SOWING THE WIND. L

All Pertnis was busy sowing beans. From the heights of the Luberon to the shores of the Durance the peasants all were at work, and in the town the worthy tradesmen said, as they looked out upon the little specks of white and red: "If the rains are timely and the sed is good, France will not have a bean

famine this year." For he it known that Pertuis makes humble pretensions to supplying all France with haricots. Pertuis might, had it been so minded—for soil and cli-mate both were favorable—have cultivated madder, like Avignon, or teazles, like Saint-Reiny; might have gilded its fields with grain, like Arles, or have red-dened them with tomatoes, like Antibes; but Pertuis preferred the bean, a modest legame, but lacking neither in grace nor in coquettishness when its fine climbing spirals and quaintly marked leaves tremle in the breeze.

II. Of all the sowers sowing like mad the most farious sower was the honest Pita-lugue. His loins braced sturdily, his head down, he swung the hoe lustily; then when in the soil, turned and turned again, there remained neither pebble nor root, he shaped it with a gentle slant, that the water from the reservoir might trickle over it. Then he took a long cord with a peg at either end stuck the pegs into the earth and traced one, two, three ten rows as straight and as regularly spaced as the scores of the Pertuis spaced as the scores of the Pertuis Orpheonic Society. Then he walked along his rows, one by one, and with a thoughtful air, kneeling on one knee, did his sowing.

"I must sow the wind," he murmured himself, "for, with all due deference to his reverence the cure, that is the only method by which I can avoid reaping the whirlwind!"

It was indeed the wind that Pitalugue was sowing. It was to grasp the wind that at regular intervals of three seconds he thrust his hand into the pouch; it was air and nothing else which he brought oat thence between his finger and thumb; it was that which he placed carefully in the earth, and the palm of his left hand smoothing down the damp brown mould covered over nothing but imaginary hants. III

Meanwhile a hundred yards away from a little thicket, a man whom Pitalugue had not noticed was following his movements with seeming interest.

"Ho, ho!" said he to himself, softly, 'so Pitalugue is working!"

Crouched amid the verdure, with his nooked nose, his gold-bowed goggles and his gray coat, a hunter at a distance might have taken this man for an owl. But he was none other than the redoubt able M. Cougourdan, land surveyor and auctioneer, whom public rumor accused of diverting himself at times in the direction of usury.

As there was no court open that day and M. Cougourdan was unable to sue anybody, he had taken his account books out with him. He loved nature; a fair landscape inspired him, and the song of birds far from distracting him, only made him more expert and expeditious in totting up columns of figures.

The spectacle of Pitalugue at work touched M. Cougourdan's heart, and turning over the pages of his book he was not long in discovering that as he

proaches and remorse availed nothing. served, and bearing it home she placed Each morning on setting out he vowed he never would touch another card, but each night he returned hence a bat proaches and remorse availed nothing. each night he returned having played

"I will," fervently replied Pitalugue. "Go up, Neddy!" and with virtuous steps he followed the ass.

VI.

Unfortunately, at the lower gates he met the barber Fra, returning red-eyed and feverish from making a night of it at a farmhouse.

"You're coming home late, Fra." "You're going out early, Pitalugue." "Yes; not a soul stirring." "Capital opportunity to have a hand

"Not for a million francs!"

"Just one game-not a rubber; but sudden death?"

"But my beans?"-"Oh, your beans 'll keep."

The unhappy Pitalugue endeavored to esist the tempter, but in vain. Fra took out the cards, and the mountain lark upspringing from the wheat beheld on the tone-wall by the road side, touched with pink by the rays of the early sun, the wo gamblers sitting astride, facing each other, and Pitalugue turning his pockets inside out to find them empty. "Five francs on credit!" cried Fra.

Pitalugue played and lost.

"Double or quit!" Pitalugue played and lost.

"All I have won from you against the ag of beans!"

Pitalugue played and lost, and the barber threw the sack over his shoulder and walked into the town, calling to him by way of farewell: "Next time I will give you your revenge and play you for the donkey."

