



Advice to Country Boys.

IN this busy world of ours many a man has found it an advantage to have spent part of his boyhood on a farm. There are so many little domestic arts that a farmer-boy learns, and to which the town-bred lad is a stranger. These he never forgets, and they come in handy on unlooked-for occasions. There is no reason why a farm life should not be favorable to education. That which makes an educated man is the habit of thinking about what he sees, hears, or reads. Reading alone will not do it. There were many men working in the stone quarry with Hugh Miller; but Hugh was the only one of them that thought about anything beyond his wages and his dinner. He studied to find out about the fossil animals he saw in the rocks under his hand. By the time he had worked in the quarry sixteen years he had become a great geologist, and the world was delighted to read the books that he wrote. John Bartram, a Quaker farmer in Pennsylvania, while plowing one day plucked a violet and pulled it apart. "Here," he said, "are the various parts of this flower, the names of which I do not know, nor their uses. It seems a shame that I have walked over violets and other flowers all my life without knowing anything about them." He then made up his mind that he would study botany. But as all the books on botany at that time were in Latin, he had to begin by studying the Latin Grammar. Nevertheless, he became a very famous botanist before he died, and he remained to his death a very good farmer, and did much to improve the method of farming in his time. Not every boy can be a Hugh Miller or a John Bartram, but, whether you have any genius or not, you will be a more useful man by observing these maxims: Learn how to do as many things as you can, think about what you are doing, and enquire into the things that you see. Don't be afraid to seem different from others if your seeming different comes from your being more thoughtful or your having more knowledge. Never mind, although your companions may laugh at you; men who haven't grit enough to stand that sort of thing are not apt to get on.

The Hippopotamus, or River Horse.

THIS enormous animal is a native of Africa. Its legs are very short in proportion to its huge body. Its mouth is immense and full of great broad teeth, each of which will weigh six or eight pounds.

It is a great pest to the inhabitants of its native country, coming by night out of the river, where it lies all day, and eating up or trampling down whatever crop may be growing in the neighborhood. It has a wonderful appetite and a stomach to correspond, as the latter will hold five or six bushels. But, in spite of its fierce appearance and giant teeth, it only eats vegetable food. It could not be induced to eat lambs and calves and chickens, etc., as girls and boys do. It is a clumsy and waddling creature on land, but in the water its movements are swift and easy. It can stay under the water fifteen minutes or more without coming up to breathe. The mother hippopotamus is very fond of her babies, and during the first few months of their lives they stand upon her thick neck and she carries them about with her wherever she goes.

The hippopotamuses live in herds and are harmless unless attacked. But their snortings and bellowings, as they tumble about in the rivers at night, are said to be the most frightful noises one can imagine.



In Cider-Making Time.

I LIKE the balmy days of spring when everything is new. The skies seem lifted up in dreams of tender, melting blue, The robin carols sweetly as he shows his crimson breast And bluebirds swell the chorus as they build their summer nest.

And scarcely have the ice-bound brooks their vernal chantings run

When golden dandelions smile their welcome to the sun. But yet for me the time of year that seems in sweetest rhyme Are those fair autumn days which come in cider-making time.

The summer work is over and the grain is in the shed, The frost-kissed leaves are blushing in a flush of fairest red. Upon the clear October air their glad songs are borne, As huskers in the autumn fields are harvesting the corn. There's mystic voices whispering among the forest trees And ripened nuts are falling to the touch of every breeze; The woodland bells are echoing the soft and silvery chime, The fairy bells are ringing in the cider-making time.

That is the time the orchard in its praises deep and mute Returns its thanks to nature in its red and golden fruit. The gracious meed of goodness and the thankfulness of praise Seem woven in the off'ring of the orchard's harvest days. The scent of sweetest apple blossoms hides in every pore, The fragrance of the buds of spring is prisoned in each gore, The summer's sunshine and its dews are flowing in the wine That runs from out the swelling vats in cider-making time.

