

TRIBUTE TO RURAL LIFE.

At a Fourth of July celebration in Connecticut the Governor of the State, Hon. C. B. Andrews, delivered an oration in which occurred these paragraphs:

Rural life should be fostered and cultivated, because it tends to promote that love of one's country. I mean country in the broader, grander sense of nationality, which in its development constitutes patriotism. Whatever attaches the individual to his native soil strengthens the nation. All our greatest men have cherished with the tenderest sentiments the memory of their birthplace. Daniel Webster—you all remember with what filial, reverent and patriotic duty he made those annual pilgrimages to the spot where he was born; how all his tastes and recreations announced the same type of character. His love of agriculture, of sports in the open air, of the outward world in starlight and storm, the sea and boundless wilderness—partly a result of the influences of the first 14 years of his life, partly the return of an unsophisticated and healthful nature, tiring, for a space, of the idle business of political life—its distinctions, its artificialities—to employments, to sensations which interest without agitating the universal race alike (in which one feels himself only a man, fashioned from the earth, set to till it, appointed to return to it); and all this displayed a man whom the most various intercourse with the world left, as he was at first, natural, simple, manly, genial, kind.

Washington—with what eagerness he ever returned to his delightful home at Mount Vernon, from the cares of state. Jefferson, at Monticello. John Randolph—how he chided his man because he had cut off from a large oak tree that stood near his house the branch which in storms seemed likely to break in a window. "Why didn't you move the house?" was his indignant exclamation. And the list might be extended indefinitely.

There seems to be something in the hills, in the landscape, in the rocks, in the waving trees, in the running shadows, and in the sparkling brooks which kindles and keeps bright that love of home and country, which no time nor distance can quench. How can there be anything like this in a city?

Rural life, too, commends itself for its healthfulness. The pure air, the fresh breezes of the country literally bring healing on their wings. And then the beauty of rural life and scenery! I might spend an hour dwelling on this. And then its profitableness! All these I must pass at this time.

I hail it as a most encouraging sign that at present not only do we find individuals who have acquired wealth and eminence in the more crowded walks of life returning to honor and beautify the homes which, dear to them in childhood, grow dearer in middle life with each passing year; but that there exists a strong and increasing sentiment in favor of organized work for the same purpose.

Such individuals and organizations might widen their scope, so as to cherish and perpetuate the memory of local events and traditions; to preserve mementoes of historic and antiquarian interest; while they might serve also to encourage intellectual, as well as physical improvement and progress. Organizations for such purposes have been formed and are in successful operation in our State. In developing a proper public spirit, in directing and stimulating the aims of social life, and in uniting a people in a common purpose for the common good their beneficent office would seem almost without limit.

But my purpose will not be fully accomplished unless I can inspire within you something more than a love for mere village improvement or rural improvement in the limited use the word seems to have. I urge you not to forget these. I urge you still more to go somewhat farther, and take in all agriculture. Teach all men that

the tilling of the earth is the noblest as it was the first of human employments. Do something to drive out the idea, now altogether too prevalent, that the cultivation of the soil is disreputable. Make all men to know that they are fashioned from the earth, that they are set to till it, and that they are appointed to return to it."

And let this teaching go on till, in very truth,

"The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun; the vales,
Stretching in peaceable quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and poured round all
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste"
shall be

"But the solemn decorations all
Of the great 'House' of man."

A LESSON FOR PARENTS.—A pretty little story in *Harper's* reminds us of a habit which parents have, which is the cause of many a bitter pang to the hearts of their little ones. A little five-year-old asked her mamma to let her run across the way to visit a playmate. As she saw a refusal in her mamma's face, she put her little rosebud lips up for a kiss, and said:—"Please don't say no; think a minute first." Oh, the wisdom contained in those simple words! How common it is, when a little one asks a favor which to us seems but a trifle, but to their vision is a matter of great moment, to thoughtlessly, hastily, snap out a "No!" Nor could we, did we pause to inquire of ourselves why we refused, give a satisfactory reason. It has become a habit, perhaps, to deny their wishes, until it must seem to them that we take delight in thwarting their innocent requests. The little girl desires to go and see a playmate, the boy wants to go into the woods for a holiday. There is no possible objection to either, but the hasty "No!" rises to the lips; the child, hurt, and smarting under a sense of injustice, "teases" or else goes away in sullen silence. The parent feels that he or she has been too hasty, but believes it beneath their dignity to retract now. Besides, "What right has a child to persist, when they are told no?" is the question that comes uppermost. So the child is robbed of a pleasure, the parent is wounded at its lack of dutiful feeling, all of which might be avoided, if parents would only heed the little mentor's counsel—"Please think a minute first."

