

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XXI, No. 9.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, March 3, 1883.

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To the Editor of the South Jersey Republican,

DEAR SIR:—
There has been a good deal said in the past two months, in regard to my survey of the village, and the bill rendered for those services, to which I have made no reply. Now I desire to speak in my own behalf, and show how it became necessary to extend those measurements beyond determining the location of Bellevue Avenue and Egg Har-

bor Road. The object, in the first place, seemed only to establish grades for the proper drainage of the two roads. This request came from Messrs. H. G. Newton and Daniel Ballard, the road Committee. But before establishing the grades, I suggested to those gentlemen that the centre and side lines of the road and avenue should be determined, in order to locate the side ditches. Neither they, nor I, could have had any idea that it would become necessary to extend those measurements to the extent that they were; but such was the necessity. In the first place, the centre line of Bellevue Avenue was the question, and a bolt said to be at the intersection of that Avenue and E. H. road was referred to; but there were doubts raised by persons in the immediate vicinity, in regard to its accuracy, and it was thought by persons present at the time that by taking a few of the oldest and best known landmarks on the avenue, that a more satisfactory determination could be made. That suggestion was acted upon, and the result found to be correct. This line, when extended from the railroad to Main road, passed within a few inches of that bolt. After running this centre line, it became necessary to determine if there were any encroachments, which were all carefully noted, and the centre lines of those streets which intersected the avenue, with the encroachments on those streets, were also determined. In this way I was enabled to connect the

centre lines of all streets which became necessary in the subsequent surveys of E. H. road. The surveys in this vicinity compelled me to run out almost all the individual lots. There was not a deed that defined with any accuracy the bounds of any lot that could be traced on the ground, with one exception (P. S. Tilton's), and there were exceptions taken in that case—but without good grounds to which I will now refer. The main track of the Camden & Atlantic railroad, and the line running through the centre of said track, divides their strip into two sections, of twenty-five and thirty-five feet, the whole width being sixty feet. The distance from this centre line, by the southeast line of Bellevue Avenue, is thirty-five feet, at the end of which is the line that divides the land of the railroad from the land of P. S. Tilton. His front line on Bellevue Avenue, his deed says, is "about two perches to Egg Harbor road." I then measured thirty-three feet, (which he is entitled to, provided that the two full perches do not conflict with other measurements or interests, which they do not). From thence to the opposite corner of Bellevue Avenue and Egg Harbor road, fifty feet, (which distance is given by well authenticated plans in the early laying out of Hammonton). Nothing could be more satisfactory than this description, or more complete, as it leaves a full open roadway of three rods in breadth, the distance required for Egg Harbor road. If any one will take the pains to examine they will see where this dispute comes in. When the store (DePuy's) was built, it was extended at a right angle from Bellevue Avenue, and in consequence it projected over the northeast line, into Egg Harbor road. This I considered from the first, as I have already said, the only correct and visible evidence in locating these lines. All my subsequent labor grew out of the confusion of the road and street lines, and lines of individual property that depended on the location of other roads. There would have been no question raised in regard to my surveys, excepting for the fact that those persons who have been the most clamorous, and most busy in creating this feeling of prejudice against my work, and against me personally, are the very ones who are trespassing on our roads. There are T. J. Smith, one corner of whose house projects into E. H. road; the DePuy store and stable are serious encroachments; M. L. Jackson's three buildings, on Second Street, all project over the line, as well as his entire hedge on Second St., from his stable to Vine street. On every street and avenue that I have gone over, the encroachments have been

noted and defined, and before they are permitted to be disturbed by inexperienced hands, it will be well for the people (or their representatives) to see to it that they are proved to be correct. More anon.
CHARLES WHITNEY.

Mr. Editor:—

As you have not yet closed the door on Egg Harbor Road, and as we are promised some revelation this week by Mr. Whitney, that the public may have the whole question fairly before it at one view, please send the following: Mr. Whitney begins his survey in the middle of the main track of the C. & A. R. R., measuring therefrom (in a line with P. S. Tilton's front) thirty-five feet to Tilton's west corner; thence, along Tilton's front, two rods, and calls that the side of Egg Harbor Road. Thence, twenty-five feet further, and calls that the middle of E. H. Road. This is certainly a very easy and inexpensive way of fixing said middle, and need not take over five minutes' time. Then a large share of the village, and the road itself from Seventh to Fifteenth St., are surveyed to prove said assumed middle point right. Now, on this method Mr. Ezra Stokes, in a letter I read before Council, says, "We do not consider the Railroad reliable to measure from; and we would not take a distance from a single deck, to determine so important a point, much less when the distance is said to be about so much," or about two rods, as is the case in Mr. Tilton's deed. Gen. E. Wright, in a letter I read before Council, says—"the general range of the road itself must alone be used to determine any of its middle points, regardless of anything else coming after." That the road in question was before the railroad or the village, and must not be made to depend upon either. Now all this to my view, is common sense; and in exactly this way the road was run by myself last spring, and by Mr. King and myself this winter. To reach the point fixed as the middle between Tilton and DePuy, Mr. Whitney tells Council that he has to change his course twenty-two minutes to the North. That is to say, if he had kept the bearing on which he ran towards DuCosta, he would have run over the point which we make as the middle at Tilton's, would have struck the Porter House where we do—some eight feet west of where he now does; would have gone up to and beyond Willard's hill in the middle of the road as we did, and not North of the road as he did, all of which is fully witnessed by three of the Council; and also this other fact, that Mr. W.'s line from Tilton's, over Pressey's corner, leaves the road near the Park and goes into the woods to the South, at such a divergence that a single glance through the instrument satisfied them all that his running does not conform to the original survey. We showed to Council that the range of the road Southward from Pressey's corner pointed just to the west of the chimney on the Porter House; that our middle point at Tilton's is in exact range in this line; that the range of the road from Willard's hill clear into Winslow township points also just to the west of the chimney on the Porter House. We showed to Councilman Newton, Dr. Edward North, and others, by an elevated reflector over Pressey's corner, that said corner and said point on the house, and our middle point in the middle of the road at the entrance of the cut on Willard's hill, are in range, and that by reversing the telescope we strike a tall flag pole placed one and a half rods westerly of the stone in the County line, which stone is accepted by Council as the true east side of Egg Harbor Road. Now, it does not take a surveyor to tell when three visible points are in range; and the Surveyor General of the United Kingdom cannot make a carpenter or a doctor believe they do not range when they see them so for themselves. I shall not trouble you or the public further with this question. If any reliance can be placed in an instrument, or any dependence on the correctness of human vision, this line from Pressey's to Willard's hill, and on, is straight.

P. H. Brown.

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was the first preparation perfectly adapted to cure diseases of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needed for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unequalled success can be attributed to two causes: the entire fulfillment of its promises. The proprietors have often been surprised at the receipt of orders from remote countries, where they had never made an effort for its introduction. The use for a short time of HALL'S HAIR RENEWER wonderfully improves the personal appearance. It cleanses the scalp from all impurities, cures all humors, fever, and dryness, and thus prevents baldness. It stimulates the weakened glands, and enables them to push forward a new and vigorous growth. The effects of this article are not transient, like those of alcoholic preparations, but remain a long time, which makes its use a matter of economy.

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G. F. SAXTON.

HAMMONTON, N. J.

For the Fair Sex.

BOYS AND GIRLS.—"If I had a dozen children I would want them all boys," said Mrs. Thrifty. "Boys can take care of themselves, they are energetic, enjoyable, and it doesn't take half so much sewing to keep a family of boys along." "Now, if I should have my choice," said Mrs. Workhard, "I should rather have my children all girls. Girls are so gentle, so helpful, have so much more refinement than boys; and then it is such a pleasure to sew for them, they look so prettily in the garments made for them." "Very well, ladies," said Mrs. Sensible, "you are both right and wrong. I believe in a mixed family—part boys, part girls. The boys influence the girls to self-reliance, the girls refine the boys by their gentleness. A boy who is brought up with sisters makes the most manly man, and the girl who is brought up with the brothers makes the most womanly woman."

