Sentimental.

Little Miss Featherweight,
Mooning along,
Naughty and arrogant,
Twain a yard long;
Too proud to notice
Shop windows or wares,
Rude and unlady-like,
Putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody,
Living quite fast,
Boasting of pedigree,
Back in the past;
Nursing with fondness
A few silken hairs,
Leaning on relatives,
Putting on airs!

Little Miss Featherweight
Meets Mr. N——
"Angel in petticoats"—
"Greatest of men"—
Giggle and simper,
Love unaware;
Each to the other one
Putting on airs!

Young Mr. Nobody
Marries the maid;
She blushing tenderly,
He half afraid.
Now we've two Nobodies—
Doves go in pairs—
Spending the honeymoon,
Putting on airs.

One year has passed away,
Masks are thrown down;
She a virago proves,
He but a clown.
Screamer, the Nobodies
Pass on the stairs;
Void is the parlorette,
Gone are the airs!

Farm and Garden.

The following we extract from the *American Agriculturist* for July in its "Hints for the Work of the Present Month."

Late Haying.—The failure to gather the hay while it is at its best, is a too frequent and inexcusable neglect at this season. If farmers could be convinced of how much of the feeding value of hay is lost by leaving the crop to become ripe, hard, and woody, it would no longer be permitted.

How to Cure Ripe Hay.—Hay that has been cut late may be improved by curing it in the cock instead of drying it in the sun. Being comparatively dry when cut it is very soon cured; and if put up in cobbles as soon as it is thoroughly wilted, it will heat and steam and become much softened, and will remain greener than if sun-dried in the swath.

Cutting Wheat and Rye.—If there was any doubt about the best time for cutting grain, the general experience last year went far towards settling the question. All over the country a hot spell came on just as the cutting became general and the grain shrank badly. Had the harvest been a few days earlier, the total gain would have been enormous. In the writer's field, stopping the cutting for the 4th of July holiday last season, caused a loss of $100 in the quality of the grain and in shrinkage of weight and bulk. As soon as the grain is solid, but will still crush dry between the finger nails, it may be cut and hot weather will not injure it in the shock as it will when standing. Dead ripe grain is not only less valuable, but the straw is worth less than if cut three or four days earlier.

Hay caps will serve a good purpose upon grain shocks and are much more secure than cap sheaves.

Rake the fields after the grain has been drawn; the labor will be well repaid.

Protect the Horses.—A cotton sheet will be found a great protection to the horses working in the harvest field. It screens them from the heat, from flies and from dust, and the labor of cleaning them is lessened. When horses are washed, use a soft sponge and water in which some carbolic soap has been dissolved. This cools the skin, assists perspiration, removes the strong pungent smell, greatly refreshes the animals, and drives away flies. Where there is a river near by, a bath in the evening will be agreeable and safe, if the horses are kept in the water only two or three minutes, and driven home at once and rubbed dry.

A scraper for the horses may be made of a piece of old scythe, with the edge dulled on the stone; with this the sweat or moisture, after washing, may be easily removed.

Green Feed for Horses.—Give a share of the green fodder when horses do not run at pasture. If at pasture at night, a generous feed should be given before they are turned out.

Corn should not be neglected in the hurry of harvest. Frequent cultivation hastens growth and the maturing of the crop. To see the difference, leave a row or two uncultivated. Much hand work later in the season may be avoided by a little work with the cultivator, and by keeping the weeds down.

Fodder-Corn may yet be sown. A rye or wheat stubble may be ploughed and planted in drills with three bushels of corn per acre. The large Western or Southern corn, or Evergreen Sweet Corn, may be used. Some extra good ammoniated superphosphate, with potash added, or special corn fodder fertilizer, should be sown broadcast and harrowed in before planting. Dropping the fertilizer in the drill does not answer well for corn when other manure is not used broadcast.

Roots.—Sow Rutabagas early this month, and White Turnips later. Superphosphate of lime, or fine bone dust, is specially adapted for these crops. A stubble may be prepared for them by giving one good ploughing and harrowing; a cross harrowing a week later will kill many small weeds. One of the hand garden drills will sow these small seeds.

Potatoes.—After early potatoes are dug for market, they may be followed by

Cabbages.—In planting late cabbages on potato ground there is no need to plough the whole area before planting. Plough open furrows, three feet from centre to centre, and mark out by cross furrows two feet apart. Drop a forkful of manure at each crossing, close the furrows over the manure, and set the plants in the lines of the cross furrows. After the planting is finished the ground may be worked out with a light plough or a cultivator.

