must be strong and perfect, free from curbs and spavins, the skin lying close and firm to hard and elastic cords, with an entire absence of "beef" upon those parts; the feet should be large, neither flat nor mule-shaped, the horn hard and elastic but not brittle. The bottom of the foot should be examined to see that it possesses the desired concave appearance, and that the frog does its work perfectly because it is in the feet that our heavy draft horses are most notoriously defective. The principal requisite of a good draft horse is, good size, made up without a superabundance of fat; but to this must be added docility, soundness and endurance. Given all the valuable qualities above described in perfection, and then the more of action and style he possesses the better. He may be very nearly perfect in all respects, and yet be too small to be classed as a first-class draft horse. On the other hand he may weigh a ton, but if the weight be made up mainly of fat, or if he be ill-tempered, unsound, or lacking endurance, his value is materially lessened. He may possess all the points enumerated and yet be so deficient in energy, and so heavy and slugish in his movements, as to come far short of a perfect draft horse. When called upon to act as a judge in this class, the intelligent horseman will give due prominence to all of these points, and will not be deceived by more measurement or weight; the true test being the comparative adaptation of the animal to perform the work which pertains to the class in which it is shown.

Let Pigs Roam.

A correspondent insists upon the necessity of letting pigs have access to plenty of moist sand or earth in some form or other, and considers that a system of feeding them almost exclusively on skim-milk, meal and such material is responsible for many of the ailments of the intestinal canal, so frequently met with. He states that ailing pigs are often quickly restored to health by simply putting a trough of wet sand into their sty, and recommends that a supply should always be kept there for the animals to help themselves *ad libitum*. Pigs roaming about at large consume a considerably proportion of earth with the various acorns, roots, larvæ, etc., that they grub up, and they should not be deprived of it when in confinement. Any one may convince himself by observation that it is a natural want. If a sucking pig but a fortnight old, that has never left the sty, he turned out into the open, it will at once begin to eat sand greedily, if that be accessible, or in its absence, will indulge in earth or cinders with almost equal satisfaction.

Grange Tenets.

Worthy Master A. T. Strange, of Montgomery county Grange, Ill., in a late address before Mansfield Grange, held the following as among the tenets of the Grange:

We seek no political distinction, nor do we ostracize any one for his political views. We invite good farmers of all parties, and we think the more they meet here on a common level the better they will be for it. The association of men and women who oppose each other in minor matters will, we think, tend to bridge over difficulties and thus purify and elevate the character. We welcome variety in creeds as well as in politics. Every patron has his or her own political or religious creed, with which we have nothing to do. The tests of the man or woman with us in the character which is borne—the equity, the prudence, the honesty, the energy, the real worth, which characterize the candidate—the proof to be shown in the daily life of the possessor. We do not claim the divine privilege of being able to regenerate a captious spirit; to change a fool into a man of sense is more than we can do. But, with proper material to begin on, we think the associations and schooling of the grange will make them better citizens and better farmers. The rough edges of their prejudices are broken off in a marked degree, and each made a worthier neighbor, a better member of the family, and more disinterested in patriotism and truer in manhood or womanhood. The social features of the grange are a sort of balance-wheel, steadying and restraining the excesses and vagaries of the motor power—the will—of the members. That this power is exerted is due to that liberality which we inculcate, which exacts no sacrifice of private opinion on politics or theology, and demands only respect to the laws of the country and common reverence to the Great Preserver of us all.

Treatment of House Plants.

In watering plants in rooms, discretion must be used; cactus, cereus, and in fact all the so called succulents, require but little water in winter; simply enough to keep them growing. Callas, and all that class of aquatic or semi-aquatic plants will bear watering to saturation. As a rule, smooth-leaved and hard plants require less watering than pubescent and soft-leaved plants. Many small pots require water every day, sometimes twice a day—they dry out so fast—unless plunged into some moist material. The difficulty with amateurs is, they usually give small pots too little water, and large pots too much. Until the true habit and necessities of a plant is learned, it is better that it dry sufficiently to droop a little rather than that the soil be kept saturated. Over saturation kills more plants than too much dryness.

MARK TWAIN ON BABIES.