SWEET-MINDED WOMEN.—So great is the influence of a sweet-minded woman on those around her that it is almost boundless. It is to her that friends come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort, one soothing touch of her kindly hand works wonders in the feverish child, a few words fall from her lips into the ear of a sorrowing sister do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim down to the dust in anguish. The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and irritable with the world in general, but when he enters the cosy sitting room, and sees the blaze of the bright fire, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs in a moment to the soothing influences which act as a balm of Gilead to his wounded spirits that are wearied with combatting with the stern realities of life. The rough schoolboy flies in a rage from the taunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with his own large trouble, finds a haven of rest on his mother's breast; and so one might go with instances of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected. Beauty is an insignificant power when compared with hers.

A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN LEGEND.—The legend of the Cherokee rose is as pretty as the flower itself. An Indian chief of the Seminole tribe was taken prisoner by his enemies, the Cherokees, and doomed to torture, but became so seriously ill that it became necessary to wait for the restoration to health before committing him to the fire. And as he lay prostrated by disease in the cabin of Cherokee warrior, the daughter of the latter, a young, dark-faced maid was his nurse. She fell in love with the young chieftain, and, wishing to save his life, urged him to escape; but he would not do so unless she would flee with him. Yet before she had gone far, impelled by soft regret at leaving home, she asked permission of her lover to return for the purpose of bearing away some memento of it. So retracing her footsteps, she broke a sprig from the white rose which climbed up the poles of her father's tent, and preserving it during her flight through the wilderness, planted it by the door of her new home in the land of the Seminole. And from that day this beautiful flower has always been known between the capes of Florida and throughout the southern states, by the name of Cherokee rose.—*Christian Advocate.*

Science.

A new fabric, recently patented, is paper woven into matting for floors, rugs, borders, window shades, chair seats, table covers, etc. These goods are much admired, and it is claimed that they are much more durable than straw matting, and can be supplied at prices that will insure their sale.

The Lay torpedo was lately subjected to a severe test by its inventor in the Bosphorus. It was discharged over a course a mile long at a target only sixty feet in length. In going to the mark the torpedo had to pass through three distinct currents and a very lumpy sea, but the trial proved very successful.

By vaporizing two quarts of tobacco juice over a slow fire, Baron Rothschild's gardener, at Paris, Monsieur Bozard, destroys all the troublesome insects that may be contained in the hot-house in which the operation is performed. He considers the remedy infallible, and says it rarely injures the tenderest plants.

Abercromby and Marriott, in a paper

on meteorology, say that prognostics will never be superseded for use at sea and isolated and remote places on land. Prognostics can also be usefully combined with charts in synoptic forecasting, especially in certain classes of showers and thunder-storms, which do not affect the reading of the barometer.

The following simple test for ascertaining the presence of cottonseed oil in olive oil is given by the *Druggists' Circular*: An aqueous solution of acetate of lead is stirred up with the oil and the mixture put aside for twelve hours. If there be present even so small a quantity as 5 per cent. of cottonseed oil, this mixture will have a reddish color. This reaction is said to be peculiar to cottonseed oil.

As to the preservation of wood, M. Rayol finds that treatment with tar increases and sometimes doubles the duration of oak timber used in cofferdams, but has little influence upon that of pine. Oak wood prepared with ferrous sulphate lasts longer—ten times—than in its unprepared state, after it has been immersed for twenty-four hours in a solution of 200 grammes of ferrous sulphate per litre.

Contrary to the opinion of old fishermen, statistics clearly prove that there has been a steady increase of the herring taken annually on the northeast of Scotland. From observations made by Dr. Day the herring of late years seems to take to deeper waters, but at intervals to return to the shallower waters, usually frequented for feeding or for breeding purposes, from which it had been apparently frightened by excessive netting, vast shoals of dogfish, etc.

The bread crumb comprises a multitude of cells of thin walls containing carbonic acid gas, the product of fermentation in the dough. These walls of the cells contain both gluten and starch and traces of dextrine sugar. As a consequence of the treatment with water and the application of heat, the starch grains, which, in their normal condition are little sacs filled with minute granules of starch proper, have been swollen and burst.

A non-conductor of electricity has yet to be found, for all substances hitherto discovered are conductors of the force under certain known conditions; but those which offer a great resistance to it serve the purpose of non-conductors in practice, although they may be all classed as good or bad conductors. The best conductor known at present is silver, the worst conductor is solid paraffine.

Most bronze statues in the open air soon assume an appearance of iron. Very few take on that peculiar delicate green transparent film known as patina. To produce the patina covering an atmosphere free from deleterious vapors, the presence of moisture in the air and a certain composition of the metal are required.

White zinc alloys or brass soon turn black. Tin alloys or bronze are less rapidly oxidized. Mr. R. Weber finds that the ancient used very little zinc in their fine statuary, and hence the fine patina formation.

Mixing of Races.

It will be remembered by those who have been familiar with our writings for the last thirty years, that we have counted very much upon an improved race in this country growing out of the mixture of races. Herbert Spencer, in giving his impressions of America, says: "It may, I think, be reasonably held, that both because of its size and the heterogeneity of its components, the American nation will be a long time in evolving its ultimate form, but its ultimate form will be high. One result is, I think, tolerably clear. From biological truths it is to be inferred that the eventual mixture of the allied varieties of the Aryan race forming the population, will produce a more powerful type of them than has hitherto existed, and a type of men more plastic, more adaptable, more capable of undergoing the complications needful for social life. I think that, whatever difficulties they may have to surmount, and whatever tribulations they may have to pass through, the Americans may reasonably look forward to a time when they will have produced a civilization grander than any the world has known."

An Illinois court has decided that women's lie about her age doesn't vitiate her insurance policy.

Agricultural.

Jefferson county (N. Y.) farmers now carry their milk to the lumbering cheese factories where they are paid 12 and 13 cents per gallon for it.

Trees intended for planting should not have their roots exposed to the sun or wind so that the soil can dry out. The roots must be kept moist if the trees are expected to live.

Parmentier says that the best method of storing thoroughly dry and clean wheat is in sacks isolated from each other, care being taken to keep a sufficiently low temperature in the granary.

That "Eastern methods" of farming are equally well adapted to the broad prairies of the West is shown in the experience of Mr. A. Reser, who thirteen years ago moved from the East to the high prairie land in Marshall county, Kansas. Mr. Reser farms but eighty acres, but he has been remarkably successful, and his success, says, observes the *Topeka farmer*, in spite of droughts, verified the repeated statement that more grain can be raised from a well-tilled field of ten acres than from forty acres poorly tended.

Farmers who co-operate together in buying and selling should endeavor to make arrangements with the working-men of the cities, whereby either party may be benefited from the transactions. All that is needed is organization, and there is no reason why an organized body of farmers may not get larger prices for produce and at the same time cheapen it to the consumer. The working-men are always ready to organize for such purpose, and the farmers should profit by it.

The parts of animals generally used for glue-making are the pating of hides and skins from tanneries and slaughter-houses known as glue pieces; fleshing, pelts from furriers, hocks and ears of cattle, horses and sheep. Animal skins in every form, when unacted upon by tannic acid, are excellent material for the glue-maker. It is said that the parings of oxen and other thick hides make the best glue. Fish-bones, the core of horns, sinews and animal membrane are all utilized for the same purpose.

Peter Ivory, who is an experienced cattle raiser, says the following remedy will cure the blackleg or diptheria. We give it for the benefit of our farmer readers. He says: "When the animal is first taken it will exhibit lameness in some one of its legs. With a sharp knife open the lame member between the knee and the hoof, where will be found a lump or a sack filled with a white substance; squeeze all this out, then fill the opening with salt and pepper, and bind the limb up with a rag." This is all that is required, and Mr. Ivory vouches for its good effects. The remedy is certainly cheap and simple, and is worthy a trial.

