The Dutch Farmer in Africa.

The Dutch farmer or Boer of the interior of the Cape Colony may be described in a few words. In every community there are bad exceptions; and the exceptions being all that we hear of at a distance, the South African Boer has till lately been regarded in England as little better than a savage. We must learn to know his fairer side. The type is unchanging. As he was in 1806 in the Colony, so he is in 1876 in the republics of the interior. He is uncultivated. He is unprogressive; but he possesses qualities which even here will be regarded as not without value. "He is domestic, but not gregarious." When he settles he procures from 6,000 to 20,000 acres of undulating grass plain. He takes possession in his wagon with his wife and children, his scanty furniture, his family Bible, which is all his literature, and his sheep and cattle. He selects a spring of water as a site for his house; ten miles, perhaps, from his nearest neighbor. His house consists of a central hall, with a kitchen behind it, and three, four, or five bedrooms opening out of it, all on one floor. He builds kraals for his cattle. He fences in a garden which he carefully irrigates. And so rapid is the growth in that soil and climate that in four or five years it will be stocked with oranges, lemons, citrons, peaches, apricots, figs, apples, pears, and grape vines. He incloses fifty or a hundred acres, which he ploughs and sows with wheat or Indian corn. His herds and flocks multiply with little effort. If he is ambitious he adds a few ostriches, whose feathers he sells at Port Elizabeth. Thus he lives in rude abundance. His boys grow up and marry; his daughters find husbands, and when the land is good they remain at his side. For each new family a house is built a few gun-shots from the first. A few more acres are brought under the plough. A second generation is born. The old people become the patriarchs of the family hamlet. The younger gather round them at the evening meal, which is preceded by a long, solemn grace, as the day's work in the morning is commenced with a psalm. The authority of age is absolute. The old lady sits in a chair in the hall, extending her hand to a guest, but never rising to receive him. The young generation, trained to obedience, fetch and carry at her command. The estate produces almost everything which the family consumes. There is no haste to get rich. There is no desire of change. The Boer has few wants but those which he can himself supply, and he asks nothing but to be let alone. The obedience which he expects from his children he expects equally from his servants. He is a strict Calvinist. The stream of time, which has carried most of us so far and fast, has left him anchored on the old ground. The only knowledge which he values is contained in his Bible. His notions of things in Heaven and earth are very much what would have been found in Scotland in the days of the Covenant. He is constitutionally republican, yet of liberty in the modern sense he has no idea. He considers work the first duty of man, and habits of work the only fitting education. Native questions and all questions he regards from this point of view. Without tenderness, without enthusiasm, and with the narrowest intellectual horizon, he has a stubborn practicality well suited for the work which he has chosen as the pioneer of African civilization.—*Two Republics.*

Faith and Charity.

Here is a little story which came to us the other day, and which, if it is not news, either political or marketable, has the merit, which news rarely claims, of being absolutely true. Near a neighboring city there is a little house, an asylum for children founded by one or two good women, and kept up from day to day by voluntary contributions. It is a rule with these women never to ask for help in their work from anybody except that One who has promised to care for the fatherless child. Business men are apt to look upon this system of faith and prayer and charity as an insecure sort of capital; yet it is a curious fact that two of the largest orphan asylums in the country are supported in this way, and have increased until thousands of helpless little ones have been sheltered and fed and clothed in them, during years in which the shrewdest business men have seen their fortunes wrecked at that in the most careful and safest investments.

A winter or two ago the director of this little home issued a statement of her receipts and expenditures, for the satisfaction of those who had given help to it during the year. It fell into the hands of a wealthy man living some miles away from the home, who glanced over it and threw it aside. No help was asked, and it did not occur to him to offer any. A month or two later, one bitter night, the manager found herself absolutely without a morsel of food to give the children for breakfast. There was not even flour nor bread in the house. Institutions of a similar kind have their settled funds from which to draw, or friends to whom to appeal. These women had no money, and but the one Friend to whom to turn. The night was stormy, it was late, the children would waken hungry; their hearts almost failed them. But they went to their Friend. Before they rose from their knees a carriage drove to the door, from which when they went out the coachman—without a word—began to unpack meat, bread, provisions of every kind. Bundles of clothing followed. It was like a fairy-tale or one of Dickens's Christmas stories. At last a lady held out an envelope in which was a bank-note for a substantial sum, and the carriage drove away through the snow without a word being spoken.

