

TRODDEN FLOWERS.

There are some hearts that like the loving vine,
Cling to unlovely rocks and raised towers.
Spurts that suffer and do not repine—
Patient and sweet as lowly trodden flowers,

A THANKSGIVING HYMN.

On a little child, like me,
That the Father bring!
Yes, oh yes! be good and true,
Patient, kind in all you do;

RELIGION AMONG THE EARLY MINERS.

While the rough element in California society
Was large from the first, there were among the
Primitive settlers here many devout and God-

One pleasant day, while divine service was
In progress, there rode into camp a small party
Of splendidly mounted men, who, proceeding to
The log hut that served for a meeting-house,

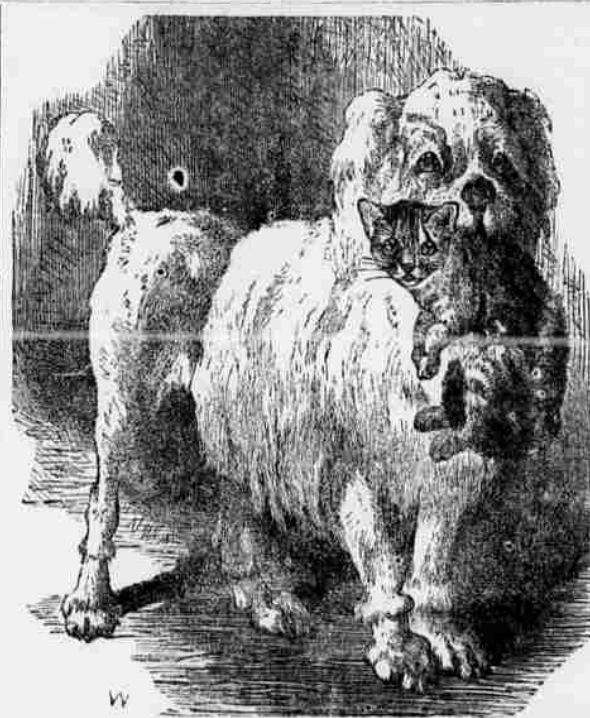
Much more of like purport might be related
Tending to show that the community was not
All ungodly in those early times.—H. D., in
Scientific Press.

A TEACHER, BUT NO SCHOLARS.—During the
Past summer a school in a district in the
Town of Ives, Cayuga county, was attended by no
Teacher without a scholar being present.

REPUTATION AND CHARACTER.—Reputation
and character are two things which must never
be confounded. The one is external the other is
internal. The one is determined by what other
people say of us, the other is our inmost and
real self.

"John, what is the chief branch of education
in your school?" "Willow branch, sir; master's
used up nearly a whole tree.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat? Because
it is first cradled, and then thrashed, and finally
becomes the flower of the field.



FIDO AND THE NAUGHTY PUSSY.

CRYING BABIES.

There it goes again, cry! cry! cry! from
morning to night. I do declare the child never
gets tired crying.

"Oh! let the child alone," says Grandfather.
"Will do him good to cry, he likes it."

Yes, that's the point, thinks I to myself. He's
been allowed to cry until it has become second
nature, and he does like it. This precious
youngster is on the shady side of three, too, but
he's Grandpa's pet and Mamma's darling, and
they are ready enough to shield him with,

"Our little fellow, he does not feel well, or
he's tired and feels cross." Now, if I had him
to deal with, I'd soon cross that propensity to
fret and cry (making everybody nervous and
miserable about the house). He can find more
things to cry about than any child I ever knew.

If you start to leave the room, it's "wait for
Willie." Then if you are in a hurry and get
the least in advance, in comes the cry. A fall
down, cry again. Still whimpering he picks up
the cat, pulls her tail, she scratches him; this is
good for a half hour's cry. Then to cry for
Grandpa's knife to cut pussy's tail off. It is
given to him for "conscience's sake." He cuts
his finger—now for a good hour's cry. At noon
he generally takes a nap; this prepares him for
the evening's crying. At night the last we hear
is the patient mother's, "Oh! Willie, what are
you crying for; what do you want?" etc. Oh! I
but wouldn't I like to apply those "few judiciously
administered spanks."

Now, in my humble opinion, there is no use
at all for a child to be allowed to cry and fret
in this manner. It can do the child no possible
good, but much evil, making it cross and
peevish, besides the trouble and vexation it
causes others. From my earliest girlhood I
abhorred a crying child, and the older I get the
more I am confirmed that a crying child is one
of the worst evils under the sun.

I had a little sister once. Our mother died
when she was but six months old. There was
a large family of grown brothers and sisters, but
some way I became nurse to the little one, child
as I was. I laid down the law—now, baby
darling, you must not cry. I hate crying
babies. I love you, and don't intend you shall
be one. I kept my word, I never let her learn
to cry. At first I would play at do-beep by the
hour to make her laugh. I remember often
calling to my brother, "Come Gie, help me to
keep Katie laughing. She wants to cry, but
I've got the laugh on top, let's keep it up." I
can truthfully say I was paid for all trouble by
the sweet, good child she was. And I believe
that any child can be taught that it is just as
easy to laugh as to cry.

