LIFE.

We're born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh and weep
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by the human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To thoughts that die!

We toil—through pain and wrong,
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose, and then ere long,
Stone dead we lie.
Oh! life is all one song,
"Endure—and die!"

How Good Farmers Save their Money.

They take good papers and read them.

They keep account of farm operations.

They do not leave their farm implements scattered over the farm, exposed to the rain, heat and snow.

They repair their tools and buildings at the proper time, and do not suffer subsequently three-fold expenditure of time and money.

They use their money judiciously, and they do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap.

They see that their fences are well repaired, and their cattle are not grazing in the meadows, or grain fields or orchards.

They do not refuse to make correct experiments in a small way, of many new things.

They plant their fruit trees well, and care for them, and of course get good crops.

They practice economy by giving their stock good shelter during the winter, also good food, taking all that is unsound, half rotten or mouldy, off.

They do not keep a tribe of cats or snarling dogs around the premises, who eat more in a month than they are worth in their whole lives.

Lastly, they read the advertisements and know what is going on, and frequently save money by it.

Successful farming is made by attention to little things. The farmer who does his best earns his money with appreciation and uses it with best results. Such men are the salt of the earth.

Trouble in the Dent Family

[From the New York World, June 8.]

Reference was made in the *World*, a few days ago to a series of transactions which one of the Dents, who is claim-agent lawyer in Washington received certain sums of money upon the agreement that he would transact certain business. In one instance he was paid five $1,000 bills; in another he received $500; in another a draft for $250, upon a treasurer of a certain company was cashed for Mr. Dent, but upon presentation of it to the gentleman upon whom it was drawn he said he neither owed Mr. Dent anything, nor did he authorize him to make such a draft. Mr. Dent's paper was dishonored; but the gentleman who has been the victim in these cases is only desirous of getting his money back, and has commenced a civil suit against him. A warrant was to be issued for the arrest of Mr. Lewis Dent, who has been here stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel a few days. He is a non-resident, and is consequently held under a different law from that which applies to a resident for the same offence. An order was given for his arrest yesterday. It was served upon him, when he obtained bail and left for Washington on the night train.

The gentleman who brings these cases is well known in this community and has set about this business in earnest. The letters which he holds to sustain him in his opinion and course are ample, and would startle the community if published. It is quite likely that they will appear in evidence if the mony is not forthcoming.

The complainant in these cases has had frequent occasion to deal with the Presidential family, officially speaking, and is thoroughly posted as to their *modus operandi* of carrying on the government. It is not unlikely that there will be some astounding developments in a few days.

GOOD ADVICE TO DYSPEPTICS.—If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service to him to follow any particular regime—to live on chaff bread, or any such stuff, to weigh his food, etc., so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let it have proper rest and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and if he puts nothing in it but a cracker a day it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you desire. If any particular dish disagrees with you however, never touch it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye bread nor oatmeal porridge. A reasonable quantity of nutricious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Banish all thoughts on the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them in the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavoring to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience. Live temperately, cleanly, regularly. Be industrious and temperate.—*Journal of Medicine.*

A long-nosed old maid appeared at the door of a farmer's house in Iowa the other day, and wanted the farmer's wife to subscribe to some women's newspaper and sign a petition for women's suffrage. The wife called out, "Charles, Tom, Richard, Lucy, Jane!" and was soon surrounded by a crowd of rosy-cheeked children. She then turned to her visitor and said, "Have you any of these? "No!" was her sharp reply. "Then," replied the buxom wife, "go get a few and afterward come to me about women's rights, if you feel like it."

Ex-Senator Henry S. Foote, who now lives in Nashville, Tennessee, publishes a letter favoring the Vallandigham "new departure," and the nomination of General Sherman by the Democrats. This Foote is a garulous old fool, who ought to be shut up in a mad house. The idea of Gen. Sherman as a Democratic candidate is only a little better than that of Ben Butler. The Democracy can make up a ticket without calling upon the enemy to furnish the timber.—*W. W. Statesman.*

A LESSON OF HISTORY.—In 1852, the Whigs made their platform as near alike that of the Democrats as possible. After that year the Whigs were never heard of in national politics. Should not this serve as a lesson to the "New Departure" Demorats who propose to run the Democracy on a Republican platform.

A learned Bishop once said to a clergyman, who had asked him why he was so often silent, when he had so much to say that was worth saying: "I talked as much as anybody when I was young, and said a great many foolish things that I have been sorry for. I have never been sorry for anything I did not say."