All this was mysterious enough. But the explanation was simple. The banker was toasting his feet before going to bed at his library fire, thinking how glad he was to be indoors, when his daughter came in and said, after the inconsequent manner of women, how cold it was outside and how warm and cozy she had been in her own chamber, and how it had set her to thinking of people who were cold and hungry, and that she thought she could sleep better if she could make some one who needed help as warm and happy as herself. The father was a practical man. He remembered the little home for children, but told her to-morrow would be time enough to look it up. The daughter was unpractical, and insisted that to-night was the time. The water began to come into her eyes. So the father gave up, of course, and put the note in the envelope as his contribution to the foolish adventure.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

On his last birthday the Emperor William was presented with an enormous sausage six feet long. After cutting off enough to last his family a year he chained the balance out in the front yard to scare away tramps.

Some People's Pets.

Proud Woolsey was on familiar terms with a venerable carp. Cowper doffed his melancholy to play with his hares, and Cleve owned a pet tortoise. The driver of a London hansom was wont to carry a little cub fox on the top of his cab, to their mutual enjoyment. G. F. Berkeley made a household pet of a young stoat, rendered motherless by his gun. Sir John Lubbock contrived to win the affection of a Syrian wasp. A lady becoming possessed of two butterflies of different species in a chrysalis state, resolved to try how far they would be amenable to kindness, and placed them for security in a glazed cabinet in her well-warmed bed-room. A few days before Christmas she was delighted by the appearance of a little yellow butterfly, but was puzzled how to cater for the delicate little creature. Taking a fairy-rose then in bloom, she dropped a little honey and rose-water in a blossom, and put the plant in the cabinet, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the butterfly take its first meal. In a fortnight it would leave the rose to settle on her hand when she called it by its name, Psyche. By and by a peacock butterfly emerged into active life from the other chrysalis. The new-comer accepted the sensation of active life at once, and, like its companion, delighted in being talked and sung to, both especially enjoying being waved in the air and danced up and down while quietly resting upon the hand of their mistress. Upon the coming of summer the cabinet was moved close to the window, and its doors thrown open. For some days neither of its tenants cared to venture beyond the window-sill, but one bright afternoon their protectress, "with many bitter tears," beheld them take wing and join some companions in the garden; at night, however, they returned to their lodgings. Next day they took the air again and were not seen until September. One afternoon there came a heavy thunderstorm, and when it was over, a yellow butterfly was found dead on the window-sill—which the lady, with some warrant, lamented over as her own particular one; the "peacock," too, would seem to have met a like fate, for it was never seen again.

De Candolle tells of a fair Switzer who made a companion of a young wolf, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the fond beast fall dead at her feet in a paroxysm of joy at her return home after a long absence. But the proprietress of a loving leopard that came regular to her chamber door in the dead of the night, and howled loudly enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, until its mistress turned out of bed and quieted her disturber with an offering of warm milk, might well doubt if she had bestowed her affection wisely. When Capt. Burton was domiciled in Syria, he left the management of his live stock to his wife, and under her fostering care that department assumed formidable proportions. Not content with horses and goats, a camel, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls and pigeons, Mrs. Burton must have her own especial pets—a white donkey, a young St. Barnard dog, four English terriers, a snow-white Persian cat, a lamb, and a leopard.