The Richmond (Va.) *Southern Planter*, relates that of one-eight of an acre of lucerne: It has no superior for soil purposes. On the 11th and 12th of April it was killed down to the ground by a severe frost, when it was fully knee high, and would have been ready to cut in a few days. On the 22nd of May it was first mowed, and again on July 21st and August 14th. The three mowings yielded 4560 pounds of green food for selling, from one-eighth of an acre, or at the rate of 36,480 pounds per acre. Fed with a little meal and salt sprinkled over it, it is a wholesome and highly nutritious food for horses and cattle of all kinds.

Sir J. B. Lawes thus reasons from experiments, as stated in the *Country Gentleman*: "To obtain maximum crops of grain the proper course to pursue is to precede them with a crop of leguminous plants—that is, peas, clover, vetches, etc.—to which the minerals should be applied, and this enables these plants to make an unusual growth, which renders them capable of storing up a large amount of ammonia—more than is necessary for the grain crop that follows—and the latter, by this active stimulant, is rendered capable of obtaining all the minerals required from the soil and the decaying vegetation for maximum crops."

The quantity of water which passes through the roots of a plant is enormous. Dr. Lawes, of England, found that an average of 2000 pounds of water is absorbed by a plant for every pound of mineral matter absorbed by it. At the French Agricultural Observatory at Montouris, it was found that 7702 pounds of water passed through the roots of the wheat crop for 104 pounds of grain produced, or 727

pounds for each pound of grain, in a rich soil; while in a very poor soil 1010 pounds were passed through the same quantity of wheat for a product of about half a pound of grain, or 2093 pounds of water for each pound of grain.—*New York Times.*

A successful fruit-grower thinks many apple trees are set too near together; two rods apart is near enough. The land for an orchard must be kept in good condition. He top-dresses his orchard once in three years, principally with a thick coating of straw. He allows hogs to run in his orchards, and plows the land until the trees are so large as to interfere with such a practice. Last year he picked forty-five barrels of greenings from four trees. Orchards thrive best near bodies of water. Trees should be judiciously trimmed while young. Many trees are injured by over-pruning. Trees should be grafted when they are from one inch to one and one-half inches in diameter. Judge Eaton, of Ottawa, Ill., notes, in an article on the history of the Irish potato, a fact which many farmers have observed, despite the assurance by scientists that "mixing in the hill is impossible." "A curious fact connected with the growth of the Irish potato, and which most farmers have no doubt observed, is that they will hybridize in the hill. Plant a red and a white potato in the same hill, or so near together that their bearing tubers will intertwine, and part of the tubers of either plant are liable to be marked with red and white patches, or one-half may be red and the other half white. This is an interesting field for the investigation of some one inclined to the work."

In order to have successive crops of green food for stock small pieces of ground should be sown at intervals for that purpose. Some sections will not produce grass in abundance, but such difficulty may be avoided by sowing peas and oats mixed, mustard, radish, cabbages, kale, or anything else that comes early. Though the quantity may not be large, the green stuff will answer for a change of diet, and serves an excellent purpose in that respect.

The orchard should be cultivated at least eight years, or till it comes well into bearing in any local crop, or sown to buckwheat and let fall back on the ground; care should be taken not to plow too near or too deep near the trees; when you seed use red clover. It is advisable to shorten in the branches two-thirds the last year's growth, for the reason that the tree has lost roots in being taken up, and that equalizes the top and root.

Dr. Gilbert, of England, the long-time associate of Sir J. B. Lawes in the Rothamsted experiments, thinks the clover failure in this country, generally attributed to insects, is really due to clover sickness—condition of the soil in which clover refuses to grow. He believes the insects which are generally credited with the failure only come in because of the feeble growth of the plant. This opinion, coming from a high authority, is worth investigating.

Wool waste from the shoddy mills in Franklin, Mass., is used and valued quite highly for agricultural purposes. It is composed of the short fragments and fine dust gathered under the machines that prepare the most valuable portions of the wool for use in manufactures. The waste from the scouring mills is quite another substance, containing a large percentage of potash, we believe, while wool waste is valued chiefly for its nitrogenous elements.

Mr. John G. Lemmon has reported to the California Academy of Sciences the discovery of two or three varieties of indigenous potatoes among the mountain ranges along the Mexican frontier of Arizona. They grow abundantly in high mountain meadows surrounded by peaks attaining a height of 10,000 feet above sea level. The tubers were about the size of walnuts. Mr. Lemmon brought home a supply which will be carefully cultivated.

Andrew Burnett, of Wellesley, who raises considerable quantities of flat turnips for feeding to his milk cows, writes as follows: "When I grass down on well-manured lands the middle or last of August, I sow quarter of a pound of white flat turnip seed to the acre with the grass seed, harvesting the turnips after about three months growth. Two fifth seed is commonly used in raising turnips. I should use less than one pound of turnip seed to

the acre, if I were sowing nothing else at the time."

Fertile and Barren Soils.

The fertility of all soils depends on the quantity contained therein of those substances that are taken up by plants as food and converted into organic matter. No two soils are alike, for all soils are constantly augmenting or diminishing in quality, whether in complete fallow or occupied by cultivated crops. But very few soils are completely barren though they may be largely deficient in the greater number of essential substances that are completely assimilable. Sometimes a soil is fertile for a particular plant and barren to another, which may be illustrated in the comparison of clover with sweet potatoes, for crops of the latter are often grown on soils that are nearly sterile, while clover cannot exist unless under certain conditions. The finest and best sweet potatoes can be produced in that section of country drained by the Cape Fear River, in the counties of Bladen, Brunswick and Columbus in North Carolina, and yet the soil is not only complete sand but low and wet. The only fertilizer used is the leaves of the pitch pine composted with rakings and gathered around the farm. Clover is foreign to that region. It is now claimed that carbon is one of the prime factors of a fertile soil, despite the known fact that plants appropriate it from the air, and should this claim be satisfactorily demonstrated it will cause a revolution in our methods of using fertilizers. At present it is scarcely allowed a place in the list of ingredients and possesses no commercial value at that account whatever.

Sand and clay are not in themselves valuable food for plants, but rather mechanical in action. All soils possess them, with traces of iron and magnesia, as well as a small proportion of organic matter; but fertile soils must contain phosphoric acid, potash, lime and a large amount of organic matter. There is a long list of compounds known to be present in a fertile soil, the quantities, however, being small and varying, and in composition according to the character of rocks of which they were originally a part, the chemical character, however, being modified by time, disintegration and the action of surrounding substances and additions, which, though changing them in structure, do not destroy them.

A fertile soil can be deprived of the whole or a part of its fertility by particular crops. It can be rendered deficient in nitrogen and yet remain rich in potash, or it can be deprived of potash and yet contain lime. Soils are affected also by the methods of cultivation, manner of manuring and by droughts. A sterile soil can generally be rendered fertile by cultivation without the use of manure, for constant exposure to heat and moisture causes the earth to gradually form and give off particles of matter suitable for some indigenous weed, which, when plowed in, assist to furnish nourishment to a more numerous family, until, by a continued process of green manuring the land can be put to use. As such a method is slow, however, the use of lardyard manure and the covering under of green crops grown especially for the purpose is cheaper and quicker. The question with our farmers at present is how to keep up the fertility of soils with the least expense rather than that of attempting to work those that are barren. Good barnyard manure, as a general thing, contains all the elements of fertility, and it should never be omitted from its place in the list as the chief reliance for success, for, say what we will, in favor of commercial fertilizers, there can be nothing urged by any one to give them the preference, though when used with the manure the result is more satisfactory. The greatest difficulty is to procure a sufficiency of manure, but that which is usually made on well-regulated farms, together with the use of fertilizers and green manural crops, if rightly managed, will not only keep the soil fertile, but allow full crops and at the least cost.

In the *Columbian Journal* for January, 1856, is the following translation from the original Welsh of "THE CYCLE OF THE WORLD AND OF LIFE."

Poverty causes exertion; Exertion causes success; Success causes wealth; Wealth causes pride; Pride causes contention; Contentment causes war; War causes poverty; Poverty causes exertion. Exertion goes the same round as before.

