

THE FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Notes for the Housekeeper.

N. M. Writes to the N. Y. Tribune: "Where one has to manage with a small income and has good health, it is a good plan to dispense with help, and by economizing in other ways, buy such articles as will contribute to the comfort of the family and especially such as will make the work easy—a Dover egg-beater, a carpet-sweeper, a washer, a meat-chopper, a kerosene stove with fixtures, a combination baby high chair with rocker, a little carriage, an adjustable gate that will fit any door or window, so that you can keep the babies very near you, and yet not in the same room where the work is going on. A great saver of time is to have a place for each thing and each thing in place when not in use. It is surprising how the little two-year-olds will remember where each thing belongs, and how soon they will learn that it is the right way to pick up the 'blocks' before asking for the 'animals,' and how the younger ones will teach the older ones, 'this is our drawer,' and 'that is mamma's,' we mustn't open mamma's drawer.' It is rather hard at first to leave all your important duties to show the babies how to pick up the playthings, right away, when they are through playing with them; but have patience, they will learn and will know no other way, and the first you know they will do it of their own accord and give you no more trouble. My two oldest babies now pick up their blocks and pile them in the boxes without being told. At 10:30 every morning they have each a glass of warm milk and go to bed for their nap, where they stay until 1 o'clock. Sometimes they sleep all the time, sometimes only part off, but they don't know any better than to stay there, and they need the rest. How much work can be crowded in while they are asleep I need not mention here, as any one can try for herself. At 5:30 the babies go to bed and sleep from 6 p. m. to 6 a. m. The evenings we spend very pleasantly."

Two Cheap Medicines.

One of the cheapest medicines that mortals can use is sleep. It is a sovereign remedy for weakness; it cures restlessness, uneasiness and irritability; it will remedy headache; it also cures nervousness. When weary we should rest; when exhausted we should sleep. To resort to stimulants is suicidal. What weary men need is sleep. The lack of sleep causes neuralgia, paralysis and insanity. Many a person dies for want of sleep, and the point where many a sufferer turns his feet from the very gates of death to the open path of life is when he sinks to sleep. Of almost every sick man it may be said, as of Lazarus, "If he sleeps he will do well." Another excellent medicine is sunshine. The world requires more of it morally and physically. It is more soothing than morphine, more potent than poppies. It is good for liver complaint, neuralgia, for rheumatism, for melancholy—for everything. Make your rooms sunny and cheerful; build your houses so as to command the sunshine all day long.

Princess Beatrice's Trousseau.

From the London Truth. Have you any curiosity about the trousseau a princess has? I have seen the sketches and materials of some of Princess Beatrice's trousseau frocks, which are being made by Redfern. One is a very pretty brown and blue shotweave, with silk to match. The shirt is of the latter and is arranged in wide perpendicular pleats. The bodice and tunic are of the tweed, the front of the bodice being trimmed with folds of the silk, arranged fichu-fashion. A pretty little jacket to go with this gown is made of the tweed, lined with peacock-colored satin and trimmed with the shot-silk down the fronts, which are straight, though the back fits tightly to the figure.

Another nice frock is of grenat blanket cloth, the long wide pleats on the skirt being separated by folds of Ottoman silk in the same color. There is also a vest of the Ottoman, the bodice and scarf drapery being of the cloth. A jacket is made to accompany this frock, the material being the blanket cloth. It fastens from the left shoulder and is trimmed round all the outlines with fine sable.

A gown of navy-blue cloth is cut out in scallops, which fall over a trimming of interlaced cardinal red braid. A similar but narrower trimming edges the tunic, which is quiteshort. The fronts of the bodice are scalloped over a vest of interlaced red braid and the sleeves are finished at the cuffs to match.

The jacket corresponding with this of navy cloth, edged with one row of cardinal braid. A revers, turned back at the side or the chest, is lined with red silk and a smaller revers, turned back at the right side of the bodice, shows a similar lining. This is a very effective little arrangement and one quite new to my experience.

A cream-colored cloth is made over a skirt of pale blue veiling, being quite plain except for a narrow pleating round the edge. The bodice of this fastens diagonally from the left shoulder by means of carved mother-of-pearl buttons. The vest and cuffs are pale blue.

Another cream-colored dress is of Cairo cloth, with pleated skirt and scarf-like tunic, made of cream-colored satin. The bodice of this gown is pleated and worn with a belt.

Seasonable Fashion Notes.

