

Habits of a Man of Business.

These simple but excellent rules for the guidance of men in business, are just as applicable to the farmer as to the tradesman. For business habits and system are as necessary to the successful prosecution of the farmer's affairs as to those of the mercantile man. And orderly business habits, once formed, will never desert a man, no matter what his position in life, but will aid him greatly to conduct the minutest details to a happy ending.

A sacred regard to the principles of justice forms the basis of every transaction and regulates the conduct of the upright man of business.

He is strict in keeping his engagements.
Does nothing carelessly or in a hurry
Employs nobody to do what he can do himself.
Keeps everything in its proper place.
Leaves nothing undone that ought to be done and which circumstances permit him to do.

Keeps his designs and business from the view of others.
Is prompt and decisive with his customers and does not over-trade his capital.

Prefers short credit to long ones and cash to credit at all times, either in buying or selling, and small profits in credit cases with little risk, to the chances of better gains with more hazard.

He is clear and explicit in all his bargains.
Leaves nothing of consequence to memory which he can and ought to commit to writing.

Keeps copies of all his important letters which he sends away and has every letter, invoice, etc. relating to his business, titled, classed, and put away.
Never suffers his desk to be confused by many papers lying upon it.

Is always at the head of his business, well knowing that if he leaves it, it will leave him.

Holds it as a maxim that he whose credit is suspected is not one to be trusted.

Is constantly examining his books and sees through all his affairs as far as care and attention will enable him.

Balances regularly at stated times and then makes out and transmits all his accounts current to his customers, both at home and abroad.

Avoids as much as possible all sorts of accommodation in money matters and lawsuits, where there is the least hazard.

He is economical in his expenditures, always living within his income.

Keeps a memorandum book in his pocket, in which he notes every particular relating to appointments, addresses and petty cash matters.

Is cautious how he becomes security for any person, and is generous when urged by motives of humanity.

Let a man act strictly to these habits, when once begun, they will be easy to continue in, ever remembering that he hath no profit by his pains whom Providence doth not prosper, and success will attend his efforts.

Take pleasure in your business and it will become your recreation.

Hope for the best, think for the worst, and bear whatever happens.

A Chinese Goose Herd.

A man who has been to Peking, and who did some "peekin" to good advantage, gives this amusing description of a fowl-peddler among the curious street sights and street characters of that northern "celestial" metropolis:

And then there was the goose-rancher—a fellow who drove a hundred geese before him about the city and tried to sell them. He had a pole ten feet long, with a crook in the end of it, and occasionally a goose would branch out from the flock and make a lively break around the corner with wings half-lifted and neck stretched to the utmost. Did the goose-merchant get excited? No. He took his pole and reached after that goose with unspeakable *sanyfroid*, took a hitch round his neck, and "yanked" him back to his place in the flock without an effort. He steered his geese with that stick as another man would steer a yawl.

A few hours afterwards we saw him sitting on a stone at the corner, in the midst of the turmoil, sound asleep in the sun, with his geese squatting around him or dodging out of the way of asses and men. We came by again within the hour, and he was taking account of stock to see whether any of his flock had strayed or been stolen. The way he did it was unique. He put the end of his stick within six inches of a stone wall, and made the geese march in single file between it and the wall. He counted them as they went by. There was no dodging that arrangement.

Catching Woodchucks.

The *Newburyport Herald* relates the following story:

Woodchucks are a most intolerable nuisance in Rowley, some years cutting off half the pumpkin crop. One enterprising farmer made a formal declaration of war against them, and bought a dog that was reputed to be the champion woodchuckist. Bose did shake the life out of half a dozen of the varmints, just to show what might be done in a case of emergency, but his interest declined, and he didn't seem to take much stock in woodchucks. One morning at breakfast the farmer's little daughter, nine years old, told her father that she believed she could beat the dog at his own game, and he replied that she should have a quarter a-piece for all she would catch, and the champion's belt if she brought home more chucks for the next week than Bose did. Accordingly, after breakfast she went out with no arms except what nature had endowed her with, and no traps except her cunning hands; and within an hour returned holding what appeared to be the grandfather of all woodchucks—a perfect monster—by the hind legs, carrying him at arm's length, while he struggled to get free, and scratched and bit to the best of his ability. The farmer patted his daughter on the head in appreciation of her prowess, and then patted the woodchuck on the head also. The girl caught another in the afternoon, and within a week caught five, beating the dog and claiming the championship. Her *modus operandi* was simply to lie down at the back of a hole and patiently watch the appearance of its tenant, grabbing him by the nape of the neck as soon as his head emerged above ground. The farmer would dispose of the dog at a reasonable price, but that girl isn't for sale.

Poetry.

The old Barn's Tenantry.

By B. F. Taylor.