The Diet of Children.

Permitting children to sit at table with their elders is the cause of a good deal of mischief and injury to their youthful digestions. A variety of dishes should never be permitted, and any attempt at wastefulness should be checked at once. Economy and self-denial can be taught at the children's table far more easily than at school.

The diet of children can hardly be too plain. If they require to be encouraged to eat by the administration of dainties, there must be something radically wrong somewhere. It is unlikely that that something is constitutional; more probably insufficient exercise is taken, or taken at wrong times, or the nursery is stuffy, or the bedroom badly ventilated, or the parents have forgotten that sunshine and fresh air are as necessary to the healthy life of a child as wholesome food is.

The want of cleanliness, or frequent use of the bath, is many times the cause of indifferent appetite in children. Without cleanliness of clothes and cleanliness of person you cannot have healthy children. Without this the young blood seems poisoned, the child has neither buoyancy nor heart, appetite is depressed or absent, and he grows up as pale and poor as a sickly plant.

Indigestion is another cause of dyspepsia. It is had enough to engage the body which has attained its full development in a tight dress, but it is ruinous for a child to be clothed in tightly-fitting garments. Every organ of a child's body requires room to grow and expand; if it be in any way compressed, the circulation through it becomes lessened, and it is therefore sickly and rendered weak.

Tightness, therefore, of any portion of a child's clothing ruins not only the organ directly underneath the constriction, but indirectly those at a distance from it, for no damming up of the circulation can be tolerated by nature. Tightness round the waist in children and young people is the cause of many cases of dyspepsia, and in a lesser degree so is tightness of the neckerchief, by retaining the blood in the brain. Have your children's clothing loose, then, if you would see them healthy and happy. See, too, that at night they sleep not on feather beds, and that though warmly they are not heavily clothed.

Children should be fed with great regularity day by day. The parents, having chosen the hours for dinner, breakfast and tea, ought to see that the times are strictly adhered to.

Irregularity in meal hours, and times of getting up in the morning and retiring to bed at night, is not only prejudicial to the present health of a child, but it teaches him habits which are greatly against his chances of success in after-life.

I need hardly speak here about the quality of the food that is placed before a child; against indigestible or too rich food, against scraps and spices of all kinds, including croutets; against heavy foods of the pancake, dough and dumpling kind, against unripe fruits, against too hot soup, against strong tea and coffee, or beer, or against over-much butchers' meat.

Pray, mothers do not forget that an interval of rest should ensue between the meals you give your children, and do not ruin their young digestions by cramming them with cake, or bun, or sweets of any kind. To do so is worse than cruel, it is a sin, and a sin you are but little likely to commit if you truly love them, and really wish to see them grow into strong and healthy men and women. Tarts and sweets and confectionery would be bad enough in all conscience for children, even if they were always pure and unadulterated. But they are too often positively poisonous. Feed on plain and wholesome food regularly from day to day, permitting no stalling between meals, and not forgetting the benefits which accrue from frequent changes of diet more especially as regards dinner. Do this, and your children will live to bless you; do otherwise, and expect to see them sickly, with veins and arteries possessing no resiliency, with mucous membranes pale, flabby, pipes of lungs that the accident of a slight cold is sufficient to close, muscles of limbs so weak that exercise is a penance instead of a pleasure, and flesh so unwholesome that a pin's prick may cause a fester, and all this because the blood is impoverished through errors in diet.

The Church Temporal.

Short Rules for Young Christians.

1. Never neglect daily private prayer and when you pray remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayers. (Heb. 11: 6.)

2. Never neglect daily private Bible-reading; and when you read remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what he says. I believe all tract-reading begins with the neglect of these two rules. (John 5: 39.)

3. Never profess to ask God for anything you do not want. Tell him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you; and then ask him, for Christ's sake, to forgive you what you are, and to make you what you ought to be. (John 4: 24.)

4. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What have I done to-day for him?" (Matt. 5: 13-16.)

5. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it. (Col. 2: 17.) If you cannot do this, it is wrong. (Rom. 14: 23.)

6. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that, because such and such people do so and so, therefore you may. (2 Cor. 10: 12.) You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?"—and strive to follow him. (John 10: 27.)

7. Never believe what you feel if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true if God's Word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar." (Rom. 3: 4; 1 John 5: 10, 11.)—*Brownson North.*

Modern Skepticism.

Dr. Schaft, in his first volume of Church History, devotes some pages to the direct consideration of modern skepticism. The following extract will show the author's views as to the manner and spirit with which honest skepticism ought to be treated. He says:

There are two kinds of skepticism: one represented by Thomas—honest, earnest, seeking, and at last finding the truth; the other is represented by the Sadducees and Pontius Pilate—superficial, worldly, frivolous, indifferent to truth, and ending in despair. With the latter "even the gods reason in vain."

But honest, truth-loving skepticism always deserves regard and sympathy, and demands a patient investigation of the real or imaginary difficulties which are involved in the problem of the origin of Christianity. It may be more useful to the Church than an unthinking and unreasoning orthodoxy. One of the ablest and purest skeptical critics of the century (De Wette) made the sad but honorable confession—

"I lived in times of doubt and strife. When childlike faith was forced to yield, I struggled to the end of life. Alas! I did not gain the field."

But he did "gain the field" at last, for a few months before his death he wrote and published this significant sentence: "I know that in no other name can salvation be found than in the name of Jesus Christ, the crucified; and there is nothing loftier for mankind than the divine humanity realized in him, and the kingdom of God planted by him." Blessed are those who seek the truth, for they shall find it.

Shake Hands.

Shake hands with somebody as you go out of church. The more of it the better, if it is expressive of real interest and feeling. There may be a great deal of the spirit of the gospel put into a hearty shake of the hand. Think of St. Paul's four times repeated request, "Greet one another"—after the custom, then in common use, and one which is expressive of even warmer feeling than our common one of handshaking. Why not give your neighbors the benefit of the warm Christian feeling that fills you to your finger tips, and receive the like from them in return? You will both be benefited by it; and the stranger will go away feeling that the church is not, after all, so cold as he had thought it to be.

Seven Dead Men.

A Strange Legend of Venice. There is a story current among the gondoliers and fishermen of Venice. There were six men fishing once in this "Valle" of the Seven Dead. They had with them a little boy, the son of one of their band. The boy did not go fishing with his father, but stayed behind to

take care of the hut, and to cook the meals for the men when they returned. He spent the nights alone in the cabin, for most of the fishing was done between sunset and sunrise. One day the dawn was beginning across the water, the men stopped their fishing and began to row home with their loads as usual. As they rowed along they met the body of a drowned man going out to sea with the tide. They picked the body up and laid it on the prow, the head resting upon the arm, and rowed on slowly to the hut. The little boy was watching for them, and went down to the edge of the canal to meet them. He saw the body of the seventh man lying on the prow, but thought he was asleep.

So when the boat came near, he cried to his father, "Breakfast is ready; come along!" and with that he turned and went back to the hut. The men followed the boy, and left the dead man lying on the prow. When they had sat down the boy looked round and said:—

"Where is the other man? Why don't you bring him in to breakfast, too?"

"Oh! I can't be here?" cried one; and then added with a laugh, "You had better go and call him, he must be asleep."

The boy went down to the canal and shouted:—

"Why don't you come to breakfast? It is all ready for you."

But the man on the prow never moved, nor answered a word. So the boy returned to the hut, and said:—

"What is the matter with the man? he won't answer."

"Oh! I said they 'he's a deaf old fool. You must shout loud, and swear at him."

The boy went back again, and cried:—

"Come along, you fool; the others are waiting for you."

But the man on the prow never moved nor answered a word.

Then the boy ran back to the hut and said:—

"Come one of you, for I can't wake him up."

But they laughed, and answered:—

"Go out again and shake him by the leg; tell him we can't wait till doomsday for him."

The boy went down to the water once more. He got into the boat and shook the man by the leg. Then the man turned and sat up on the prow, and said to the boy:—

"What do you want?"