And so I say that while I like the freshness of the spring And later on the pleasures which the summer time may bring—

And winter, too, which though the skies are sometimes dark and drear

Is just the time to fill the heart and home with joyful cheer— Yet I insist that of the year I like that season best That comes to man and nature as a sort of autumn rest; It seems to me there couldn't be a more delightful clime For any one than ours is in cider-making time.

A bridle party—the horse.

Wibble—"I wonder why swans sing just before death?" Wabble—"It is their last chants, I suppose."

"How is the butter I sent you?" asked a Warwick grocer of a transient customer. "Better, thanks; gains strength every day."

A lady wishes to know the best way of marking table linen. Blackberry pie is our choice, although a baby with a gravy dish is highly esteemed by many.

A tramp on the beat asked for something to eat, one day as he chanced there to stop. The kind-hearted farmer went out to the shed and gave him an axe, and feelingly said, "Now just help yourself to a chop."

Boarder (cracking an egg)—"Well, I declare!" Waiter (excitedly)—"What is it!" Boarder—"Why, this egg has a double yolk." Waiter—"Pooh! that's nothin'—gen'l'man's yesterday had a chicken!"

Vegetable Courtship.

A POTATO went out on a mash, And sought an onion bed; "That's pie for me," observed the squash, And all the beets turned red; "Go away," the onion weeping cried, "Your love I cannot be; The pumpkin is your lawful bride, You cantaloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came, And lay down at her feet; "You cauliflower by any name And it will smell as wheat; And I, too, as an early rose, And you I've come to see, So don't turnip your lovely nose, But spinach at with me."

"Ah, spare me a cress," the tuber prayed; "My cherry-ished bride you'll be; You are the only weeping maid That's currant now with me." And as the wily tuber spoke He grasped the bashful prize, And giving her an artichoke, Devoured her with his eyes.

A Bad Drouth.

"Let's see!" he said to a farmer whose wagon was loaded down with bags of potatoes, "weren't we talking together last August?"

"I believe we were."

"At that time you said corn was all burnt up."

"Yes."

"And potatoes were baking in the ground."

"Yes."

"And that your district could not possibly expect more than half a crop."

"I remember."

"Well, here you are with your wagon loaded down. Things didn't turn out so badly after all, eh?"

"Well, n-o," said the farmer, as he raked his fingers through his hair, "but I tell you my geese suffered awfully for the want of a mud hole to paddle in?"

Law of Recompense.

DURING a fight of the two cats of Maudie A., at Hamilton, the other day, the little girl attempted to separate and punish the combatants. The cats resented the interference, and, turning upon the peacemaker, severely scratched her hand and face. Backing off to a very safe distance, Maudie drew herself up, while the fire flashed in her eyes, and said:

"You jess wait till my hand gets well an' I'll whip you."

Then the tears started. After the wounds had been anointed and bandaged the little one said: "Mamma, I won't have to go to school to-day will I?"

"No, I guess not," was the reply.

"Den," with a great sigh and a joyful look. "I dess I won't whip those naughty kitties 'cause now I can stay home."

When a man has the tooth ache, his wife is generally the one that suffers.

If thirty-two is the freezing point, what is the squeezing point? Two in the shade.

When a big boy sits by the fire toasting his feet, while his mother carries in the wood, there is evidence of something being radically wrong in that household. It is not with the boy as much as it is with the mother, either.

"I NEVER saw a greater rascal in my life, than old Smith is," remarked a farmer. "What makes you think so?" queried a friend. "Why, he said that the first sack of oats that I sold him was too light, so I put a large iron wedge in the next sack of oats just to please him, you know, and—" "Did he kick ag'inst the wedge?" "No, he would have split his foot if he had kicked against the wedge. He did worse." "Did worse?" "Yes; the old thief kept the wedge."



A Cool Proposition.

ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG SPORTSMAN: "Jump high, Dad, and I'll clear you"