

THINGS THAT ARE NOT.

BY A. L. D.

I dreamed a dream of Love, That she was holy, pure and true, A friend to give delight on earth, A voice to bid man look above, Her constancy her only worth, Alas! like this she comes to very few.

I heard her sacred name On lips of many, young and old, I looked their idol in the face, A giddy, pleasure-seeking dame, Whose vanity is her disgrace, Whose Summer friendship fades before the cold.

In love then but a dream, The sweetest fancy man can know! Or has she broken earthly bars And fled with her celestial gleam, To shine aloft among the stars And look with scorn upon the clouds below!

When Faith and Hope are dead, When life has for its only aim, To seek the passing moment's bliss, To find sufficiency of bread, Man soon his highest joys will miss, And seeking Love will find her but a name.

"WHATEVER IS—IS BEST,"

BY ELIA WHEELER WILCOX.

I know as my life grows older, And mine eyes have clearer sight,— That under each rank wrong somewhere, There lies the root of Right. That each sorrow has its purpose— By the sorrowing oft unguessed, But as sure as the Sun brings morning, Whatever is, is best.

I know that each sinful action, As sure as the night brings shade, Is sometime, somewhere, punished, Tho' the hour be long delayed. I know that the soul is aided Sometimes by the heart's unrest, And to grow, means often to suffer,— But whatever is, is best.

I know there are no errors, In the great eternal plan, And all things work together For the final good of man. And I know when my soul speeds onward In the grand, eternal quest, I shall say as I look back earthward, Whatever is, is best.

—Good Cheer.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Dr Collier and Sorghum Sugar.

The charge has been freely made against Professor Peter Collier, late Chemist to the National Department of Agriculture, that his enthusiasm regarding the possibilities of the sorghum plant had carried away his judgment, and that it would be impossible to realize, in practice, his claims for that plant.

It must be admitted that there has been some foundation for this charge. For instance, in an address recently delivered before the New York Chamber of Commerce, Dr. Collier claims that sorghum is a crop of equal value with Indian corn, when grown as corn is grown, for the seed alone, and without reference to its sugar-producing qualities. To support this claim he quotes yields of twenty to forty-eight bushels of sorghum seed per acre, as obtained at a few experimental stations, and on plantations devoted to the raising of sorghum as a specialty, and then compares these yields with the average yield of corn over the whole United States. This average yield of corn is but 26 1/2 bushels, which is far below the average obtained by careful farmers, yet Dr. Collier neglects to mention this fact, and to acknowledge that his yields of 20 to 48 bushels of sorghum seed should be compared with yields of 40 to 80 bushels of corn, were all attendant circumstances to be considered.

In discussing the yield of cane, and its richness in sugar, the same neglect of the "practical" is observable. From yields of cane of exceptional weight, and from the content of sugar as shown by laboratory tests, deductions are drawn which would not for a moment stand the test of practice.

Notwithstanding all this the fact remains that Dr. Collier's investigations have shown that, after making full allowance for his enthusiasm, there is still in the sorghum plant a source of profit which the farmer in the corn belt can in no wise afford to neglect, and the people of our country are under lasting obligations to him who has so persistently, and in the face of so many obstacles, brought this fact before them.

The Cloven Foot.

Western Rural.

The Indiana legislature has refused to pass the adulteration bill. Now no sensible man believes that any reasonably intelligent legislator acts from honest motives when he declines to legislate to insure pure products for consumption. He may be stupid as a mule, and not know enough to do otherwise, but if he is reasonably intelligent he proclaims himself as dishonest as Satan is wicked when he neglects to raise his voice and give his vote against adulterations. That is all there is to that, honorable gentlemen. You can vote to encourage fraud upon producers and consumers, and to undermine the public health, but you go home marked by public opinion either as invertebrate fools or well seasoned rascals. It is your privilege in this free country to earn that sort of a name, if you like, only be assured that you earn it. And if Indiana wants this dirty business and fraudulent business, let her have the whole of it. Let the adjoining states enact such laws as will drive the bogus butter makers and other adulterators over the line into Indiana. But the people of that state do not want any thing of the kind, and we are mistaken if they do not let their power be felt upon the recreant members of their present legislature, just as soon as they can get the opportunity.

