

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

A Duty Which Every Farmer Owe to Himself and His Family.

When I was a lad it seemed all the mechanics, merchants and professional men in my neighborhood looked forward with great anticipations to when they could own and live on a farm, even if it was a small one. It seemed they were willing to devote their younger days to the accumulation of a competency sufficient to buy a farm, where they might pass the more mature years in a quiet and contented life.

Living in a village and buying every thing they consume except water and air, led them to look upon the farm as a life of independence and ease. I suspect that most of these men, when they bought their farms, went West for their location, for I see in the New England States farm after farm abandoned, the fences made of chestnut rails rotted away, and all kinds of timber growing on the once fertile fields and orchards.

I have been amused, and frequently instructed, by men contemplating farming, that have made their start in life by some other means. I like to see a person start a farming plant with plenty of backing. If he is not a good observer and does not talk over matters with his neighbors, he will have a good deal of experience to compensate him for his reduced bank account.

This man, with his free bank account, has a great deal of pleasure in his anticipations, in his improvements and investments. He will make some of his neighbors envious in the lavishness of his expenditures. He is planting three dollars where only one will come up. He is farming, perhaps, for pleasure. I like to see this kind of work go on when I do not have to sign the checks. Only a small percentage of the farmers keep a diary, hence can not tell you the cost of putting in a crop, or what it costs to harvest same. It is but a small matter to keep a book in your pocket, or on the table, and every night put down the important transactions of the day. Say it costs so much to plow, so much to seed, so much to harvest, and my sales were so much. Now, after deducting rent of land, etc., what is my net profit? The same with the dairy. Charge feed, hay, rent, taxes and labor, and deduct from receipts, and you will see whether you are in a losing game or not. It is not safe to run a business without keeping books.

There are many small points in business which seem insignificant in themselves, but when you come to aggregate them they will astonish you. A bank cashier told me formerly he did not charge the half cent or the five cents in computing interest; but later on, when he examined into their immense business, and computed fractions and small amounts, he was surprised at the aggregate, and henceforth he takes all the smallest crumbs due him.

This keeping of accounts is a source of gratification, and makes the person more intelligent. Does any one want to stand up and acknowledge that he does not pursue the methods of intelligent, progressive farmers? I claim that progressive farming stands at the head of all callings. It is the very foundation and guiding star of our Nation.—Pacific Rural Press.

WORDS OF CAUTION.

Prudence and Economy Necessary to Success in Farming Pursuits.

On the farm, and in all the various details of rural and domestic life, prudence and a just economy of time and means are incumbent in an eminent degree. The earth itself is composed of atoms, and the most gigantic fortunes consist of aggregated items, insignificant in themselves, individually considered, but majestic when contemplated in unity and as a whole. In the management of a farm, all needless expenditure should be systematically avoided, and the income made to exceed the outlay as far as possible. Pecuniary embarrassment should always be regarded as a contingency of evil omen, and if contended against with energy and persevering fortitude, it must soon be overcome. Debt, with little hope of its removal, is a millstone, dragging us down and crushing the life out of us. Be careful, therefore, in incurring any pecuniary responsibility which does not present a clear deliverance with the advantages which a wise use of it ought always to insure.

A farmer who purchases a good farm and can pay down one-third of the price, give a mortgage for the other two-thirds and possesses the heart and resolution to work it faithfully and well, enters upon the true path to success. He will labor with the encouraging knowledge that each day's exertion will lessen his indebtedness, and bring him nearer to the goal when he shall be disenthrall'd, and become a freeholder in its most cheering sense. But, without due economy in every department, in the dwelling as well as in the barn and in the fields, this gratifying achievement may not be reached until late in life, or may be indefinitely postponed. A prudent oversight, therefore, over all the operations of a farm, in order that every thing may be done that ought to be done, and nothing be wasted, will exert a powerful influence in placing a family on the high road to an early independence.—Household.

A planter of Milltown, Ga., wrote a note some time ago and placed it inside a bale of cotton, asking the manufacturers to communicate with him. Six months after he received a letter from Wadsworth Mills, Lancashire, England, stating that the cotton was worth there twelve cents a pound. The planter had sold it for eight and three-quarter cents, and he has been having quite an instructive correspondence with the firm in the old country.

