

WHAT COMES OF IT.

"Just sign this note for me to-day—
Please sign this note," says Almer Gray,
"I'm in great want of cash you know,
My funds have almost been so low.
The only small amount you see,
You've always been a friend to me,
Bill Jones has loaned a friend to me,
Bill Jones has loaned a friend to me,
That wants your name here, under mine,
This isn't a form—a rule he's made
(He says he's not the least afraid)
He knows I'll pay in twenty days,
I'm sure to make the rate."

I signed his note and had to say
When it came due, the very day
I paid another—I signed before—
And since that time a dozen more
I paid another for Timothy Page
And then went back for Henry Gray,
And now I'm left without a dime,
The home is gone that once was mine,
How changed it is—the business men
Don't seek me now as they did then;
They pass me now as they did then;
But seldom have a word to say,
I asked a favor of William Jones,
He uttered something in lowest tones;
I asked a loan from William Jones,
Who said to me another day,
I asked Tim Page for a half year note
And thought at that time I signed his note,
He answered no, I'm afraid to say,
And cold and hungry I went away.

The hard to be so very poor,
To beg for bread from door to door,
Now on a bed of straw I lie
Alone! Alone! I'm left alone!
How parched my lips! what awful thirst—
O had I dreamed of this at first!
O for a word of comfort now!
A hand to soothe my fevered brow,
'Twill soon be over—I'm very weak;
My eyes grow dim, I cannot speak.

A lonely grave—a shapeless mound—
Back from the grave yard might be found,
A solemn look—a dismal deed—
Where crickets, and the worms dwell,
A dreary spot, where brookwood grows,
An old retreat for cautious ones,
They council there—make rules and laws,
With sober cranks and solemn caws,
And sounds like those come from their throats
This life was wrecked by signing notes.

—H. W. Rice, in Rural Press.

GOING OUT TO FARM.

For several years past I have been acquainted with a fool. In order to relieve any anxiety which this admission may suddenly create in the public mind, I will add that the said fool is not a member of the family. He belongs to a different nationality, was brought up in a different State, and hasn't the least family resemblance. I have known this Fool (I use a big F this time) to sit on the bank of Detroit river, for a while day, watching for the water to all run out. I have known of his starting out to cut a saw-log in two with a pen-knife. I have seen him put his shoulder to a brick church and try to push the edifice over. He was recorded as a Fool in public documents, acted like a Fool—and had my sympathies until the other day. Not having seen him playing in the dust, or grinning at the lamp-posts for a week or so, I asked one of his brothers if Tom was ill.

"Oh, no; Tom is all right," he replied. "We made up our minds that he would never amount to anything around town, and so we sent him to the country to make a farmer of him."

His words didn't strike me dumb, for I have known many other fools (with big F's and little f's) to be sent out on the same errand. There was the case of Hinchman. He had been in the grocery business for 40 years. He knew enough to weigh sugar and tea, and to measure out potatoes, and figure-out the cost of two brooms at 25 cents each, but he didn't know much more. He was good-natured, quiet, and law-abiding, and might have died among his many herrings and faded clothes pines, if fire hadn't burned him out. His loss was \$464 and a cent or two, with no insurance, and he was a ruined man. No he wasn't, either. After reflecting that he was only 60 years old, weighed 105 pounds, and had muscle enough to lift a bag of bran, he concluded to rent a farm, do all the work himself, and come into the city again at the end of five years with money enough to start a bank. When I asked him if he knew anything about farming, he replied:

"Farming! Why, any one can go out and run a farm!"

Perhaps they can. But I kept track of Mr. Hinchman for a year, and I found that he didn't make a great deal of money. He didn't plant dried apples, but he sowed his corn broadcast, and planted his oats in hills and poked them. He didn't boil his potatoes before planting them so as to raise a crop ready for the table; but he did cut out and throw away all the "eyes," so as to raise smooth, nice, and symmetrical potatoes. He didn't sow any bran because he forgot it; but he sowed oats and wheat together, in order to get two crops off the same field at once. When I caught him in town one day he wouldn't admit that farming was a science, and that a good farmer must have the intelligence of a successful merchant; but I didn't care to argue with him. He was getting ready to build a few rods of rail fence, and was buying a step-ladder, to enable him to carry up the fifth and sixth rails. He died after harvesting his first crop, and when a crowd of us went out to the auction we found that he had been planting rutabagas under an old shed, where the poor things wouldn't get sun-struck or drowned out.