VII.

What was to be done? Go home and confess all to La Zoun? Impossible! Buy more beans? Yes, without the first penny! Borrow from a friend? Then the whole story would come out.

For five minutes Pitalugue was in the depths of despair; then, as we have already seen, he resolved upon a manly and courageous course, "I can't sow beans," he said to him

self. "because I have none, but I can go through the motions. La Zoun will not suspect anything; one never knows where luck will strike. Besides, there is time for lots of things to happen between now and harvest.

Many things, indeed, did happen be fore harvest time to the no small surprise of the people of Pertuis.

For, look you, Pitalugue, torn by remorse and fearing to be discovered, gave up gambling and cut his tavern. and early he might be seen in his little patch of a farm working himself fairly to death. Never had beans received such attention as his haricots which did not exist at all. Nightly at sunset he watered them, giving each row its due allowance and no more; when the sun baked the earth dry he stirred it lightly to aid the beans in piercing their way to the light and air; donning his stout leathern

On the morning on which we intro-duce him to the reader he had risen at daybreak with the best intentions in the world, and had leden his doct. world, and had laden his donkey with a drum up in the neighborhood. And hag of such seed beans as Pertnis had when the old iron broth began to boil up. rarely seen, glittering in their coats of enamel, round and white as pigeons' eggs, solid as bullets. "Use them well, but don't waste them," no matter what distance he might be, said La Zoun, "you know they are the each point was picking the guilty wretch last we have." х.

"Good," said Aunt Dide; "one more armful of wood, and the villain will come here on his knees to beg our pardon.

"We'll give him our pardon," was the horse reply in chorus, "the scoundrel !" Meanwhile the astute Pitalugue, whom the proceedings had amused greatly, had whispered the news to some of his friends, and with exceeding great joy Pertius heard that the tribe of Pitaluge was boiling for a witch, to disenchant the beans. M. Cougourdan, who was taking his walks abroad, did not hear the news, however, but, having noticed the unnsual gayety of Pitalugue's demeanor, asked Fra the barber, what had happened. "Aye," answered the barber, "and so would you look happy if it had happened

to you. "Ha ! has he won at cards?" "Better than that, M. Cougourden."

"Been left money, hey?" "Better than that. While repairing his cellar wall to-day he found a thous-

and gold crowns in an old stocking." "A thousand crowns ! And his note is due to-day ?"

"Pitalugue has just gone home," said the barber; "you had better see him bafore he has gambled and guzzled it all

away-better run before any one else

gets there." M. Cougourden was off like a flash.

Xſ. The pot was singing fouriously and expectation was at its height when one of the boys, who had been posted as a sentinel, rushed in to say that an old gentleman with glasses and having a stamped paper in his hand was burrying down the street.

"It is Congourden !" screamed La Zonn; "he was there when we sowed the beans !"

"I suspected him all along," said Aunt Dide, solemnly. "To your posts, my children, and see that every blow tells !" Silently and sternly the fifteen male Pitalugues ranged themselves along the

walls, each grasping a stout cudgel. Nothing could be heard but the gluggling of the water and the clinking of the nails, and presently the footsteps of M. Congourdan on the stair outside. *

Well, no witch or wizard in Pertuiz had ever had such a tanning as he received, to the immense delight of all the towns people. Like a discreet man he kept quiet.

As for Pitalugue, when all was over, lighted his pipe philosophically with his note, which Cougourdan had dropped during the melee, and said solemnly to La Zoun:

"You see, my good woman, the pro-verb is right. Good sowing is never labor wasted, and the soil always recompenses those that treat it kindly.

Horrible Bites of the Alssaoula at Kairl WAD.

A Live Brad Man.