THE FIRE-WORSHIPERS.

Description of an Entertainment Given by a Parsée Nobleman.

Perhaps no race of people is less known or more interesting to the student and traveler than the Parsées or Fire-Worshippers of India. They are delightful hosts, and, as it was my good fortune to form the acquaintance of Sir Framjee Denshaw Petit, who was knighted for a gift of \$500,000 to an educational institution, I will endeavor to describe an entertainment I attended at his palace. Sir Framjee lives in patriarchal magnificence, and when his whole family is seated at table they number fifty-five. We were received in the grand drawing-room, as large as a fair-sized church, and presented to the ladies. We found them pretty, intelligent and vivacious, and it is no exaggeration to say that they compared quite favorably with their American sisters. The ladies were attired in graceful native costumes. The dress consisted of a waist, such as is worn by Europeans, with a long scarf of embroidered silk, or crape, called a *sarre*, wrapped several times around the waist and falling in broad folds about the limbs in lieu of a skirt. One end of the *sarre* was brought over the head and dropped gracefully in front, constituting a very effective head dress. Their jewels were magnificent. No crowned head of Europe possesses their equal, and such an array of diamonds, pearls, sapphires, and emeralds can scarcely be imagined. One of the guests wore eight strings of pearls, which far exceeded the celebrated necklace of Queen Marguerite of Italy. The state costume of the men is white, but on ordinary occasions they appear attired in the conventional evening dress. One peculiarity of their costume is not, however, to be met in a London drawing-room. They never uncover their heads, and a high, conical Persian hat, or, at meals, a skull cap, always completes their dress.

On the occasion I am describing an orchestra played selections from Italian operas, and, after conversing while upon topics of universal interest, our host made a sign to the servants, who brought in baskets filled with large bouquets of Eastern flowers. Each lady selected one, sprinkled it with rose-water from a tall silver vase, presented it to the gentleman who was to escort her to dinner, and then, taking his arm, she led the way to where a table was spread, overlooking the sea.

There we were regaled with tea, coffee, cakes, fruits and twenty-two kinds of delicious native sweets, which had been collected in honor of our coming. It was an event not to be forgotten. The waving palms and tropical flowers, the splash of the waves, mingling with the soft strains of music, the beautiful women with their flashing jewels and graceful dresses, were typical of the languid, dreamy East, and carried one unconsciously back to the days of Haroun al-Rashid.

When tea was over we were taken for a delightful drive in handsome European turnouts, and then to dine at another Parsée house. The ceremony was long and stately, all the dishes were native, but the wines were European, and this dinner, with that exception, was representative of native manners before they had received the European touch. The ladies whom we escorted gave us bouquets, as in the afternoon, and the host hung chaplets of white jasmines about our necks and wrists. The menu cards bore gilded crests, and they gave us bouquets wrapped in gold leaf to carry away. It was a dream of the East, but the perfectly-appointed table, surrounded by intelligent men and graceful women, made it hard to believe that the members of this refined society were the Fire-Worshippers we had been brought up to despise as heathen.—W. B. Chatfield, in America.

An Ample Apology.

Through some unaccountable carelessness in the composing-room of a rural journal, the obituary of one of the town's liveliest citizens crept into the paper one morning. It was not many hours after the issue of the edition that the "lamented" himself crept into the sanctum, and vigorously demanded a correction in the next morning's paper. It appeared as follows:

"Our yesterday's edition contained the announcement of the death of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Colonel Jones. It is with profound regret that we state that our announcement was premature. The Colonel still lives, and we beg to assure him not only of our distinguished consideration, but that it shall be our constant effort to see that he shall not be annoyed in this manner again until the last dread hour has in very truth arrived. To this end we have ordered the standing obituary of Colonel Jones to be distributed.—Harper's Magazine.

Last year there were 5,315 divorces granted in France. The demands were largely made by the wives, and those who had been married from five to ten years were the most numerous in seeking release from matrimonial bonds. There were two divorces granted of couples who had celebrated their golden weddings.

