

A NOVELTY IN VOTING.

Description of the Ballot Submitted to the Massachusetts Legislature.

Messrs. Richard H. Dana and Merrill Wyman, Jr., have prepared for the Committee on Election Laws of the Massachusetts Legislature a ballot which, in many respects, is the best measure of the kind we have ever seen.

Their bill opens with a provision that all ballots shall be printed and distributed at public expense. Upon that point there is no longer any division of opinion, everybody conceding the wisdom of taking from the political organizations the dangerous and corrupting control of the ballots which have been so long in their hands.

Each ballot shall contain the name, residence (with street and number in city elections,) and party or political appellation of every candidate whose nomination for any office to be specified in the ballot has been duly made, the names to be arranged in alphabetical order, except that presidential electors are to be arranged in a separate group. The provision for distributing the ballots to the election officers at the polls is so specific and so interesting as an effective means for preventing forgery of the official ballots that we give it in full:

"Section 14. The Secretary of the Commonwealth shall send the proper ballots, specimen ballots, and cards of instruction printed by him, to the several city and town clerks, so as to be received, one set at least forty-eight hours before the day of election, the other set sent separately so as to be received at least twenty-four hours before the day of election. These ballots, specimen ballots and cards shall be sent in separate sealed packages, clearly marked on the outside for the polling place for which they are intended, and the number of ballots enclosed. The ballots, specimen ballots, and cards of instruction printed by the city clerks shall each set be packed in separate sealed packages clearly marked on the outside for the polling precincts for which they are intended. The city and town clerks shall send to the several officers of each precinct or to the selectmen of the town before the opening of the polls on election day, in the manner in which the ballot boxes are required to be sent, one full set of the packages of ballots, specimen ballots and cards intended for that polling place, keeping a record of the number of ballots sent to each polling place. The second set shall be retained until they are needed for the purpose of voting. At the opening of the polls in each polling place the seals of the packages shall be publicly broken and the packages opened, and the books of ballots handed to the ballot officers herein-after provided for by the precinct officer or the selectmen of the town presiding at such polling places. The cards of instruction shall be posted in each place provided for the marking of the ballots, hereinafter provided for, and not less than three such cards, and also not less than five specimen ballots, posted in and about the polling place outside the guard rails, before any ballot is delivered to any voter."

When the voter receives his ballot, after he has shown that he is entitled to vote, he must go alone into a compartment and check with a cross in the margin of the ballot the names of the candidates for whom he wishes to vote. Then he must fold his ballot so that the official indorsement on the back will be visible, and, coming from the compartment, deposit it in the ballot-box. No ballot without the official indorsement can be received by the officers in charge of the ballot-boxes, and if any such should get in, it must be thrown out in the counting. Any voter who allows his ballot to be seen by any person with the apparent intention of letting it be known how he has voted, or intends to vote, or any person who interferes or attempts to interfere with any voter while marking his ballot, or who attempts to ascertain in any way how he has voted, shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$5 or more than \$100.—Nation.

Odd Facts About Gun-Cotton.

When gun-cotton or other high explosives are freely exposed upon an iron anvil and detonated, the explosive leaves a deep and permanent impression upon the surface of the metal with which it was in contact. The impression produced by the exploding mass is an almost exact copy of that face of the explosive which was in contact with the metal. This is best observed with gun-cotton, for, from the nature of the material, it can be shaped according to fancy, and such figures and designs as one wishes can be stamped upon its surface. Thus, if a disk of gun-cotton, on the face of which the letters "U. S. N." and the date "1884" are indented, be detonated, it will be found that the letters and figures will be reproduced in the iron, and, most singular of all these phenomena, they will be indented in the iron just as they were in the gun-cotton.—Scribner's Magazine.

Why He Could Think So.

Two men on a railway train began to discuss a book which the newsboy had left on the seat. "I think it is a very weak thing," said one of them. "I examined it while ago, and I see that the characters are weak and ill drawn." "I like it very much," the other man replied. "I think it is one of the finest pieces of fiction ever produced in this country." "I don't see how you can think that." "I do, for you see, I wrote it."—Arkansas Traveler.

A blind physician at Pensacola, Fla., has a large practice, and goes about the streets unaided.

PRINCESS SALM SALM.

Interesting History of a Romantic, Cheered and Eventful Life.

