

with our clothes and minds our beasts, whatever it may be that God has given us to look after. And then at seven o'clock Bilston and all of us have breakfast. We has home-made bread, and there's bread and milk for the girls; and we always has a slip of bacon on Sundays. After we have had breakfast," continued Mrs. Bilston, "master he bids they settle theyselves, and we sits this wise—Polly there, and Tom yonder, and Bilston in his arm chair," and the good woman enumerated and showed me exactly where each member of her family sat. "Then the master he calls for the family Bible, as belonged to his grandmother, in which is written how his father's sister died of the measles when she was four years old; and he begins at the first chapter of Genesis and works right on forward like till the book is ended, and then he starts and begins again. He always reads one chapter, and never no more and never no less; and when anything as he thinks applies like he says to one of them, 'Now you take and mind that, my lad,' or 'my wench,' as the case may be; and then, when he has said a few words of learning and minding, we gets up, and each of us goes off to his or her business. I churns regular three times a week, and the girls they get off to making the beds or scrubbing, or maybe to the calves or to the poultry. There's always work for the willing. Then by twelve o'clock we're all in again; and after the girls and the boys has a-made theyselves tidy—for I can't do with no dirt about their hands and faces at meal—while we sits down; and we has most times broth, and rice or sago pudding, and winter times an apple tart, or for a treat like, a jam roll; and then there's a glass of cider for Bilston and the men, and there's milk for the girls. And after we've a-done—that's saying, when all's have eaten up clean an neat whatever father or myself have a-given them—we goes out, all but Polly, who clears away, and washes up and puts back all the pewter; and then we minds the beasts again till four o'clock, when we comes in and has tea, which I keeps in the tea caddy as my mother a-gave me when I married, and which I always keeps locked—for I won't have no trifling with the tea; and after tea we drives in the poultry to roost, and we stalls the calves and such like 'nesh' beasts for the night. And after that the gals come, and they out with their needle and thread; and, to make the work go merry, we sings such songs as I used to learn be times when I was a chit, such as 'Cherry Ripe,' 'Little Boy Blue,' and 'Sally in Our Alley,' and all the while we darn father's stockings or make the boys new shirts, or maybe the gals make their own gowns—but I wont have no furbelows or bunching about behind or before, as such like folly only hinders their gait and makes them vain with frippery. Then there's often the sheets to mend or the underlinen to put to rights. And I always keep they sweet with lavendy, as does a body good to smell and seems well and pleasant like for any one in bed. And at nine o'clock we all get to bed, and I as round rooms at the half hour; for I won't stand no candles burning after such whiles, for it be a danger to the house and a folly to theselves."—*Nineteenth Century*.

BEAUTY AND TEMPER.

It is time enough to begin to be amiable when you begin to be ugly, say certain young ladies, or they seem to say it. But nature punishes this perversity in a very strange and remarkable manner. They who refuse to cultivate the moral beauty during the reign of the physical beauty, to lose the opportunity of possessing themselves of it, and moreover, they destroy their favourite species of beauty by their independence and neglect of the other. The temper imprints its

mark upon the countenance, which very speedily reveals the character of the disposition which lurks behind it. Being a growing power and a vigorous power, which is even strongest at death, it gradually overcomes every obstacle which stands in the way of its own escape into outside observation. It wrinkles the brows, lowers the eyebrows, bends down the curves of the mouth, and pouts the lips whenever it happens to be of a disagreeable nature; and it gives life and permanent animation to all the lines of the face whenever, in its course of feeling, it happens to be of a kind, generous character. It comes out at last and shows itself, and once shown and impressed upon the face it is there so long as it continues to act from within, and that is generally for life.—*Philadelphia Letter*.

THE FIRST SNOW.

Gay bloom the flowers in springtime set,
And streaky apples linger yet;
'Twas Autumn but a week ago,
Why, then, these flakes of Winter snow?
Summer's last rose they disarrayed,
The while she dreamed in peace to fade.
One swallow was inclined to stay;
The white flocks frightened him away.

Winter's cold shock wld first endure
Think him unkind and premature:
Complain the Summer was too brief,
And moralize o'er each dead leaf.
But as he grips with firmer hold
We grow more careless of the cold;
Joy in the sparkle of his snow,
And nestle by his fireside glow.