That case wasn't more singular than Blackstone's. He was a middle-aged, corpulent, heavy-voiced lawyer, and might have been a leading light at the bar a thousand years before I knew him. He had a consumptive son, a daughter with weak eyes, and a wife who could only get around on crutches. When Blackstone came into the office to advertise the fact that he wanted to lease "a modest, compact, elegantly situated, romantic-looking farm," I asked if he had had any experience.

"Do you think I'm a fool?" he roared, in reply. "I guess a man who has practiced law for 24 years, and who has been justice-of-the-peace, postmaster and assessor, knows enough to run a farm. I want rest and recreation, sir; and my family want rest and recreation, sir; and we'll take a farm, and rest up, and make

HIGHLAND CROFTERS' COTTAGES.

some money, and by and by return to public life.

I didn't argue with him; but I didn't forget to keep track of his case. He secured a farm and took possession. He trimmed the orchard out of season, and killed most of the trees. When he should have been sowing his wheat he was inventing a patent hen's nest, and when he ought to have been hoeing corn he was making a water-wheel for the creek to amuse his poor daughter. He was delighted when his corn shot up two feet high and grew no more, as it wouldn't be so much trouble to pick off the ears; and when wheat, oats, rye, and pumpkins were all growing together in one field, he wished he had only thought to mix in a few potatoes and cucumbers. He didn't plow his land as other farmers do, but set his stake in the center of the field and plowed in circles around it. The idea was original, the field looked more romantic, and he further explained:

"Nature has made every thing to work to a common center. There is a center to storms, to frosts, to seasons, to trade and finance, and why shouldn't there be a center to a corn field?"

There was a center—it was half an acre of mud-hole. Blackstone insisted that he gathered 15 ears of corn from that field; but lawyers always exaggerate about half, you know. The son died while trying to cut wood enough to cook dinner. The daughter got the idea, one day, that one of the cows had the headache, and she was bathing the poor creature's brow with camphor, when the animal strook her in the face with one of its horns and inflicted injuries which soon ended in death. Blackstone then went into stock raising; but, after a year, having collected together an old blind horse, an ailing calf, and his wife moved away in the night, and have never been heard of since.

Adam didn't know much about farming when he found himself and wife on the wrong side of the Garden of Eden, but he scribbled around and posted himself as fast as he could. He wasn't in for making money, but it was a question of bread and butter and vegetables. His ways have been improved on, and improvements are still being made; but it don't necessarily follow that because a man can mix hair-oil, hammer out a horseshoe, spout law, or pull a tooth, he can also take a farm and become a farmer.

Dr. Beech was remarking, last year, that he guessed he'd retire from the practice of medicine and pursue agriculture for a while. I didn't want to vex him; but while I was wondering if he'd sowed his seed corn in arnica to prevent the corn stocks from becoming weak in the back, and if he wouldn't administer chloroform to his cabbages to give them a quiet night's rest, he observed:

"What all the farming community is the fact that agriculturists are an extravagant set. Our farm nothing shall be wasted. Every animal and fowl with too great an appetite shall be toned down with medicine. Every one with a weak stomach shall be toned up by daily doses. There shall be bugs to eat the plants, grasshoppers to eat the bugs, fowls to eat the grasshoppers, and I shall eat the fowls."

He tried farming, and the sheriff ate him. If any reader has an idea that I am a farmer, he is mistaken. True, I once hired out to a farmer to split 100,000 rails in exchange for an old gander and a broken-down fanning-mill; but after splitting 15 rails I decided not to take advantage of an innocent man. I know a little of a boat, especially if it has a sign hung to it, and once in a great while I can tell a field of barley from a field of wheat or oats; but I don't ambush farmers on the highway, and make speeches to them on the rotundity of crops. There are some things about farm-work very pleasant to me. I like to sit in a rocking-chair on the veranda and see the boys digging in to save two acres of fresh-cut hay from a thunder-storm. I like to sit under the harvest apple-trees, load around the currant bushes, take my chances at the dinner-table, and give my opinion on a two-gallon jug of cider. Beyond these few things, agriculture is a mystery to me, and always will be. Certain of my friends have received written instructions to the effect that in case I became a lunatic, or my head gets soft, to keep a watchful eye on me, and to push me into the river the moment they hear me talk about taking a farm.—*M. Quail, in Western Farmers' Almanac.*

A PARAGRAPH FROM "LUCY MARIA."—"You ask how much I am learning. A great deal; and not only learning, but unlearning. I used to think, 'Oh, these rich ones, they don't have to work and worry.' Sometimes when I've been turning old dresses, cutting and contriving, I've said to myself, 'Now if I could only buy new, and save all this time for reading.' But these rich people have no leisure. Mrs. Calloun comes home from a forenoon's shopping as much worn out as mother is after a hard forenoon in the kitchen. High or low, all have their tribulations. Poor men's wives worry because the bread won't rise or the stove won't draw, or the clothes-line breaks, or the milk burns, or they can't afford to hire help. Rich men's wives worry because the preserver-dish is not of the latest pattern, or because somebody finds out how a party dress is trimmed before the party, or because their help 'sasses' 'em, breaks up tea-sets, spoils dinners, gets drunk, and runs up the sheets into underclothing. Causes vary, but worry averages about the same."