Several queries have been made of late as to what became of Princess Salm Salm, an American lady whose venturesome character elevated her from the common people to the rank of Princess. Newspaper stories have been published from time to time about her, but none contain a full and correct account of her life and final disappearance from the eyes of the world.

The last days of her career were a happy conclusion of a life full of romantic associations. Through the kindness of L. E. Hineckley, now residing in this city, but who was born and raised in the Princess' native village, the Call is enabled to give some interesting particulars of her life.

"Well I remember," he said to a reporter, "when yet a child in my native town of Philipsburg, Province of Quebec, listening to old Captain Henry Joy spinning yarns in his little cobbler's shop. We called him Captain, but he was a privateer in the American service, and finally settled down to mending shoes and harness. His wife was an Indian squaw—a Cherokee, I believe—the pet of all the little children and a female doctor. They were married many years and had a family of two sons and four daughters, but died some years since."

"These were the parents of Princess Salm Salm, quite illiterate and without any ambition, and they were always the same there. Adelaide Joy, the Princess, was a remarkable child, and even then would ride bareback horses through the country without any fear. She could shoulder a gun, too, and spent many a day hunting in the woods. School was a matter of small importance to her, so at fifteen she went to work in private families. This monotonous life was badly suited to her adventurous spirit, and at seventeen she went to St. Albans, Vt., and thence South with Charan's circus as a tight-rope walker and equestrienne, under the assumed name of Agnes Sinclair."

"It was rumored that she was married to a performer, but she was certainly married to some officer of the Federal army after she had left the circus when the war broke out. She traveled to Mexico with this officer, and there met Prince Salm Salm, who accompanied Maximilian, Salm Salm was Prince of a province or principedom in Germany, and was sentenced to be shot with Maximilian, but through her pleadings the Mexican authorities pardoned him, with the understanding that he should immediately depart for Germany. It was never known what became of the American officer, but the Princess then accompanied Salm Salm to his native land, and they lived together there in peace till the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war. Then the Prince fought with the Prussian army and fell before Metz. She died about three years ago in Germany, and left two sons, who are young men now."

"During her lifetime she never forgot her parents. A letter would be received regularly every three months by the postmaster of Philipsburg, and it contained a remittance with another letter for the old couple. Her picture and that of her husband and children were suspended in the little cobbling shop and would be shown with pride by the old father. The postmaster was always instructed not to disclose her identity to that of the people, lest it might ruin her social standing in Europe. After her death she was highly spoken of, and her charitable acts during the Franco-Prussian war are still remembered."

"When a domestic servant her natural desire for adventure and the stage induced her to study Shakespeare, and she purchased large volumes of his works. In her palmy days, when Philipsburg had been parted from her forever, these same books wrapped up old shoes and the illustrations adorned the walls of the shop."

"The Princess was a dark brunette, very handsome and engaging in manners, still she was not a woman who depended on natural gifts or graces as objects to gain her ends. She died at the age of fifty-five to sixty years."

"The whole family are now in good circumstances. One son, Henry Joy, is now a prominent physician of Chicago; the other, George, is a purser of a Champlain steamer. Mrs. Mendall, a sister, is owner of the Mendall Lithography Company, of Chicago, and, in her own way, made a success of life. She married a working-man, who died quite young, leaving a small business, which she then managed, with good results. She now has several houses on Dearborn avenue and is reputed very wealthy. Another sister is married to a Philadelphia banker, and the fourth is the wife of a United States official in Mexico. George resides in Philipsburg with his daughter and guards the old homestead, where a remnant of the family is sometimes held."—San Francisco Call.

The Ruling Passion.

Life was ebbing fast, and his hours were few. He was a Third Avenue elevated brakeman, and eating his meals between stations had sapped his vitality. "My dear young friend," said the minister at his bedside, "I trust that what has been so graciously vouchsafed to me to say will comfort and sustain you. I will leave you now for the present." "Very well, sir," responded the sick man, feebly. "Step lively, please."—X. Y. Sun.

It isn't every newspaper reader who can tell a typographical error from a great American joke.—Washington Critic.

WHY BROWN WAS JILTED.

A Domestic Melodrama and Its Harrowing Consequences.

The other day Miss Jones spent the afternoon with her friend and former school-mate, Mrs. Smith, who has been married several years and has a beautiful boy.

"I heard the other day that you were engaged to Mr. Brown. Is there any truth in it?" asked Mrs. Smith of her friend, who was holding the baby.