In England the proper ratio of doctors to population is said to be one to 1,200, but by this rule there are 1,943 too many doctors in London, and while 600 die every year, 1,800 new ones are turned out. Competition is so great that in some parts of the city doctors will see a patient, prescribe and supply medicine for sixpence a visit.

SERPENT AND SEAL.

How a Well-Directed Bullet, Robbed a Boa-Constrictor of His Prey.

I was paddling along in a small canoe on one of the numerous tributaries of the Rio Parana, looking for ducks or any thing worth shooting, when suddenly I heard behind me a fearful yell and a great splashing in the water. A bend in the river prevented me seeing what it was, but thinking it was some tapirs or carpinchos bathing, I turned my canoe in order to get a shot at them, and saw a huge snake hanging from a tree with his body curled two or three times round an unfortunate seal. The water around them was foaming, and every now and then the seal and the fore part of the snake would disappear below the surface and remain below for several seconds, until in a moment the snake would twist his body into a sort of corkscrew shape, and lift the seal right out of the water, and they would remain swinging in the air, only supported by the snake's tail. At one time I saw the second seal jump out of the water to catch hold of the snake, and all three remained in the air, roaring and yelling most fearfully for some time, when suddenly they dropped into the water again, the snake never losing his hold of the tree.

As none of the combatants seemed to be in the least affected by my approach, I put my canoe within some ten or twelve yards of them, so as to have a good shot at the snake next time they appeared, and I had scarcely laid down my paddle and caught up my gun when they came up again. I aimed right at the snake where he had curled himself round the seal, and gave him both barrels. The effect could not have been greater. The snake let go of the tree and fell with the whole length of his body into the water, splashing me all over, and then again the three disappeared. After about a minute both seals came up on the other side of the canoe, looking at me and shaking their heads in the same way as dogs do when they come out of water. They had white breasts, and I noticed that one of them was bleeding from a wound in the neck, but whether from my shot or from a bite of the snake I could not tell.

The snake a little later crawled up the "baranca" out of the water, as if nothing was the matter with him, so I gave him one shot more, "which made him disappear in the bushes, where I, being alone in the canoe, thought it more prudent not to follow him. He was a very big one, for from the branch to which he had his tail attached down to the water was a distance of some fourteen feet, and when he fell his tail nearly reached my canoe. I do not understand, though, how he would have managed to eat one of the seals each one of which was the size of an ordinary man.—Buenos Ayres Standard.

EFFECTS OF CREDIT.

Lots of Money Saved If You Ab-stain from Running Bills.

I see that there are things about this ladies' shopping trade of ours that you do not know. Let me explain them to you. You see, we have two kinds of customers—cash and credit. For the cash customer we take no risks and grant no favors. For the credit customer we do almost any and every thing they ask of us. We are glad to get them and make every effort to swell their number. Some houses take note of where purchases are sent, and whenever a fashionable address appears on their shipping books write the lady at that address offering to put her name on the credit list. Other houses, like ours, dislike to force that trade, and simply wait until such a lady asks a favor of a day's or a week's accommodation to pay for a heavy purchase, or else comes and asks in plain terms to be allowed to run a bill here. Then, though she does not know how eager we are, we jump to accommodate her.

A lady who has a bill at our store spends all the way from 50 per cent to 500 per cent more than if she hadn't. Not only does she buy every thing she wants at this store where she has a bill, passing all the rest every day, but she buys things she does not always afford. You need not laugh; men do the same thing. We are glad to get men to run bills here as well as women. It was only yesterday that a gentleman told me that he had never been thoroughly well dressed until we let him run an account with us. He used to hate to part with money for things he could possibly do without, but now he has dressing gowns, pajamas, silk hose, scarfs a plenty, and the Lord knows what. He says that when he gets our bill once a quarter he is always pushed into doing some extra piece of work—he is an artist—in order to get extra money to meet this expense. He is different from most men, because he says this spending money causes him to make money, since he is driven to earn a great deal more than he spends each time that our bill comes in. But the ladies can not do that, you say. No; they simply fight it out or coax it out of their husbands.—N. Y. Herald.