Ottoman ribbons are largely used for trimming dresses. Parasols match the costumes with which they are worn. White cloth dresses are trimmed with embroidery or braid. Black and white striped silk and satin are very popular in Paris. Black, gray and shades of brown are the leading colors in hosiery. Dividing the honors with Spanish

lace, we find the Marquise, which is extremely popular, and comes in various and attractive patterns.

Evening gloves are made with the hand, as far as the wrist, of kid, while the long arm consists of silk net, embroidered with gold, silver or silk.

Morning dresses and elegant house toiles are made dressy with profuse use of ribbons in bows, knots, cascades, panels and floating loops and ends.

Matinees are still trimmed down the front with full jabot of lace, or open over a brocaded plastron, and are edged on either side with full frills of lace.

Red silk crepe is a favorite material for trimming dark blue alpaca, and is introduced in tiers of fans placed overlapping each other down the left side. White muslin veiling is the favorite for nice dresses for young girls. It is made up with a jersey bodice, laced or buttoned behind. The skirt is trimmed with rows of satin ribbon, and has a tablier in front and sash ends behind for slender figures, while those inclined to stoutness need no overdress, but wear a sash.

Better Crops From Sheltered Belts.

Last winter in Southern Ohio, and indeed over a much larger section of country, furnished an illustration of the value of timber as a protection to small grain, which the duller farmer or most casual observer could not fail to notice. The only fields of wheat showing life were those which felt the protection of timber. Richland, thorough preparation of soil and early seeding which gave a start to the crop so that it covered the ground in the fall, and even top-dressing with fine rich manure, all counted for nothing during the terrible winter, for thousands of acres which had some or all of these favorable conditions were totally killed. I rode during the last week of April twenty miles through as good a wheat-producing locality as can be found in the Union, and did not see a single field that promised five bushels of wheat to the acre, except in the protection of timber. Here and there was a green velvet field, and in every case, without exception, was the border of timber on one or more sides of it. Even neglected hedges, allowed to grow to the height of ten feet, saved a belt of wheat several rods in width.

Professor Townsend, of the Ohio university, states that in the prairie countries it has been found that with one-sixth of the land devoted to timber the remainder produced as much grain as the whole did before the trees were planted. I have raised timber belts of soft maple and of locust on my farm, and found that a double row, occupying less than a rod in width of land, can be grown from seed to furnish good protection in five years, and I have cut a cord of wood from thirty-five maple trees; ten years old, and occupying but four or five square rods of land. There can be no question of the profit of these timber belts; they pay in the protection they afford to grain, grass and stock, and the timber when utilized will pay again and often largely. When arranged to protect the permanent pastures it is safe to estimate that the stock can be turned out a week earlier in spring than in an unprotected field, and a week of pasture at this season is worth much more than a week later. I would urge every farmer whose land is unprotected to start a shelter belt of trees.—Waldo F. Brown.

A Word of Advice.

Why are girls so injudicious in their toleration of dissipated young men? It is very often the case that a thoroughly good girl will deliberately marry a man who makes no secret of his bad habits. What can she expect but misery to ensue? A life-partnership should not be entered into without at least as much caution as men display in making business combinations for limited periods. No man selects his business partner from among men who drink much liquor or have other bad habits. As for mere manners and the ability to make one's self agreeable, they have not of themselves influence enough among men to secure a dollar's worth of credit or to justify any one in believing their possessor on oath. A girl who is not old enough or shrewd enough to have learned what are the standards by which men are tested, would be far surer of a happy life if she were to let her parents select a husband in the proudest manner imaginable, than if she were to make her own selection in the manner peculiar to girls. A life-partnership is not easily dissolved.—Home Companion.

What a Baby Can Do.

[Babies are often called "helpless little things," "powerless little creatures," and all that sort of nonsense. In a few words we will prove to our unprejudiced readers that babies are neither "helpless" or "powerless," by informing them of a few things that a baby can do.]

It can wear out a dollar pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest size bed manufactured simultaneously.

It can make the author of its being's wash bills foot up to \$5 a week and not be feeling at all well.

It can crowd to suffocation the smoking car of a railroad train with indignant passengers between two stations.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second-class boarding-house keeper in the city who "never takes children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just at the moment when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can look its father innocently in the face and five seconds later spoil the only good coat that he has got in the room.

It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that, if

uttered on the street, would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theater it can wake up, and stay awake until the beginning of the last act.

It can, in ten minutes, drive a man frantically from his home and cause him to seek the companionship of a locomotive blowing off steam in order that he may obtain the rest and quietude which his weary frame demands.