The work, however, goes surely on in other states. Bogus butters must go. It may be that in several state legislatures there will be a failure in consequence of the large number of dough faced members, to pass prohibi-

tory bogus butter laws, but the ball is moving and the people are showing that earnestness which always results in ultimate success. The Illinois Dairy-men's Association are exerting all the influence in their power upon the Illinois legislature. It is exceedingly discouraging to attempt to do anything for the people before that precious "marasmus of stupidity, imbecility and 'ignorance'"—first rate word, by the way—that sits in the Illinois State House. But the effort to accomplish something will not be thrown away. It will tell on future legislatures, and we believe that the people of this state will sometime hunt about for intelligent and efficient men to represent them in the legislature with as much energy as they now appear to seek for ignorance and midnight stupidity. As we have before said, the Michigan legislature deserves great credit for what it is doing in this matter. There are men in that body who deserve the gratitude of the people of the state, and they will receive it, too.

Iowa's Dairying.

Western Rural.

In 1850 Iowa was credited with the production of 2,171,118 pounds of butter. In 1860 her production of this staple (butter) had increased to 11,593,666 pounds; in 1870, 27,512,179 pounds, whilst in 1880 it had reached the neat little aggregate of 55,481,958 pounds. The production of the leading six counties was as below:

Table with 4 columns: Counties, Pounds, Counties, Pounds. Rows include Delaware, Clinton, Benton, Boone, Boone, Boone.

In response to a call made by the New Hampton, Iowa, Courier for an account of the work of dairymen Mr. John H. Kollhoff reports that during the year 1884 the Williamstown factory received 905,978 pounds of milk and made 94,293 pounds of cheese, for which \$8,323.68 was received. This was at the average rate of 91.3 cents per cental.

Butter is made from gathered cream during the months when cheese is not manufactured. There were received 15,778 inches of cream, from which 15,840 pounds of butter were made, showing a gain of sixty-five pounds during the cream gathering season. For that butter \$3,904.22 was received, making, with the amount received for cheese, a total of \$12,227.90. The net price paid to patrons per inch of cream, month by month, and the net price per 100 pounds of milk, month by month, were:

Table with 3 columns: Months, Cream per 100, Milk per 100. Rows include January, February, March, April, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December.

General average..... 80.5 cts.

In a private note Mr. Kollhoff says: "We have paid more for milk than is paid throughout the Elgin district. Average per cow, \$30. He adds: "The figures I have given you represent quite a large sum of money as being distributed in this neighborhood, and not more than three-fourths of the people patronize me."

A Chat Concerning Implements.

Forest, Forge and Farm.

Perhaps no farm subject is oftener discussed than the care of implements. The articles sometimes appear in season, but oftener are inspired by the evidences of neglect that are painfully conspicuous on too many farms, and the warnings given are likely to be forgotten before it is time to put the suggestion into practice. Now is the time to decide in what condition implements shall be put into the fields, how they shall be used and how cared for. A liberal coat of paint on any machine or implement that is to be exposed to the weather will always be found a good investment. The implement should always be repaired before it gets into a "ramshackle" condition. It is easier to prevent rust than to remove it. Dull tools wear out men and are poor work, and, as a consequence, poor crops. The farmer who discards a worn-out plow or hoe, puts more money in his pocket than the amount expended for a new one. There is a certain kind of so-called economy that is thriftless in the extreme. A dull saw or even a dull jack-knife should not be tolerated. A wagon that is in need of constant repairs and always breaks down at inopportune moments, and a horse that is incapable or unwilling to work can profitably be allowed to rust and rest. If they can be disposed of at all it will be to the owner's advantage. No man is so rich that he can afford to keep a balky horse. As soon as an implement is not needed in the field it should be housed and cleaned.