The farmers around Elberton, Ga., know the worth of persimmons, and for years have made it a point never to cut down a persimmon tree. In places so many trees have been left standing that the fields look like orchards; and indeed they are, persimmon orchards, the trees of which bear fine crops of fruit almost as valuable as corn for fattening hogs. The farmers say that the persimmon tree draws but little strength or moisture from the soil, and that excellent crops are grown even beneath their shade.

EVOLUTION OF WOMAN.

How It Has Already Affected the Visible Aspect of Modern Life.

If we look back a quarter of a century there is no change so marked in social and business life as that in the position of women in regard to education, employment and freedom of action. And this position of self-dependence and self-defense is taken without any question. A few years ago in London it was not just the thing for an unmarried girl to be seen abroad alone even in her mother's carriage. She may now be seen in a hansom. It is not long ago that it was thought unsafe for women to travel without a male protector. A brace of spirited girls may now go clear round the world together in entire safety, and without exciting any sentiment more dangerous than admiration. So far as the world is concerned they are entirely safe, if they desire to be. Perhaps we might have more cause for anxiety for the well-being of a young man or a couple of young men on the same journey. The world in all civilized lands will treat the woman as she wishes to be treated. It seems to be well settled that women can protect themselves, now that they are permitted to do so, and that they can come as near to supporting themselves as a good many men. Indeed, among the colored women of the South, it is quite a prevalent question whether they can afford to take husbands.

It is a subject of constant speculation what effect this change of position will have upon the character of the sex. The sex has always despised a man who is not independent and self-sustaining. The men have liked women who were not too independent. Will women be less attractive to men as they become less helpless, and will their independence work a subtle change in their nature, which will be increasing as time goes on, according to the laws of heredity? Will the habit of self-reliance, of taking active part in business, perhaps in politics (for a good many women are saying that they will be willing to vote and run, or saunter, for office, if Providence puts the ballot in their hands), put certain other admirable qualities in place of the acknowledged feminine graces and charms? This is an open question, and one much more important than the tariff or the surplus—even the reported surplus of women in certain States. For it can not be but that the education of women and their increasing freedom of action will as a result affect this Nation as it has already affected the visible aspect of modern life.—Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine.

PERSONAL POPULARITY.

A Few Sensible Words About People "with Axes to Grind."

The traditional esteem in which is held the man who has an axe to grind is very slight. Self-interest, which is hardly more than a synonym of selfishness, is conceded to be the mainspring of his life, and, naturally, it attracts little sympathy. The man or woman who would succeed must do so by relating himself to something higher than himself, or he fails to inspire that response in the minds of those around him, which produces the vital magnetism of a working atmosphere. As a general statement, this is always true; but the changing conditions of modern life has linked more closely all motives and all interests, till, in a very literal sense, it is true that no man liveth to himself. Practically, therefore, the effect is just this: The man who has an axe to grind is ready, in return, to help grind another man's axe, and the most cheerful and encouraging atmosphere of mutual good will and response is engendered. In fact, the axiom is quite redeemed, by these modern conditions, from any specially unworthy sense of interpretation. Most people who are good for any thing have the traditional axe to grind, and the traditional iron in the fire. The law of co-operation prevails. It binds together the community. All workers are, to a great extent, dependent on each other, and the recognition and acceptance of this fact is mutually helpful. The note of the age is individuality. Personal popularity is almost an indispensable condition of success. One may like or dislike this fact, as may be, but at all events he must accept it. Nor is it without a higher side, because in its ultimate analysis it implies the importance of character as a factor in all achievement. It is not enough that the artist paint a picture which is a joy of possession; the potential purchaser looks behind the picture to the painter and asks of his life, his ideas, and these determine largely his rank in art. The lecturer comes to the city with a new subject to present. The topic may be of interest, and even importance; it may be something the community should care for; but unless the speaker secures a personal consideration and inspires personal interest, he is apt to fail of that degree of professional consideration which is justly his due, unless he be one who brings a world-wide reputation, and has already earned his place in public appreciation by the invalid testimony of noble and important work. The weak side of the element of personal popularity as a factor in success is, that the community sometimes does homage to a very poor and inadequate sort of idol. But in the long run these things adjust themselves.—Boston Traveler.

Charity and Low-Neck Gowns.