Mrs. Burton, with pretty good grace, confesses her husband had fair cause for saying his happy family reminded him of the house that Jack built; for the fowls and pigeons ate the seeds and destroyed the flowers; the cat fed upon the pigeons, the dog worried the cat; while the idol of the household harried the goats until one of them drowned itself in sheer disgust, and frightened the donkey and camel by jumping upon their backs and indulging in a shrieking solo, horrible enough to scare any animal of a well-regulated mind into madness.—*Chambers' Journal.*

The present Sultan is a man of quite different and far more active habits than some of his immediate predecessors. By ten o'clock in the morning he takes his place in the cheerful little room in the right wing of the palace which he has made his own—a little gem in its way, furnished in ebony and green velvet, its only adornments a select library, a number of maps hung on the walls, the busts of his father and grandmother. In the morning he sends for the Grand Marshal of the palace and makes out the programme for the day; he then calls for his First Secretary, with whose assistance he carefully examines the public documents sent to him. Occasionally, while still in his dressing-gown, he receives ministers on pressing business; otherwise he works at his papers till noon, when he breakfasts, and shortly after reappears in his study dressed in the Quaker-cut black frock-coat called *stambulee.* Then commence the official receptions, generally followed by a second interview with his Grand Marshal, after which he either takes a walk in the palace grounds or a trip on the Bosphorus in his yacht. He dines shortly after sunset, takes no raki before his dinner, and no wine with the meal. Once or twice a week he invites some members of the Cabinet to spend the evening with him, and talks to them upon public affairs; other evenings are devoted to music. He has a special pianist, an Italian, attached to the palace, and sometimes the palace troup perform a pantomime for his amusement. About eleven, or earlier, he retires to his harem, which, expressed prosaically, means goes to bed. He is perfectly conscious that his constitution is not robust, and his physicians say that he adheres most faithfully to their advice for the preservation of his health.

This is an age of nuisances. Somebody is continually doing something which makes a noise or a smell, or otherwise interferes with the comfort or the health of somebody else. Now it is a slaughter-house; then it is a stable which is maintained, to the great wrath and discouragement of the vicinage; soap-boilers and fat-renderers are constantly called upon to show cause why they should not put out their fires and transport their business to some other locality. An analagous case is that of the boarder who practices at night upon wind instruments, banishing the balmy from every other apartment of the pension. Then there is the man who smokes and who does so under difficulties, finding the number of places where he may much smaller than the number of places where he may not blow his cloud. A chime of bells has recently by a court of justice in Philadelphia been declared a nuisance, and an injunction has been issued against their further use except under certain conditions. Especially is it ordered that they shall not be rung at 5 o'clock in the morning.

In the Alps the snow line is 8,900 feet high on the northern side, and 9,200 feet on the southern, giving the northern side an advantage of 300 feet over the southern to any man who may feel inclined to save his ice bill by reaching down a little of it with a pole.

The First Shirt-Button.

Young Charley Overblower married about a month ago, and when he came home from his wedding tour, he and his pretty little wife Emma took possession of a charming flat up town. Early one evening, after they were fairly settled, and the last of Emma's sisters had been induced to conclude her visit, Charley proposed to Emma that they should go to the theatre. The woman assented, and both began to amend their toilets. In a few moments Charley said: "Darling, I am sorry to trouble you; but really I think I shall be obliged to have to ask you to sew a button on this shirt."

"Of course; why not?" said Emma, delighted at a chance to show her skill. She took the garment, seated herself, and said: "I can't remember for the life of me where I put those buttons. Charley, look in that box and see if you can find one."

Charley looked in the box, which was a case of perfume bottles, and not finding the desired article, concluded he would not bother Emma for further information, so he pulled a button from another shirt.

"Now, Charley," said Emma, "look in the top bureau-drawer and get me a paper of needles and a spool of white cotton—be sure to get the white cotton."

Charley found in the top bureau drawer a copy of Tennyson—he remembered it well—and picked it up and looked at the marginal marks and comments, dear affectionate little girl that she was!—and more perfume bottles, and a pattern of a Flor de Fumer overskirt, and the beginning of a sofa-cushion, and various other things, but no needle or cotton. Then he remembered that he had a fancy "housewife" that he had bought from a girl at a fair, and he got needles and cotton out of that.

"Thank you, dear," said Emma, and she began to stitch vigorously, humming a dreamy Italian air. Presently she said: "Oh, Charley, won't you bring me the scissors? I think they're in my writing desk. I had them there to-day cutting a poem out of a paper."