"Why on earth don't you come? Are they all to wait till doomsday for you?"

"Go back and tell them that I am coming."

So the boy went back to the hut and found the men laughing and joking.

"Well! what did he say?" they cried. "It is all right," answered the boy, "he says he is coming."

The men turned pale and looked at one another, and sat very still and laughed no more. Then outside they heard footsteps coming slowly up the path. The door was pushed open, and the dead man came in and sat down in the boy's place, the seventh at the table. But each sat with his eyes fixed upon the seventh, their guest. They could not move or speak. Their gaze was fastened on the dead man's face. Their blood froze chillier and chillier in their veins, till, as the sun rose and flashed along the lagoon, there were seven dead men sitting round the table in the room.

A carpenter in Newport, R. I., who had put on a pair of house doers with the glass portion at the bottom, said to the indignant and protesting wife of the owner, "that is the very latest Queen Anne style, ma'am."

A gentleman who is no longer young, and who never was handsome, asked his son's child what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me? Why won't you?" "Cause I don't want to get licked," replied the sprig of a rising generation.

Even idiotic brains have been sometimes very clever at repartee. It was a celebrated Edinburgh professor who accused one of these unfortunate ones, rather unfeelingly, saying, "Weel, Jock tell me how long a person can live without brains?" "Ah!" said the idiot, "I dinna weel ken, sir, but how lang have ye lived yerse?"

Pawnbrokers have never been described as the pioneers of progress, although it must be admitted they are always ready to make an advance.

"Landlady," said he, "the coffee isn't settled." "No," she replied, "but it comes as near it as your last month's bill for board is."

Large quantities of hay have been shipped on the Union Pacific Railroad to feed the herds of cattle upon the Platte Valley ranges and in Western Wyoming, where the grass is snowed under. The trains on the Denver short line are compelled to run slowly by the numbers of cattle who take to the track on their way to find water.—Official returns for January in Michigan indicate that all kinds of cattle are in fine condition throughout that State. It is feared, however, that the wheat has been damaged by alternate freezing and thawing, or been "anothered" by late snow.

Kisses on Interests.

A father talking to his careless daughter said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother begins to express her surprise, go right up and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it would brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were a little girl she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now, and through years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kiss with which she roused so many hard dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more, and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright vanelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you some of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kiss will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late."

But they laughed, and answered:—

"Go out again and shake him by the leg; tell him we can't wait till doomsday for him."

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THE BRIGHT REAPER.

I saw the years, like bright autumn leaves,
Fall on the frosty path of ages down;
And there an angel bound them up in sheaves
As one who gathers in the fields alone,—
As one who gathers quietly and sings
A song that all the hush with music thrills.
While breezes low waft summer from their wings
And twilight listens on the lonely hills.
Among the leaves the smiling spirit found
Words come as fair as sun and daisy form;
But there were some her gentle fingers bound,
That withered words and sere with rain and storm.
Then I was sad, because I knew that I
Had wasted in pity full many a precious year;
The angel paused in place at my sigh,
And, knowing all my thinking, said with cheer:
"Fear not! the future still shall bring the leaves,
And if thou keep them—but sweet and fair,
Then will I sift the withered from my sheaves,
And place, instead, the bright and lovely there."
In what the angel said I was consoled,
I raised my head; her smile upon me beamed.
She passed; I stood as one who in the cold
Awakes, and misses some sweet thing he dreamed.

The Heiress.

Madge Lambert gave a vexed little toss of her head—a gesture intended to be awfully annihilating to Mr. Rupert Chessington, standing on the lower step of the piazza of the Sea Spray House.
"Very well! Go, of course, Mr. Chessington, if you prefer; but really I think it is too bad of you!"
"Of course it is too bad," added pretty little Miss Ballery, "when you know that to a dozen young ladies stopping at the Sea Spray there are only such a few gentlemen. I know what the trouble is. You're tired of all of us, and you are reserving your forces until the much talked of heiress arrives."
"I am afraid I shall have to incur an awful risk contradicting a lady," said Chessington, good-naturedly.
Haughty Madge Lambert flashed him a half indignant, half sarcastic glance from her black eyes.
"And then, when she has arrived, I dare say Mr. Chessington will suddenly lose all his wonderful interest in his solitary boat rides and fishing excursions, while we ladies get through the day as well as we can, for loneliness Mr. Chessington, you're selfish."
"Well, yes—rather, if always wanting the best of everything concerned is what you call selfish," he said, pleasantly. "But I'll redeem my character by proving to you that which will doubtless set your heart at rest. I don't believe in your wonderful coming heiress and beauty. And I would commit hari-kari before I'd marry an heiress. There! Am I vindicated?"
He bowed and walked off toward the beach, where his boat and fishing tackle awaited him.
"What a lot of idiots a fellow comes across in the course of his life. Mary an heiress. Not if she were as beautiful as Venus, and every word she dropped was transmitted into a Kohl-nor!"
And then Mr. Chessington pushed off in his surf-boat, dashing and plunging through the breakers like a sailor fisher born and bred.
He rowed a mile or so out, straining to another fishing boat containing a couple of little barefooted boys of seven and ten, a tall, gawky lad of sixteen or seventeen, who was not a little dismayed at the momentarily increasing swell of the sea and the freshening south wind, and a young girl with wonderfully lovely gray eyes—grave, thoughtful, yet bright and flashing, as she looked at Chessington while he rowed nearer and nearer in response to a hail from one of the youngsters.
"You seem to be in a little difficulty," he said, as he laid down his oar and touched his hat courteously.
"The boat,"
"The boat seems to be a little demoralized. I think. There is no danger, is there?"
"If you had a man in charge who understood his business there would be no shadow of danger. If you will allow me to change place, with your pilot I will row you to shore. I am Rupert Chessington, of Chessington, n' Van Lawn, brokers, Wall street, a present stopping at the Spray House."
He touched his hat again, and bowed slightly and smiled—a frank, pleasant smile, that was received just as frankly and pleasantly.
"You are very kind, Mr. Chessington, and I will thankfully accept your offer. My name is Jessie Lane."

"She laughed as if the address of the mutual introduction amused her, and Mr. Rupert Chessington made up his mind, then and there, that she was the very nicest girl he had met in many a day.
"Well then, Joe, spring in here and row yourself to shore. You won't have any trouble to take yourself only, will you?"
The alacrity with which the overgrown lad changed from the Nellie to the Clytie was sufficient answer, and neither Chessington nor Miss Lane could avoid a smile at his expense, as Chessington seated in the Nellie, Joe rowed off for dear life in the other boat.
"I dare say he thought it was all right," Jessie said, apologetically.
"He had no business to think so, though. Shall I take you straight back, Miss Lane, or would you rather fish a while longer?"
"If you please, I will go back. Aunt Mattie will be worried about me, and if I should keep dinner waiting—"
She leaned contentedly against the side of the boat, trailing her hand in the flashing water, while the two children sat quiet as church-windows, watching Chessington with awe and admiration, as he pulled long steady strokes that sent them spinning along, while Chessington—
"She is the most sensible girl I ever came across. Pretty, modest, dignified, pleasant, with no sham reserve about her any more than too much freedom. And what a thorough lady she is! I know it as well as if I had met her a thousand times."
And Jessie, sitting so contentedly opposite him, her gray eyes dropped to the shining waves, thought—if ever there was a gentleman, in manner, speech and actions, it was this handsome stranger who was rowing her to shore.
"If you will tell me opposite which hotel I am to row you," he said, as after a most delightful hour's conversation, he rested on his oars and awaited her command.
She laughed.
"Oh, not at any hotel. I am stopping at one of the fishermen's cottages, about three miles further down."
Secretly Chessington was delighted at the prospect of continuing in her society.
"Yes, I know what you mean, I think. The place we call Glen Inlet?"
"Yes, And you can't imagine how lovely it is there—old fashioned, rather crowded quarters, to be sure, but with not the faintest vestige of anything like style or amusement."
"And you actually are boarding there, Miss Lane? Why didn't you come to one of the hotels? The Sea Spray, for instance, is a good house, and a pleasant company there."
Jessie laughed.
"Not I—I came to the seashore to enjoy myself, and get away from fashion and dress and such things."
"And you succeed in enjoying yourself?"
"Admirably—since five weeks ago. You are the first devotee of the world that I have seen since I came to Glen Inlet."
Her gray eyes sparkled mischievously.
"Is that really so?" he asked, looking at her. "I hope, though, you will not condemn yourself to such isolation any longer, at least from me. May I not join your solitary amusement? I promise to be most obedient."
A delicious, faint flush crept softly over her rare, pale face, as she laughed.
"I am not sure Ted and Rick will allow it. They are inseparable."
And she looked at the little barefooted.
Chessington gravely produced a handful of pennies, which he gave them.
"Now, young gentlemen, may I escort you and Miss Lane on a charming excursion I know of to-morrow?"
"I must make it conditional, then," said Jessie, gaily. "Please promise me you won't tell anyone that is anybody down at the Inlet, will you? Occasionally fishing parties come to arrange with Uncle Ben—horrible, isn't it? But I always contrive that no one sees me, for I am determined not to be drawn into fashionable society this summer if I can possibly help it. I don't want to see company."
"But you don't regard me as company?"
He looked with admiring, respectful eyes straight in her own, and that exquisite little flush warmed her face again.