"I am not engaged to Mr. Brown." "But ain't you going to be? He is such a nice, steady young man."

"That depends upon circumstances. One thing is sure, if he expects me to take advantage of my leap-year privileges he will wait a good long while," replied Miss Jones.

"But would you accept him if he were to propose?" queried Mrs. Smith.

"I am not quite sure that I would. Men are so unreliable."

"Don't you love him?" asked Mrs. Smith.

"O, he is a very nice gentleman, but there are so many unhappy marriages that I don't think I care to take any risks."

"You should get married by all means. I used to think and talk just like you, but now that I am married I am twice as happy as I was. I have a good, kind husband."

"You never quarrel, I suppose. He never says anything rude or unkind, and he never goes out at night and comes home late?"

"O, no, of course not."

"Never grumbles about the expense?" "What a strange girl you are? What makes you ask such foolish, silly questions?"

"Well, you know there are some such husbands."

"I've read about some such cases of brutality, and I've heard people talk about such husbands, but I don't know any thing about it."

"I am so glad for your sake that you are happy. How sound the dear little fellow sleeps."

"Yes; I wish you would take him in the next room and put him in his little cradle," said Mrs. Smith. Her friend complied with her request.

While Miss Jones was in the next room the door was suddenly opened and Mr. Smith entered. He had just come home and did not know Miss Jones was in the house. It was plain to see that he was as mad as a wet hen. Shaking a bill at his wife, he said in a hoarse, cynical tone:

"Here is another one of your infernal bills. You must think I'm made of money."

"Hush—h!" said his wife, putting her finger to her lips and pointing into the other room.

"Hush," he blanked, "I don't give a continental whether the blank brat squalls or not. I want you to understand that I don't propose to put up with any more of your extravagance. This is the second that you have had since we were married. Do you propose to break me up in business with your senseless extravagance? By the way you buy new hats one would suppose you had half a dozen fool heads on your shoulders."

"O, George! Dear George!" "Just cheese that 'deah George' racket (mimicking her.) Only last week I paid a grocery bill of one dollar and thirty-seven cents. You must think I'm a little Jay Gould on wheels. Did I man bring a demijohn of brandy and two hundred cigars for me?"

"Yes, and here is the bill for fifty-seven dollars."

"For heaven's sake quit looking as if you were going to blubber! Just came home to tell you not to sit up for me. After the lodge is out I am going to attend a little oyster supper with the boys and some theatrical people down at the hotel. I may not get back before three o'clock," and off he was.

Of course Miss Jones heard every word of this joint discussion, and when, shortly afterward, Brown proposed, he was jilted and bounced so promptly that he left the house without his hat and cane. He was even more astonished than the lightning was when it struck a magazine containing 1,756,843 pounds of giant powder.—Mocking Bird.

Gum and Peppermint.

Chewing gum has come to be considered the popular cure for dyspepsia, at least by those young dames who have reason to imagine that they suffer from the ill effects of midnight suppers and too long a series of dinner parties. In Newport last summer peppermint drops were introduced at a certain point in the meal and partaken of by every one, and at an entertainment which was given recently, when ice-cream was served, Jamaica ginger was passed and a few drops recommended to counteract the effects of the ice. When the plates were changed for the last time at a gentleman's dinner, given a few nights ago, each one held a ticket for a Turkish bath, a sad commentary on the condition that the guests must have been in.—N. Y. Press.

Printers Exempt from Cholera.

The printers have been exceptionally exempt from falling victims to the cholera epidemics which have recently occurred in the South American continent. When the yellow fever epidemic in 1868 created consternation here the Typographical Union had only to pay the expenses for two members, and both of them recovered. Now to-day the same incident is recorded in Chili with respect to cholera, where we find that, according to the report of the president of the Typographical Union of Valparaiso, up to the date of his last report, not one of the one hundred members of the Union had been attacked. Thus they enjoyed the same good fortune they had experienced during the previous year.—Lima (Peru) Press.

INSIGNIA OF MERIT.

European Orders of Knighthood of More Than Ordinary Interest.

Inquiry has been made as to the significance of the Iron Cross the late Emperor William was so desirous to have buried with him. The Iron Cross is the chief badge of military service, and was conferred upon William when he was a Prince by his brother, then King, for great bravery and soldierly conduct. This was in 1849, when he was given supreme command of the royal forces when Baden and the Palatinate rushed into arms against constituted authority. The cross was more prized by him because he had been recalled from banishment—he was exiled by imperial order in 1848—and the order pour le merite, better than his recall, attested his restoration to favor.