Fodder Crops.—Hungarian Grass, common Millet, or the Golden Millet, may be sown this month for green fodder or hay. A bushel of seed per acre may be sown, though rather thick seeding, the fodder will be all the finer and better for it. Millet that was sown in May should be cut before the seed is ripe or the fodder gets hard, unless the seed is wanted. Millet seed makes an excellent addition to ground feed when mixed with corn and rye.

Buckwheat may be made profitable upon a piece of rough or newly cleared ground. No other crop is so effective in mellowing rough cloddy land. The seed in northern localities should be sown before July 12; otherwise early fall frosts may catch the crop. Grass and clover may sometimes be sown successfully with buckwheat this month.

Seeding to Grass alone.—Last year the writer sowed a piece of fallow ground to orchard grass and clover on the first day of August. The ground was thoroughly prepared in July, and was top-dressed with short manure harrowed in. Three bushels, 42 lbs. of orchard grass seed, and half a peck of clover were sown, and covered by drawing a smoothing plank diagonally across the harrow marks. This covered the seed evenly, and smoothed the ground. The present year one crop of hay, equal to two tons per acre, was taken in May, and the after growth will give a second crop this month or next.

Cows.—A cool, dark, clean stable for the cows is for many reasons preferable to a hot pasture in the middle of the day. Cows that have been kept up on moderate feed, will shrink in their milk, on being turned into a luxuriant pasture on a hot day. Dry earth or sand makes a better bedding than straw during the hot season.

Artificial Food.—Butter dairymen will find some of the artificial foods profitable to feed with green fodder or pasture. Scouring caused by green feed, may be stopped at once, by giving the cow two quarts of dry cotton-seed meal.

Sheep.—Keep ewes intended for the butcher by themselves, and feed liberally. A quart of mixed ground feed or bran and oil-cake meal will soon bring them into marketable condition. Keep store sheep in a light pasture, and give a handful of feed daily. Provide shade of some kind.

Dysentery in sheep is to be guarded against. Ailing sheep will retire from the flock, and may not be found until too late, unless the flock is watched and counted frequently. As soon as a looseness of the bowels is perceived the sheep should be moved to a cool shed, and one ounce of castor oil be given. A bran or oatmeal mush will be beneficial.

Flies of all kinds are now very troublesome, and should be watchfully guarded against. If maggots are found upon the sheep, apply tar and grease (rancid butter or lard) to the parts, and clip off the wool closely. Carbolic sheep-dip, and other preparations of carbolic acid, may be used to prevent attacks.

Pigs.—Young pigs may be made ready for market in 100 days, if desired, by good feeding. The sow should be well fed with rich slop to force a good flow of milk, and a feeding place for the pigs should be provided, in which they can get spare milk with a little fine ground barley meal or wheat middlings.

Poultry.—The flock should now be weeded out; all unprofitable fowls, poor layers, and poor mothers, should be used or marketed. Two weeks' feeding in a coop will be sufficient to make them fat. A few of the best old hens may be kept over for early eating, but keep a flock on unprofitable

The utmost cleanliness should be preserved about the premises in hot weather. All wastes and garbage should be disposed of on a compost heap; a load of good soil and sods from fence rows will be useful, as the basis for it. Weeds should be gathered and added to the heap. Liberal additions of plaster will prevent disagreeable odors.

Pure drinking water is of the first importance. More dangerous poisons are taken into the system with the water used; than in any other way. That from brooks is dangerous, as much from manured fields, and seepage from the soil flows into them. Water from clear wells and springs only should be given to cattle, and if such possession is needed for them it is equally so for the owners. Much avoidable disease is due to impure water.

Orchard and Nursery.

Marketing.—The marketing of early fruits will be a large part of the work of the month. See that crates, baskets and other packages are at hand, and are tidy and neatly marked; always assort the fruit, making three grades, firsts and seconds for market, and the third for the pigs. Pack so tight that it cannot bruise in transit.

Pruning can be done in this month. Look to an open head to the tree, that the sun and air may reach the interior.

Grafts will need attention. Pinch all those that are growing too vigorously.

Thinning.—Though rather late, it will still pay in the apple and pear orchards. The first thinning is rarely sufficient. Better remove the excess even though the fruit is of some size; that which remains will be enough better to pay for the labor.

Budding should be done as soon as the buds are mature, and the bark of the stock rises readily.

Insects.—Destroy any Tent Caterpillars' nests that may have escaped earlier notice. The Codling Moth is best caught by bands of cloth or of heavy paper placed around the trunks; these should be removed once a week and all worms found under them killed. Let the hogs eat the wormy wind-falls.

Slugs on cherry and pear trees can be killed by dusting with lime from a muslin bag tied to a pole.

Blight.—If this appears there is but one thing to do, cut away the blighted twig, branch or whole tree, as the case may be. Cut down to bright sound wood and burn the removed branches.

