THE BAR-TENDER'S STORY.

BY PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

I.

When I knowed him at first there was suthin'—
A sort of a general air—
That was very particular pleasin',
And what you might call debonair.
I'm aware that expression is Frenchy,
And rather high-daddy, prehaps,
Which accounts that I have the acquaintance
Of several quality chaps.

II.

And such is the way they converses.
But, speakin' of this here young man,
Apparently nature' had shaped him
On a sort of liberal plan;
Had given him good looks and good language,
And manners expressin' with vim
His belief in hisself, and that others
Was just as good fellers as him.

III.

I hev noticed (I'm rather observin')
That them that is cheerfullest here
Is the sort that is seldomest given
To indulgin' theirseves in the fear
That they ain't bein' thought of sufficient,
Whatever's the company by,
Or that somebody, somehow or other,
Is'toppin' of 'em onto the sly.

IV.

But this chap that I mentioned was pleasin',
And neither stuck up nor stuck down,
And was thought to be jolly agreeable
Whenever he went around town.
He used to come in for his beverage
Quite regular every night,
And I took a considerable interest
In mixin' the thing about right.

V.

But he got to increasin' his doses,
And took 'em more often, he did;
And it growed on him faster and faster
Till inter a bummer he slid.
I was grieved to observe this here feller
A shoppin' hisself down the grade,
And I lectured him onto it sometimes
At the risk of its spilin' the trade.

VI.

At last he got thunderin' seedy,
And he lost his respect for hisself,
And all his high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.
But at times he was dreadful remorseful
Whenever he'd stop for to think,
And he'd swear to reform hisself frequent,
And end it by takin' a drink.

VII.

What saved that young feller? A woman!
She done it the singlerest way:
He come into the bar-room one evenin',
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day),
And set hisself down to a table
With a terrible sorrowful face,
And he sot there a groanin' repeated
And callin' hisself a gone case.

VIII.

He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin',
And cussin' hisself and his fate,
And ended his thinkin' as usual
By orderin' a Bourbon straight.
He was holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place from the street
There come a young gal like a spirit,
With a face that was powerful sweet.

IX.

And she glided right up to the table
And took the glass gently away,
And she says to him, "George, it is over,
I am only a woman to-day!
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darling;
I thought I was strong, but I'm weak.

X.

"You are bound in a terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you;
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it,
For at last to my love I am true;
I have turned from the home of my childhood,
And I come to lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment and honor;
And I'll stay to the terrible end.

XI.

"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I'll share them with you and not shrink!
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woes and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady,
But her face was as pale as the dead—
"Here's to wine and the joys of carousals,
The songs and the laughter," she said.

XII.

Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And took the glass out of her hand,
And slung it away stern and savage—
And I tell you his manner was grand!
And he says, "I have done with it, Nelly,
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod,
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me, a merciful God!

XIII.

"You have saved me, my love and my darling,
On a noble and womanly plan;
Go back to your home till I seek you
In the garb and the strength of a man!"
* * * * * * *
I seen that same feller last Monday,
Lookin' nobby and handsome and game;
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gen'lemen,
And a baby was into the same.

—*New York Graphic.*

A NIGHT IN A SIGNAL-BOX.

I am the wife of an ex-signalman on the Uniform railway. His signal-box stands high up, white and solitary, above a charming country.

It is very hot in summer, when the sun shines on the glass, and very cold in winter, when the northeast wind howls around it, and whistles aerial music through the telegraph.

It was an important lookout, for, within a mile of it, numerous lines intersected each other, over which, day and night, trains were ever crossing and re-crossing, with hairbreadth escapes of collisions.

When John was courting me, he often made me tremble about it by saying, "Jane, that place is a trouble to me; one day I know there will be a crash; I feel it. A man can't be always in health. Even a signalman's brain will sometime become dazed and muddled; and then, if he makes a mistake, a smash must come."

We were married, and John grew brighter and more cheerful, and I trusted he had forgotten that wretched presentiment of his about collision.

After six months, however, it returned, worse than ever. He used to read all the accidents; and, when any of the officials were convicted for manslaughter or discharged for negligence, he would say, "That may be my case to-morrow, Jane; then what's to become of you?"

I am aware most men would not have thought, like him, but he had the kindest, most sensitive heart.

"John," I said at last, "why don't you quit the situation, and get something else?"

