

A FARMER FOR PRESIDENT.

At the recent Fourth of July celebration at Woodstock, Conn., a poem was read by Rev. A. J. Hough, entitled "The Bells." The poem consisted of ringing comments upon the events and needs of the day. The writer struck a clear note in the following lines:

And, lastly, I have now to state
The bells intend to nominate,
With or without your kind consent,
A candidate for President!
No master of the thousand tricks
That trouble party politics;
No subtle plunder from the bar,
No platform get or pulpit star,
No soldier with a bloody fame,
Or merchant with a moneyed name.
The bells in solemn counsel hung,
And now, without discordant tongue,
Their choice for President proclaim,
Withholding nothing but his name.
Far from the world's degrading strife
He leads a quiet, blameless life.
Four themes he loved since thought began:
His country, nature, God and man!
The first has filled him with a grand
Devotion to his native land;
The second made him rarely wise,
With wisdom of the earth and skies;
The third, though faintly, dimly seen,
Has touched his soul and made it clean.
And, studying well the human race,
He knows a man to see his face.
The hills, the vales, the streams impart
Their strength and freshness to his heart.
His dress is homely, modest, neat;
His face is browned by summer heat;
His hands the mark of labor wear;
His back is broad and used to bear
The precious burdens which ordain
For pious an eternal reign.
He fills the place his father filled;
He tills the farm his father tilled;
He represents the sober thought,
The solid worth, the power which wrought
Through peace and war the nation's fame
And guards to-day her honored name.
By right of service duly paid;
By right of worth, if justly weighed;
By right of numbers, fairly told;
By right of fitness, grit, and gold;
A farmer, blunt, outspoken, shrewd,
Ambitious for his country's good,
The bells with ringing peals present
As candidate for President!

CLERGYMEN LIKE THE STAND-BYS.—The grim presence of such persons in the church is of itself to every minister a powerful help and encouragement. He is glad, of course, to see new faces coming in from time to time. The poor mother, the stand-by at home, who has a breakfast and a husband and half a dozen children to get ready in the morning, so that she herself can come out only now and then, whenever she does come is seen with pleasure. The young men of his flock, flowers of the kingdom, whose eyes and religious natures open usually only in the latter part of the day, but who occasionally under the inspirations of a new suit of Sunday clothes blossom out in the forenoon, excite in him, till he learns better, a gleam of hope. The religious casual, the small and infrequent worshiper described by Horace, owning a pew, but occupying it so seldom that when he does use it it has to be found for him by the sexton, is not by any means unwelcome, and there is always an inspiration of some sort in the great crowd of strangers who appear Sunday nights when it has been advertised that he is going to speak on the kingdom of Satan, or the doings of the devil, or the sowing of wild oats, or some kindred theme. But after all it is the stand-bys, the men—usually old ones—and the women living often furthest from the church, who are absolutely sure of being in their places punctually every Sunday, Thanksgiving and even fast day, whatever the season or the weather or the subject may be—these that he looks upon with special delight and finds to be the fountains of his great earthly inspiration.—*Sunday Afternoon.*

A KANSAS farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she might be able to defend the house in his absence. After the bullet was dug out of his leg, and the cow buried, he said he guessed she'd better shoot with an ax.

A DEPARTMENT OF DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Bureau of Education at Washington, state that there is such a loud call for information concerning the progress of schools of domestic economy which have been lately instituted, that they have included inquiries in the circulars which they send out to the heads of educational institutions. In answer to these inquiries, Mary B. Welch, "lecturer on domestic economy and superintendent of the experimental kitchen" at the Iowa Agricultural college, replies as follows:

The first instruction in our department of domestic economy was given in 1872, by a course of lectures to the junior girls, on matters connected with house-keeping. In 1877, the Trustees added a course in cookery, and provided and furnished a kitchen for the use of the class. For the last two years, therefore, lessons in plain cooking have been given to the junior class in connection with lectures on such topics as "House Furnishing," "Care of the Sick," "Management of Help," "Care of Children," "Dress," etc., etc. Domestic chemistry forms also a part of the course in domestic economy.