At the dinner given to General Grant the fifteenth and last regular toast was "The Babies. As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities;" and to this Samuel L. Clemens responded. He said:

I like that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen, but when the toast works down to the babies we stand on common ground (laughter), for we have all been babies. (Renewed laughter.) It is a shame that, for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby (laughter), as if he didn't amount to anything. (Laughter.) If you will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or a hundred years to your early married life (laughter) and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. (Roars.) You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. (Laughter.) He took entire command. You became his lackey—his mere body servant—(laughter)—and you had to stand around, too. (Renewed laughter.) He was not a commander who made allowance for time, distance, weather, or anything else. (Convulsive screams.) You had to execute his order whether it was possible or not. (Roars.) And there was only one form of machinery in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. (Shouts.) He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect—(laughter)—and the bravest of you didn't dare say a word. (Great laughter). You could face the death storm of Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow, but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. (Roars). When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread, but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop (laughter), you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance too. (Renewed laughter). When he called for soothing syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? (Boisterous laughter). No. You got up and got it. (Great laughter). When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? (Laughter). Not you. (Renewed laughter). You went to work and warmed it. (Shouts). You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff (laughter), just to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk (tumultuous laughter)—a touch of sugar to modify the colic (laughter), and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. (Roars). I can taste that stuff. (Laughter). And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. (Shouts.) If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour—two o'clock in the morning (laughter)—didn't your rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday school book (much laughter), that that was the very thing your were about to propose yourself! (Great roars.) Oh! you were under good discipline (laughter), and as you went faltering up and down the room in your undress uniform (laughter), you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even turned up your martial voices and tried to sing "Rock-a-by baby in the tree top," for instance. (Great laughter.) What a spectacle for an army of the Tennessee. (Laughter.) And what an affliction for the neighbors, too, for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. (Laughter.) And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise—(laughter; "Go on")—what did you do? You simply went on until you dropped in the last ditch. (Laughter.) The idea that a baby doesn't amount to anything! Why, one baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. (Laughter.) One baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. (Laughter.) He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. (Laughter.) Do what you please you can't make him stay on the reservation. (Great shouts.) Sufficient unto the day is one baby. (Laughter.) As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. (Laughter. Mr. Clemens is the father of a pair.) Twins amount to permanent riot. (Laughter.) And there ain't any difference between triplets and an insurrection. (Uproarious shouts.)

Yes, it was high time for a toast to the masses to recognize the importance of the babies. (Laughter.) Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust—(laughter)—and in this flag, if it still survives, and let us hope it may, will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State—(laughter) will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to have a big contract on their hands. (Laughter.) Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious infant of the future is at this moment teething—(laughter)—think of it, and putting in a word of dead earnest, inarticulated, but perfectly justifiable, profanity over it too. (Laughter.) In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining milky way without a liquid interest, poor little chap! and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet nurse. (Laughter). In another the future great historian is lying and doubtless will continue to lie—(laughter)—until his earthly mission is ended. In another, the future President is busying himself with the profound problem of State than what the mischief has become of his hair so early (laughter), and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—(laughter)—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of the evening turned his attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he succeeded. (Laughter and applause.)

STUCK-UP HOTEL CLERKS.

How Grandfather Lickshingle Vindicated them.

"When I was your age," said Grandfather Lickshingle to a citizen who was deploring the unreliability of the newspapers, "when I was your age I had the same fault to find with the papers. I couldn't believe a word that was in 'em. For instance, every day I read some screed about hotel clerks stickin' up their noses at poor but respectable people, who were forced to stop with them. At that time I was proprietor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and was running it on the European plan—if you don't see what you want ask for it, no trouble to show goods, and that sort of thing. I didn't believe a word of what the papers writ about hotel clerks, and was mighty sure mine wa'nt that way. To satisfy myself, however, and vindicate hotel clerks everywhere, I put up a job on the newspapers."

A smile lit up grandfather's countenance at this stirring of memory's embers, but it quickly vanished and he went on:

"I allus dressed in the height of fashion; but I burrowed a suit of clothes from John Jacob Astor, and disguised myself as a poor but honest person from the interior."

"I had let some friends into the secret, and they were present to see the hotel clerks vindicated and a stinging rebuke administered to a venomous press."

At this point grandfather chuckled audibly.

"When all was ready I walked into the Fifth Avenue, carrying an ordinary looking grip-sack, and registered as John Crabapple, from Squeedunk."

"'Nice day,' I said, as I ornamented the register with my state name.

"'Glad to hear it,' said the clerk, as he fixed his necktie at a looking-glass in the office.