"Because a married man should never give up one employment before he's sure of another."

"Well, then, dear, don't say any more, or you'll make me as nervous as yourself."

I had begun to think about the crossings and the mail expresses as much as John himself, though I wouldn't let him know it. The signal box began to haunt me, and I used frequently to go up to the turn of the road and look at it for nothing at all. That idea of a collision was a monomania with John—it was becoming so with me.

A year went by safely, and, except for that miserable thought, no two persons could be happier than John and I, especially as we now had a little daughter, who, for a while, banished John's dread, and we talked hopefully of the future. Our prospects were better, for my husband unexpectedly heard from an uncle in Australia, who had made a comfortable fortune, and intended to return and live with his relations.

"Who knows, Jane? He was ever kind, and he may start me in something," said John, one evening, when I had taken tea to the signal box, and was amusing Maudie with the colored lamps. "I certainly will try, if—if," he added, looking thoughtfully up and down the lines, "nothing happens before."

"For goodness sake, John, don't talk like that! All has gone safely for four years; surely it will continue to do so, with care."

"I don't know that," he responded, gloomily. "It's the confounded Wyoming express I fear. Within a space of a few minutes it crosses the Hensher mail, and often it's five minutes before it's time."

"What do you do then, John?" I asked, hushing Maudie.

"Why, then I turn the colored lamp; then the express, knowing the mail train hasn't passed, slackens speed until it has."

"And if you were not to show that light?"

"It would come on, get into the same line with the mail, and the carriages would go into lucifer matches."

"O, John, please don't. You make my blood run cold."

After that there was another fascination for me besides the signal box—the colored lamps, by mistake or omission in the use of which I knew not how many lives might be hurled to eternity. I regarded them with awe, and over again and again asked John their use.

Weeks slipped by, and we got another letter from Uncle Thompson. The ship which brought him from Australia had been delayed by a severe gale in the Atlantic, but now he was safe in England, and intended to come and see us.

"Safe!" remarked John; "no one now-a-days can reckon on that, with a long railway journey before him."

John slightly exaggerated, of course, but that autumn the collisions and accidents of all kinds were something fearful. Not a day passed but fresh collisions were recorded, and, with a morbid interest, John used to read them, and make my soul quiver by the remarks, "Such might just have been my case, Jane. No doubt the fellow was dead-beat. Only the mercy of Providence saves me from manslaughter, or a discharge through negligence."

One oppressively warm evening he had, while at tea, been reading about a more than usually terrible accident, owing, it was stated, to the signalman, who had been on the lookout for sixteen hours, making an error in the signals.

Putting the paper down, he exclaimed, "Jane, how often have I felt as he described, knowing how many lives might be dependent on me. How I pray Uncle Thompson may help us, and I may give the whole thing up!"

Rising, he put on his hat; he went on duty at six. I watched him anxiously. Never had I felt more nervous, for I observed him nodding unconsciously to himself over his tea. Indeed, he looked so depressed I was half inclined to ask to go with him. But I knew he wouldn't consent, as it was against the rules; while independent of which, the man who temporarily filled his place was the greatest enemy John had, and would be sure to tell of him if he did so. I knew Richard Malin bore a bitter enmity to my husband, and would gladly do an ill turn to one whose rival he had been. I was aware he never forgave my accepting John and rejecting him. So I held my tongue, spoke cheerfully as I could, as I walked with him to the corner of the road, and waited until I saw him appear in the signal box, when I retraced my steps.

I never felt so nervously restless as I did that night. I could settle to nothing, so I sat down before the fire. I kept a light for John's return, and tried to divert myself with my baby, but the child soon slumbered, and I sat thinking until I, too, slept.

The whole time I dreamt of nothing but railways. They were everywhere rushing about me, their shrill whistle deafening my ears. I beheld the express and the mail, with a noiseless horror, rushing toward each other, with lights seeming to laugh with fiendish mirth. Then there was an awful cry—a crash, and a scene of destruction. I was awkened by my own cries.

Irritated at being so startled, I bustled about to forget the scence, put Maudie to bed, and again sat down by the fire and dozed.

Scarcely had I done so, however, when there arose before me a shadowy figure of indefinite form, pointing in the direction of the signal box.

I moved restlessly, and put my hands before my eyes to shut it out. Finally, I started, rose to my feet, and I could have declared the figure stood on the hearth-rug, in the fire-light, only it gradually melted into air.