How many farmers know how to sharpen a scythe? Certainly a very small proportion of those using that implement. It is therefore necessary to grind equally on both sides. Many, however, grind almost altogether on one side, believing that the steel is on the other. In so doing, they grind off the material for the edge, which is always in the center, and then wonder why the iron does not remain sharp. If you have a scythe that does not do good work, examine it and see if it is improperly ground, and if so it can probably be made into a good tool in a few minutes. The steel used in scythes is what is known as German steel, and the labels "east steel" and "silver steel" do not state a fact. There is no such thing as silver steel, still the labels should not be altogether disregarded. If a scythe is polished the flaws show, and those with flaws are painted on both sides, labeled German steel and sold cheap, the others being branded as stated above, and though not what they are called, are really superior to the painted ones.

A Word for the Jersey.

Texas Farm and Ranch.

It is not our purpose in presenting the merits of the little Jersey to abuse any other breed of cattle. The noble Short Horn is known over the civilized world as a most royal animal. It has merits for the dairy as well as for the

butcher pen. Beside the Short Horn, as a peer, at least for beef, stands the noble and symmetrical Hereford. Then too, comes the Polled Angus, its advocates claiming for it all the merits of the Devon, meek, kind and gentle, looks out of its bright eyes upon a world of admirers, who contend that for the dairy, for the butcher and for work animals there is no superior. The Holstein and the Ayreshire and the Guernsey and even the little Guinea cow maintain undisputed credit for worth in the dairy, in the stall and in the field. All are grand, and even the native breeds loom up in the hands of careful breeders as often worth the weight of their long horns in standard dollars. But here we desire, especially, to present the merits of the "pride of the dairy," the grand little Jersey. She is particularly a family cow, contributing, under kind treatment and nourishment of those who watch over a gentle and kind, always ready to give her flow of good, rich milk, turning out more butter for the number of pounds of lactal fluid than any other known cow. It has been computed that a pound of first class Jersey butter can be made almost as cheaply as a pound of beef from the best beef animal, but the butter is worth several times as much as the best meat. A gentleman owning a Jersey herd, near San Antonio, has not sold a pound of butter for less than fifty cents for years, and he is selling several hundred dollars worth per month. Another gentleman, living near Austin, receives similar prices for his butter, and it is in great demand. A good Jersey will give from ten to fifteen pounds of butter per week, while fancy records have gone away above the highest figure. At ten pounds per week the yield would be, for thirty-four weeks in the year, 340 pounds, worth at thirty-five cents per pound \$119. This is more money than a well fattened high bred Short Horn or Hereford, three years old, would command in the beef market, and the Jersey cow would not eat in one year as much as the beef. The Jersey is a little dairy queen, and we wish the breed in its purity were widely distributed over the land.

Grass.

Western Rural.

In describing a case of disease in an animal a lady correspondent says that her husband thinks it will be all right as soon as grass comes. This has suggested to us that a few words upon that subject might be of benefit. It is probable that nine out of ten cases of sickness will "come out all right" as soon as the animal can be put upon grass. Our animals have been fed all winter, in thousands of cases, upon dry, concentrated food, and in one way or another they are now showing the effects of it. The owner feels that he must do something, and often it is necessary to give medicines at once. But as soon as grass comes stop the medicine in ordinary cases at least, and turn them into the pasture. At first the grass will lack nutritious qualities, and it may sometimes be necessary to feed a sick animal something in addition. Animals that are not diseased ought to have something besides the very young grass. But a sick animal will often be greatly benefited by stinting it in the diet, and in such cases it may need nothing more than what the imperfect young grass will give. If we had an animal that was out of condition, or in any disease short of being or verging upon a desperate case, we should turn it upon grass as soon as grass comes, and give that a trial before resorting to medical treatment. We feel that we cannot say too often that the custom of feeding for months principally upon corn is one of the most costly habits that farmers have. It is positively injurious to the animal that is compelled thus to live. Sometimes we do not see the evil effects, but we may be sure that they exist, for such a course of feeding is in violation of nature's laws, and they cannot be violated without paying the penalty. But we do not see the effect, in thousands of cases, and see them often enough in our own herds to suggest the wisdom of reform in our feeding methods.