"'What time kin I get a train to Hackensack?' I asked, fer I knowed that particular clerk was strong on time tables, and I wanted to fetch him out afore the invited guests, who were sittin' around taking it all in. His reply knocked me clean off'n my pins. He said, never once taking himself away from the looking-glass:

"'See here, my bald-headed patriarch, you don't see no people sleepin' around here on benches with their valises between their feet, do you? You don't see no men shovin' trucks around loaded with trunks, do you? You don't observe any little girls runnin' around with apples to sell, do you? No, I reckon not! This is no depot, dear sir. If you take me for a ticket agent, baggage-smasher or a brakeman you get left. I run a hotel, not a mere railroad.'

"I was mad as a wet hen, but I waited a spell. When he got his necktie to run parallel with his moustache he turned around an' asked me what I was after, an' if I would mind removin' my carpet-sack from the counter an' carrying it out to the stable, where it evidently belonged.

"This was rubbin' your grandfather the wrong way of the ha'r, but as I had gone into the scheme for the good of clerks in general, I naturally thought I could stand it if they could.

"'I said I would like to have a room, if it was the same to him.

"'He said he would give me a room in the cellar, only he was afeard I might sprout.

"'Young man,' said I, flaring up, 'I hev money to pay my way, an' sleep in the bridal chamber' an' I don't propose to take any lip from any hotel clerk?

"'I told him I was only joking, an' was willin' an' anxious to take it all back; but he wouldn't have it. He danced around an' bobbed up an' down, and finely hit me a terrific blow on the nose. "Take that! you old hay-seed," he yelled, "an' that! an' that! an' that! an' I did as he recommended. When I was beginning to get back on him he struck the bell, an' seven porters seized me and hustled me out on the street, the clerk bringing up in the rear as it were, with his box-toed shoes. On the sidewalk a policeman collared me, an' I was locked up for thirty-six hours afore I could get a chance to explain things."

"Then it can hardly be said that you succeeded in vindicating hotel clerks against the slanders of the press."

"Windicate h—ll!" replied grandfather, moved to profanity; and he ambled off, stabbing the floor spitefully with his cane.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

NORDENSKJOLD'S EXPLORATIONS.

Lieutenant Howgaard, of the Vega, is publishing, in the Copenhagen *Dagblad*, a series of letters of great interest. In a second communication he says:—"On the morning of the 18th of September the Vega again got up steam and tried to proceed through the ice under immense difficulties and several times imminent danger of destruction, and on the next morning she was obliged to be made fast to an iceblock close to Cape Wankarema, surrounded with large blocks of ice and a thick fog, which rendered any further progress quite impossible. Again, on the 21st of September, the Vega tried to proceed on her voyage, but up to the 29th she only advanced a couple of miles a day, and Lieutenant Howgaard states that no sailing vessel could have avoided destruction, and that a steamer constructed of iron would undoubtedly have been smashed by the ice—only a strong wooden ship being capable of standing the knocks which the Vega received. Finally, the Vega was icebound on the 29th of September, close to Cape Jinredien, in a temperature of only 2 degrees below zero, 120 miles from the Straits of Behring, and after a voyage of 4,200 miles calculated from Tromso. During the month of October the ice had increased so much in strength that an icehouse was built on shore, with the view of making magnetical observations there. A tent was now drawn over the ship, the rigging having been lowered, and a thick covering of snow was laid on the deck, while all other necessary preparations to lessen the effects of an Arctic winter were made. Every Saturday evening lectures were delivered on suitable subjects. The temperature of the cabins varied from 15 to 18 degrees of heat (Celsius), in the middle deck between 6 and 12 degrees, in the engine room between 4 and 7 degrees, and in no part of the ship did the temperature fall below zero. In the cabins of the petty officers and the crew, as well as in the middle deck, lamps were kept burning all day long. Christmas was celebrated merrily, and an imitation Christmas tree was made from willow branches and covered with presents. During the long, enforced stay here the character and language of the Tschuktechers were thoroughly studied. The time hung rather heavily on the hands of the explorers during the long dark days and nights; but on no occasion was daylight quite wanting, and even on the shortest day, although the sun did not rise above the horizon, there was a couple of hours daylight. To this Lieutenant Howgaard ascribes the entire absence of scurvy. Every preparation was made in case the Vega should break up during one of those violent gales which occurred from time to time, and provisions for four months were landed on shore. The sport during the winter was very poor. The bears kept away, wolves were seen but could not be got at, and the hares and ptarmigans being white were very difficult to shoot on the snow; but during the spring the sport became excellent. The gales were especially violent during the months of October and November, and the blocks of ice rose to the height of some fifteen yards. The average temperature during October was 20 degrees, in the beginning of December 30 degrees, and in January the quicksilver froze. During the month of February the average cold was 30 degrees. The coldest day was the 25th of January, when the the thermometer fell to 46.5 degrees. In March the average temperature was 21.7 degrees, in April 18.9 degrees, and in May 15 degrees. The average temperature of the year was 11.2 degrees. The best cover against the cold was a coat made from the hide of a stag and lined with elderdown, fitting close to the body, below the usual clothes. In October the Christian Tschuktscher, Warili Menka, who has been appointed by the Russian government chief over all the Tschuktschers, called and took away letters. The Tschuktschers are very hardy and great walkers. On one occasion some women walked thirty-two miles on another a man ran along by the side of a sledge a distance of some sixty miles with hardly any rest. A great quantity of fish is caught by angling through holes cut in the ice, and eaten either boiled or raw when it is frozen and Lieutenant Howgaard states that frozen fish is not at all unpalatable. The language of the Tschuktschers is supposed to contain some one thousand words, but by means of the use of one hundred and fifty to two hundred words, and assisted by pantomime, he managed to get on very fairly. The Tschuktscher, like all savages, are extremely sly and very suspicious, and for a long time they would not believe that the Vega was not a whaler sent out to catch the seals, and, in consequence, when they returned from their expeditions they hid the seals they had caught and gave the Vega a wide berth.