"No, I don't regard you as company!"
After that it was all up with Rupert Chessington, and he went back to the Sea Spray, acknowledging that he was in love at last, and with an unknown, obscure girl, who, for other reasons than her dislike for society, or for pecuniary reasons, was summing at Glen Inlet.
He liked her all the better for it, too. He honored her for her sensibleness, and he was over head and ears in love with the dainty, gray-eyed golden-haired girl.
The next three weeks were the most blessed ones he had ever spent in his life. He appalled the souls of Miss Ballery and Madge Lambert daily, by his persistent neglect of them and their dear dozen friends.
He continued his solitary excursions—solitary till he came to Glen Inlet, where Jessie, was always ready to accompany him or entertain him, and he with him, until one day he told her he loved her dearly, and that it was the one wish of his life to have her for his wife.
And Jessie, with her lovely gray eyes shadowed with the tenderness of love and trust, unspeakable, looked in his handsome, eager face, and told him she had loved him from the moment he had rowed up beside her that summer day.
And as he took her in his arms, and imprinted a lover's ardent kiss on her warm scarlet mouth, and wrapped his arm about her supple waist, his heart gave great throbs of blissful thanksgiving for this blessing on him.
The rude piazza of the Sea Spray House was a bewildering, bright scene, with a half-dozen or so gaily-dressed girls standing in earnest conversation, chattering like magpies, as Mr. Chessington came leisurely to the house.
Madge Lambert tossed her pretty dark head saucily.
"There! Didn't I say Mr. Chessington would not fail to be on hand to greet the heiress? You men can't withstand such a golden temptation. Mr. Chessington, she has arrived."
"She! Who?"
Madge laughed sarcastically.
"There isn't the least use of your pretending not to know who I mean. Your indifference is charming, but not the genuine article. You know I mean the heiress we have been expecting so long."
Chessington smiled—a sort of pity coming over him as he remembered how lovely it is there—old fashioned, rather crowded quarters, to be sure, but with not the faintest vestige of anything like style or amusement.
"And you actually are boarding there, Miss Lane? Why didn't you come to one of the hotels? The Sea Spray, for instance, is a good house, and a pleasant company there."
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"But you don't regard me as company?"
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Home Economies.