It ought not to be difficult to see what the result of constantly feeding a dry fat producing food is. Leaving out of the question altogether the fact that by such feeding a part of the system, and the most important part, too, gets no nourishment, or scarcely any, the natural tendency of fat producing, concentrated dry food is toward an impairment of the digestive function. The system must have moisture. If we deprive the system of all moisture the animal would die. But to furnish it with plenty of moisture in the shape of clear water is not the best way. Experience shows that it is better to furnish at least part of the moisture needed incorporated in the food. It is for this reason that green grasses are so valuable, or at least it is a principal reason. It is for this reason that roots are so valuable as a food. In place of medicines, therefore, in many cases we would advise grass. There is one class of cases, however, that the farmer often finds it hard to treat as we have suggested. They are the cases of horses that are needed for work. He feels that he cannot spare a horse for a week or two that it may run upon grass. Well, a sick horse, if he is very sick, should not be worked, and the way to treat a sick animal is always to treat him the best way. If a week or two weeks, or a month is the best way to cure him, that is the way to treat him. The work must be left to be taken care of in some other way, unless we value the life and usefulness of the animal so little that we do not care about saving him. Humanity, however, even then should prompt us to exercise mercy. We do not mean by anything that we have said to convey the idea that all stock should be turned upon grass too early. In doing this people often make a mistake.

Farm Notes.

Never allow wagons and implements to be used as hen roosts.

Shavings sprinkled with diluted carbolic acid will make a nest free from vermin.

Poultry keeping goes better with dairying and stock-raising than with grain growing.

Treat the cow kindly. Harsh treatment will make them hold their milk and dry them up.

It is only when inactive and under artificial conditions that the Asiatic fowls become fat, loggy and lazy. The chickens first hatched in the brood and those with the shortest legs fatten the best. Long-legged fowls are difficult to fatten.

It is considered settled that the quality of the milk is controlled by the quality of the food. How important it is, then, that the food be of the best quality.

In driving the cows, never hurry them; as when their udders are full of milk, or they are heavy with calf, it is very likely to do them permanent injury.

In buying a cow find out for yourself if she is what you want. Don't take anybody's word for it. A mean cow is such an intolerable nuisance that many men are tempted to strain a point in order to get rid of her.

One way of preserving eggs is to use wood ashes. Pack the eggs in a box, without allowing them to touch each other, small end downward, and use plenty of ashes. Sawdust or sand if perfectly dry will do as well.

The Orange County Farmer says: "The sugar beet is preferred among the roots for sheep, being most palatable and containing the most solid nutritious matter." However, sweet turnips are preferred by many practical sheep feeders, among whom are leading Englishmen.

It is a well known fact that sheep love bright, fine hay, and will eat it cleaner and do better on it than on the coarse hay; while cattle seem to relish the coarse hay and fodder even better than the very fine. It would not be much trouble to feed accordingly.

If you are keeping cows for the dairy, or to give milk and butter, keep only the kind that will give the greatest quantity of your specialty—butter cows, if it is butter; and if it is milk, then keep cows of one of the milk breeds, says the Pittsburg stockman.

The farmer who keeps a few sheep can give them better attention than where large flocks are kept; and perhaps those farmers who cannot well keep large numbers could handle the mutton breeds to better advantage. They require just such treatment as these farmers are best prepared to give them.

Give to the cows none but the best and purest food. With no other food is this so essential, for the reason that it has been fully demonstrated by competent authorities that the milk is a very prolific source of transmitting disease germs from impure food, and especially from impure water.

Does your cream refuse to produce butter, the conditions so far as manipulation is concerned being correct? The Dairy World says: The fault is probably in some one or more cows of the herd. Test the milk separately of any one that may be suspected especially of any one that may be ailing in any way.