Young Trees.—The nursery rows should be kept clear of weeds. The horse-hoe will reach most of them. Use a short whiffle-tree, wound with cloth or otherwise protected. Beds of seedlings must be weeded by hand. They should be shaded and watered if the weather is dry. If seedling evergreens damp off, sift dry sand upon the bed.

The Fruit Garden.

Grape Vines.—In the spring vines planted should be allowed to bear but a single shoot. It is well to wait until the vines are older before putting up a trellis; stake five or six feet out of the ground will answer for the first two years. Keep the shoot tied up to this; if other shoots start from the root or the old wood, remove them. In the axil of each leaf, or where the leaf joins the stem, a shoot may appear, this is a *lateral*, do not remove it entirely, but pinch all off but one leaf; if it makes another start, pinch that back to one leaf, and so on, should it start again. Should the vine reach the top of the stake, let it take care of itself. If the vine was planted last year, and two shoots are grown, keep the stake in the shade and treated in the same way. On established vines keep the laterals pinched as above, and when the shoots are as long as desired stop them by pinching. Insects that now appear are mostly those that can be hand-picked.

Mildew.—Keep a careful watch, and if whitish patches appear on the underside of the leaf, the growing shoot, or the fruit cluster, use sulphur at once. Bellows for the purpose are sold at the seed and agricultural warehouses. Sift the sulphur before putting it into the bellows, and in using the bellows so manage it that a light cloud of the sulphur will be scattered, to settle upon the vines. Choose a calm day. Repeat the sulphur after a rain.

Strawberries.—If grown in single rows, remove the mulch when the picking is over, fork in manure, keep the ground clear of weeds, and remove the runners. If the alternate system is followed, the spaces that have been used as paths this season are to be manured, forked up, and raked level to make a rich fine bed into which the runners from the old plants are to be directed. If pot layering is practised, layer the earliest runners. This is to be commended for private gardens; it is simply to sink in the soil small pots filled with rich soil, under the runners as they appear; place the runner on the soil of the pot and put a clod on the stem to hold it until it has taken root. When the pots are filled with roots, turn out the balls of earth and set them in a new bed. Plants so treated will go on and grow and bear a good crop next year.

Blackberries and Raspberries.—Treat all plants that come up and are not wanted for next year's fruiting as weeds. Those to grow should be stopped by pinching at six feet for blackberries and four feet for raspberries. When the fruit is off of either, cut out the old canes that have borne it.

Currants.—The long, weak shoots that push from the interior are to be broken out, and also all others not needed. Pick the fruit early, as soon as well colored, for jelly, but for table use let it be thoroughly ripened.

Kitchen and Market Garden.

Have no waste ground where weeds may grow. When the early crops are off, clear and plant again.

Asparagus.—Pull such weeds as appear, and if the Asparagus Beetle is discovered, cut away the branches on which their eggs are placed.

Beans.—Plant for late; the Refugee is best for salting and pickling. Pinch the Limas when they have reached the top of the pole.

Beets.—Sow for succession of young roots and so supply best greens. Sow only early sorts now.

Cabbages.—Set out for late crop. They need rich soil, and must be kept clean and watched for worms. Catch the white butterflies early in the morning, when they are slow in moving.

Celery.—Set in rows three feet apart and six inches in the row on the level, in well manured soil. The trench system has nearly gone out of practice.

Carrots.—Thin; hoe until the tops prevent further work among them.

Corn.—Plant early sorts for late use and drying. Save seed from best specimens of the early crop.

Cucumbers.—Dust with ashes or lime to keep off striped beetle.

Egg Plants can be forced by the use of liquid manure. Keep the fruit off the ground by placing straw under it. If potato bugs abound, it is difficult to save the egg plants without daily vigilance.

Melons.—Remove late sets that would not ripen. Save only pure seed. Turn to secure even ripening.

Onions.—Harvest as soon as the tops die down. Store in a cool, airy place.

Sweet Potatoes.—Do not let the vines root. Move them when hoeing by lifting with the hoe handle.

Squashes.—Keep clear of bugs by handpicking. Let the vines strike root at the joints.

Tomatoes.—Keep from the ground by frames or trellises. Brush or hay is better than nothing.

Flower Garden and Lawn.

Everything should be kept in good order. Mow the lawn when it needs it. Remove large weeds that may start up. If the weather is dry water should be used freely. The edgings to beds and walks should be kept neatly cut. Bedding plants need much care now, as they will grow rapidly and will often need the knife. Cut away flower clusters of plants cultivated for their foliage and trim and shape to suit the design. Tall flowering plants, like dahlias, gladiolusses, lilies, etc., will require stakes. Do not use unsightly devices for holding up plants; straight stems of shrubs are better than painted sticks. Climbers should not be allowed to fall away from their supports. Keep the ground clean around perennials and save seed of all plants as they ripen.