The scissors were not in the writing-desk, nor on the mantel, nor in the top bureau-drawer, nor in the case of perfume bottles, nor even in the receiver; so Charley drew on his "housewife" again. Emma took the scissors, snipped the thread, and exclaimed, "There, darling! And now make haste, or we shall be late."

Charley wriggled into the garment, and then put up his hands to button the band at the back, but no button was there.

"Why, Em," he cried, "where in the thunder did you sew on that button?"

"Oh, Charley, ain't you ashamed!" exclaimed his wife, "where are your eyes?"

"If they were in the back of my head," answered Charley, "perhaps I could see that button."

Emma raised herself on her tiptoes and looked at the band.

"Why, that's strange!" said she. "Take it off and let me look at it."

The shirt was inspected thoroughly, and the button was found neatly and deftly sewed on just beneath the tag of the shirt-bosom, so as to button that appendage in a most elegant manner.

"Well, by Jove!" exclaimed Charley, "if I didn't know any more about sewing on a button than that, I wouldn't get mar—I'd learn how."

"You were going to say you wouldn't have got married," cried his wife, putting on her hat hastily and bursting into tears.

"Where are you going?" demanded Charley, savagely.

"I'm going home, and I'll get a separation from you and your old shirts; that's where I'm going," blubbered Emma. "I thought you wanted the button there to fasten to your what-you-call-'ems."

It took Charley an hour to persuade Emma that if she went home there wouldn't be strawberries and cream enough to go round, and that she could get all she wanted at Delmonico's and he'd pay for it.

A Village of Wild Beasts.

Not long ago I paid a visit to a tiger. I did not owe this tiger a call, for I am very glad to say that he had never been to see me; but I wanted to see him, and so I went to his house.

He did not live alone. He had a room in a large building, where there were a good many other boarders. Some of these were leopards, others panthers or lions; there was another tiger, and on the premises might be seen almost every kind of wild animal, from alligators to zebras.

I particularly desired to see this tiger, because he was a very large royal Bengal tiger, and I know of no beast so powerful and handsome as one of these. But there was not an animal in the establishment that I would not have preferred to him as a close acquaintance.

It was near his dinner-time when I called, and I think he would have been very glad to have me come in and dine with him, but I had two objections to this. In the first place, the beef he always had for dinner was too rare for me, for it was not cooked at all; and, besides, there was some things which I wanted to do the next day.

So I stood and admired his magnificent coat of striped fur and his graceful movements as he sat close to a great iron door which led into the next cage, pawing and biting at his reflection in the smooth iron as if he had been a playful kitten instead of one of the most savage animals on the face of the earth; and then I left him, and went on a little further to see a lion.

The place where these animals lived, and still live, is the Philadelphia Zoölogical Gardens, which I mentioned last year when I wrote about "America's Birthday Party."

These gardens are in Fairmount Park, on the western side of the Schuylkill river (which runs through Philadelphia), and as they cover thirty-three acres, you can easily see that a great many animals can be accommodated there. The grounds are very beautiful, and are shaded by many fine large forest trees. There is a lake where the swans and the ducks and geese swim about, and where the cranes stand on one leg and watch for little fishes and frogs. Here and there are large houses for the different kinds of animals or birds, and there are a number of smaller buildings; but a great many of the inhabitants of the garden live out-of-doors in fine weather. Altogether, there are houses and inhabitants enough to make up a good-sized village.—*Frank R. Stockton, in St. Nicholas.*

The other night a Burlington woman found the long-expected "man under the bed." It was her husband. The bed was rather high and so was he, and he missed connection when he tried to get in.

To Render the Liver Active

When that important secretive gland requires arousing, it is only requisite to resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the national remedy for inactivity of the billious organ, for constipation, and for dyspepsia, besides those malarious disorders to which torpidity of the liver predisposes a person. Far more surely does this celebrated anti-billious cordial accomplish a curative result than mercury or any other mineral drug used to cure liver disorders. In fact, such medicaments cannot fairly be called remedies, since, although they may have a temporary effect, they eventually fail to influence the system remedially, but instead often do it serious injury. The Bitters, on the contrary, are a specific of the most salutary nature, and are likewise a reliable and agreeable tonic, appetizer and nervine.