A Sand Storm in New Mexico.

The air was still as death, and there was not a puff of wind or a rag of cloud in the whole horizon. I observed, however, that the sky had undergone a curious change. There was no diminution of the blazing sunlight, but the deep blue had been superseded by a strange white glare that was nearly blinding, and the heat had increased rather than diminished. We saddled hastily, and were soon threading our way through the broiling labyrinth of sand hills and out on the broad mesa again. We had not gone more than a mile or two in the direction of Espanola when Joe, who had been glancing about in all directions, suddenly remarked, "There she comes!" and jumping off his horse, commenced tying him up behind an adjacent heap of large boulders. We stared in the direction he pointed, but could discover nothing save the white sky, the hills, and the sandy plains. As we looked, however, we gradually became aware that far down the valley two or three of the hills had entirely disappeared, and stranger still, that more of them were being eaten up under our very eyes! A little brownish-black cloud, no bigger than one's hand, was the monster that was thus devouring the landscape. We hastily secured the animals in the shelter of the rocks, and came back to look. The cloud had already spread quite across the plain and valley, and was approaching with frightful rapidity. It was not more than five miles away. It swept along toward us, with constantly accelerating speed, a bellying, portentous black wall of dust, that sent long waving fingers up to the zenith. Mile after mile of mesa, and hill after hill disappeared in its vast maw, until there was only one rise left. This was swallowed up, and then, almost before we could seek shelter, the storm was upon us with a shriek and a blast like the breath from a cannon.

In an instant every thing was obscured. I peered through my half-closed lids, and could not see a sage-bush that I had noticed the moment before only a few feet distant. The air was full of the dull roar of the battling winds. We could barely hear the sound of our voices when we shouted. Everything had been wiped away from the face of the earth, and a blur of gray dust was all that remained. I could barely distinguish those nearest me through this strange mist. The worst of it lasted for about half an hour, I should think, but the air was still full of dust when we arrived home about two hours later. Such is a New Mexican sand-storm. We found all our household goods covered with a mat of from half an inch to an inch of an impalpable powder, which had sifted in through every crack and crevice. Nothing had escaped.—BIRGE HARRISON, in Harper's Magazine for May.

"Here, waiter, take away them fried oysters; they are bad." "I knew it, sir; but we gave you two more oysters than you called for to make up for it."

RARE AMERICAN BOOKS.

The History of Printing on This Side of the Atlantic—Some Curious Works.

A plain sign hanging over the entrance to a narrow stairway on Nassau street reads: "Rare American Books." A long, narrow room in the rear of the second story of the building contains the stock to which the sign refers. When asked yesterday by a reporter for The Mail and Express when book-printing was first done on the American continent, the proprietor of this book-store said:

"Printing on this side of the Atlantic was first done in Mexico in 1539. The earliest American book extant is dated 1539. It is a doctrine of faith of the Roman Catholic church, entitled 'Doctrina Christiana,' and was printed in Mexico in the Spanish language. Another book to be numbered among the oldest printed in America is a Mexican vocabulary, a dictionary of native Spanish and Mexican. It was printed in 1571.

"In the United States the first printing done was in 1639. In this year Fresman's 'Oath' and 'Almanac' were printed in Cambridge, Mass., the 'Oath' being printed on one side of a half sheet of foolscap. Neither of them is so recent. The earliest printed book now in existence of those printed in this country is the book of Psalms, which was published in Cambridge in 1640. The next place where printing was done was in Boston. We have here in stock a book printed in Cambridge in 1671, and it is one of the oldest we ever had."

The speaker then showed the reporter a small and very ancient looking brown-paper pamphlet of thirty-four pages. It was partly torn and had evidently seen hard usage. It was an election sermon preached at Boston on May 15, 1667, on election day, by Rev. Jonathan Mitchell, late pastor of the Church of Christ, Cambridge. Its title was 'Nehemiah on the Wall in Troublesome Times.' Another curiosity which was shown was a text-book used in Harvard college in 1758. It was printed in Boston by John Draper. It was a text-book of logic, and was printed in Latin. Its title was 'Compendium Logice Secundum Principia. D. Renati Cartesii et Catechistica Propositum.'