(These are some of the few things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burden of a loving mother's life by adding to them; it can flatten its dirty little face against a window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it, as a picture, before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own.]—Home Companion.

Manners of Hired Help.

H. P. writes to the N. Y. Tribune: "Will you not give us a little talk upon the relations of the employer and the employed, especially those existing in the household and on the farm, where one is associated personally with those in his or her employ. Please tell us what you would consider the proper form of address due the employer in such cases."

The Tribune answers: Our household consists of two brothers past thirty, one sister and myself past twenty-five, and I think that a more formal title than the given name used by the family is due us from our hired help. Now is it unkind to insist upon having Miss used before my sister's name and my own, and Mr. before that of my brother? No well-bred person met socially expects to use any other style of address unless they are intimate friends, and why should it be considered a degrading thing for one in service to place the suitable title before his employer's name when addressing him or her? Surely the utmost kindness should be shown to those we employ, and certainly no true-hearted person wishes to make any one feel a degrading sense of inferiority because of the necessity of gaining a livelihood by manual labor, but isn't it far easier to keep their relations pleasant when due respect is given to these outward forms? Undue familiarity is never a promoter of kindly feeling.

A Maine Farmer on Fences.

If I had my way, I wouldn't have a fence on the farm. In the first place, there are over 64,000 farmers in Maine. Now, their farms have in the aggregate over 42,000,000 rods of fence, or rising 131,000 miles. This is outside of ornamental fences, and does not include some 2,000 miles or more of railroad fencing. There are 11,000 rods of high-way fences, 16,000,000 rods of partition fences and 15,000,000 rods of division fences. Estimating the cost of these fences at \$1 per rod, and that would, I think, be a fair estimate, and the total cost of fences in Maine is over \$42,000,000. This is nearly as much as all the farms and their buildings are worth. It is more than twice and a half the value of all our live stock, and nearly as much as the entire capital of the state invested in manufactures. Why, what with changes and repairs, the loss from yearly decay, the cost of breaking roads through snow-drifts caused by road fences, and the interest on the first cost, taxes, and you'll find that our fences cost us annually \$6,000,000. My idea is that fences ought to be confined exclusively to pastures. I would abolish the rest. Road fences do more damage than good by causing the roads to drift in the winter time. The only possible use of fencing a mowing field can be to enable the farmer to feed his stock in it during the spring and fall.

Cistern Water.

B. writes: "If A. L. S. will use the common chain pump in his cistern he will have good water the year round. I use rain-water from a tin roof, and fill in early spring enough to last till fall. I use a chain pump, and the water is nice enough for a king. Water needs air and the chain pump supplies." C. W. H. writes: After considerable experience in using well and cistern water, myself and family prefer the cistern water though we have a splendid well. My cistern is built on the north side of the house, 18 feet deep, bricked up and cemented. In the bottom is built a chamber about 2 feet square and four feet high of one thickness of brick laid in cement, into which the pump pipe passes so that all water must pass through the brick before using. I never allow any water to go into the cistern till it has rained hard for some time and until I have proved it to be clear by taking a glass full of it and holding it up to the light. I turn the water off while it still runs a good stream, as the water that has dripped over the shingles is liable to taste of pine. The smoky look and taste in rain water comes from the smoke in the atmosphere and from the shingles. It takes quite a rain fall to clear both. The water from my cistern is clear as well water, very cool and almost tasteless. After one week's use no one would think of using even spring water in preference to it. A cistern properly managed will discount the doctor's bill 50 per cent."

Strawberry es.

After a bed of strawberries has fruited, the space between the rows should be spaded up and raked off so as to furnish a place for the rooting of the runners, from which a new bed may be formed. By turning the runners, which grow freely after fruiting is over, into this mellow, clean space, a large number of new plants will be secured, which can be removed to a new bed and planted out to replace the old one.

This way of forming a new bed every second year, as soon as the old rows are mated, is decidedly preferable to keeping the old beds in a half-productive state. The old beds are spaded up next year when the new one will have filled therewith; the runners on the new rows should be directed to fill up the vacant spaces, when the next year there will be a full crop. The year after the same process is gone through to form a new bed.—New York Times.

The Nude In Art.

From a Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.