TUSSLE WITH AN ELEPHANT.

Adam Forepaugh, Jr., Nearly Killed.

One of Forepaugh's elephants, Dick, is occasionally troublesome, and his young trainer nearly lost his life by one of his freaks.

Recently, at Lancaster, N. H., Dick again got into the tantrums, and after the usual performance in the arena, refused to embark and take his place with his mates in the "Elephant Palace Car" of Forepaugh's own train. Young Forepaugh, who had remained at the exhibition, was sent for, and galloped down from the tent on horseback, and after rallying the keepers, who were putting a safe distance between them and bad Dick, proceeded to order the refractory animal into the car.

For the nonce, Dick stubbornly stood his ground and refused to budge an inch, and trumpeted and threw his tusks from side to side in a threatening manner. Young Adam realized the situation at once, and riding up to Dick he ordered him to "mile up," that is go forward, and at the same time tapped him with his whip. This seemed to be a signal on the part of the animal of war, and the next instant the daring boy was unhorsed. Adam Forepaugh, Jr., is not yet 18 years of age, though in spite of his extreme youth, he has no equal as an animal trainer, it being an inherited gift.

Instantly all was excitement. The boy was seemingly stunned by the shock he had received, and lay but a few feet from the enraged Dick, who with trunk high in air made the peculiar and terrible bellowing which denoted that he was thoroughly aroused. It was impossible for any one to assist young Forepaugh. The least move would have hastened the end. The elephant keepers and train loaders stood speechless, helpless and aghast. In the meantime Dick starts for the prostrate form of young Forepaugh, and soon he will have pinned him to the earth with the long ivory tusks, or tossed him high in the air.

But there seems to have been another move in the midst of the excitement, and not on the part of the circus men. The other elephants standing near, waiting to be loaded, seemed to become excited, and of a sudden old Betts, the monster elephant of the herd, who had witnessed the peril of her master, ran with a speed that seemed incredible considering her enormous bulk, and threw the force of her four tons weight against the side of the advancing and murderous Dick. The shock of the colliding elephants was fearful, upsetting bad Dick and throwing him on his side.

Quick as a flash Forepaugh's son was on his feet. Old Betts threw down her trunk at the signal just as she does in the performance and lifted her master on her head. Every time the recreant Dick arose he was met by 87,000 pounds of elephant flesh against his ribs until he laid down and trumpeted signals of distress in acknowledgment of his defeat, having had enough. Dick was then loaded on the train without difficulty. But for the wonderful intelligence of Old Betts, Master Forepaugh must have suffered serious injury, if, indeed, he escaped with his life.

F. G. WIDDOWS HEARD FROM.—The Edinburgh Weekly *Scotsman* says that on a recent Sunday Mr. F. G. Widdows, ex-monk, preached in Chalmers' Territorial Free Church, and during the sermon a disturbance was created by some young lads, who called out "Come down, you imposter." The result was considerable excitement in the congregation, and Mr. Widdows appealed go all to keep their seats, fer if there was a rush to the door some of them might be killed. The police were called and the boys apprehended. When they appeared in the street in charge of the police a large crowd gathered, and missiles were thrown. The boys were brought before the Police Court next day and sentenced to pay—Sweenie, a fine of thirty shillings, or jail for twenty days, and Dempsey a fine of twenty shillings, or jail for ten days.