QUAIL.—Quail are very nice to steam until nearly done, then roast in the oven to a nice brown, basting frequently with melted butter in water. Serve then on soft buttered toast.
CUP PUDDING.—A favorite cup pudding is made of six eggs, beaten very light, seven tablespoonfuls of flour and one pint of sweet milk. Stir these all together briskly and bake in cups.
LOBSTER PATRIES.—Cut a pint of lobster meat into dice and stir it into half a pint of cream sauce. Season with cayenne pepper, a little grated nutmeg and lemon peel to taste. Stir it over the fire until it is well heated then fill pate-shells with the hot mixture.
VENISON PATRIES.—Cut cold roast venison into dice, and heat about a pint of it in half a pint of thickened gravy. Or season it any way you choose and moisten it, then stir it over the fire until scalding hot. Fill pate-shells, and serve as hot as possible.
PREPARING CURRANTS.—To swell the currants for cakes, after they are picked and cleaned, pour boiling water over them and let them stand covered over with a plate for two minutes; drain away the water, throw currants on a cloth to dry them, and do not use until they are cool.
BROILED SWEET POTATOES.—Thinly pare large sweet potatoes. Cut them lengthwise into thick slices and broil them over a clear hot fire. When crisp and brown put them upon a hot platter, sprinkle pepper and salt over them and add butter cut into small pieces. Serve fresh and very hot.
SHRIMP SALAD.—Peel the boiled shrimps, and when thoroughly cold (those bought in cans are very nice) arrange them in a circle upon leaves of fresh lettuce. Pour a mayonnaise sauce in the centre and serve at once. Sometimes a tablespoonful of chopped parsley is added to the dressing for this salad.
PICKLED TONGUE.—A good-sized tongue requires to boil at least three hours. It is a good plan to soak it overnight in cold water. To cook it put it on in cold water and let it come to a boil. Some cooks change the water when it is half done; if this course is taken, be sure that the fresh water is boiling before the tongue is placed in it.
RICE BREAD makes a pleasing variety at the breakfast table. Take one pint of well-cooked rice, half a pint of flour, the yolks of four eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter melted, one pint of milk and half a teaspoonful of salt; beat these all together; then, lastly add the whites of the four eggs, which you have beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in shallow pans or in gem tins. Serve warm.
A Droll Trial of Memory.
Memory was a favorite subject with Macklin. He asserted that by his system he could learn anything by rote at once hearing it. This was enough for Foote, who, at the close of the lecture (Macklin was lecturing at the Great Piazza Room, now the Tavistock Hotel), handed up the following sentences to Macklin, desiring that he would be good enough to read them and afterward repeat them from memory. Here are the wondrous sentences:
"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie, and, at the same time, a great she-bear coming up the street paws its head into the shop. What was she doing? So he did and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Pic-ture of one from France, and stimulant an enlarged system of internal improvements. A canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi would be in order. Railroads should form a network of our varied geographical interests. The government should liberally endow with a fund all our water courses, thus affording constant employment for tens of thousands in repairing and remodeling the same. A navy and standing army should be of such proportions that they should be one vast workshop, interspersed with amusements, or else we may spring an issue with some foreign State, and this embroiled furnish employment for hundreds of thousands. Prolonged peace puts a people in a sorry plight. The fact is, it is a sort of a robbery Peter to pay Paul business, really a Kilkenney cut affair, eating one another up. Whereas, to be healthy from a national standpoint, we must feed as a people off some foreign substance. Collet de Herbois said, and he mimics and the Jollibies and the Gary-ries and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch-as-catch-can, till the gunpowder ran out of the heels of their boots."
The laugh turned strong against old Macklin; and the laugh has been echoed what an Eden of blossom and of odor, that royal prodigality of untrammeled life. The spot where a party of tourists had encamped themselves for the night was at the height of some three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea; and a glowing sweep of lowland country—yellow maize fields, orchards, villages, and gardens—stretched away league beyond league before them.
The party which made up this encampment consisted of four men—Northerners on a tour of pleasure and observation. Three were gentlemen of wealth; but the fourth—Jerrold Gray—was a dependent nephew of one of the rich trio. His uncle had educated him, and now, at the end of his collegiate course, had taken him on this tour. At its conclusion Jerrold was to choose a profession, and commence single-handed the battle of life. His uncle had a number of children; so that Jerrold could not reasonably expect to inherit anything, and his independence prompted him to decline further pecuniary aid.
Leaving his companions cooking the supper—in tripe-camp fashion, Jerrold strolled off to view the panorama that was stretched beneath the surrounding hill. As he stood listlessly leaning against a tree, he broke out into a chance song. He was really a fine singer, possessed of a highly cultivated voice, and sang with all the abandon of presumed solitude.
He did not see the bright, black eyes that were watching him, nor the dainty ears that were listening, both of which belonged to one of the prettiest and wealthiest heiresses in Louisiana. She sat on a splendid horse, and made a picture that, had Jerrold seen it, would have eclipsed the opposite landscape upon which he was gazing. She waited there, fascinated, and trusting to the shelter of the trees until he turned and retraced his steps.
But suddenly, in the very height of his song, his glance fell on her, leaning gracefully forward upon the saddle, and regarding him with a face of mingled wonder and admiration, that was so intense as to be comical. The tall bushes and branches half veiling her. Never could he forget the picture. His voice abruptly ceased, and the next instant he burst into a ringing laugh that was so joyous, hearty and irrepressible that it proved infectious, and catching by instinct the humor of the moment, she laughed very heartily. Then, as if frightened by such familiarity with a stranger, she suddenly became serious.
"I beg your pardon, sir, for listening," she said; "but it is so seldom we meet a human being out here on the hills, that you tempted me to listen."
Never had Jerrold looked upon a countenance that so fascinated him. The girl's dark hair, and a face on which there always lived a bloom, but to which there never moomed a decided color, appeared the very embodiment of health and vitality. But it was the wonderful mobility of the features that constituted their greatest charm; their expressions were as shifting and various as the atmosphere upon an April morning. Every mood and passion they reflected changed them into another face; now they were those of a blushing bride; now those of a simple child.
Before Jerrold could reply to the young lady, a gentleman on horseback rode up.
"So, Bertha," he said to her, "you ran away from me." And then, seeing Jerrold Gray, he bowed politely, and added: "It isn't often these wild hills are visited by strangers."
A brief conversation ensued, ending in a visit to the temporary camp. The gentleman introduced himself as Mr. Fenshaw, a planter of the neighborhood, and the girl as Bertha Fenshaw, his niece.
"Do you intend to remain here to night?" he asked, as he prepared to go.
"Yes," was the reply; "we are very nicely seeking pleasure, and we encamp wherever fancy dictates."
"Then I must insist upon receiving you at my house. You see it yonder," he said, pointing to a plantation residence dimly visible in the distant plain; "and, until then, good day."
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tion was intended for actual acceptance, the tourists decided upon the morrow.
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Had Jerrold Gray seen the pretty heiress, and known that he was the subject of her thoughts, he might have been more flattered, but scarcely more in love than he really was. Her room was arranged with all the simple taste of a well-bred girl. Her hanging bookshelves were well filled with the row of poets, their row of useful works. The neat little writing table, with its gilt inkstand, and its pretty, costly nick-nacks, stood in the window, and above it hung the cage of her pet canary. There was a piano, too, and a well-filled music-stand.
Upon all the rooms was the impress and evidence of womanly taste and neatness; nothing was grim, but everything was properly arranged. Above all, neither in books, pictures, music, nor on the dressing-room in the adjoining room, was there the smallest sign of "fastness," that almost omnipotent drawback to the charms of the young ladies of the present day.
But none of these things interested our heroine just now, and in the middle of her reverie she heard the arrival of the tourists, and the voice of her uncle welcoming them. Hastily finishing her toilet, she went down to the sitting-room, where she found the gentlemen in conversation. Perhaps it was natural enough that the two younger members of the quiet gravitated towards each other, and were soon in an easy conversational mood.
Later, Bertha showed the gentlemen, and all were so pleased with the congenial intercourse, that the tourists consented to spend a week at his house. The week was spent agreeable to all—a week of elysium to Jerrold and Bertha.
"Jerrold," said George Burton, one of the party, "you are getting desperately in love with this Southern beauty."
"Yes," was the frank reply; "I love her as I never dreamed I could love a woman."
"And does she return your sudden passion?"
"Yes, I am certain of that."
"Then you have spoken to her about it?"
"No, and shall not do so. She is rich—I am poor. I will never marry under such conditions."
The week ended, and the guests were about to bid adieu to their generous host. Bertha showed no special signs of emotion, but as Jerrold was about leaving her she said to him, "Sing to me something that will recall you to me."
He went to the piano, and without thought, the strains of Schubert's "Adieu" came into his mind. The passion of a lifetime was concentrated in its melody, and Bertha, hiding her eyes in her hands, listened, understanding his love and farewell.
They went, and time passed. The civil war broke out. Three years after his first visit, Jerrold Gray was in New Orleans, a Lieutenant in the Federal army. George Morton, too, was in the same regiment. When the army advanced to the neighborhood of the Fenshaw plantation, Morton proposed a visit to their former hosts; but Jerrold, for some reason, declined, and Morton decided to go alone. He found the plantation in a sad state, but the master as hospitable as ever.
"This house is like a tomb," said Mr. Fenshaw; "no more music, no more sounds of joy. That piano has not been touched for two years; the last thing played on it was the 'Adieu' of that young friend of yours. By the way, is he living? Have you heard of him?"
"Yes. Have you never had any suspicious about him?"
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"Yes; concerning your niece."
"Concerning Bertha—let me see. A light dawns in on me; do you. Have I been deceived? We fear she is losing her health and spirits."
"She is in love with Jerrold Gray."
Then Morton told him all that had passed; all his scruples; all his love; his resolve never to marry a woman so far above him in fortune.
"Come," said Mr. Fenshaw, "and repeat this to Bertha."
The three were in close consultation for an hour, and when Morton set out on his return, something of the old vivacity had returned to Bertha.
"Well," said Jerrold, when his friend returned, "have you seen them?"
"Yes."
"And is Bertha well?"
Morton looked grave.
"Yes," he said, "as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The fortunes of war have dealt hardly with her. She has lost every penny of her fortune."
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"You do not seem saddened by the ill-luck of the girl you said you loved," said Morton.
"No," replied the young man, "because she is not a lost cause. I can and I can offer her my hand without loss of self-respect."
Obtaining leave of absence, Lieutenant Gray started for the Fenshaw's on the following day. The uncle received him graciously—the niece with a joy that found expression in her lustrous eyes in the warm clasp of her hand, and in the very eloquence of her silence. Before his departure he told her his love, and her trembling lips had clung to his in a betrothal kiss.
They were married now, and happy, in spite of a piece of anti-marriage deceit on the part of the bride.
"Could you forgive me a great—a very great deception, provided it was intended to make us both happy for life?" asked Bertha, soon after the quiet wedding.
"Yes."
"Then listen to my confession. Mr. Morton deceived you when he told you that my fortune had been lost. He told me of your resolution never to marry a woman richer than yourself, and suggested the plan of inducing you to propose by representing me as penniless. I loved you so well that I couldn't refuse—and do forgive me, Jerrold."
A kiss settled it, and Jerrold laughingly acknowledged himself caught in "A trap to catch a husband."

Trap to Catch a Husband.