THE NEW DOLLAR.—The mints are at work on the new dollar and some of them will soon be coming. The following is a description of the coin: The obverse of the coin bears a free-cut head of Liberty crowned with Phrygian cap, decorated with wheat and cotton, the staples of the country; the legend "E Pluribus Unum"; 13 stars; and the year of coinage. On the reverse, surrounded by an olive wreath, is an eagle with outspreading wings, bearing in his talons a branch of olive and a bundle of arrows, emblems of peace and war; the inscription, "U. S. of America" and "one dollar"; and the motto, "In God we trust." This specimen, while it possesses all the requirements of law in design and superimposition, has been selected not only for the beauty of its design, but also for the exceptionally low relief of the devices, insuring protection from fraud.

BABY'S BELONGINGS.

What may the little baby eat?
Roses and milk!
Kisses and milk both warm and sweet,
These may the little baby eat.

What may the little baby wear?
Bonnet and silk,
Winniest smiles and glossiest silk,
Ribbons of blue, or white as milk,
Smiles that beam it to golden curls,
From the sole of the foot to the crown of the hair,
These may the little baby wear.

Soft is the little gambler robe,
Soft is the nightgown
That louches the pink curls they love,
The softest linen and wool,
Linen is cool and warm is wool,
And the baby's brown dresser is full
Of the finest linen and warmest wool.

Warm and soft is the blanket wrap,
Cool is the linen dress;
Warm is the silver pinner's cap,
Cool is the dainty white lace cap,
That the little hand both grips.

But whiter and softer, and pink and warm,
As silk or linen or wool, the form
That is not like a piece of fabric,
And baby herself in her pram,
Is prettier far, we all admit,
And sets it off most proudly.

A TASK FOR YOUNG MECHANICS.

It is time we gave our boys a chance to show what mechanical skill they possess beyond common whittling. Let them practice on the following plan of making a cheap and neat book-case, which has cost only a few dollars. The case consists of two end pieces and two shelves, with movable shelves between the two rigid ones. The two end pieces are one and a quarter inches thick, eight inches wide and four feet high. Four inches from the lower ends, a shell eight inches wide is nearly fitted into grooves in the end pieces, and six inches below the upper ends, the top is held in by other galls. Instead of nails, two large three-inch wood screws were driven through the end pieces into the end of each shelf. The shelves are eight feet long. Between the two end uprights, two other upright pieces eight inches wide are fitted between the two rigid shelves, thus dividing the space between the upper and lower shelves into three equal spaces or divisions. Screws are put through the shelves into the ends of the middle upright pieces. Those 16 screws hold the parts together with desirable firmness. The advantage of using screws instead of nails is, in case it were necessary to transport the book-case, the screws could be taken out, the parts tied together firmly, and the book-case would occupy but little space, and the varnish would be marred less. Before the parts were screwed together, galls were cut in all the upright pieces to receive the ends of the shelves. I employed a joiner's dado to cut the galls. A dado consists of a small plane somewhat like a rabbit plane, with which a small gain can be cut out and neatly, in about a minute. I made gains two inches apart in the upright pieces, so that the shelves between the two rigid upright pieces could be adjusted to suit large books and small ones. After it was finished, the surface was sand-papered, after which a heavy coat of boiled linseed oil was laid on evenly. After a few days, the surface was again sand-papered, and two coats of shellac varnish were laid on, which gave the wood a beautiful and glossy straw-color. The lumber employed was white pine, but boards of any other timber, such as chestnut, butternut, tulip, basswood, sugar maple, or oak of any sort, would look beautifully if sand-papered and varnished with shellac. Such varnish can be had prepared at most paint stores. In case shellac cannot be procured conveniently, use any other good varnish. I procured three boards about eight inches wide, and one board 16 inches wide, or nearly that width as could be found, all 16 feet in length. Hence the waste in making was small. I purchased 55 square feet, at five cents per foot, \$2.75. Sixteen wood screws, 16 cents. Oil and varnish, 30 cents. The labor, nothing, as the case was made when I would have been doing nothing else. A book-case with glass doors, that would contain as many books as this cheap affair, would cost \$60 to \$80.