—The employment of women in the telegraphic service in France on a large scale has now begun at Paris, where 240 girls are under going an apprenticeship of three months on trial. They are cheaper than men, getting only $290 a year, whereas men get $300 and $400. The girls are not expected to do night work.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—The earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

—There was never such a drought as the present one in Texas since it became a State.

—Many of the people of Afghan are as fair as Englishmen. The boys are noted as being particularly handsome.

—New Orleans is considering a thorough system of sewerage, which will cost, according to the plans, $1,500,000.

—The editor of *Once a Week* feelingly advises ladies desirous of adding to their incomes to try anything but literature.

—During October over 35,000,000 postal cards were sent from the Holyoke factory—the largest month's business ever done.

—Five and a-half millions of dollars are spent every year by the Russian Government upon the military schools.

—By order of the Czar, all the Armenian and Turkish schools of that part of Armenia which was lately annexed to Russia have been closed.

—Twenty men who believe what they profess, and live as they believe, are worth more than five hundred hypocrites, to any good cause.

—"A pew for sale commanding a beautiful view of nearly the whole congregation," is the wording of an advertisement in a Rochester paper.

—From Oct. 26, 1867, to Sept. 30, 1879, the church property sold by auction in Italy yielded one hundred and nine millions of dollars.

—In Russia over 21,000,000 roubles are appropriated every year for pensions and subsidies to retired officers, and to the families of deceased officers.

—The Vatican is introducing economy. The Papal Nuncio at Paris exchanges the Hotel Rochefoucauld for an ordinary apartment, Avenue d'Antin.

—A Chicago opera audience was kept waiting nearly an hour because *Faust's* red tights had not arrived, and he wouldn't go contrary to usage by wearing blue ones.

—Thomas Beans, Bucks county, Pa., raised from one citron seed a vine sixty-five feet long, bearing forty-seven citrons, their combined weight being 432 pounds.

—This is just the month during which a boy thinks he enjoys a foretaste of Heaven as he makes a fire of old shoes in a back lot. The awful stench is aroma to him.

—Six hundred Bulgarian orphans, who lost their parents during the last Turco-Russian war, were taken to Russia, where they were instructed gratuitously at the expense of the Government.

—The most economical town appears to be Markind, in Scotland. It dwells in darkness because the inhabitants refuse to pay for lighting the street lamps, although the gas company will supply the gas for nothing.

—Boys who steal marbles when playing for fun, with older people looking on and calling it "smart," when they get to be men will steal from corporations in earnest, and older people will then call it "defalcation."

—In the week before last seven persons were killed and thirty-four persons injured by being run over in the streets of London. One person was killed by a van, two by carts, two by cabs, two by omnibuses and five by bicycles.

—At the Yorktown celebration a "blarsted Hinglishman," after surveying the situation and surroundings, said: "I can well understand now why Lord Cornwallis surrendered Yorktown. If I owned such a place I would give it up myself."

—A man has opened a cafe just opposite a cemetery in Paris. He dedicates his house "to those coming from funerals," and announces on his private sign, "Private rooms for all who wish to weep by themselves. Wine and liquors of the very best."

—Dublin's munificent member of Parliament, Sir Arthur Guinness, is laying out Stevens's Green, a vast area from which the public have hitherto been excluded as a people's playground. He would do this on condition only that it was to be free to all.

—Meetings exclusively for women are a peculiarity of the present Moody and Sankey revival at Cleveland, the two evangelists being the only men admitted. Many of the women converts, relieved of male eyes, gave way to the most extravagant religious fervor.

—Across the Housatonic, a short distance north of Falls Village, was lately seen a single thread of spider's web, 300 to 400 feet in length. It is conjectured that the insect must have calculated the distance, and when the wind favored contrived that the already spun thread should be wafted across.

—Mrs. Smith, of Westmoreland county, Va., who weighed 610 pounds, was buried a few days ago. Before the coffin was delivered, two ordinary sized men lay in it side by side. At the funeral it was necessary to carry the corpse out of the house and place it in the coffin on the sidewalk.