An incent is related in the experience of a clergyman here which suggests strongly some of the wierd sketches of Pee. The only difference is that this is true,-a plain recital of what actually occurred. Among the flock of the minister referred to was a family of foreigners, and the father of the family was stricken with a fatal illness. One night the pastor received a message summoning him immediately to the bed-side of the sick man, the messenger stating that he was dying. Some time elapsed before the arrival at the scene, where the attending

physician was surrounded by the sob-bing and shricking family. To his great regret the doctor informed the minis-ter that he was too late; that the sufferer had died fifteen or twenty minutes previously. And, in fact, there on the bed lay the stark and rigid form of the departed, the lower jaw fallen, the ashy palor of death on the face, and the body stiffened with the "rigor montis." With the demonstrativeness of their nation the family gave full sway to their feelings, making no effort at self-centrol. A son, in particular, was more demonstrative and inconsonable than any of the rest. He called upon his father, begged him to come back, and with difficulty could be kept from

the body. Hoping to comfort the grief-stricken family by spiritual consola-tion and sympathetic conversation the clergyman remained on the scene until near two o'clock in the morning. At this time, when the pastor was thinking of leaving, the son, who seemed to take the death so much at heart, was seized with another proxysm of grief more violent than any preceeding it. He tore himself from those who sought to restrain him, threw himself on the body of his father, embraced him, call-ing him and bathed the cold face with tears, shrieking that he could not let him go; that he must say one word and one more look. As if the agonized voice had penetrated the silence of the other world, and reached the "dull cold ear of death," the lips of the father moved, the

eyes opened and cast a sad, reproachful look on the weeping son, and in the well known voice came distinctly these words: "Oh! why did you bring me back?" As soon as the awe-stricken group could regain their presence of mind, after this appalling scene, they immediately administered restoratives to the patient, when the minister left him very weak but still alive. He was sent for by the father the next day, who gave him an ac count of his death (as he evidently believed it had been) and his experience to the time when he was ap-parently recalled to life. He said: "When I died I first felt a sinking, going sensation, knew everything going on in the room, but I could not speak or move my lips-then all was a blank. The next thing I remember was being in a dense darkness, seemingly in a tunnel, through which 1 was pushed, there seemed to be two forms, one on each side, pushing me along through the tunnel, and I appeared to move as if I was floating, touching nothing above or below. At last it appeared to get lighter, as though we were nearing the end of the passage it grew brighter every moment, and then I seemed to observe

two shining, beautiful forms on each side of me. At last wo seemed to float out into a lovely space of rosy brightness, like the sky of summer sunrise. I had the feeling of perfect peace, and well-being, and heard as though it The hall had been evidently decked and garnished; the lamps barned bright-ly in the cupola amid the golden balls remember it afterward took the sound of were a part of the space I floated in the an old, familiar hymn I used to hear in my native land. I have been a great sufferer, and the feeling of rest and freedom from pain was the thing I noticed most in my new state. I remained a short time in this blessed state when it seemed to be disturbed by a voice in pain calling me. I felt a thrill of regret, and then all became black, and I seemed to be back in the old painracked body again, and opened my eyes to find my son and my son and family erying and calling on me to come back. If they had known how much better I was they man known now have wanted me back in this weak and suffering body." The man lived several days and then died, as his family sincerely believe, a second time, and, remembering his solemn words as to his first experience, did not call him back. Whether the man was in a syncope from which the piercing lamentations of the family aroused him, or whether he had indeed been permitted to return after a glance at the glories of the great unknown, none can answer. But one thing is certain, that for the space of several hours, to all intents and purposes so far as the doctor, the pastor and the family were concerned, and so far as all outward indications are a guide, the man was dead.-Baltimore Gazette. People's ideas of morality may be a little mixed, but they always lean toward the side of self-interest. The probabilities are that the man who differs from you is wrong, while there is only the barest possibility that you may be wrong yourself. Your self-respect will allow you to admit no more than that. A man justifies himself for an action that is a little off color by calling it shrewd, but the same action on the part of another has no excuse whatever and is positively rascally. A gentleman sold a saddle-horse, for instance, as a thoroughly reliable and honest beast, emphasizing the assertion that he was honest. The next day the horse fell with his new owner, breaking his own knees and very nearly performing the same service to his master's neck. The irate purchaser went in a fume to the seller. "Well," said the man of conscience, "I am not at all surprised that the horse fell with you, and it only proves that he is an honest beast, just as I told you before. I have ridden that horse for six years, and every time I rode him he threatened to fall down and kill somebody, so I sold him, for I knew that some day he would keep his promise. No matter how much you deal with me you will always find that I tell the truth."