A rare book also found here relating to this city was in the Dutch language, printed in Holland in 1667. Two volumes in vellum were bound in one, and its price was \$20. "This book," said the proprietor, "is said to contain the first printed report of the capture of New Netherland by the English in 1664. It is considered the most complete and authentic account in existence of the war between Holland and England, and includes a list of vessels and goods captured by the English from the Dutch.

A curious volume in the stock was a selection of handbills circulated in this city just previous to the general state election in 1810. "It is an amusing gubernatorial campaign document," said the owner, "appearing mainly to Methodist and somewhat to the Baptists. Jonas Platt was the federalist candidate and Daniel D. Tompkins the republican. Brother Elias Vanderlip and Samuel Winton, of the Methodist church, were their respective champions in this rather acrimonious controversy. Each assumed high moral grounds, and each denounces the bringing of politics inside the church, and of course denounces the other for doing it. Neither claims his candidate as a communicant, or even as an attendant of the Methodist church, but seems to consider him a good enough Christian until after election.

An interesting volume seen was written by Cadwallader D. Colden printed in 1825. It was of half-morocco binding with gilt top, and is held at \$13. It is a "Memoir, Prepared at the Request of a Committee of the Common Council of the City of New York at the Celebration of the Completion of the New York Canals." Many maps, views, and portraits are included in the volume. Another interesting book is a collection of the laws of the legislature of this state, "in force against loyalists and aliening friends of Great Britain and British merchants and others having property in that state." It was printed in London in 1786 and is held at \$10. It contains the confiscation act and gives the names of many of the old residents who were known as Tories.

An odd book relating to the politics of this city was the "Report of the Controller of Persons in Employ of Corporations and their Salaries." It contains 140 pages, and printed in 1838. That book contains the names of the whole gang," said the proprietor, "with the amount of composition opposite the names. Why, Aaron Clark got \$3,000 for being mayor, 'Old Hayes' got \$500, and Ira Looker and his compeers, who perhaps could not control more than two or three votes each, got 50 cents per night as watchmen."

"Can you tell me something about the celebrated Indian bible translated by John Elliot?" asked the reporter. "Yes, sir, I can, and its history is one of great interest among all who are in our line of business. There are believed to be twenty or thirty copies in existence, and I have seen one of them sold for \$1,000. There are very few perfect copies extant, and there are no reprints because even the Indian tribe for which it was printed has become a thing of the past. I have taken great interest in tracing one copy of the Indian bible and I think it has been sold fully twenty times, bringing hundreds of dollars. It is an unusually perfect copy, the printing being remarkably clear. Its history is this: It was printed in 1661 and 1663, the New Testament in the former year and the Old Testament later. Then the two parts were bound together, and the first trace I have of it was when it came into the possession of Mr. John A. Rice, of Chicago, a collector, who paid \$1,150 for it. He bought it at the Buncce sale in this city in 1868. When the Rice collection was sold, in 1870, it was bought by William Mezier, of this city, for \$1,050. This gentleman paid \$100 for having the book elegantly rebound. In 1876 it was sold to Mr. Joseph J. Cook, of

Providence, for \$900, and upon his death it was bought by Mr. Brayton Ives, of this city, for over \$1,200. This gentleman now holds the precious volume. My assistant here owns a copy of the Indian bible of a later edition; though it is imperfect it is worth \$200.—New York Mail and Express.

The Best Wives.