The exposition of the French Academy at the Villa Medici this season has caused quite a scandal. Doucet, one of the pensioners, a quiet, gentlemanlike artist, a perfectly reputable and excellent person, has painted for this exposition, strange to say, a very coarse picture, not lascivious, but coarse. It is called the "Interior of a Harem." The light is dim; three or four indistinct forms of naked women are seen sitting about in awkward positions. There are no fine stuffs, no gorgeous decorations, no dazzling colors; the whole attention is directed to the entirely nude body of a robust woman of the Rubens type, who lies sleeping apparently on the front plane of the picture. Her face cannot be seen, as her back is toward the spectator. As a study of flesh, mere human flesh, the picture is truly a marvellous work of art, but in every other respect is not only unattractive, but absolutely repulsive. After all that may be said in defense of nudity in art by artists, most of us shrink from the sight of it in modern art; we accept it with pleasure only in sculpture, especially ancient sculpture. The Venus of Milo, the Venus of the Capitol, the Apoxyomenos of the Vatican, the Apollo Saurroctonos, the Hermes of Olympia, are such divine perfection of human development that the beholder forgets all modern artificial rules of decorum when looking at them. They are beings of a far-off age; exquisite forms manifested in a strange marble existence. But in painting the nude almost always gives a shock to a sensitive and refined nature. Titian's Venus, Rubens' huge ruddy woman with all their exquisite execution and the beauty given them by their creators, they are to say the least, most unattractive.

Incongruous.

Many years ago, when Mr. Marcy was Secretary of State, Mr. Buchanan was to represent the United States at the Court of St. James. It was, as it still is, the custom for foreign ministers to appear at court receptions in court dress. But Mr. Marcy, thinking such a dress unbecoming the representatives of the Republic, had issued a circular forbidding our ministers to wear anything save a plain suit of black. This ordered to rather queer consequences at the Court of the then youthful Queen Victoria—for this was in 1853.

Mr. Buchanan was warned by the Lord Chamberlain that he would not be received in that costume, and at the same time, that an invitation of Her Majesty was considered equivalent to a command. Mr. Buchanan must have felt himself in the dilemma of the Scottish chieftain:

"There is no flying hence nor tarrying there." He could not obey both the Queen and Mr. Marcy. If he went in no other dress than the conventional swallow-tail, he would not only offend Her Majesty, but it would be impossible to distinguish him by his dress from the lackeys and caterers in attendance.

The inventive genius of Mr. Buchanan was equal to the emergency. He dressed himself in the conventional swallow-tail, but beneath it he buckled on a sword. The lackeys were not allowed to wear swords, and so it constituted a mark of distinction.

The young queen received him in her gracious way, but without being able to repress a broad smile. After that was a decided court favorite, as a well-bred and well-behaved bachelor deserved to be.

An Obliging Piece of Furniture.

From the Cleveland (Ohio) Plain Dealer. In a family residing on Woodland avenue a little girl was playing not long ago with a playmate from a neighbor's family. They were playing at a small centre table, and the little girls noticed presently that when one of them put her hand on the table it would lift up and down, and they finally called others of the family to witness the strange behavior of the table. After experimenting some time the little girl climbed upon the table, saying, "Now, let's see if you can move." To their astonishment the table began to move along the floor with the little girl on it. She jumped off, saying, "Now, move yourself if you can." The table started off, moving across the floor, no one touching it. "If you can move so well," said the little girl's mother, "move into the next room and kiss the baby in the crib there." To their amazement the table started off, moved across the floor, through the door into the room where the babe was sleeping in the crib, and tipped up with its edge as close to the babe's face as it could get. Now, upon what philosophy can this behavior of the table be explained? Without going any further into the phenomena of spiritualism, or discussing what are put forward as higher manifestations, how are these elementary raps and movements to be satisfactorily accounted for? At all events there is a field here for honest investigation.

A Boston man suffering from indigestion tried various kinds of exercise to no purpose, but being at last prevailed upon to allow himself to be tossed in a blanket every other morning for a fortnight, recovered his health. There used to be a report that old John Jacob Astor, when too feeble to stir around, was regularly subjected to this treatment.

Current Notes.

Malaria is not confined to low lying districts. In Italy it rises to the height of four to five hundred feet, in California 1,000 feet, along the Appalachian chain 3,000 feet, in the West Indies fourteen to eighteen hundred feet, in India 2,000 feet. On the Andes it is sometimes found at the height of 11,000 feet. Under ordinary circumstances a moderate altitude will be found comparatively free from malaria.