As she is a German Princess the Queen of Sweden, of course, attaches great importance to etiquette. At the same time her deep desire to relieve poverty of every kind prompts her to favor what Carter calls "the simplification of life." Sometimes the conflict between these two interests leads to funny incidents. For example, on one occasion the Queen was told that some ladies did not care to be presented at court on account of the great expense incurred on this occasion. This was a revelation to the Queen, and a thought struck her.

"Well," she exclaimed, "at my next drawing room every body must come in calico dresses."

"And must be cut low in the neck?"

"Of course. You don't suppose I intend my guests to come in every-day attire?"

"But your Majesty forgets that these gowns, too, will be of no use afterward, for nobody wears low-necked, calico dresses."

"Ah! don't they? I thought of course they did."—Boston Transcript.

An Easton, Pa., woman bought a pair of shoes, and at home found a small purse nestling in the toe of one of them. It contained one thousand two hundred dollars in negotiable bonds. She found the owner, who refused to believe she had lost the bonds at first, but was soon convinced.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

Story of the Origin of the Most Popular of All War Songs.

In the song "John Brown's Body" we have an example of a melody and a set of words which seem never to have been written or composed by any body. It is a genuine "folk-song," growing out of a wide-spread sentiment, as many old folk-songs have done, which far more closely respond to the musical wants of the common people than any carefully-prepared and cleverly-composed song could be. In the case of this song, however, its recent origin and almost instant growth into common use give us an opportunity to trace its beginnings and development in a way which is impossible with older songs.

The tune of "John Brown's Body" had its origin before the words that are now known or remembered in connection with it. It was sung before the war of the rebellion, as long ago, at least, as 1856, to words which do not now remain in use, at certain New England camp-meetings and revival services.

Two members of the Boston militia company, called the "Tigers," happened to be at a camp-meeting in a small town in New Hampshire, heard the song sung to religious words, and remembered the air. The name of one of these men was Purington and of the other John Brown.

Not long after this the war broke out, and the "Tigers" were made a part of the Twelfth Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers, which rendezvoused at Fort Warren, in Boston harbor. Here the two men already named, Purington and Brown, formed, with two others, named Edgerly and Greenleaf, a quartette, and the quartette sang, among its other songs, all sorts of words of their own "getting up" to this tune.

John Brown was a good-natured Scotchman, and the members of the quartette say they sang "John Brown this and John Brown that" to the tune, until, by an almost unconscious change, the hero of them was changed from John Brown, of the "Tigers," to John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, and the grand and simple verse came into existence:

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the ground,
But his soul is marching on.

Before this time the masses of the North had not been in exact sympathy with the purposes of John Brown, but the excitement of the early days of the war called out a sentiment which these words exactly fitted. Whenever the soldier quartette were in Boston they were called upon to sing this song. The Twelfth regiment took it up. Samuel C. Perkins, of Brockton, a member of Maitland's Band, which was stationed with the regiment at Fort Warren, wrote down the air while a soldier whistled it. Then the band played it every day.

When Edward Everett formally presented the set of colors of the Twelfth regiment on Boston Common, the speech of acceptance being made by Colonel Fletcher Webster of the regiment, the tune was played, and the multitude fairly went wild over it. The band played the tune going up State street in June, 1861, and the soldiers sang it as they marched along. The crowd along the sidewalk took up the air and joined in the chorus:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul is marching on."

Soon after the regiment sang it in marching through New York on the way to Baltimore, with the same effect. It spread at once through the army and throughout the country, and became the anthem of the Union.

In December, 1861, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe wrote for the air the words beginning:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul is marching on."

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,
Which was called "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," which soon became immensely popular, but never supplanted in common use the old simple words.

This is the story of the origin of "John Brown's Body" as told by the members of the band and the regiment with whom it had its use as a popular song.—Youth's Companion.

How He Lost Time.

Pedestrian—B-b-boy, can you t-t-tell me how t-t-tar it is to the po-po-post-office?

Newsboy—What d'ye say, mister?

Pedestrian—I-I-I-reckon you-you-heard me. How t-t-tar is it to the po-po-post-office?

Newsboy—Only half a block, mister.

If you hadn't a stopped to ask me you'd a been there a'ready.—Life.