—The disproportion of women to men in criminal records is strikingly exemplified in some statistics published by the Italian Government. During the past year the courts sentenced 41,555 persons, of whom 37,999 were men and only 3,556 women, and the police assizes condemned 7,544 men and only 383 women.

—Simon Burlingame has taken a fifth wife to his home at Ripon, Wis. Three of her predecessors died at yearly intervals, and were buried side by side, with tombstones to match. The fourth fled, affrighted by the first attack of illness, and would not return, thus giving her husband legal ground for divorce. The fifth is as yet undismayed.

—The case of Adam Parr, indicted of assault with attempt to kill, was called for trial in a Baltimore court. The defence introduced evidence that the prisoner was not Parr, but a friend named Sweeny, who had obligingly consented to personate him, so that Parr could have time to escape. Sweeny had already suffered five months imprisonment in consequence of the trick, and no further punishment was imposed.

—The new uniform on trial in the French army gives great dissatisfaction to the troops, and is severely criticised by connoisseurs. The chief attack is directed against the helmet, which is crossed between the English police hat and the Prussian pickelhaube, having a brim hanging in front over the eyes, and one behind covering the neck. Altogether it is said to be too much of Prussian imitation, making the Gallic warrior look as if he hailed from Berlin.

—The "Turkish Patrol," the musical composition so popular just now, is generally supposed to be the work of Michaelis, whose name is attached to it, but a gentleman who has recently returned from Leipsic avers that it was written by Walther, director of the One hundred-and-seventh Regiment Band, by whom it is nightly performed in that music-loving city. Michaelis, the gentleman says, arranged it for the piano, but Walther, who named it the "Clare Polka," is the real composer.

—The Count de Chambord goes on in his usual plain manner, unmoved by the political excitement of Paris. He spends his mornings in the chase and his evenings quietly in the study of the fathers of the desert, among whom St. Jerome has occupied his attention for the last twelve years, and whose history he has been writing with intense application and research. He has no belief himself in the success of his friends' efforts in his belief, and thanks heaven for having withheld from him the hereditary ambition which has caused so much misery and bloodshed.

—A Bulgarian correspondent of the London *Economist* writes that "not only is there now no restriction, civil or social, on the Jews, but they are even distinctly in high favor. The Chief Rabbi has received a formal confirmation of his authority and rights from the Government, Jews sit in the Municipal Council, and some will certainly be elected to the Assembly." A great Jewish School with French and English professors, and Bulgarian and Hebrew teachers, was about to be be opened by the Prince in person.

—Repugnance to military life has induced among the inhabitants of a certain village in the department of the Seine a curious practice of atrophying one of the great toes by some secret method of muscular retraction which has baffled the scrutiny of the most experienced army surgeons. The deformation prevents the foot from being brought fully to the ground. With such success has this system of mutilation been carried on for the past forty years in one particular village, and so discreely have the peaceful peasants kept their counsels that in the whole period only three conscripts were drawn who were found able to march.

—A late Irishman, who sometimes amused the House of Commons and alarmed the ministers with his brusquerie (Mr. Montague Matthew, I believe), set an ingenious example to those who are at once forbidden to speak, and yet resolved to speak their thoughts. There was a debate upon the treatment of Ireland, and the General, having been called to order for taking unseasonable notice of the enormities attributed to Government, spoke to the following effect: "Oh, very well, I shall say nothing then about the murders—(Order, order!)—I shall make no mention of the massacres—(Hear, hear! Order!)—Oh, well, I shall sink all allusion to the infamous half-hangings—(Order, order!)

—In Prof. Eckhart, who died suddenly a few weeks since in a cab in London while returning from a round of lesson-giving, the Wagner school of musicians has lost one of its most shining lights. Born of humble parentage in Potsdam sixty years ago, before he completed his tenth year he mastered all the technical difficulties of the pianoforte and violin, and had composed an opera. He was a pupil of Mendelssohn and Rungenhegen, composed an oratio, filled important musical posts in Vienna, Paris and Wurtemberg, and finally became chief orchestral director of the Royal Opera House, Berlin. Many of his songs are familiar to every musical household in the Fatherland.

—Some speculative persons have formed a partnership with the object of recovering the remains of the French vessels of war sunk at the battle of the Nile. These, including the Orient, which blew up in the engagement, consist, it is said, of five ships of different sizes. Aboukir Bay (about twelve miles from Alexandria), where the battle took place, is not unfavorably situated for diving operations, the water being of no great depth, and the bottom consisting of loose sand capable of being easily dredged away. The would-be salvors estimate that at least eighty tons of copper will be obtainable from each of the ships, and this alone will, it is reckoned, make the enterprise remunerative.

