

A HINT.

Our Daisy lay down
In her little nightgown,
And kissed me again and again,
On forehead and cheek,
On lips that would speak,
But found themselves shut, to their gain,

Then, foolish, absurd,
To utter a word,
I asked her the question so old,
That wife and that lover
Ask over and over,
As if they were surer when told.

There, close at her side,
"Do you love me?" I cried:
She lifted her golden-crowned head,
A puzzled surprise
Shone in her gray eyes—
"Why, that's why I kiss you," she said.
—*Eclectic Magazine.*

WHISTLE AND HOE.

There is a boy just over the garden fence,
Who is whistling all through the livelong day,
And his work is not just a mere pretense,
For you see the weeds he has cut away.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

Not a word of bemoaning his task I hear,
He has scarcely time for a growl I know,
For his whistle sounds so merry and clear,
He must find some pleasure in every row,

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

But then while you whistle, be sure that you hoe,
For, if you are idle, the briars will spread;
And whistle alone to the end of the row
May do for the weeds, but is bad for the bread.

Whistle and hoe,
Sing as you go,
Shorten the row
By the songs you know.

STEP BY STEP.

"How nicely you do that, auntie," said a young girl as she took up the handsome piece of needlework. "I wonder if I shall ever be able to sew as neatly as that! Maybe I will when I am as old as you are," she added with a rather disagreeable emphasis.

"Maybe you will," said her relative, with a flush of color on her cheek, "if you practice while you are young."

Now, practice was just what Alice Vericoool disliked more than anything else in the world, and Aunt Mercy knew it, and while she listened to the praise of her giddy young niece, her thoughts wandered back to the days and hours she had spent in endeavoring to acquire her present skillfulness with the needle.

"Oh, I'd never have the patience to put in all those tiny little stitches!" said Alice, examining more closely the fairly-like garment. "Isn't it perfectly lovely?"

Alice was a girl of very strong desires and very lofty ambition. She longed to be a first-class prima donna, a distinguished pianist or artist, or anything else that would secure her the admiring plaudits and the laurel wreath. But as for climbing the ladder of fame step by step, or working gradually up to the coveted position, why, that never entered her silly head! She would not do it. She wanted the prize without running the race, and seemed to be in daily anticipation of some miraculous interposition in her behalf.

She was familiar with the story of Joan of Arc, of the Maid of Sargossa, and other historical heroines, and was so dazzled by the glory that shone around their grand achievements, that she failed to see the hard and thorny road by which they had attained that height.

It would be pleasant to have a staircase ready-made on which we might ascend, and take our places among the illustrious ones! But to be illustrious, one must be industrious, and it is a wise Providence that prevents the transmission of genius. "There is room at the top" for those

who have not only the talent, but the perseverance to continue climbing.

Alice Vericoool would not practice her music lessons because she was jealous of other girls who played better than she did, and there is no possibility of her ever being a fine performer. If, instead, she had taken council with herself, and determined to acquire skill by persistent application, had raised her standard and fought her way up to it, she would have done credit to herself and teachers, and have avoided hearing her father say as often as he did, "It is throwing money away to pay for Alice's tuition."

It is only by long practice that the marksman can hit the "bull's eye" with such unerring aim. You admire, and are astonished at his success, as you would not be could you count the number of his failures. His skill is not at all the result of accident, or the effect of a sudden inspiration, but there was much previous experience, the cultivation of self-reliance, the ambition to excel.

Step by step we win our way, as scholars, as teachers, into every position, that is worth having, or worth striving for; and if any of my readers are waiting, like Alice Vericoool, in the expectation of a reward they have not earned and are not entitled to, they will find, even should they live to be old, that they have made but little progress, and are not among those who have been crowned by fame.