What would some of our good old forefathers say if they were able to step down to the station along about 10 o'clock in the morning, and see the two Boston expresses whizzing by at not much more than a mile a minute, or between 4 and 5 in the afternoon; or more startlingly surprising still, could catch a glimpse of the evening expresses into New York. At night there is a terrible whirl and rush, a lightning-like flashing of light, and in an instant the train is out of the cut and away out of sight. It seems a frightful rate of speed, but the people in the car do not appear to realize how fast they are going, so perfectly do the trains run. A yank around the curve however, in the rear car must slightly strain the equilibrium.—Greenwich (Conn.) Graphic.

The strong coffees, Rio and Santos, are mostly grown in Brazil. The West and South are the principal consumers of Rio. A very small amount of Mocha is brought into this country, that sold under the name not being Mocha at all. The most important of all mild coffees is Java. It is raised on the islands of Java and Sumatra, and ranks first in the estimation of the coffee-drinkers in the United States. Ceylon is the rival of Java, but is sold down yet another plantation Ceylon coffee here, as it is sent to England. Mexico raises some coffee, and there has been a wonderful improvement in the variety grown there in the last five years. Between 500,000,000 and 700,000,000 pounds of coffee is consumed in the United States yearly.

The camphor sold in this market comes chiefly from Japan. Formosa and Borneo furnish some. It is obtained by cutting up the camphor plant, leaves and all, and distilling them. There is another kind, found in the heart of an enormous tree which grows in the mountains of Borneo. The trees are cut down and split open, and the gum is picked from the centre. Sometimes lumps a yard long and three inches thick are found, but 20 pounds is a good quantity for the average tree. The Chinese have a great liking for this quality, and have been known to pay as high as \$30 a pound for it though the difference between it and common camphor is mostly imaginary. The crude camphor has to be redistilled before it can be used.

The Charleston News and Courier recites the following as reasons why the people of South Carolina should be contented with their State and not seek homes elsewhere: "Several black bears have been seen in North Carolina recently. There was a shower of turtles as large as silver dollars in Raleigh a few days ago. A bolt of lightning struck a pond near Asheville and killed a number of fish the week before last. One hundred and sixty-seven snakes were killed in an old fort near Beaufort in one day, and a ghost has been seen near Rockingham. In Georgia a man living near Athens dropped a spool of thread into a hole from which a locust had just emerged, and the entire spool unwound without reaching the bottom of the hole."

According to the London Times the price of diamonds has steadily fallen from \$15 to \$3.75 per carat. Of old, the world received each year new diamonds of about \$250,000 in value on the average. But suddenly from South Africa comes a new supply, exceeding \$20,000,000 worth each year for ten years. It is true that recently in Australia, North America, and other extra-European centers of European civilization, a new population has come in being, numbering over 70,000,000, the upper ten thousand of which are especially prone to diamond ornaments, and no doubt at the first there was a great void to be supplied. But now the limit has been reached, and the world thus supplied seems hardly likely to take more than \$10,000,000 per annum.

Mary Howitt's Father and Mother.

When my father was employed as a surveyor in 1795 on the Talbot estate, at Margam he attended the First day meeting of Friends at Neath and met, at the hospitable table of Evan Rees, Ann Wood, a convinced Friend, on a visit to Evan's wife Elizabeth. They saw each other frequently and became well acquainted. On one occasion at dinner she suddenly learned his regard for her by the peculiar manner in which he asked: "Wilt thou take some nuts, Ann Wood?" She took them, saying: "I am fond of nuts." "That is extraordinary," he replied, "for so am I." There was in those parts an aged ministering Friend of so saintly a character as to be regarded in the light of a prophet. One First day morning after they had both been present at meeting, this minister drew her aside and said: "If Samuel Botham make thee an offer of marriage thou must by no means refuse him." Accordingly he was before long her accepted suitor. In the year 1796, on the sixth day of the twelfth month, they took each other for man and wife after the prescribed simple form, "in the fear of God and in the presence of that assembly." They were married in the Friend's meeting house at Swansea, where the bride's mother then resided. In the marriage certificate my father is stated to be an ironmaster of Uttoxeter, Staffordshire. He must therefore have considered the iron works with which he was then connected as the established business of his life.—Mary Howitt, in Good Works.

A RUSSIAN REVIEW.

A Grand Military Display Ending with Peculiar Rendition of a Prayer.