Just then the clock struck half-past ten.

In half an hour the Wyoming express and Hensher mail would be due. At that I began to tremble violently, and throwing on my shawl, I determined to go and look at the signal box, and see if it was right.

White mists had risen since I was last out; and above them, rising as from a billowy sea, about a mile distant, rose the "look-out," distinct in the moonlight.

But where was John? Generally I could see him moving about; now, the place was apparently empty.

What did it mean? There was but one answer—John was asleep.

Never shall I forget the sensation that ran through my veins at that thought. The crown of my head seemed to literally lift up. Then—why, I could never explain—I ran back, seized Maudie, and afterwards hurried to the signal box.

Rapidly I ascended the steps to the "look-out." I tried the door; it was fastened on the inside; and what a sight met me within, through the glass.

John sound asleep, his head on his arms.

Calling him loudly, I shook the handle. He did not stir. All was silent, save for the monotonous tick of the clock, beating out the fatal minutes, above his head. I dared not delay. I dashed in the glass, put in my hand, turned the key, and entered. Even this did not arouse him.

"John!" I called, shaking his shoulder, "what is the matter with you? Wake up! It's eleven; the express is coming!"

He breathed heavily, but made no sign. What was the matter with him? He appeared in no natural sleep. In my alarm at the flying moments, fond mother as I was, I forced Maudie to cry, hoping that might awaken him. It did. Slowly he looked up heavily; but only to sink back to sleep. At the same moment I heard in the distance the faint whistle of the express train. It was coming, and the Hensher mail had not yet passed. The terror of a whole life was condensed in those few minutes. The collision John had foretold had come at last. All my efforts to arouse him were futile. I stood alone; the trains were rushing to their fate. I saw the awful sight of my dream realized; I saw men, women and children in one fearful heap, amid broken carriages. My head reeled; I turned sick; then the intensity of my fright apparently cleared my brain.

Why should I not save them?

As the question occurred, the whistle of the advancing mail sounded. Looking right and left, I perceived the glowing lights of each engine coming nearer, for the line was clear. I waited no more. I recalled what John had told me, and turned the signal lantern for the express to slacken speed. Eagerly, breathlessly I watched. Had I, after all made a mistake? Yes—the lights still approached. No—they had stopped.

The next moment the signal box was shaken to its base by the rush of the mail train beneath it. I watched it fly off in the distance, turned the light, heard the Wyoming express in its turn wheel under me, and knew, as I fell insensible on the floor, that nearly two hundred people had been on the brink of the grave, and that I had saved them.

My baby's cries, however, soon recalled my senses, when, fetching water, I dashed it over John, and at last brought him to. I shall ever remember his look when I told him what had occurred. He could not believe the mail had passed; but I proved it to him beyond a doubt.

"I can't make it out, Jane," he exclaimed. "I have not the slightest recollection of going to sleep. In fact, I was doing all I could to keep awake. It must be my cold."

"What is that?" I asked, abruptly, pointing to a glass.

"Part of a tumbler of beer Dick Malin left me," he answered.

I saw it all. The beer had been drugged to work our ruin. John would not hear of it.

There being no more trains, we went home, I taking the beer with me.

"John," I said, when there. "I'm going to show I am right about Richard Malin. See!" And, before he could prevent me, I had drank the contents of the glass.

A quarter of an hour after, I was in a dead sleep as he had been.

But this act had destroyed any proof we had against Richard Malin, who, however, confirmed our belief by discharging himself from his situation.

But the most singular part of the affair was, in that very express train traveled Uncle Thompson, who had come down to see us. When he heard of his narrow escape, and how I had saved him, he vowed he never would forget it. He kept his word. He started John in business, lived with us, and made his will in our favor. Now express and mail trains no longer give us sleepless nights, though we never travel by rail without thinking of that fearful night in the signal box.

A Chinese Dentist.

