

showing that he was careful. He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man, showing that he was kind and thoughtful. He took off his cap when he came in, and answered my questions promptly and respectfully, showing that he was polite and gentlemanly. He picked up the book which I had purposely laid upon the floor, and replaced it upon the table, while all the rest stepped over it or shoved it aside, and he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing and crowding, showing that he was honest and orderly. When I talked with him I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk; and when he wrote his name, I noticed his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like that handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket. "Don't you call those things letters of recommendation? I do, and would give more for what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes ten minutes than all the letters he can bring me."—*Virginia Monthly Visitor*.

8. THE WILLS, THE WON'TS, THE CAN'TS.

There are three kinds of men in the world—the Wills, the Won'ts, and the Can'ts. The first effect everything; the others oppose everything. "I will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I won't" don't believe in experiments and nonsense: while "I can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the slow digestion of bankruptcy.

9. WHAT MAKES THE MAN?

Good clothes do not. Money does not. A handsome face does not. Learning does not make the man. But it is

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace,
That truly speaks of God within,
And never makes a league with sin."

This makes the man—the real man. Such men do good in the world. They are a benefit to themselves, and a benefit to society. Such men will finally shine as stars of the universe, illuminating the vast vault of eternity. Such men let us strive to be through life, in death, and throughout eternity.—*L., in Kentucky Collegian*.

10. TO INTEREST BOYS IN FARMING.

Mr. J. Harris, of Rochester, N. Y., one of the editors of the *American Agriculturalist* and who was tendered a professorship in the Cornell University, illustrates some of the means by which boys may be interested in the affairs of the farm, by the following personal reminiscences and suggestions:

When I was a boy my father made me keep the accounts of his farm, and I soon began to take an interest in it. He had ten children, and worked hard to give us a good education. When crops were poor, or prices low, it was with a heavy heart he sat down at night to tell me what to write in the book, and though young, I soon learned to sympathize with him. Like all good men, he loved his children. He worked hard for us, denied himself many luxuries, that we might have a good time; would wear an old hat that we might have new shoes, and often walked that we might ride. Never was a happier set of frolicking young ones on a farm. And there is not one of us this day that does not love farming. But those who talk of the "independent life" of a farmer—of his freedom from care and anxiety—merely show their ignorance.

There was plenty of anxiety on our farm. There was anxiety about the weather, about the crops, about the stock, and above all, about the health and life and limbs of the children. We ought all to have been killed half a dozen times over. One was kicked by a horse, and ran a narrower chance of life than he has ever done since, and yet he has been through the war, has been up and down the Mississippi on a steamboat, and travelled the whole length of the Erie Railroad. "Aunt Hattie," as we now call her, had her head cut open with a donkey cart, and a sad house we had for many days, as she lay between life and death. Another sister, when three years old, caught hold of the spokes of the fore wheel of a heavily loaded waggon, and was thrown forward, and the wheel grazed her whole body. My father was driving, heard the scream, and looked round in time to see the danger, but not in time to stop the team. Fortunately the nurse held on to the child and jerked her out of the rut before the hind wheel reached her. Last fall the eight children, who are still living, all met together, and it was found that every one of us had some scar that remained to remind us of the accidents of early life.

But what I wanted to say was, that the habit of keeping the books of my father was not only a benefit to me, but a great comfort to him. He told his fears, and I know now that it must have

been a great relief to him. It certainly was a great advantage to me. If I know anything about farming, I learned most of it from my father. And I am fully persuaded that if a farmer would provide a nice substantially bound book, and induce his son to write down every day, at his dictation, all that was done on the farm, it would go a great way towards making a good farmer of him. It would be useful. I can imagine some such record as this:

September 1st.—"Very dry weather. Cultivating for wheat." And then the boy would be very likely to ask when he was going to sow, and what kind, and why.

Sept. 2.—"Sow had ten little pigs last night, but killed two of them." "It is too bad," says the boy, "to lose them now, pigs are so scarce and high, and they say a rail nine inches high put round the pen, six inches or so from the boards will prevent a sow from lying on the pigs." "I thought of doing it," says the farmer, "but I could not find the hammer, and we have no spikes." Mental reflection by the boy: "Those two pigs at six weeks old would have sold for ten dollars."

Sept. 3.—"Thrashing. The five acres of Diehl wheat on the summer-fallow gave 150 bushels; the ten acres of Mediterranean after oats, gave only 120 bushels." "If we had sown it all Diehl," says the boy, "we should have had 450 bushels instead of 270." If the father is a sensible man he would correct this remark, and point out the fact that it was not the variety, but the condition and character of the land that made the difference.

Sept. 4.—"One of the horses sick." He had been on the thrashing machine all day, and the driver, to save his own horses, had made the farmer's do pretty much all the work. This horse was on the outside, and his end of the evener was no longer than that of the horse having the inside track, and he had to draw just as hard as the other and walk much faster.

Sept. 5.—"Drew the wheat to the city. Left at home ten bushels of Diehl for seed, and twenty bushels of Mediterranean. The Diehl overrun four bushels, and the Mediterranean fell short three bushels. Got \$2 a bushel for the Diehl, and \$1.75 for the Mediterranean." The five acres of Diehl came to \$280, and the ten acres of Mediterranean \$175.

Now let a farmer tell his son such facts, and let him write them down as they occur, and the chances are that five years will not pass before the farm will be at least partially drained, weeds will have disappeared, thirty bushels of wheat and two tons of hay per acre will be the rule rather than the exception, and there will be little danger of that young man seeking a clerkship in the city.

11. CHILDREN'S TOYS—WHERE THEY ARE CHIEFLY MADE.

Toys for the million are peculiar to the age. Wood is by far too dear in this country for their production, consequently the chief seat of their manufacture is in the dense woods of Germany. From out the old sombre pine forests of Thuringia issue the penny boxes of toys destined to make the homes of all Europe ring with joyous laughter—children's tea things, Noah's arks filled with only the leading animals, soldiers, &c., and the most "screechingest" articles that ever delighted the urchins' ear and maddened the old folk. How so many pieces as go within these boxes can be made, brought from such a distance, and sold with a profit for a penny, is a marvel that can be only understood when the mystery of their manufacture is inquired into. In the first place the pine wood costs next to nothing; women and children are chiefly employed in their manufacture; and great speed in their production is obtained by the division of labour, every toy passing through half a dozen hands. It would, at first sight, seem impossible that the lathe should be used in the production of animals, but here we have an example—a ring of elephants if we may use the term. All those who have been abroad are familiar with the round rings of bread, eight or ten inches in diameter, seen in bakers' shops. In a toy case we saw what at first sight appeared to be one of these, but upon examining it more narrowly we perceived that it was a ring of pine wood turned in a lathe, not exactly in the form of a ring, but in the form of a ring of elephants—there were the trunk, the peculiar shaped head, and the legs cut around the ring, as it were: and it was evident that the workman had only to split this ring into a sufficient number of segments (according to appropriate thickness) to transform the circle into a

GIVEN NUMBER OF ELEPHANTS.

These segmental elephants require, of course, to be rounded and finished by the hand, but the process is most curious, and is applicable to the production of any other animal and accounts for the cheap rate at which these wondrous toys can be produced. When manufactured, they come to this country by water carriage. Of course art is out of the question in these penny articles; but the