TURNING THE TABLES.

How a Thoughtful Lover Outwitted His Best Girl's Father.

Mr. Hummer had appeared to be nervous for some time.

Ever and anon he would lower his paper and look over his spectacles at the clock, and his face would take on a more cruel and determined expression.

Mrs. Hummer said nothing, as she rapidly piled her needle, but occasionally she also would cast furtive and anxious glances at the clock and her husband's face.

Neither the husband nor the wife broke the silence, until the old-fashioned clock on the mantle-piece had a mysterious inward convulsion, and chimed out the hour of eleven. Then, with a sudden gesture, Mr. Hummer threw down his paper, and turned to his wife, with suppressed fierceness in his manner, and asked:

"Is that young Beauman in the parlor yet?"

Mrs. Hummer could only nod in reply, while her face assumed an even more anxious expression.

A moment Mr. Hummer hesitated, and then, rising with but poorly concealed anger, he drew upon his good right foot the heavy boot which had covered it during the day, and, while dear, timid little Mrs. Hummer concealed her face in her handkerchief, tipped softly out into the front hall, and as silently closed the door.

All was still. The silence seemed almost painful to the tender-hearted little mother waiting in the living room, and she longed to warn her daughter's lover of his peril.

Minutes passed, which seemed as hours, but there came to her ears no sounds of violent altercation. The suspense was terrible.

Suddenly the door opened softly, and old Mr. Hummer tiptoed in again, like the "Son John" of history, with one boot off and one boot on, and stood before her.

For full a minute he stood gazing silently at his wife, with a puzzled expression upon his face, while faintly and indistinctly from the parlor came the soft sounds of sweet converse still unbroken.

"Well?" interrogated Mrs. Hummer at length.

"Well," answered the old man, "what do you b'l'ieve that impudent young snipper snapper has got, but a short-nosed, lop-eared, cross-eyed, bow-legged, white bull pup layin' on the mat in front of the parlor door, that won't let a fond parent come within ten feet of him.—C. N. Hood, in Drake's Magazine.

AMERICAN FABLES.

Good Stories with Morals That Can Be Understood by Every Body.

THE OX AND THE ASS.

An Ox and an Ass dwelt together in the same field, and many of the animals went to them to inquire about the weather. When the Ox was asked whether the winter was to be open or vigorous he invariably replied:

"I can not say for certain just now—Please call again."

The Ass, on the contrary, was prompt to reply:

"This is going to be a very, very open winter, and buds will start in February." Or,

"This is going to be the coldest winter we have had for twenty years, and we shall get no Spring before June."

When Winter was over it was always found that the Ass had missed it, while the Ox had gained further reputation for wisdom by refusing to express an opinion. It thus came about that the Ass was spoken of in ridicule and contempt.

MORAL: This also includes Wiggins and the Kentucky Goose-Bone.

THE WOLF AND THE HARE.

A Hare which had been seized by a wolf uttered loud lamentations and besought him to spare her life.

"Give me one good reason," replied the Wolf.

"Because we are both Hunted by Man. Even now I may be Pursued by some Boy Seeking my life."

"Ah! then, it will be a Favor to put you where he can't find you," said the Wolf, as he bit her in two and Boiled the pieces.

MORAL: When you are the Wolf it is safe to Argue. When you are the Hare, it is wiser to run for it.

AN UNGRATEFUL PUBLIC.

An American City Treasurer having been absent from home for Three Whole Days, the Common Council ordered an investigation of his accounts. It was soon discovered that he was a defaulter and had Absconded to Canada. He was Located and interviewed by a committee, whom he Received with great Dignity and Courtesy.

"Gentlemen, this speaks ill for your Manners," he said, as they Referred to the little Shortage of \$100,000. "I did hope you came here to show your Gratitude, but you insult me. Some Defaulters would have buried that Money or used it for Personal Expenses. I laid every dollar of it out in buying Wheat, and encouraging the Agriculture of the Country. Go Hence, base Ingrates!"

MORAL.—Agriculture must be Encouraged at any cost.—Detroit Free Press.

How He Lost Time.

Pedestrian—B-b-boy, can you t-t-tell me how t-t-tar it is to the po-po-post-office?

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