In priority of time the Chinese are ahead of us in some of the arts of civilization, but in most of the finer and higher kinds of art, as surgery, etc., their proficiency is little removed from half-savage bungling. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* describes Chinese dentistry, and gives us an idea of what the Shanghai-tooth carpenters amount to as professionals: The native dentists are the merest charlatans, and practice as magicians and cure-alls. They insert artificial teeth of the sea-horse, which are kept in place by copper-wire wrappings or fastenings to the adjacent natural teeth, and charge about three cents per tooth for the operation. Teeth are extracted by a hocus-pocus process which the dental impostor calls "coughing up." The method of extraction is this: The dentist applies a white powder represented to be the salt extracted from the sweat of the horse. Dr. Eastlake found this white powder to be nothing more or less than arsenic, which causes the gum to slough, when the tooth is easily removed by the operator's fingers. But the Chinese method of curing the toothache was what puzzled him most, and longest defied detection. The operations, it should have been stated, are all performed in a temple or in the space in front, under a large umbrella, the idea being that religious ceremony is in some way connected with them. Toothache is caused by a maggot which gets into the tooth somehow or other while the patient is asleep, or while he is laughing immoderately. It must be removed alive, or the patient will go mad. He is, therefore, placed on a seat and his head thrown back. The dentist inserts a long pair of forceps, and, after fumbling around for a few seconds, produces between the nippers a little wriggling black maggot, the cause of the whole trouble. Dr. Eastlake witnessed this operation repeatedly, but it was only after obtaining surreptitious possession of the forceps that he discovered the trick. He found that one arm of the forceps only was of iron; the other was of bamboo, painted to resemble the other. In the hollow of the bamboo were found a number of little black maggots, probably obtained from decayed vegetables or decomposing matter. When necessary to do service, the operator simply squeezed the bamboo above, and the maggot was ejected from the small end of the instrument to the mouth, and then adroitly taken between the nippers and held up triumphantly before the gaze of the astonished and grateful patient relieved. The operations witnessed were dispatched with astonishing rapidity, and the patients hurried away, as that part of the performance was essential to the success of the operation.

Power of Music.

The New York *Tribune* announces the latest proof that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." The proof came from from Onondaga county, region of salt and Cardiff giants. An intelligent young farmer endeavored to try a three-yoke team of steers. The nigh steer in the middle yoke lay down and refused to move. After lashing, kicking and prodding the animal, the intelligent young farmer bethought him of a lively sourge, "the necessary cat." Thomas was placed upon the shoulders of the refractory steer and pulled tailwards by the tail. His claws made deep furrows down the back of the reluctant steer, but without locomotive effect. A second trial was made, but with no better results. At the third, Thomas, who had borne the strain upon his tail long enough, rendered a strain of his own, which curdles the midnight blood and starts the householder for the boot-jack. The music worked to a charm. The reluctant steer arose as though the caterwauling came from Gabriel's trump, and tested the strength of yoke and chain.

Opportunity to Try an Organ Before Purchasing.

Many a person is half persuaded that a Cabinet Organ would be a capital thing for his family; worth much more than its cost. Yet they are not sure that it would be permanently valued, but fear that after a few months' use the family would tire of it, and so it would prove a poor investment. The Mason & Hamlin Organ Co. now offer their famous Cabinet Organs on terms which will satisfy all such. They will rent an organ with privilege of purchaser The party hiring may try it as long as he pleases, paying only the rent for it while so doing. If he concludes to purchase within a year, all the rent he has paid is allowed and deducted from the price of the organ.

You had better lend a man your name on a bill than lend him your umbrella, because the first is pretty sure to be returned.

Current Paragraphs.

WISCONSIN'S old girl is 104 years old.

IT takes 260 rails to lay a mile of railroad track.

PREFERRED creditors are those who do not dun.

SARATOGA SPRINGS were patronized by the elite of 1792.

SULPHUR comes from Vesuvius; therefore it is good for eruptions.

A SPOONFUL of brown sugar added to flour paste makes it stickier.

NEW YORK has just lost a hundred-and thirteen-year old centenarian.

ENGLAND and Scotland are said to contain 600,000 habitual drunkards, including both sexes.

THE good, old-fashioned recreation of nine-pins is destined to lose its charms now that a machine has been invented which enables the players to set up the pins themselves without going down the alley.

FROM 1804 to 1873 the Bible has been circulated in 271 languages—over 131,000,000 copies. Last year every hour of each working day 1,300 Bibles were printed, over 16,000 every day, and in languages spoken by 700,000,000 of people.

AFTER reading that meerschaum is manufactured into a choice cosmetic for ladies, one need not be surprised to hear that excellent plates for artificial teeth are now made of fish-scales dissolved and combined with certain fibrous and adhesive substances.