—R. S. Rhodes, the inventor of the audiphone, by which the deaf may hear through the medium of the teeth, says that the first man to use the fan-shaped instrument was Joseph Medill, the veteran editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. "I warned him that my patents were not yet complete," said Mr. Rhodes, "and enjoined upon him not to tell anybody what it was for. He said he wouldn't. He carried is to California and back, using it as a fan and lending it to anybody who wished to take it, for nobody would suspect it had any use except to agitate the air. He attended the editorial convention with it, merely holding it accidentally against his upper teeth when anybody was speaking.

—London *Vanity Fair*: "Lord Odo Russell, while calling upon Prince Bismarck a short time ago, asked him how he managed to get rid of that class of unfortunate visiters whom he could not well refuse to see, but whose room he found preferable to their company. 'Oh,' replied the Chancellor, 'I have a very simple method. My wife knows them pretty well, and when she sees that they are with me she generally contrives to come in and call me away upon some pretext or other.' He had scarcely finished speaking when the Princess put her head in at the door and said: 'Otto, you must come and take your medicine. You ought to have had it ten minutes ago.' Lord Odo Russell had not till then any idea that his room could be more welcome than his company."

TO THE BOYS.

What Prof. Huxley Has to Say About School Boys.

Prof. Huxley, the celebrated scientist, in giving the prizes to the winners at the University College school examination recently, made an address to the boys, the following extract from which every boy ought to read:

What sort of fellows are those who win prizes? Is there in all the long list which we have gone through to-day the name of a single boy who is dull, slow, idle and sickly? I am sorry to say that I have not the pleasure of knowing any of the prize-winners this year personally—but I take upon myself to answer, certainly not; nay, I will go so far as to affirm that the boys to whom I have had the pleasure of giving prizes to-day, take them altogether, are the sharpest, quickest and most industrious of the strongest boys in the school. But by strongest I do not exactly mean those who can lift the greatest weights or jump the furthest, but those who have most endurance. You will observe, again, that I say take them altogether. I do not doubt that outside of the list of prize winners there may be boys of keener intellect than any who are in it, disequalled by lack of industry or lack of health, and there may be highly industrious boys who are unfortunately dull or sickly. and there may be athletes who are still more unfortunately either idle or stupid, or both. Quickness in learning, readiness and accuracy in reproducing what is learnt, industry, endurance—these are the qualities, mixed in various proportions, which are found in boys who win prizes. Now there is not the smallest doubt that every one of these qualities is of great value in practical life. Upon whatever career you may enter, intellectual quickness, industry and the power of bearing fatigue are

THREE GREAT ADVANTAGES.

But I want to impress upon you, and through you upon those who will direct your future course, the conviction which I entertain, that, as a general rule, the relative importance of these three qualifications is not rightly estimated; and that, if there are other qualifications of no less value which are not directly detected by school competition. A somewhat varied experience of men has led me, the longer I live, to set the less value on mere cleverness—to attach more and more importance to industry and to physical endurance. Indeed, I am much disposed to think that endurance is the most valuable quality of all, for industry, and the desire to work hard, does not come to much if a feeble frame is unable to respond to the desire. Everybody who has had to make his way in the world must know that while the occasion for intellectual effort of a high order is rare, it constantly happens that man's future turns upon his being able to stand a sudden and a heavy strain upon his powers of endurance. To a lawyer, a physician or a merchant it may be everything to be able to work sixteen hours a day for as long as is needful without knocking up. Moreover, the patience, tenacity and good humor which are among the most important qualifications for dealing with men, are incompatible with an irritable brain, a weak stomach or a defective circulation. If any of

YOU PRIZE WINNERS

Were a son of mine—as might have been the case, I am glad to think, on former occasions—and a good fairy were to offer to equip him according to my wishes for the battle of practical life, I should say, I do not care to trouble you for any more cleverness. Put in as much industry as you can, instead; and oh! if you please, a broad deep chest and a stomach of whose existence he shall never know anything. I shall be well content with the prospects of a fellow so endowed. The other point which I wish to impress upon you is, that competitive examination, useful and excellent as it is for some purposes, is only a very partial test of what the winners will be worth in practical life. There are people who are neither very clever nor very industrious, nor very strong, and who would probably be nowhere in an examination, and who exert a great influence in virtue of what is called force of character. They may not know much, but they take care that what they do knew they know well. They may not be very quick, but the knowledge they acquire sticks. They may not even be particularly industrious or enduring, but they are strong of will and firm of purpose, undaunted by fear of responsibility, single-minded, and trustworthy. In practical life a man of this sort is worth any number of merely clever and learned people.