How the Chinese Grow Miulature Trees.

We have all known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them keepers at home, but how they contrive to grow minature pine and oak in flower pots for half a century has always been much of a secret. They aim first and last at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as much as may be consistent with the preservation of life. Take a young plant, say a seedling or cutting of a cedar when only two or three inches high, cut off its tap roots, as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in this state of affairs. Reply .a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap root is generally made to rest on a stone within it. Alluvial clay is the size of beans, and just enough in stand to furnish a scanty nourishment to en

the plant. Water enough is given to kee it in growth, but not enough to excit vigorous habit. So likewise is the Plan cation of light and heat. As the Lul ness pride themselves on the shape of the their minature trees, they use strings, fo wires and pegs, and various other mowhees and pegs, and various other ino-chanical contrivances to promote sym-metry of habit or to fashion their pets into odd fancy figures. Thus, by the use of poor soil and little of it, and little water, any strong growth is pro-vented. Then, too, the top and side roots being within easy reach of the garginger are shortened by his promote 1 th th in be m gardener, are shortened by his pruning bo knife or seared with a hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed on all little tree, inding fish and strong corners, laging bare man ten a dawn every side, gives the idea of strong in which a dark, powder-like re-identia growth, asking only for life, and just in which a dark, powder-like re-identia of old mud has lodged, and cutting out new set of leaves become more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a bal-ance is established between every part of the trees, making it a dwarf in every respect. In some kinds of trees, this end is reached in three or four years; in others ten or fifteen years are necessary. Such is fancy horticulture among the Celestials.--[Technologist.

Popping the Question.

Constitutionally timid men might, if necessary, resort to some such expedient as that of the youth whose bashfulness would not admit of his proposing direct-ly to the object of his affections, but who at length summoned up sufficient cour-age to lift the young lady's cat and say: "Pussy, may I have your mistress?" To which the young lady very naturally and cleverly responded: "Say yes, pussy." Bashfulness on the part of pussy." Bashfulness on the part of lovers, and want of courage in connection with popping the momentous question have formed the subject of many a story. Here is one: A gentleman had long been paying attention to a young lady whom he was very anxious to marry, but to whom he had never ventured to declare his passion. When opportunity offered his courage deserted him, and when he was resolved to speak, the fair one never could be found alone or disen-

gaged. Driven to desperation, he one day succeeded in accomplishing his purpose in a somewhat remarkable manner at a din-ner party. To most people a dinner party would hardly seem the most suitable occasion for overtures of this description, especially when, as in this instance, the lady is seated at the oppo-site side of the table from her admirer. equal to the The latter however, was equal to the cocasion. Tearing a leaf from his pocket book he wrote on it, under cover of the table: "Will you be my wife? Write yes or no at the foot of this. Calling a servant, he asked him in a whisper to take the slip (which, of course, was wever. servant, he asked him in a whisper to take the slip (which, of course, was carefully folded and directed) to "the lady in blue, opposite." The servant did as requested; and the gentleman in an agony of suspense, watched him give it to the lady, and fixed his eyes, with badly disguised eagerness to try and judge irom her expression how the quaintly made offer was received. He had forgotten one thing, that ladies seldom carry pencils about thom at a dinner party. The beloved one was however, not to be baffled by so trifling an obstele. After reading the note calmly, she turned to the servant and said: "Tell the gentleman yes." They were married in due course.--[Chamber's Journal.

HOUSE AND FARM.

