

SOME GENTLEMAN FARMERS.

It has been of late proposed to raise by public subscription enough to enable Mr. Kvaris to hold the office of Secretary of State without damage to his private interest.

Becher last year raised about 15,000 bushels of onions on his Peekskill farm. They cost him \$1.50 a bushel, according to estimate, and as the market in the city was \$1, any one can see how much he made.

Gough lectured five times a week, his fee being \$200. He has a farm at Worcester, which at one time contained 175 acres. He has no children, but his expenses are very heavy.

THE FIRST SHIRT-BUTTON.

Young Charley Overblower married about a month ago, and when he came home from his wedding tour, he and his pretty little wife Emma took possession of a charming flat uptown.

"Of course, why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said: "I can't remember for the life of me where I put those buttons."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau-drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton—be sure to get the white cotton."

Charley found in the top bureau-drawer a copy of Tennyson—he remembered it well, and picked it up and looked at the marginal marks and comments, dear affectionate little girl that she was!

"Thank you, dear," said Emma, and she began to stitch vigorously, humming a dreamy Italian air. Presently she said: "Oh, Charley,

THE FREEDOM OF SCIENCE IN AMERICA.

The quick and keen sense of self interest that gives such sagacity and energy to the business operations of this country, is equally propitious to the success of every art, every discovery, invention, undertaking and science, that involves in it any amount of practical improvement or power.

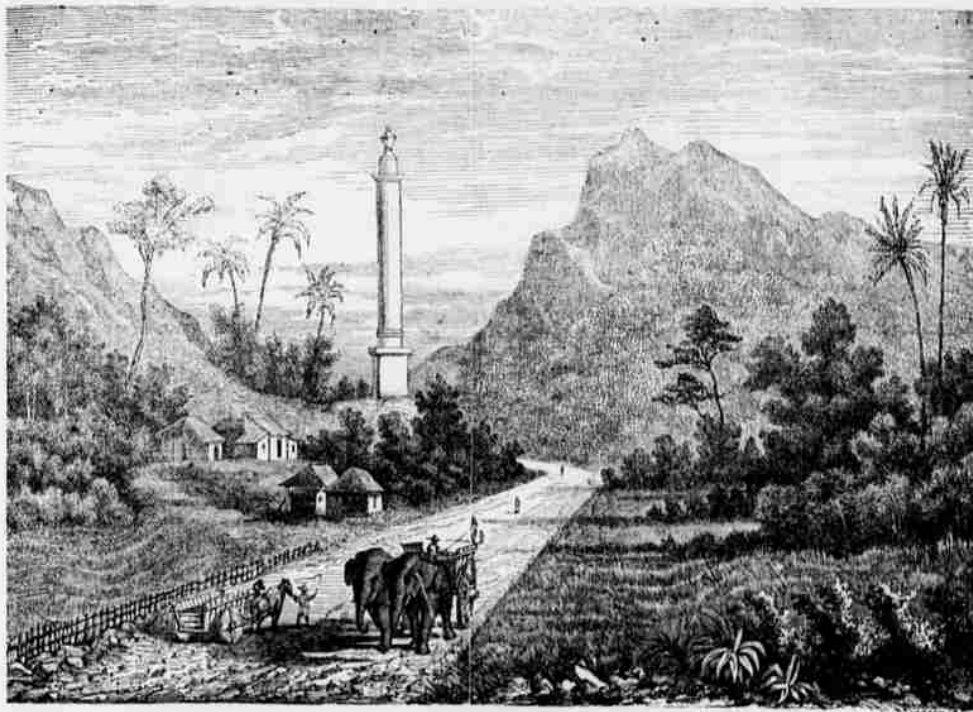
WOMEN IN INDIA.—Lady Anna Gore-Langton, who had recently returned from India, where she had been residing with her brother,

WHAT HE DID FOR HIS CALF.

We know that some of our lady readers have husbands who are so engrossed in thoughts of the care and safety of the fine stock they are breeding that they sometimes forget other important things.

THE ELEPHANT IN AGRICULTURE.

The elephant has something of a history in connection with the rule agriculture of the East. He is a great worker and is intelligent and tractable.



SCENE IN INDIA

the Shanghais did not cost more than \$75 a pair. The Cochins were a little cheaper, and bantams could be rated at from \$25 to \$40.

The scissars were not in the writing-desk, nor on the mantel, nor in the top bureau-drawer, nor in the case of perfume-bottles, nor even in the receiver; so Charley drew on his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissars, snipped the thread, and exclaimed, "There, darling! And now make haste, or we shall be late."

THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the king and clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished.

CHANGE FRITTERS.—Peel and slice three oranges and lay them in powdered sugar. Put to a smooth batter four ounces of flour, a salt-spoonful of salt, the yolk of a raw egg, and about a gill of milk, according to the amount of gluten in the flour.

won't you bring me the scissars? I think they're in my writing-desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper.

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Em," he cried, "where in thunder did you sew on that button?"

"Oh, Charley, ain't you ashamed!" exclaimed his wife. "Where are your eyes?"

"If they were in the back of my head, answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it."

The shirt was inspected thoroughly, and the button was found neatly and deftly sewed on just beneath the tag of the shirt bosom, so as to button to that appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove," exclaimed Charley, "if I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that, I wouldn't get married—I'd learn how."

"You were going to say you wouldn't have got married," cried his wife, putting on her hat hastily and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley savagely.

the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, Governor of Madras, recently delivered an interesting and instructive address on "The Social Condition of Women in Southern India." She said that Indian children were married at eight years of age. Native fathers considered it a disgrace to have single girls in the family and endeavored to get them married in childhood, but then they did not always go at once to their husband's homes.

WEATHER AND MAGNETISM.—Father Secchi, writing to a friend in Belgium, alludes in striking terms to the remarkable connection between the magnetism of the earth and the changes of the weather. He says that the variations shown by the magnetic instruments are themselves sufficient to indicate the state of the sky.

in the high-wheeled cart which they draw behind them. How puny beside these working monsters seem the noble animals which do most of our farm labor.

Following the thought suggested by the engraving, we have gone to our books to ascertain what has been done with the elephant in Eastern agriculture. We read in Martin's Natural History that the elephant when once tamed becomes, partly from his docility, intelligence and affection for the human race, a most useful animal.

Dr. George Schweinfurth, in his late work, "The Heart of Africa," says that animals which have come down to us prove beyond a doubt that the African elephant was employed as a domestic animal. The state of torpor into which all the nations of the northern part of Africa have fallen since the fall of the Roman empire, is sufficient explanation why the worth of this animal has been suffered to fall into oblivion.

A FRAGRANT.—The Rural New Yorker says: The old gardener who sells plants of the wild green or cat briar (Smilax rotundifolia), which he digs up about the old fields in the suburbs of Jersey City and Hoboken, and then calls California climbing-roses, is again about town. We met him yesterday with a good supply in his arms.

KINDNESS is a profession which has produced few among the most illustrious, many among the most despicable of the human race. As in our days they are educated and treated, he is deserving of no slight commendation who rises, in moral worth, to the level of his lowest subject; so manifold and so great are the impediments.—Lander.