Greenhouse and Window Plants.

This is a difficult time of year to keep the greenhouse looking attractive. Shading must be used. Whitewash is the cheapest—muslin on the outside of sash is perhaps the best. Frequent sprinkling of walks, etc., is necessary to keep the rooms cool. Fumigate at frequent intervals, and allow a good circulation of pure air. If the weather is dry, it is a good time to get and store the year's supply of sphagnum moss from the peat bogs.

An English lady in the Court of Vienna with whom an Imperial Highness danced three times on the same evening, flattered by his attention, frankly expressed her gratification at the compliment. "I did not intend it as a compliment," was the answer. "Then," said the lady, "your Highness must be very fond of dancing." "I detest dancing," was the unsatisfactory response. "What, then, may I ask, can be your Imperial Highness motive for dancing?" "Madame," was the exalted personage's curt reply, "my medical attendant advises me to perspire."

Candles have come into fashion in New York.

A CANNIBAL.

An Indian Devours His Wife and Four Children.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.—An Indian has been arrested at Fort Saskatchewan, near Edmonton, for murdering and eating his wife and four children. The Mounted Police found the bones and skulls, which had been boiled and the flesh taken off, and the skulls smashed and the brains extracted.

"Freckles."

"Your wife going to the country?" asked Green as he met Brown on Woodward avenue yesterday.

"I guess not. I offered her $50 to get ready, but she declares right up and down that she won't go."

"Have you worked the ill-health dodge?"

"Well, I tried to; but she has gained thirteen pounds since last January, and never looked better than now."

"Can't you make her believe her nerves are relaxing? That generally works pretty well."

"Can't do it. She sleeps like a brick, and her nerves were never stronger."

"And she doesn't want to see her mother?"

"Her mother is dead."

"Digestion good?"

"Splendid. She eats everything, from a radish to Limburger cheese, and I can't talk change of diet to her."

Green fell to musing, and by and by continued:

"Mr. Brown, you have been a good friend to me."

"Well, I hope so."

"Yes, you have stood by me like a brother, and now I'll do you a favor. My wife left for her mother's yesterday, to be gone ten weeks. I tried every dodge I could think of, but she was bound to stay home. At last I hit it. She has freckles."

"Ah! Egad! So has mine."

"Nothing but the country air in June will start freckles."

"True—true. Peels 'em right off in from four to eight weeks, leaving the complexion as fair as a babe's, and without injury to the most delicate eye-brows."

"You are—"

"Mr. Green, I see it all. I shall never forget your kindness. In less than a week my freckled wife will be in Berrien County, and you and I will stay out till two o'clock in the morning, and then go to my house and sleep in the loft where we can put our boots on! Mr. Green, Lor' bless you—shake! Any time you want a favor you may rout me up at midnight and command!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Absence of Mind.

Some of the following cases of absence of mind are fairly good:—

A gentleman wishing to boil an egg placed his water in the saucepan and retained the egg in his hand.

A gentleman who walked down King street in a shower holding up a walking stick under the impression that it was an umbrella, nor found out his mistake till he was wet through.

A gentleman who placed his clothes in bed and hung himself on the door-hook.

A gentleman who forgot to provide himself with a ring for his wedding.

A gentleman who called at his own house and asked if he was at home.

The man who sat on the bough he was sawing off.

The gentleman who went upstairs to dress for dinner but undressed and went to bed.

The old lady who took a wooden leg who knitted herself a pair of stockings.

Looking for spectacles on your own nose.

The man who put the candle in the bed and the extinguisher on his own head.

The gentleman who presented his foot to the pillow to have his boots blacked.

The man who made a will and left himself residuary legatee.

The man who came to his own door, but finding he was not at home left word he would call again.

The gentleman at the opera who bowed reverently to his hat before taking a seat.

The gentleman who took a header into a marble bath with no water in it, and killed himself.

The gentleman who said "Season Ticket" when the churchwarden approached him with the plate.

The gentleman who put on his spectacles to look for them.

Kisses.

When turning over the columns of an old newspaper we met with the following. Probably some fair lady in this city will be able to explain if the grammatical rules in question have been correctly stated: "The grammar of the kiss has not been written. True, a young lady being once asked if the kiss, being a substantive, was proper or common, archly replied that it was both proper and common, but a most enlarged view may be taken of the subject. We find there are only three regularly defined kisses, properly so-called, and these may be denominated—First, the kiss negative; second, the kiss positive, and third, the kiss superlative. The first, or negative, consists in kissing a lady's hand. The second is positive, and consists in kissing her cheek, and the third, or superlative, consists in kissing her lips. There are, besides, two 'auxiliary,' viz., the kiss' passive,' such as is inflicted by old maiden aunts, nurses and grandmothers, and the kiss 'active' in use principally on the Gretna Green road. The first, the kiss passive, is generally declined by the kisses, whilst the latter, the 'active,' governs both 'kisser' and 'kissee,' or as it is more analytically written, 'kiss he' and 'kiss her' in number as well as gender."