We rode at least a mile and a half, says Gen. Higginson in Blackwood's, past the line of tents, and must have seen 50,000 men. The ground is prettily accented, and altogether well suited for camp purposes. At the end we came upon the guard regiments and the Probrajensky regiment, with whom finished the inspection; and here were assembled all the bands and drums, to the number of 800, in one compact mass facing the empress' pavilion or tent, at the door of which she and her ladies alighted, and were joined by the emperor and grand dukes. We all dismounted and came inside the square, of which the royalty and staff formed one side, the musicians the opposite side, the other two sides being composed of officers of the various corps who had hurried to the spot. In the center, on a mound, stood the conductor of the united bands of music, and near him one drummer-boy, or perhaps a lad of 20. We, the foreign misses, stood in line, and the emperor came down from the pavilion and spoke to each of the generals. He was very gracious to me, and inquired about my service and the commands I had held. This over, he stood alone in the center, and a detachment of sergeants in full marching order passed him one by one, each sergeant giving the evening report of his picket and of the usual "watch-setting" in a loud voice, the czar thus fulfilling for the moment the role of camp commandant. We (generals only) were then taken up, one by one, to the empress, who talked to me about the princess of Wales, Cowes, Osborne, etc., and was altogether gracious and charming. Then tea was handed round, and the crowd of officers and of the troops generally kept closing round the square as the hour for "the retreat," or zaria drew nigh. Meanwhile heavy clouds had gathered in the horizon, and a storm seemed to threaten us, though the view down the slope over the valley to Krasnod, distant about a mile, was not rendered less beautiful by the combination of waningsunlight and threatening clouds. Eight o'clock sounds; each field battery fires an evening gun, three rockets shoot into the air, and the drums and bands roll out, with a solemnity and volume of sound not easily forgotten, the evening hymn. As the last notes die off the drummer boys steps forward, the bandmaster descends, and the little drummer, sole occupant of the square, repeats slowly but with perfect distinctness the Lord's prayer. Every head is uncovered and bows, from the furthest spectator; and I should in my heart pity the man who, as the little lad's "Amen" went up in its solitary simplicity, could scoff at or even be unimpressed by the silence which followed. There was a total absence of all exaggeration or straining for increased effect. The bands then burst forth with the Russian national air, so well known to all of us, and the scene closed as night fell.

MRS. BELLE BURGESS'S PETS.

Perch, Eels, Shiners, and Turtle Come at her Call and Eat from her Hand.

Almost in the heart of Sandwich, Mass., is a sheet of water covering a dozen acres. Along its shores are many residences, among them that of Mrs. Belle Burgess, not two rods from the water's edge.

"Would you like to see me feed my fish?" she asked a reporter. The hostess and guest walked out upon the ten-foot plank walk about a foot above the water's surface. Mrs. Burgess carried in her hands some cake and bread, and two large river herring. She splashed the water gently, and instantly there came from all directions scores of fish of the shiners and perch variety, and eels of all sizes.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Burgess, and the command was followed by a splash, splash, as two good-sized turtles tumbled off a log, while four other arrived from other directions. Fish, eels, and turtles would swim up and take their food from the lady's hand, and give no evidence of fear. One large white perch, that would tip the scales at a pound and over, seemed to delight in having its sides rubbed, while the shiners would allow any amount of fondling, so long as they were not taken from the water. Several of the eels were honored with names, there being "Quinn," who is over four feet in length, and is named in honor of a policeman; "Jumbo," a three-footer; "Beauty," a beauty in shape, complexion, and deportment; "Eliza," who was christened by W. J. Leavitt of Boston in honor of "Allan Account of Eliza." These slippery specimens would take their food from the hand, and, thrusting their heads above the surface of the water, seemed to delight in having them gently scratched by Mrs. Burgess, who could tell which eel was which, though to the stranger all except "Quinn" and "Jumbo" looked alike.

Henry and Julia.

A day or two ago she stopped in to talk to a young apothecary whose she knew very well, and casually asked if he could conceal a dose of castor oil so that one could take it without knowing it. He said "of course," and engaged her in affable converse till she said: "O, Henry, it is late—don't forget your promise." "Oh, no, Julia," he laughed; "but won't you have a glass of soda before you go?" Julia didn't mind, and after the last bit of foam had disappeared said: "Well, how about the oil?" "But you have taken it already—in the soda?" answered Henry, with a smirk of triumph. "Oh, how could you? It was for Jane!" giggled the blushing Julia, as she fled to conceal her emotions.

An exchange states that if a castor oil plant is kept growing in a room, mosquitoes, flies and other pests will not enter, or if they should they are soon found dead beneath the leaves.