FARM LABORER'S SONGS.—The songs sung by the laborer at the ale-house or the harvest home are not of his own composing. The tunes whistled by the plowboy as he goes down the road to his work in the dawn were not written for him. Green meads and rolling lands of wheat—true fields of the cloth of gold—have never yet inspired those who dwell upon them with songs uprising from the soil. The solitude of the hills over whose tops the summer sun seems to linger so long has not filled the shepherd's heart with a wistful yearning that must be expressed in verse or music. Neither he nor the plowman in the vale have heard or seen aught that stirs him in Nature. The shepherd has never surprised an immortal reclining on the thyme under the shade of a hawthorn bush at sunny noontide; nor has the plowman seen the shadowy outline of a divine huntress through the mist that clings to the wood across the field. These people have no myths; no heroes. They look back on no heroic age, no Achilles, no Agamemnon, and no Homer. The past is vacant. They have not even a "Wacht am Rhein," or a "Marseillaise" to chant in chorus with quickened step, and flashing eye. No; nor even a ballad of the hearth, handed down from father to son, to be sung at home festivals as a treasured silver tankard is brought out to drink the health of an honored guest. Ballads there are in old books—ballads of days when the yew bow was in every man's hands, and war and the chase gave life a color; but they are dead. A cart comes slowly down the road, and the laborer with it sings as he jogs along; but if you listen, it tells you nothing of wheat, or hay, or flocks and herds, nothing of old gods and heroes, nothing even of Phylis. It is a street ditty such as you may hear the gutter Arabs yelling in London and coming from a music-hall.—*London Standard.*

A LADY taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at table. "You've eaten eight; I've been counting!"

AN EXPLOSION THREATENED.—Small boy—Auntie, what's a torpedo? Auntie—Something that flows somebody up, my love. Small boy—Then are you a torpedo, auntie? Auntie—No, love. Why? Small boy—Because I heard uncle telling pa you were always blowing him up.

MAKING LUMBER FROM STRAW.

A person named S. H. Hamilton, of Bushnell, Illinois, has been in this city for two or three days past, with samples of lumber, which has attracted much attention among the lumbermen and which, if it possesses all the virtues that are claimed for it, is one of the most important inventions of its kind ever brought to notice. If it is a success it will form a new era in the art of building. To make hard wood lumber out of common wheat straw, with all effects of polish and finish which is obtainable on the hardest of black walnut and mahogany, at as little cost as clear pine lumber can be manufactured for, is certainly wonderful. Such are the claims of Mr. Hamilton for the straw board lumber which he has been exhibiting in this city, and the samples which he produces would go far toward verifying his claims. The process of manufacture, as explained by Mr. Hamilton, is as follows: Ordinary straw board, such as is manufactured at any paper mill, is used for this purpose. As many sheets are taken as are required to make the thickness of lumber desired. These sheets are passed through a chemical solution, which thoroughly softens up the fiber and completely saturates it. The whole is then passed through a succession of rollers, dried and hardened during the passage, as well as polished, and comes out of the other end of the machine hard, dry lumber, ready for use. Mr. Hamilton claims that the chemical properties hardening in the fiber entirely prevent water soaking, and render the lumber combustible only in a very hot fire. The hardened finish on the outside also makes it impervious to water. The samples which Mr. Hamilton exhibits could hardly be told from hard wood lumber, and in sawing it the difference could not be detected. It is susceptible of a very high polish, and samples of imitation of marble, mahogany, etc., were shown, which might deceive the most experienced eye. Not only does Mr. Hamilton claim a substitute for lumber in sash, doors and blinds and finishing stuff, but also as a substitute for black walnut and other woods in the manufacture of all kinds of fine furniture, coffins, etc., and also an excellent substitute for marble in marble-top tables, mantle pieces, bureaux, etc. He claims that it will not warp in the least. Mr. Hamilton is negotiating with parties here, with a view of establishing a manufactory in this city for making the various articles of building material for which his lumber is suitable.—*Oak-kosh, Wis., Northwestern.*

INTENSE cold and pressure develops paraffine in crude petroleum, and thus we find that the pipe lines of the oil region have become so clogged with paraffine since the advent of the recent arctic wars, that they cannot transport oil in sufficient quantity to keep pace with the production. It is claimed that in the northern oil field alone from 5,000 to 8,000 barrels of oil are going to waste daily from this cause. In some cases the freezing is not so great as in others. This is owing to the oil being pumped through pipes sunk in the ground. The drilling and pumping wells have also, in many cases, been brought to a stand-still; partly because the streams which feed the boilers are frozen dry, and partly because the men cannot stand or work in the derricks with the temperature at or below zero.

AN ARTIFICIAL TALLOW.—A patent for artificial tallow was issued in October last to Senor Miguel de la Vega, of New York. The inventor states in his patent, that 100 lbs. of the tallow is produced by mixing together 60 lbs. of castor oil, 10 lbs. of animal tallow, 10 lbs. of vegetable oil, and 20 lbs. of wheat flour. These ingredients are boiled together for about 30 minutes by steam heat. When the mixture cools it hardens, and resembles tallow. Cotton seed oil, or any other similar vegetable oil will answer the purpose equally as well as castor oil.