The order of the Iron Cross was founded by Frederick William in 1813. The insignia is a cast-iron cross with silver mountings and bearing no inscription on the reverse; the upper part of the obverse contains the initials "F. W." surmounted on a crown; the center is adorned with three oak leaves, below which is the number 1813. When the cross is conferred for military merit, the ribbon supporting it is of black watered silk with white stripes; for civil merit, the ribbon is white watered silk with black stripes.

Other European orders may be referred to with interest. The Royal Prussian order of the Black Eagle, founded in 1701 by Frederick, is a blue enameled cross, each arm of which is forked with a center gold monogram "F. R." (Fredrick Rex) and a crowned black eagle with spread wings. The motto is "Suum Cuique" (every one his due). The order is never conferred upon persons below thirty years of age. Germany has also the order of the Red Eagle, the second order of the kingdom, founded 1705; the royal order of the House of Hohenzollern, a gold cross with white and black enamel, founded 1841; the order of Louise, a small black enameled gold cross, founded in 1814, exclusively reserved for ladies; the Bavarian order of St. Hubert, founded 1444, to be admitted to which requires that one should have been six years a member of the civil order of merit of the Bavarian crown.

Austria shares with Spain, since the time of Charles V., the right of the order of the Golden Fleece, founded in 1429 by Philip III, the Good, Duke of Burgundy and Count of Flanders. The French Legion of Honor was founded in 1802 as a reward of civil merit or military valor. The highest order of Russia is that of St. Andrew, founded 1698, and is conferred exclusively on persons of the most exalted rank. It is represented by a blue enameled figure of St. Andrew on the cross. Russia has a military order of St. George, founded in 1769, which is never conferred but for a gallantry at sea or in the field. The insignia is a white enameled cross with gold rim, on the obverse side of which is an image of St. George and the dragon.

Spain has numerous orders, the oldest being that of Calatrava, founded in 1158, and is now a court distinction rarely conferred. The order of Alcantara was founded in 1177, and is limited to those who can prove noble descent through at least four generations. The orders of Great Britain are more or less famous. The first in dignity is that of the Garter, founded in 1349. The next that of the Thistle, founded in 1540, the motto of which is "Nemo me impune lacessit;" that of St. Patrick, 1783. "Quis Separabit" (that of the Bath, 1389. "Tria juncta in uno;" the Star of India, 1861, motto, "Heaven's Light Our Guide;" St. Michael and St. George, 1818. The chief order of Brazil is that of Pedro, founded in 1822.

Denmark has one of the most illustrious orders of chivalry, the order of the Elephant, which ranks even with that of the Garter, founded at an uncertain date, but probably in the twelfth century. It is limited to thirty knights. Italy's chief order is that of the Annunziata, reorganized in 1518. Sweden has the nobler order of the Seraph, founded 1280, and limited to twenty-three natives and eight foreigners.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

South American Mosquitoes.

Some ludicrous stories are told about adventures with the mosquitoes. I have been solemnly assured that often when they have attacked a boat and driven its captain and crew below they have broken the windows of the cabin by plunging in swarms against them, and have attempted to burst in the doors. Although this may be something of an exaggeration, it is nevertheless true that frequently horses and cattle, after the most frightful sufferings, have died from mosquito bites on board the vessels. Not long ago a herd of valuable cattle were being taken from the United States to a ranch upon the Magdalena river, and became so desperate under the attacks of the mosquitoes that they broke from their stalls and all were drowned. Passengers intending to make the voyage usually provide themselves with protection in the shape of mosquito bars, head nets and thick gloves, and when on deck are compelled to tie their sleeves around their wrists and their pantaloons around their ankles.—American Magazine.

The latest medical theory prescribes only two meals a day—one at the beginning and one at the end of the day. If people adopt this plan and carefully avoid working between meals life would be much easier. It is working so much between meals that makes life so hard.—New York Bulletin.

Washington Territory now claims to have over 200,000 inhabitants.

KNEW HIM WELL.

A Female Witness Convinces a Lawyer Almost Against His Will.

"You know the defendant in this case, do you?" asked a Kansas lawyer of a female native of the soil.

"Know which?" she asked.

"The defendant, Jake Lynch."

"Do I know Jake Lynch?"

"Yes."