There is visiting in San Francisco says The Chronicle of that city, a very learned Mohammedan named Gopal Vinayak Joshee. He recently arrived from Bombay, and has attracted considerable attention on the streets by his huge Oriental turban of many folds, which he wears constantly, and is the only thing especially remarkable about his costume. Mr. Vinayak is not only a philosopher and scholar in his own language, but is thoroughly conversant with European affairs and customs, and, withal, speaks English with unexceptionable accent and wonderful fluency. Yesterday afternoon being the time set for the teachers' institute at the girls' high school, he was invited to be present, as he is particularly interested and well informed on educational topics. After the regular exercises had been concluded Supt. Moulder asked the sage from the far east to present his views upon the education of girls, both from the standpoint of Asiatic customs and from the results of education in the western world which had come under his observation. He very courteously complied, and thoroughly entertained the unusually large attendance, mostly composed of young lady teachers, by his graphic description and peculiarly original ideas.

He said his own idea was that ignorant wives were much preferable to educated ones, as they made much better slaves, that is, they performed their duties with greater contentment and reliability, and were not continually opposing their own views to those of their husbands, thus causing the dissension so frequently seen in more enlightened households. He thought there would be less of "gadding about" which he noticed upon the streets here if there was less of this placing of women above their sphere. He had especially noticed the great crowds of handsomely dressed ladies constantly promenading on Market street and other thoroughfares, who seemed to have no care and no thought of home duties or household responsibilities; this was a condition of things that would not be for a moment tolerated in Bombay.

At this point Miss Hunt, one of the teachers present, asked him if it were not true that he had an educated wife now in Philadelphia studying medicine. To this he naively answered "Yes," and joined heartily in the storms of laughter that followed. He said he was fully qualified to speak, and that in his opinion the uneducated women made the best wives. He explained that there were a few very intelligent and finely accomplished ladies in India who had received their education from the government schools established by the English throughout the entire country, but he thought it was all a mistake. The ladies especially enjoyed his good-natured onslaught on the fair sex.

Not Consummated. During several seasons, young Parks had been a constant visitor at the house of Abemelech Morrison. Sunday after Sunday the young fellow would come and after sitting nearly all day, stealing glances at Sookey, old Abemelech's daughter, he would go home. He was so bashful that when the time came for his departure, he would glide out the door, jump over the fence and run like a jack-rabbit. Last Sunday he took his place as usual.

"Sam," said old Abemelech, "what's your daddy doin'?" "Makin' uv a steer yoke, uh, huh, huh."

"What's Lige doin'?" "Ain't doin' nothin'. Dun gone to meetin' with a gal, uh, huh, huh."

"What's your mother doin'?" "Got sorter behind on her quiln an' is a cardin' uv her bats to-day."

"Made your plant bed yet?" "We've made one uv yim but we ain't made the big one what we 'lowed to make."

"Yes, sar."

"What's the usen actin' sich a blame fool. You love Sook?" "No, I don't, uh, huh, huh."

"Yes, you do."

"I don't outdo."

"Yes, you do, an' you wanter marry her."

"I don't now, no such uv a thing, uh, huh, huh."

"Yes, you do."

"Would you give her to me ef I wuter wuter marry her?" "Yes, you may have her. Come here, Sook," calling the girl.

"What do you want, dad?" she said, entering the room.

"Hold on, Sam. Come back, you blame fool!"

Sam had jumped over the fence and was running like a jack-rabbit. Old Abemelech says that the marriage may take place as soon as Sam "ken be hemmed up an' fetch to the house."—Arkansas Traveler.

Indian Museum.

I went to the Indian museum twice and found it a stately pile, worthy of a dozen visits. Its specimens of natural history, archaeological, fossil, and historical remains, preserved animals and birds were very fine. Great slabs of different kinds of stone have been brought from the interior of its country, showing the antiquity of its civilization. I saw the skins of a monster lion and tiger stuffed and made into a group, representing them in a deadly fight in the jungle. It was a beautiful thing, very different from anything I ever saw before. It is well known that the Asiatic society is located in Calcutta, the researches of which have extended far and wide. I do not know whether the museum is an offshoot of the society or not, but they ought to work together and form the nucleus of natural history of all the east. I visited the art school for natives but did not find anything very nice on exhibition.—Calcutta Cor. Boston Journal.