We have a neighbor, a sweet little mother,
with three children. Having some business
with her, I made rather an early call. She was
not in, but I found her little Dot sitting on the
carpet in her night gown, playing with her shoes
and stockings. I said: "Where's mamma, Dot?"

Looking up through her curls, with blinky
eyes and rosy, smiling face, she answered:
"She gone somewhere; my mamma 'll come
back by and by, you wait, see! she'll come,
certain 'sure!"

What a pretty picture of love and confidence.
I sat watching this little happy two-year-old
until her mother came. I asked Mrs. C.,
"Does Dot never cry when you leave her alone?"
"No, indeed, was the quick reply, "that is
one thing I never allow my children to do; for
I believe it is an idle habit."

I went home feeling quite happy at finding
some one that could not only express my opinions
so boldly, but exemplify them so beautifully.

But I must stop, else some little mother will
get after me and retaliate by saying: "Oh, yes,
it's very well for girls to prattle about babies.
They don't know anything about babies. Old
maid's children are always perfection," etc.—
Rock River in Pacific Rural Press.

HOW SHE MARRIED A FARMER.—Mock nar-

riages for the fun of the thing sometimes turn
out not to be the joke they were supposed to be.
A Miss Clara Manning, of Brooklyn, and a Mr.
Brundage, of Unionville, in New York State,
at a social gathering in the house of the latter,

last August, went through this joke to her, but,
as he now claims, reality to him. He says he
meant it, and she says she did not mean it.
The marriage service was read to both by a
minister, and both publicly assented to the con-

tract by the appropriate response. Mr. Brundage
procured a certificate of the fact that the
parties had been united in wedlock according to
the laws of that State. The step-mother of the
unwilling bride applied to the clerk of one of
the courts of Brooklyn to know what could be
done about it; and the clerk, after ascertaining
the facts advised that the bride should accept
the situation and make the best of it, especially
as Mr. Brundage was a substantial farmer who
understood "the management of pigs and cows,"
and was "a much better match than some city
swell who carries his fortune on his back."
Whether such a marriage is valid in law is a
question for the courts to decide. The lesson
is that, if the parties do not mean the thing,
they had better keep clear of the form. If they
go through the form the presumption of law is
that they mean it.

HOW TO MAKE PARISIAN COPYING INK.—The
best kinds of copying ink are, as is well known,
prepared by adding a percentage of alum, sugar
and glycerine or salt to the extract of logwood.
Such inks have a violet tint, and gradually
become blacker on paper. The copy is, however,
very pale at first, and is often indistinct. The
Parisian copying ink is distinguished from the
common kinds by its appearance, more or less
yellow in a liquid state, and by producing a
distinct bluish black on paper. It has the additional
advantage of preserving its fluidity, while
the common kinds soon thicken. Prof. Gintl
recommends the following method of preparing
an ink which has all the advantages of the
Parisian: A strong solution of logwood extract
is treated with 1% of alum, and then with as
much lime water, so that a permanent precipitate
is formed. Some drops of weak chloride of
lime are then added so that a perceptible bluish
black color is attained, and hydrochloric acid
is added by drops till a red solution is obtained.
A little gum is then added with 0.5% of glycerine.

WOMAN-FARMING.—Not many months ago,
in western England, the Royal Agricultural
Society gave the first prize for the best cultivated
farm of over 150 acres to Mrs. Birch, of
Stand Farm, near to Liverpool, and the prize
was emphasized by declaring that they believed
the best farmer was he who made the most
money in growing the most food. The judges
added: "We do not know a better definition of
good agriculture, nor a better illustration of
that definition than is furnished in Stand
Farm." We must score a bravo, broad mark
for Mrs. Birch and woman farmers none the less
because the lady in question has the aid of one
or two helpful sons.

VELOCITY OF VIBRATIONS IN EARTH.—Gen.
H. L. Abbot gives an account of his series of
experiments to test the rate at which tremors
from explosions are transmitted through the
earth. He stated that for one mile through
drift formation a severe shock gives a velocity
of about 8,500 feet per second. The rate for
the great Hallett's Point (Hell Gate) explosion
was about 8,500 feet per second for the first
eight miles and about 5,500 feet per second for
the first 13 miles. These estimates enormously
exceed those reported by Mr. Mallet some years
ago to the Royal Society, the highest velocities
obtained by him being not over a third of the
lowest and a fifth of the highest noted by Gen.
Abbot.

GUNPOWDER AND COAL.—The amount of gun-
powder consumed in the working of coal con-
stitutes an important element in the cost. It
has, says the Investors' Guardian, been estimated
at one pound weight to the ton.

BESSIE.