"You want to know if I know Jake Lynch—well, if that ain't a good one. Why, mister, the Lynch family an'—"

"Can't you say yes or no?"

"Why, Jake Lynch's mother an' my step-dad's father was once first cousins, an'—"

"Then you know him?"

"Who, Jake Lynch? Me know Jake Lynch. You're a stranger in these parts, ain't you?"

"That has nothing to do with the case. If you know Jake Lynch, say so."

"If I know him! Lemme tell you that Jake Lynch's birthday and my brother Hiram's is on the same day, an'—"

"You know him of course, then?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Ask Jake if I know him? Ask him if he was ever introduced to Betty Skelton?"

"I don't care to ask him any-thing. I simply want to ask you if Jake Lynch is known to you personally."

"Pussonly? Well, I don't know what you mean by 'pussonly,' but if you want to know if I know Jake an' if he knows me, I can tell you in mighty few words. Jake Lynch's father an' my father—"

"Now, I want you to say 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Thought you wanted me to say if I knew Jake Lynch."

"That's just what I do want."

"Well, then, lemme alone an' I'll tell you all about it. Jake Lynch was born in Injceany an' I was born in the same county an'—"

"And of course you know him?"

"Who—Jake Lynch? Do I know Jake Lynch, when the very boss he rid here on was one he traded my man a span of young steers for? Why, man, Jake's wife was Ann Elizy Skiff, an' her an' me is the same age to-day, an'—"

"That will do. I see that you do know him."

"Know him? Know Jake? Why, man—"

"That will do."

"Why, I was married on a Chewsdays an' Jake was married the next day, an' his oldest boy an' my oldest girl is most the same age, an'—"

"That will do."—Detroit Free Press.

DIDN'T MIND THE BITE.

A Courageous Man Who Couldn't Be Beaten Out of a Horse Trade.

A Georgia man, while standing in front of a blacksmith's shop, was bitten by a dog. "Gracious alive!" exclaimed the blacksmith, "run home and pray for the salvation of your soul for your body is lost."

"How so?" the old fellow asked as he rubbed the place where the dog had bitten him.

"Why, that dog is mad. Look how he foams at the mouth. That's the dog the neighbors have been looking for!"

A puff of smoke came from the bushes near by, the "bang" of a gun was heard and the dog fell dead in the road.

"Neighbors been lookin' for him, eh?" said the old fellow who had been bitten. "Wall, I ain't been lookin' for him, but it 'pears sorter like he's been lookin' for me."

"Run to a doctor, man."

"No, I kain't afford it. I hired one last spring to cure the chills on my daughter Nan, an' I thought it would break me bedationally up agin I got him paid. Nan, you know, married Abe Slater shortly afterwards, an' I says to Abe, s'L, 'Abe, you oughter pay a part of that chill bill.' 'What chill bill?' says he. 'W'y Nan's, s'L. 'Oh,' says he, 'I didn't marry the chills too. I only married Nan, an' I natchally expected the chills not to cut no figger in the transaction.' 'An', sir, Abe he never would pay a cent on that chill bill, but putty soon 'long come the big yaller ager, crop-in' down the big road. Wall, sure, it hopped a-straddle uv ole Abe an' rid him putty nigh ter death."

"But that ain't got nothing to do with that mad dog. You'll be a dead man in less'n nine days."

"Wall, I'll wait an' see, an' of what you says comes true, w'y I'll own up. I ain't no han' ter dispute after the facts have dun gone agin me. 'Taint thater way with Abe, though. He'll argy when he knows he ain't got no show. I like ter see a man stiek up for what he believes, but then when a feller finds he's wrong, w'y he jest natchally ought ter cave. Wall, good mawwin'. I've got a hoss trade on han' over yander cross the branch, an' I b'l'ieve I'll fix it up befo' the feller gets outen the notion."—Arkansas Traveler.

There is no doubt that the light Brahma is the best fowl for profitable rearing of market chickens, as it will make the largest weight from a certain quantity of food in the shortest time. Spring chickens of this breed will easily weigh two and a half pounds at three months old, and eight or nine pounds in eight months. The eggs of this breed are more valuable for food and for partridge than any other kind, but there are other fowls that will lay more eggs. It is not the number which counts for profit always.

Plants most cultivated by working people in the cities are said by a florist to be the geranium, the heliotrope, fuchsias, daisy, gillyflower, primrose, pink and oxalis.