THE coolie trade in Cuba is tainted with horrible abuses. The poor Chinaman is bound out for a term of years, and though the term may be short, it is long enough, in the hands of the heartless overseer, to wear out heart and body. Under this accursed traffic, only one out of twenty coolies ever survives the term of slavery and returns to his native land.

STEAMERS now leave New York for Europe every day but Monday and Friday throughout the year. There has always been a prejudice among sailors against sailing on Friday (the superstition being that it is an unlucky day), but of late the feeling seems to be so much modified that another year will probably witness steamers starting on their ocean voyage on Friday the same as on other days.

IN an ordinary piano there are fifteen kinds of wood, namely: Pine, maple, spruce, cherry, walnut, whitewood, apple, basswood, birch, mahogany, ebony, holly, cedar, beech and rosewood, from Honduras, Ceylon, England and South America. There are used of the metals, iron, steel, white metal, gun metal and lead. There are in an instrument of seven and a half octaves, 214 strings making a total length of 787 feet. Such a piano will weigh from 600 to 1,000 pounds.

IT must be said that matters are getting to an alarming extent promiscuous at Salt Lake, the salt of which is rapidly losing its savor. The latest novelty is the doctrine preached by a Mrs. Olsen. She is an excellent Mormon—rather too good a one in fact—for she has publicly declared that she would like to have three husbands—one to live with and love her, and the other two to help support her. We don't see why Mrs. Olsen's doctrine is not as good as Brigham's. At any rate it reduces polygamy to an absurdity—if any such reduction were needed.

PERHAPS the smartest little eight-year old in the world is Charley Triplett, of Cedar Township, Iowa. This bit of a boy has worked as a full hand in the field this summer, running a three-horse double plow, tending his own team, and keeping up with the smartest. He now drives a milk wagon to a cheese factory, and makes himself generally useful in the dairy line. Moreover, Charley Eight-year-old is a capitalist, with fifteen acres of wheat of his own, and an interest in sundry colts and calves. If he goes on as he has begun he will own all Iowa before he is 50 years old.

NASHUA, Ogle county, Ill., has a wild man. He inhabits the neighboring woods, and wears a dress which suggests that he has employed the State prison tailors. He has been pursued by boys, who report that his face is covered with a pasteboard mask, with painted lions on the cheeks, and that his feet are enveloped in rag carpet. He is a wild man of the timid sort, and flees from the small boy as from the wrath to come. His gray hair hangs down his shoulders. He also groans and growls like a bear, and clears a four-board fence with agility. Sometimes he walks on his hands and feet; and altogether he is a rare bird.

A CAPITAL of one hundred thousand pounds sterling is being raised in London, by joint stock subscription, for the establishment of a morning and evening newspaper upon what is specifically defined as a "commercial" basis. In short, as we understand the scheme, this journal, while giving all the news very fully, is to sell its political, literary, and other editorial services to the public, just as a great lawyer puts his abilities at the command of all paying clients! Professional editors of the best rank are to be placed over all the different departments; and, in fact, this original newspaper is to be conducted strictly in accordance with the commercial principles of any other business.

A French Tragedy.

Fashionable French society is appalled at a tragedy which occurred quite recently. M. Valentin, who had been the fashionable tailor of Paris and had made a fortune, retired with his wife to Mandres to live. Their son had won unusual honors at the Cavalry School at Saumur, and the day of tragedy had returned home with a friend to receive the parental congratulations. The domestic life of the Valentins was rendered miserable by the continual jealousy of the lady, which, as it was without cause, was less endurable. On the occasion of the return of young Valentin, his father was witnessing a game of billards between the lads, when his wife called him up-stairs. With a joke about prompt obedience to superior officers, M. Valentin left the room. A few minutes afterwards six pistol shots were heard, and on examination the young dragoon found both his parents dead. It was evident that another attack of jealousy had seized Mad. Valentin, that her husband had become enraged at the annoyance on such a joyous occasion, and had shot his wife and himself to end it forever. The ashes of a letter were found in the room, having probably been burned by one of the parties before the quarrel commenced, as the shots were fired in too rapid succession to justify the belief that the husband had destroyed it after killing his wife. A mania for sympathy never wrought a more dismal tragedy than this constitutional jealousy.

FARM AND HOME.

Canada Thistles.

It is a good plan to apply salt to Canada thistles growing in pastures. The thistles should be cut in time to prevent seeding. All the salt allowed to the stock in the pastures should be placed on the thistles—a small handful to each. Sheep thus tempted will entirely destroy the weeds.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A Good Whitewash.