The rooster stalks on the manger's ledge,
He has a tail like a scymitar's edge,
A marsh's plume on his Afghan neck,
An admiral's stride on his quarter deck,
He rules the roost and he walks the bay
With a dreadful cold and a Turkish way.
Two broadsides fires with his rapid wings
This sultan proud, of a line of kings,—
One general laugh, four blasts of horn,
Five rusty syllables rouse the morn'.
The Saxon lambs in their woollen tabs
Are playing school with the a, b, abs:
A, e, i, o! All the cattle spell
Till they make the blatant vowels tell,
And a half-laugh whinny fills the stalls
When down in the rack the clover falls.
A dove is waltzing around his mate
Two chevrons black on his wings of slate.
And showing off with a wailing note
The satru shine of his golden throat—
It is Ovid's "Art of Love" re-told
In a binding hue of blue and gold!
Ah, the burton girls that helped the boys,
The nobler Heleins of humbler Troys—
As they stripped the husks with rustling fold
From eight-rowed corn as yellow as gold,
By the candle-light in pumpkin bowls,
And the gleams that showed fantastic holes
In the quaint o'd lanterns, tattooed tin,
From the hermit glim set up within:
By the rarer light in girlish eyes
As dark as well, or as blue as skies.
I hear the laugh when the ear is red,
I see the blush with the forfeit paid,
The cedar corks with the ancient twist,
The elder cup that the girls have kissed,
And I see the fiddler through the dusk
As he twangs the ghost of "Money Musk"
The boys and girls in a double row
Wait face to face till the magic bow
Shall whir the tune from the violin,
And the merry pulses of the feet begin.

Money Musk:

In shirt of check and tallowed hair
The fiddler sits in the bulrush chair
Like Moses' basket stranded there
On the blink of Father Nile
He feels the fiddler's slender neck,
Picks out the notes with thrum and check
And times the tune with the nod and beck,
And thinks it a weary while.
All ready! Now he gives the call
Cries "Honor to the ladies." All
The jolly tides of laughter fall
And ebb in a happy smile.
"Begin." Do-w-n comes the bow on every string,
"First couple join right hands and swing!"
As light as any blue bird's wing
"Swing once and a half times round."

Whirl Mary Martin all in blue
Calico gown and stockings new,
And tinted eyes that tell you true
Dance all to the dancing sound.
She flits about big Moses Brown,
Who holds her hands to keep her down,
And thinks her hair a golden crown
And his heart turns over once!
His cheek with Mary's breath is wet,
It gives a second vomit set!
He means to win the maiden yet.
Alas, for the awkward dance!
Your stoga boot has crushed my toe!
"I'd rather dance with one-legged Joe,"
"You clumsy fellow!" "Pass below,"
And the first pair dance apart
Then "Forward six!" advance, retreat,
Like midges gay in sunbeam street
Tis Money Musk by merry feet
And the Money Musk by heart!
"Three quarters round your partner swing!"
"Across the set!" The fiddler ring
The girls and boys have taken wing
And have brought their roses out!
Tis "Forward six!" with rustle gracio
Ah, rarer far than—"Swing to place!"
Than golden clouds of old point-lace
They bring the dance about
Then clasping hands all—"Right and left!"
All swiftly weave the measure deft
Across the wool in loving waltz
And the Money Musk is done.
Oh, dancers of the rustling hulk,
Good night, sweet heart, 'tis growing dusk,
Good night for eye to Money Musk,
For the heavy March begun!
—*Scribner's Monthly.*

"PAPA, do you think Beech—" "Hush, Johnnie."
"But, papa, don't you think Beech—" "Did't
you hear me tell you to stop your noise, sir? I won't
have you talking about these things. Go in and get
your face washed." And Johnnie, with tears in his
eyes, wants to know why papa won't tell him
whether beechnuts are ripe.

TO GET A TIGHT RING OFF A FINGER.—Thread a
needle flat in the eye with strong thread; pass the
head of the needle, with care, under the ring, and
pull the thread through a few inches towards the
hand; wrap the long end of the thread tightly
around the finger, regularly all down to the nail, to
reduce its size. Then lay hold of the short end of
the thread and unwind it. The thread pressing
against the ring will gradually remove it from the
finger. This never-failing method will remove the
tightest ring without difficulty, however much swollen
the finger may be.

"HAYSEED" FOR EVER.—"My father was a
farmer before me, and I thank God that I am a
farmer born." Such was the soap Porter expected to
soothe the Grangers with, 4th of July last. It re-
minded Col. Geo. Stanley of the Illinois orator who
addressed a rural audience:—"Gentlemen," said
he, "I am proud to be one of you. My father was
a farmer, and I am a farmer born. Yea, I may truly
say that I was born between two rows of corn." At
this juncture a tipsy agriculturist at the further part
of the house hiccupped out:—"A (hic) pumpkin,
by—"—*Eldora, Iou., Ledger.*

POETICAL £ s. d.—Lewis Gaylord Clark many
years ago related the following anecdote of his
brother, Willis G., who when visiting an old acquaint-
ance, a farmer, at a time when albums were all the
rage, was handed by the daughter a superannated
account-book, ruled for pounds, shillings, and pence,
in which he was requested to write something pretty
for her; with which request he complied in the
following manner:

This world's a scene as dark as Styx,	£	s.	d.
Where hope is scarce worth		2	6
Our joys are borne so fleeting hence,			
That they are dear at			18
And yet to stay here many are willing,			
Although they may not have			1

REAPING MACHINE KNIVES.—When the reaping
machines were brought from the Great Exhibition of
1851, and tried on my farm in the presence of a large
company, it was observed that the wheat being still
green, although in full ear, and the day wet, the
vandyked, smooth-edged knives could not cut the
straw; which, being wet and green, was doubled under
and jammed. Not so with the sickle-edged knives,
which made a clean and effective cut, so that the
machine completed its work. I find practically that
we cannot continue cutting after a shower with the
smooth-edged knives, and this is objectionable,
causing loss of time, especially in pluvial and uncer-
tain districts. I presume that the patents for the
sickle-edged are now out; if so, would it not be well
to make them all so? If there be any objections to
this I should be glad to know of them. I have used
a reaping machine for twenty-three years.—*J. J.
Mechi, August.*