A Use for Niagara Falls.

If we may believe Sir William Thomson the famous compliant which was once expressed as to the waste of good water power at the Falls of Niagara is destined to be at last satisfied. Sir William, in his evidence before the Select Committee on Electric Lighting, proposed to light North America, or a good part of it, by means of electricity generated by dynamo-magnetic engines in the neighborhood of the Falls. These engines would not only light the homes of New York and Philadelphia, but also turn their sewing machines and boil their kettles. This prospect was at first a little too much for the committee, and Dr. Playfair seems to have timidly suggested that the Falls of Niagara were a little out of the record. He evidently forgot that Great Britain, by means of Canada, has a certain proprietorship in those falls, and that we must not allow our friends of the States to monopolize the good gifts of science and Providence. Possibly the Atlantic cables might be utilized so as to make Northern Light London, and in that case amiable noblemen of the future will have other associations besides Britannia's trident on the aurora see to couple in verse with the great cataract. There is an opening, too, for his enterprising Highness the Khedive to utilize about the only thing in Egypt which has been not yet utilized—the falls of the Nile. It would not be surprising if some enterprising projector had already telegraphed for a concession of the second cataract after hearing Sir William's evidence. He is evidently an enthusiastic partizan of the new method of illumination, and no one can deny that his opinion is a weighty one.—*London (Eng) News.*

Mr. Edward Atkinson, one of the most prominent of the large cotton manufacturers of New England, lately stated that the greater part of the operatives in New England factories were persons of foreign birth. Thirty or forty years ago it was the very reverse. Most of the factory workers were then natives who were drawn away from the hard work on New England farms by the higher wages they could make in factories. But when the great prairies of the West were opened out for settlement these went peacefully away to settle on land, because they were intelligent enough to know that there they could do better on land. The shrewd educated American or Canadian will not generally be found among strikers for shorter hours and higher wages. When they can do better they leave quietly, and in the meantime do the best they can.

A man who made a business of writing obituaries, epitaphs, etc., used to solicit patronage far and near. Hearing of the death of a man in a distant part of the country, and business being a little dull, he made a journey there. Finding the widow of the deceased person he stated his occupation, and asked if she wouldn't like a few lines about her husband. "Lines about him!" she said wofully; "he had all the lines he wanted. If he had one line less he would have been alive to-day." "What ailed him, madam?" "He was hung."

A New York paper says the will of the rich man of the future will read:—"To the respective attorneys of my children, I give my entire estate and worldly goods of all descriptions. Personally to the children and to my beloved wife I give all that remains." This instrument will satisfy the family and save the trouble of proving the old man insane.

A young man with a terrific cold in his head, sitting by the side of his best girl in a crowded church, never fully realizes the awful responsibilities of life until he struggles with all the force of his entire being to keep back an insidious sneeze.

Why is it that five-sixths of mankind, when cutting open a slapjack and finding a roach therein instead of feeling a flood of pity at the fate of the animal, go around for the cook with a sling-shot up their sleeve?

THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

How He Died—English Public Opinion on the Subject.

The cable has given us the facts connected with the death of the Prince, but some very interesting details are contained in the despatches from South Africa. The Prince, who was always desirous to be actively employed, was anxious to join Lieutenant Carey, of the 90th, who was starting with six men of Bettington's Horse on a reconnoitering expedition. The staff objected to his going, but he laughingly overruled their wishes and started. Lieutenant Carey, the leader of the reconnoitering party, gave the following account of the expedition: "We left Koppie Allien at half-past seven, rode to Itelezi and waited for the Bearers. The Prince being impatient at their non-arrival, we rode on without them to a hill seven miles and a half this side of Ishlewani Hill; reconnoitred with telescopes for one hour but saw no one; descended to a deserted kraal in the valley below, off-saddled and rested one hour. I reminded the Prince of the time. He said, 'Wait ten minutes.' At length, as we were about to remoddle our horses, I saw the black faces of Zulus peering out between the maize stalks all round. The Prince, looking aside, said, 'I see them too.' We leaped upon our horses and rode off amid a sudden volley of musketry from the Zulus, who, as we rushed through the maize, rushed forth on all sides from the maize. All rode off. On crossing the donga, 200 yards away, we noticed the Prince's horse following riderless. I expect the Prince had been killed in the kraal. Two of the escort were killed." From all accounts it appears that Lieutenant Carey and the troopers who saved themselves ran away at the first sight of the Zulus, and left the young Prince, who had some difficulty in mounting from the bearing of the saddle flaps, to his fate. Later accounts say that Lieutenant Carey galloped five miles without stopping after the scare.

