

utmost virtue of human nature can be matured.

POPULAR ERRORS.—Thinking that the more one eats the stronger and fatter one will become; believing that the more hours a child studies the faster he will learn; imagining that every hour taken from sleep is so much gained; and concluding that, because exercise is good, the more violent it is the better.

KINGSLEY says, "If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose."

DEBT AND LENDING.—The chief thing that wise parents should din into their children's memory, and impress on their consciences almost from the first hour they are capable of understanding it, is the misery and bondage and even disgrace that come with debt. Borrowing seems so easy, and lending so natural, and youth is buoyant with hope, and conscious of integrity. "It is only for a short time, and payment will easily be made; and who need know?" But a tendency of this kind should be burned out of a young man's nature as with a hot iron. It is a fault towards which an inflexible sternness is at once the kindest and the only effective remedy. An indulgent easiness in the early days of youth may foster a habit which will paralyze the sinews of robust action, and reduce ultimately its victim to the contemptible condition of being either a mendicant or a thief.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

WAX BEAN.—This snap bean, but recently introduced and not generally known, is one of the very best for garden culture. When planted and cared for in the same way, the Wax is 10 or 12 days later than the Early Valentine; but in every other respect it is superior to either this or that other excellent variety, the Refugee. The vines grow longer than other kinds of the snap beans, produce more beans of larger size, more brittle and of better quality. Those who are fond of young snap beans plant seed three or four times during the spring—say two weeks apart—so as to get a succession for table use. Where it will take four plantings with other kinds, two plantings of the Wax will be found quite enough, because this variety will keep tender just twice as long as the sorts commonly grown for home consumption. The pods of the Wax grow long, thick, tender, and of a waxy yellow color.

TO MAKE A SHEEP OWN A LAMB.—A correspondent of the Maine Farmer, writes: Sometimes it is desirable to make one sheep own the lamb of another, but often it is a difficult task. An experiment that we tried a few days since proved a perfect success, and was easily conducted; and for the benefit of those who may be similarly situated we communicate it to your columns. One of our sheep lost her lamb. In a few days a yearling dropped a lamb which she did not own, and in fact had no milk for it. We took the lamb immediately after it was dropped and sprinkled it with fine salt and placed it with the sheep that had lost her lamb. As soon as she tasted the salt she commenced licking the lamb, and in a short time was as fond of it as she was of her own. She is now taking the greatest care of her adopted charge.

FERTILIZING CORN.—Here is a hint to corn-growers of some value:

"An intelligent and reliable farmer, who has been for many years making experiments with corn, has discovered an importance and value in replanted corn which is quite novel and worthy of publication. We have always thought replanted corn was of little consequence; he replants whether it is needed or not—or rather he plants two or three weeks after crops are planted, about every fifteenth row each way. He says if the weather becomes dry during the filling time, the silk and tassel both become dry and dead. In this condition, if it should become seasonable, the silk revives and renews, but the tassel does not recover. Thus, for the want of pollen, the new silk is unable to fill the cobs for which it was designated. The pollen from the replanted corn is then ready to supply the silk, and the filling is completed. He says nearly all the abortive ears, so common to the corn crop, are caused by want of pollen, and that he has known ears to double their size in the second filling."

FARM FOWLS.—Farmers frequently neglect their fowls, not so much from a conviction that they don't pay as because there are so many things to attend to. Yet oftentimes, the labor spent on more pretentious affairs is not as profitable as that devoted to poultry. Of course, much depends on location and the market. A flock of fowls such as is usual on farms, will in most situations, if rightly managed, yield more in value annually (either gross or net) than a good cow. But no farmer expects that a cow can be tended a year, and her fodder raised, cut and housed, without considerable work. Fowls, if allowed their freedom, may be managed with much less labor than when they are yarded, but in any case a great deal of time must be spent in raising chickens in sufficient numbers to keep the ranks of the laying stock always filled with birds not old, which is indispensable to success. It must be remembered that eggs are more profitable than table fowls, except in cases of early chickens.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

AN enterprising man—The Burglar. WHAT is the difference between a nasty pill and a jolly picnic?—One is a little swallow, the other a great lark.

THE reason why Pagans are so far behind-hand in the march of civilization, is because they are such idol people.

WHY is the towering style of bonnet now in vogue called the "Mansard"? Because it takes a great deal of man's hard earnings to pay for one of them.

ANOTHER GRIEVANCE FOR THEM.—One profession is safe from the invasion of Woman. She may enter the Army, but it is impossible that she Man the Navy.

LAST ABODE.—A sheriff, who had a writ to serve, ascertained that the defendant was dead, and tossing the paper over the wall of the cemetery, he made return upon the writ that he had left the summons at the last and usual place of abode.

ENTIRE CONFIDENCE.—In a French court recently, as a witness was about to give his testimony, the advocate remarked, "I wish to state to the court that this witness is entitled to entire confidence, as he has not had time to consult a lawyer."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—A fruit tree that keeps away pilferers by its own bark.—Gas that would go out at night and come in again in the morning.—A sloop that would boll over with rage when the cook is insulted. A clock that is so concocted as not to run down its own works.