WHAT IS PESSIMISM?

A Theory in the Air as Unsubstantial as Many Other Silly Theories.

We have heard of commentators darkening with many words the subject they set out to illumine. I trust that no such misfortune is to result from the labors of the Browning societies in this country and England. To class the keen-sighted, but large-minded and genial-hearted Browning among the pessimists seems a mistake hard to account for to one who has found in his hopeful philosophy, a greater encouragement than almost any other single writer, teacher or preacher of to-day has to give. I confess to being skeptical as to the genuineness of much that calls itself pessimism, or, rather as to the existence of many thorough-going pessimists. I question the propriety of classing Pascal among pessimists called "religions," for to my mind the ideas of religion and pessimism are incompatible—even religion as Pascal understood it. It were truer to say of him that, in the struggle of his intellect between faith and undermining doubt, his mind at times lost hold on religion, and then, for him, the universe was darkened, and chaos came again. If to "recognize that in this world sorrow outbalances joy" be pessimism, then I take it that the majority of persons past their youth, who have minds to think with and hearts to feel with, are pessimists. But such recognition of the fact of life does not settle the question whether it is worth living. Browning says, in the person of the pagan poet Cleon: "Life's inadequate to joy, as the soul sees it"—that is, in unalloyed fullness of perfection; yet the pagan could imagine a state of being above the present in which the "joy-hunger" should be satisfied, if Zeus the all-wise were the all-loving, too. It seems to me that the true pessimist, like the true skeptic, is nothing if not thorough-going, and that to be one requires a greater hardness of head and coldness of heart than belong, thank Heaven, to many. A genuine pessimist should go out and drown himself, as the practical outcome of his belief; if he does not, it is because, in spite of theory, he contrives to find life tolerable—and if for him, why may it not be for his fellows? The formula of pessimism is, or ought to be, that this is the worst of all possible worlds, and therefore let us each and all get out of it. Schopenhauer, the "great apostle of pessimism," so far as he was sincere and consistent, was so in virtue of his coldness of heart, the "luminous selfishness which guided him through life." He was never guilty of really associating with anybody, we are told. But, granting the existence of a few convinced and more or less consequent contempters of the world and mankind, I think it remains true that pessimism is mostly a theory in the air, as unsubstantial and harmless as many other theories that men have manufactured in all ages of the world. To return to the point whence I started—that Browning, of all men, should be called a pessimist seems wonderful, most wonderful, and yet again wonderful. To recognize the force of circumstance and the fatality of chance in the life of man, the irretrievableness of his mistakes, his capacity for suffering, the possibility of his deepest joys transforming themselves into his most poignant griefs, the frustration of hope and the heart-sickness of unfulfilled desire, "infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn"—to see and feel all this does not make a man a pessimist. To put into a word that diametrically opposite view I take of Browning, it seems to me that, a few great names apart, no poet with so wide and deep a knowledge of human nature and life has so uniformly maintained a tone of steadfast and lofty hope. His world is not made up of saints and heroes, but of struggling, sinning, sorrowing men and women; yet in his creed they have always the power to erect themselves above themselves. Many of them find victory even in defeat, joy in the midst of pain, and honor, faith, and love worth, even in this life, more than easy-going comfort and the satisfaction of selfish passion. The confidence of Browning's tone contrasts with the uncertain utterance of most of his brother poets since Wordsworth. Even the latter spoke, as it were, from the lonely height of abstract contemplation, while Browning's voice comes up from amidst the throng of active human life. He says of it—

"This world—it means intensely, and means good; To find its meaning is my meat and drink."

And the facts of existence which move the shallower thinker to lamentation and doubt, namely, the mutability of all things and the disappointment of hope, stir and stimulate Browning, so that he cries, of this "old woe of the world, tune to whose rise and fall we live and die"—

"Rise with it, then! Rejoice that man is buried From change to change unceasingly."

—Atlantic Monthly.

To teach a young calf to drink, back him into a corner of the shed and stand astride his neck so he can go neither backward nor forward, having the pail in reach. Put three fingers in his mouth, letting him hold his head as high as he likes; dip up the milk with your free hand and pour it into the other; it will run down into his mouth and he will begin to suck. Now lift the pail up to his nose, and as he gets interested gently lower it toward the ground. He will object to this, but you will come it after a little. Now begin gently to take your fingers out of his mouth; you will succeed in this before long, and the calf is broken.