There's a Baby Up at His House.

He was married but a little more than a year ago. Then was his step elastic, his eye bright, his clothing faultless in style, fit, and cleanliness. He exhaled an aroma of Lubin's or Atkinson's, or some equally redolent of elixir pro., paregoric, squills, and like abominations. Care is indelibly stamped on his features, and on the right shoulder of his coat appears a well-defined, mysterious discoloration. His boots, as well as his eyes, are lustreless; his hat goes unbrushed; he falls asleep on the slightest provocation; he is constantly bearing homeward neat little white paper parcels tied with pink string, vials are prevalent in every pocket. What has brought about these changes? To what subtle spell is this metamorphosis due? There's a baby up at his house!—*Boston Transcript.*

She Didn't.

It was plain enough to all other passengers on the ferry-boat that the two were in love and engaged, yet the girl seemed to doubt his fervor, just a little. Therefore, as the boat reached mid stream she leaned over and tenderly said:

"Johnnie, I am going to test your love. I am going to jump overboard, and if you really love me I know you'll jump after me and save me."

"Yes, I'll jump after you," he slowly replied, "but, but—"

"But what, Johnnie?"

"But if I were you I'd take off my shoes first. Just the minute they haul you out of the water every woman in this crowd will rush to see whether you wear No. 2's or 7's, and if you are in your stocking feet they can't get the size."

The girl drew her feet under the chair, sighed once or twice and did not regain her old enthusiasm until the boy came along with peanuts.—*Detroit Free Press.*

On an Atlantic Steamship.

Shut out from the ordinary cares which vex the landsman, it does not require much to provoke excitement and fun at sea. A passing ship, the glimpse of distant land, or anything in the slightest degree out of the usual course, will be provocative of conversation. When a dirty night is coming on, sailors will be bothered with questions as to whether it will be very bad weather, if it will last long, and such like. Sunday at sea is generally observed. Hid away, however, in some quiet corner may, perhaps, be seen a squad playing at cards, while within a dozen yards of them another group will be singing hymns, with a crowd around them, a few of whom may, perhaps, be there just because it held once at least on deck, and is very impressive in fine weather. Nothing is heard to break the silence but the soft gush of the wind through the rigging and the gentle ripple of the waves as the vessel quietly ploughs its way onward. It has been no uncommon thing on passenger-ships to have a weekly paper, all sorts of possible and impossible nonsense finding its way into its columns. One night read that a frightful murder had been committed at some early hour in the morning on board, which resolved itself into the fact of a sheep or a pig having had its throat cut. When a serial tale is attempted it sometimes proves especially interesting, as embracing the life-history of some one on board. In one vessel, each man of the crew was presented with a bound copy of the paper printed during the voyage. Quotes made from memories are sometimes used by those who are fond of 'the game, and kite-flying is indulged in by others, when the kite very often gets lost.

A Clown's Funeral.—A clown was buried at Finchley, England, on Sunday, the 25th May, according to his directions. First in the funeral procession rode the ring-leader, leading four *dames de la cirque* in costume. These ladies were followed by the bounding brothers, the sword-swallowers, the saltimbangues, the bare-back riders and other male performers. Then came a dwarf carrying a black flag, and behind him the Barbary ape Jacko on a Shetland pony. Jacko was in a suit of sable and his steed was also decked in the trappings and the suits of woe. The coffin was borne on an open bier, and on the plate where the royal coronet should be were the motley garments of the clown. Two clown colleagues followed the bearer, but if they filled the position of chief mourners their garb was certainly not in keeping with their place, for they were chalked, ochred and dressed as if for a performance. This strange cavalcade was wound up by part of the circus band in one of the gaudy professional carriages. They played such airs as "Go where glory waits thee," "Down among the dead men," "In some fair, sultry climes," and other *morceaux* selected by their deceased comrade. At the cemetery the last remains of Billy Walton were laid in the grave, and when the fairy quite unlike the snugly spread coral him, each of his brother clowns turned a somersault over his resting-place, and with that the remarkable interment concluded.

A "Danubian Society," with the object of guarding and developing the communications on the Danube and its tributaries, was formed at Vienna on the 9th of June. The committee consists of eminent commercial men from both halves of the monarchy, representatives of the principal towns on the Danube and engineers. Professor Suss, a well-known scientific authority and a member of the Austrian Parliament, is at the head of the undertaking. In his speech at the opening of the Society he pointed out how little has been hitherto done to facilitate the navigation of the Danube and its tributaries, which form a water channel of 626 German miles, for commercial purposes, and that the removal by the Berlin Treaty of the restrictions hitherto imposed have now made it possible to open the Danube to the trade of the world.