Foot Rot in Sheep.-H.M., Dubuque, Iowa, in the Prairie Farmer, asks the following question: Quite a number of our sheep are foot sore and lame, and on examination we find that portions of the horn of their claws are black and rotted and smell badly. Some of them' have almost got well without any treatment. Off and on, especially during ment. On and on, especially during fall, winter and spring, we have experi-enced the same thing. I do not think it is contagious. I have heard of other parties having sheep similarly affected. Please inform an old subscriber what is best to do, with a view to preventing The preventive of the evil complained simple, and may be mentioned in half a dozen words-to wit: Occasional trimthen put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in state wountain side, it fre-kind to furnish a scanty nourishment to

ents ef

the mischief with a decided groove, of course taking due care not to cut into the quick. Be not nervous about paring away the external horn, for its growth is rapid; leave not behind the least ledge under which one single grain of grit can ensconce itself, darkly at its leisure to mine a treacherons way upward to some vital spot. For this work you must catch them with the dew upon their feet, or after a wet day, when the horn will cut like soap.

Potatoes Under Straw.—Several years ago there was much said about growing potatoes under straw, and we published at the time several reports from those who had tried the method with success. Interest in the subject appears to be re-newed, to judge from inquiries. The method is very simple; the land is prepared in the usual manner and the rows marked off; the sets are dropped along the rows and very slightly, or not at all, covered with soil. The whole field, or bed, is then covered with eight or ten inches thickness of old straw. Nothing more is required until digging time, unless some strong weeds should make their way through the straw, and these may be pulled. It is claimed that the yield is larger and the potatoes are much handsomer than those treated in the usual manner.-|American Agriculturist.

Peas and Oats Together .- The pea is very rich in muscle and bone building elements, and oats are also superior to corn in this respect. The oats also assist in holding up the pea vine, so as to pre-vent early lodging, and thus cause it to retain its succulence longer. The crop should be sown in the proportion of two bushels of peas to one of oats per acre, and well covered. The drill puts them in best. The united crop should proas much nutriment as when fully ripe. The succulent stalk containg from forty to fifty per cent. as much nutriment as the grain.-[National Live Stock Journal The Industrial Age .- James Wilson, in Iowa State Register, says: Pastures are oftener spoken of than parties. The cow gets more mention than the politician. Foreign commerce draws more attention than foreign politics. The dairy creates more stir than the district court. Heavy horses invite more inquiry than any political issue. The orchard gets more thought than the stalwarts, and the grove more than the half-breeds. The death of a well bred bull is more regretted than the defeat of a party leader. We are more alarmed at foreign cattle disease than opposition to the Monroe doctrine, and see more probable annoy-ance from Canada thistles than tissue ballots.

had lent Pitalugue a hundred fra year before Pitalugue now owed him exactly five hundred.

"Well, the beans are good for the money-I'll seize them at harvest time!" said M. Congourdan, and to inspect more closely his future property, he is-sued from the thicket and walked towards the bean-patch.

IV.

Precisely at that moment Pitalugue raised his head and beheld his wife, La Zoun, approaching with his smack. Washing his hands at the pool and kicking off the earth that clung to his clogs, he seated himself in the shade of a gourd trellised before the hut, and prepared to to address himself to his meal.

"Good-day, La Zoun; good-day, Pi-talugue, said M. Coundouran graciously, as he approached; then, casting an approving glance around the field, he added, "For well-sown beans give me those beans you have just been putting in. I only hope that we may have no froat.

"I guess the frost won't harm 'em, replied Pitalugue philosophically, and having eaten his bread and finished his wine, he shut up his mighty clasp-knife and betook himself again to his work, while his wife and M. Cougourdan walked away, together.

"Beans forever!" he muttered, as he resumed his illusory occupation; "put another in here-a hundred-a thousand! Where is the man who will say now that Pitalugue is a lazy ne'er-do-well who spends the whole time dozing beneath s gourd?"

Until the setting of the sun he toiled thus.

"Hallo, Pitalugue!" hailed his neighbors, home-bound; "break off work and finish the beans to-morrow.'

Not until night did he deign to quit the scene of his labors, and then looking around with a satisfied and yet a quizzical air, he said to himself:

"As the man said after shearing the egg, 'It's a very clean job, but there's more fun than fleece!"

V.