CHAFF.

CRITIC (to artist).—"Don't you think that modern table is out of place in an ancient picture?" Painter of the picture: "They had modern tables in them days as well as now."

AN Irish baronet had so many rabbits on his property that he made candles of their fat. "And, to prove the fact," said he, "the moment a terrier dog came into the room, the candles immediately began to run."

"Is your master at home?" inquired a gentleman of the servant of the house at which he was calling. "No, sir," replied the man. "When will he be back?" asked the visitor. "Can't say, sir," said the man; "when he sends me down to say he's out, I can never be sure."

At the close of the sittings in the Illinois House of Representatives, the clerk read the following: "I am requested to announce that the Rev. Dr. McFarland will deliver a lecture, this evening, in the hall, on 'Education of Idiots.' Members of the Legislature are invited to attend."

"Do you know," remarked a rather fast Newark youth, the other day, to a stuttering friend, to whom he was slightly indebted—"do you know that I intend to marry and settle down?" "I don't know anything about it," was the reply, "but I think you had better stay single and set-tle up."

They have been engaged for a long time, and one evening, not long since, they were reading the paper together. "Look, love!" he exclaimed. "Only \$20 for a suit of clothes!" "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered. "It's a business suit." "Well, I mean business," she replied.

A GENTLEMAN took his little boy to a model farm to see the wonders of the place. After they had been there a short time, the little fellow ran crying to his father, being at the same time pursued by a big turkey cock, which was trying to get a piece of bread out of his hand. "What, my boy," said the father, "are you afraid of a turkey? Why, you ate part of one yesterday!" "Yes, papa," responded the little fellow, wiping his eyes, "but this one isn't cooked."

A HINT TO NATURALISTS.—Two processes of preserving fish from decay were detailed in a recent communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences by E. M. d'Amelio. The first process was as follows: The fish, whether raw or cooked, is immersed in a strong solution of citric acid in water. After two or three hours, the fish is taken from the bath and dried in the open air, or by artificial heat, the latter course being preferable. Fish so prepared will keep fresh anywhere for years. To restore its original flexibility, it must be steeped in fresh water four or five days. The other method consists in the employment of a bath of alliate of potash and glycerine, in equal quantities. The fish, the intestines having first been removed, is steeped in this bath for a day or two, washed in fresh water and dried slowly. By the use of this process the author has succeeded in preserving intact the color of the fishes and the eyes.

INDEMNITY.—"Want of employment is the chronic and incurable disease of modern society," says a recent writer. Yes; if it were worth while to be awake nights in order to think out the solution of any problem, it would be this: how to open doors of opportunity for men and women, boys and girls; or, rather, how not to obstruct their access to honest bread. Nobody can settle the question for everybody; but if each one would make room and work for those nearest, there wouldn't be much crowding.

A HOTELIER minister says that he has no doubt that the time will come when the members of a church choir will behave just as well as other folks.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER TO BOYS.

The current number of the *Sunday School Times* contains brief articles from the pens of President Hayes and the Governors of the original thirteen States upon the lessons which are afforded to the young by the life and career of Washington. President Hayes writes thus: "The only American whose birthday is generally known and widely celebrated—the Father of his Country—is remembered and honored throughout all the world for what he did and what he was. None of my young friends are likely to have an opportunity to do such great deeds as were done by Washington. But all of them will have an opportunity to be like him in character. They can have his love of country, his integrity and his firmness in doing right. To have such a character is better than rank, wealth or fame. It is a possession which cannot be taken away. As Webster said so impressively of a 'sense of duty,' 'It will be with us through this life, will be with us at its close, and in that sense of inconceivable solemnity which lies yet further onward' it will still be with us."

POSTAL TELEGRAMS.—The total amount expended on account of the English Postoffice telegraphs up to the 31st of March last, was \$9,845,278. The working expenses in the year amounted to \$1,228,315, and the revenue was as follows: Message receipts, private wire rentals, etc., as per business accounts, 1876-77, \$1,298,558; value of services rendered to government departments without money, \$13,846; extra receipts, \$15,911; as per telegraph appropriation account, \$14,549; old materials sold by office of works, \$27; waste paper sold stationery office, \$1,335; total, \$1,328,315. The expenditure is inclusive of \$23,000 paid to railway companies in respect of their telegraph rights, and \$11,000 paid officers of the late telegraph companies in respect of annuities, and also inclusive of arrears paid to railway companies in respect of message work and maintenance of the telegraph plant, whereby the expenditure proper to the year has been exceeded by \$61,790.