The latest educational returns in Russia show that among the recruits for the Imperial army only ten per cent. could read, and only four per cent. could write. The rest were perfectly ignorant. The peasantry are still more ignorant—only about five per cent. being able either to read or write. The peasant women are so deplorably ignorant that not above one-half of one per cent. of them can read the Scriptures in the most imperfect fashion. They live in extreme poverty, and in spite of all representations to the contrary, are kept down simply by the over-awing force of the army. Among these peasants the leaven of Nihilism is spreading, and however much this may be deplored, it can be little wondered at.

Besides Mr. Gladstone, Monsignor Capel has been invited to the Savage Club dinner. A London correspondent remarks that "it was an extraordinary thing to turn a private club into a political organization, and to convert the annual dinner of the Savage Club into a medium for advertising Monsignor Capel in the interests of the propaganda may be a triumph for the scribblers of Roman Catholic paragraphs in 'society' journals, but it is a circumstance which has caused a good deal of irritation amongst the great bulk of the members of the Savage Club."

Two boys of the Arethusa, merchant service training ship, lying off Greenhithe, were charged at Dartford with conspiring to set the ship on fire. Several boys tossed to decide who should carry the plan out, but the boy to whom the lot fell reported the matter to the petty officer. The prisoners were committed for trial.

Folded Away.

BY PIDDLE.

Day by day we fold away
Some treasure that our heart holds dear,
Some cherished thing to which we cling
And bless with many a kiss and tear.

A shred of lace may hold a place
That jewels more could never win;
With love untold a ribbon old
Is laid our dearest shrine within.

A little tress we fondly press
Unto a heart that aches with pain
Then, with a sigh for days gone by,
We fold it from our sight again.

And is there not a hallowed spot,
In memory's casket lying low,
Where, day by day, we fold away
Our heart-thoughts, lest the world should know?

Many one, new lost and gone,
In sweet day dreamings we behold,
Who, in our sleep, come back to keep
With us their vigils as of old.

And yet, alas! such dreams must pass,
Life's sterner duties must be met!
Quickly we turn and strive to learn
That cruel lesson—to forget!

When from the gleam of love's sweet dream
Our hearts awake in sad surprise,
How dimly burn, wherever we turn,
The lesser lights that meet our eyes!

When o'er the dead our tears are shed,
While on the silent lips we press
The last fond kiss—oh, is not this
The summit of life's loneliness?

And yet we know, though all in low
Whom we have ever loved or known,
Still we must live and learn to love
To earth the claims it calls its own.

O grief untold! with hearts grown old,
Like flowers blighted in a day,
How fondly, then, from sight of men
We fold our dear dead loves away!

A Woman at the Bottom of It.

"To tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he drew aside his paper and faced the little group in the parlor, "I am fast growing out of patience with this text—'A woman at the bottom of it.' It would be strange in this world, made up, as far as we are aware, of nothing but the two sexes, if a woman would occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good. It is the injustice of the thing which makes me angry. Now there are hundreds of us poor fellows who are all we are, all we have and all we can hope to become, in this world or the next, to the unselfish love of woman."

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly; so much so that his wife, rocking her baby to sleep in the further end of the room, enquired:

"But why should you care, John? It has always been so, and always will be so. We don't think much about it now, because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! And you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life's history that I have always kept locked in my heart; but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection; and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of one woman who made me what I am, worthy to be the husband of a good woman."

"Why, John," said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching with baby still held tightly to her bosom, "you absolutely frighten me."

"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be expected; and John commenced, at first a little timid, but gaining confidence as he proceeded:

When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years, to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precocious chap, without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self appreciation. I was quick to learn everything, for bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oath he dropped with a naturalness that even surprised myself. The boys in the office chewed tobacco. This was little the hardest job I ever attempted, but after two weeks of nausea and indescribable stomach wrenching, I came off victorious and could get away with my paper a day with the best of them. True, every word of it," continued the speaker. "One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to spend, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by, a lady said, very softly and pleasantly:

"Would you please, little boy, be more careful, for I am going to a party and should hate to have my dress spoiled."

I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest and loving, to my boyish heart it was the countenance of an angel.

"What in the world did you say?" interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she saw how the memory of the beautiful woman affected her husband.

"Say! There was very little that I could say. I think all I did was to look. I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and commented upon."

"Have you a mother, little boy?" she next asked in the same tone.

"No, ma'am," I answered, and felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow mighty fast to keep from sobbing.

"You have a father, then, I suppose?" she kept on.

"No ma'am, no father."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Neither, ma'am."