THE MAN WITH A GLASS EYE.

The one eyed man in St. Louis won a glass eye at a church raffle. This is the way he uses it. He says: "A man came into my office once to give me a thrashing about a little difference he had in regard to the settlement of a small estate. I listened to him coolly and deliberately. Then when I pulled out my eye and laid it on the table, as if it were a disposed of motion. That man went down stairs on the outside of the building. Still, he could have got away with me if he had persisted. I was out the other day for a walk when a couple of ladies approached me, asking for alms. As to cogitate upon the ailments of the world, I took out my knife and unconsciously picked out the glass optic this way (illustrating). They left their baskets on the ground, and though I offered to put up for their cause nothing could head them off. But it is in the street car that I have the most fun. Taking my six o'clock car at the starting point, of course I secure a seat. Very soon the seats are crowded with men and ladies come in. I shut my good eye, so (illustrating), and level the dead eye on the man I want to have raised to make room for the lady. In time it will bring a man to his feet. There's something in the stare of a dead eye that will make a man's blood like it was put on ice. I have cleaned a whole car out in this way, and had the thanks of the ladies voted. I never put a cent in a church on a collection. I set the eye on the deacon, and he never shoves the box under my nose. There is only one time when it causes me annoyance, and that is when my boy loses the "taw" he shouts with, and his mother comes to me and asks me to loan the boy my glass eye, and he will never stop until he drops it in a rat-hole." Considering that his other eye is good, his artificial optic is almost as valuable as a natural one. Perhaps it ought to be spelt a won-eyed man in this place.

COMIC BUDGET.

—A dentist's sign—Drawing, music and dancing.

—The more butter goes down the faster the price goes up.

—A crooked politician never votes the straight ticket.

—Cats have nine lives, and in order to live every one of them they have to stay up nights.

—It is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are.

—It always makes a young man crazy to have his mother propose to buy his clothes for him.

—The coffins turned out at the Semmens coffin factory are said to be the best in the country.

—The switch will bring the small boy to repentance, but it works miracles for a bald-headed girl.

—It is true that most women never swear; but have they not husbands and brothers to do it for them?

—A railroad engineer can do what a tailor can't—make up time in the latest and most fashionable styles.

—As a pedestrian the poodle is not a success. He has been known to spend three hours in one lap.

—You can't please a Detroit lady more than to say to her: "A bird on the hat is worth two in the bush.'

—Many a man's conscience is just as good as new at forty for the simple reason that it has never been used.

—It takes all kinds of people to make a world. If it wasn't for the tools how would we wise persons live?

—Horse-radish is now put up in such fancy styles that one can hardly tell when he is getting hold of cologne.

—A Vermont pet lamb swallowed yarn enough to knit eight pairs of socks before his earthly mission was ended.

—There are many women who would be very agreeable and very amiable if they could only forget that they are pretty.

—An Italian doesn't object to running a chestnut roaster. There is a crank to turn and the noise is about the same.

—Beware of cards. Many a young man has allen into the hands of a knave, and come within an ace of going to the deuce.

—According to the Scriptures, "nothing was made in vain," but a freshly engaged young woman comes as near to it as possible.

—There's love of beasts and a love of birds,
And a love of the love-god's wiles;
But a love that knocks a pocket-book thin
Is a love of the latest styles.

—If a hunter will only hunt long enough he will be sure to pull his gun over a fence by the muzzle, and the day he does that he quits hunting.

—An exchange says: The man who has been brought up on hog and hominy is the man who wants quail on toast when he strikes a hotel.

—When two ships collide at sea the testimony is just as conflicting as when two women pull hair over the gate. Nobody can tell who is to blame.

—Somebody says that a woman gets sensible at twenty-five. There are women, however, who do not marry until long after that. What of them?

—There was a young fellow named Klox,
*Who concluded to gamble in stocks;
And in twenty-four hours
He swore, "By the powers,
I'm glad to escape with my socks!"

—"That saws my boat in two!" replied a prisoner when sentenced to the State Prison by the Recorder in Detroit. His Honor seemed to twig.

—There are many happ