Perchance the reader may be curious to know who Pitalugue was, and why he had adopted this singular system of soil sean culture.

Pitalugue was a rural philosopher, oue who took the weather as it came, and the sun as it rose and set, leading a remarkably happy-go-lucky life, and expending nore industry and ingenuity in making a tolerable living in his little village than many another employed in making fortune in a big city. He was hunter that the beans were termination of her and fisherman; he had kept a dog gue expressed his admiration of her fif-

hung above it. Worse than bler of the mo stake wife, chi turn of a card. undergo when bome a trifle pockets! And heart be was 1.

es, he weeded the patch with a care that was almost excessive

His neighbors admired him, his wife was stupefied and M. Cougourdan hugged himself as he thought how he would seize those beans, and talked mysteriglasses when some money he had never expected to collect came in.

VIII.

Lo! at the end of a fortnight all the beans of Pertnis showed themselves. First a little white sprout, crooked like a bishop's crozier; then two leaves coiffed with the seed and bearing a few particles of earth; then the dried seed fell away, the leaves unfolded and all the plain, from the Luberon to the Darance, turned to a tender green.

[Only Pitalugue's beans did not come

And now the peasants went forth and. knife in hand, cat poles, and Pitalugue too went forth knife in hand, cut poles, freed them from knots and trimmed and sorted them and set them up in stacks of

fours, tied at the top. At the end of another fortnight all the harioots of Pertuis had taken to climbing, and the plain from the Luberon to the Durance was covered with a multitude of tiny green tents.

All but those of Pitalugue, it should be said. His patch remained reddened and dry, made still more melancholy by its rows of withered poles.

"It seems to me," said his wife, "that our beans are backward."

"They must be late beans, "he replied

calmly. But when from the Luberon to the Durance every bean plant in the plain put forth a thousand white blossomswhen all these flowers turned into crisp green pods and it was seen that only the haricots of Pitalugue neither flowered nor bore, a decided sensation was

caused in the town. Malicious folk began to nudge each other and grin; the superstitions made pilgrimages to view "the accursed field;" M. Cougourdan became uneasy, and La Zoun took up her dwelling at the hut and gave her days and nights to heaping indignant reproaches upon the sun and

IX. observation and thought the matter over

and ostrich feathers; the shiekh was clothed in a rich silk robe of office and an ously of treating himself to a new pair of awe-inspiring green turban, and a row of rush-seated cane chairs was waiting to receive the expected visitors. In ten minutes 600 or 700 Arabs filled every inch of available space. The Sheikh Hamuda took his seat in the center, surrounded by the musicians, and an old' blind Asissouia, guided by a little girl, came in gently from a side door and sat down beside him. The Aissaouia themselves occupied the whole space covered by the cupols. The aisles contained the Moslem spectators of the first religious rite ever witnessed by Christian eyes in the holy city of Kairwan. Among the Aissaouia I noticed gray bearded and decrepit old men, many sedate looking shopkeepers I had previously see a in the bazars, half a score of the Bey's soldiers and a dozen children under twelve years of age. The sheikh struck a note on a drum; the musicians began to play a peculiar and monotous tune, gradually increasing in intensity. After a pause several of the Aissaouia rose, and swaying backward and forward, shoulder to shoulder, shrieked a chorus to the sound of the drums. The music quickened, and so did the chorus. Then one of the most wild-looking of the singers began to throw off his clothes and passed down the line to urge the others to shout with renewed energy. Then one of the Tunisian soldiers (he wore the Bey's brass badge on his red cap) seized a sword and began to lacerate his stomach. The blood flowed freely, and he imitated all the time the cries and movements of the camel. We soon had a wolf, a bear, a byena, a jackal, a leopard, and a lion. One man knelt down before the sheikh and holding two long prongs to his sides, insisted on their being driven into his flesh with blows of a mallet. This was done. A mere lad did the same thing. A burly Arab passed an iron skewer through the upper part of his nose, and transfixed the skin of his face below the eyes. Two or three powerful men knocked him down and held him until the sheikh laid his