To make whitewash that will not wash off by the rain: One peck of lime should be slacked in five gallons of water, in which one pound of rice has been boiled until it is all dissolved. The rice water should be covered up closely until the lime is slacked. Then a pound of salt should be added, and the wash heated to boiling when used.

Fattening Hogs.

Hogs intended for fattening should be pushed now. A pound of corn now will lay on more fat than a pound and a half in cold weather. Besides, early pork pays better usually than that made in winter. The butchers want light pigs, and will pay fairly for them. Give the swine plenty of water and shade, but not much range.

Hops.

In Sweden a strong cloth is manufactured from hop stalks. The stalks are gathered in autumn, and soaked in water during the whole winter. The material is then dried in an oven and woven as flax. The buds or hops can be used as an esculent, and when boiled will do as a substitute for asparagus. The tendrils, when young, may be used in the same way.

A Farmer's Experience.

That success of farming is experience.

That to ask a man's advice is not stooping, but often of much benefit.

That to keep a place for everything, and everything in its place, saves many a step, and is pretty sure to lead to good tools, and to keep them in good order.

That it is a good thing to grow into farming and not jump into it.

That kindness to stock, like good shelter, is a saving of fodder.

That by making home pleasant you keep your boys out of the city.

That to fight weeds is to favor grain, and to do justice to your neighbors.

That it is a good thing to keep an eye open to experiments, and note all both good and bad.

That it is a good, paying thing to take papers, keep posted, and be sociable with the neighbors.

Horses at Rest.

There is no reason for anxiety from the fact that a horse does not lie down when he sleeps. It is natural to many horses to sleep on their feet, and no doubt it is a good thing that they can do so. A hard worked horse can catch many a nap while stopping for a short rest, if he is not dependent upon lying down. Nevertheless, it is good for a horse to lie down at night, and there is no better way of inducing him to do so than to give him a clean, dry bed in a roomy stall. A horse that has ever lain down in a narrow stall, and had trouble in getting up, will surely, if he is an intelligent animal, be cautious about subjecting himself to like embarrassment a second time. A change of stall, too, is very likely to effect a change in habit, especially if any accident has happened to him in his old stall.

Sowing Plaster.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* writes: Recently I saw a plan of sowing this fertilizer, new to me, that was efficient and very expeditious. Several bushels were placed in the rear end of a wagon box; the sower sitting on a stool or what is easier, placing his knees in the plaster, and facing the rear end of the box. As the team moves along, about ten feet from the fence, the sower fills his right hand with plaster, throws it quickly to the left; as the body moves to the right, fills the left hand with plaster and hurls it to the right, and continues thus alternately. An active boy can by this plan sow more plaster in a half day than two strong men; and with a few moments' practice sow it equally as even. If the ground is quite hard it will answer to sow plaster in this way on spring sown grain; but it is especially recommended for clover ground. A strip of twenty feet in width is sown at each passage across the field in any direction, so that the dust may not fly on the horses; the wagon tracks being a sufficient guide for the return trip.

Pastures.

One of the great advantages of natural pastures is, there are varieties following each other, so that there is always a profusion of young and tempting herbage for all kinds of animals; then another great desideratum is gained by a crop always sure without any plowing or cultivation, or seed; and this saving of labor and wearing of implements is important in this country of dear manual help. America might be a very great sheep country, and instead of buying wool, might sell it to bring in more than all the corn does, and it is positively certain, if half the land now in cultivation was put into grass, and brought up to a proper state of fertility, and the half of all new land was held inviolable, the moiety which was under cultivation for the growth of corn and grain would produce more than double per acre on account of the more careful working of the soil and the increased quantity of manure obtainable through the keeping of so much more live stock; for when pastures and mowings have become once established on good fertile ground, it is a wonderful assistance to the arable land to have an equal quantity of grass land on the farm.—*Rochester Democrat.*

A Cheap Cellar Bottom.