A CANDIDATE for the civil service recently gave up his examination in disgust, because he was asked how many bushels of wheat could be bought for two pounds if one bushel cost four shillings. He said he had not learned anything about wheat, but had always done his sums in potatoes and turnips.

"ONLY" THE MIND.—"Wordsworth," said Charles Lamb, "one day told me that he considered Shakespeare greatly overrated. 'There is,' said he, 'an immensity of trick in all Shakespeare wrote, and people are taken by it. Now, if I had a mind, I could write exactly like Shakespeare.' So you see," proceeded Charles Lamb, quietly, "it was only the mind that was wanting!"

"HERE we are now, within a quarter of a mile of land," was the joyful announcement made by the captain of an ocean steamer to his grumbling passengers. "Where? Which way is it?" were the eager exclamations which followed. "Anywhere down below there," said the captain, pointing toward the bottom of the sea; "the lead gives us just two hundred and twenty fathoms of water, and the land comes slap up against the brine."

WHAT WAS WANTED.

She tied the new cravat which she so kindly made me; Then smoothed with care my hat, and with her arms delayed me. She brushed my "glossy hair," and said it was "so curly;"

While going down the stair she cried, "Come home, dear, early!"

How happy then was I with all I e'er desired! I fortune could defy while thus I was admired. We parted at the door—her smile deserved a sonnet;

"Dear love! but one thing more: I want—a Summer bonnet!"

A BALL-ROOM SCENE.—"A ludicrous incident occurred," says an American paper. "at the Illinois reception the other night. The ball room floor at Willard's was newly waxed, and badly done at that, so that the fair ladies and the gallant beaux found their feet sticking to the floor. While the weaker were held fast, the stronger and more energetic produced a noise like unto shooting-crackers as they moved about or attempted to dance. This got to be such a nuisance that the proprietor was called in and active measures taken to remedy the trouble. Meal from the kitchen was procured and sprinkled over the floor. Young ladies had to be lifted bodily out of their tracks, in some instances leaving their heels on the floor, while others, uttering little shrieks as if hurt, were prised up with poker. Several enterprising Illinois beaux went to Millburn's and purchased pieces of chalk, which they rubbed on the soles of the young ladies' shoes. It presented a beautiful picture to see an Illinois gentleman with his knees stuck fast to the floor while he whitened the soles of his love, she balanced most gracefully on one foot and smiling audibly to the tickling process."

A characteristic story is told of the most incorrigible of the burlesque writers. When a favorite domestic drama was recently brought out at Liverpool, a terrible wait occurred, on the night of its production, after the second act. The orchestra had exhausted its repertory, and still the curtain remained down. Presently a harsh grating sound was painfully audible from behind—the sound of a saw struggling through wood. "What is that noise?" impatiently asked a gentleman of the author. "Well, I can't say," answered Mr. Byron, mournfully, "but I suppose they're cutting out the third act."

OUR PUZZLER.

91. SQUARE WORDS.

- 1. A well-known seasoning; a tree; a misfortune; examination.
2. A landing-place; a town in Holland; a deputy; a word denoting the letters and language of the ancient northern nations of Europe; to bring.
3. A spoon; a second time; time noted; a town in Belgium; concluded.
4. In the hands of the versed, my second's notes, Doth my first so sweetly—then escapes; 'Tis really enchanting; the poet it quotes, As seraphic beings in language he drapes. My next all possess, but every one votes The palm to the ladies,—oh, into what scraps They lead us, by a glance 'neath their silken coats, In this land of my last, as in that of the grapes.

92. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A famous battle once was fought Between two chiefs, who empire sought; Th' initials downwards give the name Of him who gained the day and fame; The finals downward, rightly read, Name him who lost the day and fled— And yet still more if you're not blind, The battle's name you'll also find; For in each word one letter take, I've numbered them for clearness' sake, Let for these words the numbers be, Two three, then five, three four and three.

- 1. An English colony behold, Whose sons are brave, and free, and bold.
2. In England's north seek out a town That's truly not of great renown.
3. An ancient kingdom of great fame, The easiest one of all to name.
4. An Irish city now I wish, Whose name should lack supply of fish.
5. To South America now fly, To find a strange nam'd city try.
6. Come back again to England mind, And search in Hants a town to find.

94. CHARADES.

- 1. My first two thousand years ago you're told, Lived in the north, was brave and bold; My next will tell for whose delight I sit me down these lines to write; And in my whole if meant for me, My very self you ought to see.
2. My first is a river in Europe; my second a habitation; my third what you did yesterday; and my whole is a monarch.
3. My first is an English river; my second is nothing; my third is a measure; and my whole is a flower.

94. DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Whole, I am a name; beheaded, I am what you have; then curtailed, I am what you do; read backwards, I am bad; transposed, I am worthless; and again transposed, I am by ladies worn.
2. Whole, I reflect; beheaded, I am a girl; beheaded again, I am an animal; then curtailed, I become a conjunction.
3. Whole, I am a useful article; beheaded, I am what you should never be; again beheaded, I am what you did yesterday; transposed, I am what you will do to-morrow, then beheaded, I become a proposition.
4. Of my whole you have more than one; transpose me, and I become a border; behead and curtail me, I become circular, again behead and transpose me, and I become a liquid; behead me again, and I become a preposition.
5. Whole, I depart; curtailed and transposed, I wash; transposed, I am a hollow; then beheaded, I am a liquid; then transposed, I am enclosed ground.

ANSWERS.

50. CHARADE.—Shipwreck.

51. PUZZLE.—1. Snow. 2. Vine.

52. CROSS PUZZLE.—Mississippi, thus:

A M Y
H I T
A S E
U S K
C E N T R I F U G A L
M I S S I S S I P P I
O R K P U S O U L A R
F I N
A P K
U P S
X I S

SONNET.

BY MAX.

As the red rose lifts up her queenly face, A beautiful banquet for the kingly sun, And he, enamoured of her royal grace, Wooes her from morning till the day is done. So when thy face is lifted up to me, My blushing rose, perhaps I love thee best; And as the moon has power to rule the sea, It rules my life and gives my spirit rest. Thy life is like the fulness of a flower, Grown to perfection and divinely sweet; And lo, I count it, dear, the happiest hour, When I may lay my homage at thy feet. O, make my heart, sweet love, thy peerless throne, My queenly rose to heaven-born stature grown.

ONLY FLIRTING.

BY MRS. C. CHANDLER, OF MONTREAL.

"Aunt, why is it you never married?" I asked this question as we were sitting on the steps in the open porch of the house one warm summer afternoon. It was a lovely spot that my aunt had selected to build her little home-stead, and what a gem itself was that cottage, with its creeping vines and wild roses, almost embracing it! The garden plot was trimly kept, which everything always was about my aunt. A large tree was near the house, spreading its sheltering branches over the garden. Behind the cottage was a little lawn, sloping down to a pond, where some ducks and geese were luxuriously enjoying themselves. Yes, my aunt had a pleasant home, and I truly enjoyed those summer visits which I always paid to "Allendale," which was the name my aunt had chosen to give her pretty domicile.

My aunt, Phoebe Holmes, was a placid, gentle-looking woman of about thirty-eight. She dressed altogether in a style peculiarly her own, which decidedly was not à la mode, yet still she was an attractive-looking woman, with her large pensile brown eyes, and sweet, yet sad, smile.

The sun was reflecting into the porch, and glanced across my aunt's face as she looked up from her work to reply to some remark of mine. She looked so lonely at the moment that the thought flashed into my mind as to why she should never have married; hence the question I impudently asked:

"Aunt, why is it you never married?" I repeated my question twice before my aunt appeared to hear me; then she replied, after a moment's hesitation:

"Because, my dear, it was not intended that I should be."

"Ah! yes, aunt," I replied, "that may be; but there must be a more assignable reason for it, for you surely had lovers when you were young," I pertinaciously continued.

Now, in looking back, I think it was thoughtless and almost impertinent pressing my aunt as I did on such a subject. However, it brought forth good results, which I have had cause to be thankful for.

My aunt looked rather annoyed as I again repeated my last question. She sighed wearily before she replied:

"Minnie, you allude to a painful subject. I never like to speak of the past or my girlhood's days; those reminiscences I have long locked up in my memory as being too sacred for conversation."

Nothing daunted, I again persevered:

"You might make an exception with me, aunt, dear, your only niece, and almost like a daughter; and now you have roused my curiosity by speaking so mysteriously, just like what we read in novels, that I could not rest without knowing something further. Will you, aunt, trust in me—I will never repeat it."

"My dear Minnie, going back to the past will be very painful to me; if I do, it will be only with a view that it may be beneficial to you and be a useful lesson, for I tell you candidly, my love, I have felt rather uneasy about you sometimes."

"About me, aunt? Why what do I ever do to merit your disapprobation? I only flirt now and then; surely you don't call that a grave fault?"

"Grave enough, Minnie, in its results sometimes," my aunt replied. "However, I will tell you a little tale, and then, after that, you can give me your opinion of it. Come nearer to me, and I will begin."

Going into the parlor, and bringing out a little stool and seating myself on it, and laying my head on my aunt's lap, I was prepared to listen.

My aunt, laying aside her work, put one of her hands on my hair, and commenced the following narrative:

"Twenty years ago I was at home with my mother in our little country place. It was not as pretty a spot as this, nor was it so well kept, for my mother was very delicate in health and unable to bear any fatigue; and I was thoughtless. However, things were pretty good, and we were very happy together. My mother, as you know, had no other child but your father, and he was away in the city studying for the law, and only came home in the vacations. I never felt