hands on him and whispered some mys-One evening Aunt Dido, Pitalugue's terious formula in his ear. Another man wife's mother, a most experienced ma- in quick succession swallowed more than tron, made a visit to the patch despite twenty large iron nails, there being no her great age, and having taken a careful mistake whatever as to his really doing so. A large bottle was broken up and observation and thought the matter office of the sagely, gave it as her opinion that Black eagerly devoured. The frenzy then be-sagely, gave it as her opinion that Black came general. While one Aissaouia Magic was at the bottom of it all, and came general. While one Aissaonia that the beans were bewitched! Pitalu- plunged a knife through his check, another transfixed his shoulder-blades with sagaoity, and all the family to the fif- a prong, and a third pierced his hand. though the donkey's manger was empty sometimes, the long suffering animal could always solace himself with the new of the lusty linnet. where the long suffering animal was decided that net day they should proceed to boil for the Witch. thereupon, being a widow, hall. Three large bushes of the thorny in different tortures were go-ing on in twenty different parts of the thorny hung above it.

the pot should never have in almost as many minutes; and at last, should have been feloni-before we had time to prevent it, a liv-by a widow. The dealer, stom of the country, and the maddened Aissaouia; it was in a trice a million lives and three million cases of be made up to him on torn into shreds by eager mouths, and sickness have been saved. This seems a its still quivering and flesh gnawed to somewhat startling statement, but the bones with apparent relish. - [Black-inder her cloak unob- wood's Magazine.

By the adoption of preventive measures to guard against expected epidem

The Right Sort of Men.

As a rule the men who are favoritos with their own sex are the truest and best in their relations to women. The men who like sometimes to "go away with the fellows" and have a rousing with the fellows" and have a rousing time on the water, the mountain or the field, are the men we mean. Women need never to fear to trust their happi-ness to those whom men, good and true, esteem as good fellows. But if a man is avoided by men, shun him. He is the man who, when he marries, wrings the man who, when he marries, wrings his wife's heart, if she has one, and spoils her temper, if she is naturally an angel. Manly men are the best lovers, the best husbands, the best companions for women, just as womenly women are the best sweethearts and wives. What do we think of women who shun their sex, however charming men may find them? It is seldom, if ever, that your men's favorite ill-uses his wife. Perhaps it may be explained in this way. Friendship of a sublimer sort what love becomes after a year or so of marriage, and he who is friendly to the very depths of his soul enters into this state happily, and is ready for the happiness that follows. But a man who is capable of nothing but a fleeting affection, which ever pursues a new object, and cares for no woman when she is won, hates the do-in the studios of distinguished mestic ties, and becomes detestible in consequence. It is the man who would die for his friend, and for whom his friend would die, who makes a miraculously happy wife of the woman to whom he scarcely knew how to make love when he courted.

last year, it must be a paying business for farmers. Yet the Rock River Pack-

New York Houses.

The luxury and perfection of detail in New York dwellings is passing into a proverb. Nowhere in the world, perhaps, is so much time and money spent upon the furnishing and ornamenting of the homes of the rich as in New York. The draping of curtains has become a distict branch of art, and every decorator and upholsterer has one or more em-ployees whose sole business it is to arrange in graceful folds the draperies, which are now indispensable, at doors, windows and fireplace. Even the banis-ters must now be stuffed and draped on artists, and then transferred to the houses that they are to embelish. Hundreds of women are employed, at an expense of thousands of dollars, upon embroidery and art needlework which are to adorn the sumptnous palaces in which our rich men live. Paintings, statuary, carvings in stone and wood, the Canning Factories.—The Sycamore (III.) Republican says: "The Clinton Canning Company have contracted for 600 acres of corn at \$5 a ton, and toma-toes at 15 cents a bushel. As they have contracted for much more than they did are to be housed are far more luxurious than the simple homes in which the for farmers. For the Rock River Pack-ing Company offer larger prices than these, giving \$5% a ton for corn and 25 cents a bushel for tomatces. This sure-ly ought to make a paying business on the farm." How do these prices com-pare with Californis averages?