Sunset in the tropics. Sunset on the outskirts of a Louisiana forest—stately, solemn. What a chaos of noble color, what an Eden of blossom and of odor, that royal prodigality of untrammeled life. The spot where a party of tourists had encamped themselves for the night was at the height of some three or four hundred feet above the level of the sea; and a glowing sweep of lowland country—yellow maize fields, orchards, villages, and gardens—stretched away league beyond league before them.
The party which made up this encampment consisted of four men—Northerners on a tour of pleasure and observation. Three were gentlemen of wealth; but the fourth—Jerrold Gray—was a dependent nephew of one of the rich trio. His uncle had educated him, and now, at the end of his collegiate course, had taken him on this tour. At its conclusion Jerrold was to choose a profession, and commence single-handed the battle of life. His uncle had a number of children; so that Jerrold could not reasonably expect to inherit anything, and his independence prompted him to decline further pecuniary aid.
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The best way to hang up a broom is to screw a large picture ring into the top of the handle.
To cure a bruise or sprain bathe it in cold water, and then apply a decoction of wormwood and vinegar.
To prevent the juice of a pie soaking into the under crust, brush the crust with the white of a beaten egg.
To take oil spots out of matting, etc., wet the spot with alcohol, rub it with a soap, and then wash well cold water.
To renovate black oil, sponge it with spirits of ammonia or alcohol, diluted with warm water, and press on the wrong side.
To remove stains from cups or other articles of tableware or marbledized cloths rub them with saleratus, either with the finger or a piece of linen.
To rid a room of the disagreeable smell of fresh paint let a pailful of water—in which a handful of bay has been placed stand in the room over night.
To remove ink stains from mahogany apply carefully with a feather a mixture of a teaspoonful of water and a few drops of nitre, and rub quickly with a damp cloth.
A Dishonest Debt.
"Yes, sir, I always pay my honest debts," declared an Arkansas gentleman of the old school, addressing an acquaintance.
"I am glad to hear you say so," exclaimed a merchant who overheard the remark. "You bought a suit of clothes from me some time ago, and you have persistently refused to pay me. Now you blow around that you pay your honest debts."
"I still declare that I pay my honest debts."
"Well, why don't you pay me for that suit of clothes?"
"It's not an honest debt."
"Why?"
"Because, when I got the clothes I did not intend to pay you. Consequently the debt is dishonest."

Recent Legal Decisions.
1. EVIDENCE — PRESUMPTION OF DELIVERY OF TELEGRAMS. 2. AGENCY—LOAN — RATIFICATION. The superintendent of a mine owner borrowed money at a bank to pay the miners, and executed notes in the name of his principal for the loan, and sent letters and telegrams to his principal at his residence in Cincinnati, advising him of what he had done. No replies were received from him. Upon refusal to pay the bank brought suit on the notes, and recovered judgment. The defendant appealed to the Supreme Court of Colorado, who also decided the case—Breed vs. First National Bank of Central City—in favor of the bank. The Chief Justice (Elbert) in the opinion said: "J. Greenleaf, in his work on evidence, said: 'If a letter is sent by post it is presumed from the known course in that department of the public service that it reached its destination at the regular time and was received by the person to whom it was addressed, if living at the place and usually receiving letters there.' This presumption has also been held to apply to telegrams. 2. The silence of Breed upon the receipt of letters and telegrams will, by presumption, ratify the acts of his agent. And it was proper to show, for the purpose of charging Breed, and as bearing upon the question of ratification, that the money borrowed was expended in his business and to his advantage."
FIRE INSURANCE—OTHER INSURANCE—AVOIDING POLICY. — A fire policy had a condition in it that the insured should not be entitled to recover upon it if he got other insurance on the property without the consent of the secretary of the company. Other insurance was taken out by the owner without getting the consent; but the policy, by reason of misrepresentation and because of prior insurance, was void. On the trial the company was beaten on its defense of the violation of this condition; the Judge deciding that there was no actual violation of the condition, and an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of Minnesota, which gave the company a judgment. The Chief Justice (Gillilan) in the opinion, said: "In the American Courts generally it has been held that conditions similar to that in question here were not violated if the contract for other insurance was either void or voidable; but we cannot yield our assent to such a construction of the contract. It involves a disregard of the plain objects contemplated by the parties to the contract when it was made, and to accomplish which the condition against other insurance was adopted. In this view we are sustained by the Federal, New York, Georgia, Louisiana and Canadian Courts."
FIXTURES—PERMANENT MACHINERY—CUSTOM.—An action was brought by certain creditors against the owner of land on which there was a steam engine and accompanying machinery, which were annexed to a building by the owner for permanent and habitual use in smelting lead ore and manufacturing it into pig-lead. In this case—Thomas vs. Davis—the Supreme Court of Missouri decided in favor of the grantee of the land. Judge Henry, in the opinion, said: "Between grantor and grantee of land, if the fixture is one to become a part of the realty, it must be so firmly annexed that its removal would involve the destruction, impairment or substantial injury to the freehold, and the manner of annexation would seem to be a material question. The offer, on the trial, to show that it was the custom to regard machinery for making pig-lead as chattels was properly ruled out. The intention in making the annexation to the freehold is to be determined by the consideration of the character of the annexation, and its appropriation and adaptation to the use or purpose of that part of the realty with which it is connected."
MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—DURESS FORBIDDING MARRIAGE—MARRIAGE IN ANOTHER STATE.—A husband was forbidden to marry in the decree of divorce granted to his wife in New York. This part of the decree was made under the express provisions of a statute of that State. The husband, however, contracted a marriage in Philadelphia, having left the city of New York for the express purpose of avoiding the prohibition of the decree. He returned to New York at once, and lived there with his second wife. The validity of this marriage having been assailed—in a New York Court, the

Judge decided that it was void; but on an appeal to the New York Court of Appeals the decree in this case—Thorpe vs. Thorpe—was reversed. Judge Tracy, in upholding the marriage, said: "The marriage being a valid contract by the laws of Pennsylvania, it must be held to be valid here, unless it is contrary to natural law or the express prohibition of a statute. The provisions of our statute are penal in character and, therefore, have no effect outside of the State in the absence of express words showing the legislative intent to give them that effect, and no such words are to be found in it. This disqualification by statute upon a person convicted of felony to testify, is imposed as an additional punishment for the offence of which he has been convicted, and neither has any force or effect beyond the territorial limits of the State in which it is imposed."—*Phila. Record.*
Buddah.
Even in the full middle ages we find Marco Polo writing, "Had he been a Christian he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so holy and pure was the life he led." While in our day the professed opponents of his system, whether Catholic or Anglican prelates, Wesleyan or Baptist missionaries, agree in the judgment of M. Barthelmy Saint-Hilaire, one of its severest and least fair critics, that "with the sole exception of the Christ there is no more touching figure than his among the founders of religion," so entirely is he without spot and blemish, "the finished model of the heroism, the self-renunciation, the love, the sweetness, he commands." Nor, however doubtful many details of his life may be, is there any reasonable room for skepticism as to its main outlines? We know that, of royal lineage and heir to a throne, he gave up father and wife and children to become a religious mendicant, and that years of heroic mortification and fierce interior trial culminated in that great night under the bow tree upon the bank of the Nairnaji, when, as the Buddhist author expresses it, "he attained supreme enlightenment," and "alone worked the salvation of the three worlds and overthrew the whole army of the Prince of Evil." We know how he then entered upon his high task to preach the gospel of pity, to found a kingdom of righteousness, of which enfranchisement from worldly desires universal brotherhood, and spiritual equality were the great laws: to give light to them enshrouded in darkness. And to open the gates of immortality to men.
We know how during the forty years of his public ministry he went up and down the country watered by the Ganges, occupied like One greater than he, of whom he may without irreverence be deemed the precursor, in doing good, receiving all who came to him without distinction of rank or caste—his law, he was won't to say, was "a law of grace for all," but especially calling to him all that labored and were heavy laden, the poor, the sorrowful, and the sinful, who were above others dear to his pitiful heart. So much is luminously clear through the mists of fabled time. But in truth the fables are not less valuable sources of information regarding him than the facts themselves. It is a profound saying of Plato, and very pertinent to this subject, that poetry comes nearer vital truth than history.

Young Wives for Old Husbands.

By-the-by, a few years ago a friend loaned me a book containing the reminiscences of Henry A. Wise. In it he was out riding one evening with President Tyler, who informed him that he was going to get married to Miss Gardner. "Why," said Wise, "she is too young for you." "Not at all," replied the President, "I'm still in my prime." "That reminds me," continued Wise, "of an old dorky down in Virginia, who was generally consulted by his old master on any affair of importance to both. The old master was a widower, and when he got the consent of a young lady to marry him he communicated the fact to the old dorky. 'My Lord,' said Sambo, 'she is too young for you.' 'Not a bit of it,' answered the master; 'I'm still in my prime.' 'Yes,' responded Sambo, 'you are in your prime now, but wait till she gets in her prime, then where will your prime be?'"