In sections of the country where there is an abundance of cobble-stones, collect a few loads of them about four or five inches in diameter, grade the bottom of the cellar, lay the cobbles in rows, and ram them down one-third their thickness into the ground, so that they will not rock nor be sunk below the line of the rows by any heavy superincumbent pressure, such as the weight of a hogshead of molasses or a tierce of vinegar. The bottom of the cellar should be graded so that the outside will be at least two inches lower than the middle. A mistake sometimes occurs by grading the cellar bottom in such a manner that the center will be two or three inches lower than the outside. When this is the case, should water enter from the outside it will flow directly toward the middle. A straight-edged board should be placed frequently on each row of stones as they are being rammed, so that the upper sides may be in line with each other. After the stones are laid and well rammed down, place a few boards on the pavement to walk on; then make a grouting of clean sand and water-lime or Rosendale cement, and pour it on the stones until the interstices are filled. As soon as the grouting has set spread a layer of good cement mortar one inch thick over the top of the pavement, and trowel the surface off smoothly. In order to spread the mortar true and even on the surface, lay an inch board one foot from the wall on the surface of the pavement, stand on the board, and fill the space with mortar even with the top of the boad; after which move the board one foot; fill the space with mortar and trowel it off smoothly. Such a floor will cost less than a board floor, and will endure as long as the superstructure is kept in repair.

A floor built in the foregoing manner on the ground in the basement of a barn, a piggery or stable, would be ratproof, and would be cheaper and more serviceable than a plank floor. The work should be done in the former part of the growing season, so that the cement may have sufficient time to become dry and hard before cold weather. —*Selected.*

Domestic Recipes.

GOOSEBERRIES and raspberries in conjunction make an estimable jam.

MOLDINESS.—Preserves and jellies may be kept from moldiness by covering the surface with pulverized loaf sugar; thus protected they will keep for years.—*Detroit Press.*

A BUTTER stamp should always be washed in cold salt water before it is used. If soaked in hot water the butter will stick to it, but never if soaked in cold brine. The salt absorbed keeps it moist while in use.

CATSKILL APPLE PUDDING.—One pint sweet milk, four eggs beaten to a froth, one teaspoonful soda, a little salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter, four large apples, chopped; mix well, or, rather, stir; bake in deep tins; serve hot, with butter or sugar or sweetened cream.

JELLY ROLLS.—Take three eggs, one-half cup of sugar, a cup of flour, a teaspoonful of soda, or, in lieu of the soda and cream of tartar, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder; bake in thin cakes; spread with jelly, and roll up with the jelly side in; cut in slices across the roll.—*Country Gent.*

APPLE PUDDING WITHOUT PASTRY.—Pare and cut up enough apples to weigh two pounds. Boil them and rub through a colander. Add a large spoonful of butter while they are hot, and when cold add half a pound of crushed white sugar, six well-beaten eggs, and the grated rind of a lemon. Pour the mixture into a deep dish and bake for half an hour.

NON-POISONOUS FLY PAPER.—Put one pound quassia wood in five pounds water and let stand over night in a warm place. The decoction is then boiled down to about two pounds. The wood is afterward put in two pounds fresh water and boiled down to one pound. The two decoctions are mixed, one-half to three-fourths pound sugar added and paper passed through it, drained and hung on lines to dry. Ordinary unsized blotting paper is usually employed, and may have something printed on it before saturation with the quassia solution.

COCOANUT CRACKNELS.—To a quart, good oatmeal, medium grade (that usually known as Scotch oatmeal), add a spoonful of sugar and 4 of desiccated cocoanut, or 6 of freshly-grated cocoanut. Then add 3½ gills of boiling water, or what will barely wet it, so that it can be rolled out. Flour the board well and roll to about one-fifth of an inch thick, cut out with a cake cutter, stick a currant in the center of each, and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes, or until they will break readily between the thumb and fingers. Watch them closely, that they do not brown. Serve them as cake.

TO PRESERVE GRAPES.—First, pick off all unsound or unripe ones, and lay the clusters in an empty room on papers until dry, for in all packages some will be crushed and dampen others. Then any empty crate will do to pack them in. First a layer of grapes, then a thickness of paper, so as to exclude air and keep them separate, then grapes and then paper, and so no until you have three or four layers—no more than four. If the box is to hold more, put in a partition to support the others that are to be packed. We packed hundreds of pounds thus last year, and they kept perfectly until the middle of March, and, had the supply not been exhausted, they could have been kept much longer.—*Cor. New York Tribune.*

A Squirrel's Leap.