INTELLIGENCE AND ECONOMY.—The 10 ladies who are county school superintendents in Illinois have managed the financial parts of their business particularly well. Not one cent of the large sums over which they have had supervision has been lost, either through dishonesty or ignorance of business. In many of the counties the school finances were in a state of confusion when the ladies came into office. They have straightened everything, and put all school affairs on the most prosperous basis. Several of these lady superintendents regularly hold meetings of their school officers and talk about school work, with very useful results. These superintendents have also succeeded excellently in the legal part of their work, in school visitation, and in influencing and instructing teachers. Even those male educators who opposed the law making women eligible to this office, now pronounce their work a success, after the five years' experience.—*New York Tribune*.

TO HARDEN THE SKIN.—The constant use of the fingers in practicing the violin, piano and guitar, or kindred instruments, frequently become very tender and sore. The skin may be hardened by applying a strong solution of alum in water, or the tincture of white oak bark. A still better lotion would be a solution of tannic acid. Any drug store can furnish the acid, which should be dissolved in water.

A YOUNG lady of New Fairfield, Conn., last year made three-quarters of a ton of butter and disposed of it herself.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.
Thunder, what an eater!—*Boston Post*.

CHAFF.

FOR rest, go to the forest.
ALWAYS some hitch about it: A harness.
A BIG head is no more an evidence of brains than a paper collar is of a shirt.

A COUNTRY girl, getting off a train at Cape May, was asked if she might be helped to alight, and she replied that she did not smoke.

A MAN asked Mr. Pitt for a certain place. "I should have thought," said the minister, "that a sinecure would have suited you better."
"True," said the applicant, "but if you give me the place I will make it a sinecure."

EVERY man is the architect of his own fortune, and it needs but a glance to convince the most skeptical that some men don't know as much about architecture as a hen does about artificial incubation.

AN old-fashioned minister passing a fashionable church, not long ago, on which a new spire was going up, was asked how much higher it was to be. "Not much," he answered; "that congregation don't own much higher in that direction."

AN African lion hunter contributes the following: How to catch lions. The desert is composed of sand and lions. Take a sieve and sift the desert. The lions will remain. These you place in a bag, which you carry with you for the purpose.

A LONDON newspaper relates that when a Frenchman, who fell overboard from the steamer which took the Cobden Club back from Greenwich, was rescued and returned to the deck, the first thing he courteously said was that he hoped he had not kept the steamer waiting.

A LIMPING boy was out in the back yard pounding on a tin pan. The father came in tired and sullen, and being disturbed by the noise, cried out: "What is turned loose in the back yard, a wild animal?" The little fellow replied: "Yeth, thir; it's a pan thir."

SCHOOLMASTER: How dare you tell me such a lie, sir? I will give you a sonder thrashing than you have ever had in your life. Boy: I did not tell you a lie, sir. Schoolmaster: What do you call it, then? Boy: Only a fulminating enlargement of elongated veracity, sir. [Escapes his thrashing.]

"BUT, did you ever stop to think," said a grocer recently, as he measured out half a peck of potatoes, "that these potatoes contain sugar, water and starch?" "No, I didn't," replied the boy, "but I heard mother say that you put peas and beans in your coffee, and about a pint of water in every quart of milk you sold." The subject of natural philosophy was dropped right there.

A GOOD colored man once said in a class meeting: "Brethren, when I was a boy I took a hatchet and went into the woods. When I found a tree that was straight, big and solid, I didn't touch that tree, but when I found one leaning a little and hollow inside, I axed him down. So, when the devil got after Christians, he don't touch dem dat's straight and true, but dem dat lean a little and are hollow inside."

I KNOW, also, a young lady who, on first attempting housekeeping, undertook to roast a pair of chickens, attending to their cleaning and singing herself. They came to the table a beautiful, delicate brown, and she looked proudly at her husband, expecting his commendation. He waited, however, to test the fowls before praising the cooking, and it was as well that he did so, for at the first cut he sends corn went flying all over the table. She had forgotten to take out the crops. In fact, had not known that chickens had crops.

INSOLUBLE CEMENT FOR BOTTLES.—Softens glue in cold water and melt it in the water bath to form a very thick paste. To this add good glycerine in quantity equal to the dry glue taken, and continue the heating to expel so much of the water as possible. This may be cast on a marble slab to cool, and melted for use as required. This is not soluble in alcoholic liquids.