"Then the little boy is all alone in the world?"

"All alone, ma'am."

"How long has your mother been dead?" and the dear woman looked away from my face and waited until I could speak.

"Two years," I answered.

She was silent for a moment, and then said, so sweetly—oh! I never shall forget it: "And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would like—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?" pointing to my cheek, where the tell tale cud had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"I must leave now," she continued, "but here is my card; if you come to see me most any evening I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of service to each other."

She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensations of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I could do nothing—with her I could grow to manhood as to state—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never crossed my lips.

As soon as I could summons courage, I called upon this lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the dreary parlor for her to come down, and how awkward I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting room. Here she got at every point in my life, and before I bade her goodbye, it was arranged that I should spend two evenings a week at her house, and study on these occasions just what she thought best.

No lover ever looked forward to meeting with the mistress of his heart any more than I did to these meetings with my friend.

I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of conversations, and strove in every way to be worthy of this noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business position with a personal friend of hers, where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe that woman. During the last three months of those years I noticed that she grew pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes, when I would ask her if she was worse than usual, she would reply:

"Oh, no! I'm only a little tired—that is all.'

One evening she kept me by her sofa much longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons and laid out work enough, it seemed to me, for months.

"Why so much to-night?" I enquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered, "I do not want you to come next week, and am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John."

"I think you can, ma'am," I answered, almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, "There's a woman at the bottom of it," I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

It is announced the new Viceroy of Egypt, Tewfik Pasha, has relinquished half his civil list and that he is appointing excellent advisers.

Emigration to Manitoba.

Mr. Richard Stinson, who left the Township of Moss this spring, writes as follows:

Beautiful Plains, June 17, 1879.

Sir,—Emigration is pouring in here in a continuous stream from Ontario and Quebec, and of the many mistakes made by the incoming settlers none is more frequent than that of transporting at a great cost old worn-out horses and broken down waggons, with which a hopeless struggle is made to move household effects to distant homes. I would urge upon all intending emigrants not to bring any but the best, as it is most discouraging to be delayed for days in order to repair worn-out vehicles, or to enable foundered animals to recuperate. For the first year or two it is much easier to start with oxen, as they are better adapted to do the hard work of breaking the prairie land, and require less shelter and care during the long winter. With oats from 80 cents to $1 30 per bushel, this is an important consideration.

An ox costs $70 to $80; harness, $5; Red River cart, $10. These carts will safely carry 800 to 1,000 lbs., and as they have large wheels with flat tyres (some of them none) they draw much more easily than waggons. Yoke of oxen, from $140 to $160; a double ox harness (which is much better than a yoke), $8; a span of horses, $240 to $300; good double harness, $35 to $40; single waggon (double box and spring seat), $90 to $95; cows, $30 to $40; sheep, $3 per head; Berkshire hogs, three months old, $10; American steel ploughs, $27. The iron plough cannot be used in this soil.

I would advise all intending settlers to come in March before the frost is out of the ground, or else in the fall, for in this time of the year the roads are always impassable. I have driven over 800 miles this spring and found all the roads very bad and the rivers overflowed, which made them still worse. Some of the farmers are not done seeding yet, on account of the very wet season.

Impressions of Manitoba.

Mr. Wm. Weld, Editor of the *Farmer's Advocate*, writes as follows from Manitoba:

"Persons of small means, do not think of coming to this province this season. The labor market is overstocked. There are over fifty emigrants at the emigrant sheds here; some have been here five weeks and cannot find work. Many have gone to the States, and some are walking back to Canada; they are leaving daily. We believe they would kill the emigrant agent and circular writers if they could get at them. No emigrant agent has yet gone to the sheds. The poor are begging, good men, good mechanics. It is a sad sight to see them and hear their accounts. Many have been to the Canada Pacific Railroad and have been shamefully used. We have seen farmers from all parts of Manitoba. Man that have $150 to spare may come and examine the country; many will do it. No farmer should come this year unless he can command $600 at least. There may be some good openings for those who have plenty of capital and energy. All are not satisfied that are here; some are highly delighted."

For the last five years Ireland has been in a condition of almost unrecognizable tranquility, a calm, in fact, only broken by the killing of Lord Leitrim, who, it seems to be generally conceded, had only himself to blame for his violent end. But now there is once more a cloud in the horizon. When Parnell, Davitt and Dillon are suffering, Farmer Murphy is not going to keep still. The Irish tenant reads that the English Dukes and Marquises have abated ten to fifty per cent. of rent and wants to know why the Irish don't go and do likewise. That the conditions are not the same in view of the subject which he entirely declines to accept. The ball opened in the wealthy "home county" of Kildare a few weeks ago, when a stormy scene occured. A tenant-farmer, member