Recently a little red squirrel, having been pestered considerably by the lads above the saw-mill of Eben Webster & Co., on Marsh Point, Oroso, took refuge for life by running up the large brick chimney near the mill. By clinging to the corner he kept foothold so well that he succeeded in reaching the very top. Here he found himself upon the iron cap, 105½ feet from the ground. As more and more of the waste stuff from the mill was added to the furnace the chimney grew hotter, and his situation became more and more disagreeable. He tried to descend upon the side of the chimney, but, after getting down a few feet, gave it up, turned about and went back. By this time the chimney top had become so hot that he must leave it, so, after looking about carefully for a few minutes, he evidently made up his mind that he must leap to save his life, and this he did, spreading out his legs and balancing himself so that he struck the ground about fifty feet from the base uninjured, and immediately scampered off and secreted himself under a pile of boards a little distance away.—*Bangor (Me.) Whig.*

THERE are, it seems, in England and Wales, according to the Inclosure Commissioners, nearly 900,000 acres of commons, which are apparently suitable for ordinary cultivation, but which have been left uncultivated for some reason or other. There are also nearly a million and a half acres of commons which are unsuitable for cultivation, much of it being capable, perhaps, of much improvement for pasture. Of the former there are, in Devonshire, 85,172 acres; in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 60,642 acres; in the North Riding, 53,721 acres, and in the East Riding, 10,599 acres; in Cornwall, 45,457 acres; in Surrey, 42,936 acres; in Hampshire, 41,502 acres; and in Dorset, Westmoreland, Cumberland, Glamorganshire, Lancashire, Somerset, Montgomeryshire, Breconshire, Sussex, Northumberland, extents varying between 36,041 acres in the first-named and 19,712 acres in the last. Of the latter, the North Riding of Yorkshire had 200,051 acres, and the West Riding, 165,181 acres; Cumberland, 160,168 acres; Westmoreland, 144,604 acres; Breconshire, 120,288 acres; Montgomeryshire, 85,958 acres; Merionethshire, 22,550 acres; Devonshire, 79,885 acres; and lesser extents in Radnorshire, Carmarthenshire, Lancashire, Durham, Denbighshire, Northumberland, Glamorganshire, Cardiganshire, etc., etc.

He Thought He Loved Her, and then He Wasn't Sure about It.

Joe —— was a freshman at Cornell. He had long felt a preference for Miss Carrie ——, of Toledo, and when he came home for the summer vacation, and they went rowing on the Maumee one evening, the stillness of the water, the mellowness of the moonlight and the enticing solitude were too much for Joe, and after holding Carrie's little hand awhile, and trying to teach her how to row on the same seat with him, which Carrie found quite difficult—especially as the oars were of the spoon fashion—he succumbed to the demoralizing influence of the scene and proposed, and before he could say Tom Collins he had a pretty girl sobbing in his arms.

"It will be three years before I graduate. Can you wait until then, darling?"

Carrie was twenty-one, Joe nineteen. She seemed a little bit startled, but said, "Yes, love."

Joe had had time to think about it now, and there came into his mind a faint suggestion that he might have been just a trifle premature, and he wondered if he really loved Carrie.

"Father thinks I had better take a couple of years at the Yale Law School after I get through the literary course," he faltered. A piteous expression was on Carrie's face, but it softened into one of calm resignation as she sighed, "Yes, love." But he heard her whisper faintly to herself, "Five years!" His guilty conscience confirmed the suspicion that he did not adore her as he should. He commenced with desperate calmness, and ended with a shriek: "Uncle says that I must finish off with four or five years at the German Universities, and then *I want several years to travel!*"

Carrie looked wild and fainted. She has concluded she won't wait.

MR. L. A. PIAGET, a Paterson jeweler, has secured from a Holland woman what is believed to be the oldest timepiece in America. According to the stamping on the face and in the works it was made by "Quare, London, A. D. MDCX.," which would make the watch about two hundred and sixty-four years old. The outside case is tortoise-shell, lined with silver and copper, the shell being handsomely polished and adorned with silver figures. The hours are placed about half-way between the center and the rim, and the minutes are marked on the outer edge. The watch is nearly an inch and a half thick, and a clumsy thing compared with the graceful timepieces of the present day.

INGENIOUS.—Owners of valuable horses that pace rather than trot, will be glad to know that a blacksmith has changed the gait of a pacing horse to that of a trotter by simply fastening an extra pair of shoes, heavier than usual, to his forefeet, and taking them off at all other times. The sudden change of weight on his forefeet forces the horse to change his gait.