

## CHAFF.

An agricultural paper asserts that milk comes through inheritance. Mebbe it does, but some of it looks as if it had come through a thunder shower with the lids of the cans open.

A BARE-FOOTED darkey while hoeing cotton one day, saw his big toe under a clod, and thinking it a mole's head hit it and hurt himself. After working with it for a while he got tired, set his foot on a stump and said: "Well, jes pain away now; I doesn't care, you hurts yerself wusin ye do me."

It was a rich old widow who wondered that the handsome young man had fallen in love with her. "Yes it is wonderful," said Mr. Spruceup, "but I do love you to distraction. Why, I even love the ground you walk on." "I thought so," observed the widow, "but I am not in want of a landlord at present."

A GENTLEMAN who had the misfortune to lose his nose was followed by a beggar, who kept exclaiming, "Heaven preserve your honor's eyesight!" The gentleman was at last irritated by his importunity, and said: "Why do you wish my eyesight to be preserved? Nothing ails my eyesight, nor is likely to." "No, your honor," said the beggar, "but it will be a sad thing if it does, for you will have nothing to rest your spectacles upon."

A LATE commander-in-chief at Portsmouth always expressed a higher opinion of the intelligence of the Japanese. The ground on which he rested his opinion is supposed to be as follows: Some years ago, arrayed in all the pomp of full uniform, he was showing the first Japanese Embassy round the dockyard, and finally came to the chapel, which is not an imposing edifice. When its use was explained to the intelligent foreigners, they held up their hands in wonder. "Is it possible, oh, brave Admiral," said they, "that such a great man as you can say your prayers in a little place like this?" The Admiral always spoke of them afterwards as a remarkably sensible set of men.—*London Examiner*.

THE ICE BRIDGE AT NIAGARA.—Niagara river below the falls is spanned by a bridge of ice one mile long and 60 feet wide. The river has been spanned in this way before, but seldom, if ever, so early as now. The other day the ice "jammed" beneath the upper suspension bridge. Says the *Buffalo Courier*: A vast quantity of water had accumulated behind the ice and made a desperate effort to get free. The enormous body of snow and ice was raised up by the water and tossed about in all directions. Large blocks, weighing hundreds of tons were lifted into the air. Boulders were torn from the shore and swept into the stream, and a solitary fir tree, which ordinarily stands three feet above high water, was carried away. The ponderous strength of the enraged waters was so apparent that it seemed as if they would rend the great gorge in twain, and in that way escape from their imprisonment. As they could not break the mile-wide dam in two, they lifted it bodily into the air and rushed away beneath it, leaving a span of ice above and behind them. The formation of the ice in this bridge is not the same on both sides of the river. On the American side it is chiefly composed of snow formed into rounded boulder shapes, and looks like white coral. As one approaches the center of the river the ice fragments become larger, and near the Canadian shore huge cakes of water-ice are formed into a solid mass. In some places there are crevices 25 or 30 feet in depth, but water is not seen through them.

A FAR-REACHING ECHO.—It is said there is a certain point on a ridge high up on Kearsarge mountain where can be heard the rumble of trains on the Southern Pacific railroad as they cross the range to the west of Mohave, 140 miles distant. There is a regular daily train passing at 10:30 o'clock, and upon reaching the place at this hour the noise of the train is heard as stated.

A GOOD LIFE.—"The good thoughts, the good deeds, the good memories of those who have been the salt and the light of the earth do not perish with their departure—they live on still; and those who have wrought them live in them. The weary traveler in the south of Spain, who, after passing many an arid plain and many a bare hill, finds himself at nightfall under the heights of Granada, will hear, splashing and rippling under the shade of spreading trees, and alongside of the dusty road, the grateful murmur of running waters, of streamlets whose sweet music mingles with his dreams as he sleeps, and meets his ear as the first pleasant voice in the stillness of the early dawn. What is it? It is the sound of the irrigating rivulets called into existence by the Moorish occupants of Granada five centuries ago, which, amidst all the changes of race and religion, have never ceased to flow. Their empire has fallen, their creed has been suppressed by fire and sword, their nation has been driven from the shores of Spain, and their palaces crumble into ruin; but this trace of their beneficent civilization still continues, and in this continuity that which was good and wise and generous in that gifted but unhappy race, still lives on to cheer and to refresh their enemies and their conquerors. Even so it is with the

## THE PORTULACA AND RICINUS.

Our illustration is that of a brilliant, popular and hardy annual, with large salver-shaped flowers; purple, crimson, yellow, white, striped, everything in the way of colors except black. Perfectly hardy, and delights in a warm situation and sandy soil. There are few low-growing plants that can be compared to this for brilliancy of color and abundance of blossoms.

It is excellent for a bed on the lawn, which should be full and rounding toward the center; sow the seed at once in open ground, being perfectly hardy.

The Ricinus, which makes a part of our illustrations, is simply another and the botanical name for that well-known plant producing the castor oil bean; and though oftentimes grown by the acre for the production of oil, it is, nevertheless, a plant of very ornamental foliage and showy fruit; it is stately in growth and quite tropical in appearance, which makes it an attractive feature of the lawn, particularly when grown singly.

James Vick, the celebrated Rochester florist,



PORTULACA.

RICINUS.

good deeds of those who have gone before us. Whatever there has been of grateful consideration, of kindly hospitality, of far-reaching generosity, of gracious charity, of high-minded justice, of unselfish devotion, of saintly devotion—these still feed the stream of moral fertilization which will run on when their place knows them no more, when even their names have perished."—*Dean Stanley*.

A MAGIC CAR.—Mr. Blackburn, of 14 Victoria Road, Kensington, has invented a remarkable vehicle, which requires no horse to draw it. The body is in the form of a dog-cart, and the arrangement of wheels like a tricycle. The motive power, concealed in the body of the vehicle, is obtained by the combustion of benzoline, a small jet of which is admitted into a burner about the size of an ordinary chimney-pot hat. The steam passes into the cylinders of a small torpedo engine, which rotates a horizontal shaft. There is no steam given off, for it is recompressed and passes back into the tubular boiler. The weight of the steam power is about 180 lbs. On lighting the benzoline the steam requires no attention from the driver during a ride of many hours. The driver, by applying his foot to a pedal, can regulate the speed and power of draft. It travels at the rate of about eight miles an hour, and is easily directed in its course.

whose kindness places us in possession of these illustrations, speaks of the Ricinus as an ornamental-leaved plant, which for out-door decoration for ordinary use is unequalled.

GIVE YOUR GIRL A CHANCE.—If one has never taught her little daughter to dress her own dolls, as well as to make quilts, sheets, pillows and shams, she can have but little idea of the benefit of such instruction. Little girls desire to have their dolls dressed neatly as well as fashionably, and if they are shown how to make the garments, and furnished with suitable material, they will do it themselves at an early age. I knew a little girl who often astonished her mother with a new, stylish hat for her doll, which she had made from scraps her mother had given her. In this way she learned to fit and make the wardrobe for her doll, and when her doll was laid by she began making her own clothes, so that at the age of four years she could make herself a suit throughout. When I see mothers sit up half the night to dress dolls for their little girls, I cannot but think, what a pity mothers will not be wise and teach them to do it themselves! The children would really enjoy it better, as it makes their little fingers skillful, and they feel such an interest in having each doll look as neat as those owned by their playmates. I know this to be the case. Will not some one try it and report for the benefit of other mothers and daughters?—*Rural New Yorker*.