Our facilities are still farther increased this year by the addition of a laundry wherein the girls of the sophomore class are now learning to wash and iron. During March and April two afternoons a week are spent in this laundry under the careful supervision of competent teachers. In May the class are to receive instruction twice a week in plain sewing, and are to be taught to use sewing machines. In June an experienced dressmaker is to teach the art of cutting and fitting dresses. The kitchen will be opened the middle of July, and the class will receive instruction in cookery two afternoons weekly until the last of October. We are to use, this year, Miss Juliet Corson's "Cooking School Text Book," giving the class the "Plain Cooks' Course." Each student will be required to do the work explained in every lesson so that, when the course is finished, she will have cooked every article described.

A constant and increasing interest and enthusiasm have marked our progress in this department of study, and no one of our college courses has attracted more attention or received more encouragement from the State at large.

ACT OF LOVE.—Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet when viewed altogether, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbor? Not the doing of half a dozen great favors in as many years, but the little everyday kindnesses, neither of which seems of much consequence, considered in itself, but their continued repetition sheds a sunlight over the whole neighborhood. It is so, too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted—to run up stairs or down—to get chips or rock the cradle, or to run on an errand and "right back,"—and all with a pleasant look and a pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap, as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kindnesses that come from a loving heart, are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woful world.—*London Reader.*

A PHILADELPHIA dry goods merchant has added a children's room to his store, where mothers may leave their children to be amused with rocking horses, pictures, and toys, while they do their shopping. Babies in arms are not admitted, lest they should not be called for again.

AN Aberdeen critic writes: "We read in Longfellow that he wishes man could make love like a bird. Man does, Mr Longfellow; he makes love like a goose."

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

A recent English writer, reviewing the scientific and industrial achievements of the past half century, calls this "the age of wonders," and refers as follows to a few out of the many modern marvels that fully justify the appellation:

We have seen a substance which our ancestors proudly used to obliterate a pencil mark so molded to our use as to make man almost an amphibious animal; a noxious vapor, from which they would turn with disgust, made the means of a brilliant light, which enables the night almost to rival the day. We have seen the surgeon's knife, to them an instrument of necessary torture, divested of its horror by a discovery which gives a temporary insensibility to pain, which enables the suffering patient to wake from nothing more than a troubled dream, and find that over, under which, without this, his fortitude might have faltered, or his constitution sunk. We have seen a power which is inexhaustible so long as the elements of fire and water remain, the effects of which our grandmothers may have witnessed with a sigh, when terminating, by a sudden crash, the serene music of their tea-kettles; but which, by the combined efforts of modern science, has become the very hands and feet of the world, the great and almost universal manufacturer for man; the great propeller by which we rival the flight of the bird, and which so unites the human family that degrees of latitude and longitude are little more than mile-stones on the great highway of the world. And, lastly, we have seen that subtle power which our ancestors recognized only in the minute spark of the electric circle transformed into the faithful, untiring agent of the human mind, bearing its thoughts from one end of a vast continent to the other with an accuracy which would be in vain looked for in any other messenger, and with a speed which far outstrips the action of the mind which formed them. "Quick as thought" will not do now to express the greatest speed, and "quick as lightning" has become a practical, not merely a figurative expression.

POISON FOR RATS AND MICE.—Carbonate of baryta has been found to be a most efficient poison for rats and similar vermin. Indeed, at a special series of trials by the Zootechnical Institute, in connection with the Royal Agricultural College, at Proskaw, this substance was found to be more efficacious than any other. It occurs as a heavy white powder, devoid of taste or smell. In the Proskaw experiments it was mixed with four times its weight of barley meal, and pellets of the paste were introduced into the holes of the rats, house mice, and field mice. A small quantity proves fatal. It appears to cause immediate and complete paralysis of the hind extremities, so that it may be assumed that mice eating of it in their holes will die within them, and so not prove destructive in their turn to domesticated animals that might otherwise devour the carcasses. It was found in practice that neither fowls nor pigeons would touch the paste, either in its soft state or when hardened by the sun; so that its employment is probably free from danger to the occupants of the poultry yards. Some rabbits, on the other hand, that got access to the paste ate heartily of it and paid the penalty with their lives. Next to the carbonate of baryta paste, the ordinary phosphorus paste proved most destructive, and this, it was found by experiment, is more attractive to the mice in a soft form than when hardened into pills. But it is considerably dearer than the baryta preparation, an important factor in the calculations of the farmer who has to wage war against rodents on an extensive scale.

WHEN President Lincoln was taken down with the small-pox he wrote to Colfax that he might let the army of office seekers approach, as he had now something that he would give them.