I knew two pussy cats who lived under the
barn. One was gray, with a great long tail,
and the other was nearly all white, and she
was very soft and warm-looking, although she
didn't have such a long tail as the gray pussy
cat. But there was one thing about these kitties
that Bessie didn't like. They were just as
afraid of her as they could be. The morn-
ing after the little girl came to the farm for her
summer vacation, she saw these two kittens
washing their faces in the front yard, but the
moments she called "pussy pussy," away they
ran, with their tails standing right up straight,
and wiggled through the hole under the barn,
and although Bessie went down on her knees
and looked into the dark hole, and said,
"Pass, pass," she could see nothing but four
bright eyes winking out at her.

"The boys have worried the life most out of
those kittens," the farmer said, "and they are
wild as hawks."

"But I'll make them love me," said Bessie.
"They'll both sit in my lap in a little while."
"No, they won't," laughed the farmer, "but
I'll give you a week, and if you can tame them
by that time, you shall have them both for
your own."

The next morning Bessie took her patchwork
and a saucer and milk and went out by the big
barn door. She put the saucer carefully down
near the kitten's hole, and then sat on the step and
went to work on grandma's quilt. This quilt
was to take 1,500 squares, and Bessie was on
her fourth square after three weeks' hard work.

By-and-by a soft little gray nose poked itself
out of the hole, but when the bright eyes saw
Bessie sitting there, back popped the head
again. Then a little white nose appeared.
There was the saucer of milk, and there was
Bessie too, but she sat very still and made be-
lieve she didn't see anything. So the black
pussy came out, and then the gray pussy too,
and walked along very softly and drank the
milk till the saucer was dry, but still Bessie
didn't move, and the pussy cats began to think
she wasn't a little girl at all, and sat down and
washed their faces and had a run and tumble
around Bessie's feet. But the patchwork drop-
ped on the white kitten's back, and away they
scampered, and most squeezed themselves to
pieces as they both tried to get through the
hole at the same time.

But, the next day, Bessie held the saucer of
milk in her lap, and by-and-by the white pussy
came, and then the gray one too, and
they were so hungry that they let Bessie pat
them as they drank the milk, and at the end of
the week they loved the little girl so much that
when the boys chased them they would run to
Bessie, climb into her lap, and cuddle out of
sight under her little white apron.—N. Y. Tri-
bune, Jr.

CHAFF.

A New York firm hung out a sign reading,
"In God we trust—everybody else cash."

In Eve had only been habited in the fashion-
able pullback she would never have reached an
apple.

The Russian eagle had two heads when this
war began. He now has three. The Turk put
another head on him.

The New York woman who had a tree photo-
graphed on her by lightning has applied for a
patent on it as a trade mark.

A French lady recently found a one-thousand
franc note in an old chignon, and now a great
many people are scratching their heads to see
what they can find.

GOVERNOR VAN Jandt, of Rhode Island has
offered the Government the troops of that
State. If accepted they will be sent west on a
hand car.

Miss Mary J. Happy, of Cortland, has been
made Sad by marrying a man of that cognomen.
But then when she gets over her first little
Sadness she will be happy again.

The Haverkye thinks "the great objection to
codfish is its "foreign accent." What does it
mean by foreign so?" The rest is plain enough.
Graphic.

VALENTINE BAKER, phawout of the British
army for insulting a lady, has been Pasha-d
into the Turkish army and received "honorable
mention."

HUBER, a wife-beater on the Ohio, was re-
cently drowned seven or eight times by his
neighbors. There are some in this city that
ought to be.

AN indiscriminate slaughter of dogs is threat-
ening. All right, but remember that every dog
killed leaves several hundred fleas to be cared
for and amused.

POOR Popp, he is now being tried in Bavaria
for marrying a grass widow in Ohio, and they
have to try him by Ohio laws. Nice prospect
for a speedy trial.

"What's the name of your cat, Henry?"
inquired a visitor. "His name was William,"
said the host, "until he had fits, and since then
we have called him Fitz William."

"If you can't keep awake," said a person to
one of his hearers, when you are drowsy, why
don't you take a pinch of snuff?" "I think,"
was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put
into the sermon."

It was a strange sight in the nineteenth cen-
tury to witness seventeen widows following the
remains of one departed husband to the grave.
It was not a sad sight, but to an American citizen
it was as humiliating as it was strange.

INDESTRUCTIBLE old party.—"Conductor, why didn't
you wake me up, as I asked you? Here I am
miles beyond my station." Conductor.—"I did
try, but all I could get out of you was, 'all
right, but get the children their breakfast,
and I'll be down in a minute.'"

In requesting a waiter at Mansfield to pass
him the mustard, Mr. Secretary Sherman ex-
plained that he spoke for himself alone, and
did not wish to be understood as representing the
wishes or preferences of the President. The
mustard was then passed—the waiter stating
that the set, on his part, had no political signifi-
cance.