Dismayed, we note the first gray hair,
Soon others come—we cease to care;
Then gray, outnumbering the brown,
And soon white Winter settles down.
And when from youth we've passed to age,
We've learned our lesson page by page,
To take what comes for weal or woe,
And never fret about the snow.

—*St. James' Gazette*.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUMPKIN.

When the frost is on the pumpkin, and the fodder's in the
shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the strutting
turkey cock;
And the cacklin' of the guineys, and the clucking of the
hens,
And the rooster's hallyk-over as he tiptoes on the fence;
Oh, it's then's the time a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of gracious
rest.
As he leaves the house bareheaded and goes out to feed
the stock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

They's sompin' kind o' hearty like about the atmosphere,
When the heat of summers over and the coolin' fall is
here;
Of course we miss the flowers and the blossoms on the
trees,
And the mumble of the hummin' birds and buzzin' of the
bees;
But the air is appertizin', and the landscape through the
haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days,
Is a picture that no painter has the colorin' to mock;
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tassels of the corn,
And the razzin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the
morn;
The stabbles in the furrows, kind o' lonesome-like, but
still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to
fill;
The straw-lack in the medder and the reaper in the shed,
The horses in their stalls below, the clover overhead;
O, it sets my heart a tickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the
shock.

ROUND SHOULDERS.

First, suspend two ropes with ring handles from a doorway, and swing by the arms three minutes at a time three times a day. This will cure round shoulders within three months. Second, remove both bolster and pillow from their usual place under the head when one is sleeping, and have one or both placed under the shoulder blades. This brings the head a little below the level of the dorsal region, and curves the spine in

direct reversal to the curves of the round shoulders, and as during sleep relaxation of the spine ensues, the posterior spinal muscles are permitted to recover some of the contractibility they lose during the day if supports be not worn. During the day let the patient recline upon the front of the body, lying at full length, as children do, and resting on the elbows. This favourite position with the children should be encouraged, as if steadily practised it is a sure prevention of deformity. This position is one of the greatest helps to symmetrical development in children.

HUMMING-BIRDS' UMBRELLA.

In front of a window where I worked last summer was a butternut tree. A humming-bird built her nest on a limb that grew near the window, and we had an opportunity to watch her closely, as we could look right into the nest from the window. One day there was a very heavy shower coming up, and we thought we would see if she covered her young during the storm; but when the first drops fell she came and took in her bill one of two or three large leaves growing close to the nest, and laid this leaf over so it completely covered the nest; then she flew away. On looking at the leaf we found a hole in it, and in the side of the nest was a small stick that the leaf was fastened to or hooked on. After the storm was over the old bird came back and unhooked the leaf, and the nest was perfectly dry.—*H. A., in American Sportsman*.

NEW METHOD OF CLEARING LAND.

Some of the lumber trade journals state that a new method of tree felling by dynamite has been successfully introduced. A cartridge of that explosive substance is placed in a channel bored directly under the tree to be operated upon, and when exploded, the tree is simply forced up bodily and falls intact on its side. If the system works as well as it is represented to do, and the tree is not fractured by the force of the explosion, a large proportion of valuable wood at the base of the trunk can be utilized which is now lost. This method seems admirably adapted for clearing forest properties and converting them into arable land, as it brings up the roots of the tree at one operation, and dispenses with the tedious and costly process of grubbing out the roots of the felled timber. This latter work was a Herculean task in many of the North-Western States, such as Ohio, Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and also in Canada. Many a farmer in Canada wore his life out in removing stumps, and died before the work was fully accomplished.

THE FARMER'S CONTENT.

Farming is a slow way to make money, but then there is a law of compensation about everything in this life, and farming has its blessings that other pursuits do not have. He is the freest man upon earth and the most independent. He has more latitude and longitude. He has a house in the country with plenty of pure air, and good water. If he makes but little in the field, he has no occasion to spend but little. He can raise his own hogs, sheep, cattle and chickens. His wood costs him nothing, and the luxury of big-back logs and blazing fires in open fire-places all winter is something that city people long for but cannot afford. My farm cost me \$7,000. I have 120 acres of open land in good condition, and it yields me on an average about five dollars an acre over all expenses. Say nine per cent, upon the investment. Well, that is mighty little, considering my own labour and supervision. I've seen the time when I made five times as much without any capital except my head. But then we have to keep a pair of horses to ride around and they have to feed from the farm. *Bill Arrp, in Atlanta Constitution*.