The Insurance Agency of Hutchinson & Mann.

This agency was formed August, 1872, and opened an office at 314 California street, San Francisco, where it is still located.

General Hutchinson is a gentleman well and favorably known to most citizens in this city and State, having resided here many years, during which time he has been connected with many of our financial enterprises, as stockholder, President, director, &c.

Mr. Mann was, for some years previous to the organization of this agency in 1872, a resident of Salt Lake City, where he was engaged in the underwriting business, under the firm name of H. R. Mann & Co., representing several eastern companies.

With the extensive and favorable acquaintance which these gentlemen had, the agencies of insurance companies were easily secured, and accordingly the firm started in August, 1872, with the Girard, of Philadelphia; Home, of Columbus; St. Paul of Minnesota; Amazon, of Cincinnati, and one or two others; and soon after several companies were added to the list, and, with the energy and pluck in the make up of the firm, it was not long before the volume of business increased until the aggregate annual premiums of this agency equalled any on the Coast. The companies represented at this time are: Girard, of Philadelphia; Home, of Columbus; St. Paul, of St. Paul; New Orleans Insurance Association; People's, of Newark; Revere, of Boston; Atlas, of Hartford; The Trade of Camden, New Jersey; and the Union Marine and Fire Insurance Company of Galveston, Texas, with which is combined the Texas Banking and Insurance Company, and the Galveston Insurance Co., with combined assets of nearly seven million dollars.

The Girard, of Philadelphia, is an old established institution, organized in 1853, with a paid up capital of $300,000. The Assets, on the 1st of January, 1877, amounted to a little over $1,100,000, with a surplus as to policy-holders of $881,240. It was opened at a date when there was great popular opposition to fire insurance companies, and notwithstanding this and the great panic of 1857 combined, it bravely held its own till it is now one of the first institutions in America.

The St. Paul was organized in 1865, and has a paid up capital of $400,000, with assets of nearly one million dollars, and a surplus as to policy-holders of $571,654.

The Home, of Columbus, commenced business in 1864, with a capital stock paid up of $250,000. Assets nearly $500,000, with a surplus as to policy-holders of $300,000.

The Union, of Galveston, Texas, was chartered in 1848. Its assets are $714,695.87.

The Trade Insurance Company of Camden, New Jersey, has a capital of $300,000, and its assets amount to $516,231.46.

The New Orleans Insurance Association was incorporated and commenced business in 1869, and has a capital stock paid up of $300,000, with assets on the first of January, 1877, of $500,000.

The Atlas, of Hartford, commenced business in 1872, with $200,000 paid up capital, and shows available assets of $525,000 on the first of January, 1877.

The People's Insurance Co., of New Jersey, was organized in 1866, and commenced business in 1867 with a capital paid up of $200,000, and at present has assets of $450,000, and shows a surplus, as to policy-holders, of $300,000.

The Revere, of Boston, is a new company, organized in 1875, with a paid up capital of $300,000.

The firm of Hutchinson, Mann & Smith was dissolved on January 1st, 1877, and the business is now carried on by C. I. Hutchinson and H. R. Mann, under the style of Hutchinson and Mann. The firm have, during the past few months, procured the services of W. L. Chalmers, who is an experienced underwriter, and who, as special agent and adjuster, will, no doubt, prove a valuable accession to the firm, and under his management the interior business of the firm will greatly increase during the present year.—*S. F. Journal of Commerce.*

Purchasing Agency.

Ladies who are desirous of having goods purchased for them in San Francisco can do so by addressing Mrs. W. H. Ashley, who will send samples of goods for their inspection and approval. Would say that I am an experienced dress-maker, and have the advantage of buying at wholesale, and would give my patrons the benefit of same. Goods purchased and sent C. O. D. Send for Circular. Any information in regard to styles cheerfully given. Would add that I have a first-class establishment for Dress-making, and am prepared to execute country orders with dispatch. Address Mrs. W. H. Ashley, 120 Sutter street, Room 54, San Francisco.

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