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By order of N. G.

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MY LIFE'S LOVE.

A RONDEAU.

O ruby lips, whose smile has stolen my soul,
And drawn from it all love but love of you—
Speak kindred longing, absolute and whole,
Swear faith supremely true—
O ruby lips!

O southern eyes, whose light has lit my heart,
And kindled it to warm and wild desire—
Glow with a kindred passion, for your part,
Flame with a kindred fire,
O southern eyes!

O my life's love! Eyes, lip, hand, heart and soul—
Come to me, satisfy me, seal me yours.
Each part is sweet, but only in love's whole
Love's final life endures.
O my life's love.

—*Townsend Mayer, in Tinsleys Magazine.*

MAY MEMORIES.

Swiftly wound the silent river
Where the grass grew deep,
Through the mystic shade and silence
That the woodlands keep;
Underneath the chestnuts straying
(Trembling fans o'erhead),
With the creamy blossoms playing,
How my bright hours sped!

As a dream when one awaketh
Seems to me that day.
Chestnut blossoms, sliding river,
Fairyland of May!
City walls close in behind me,
Summer joys are o'er;
Where the sunshine used to find me
I shall stray no more.

Other hands will pull the blossoms,
Cones of pink and white;
Mine are worn with daily labor
Tired from morn till night.
Still I muse, but not in sadness,
On those bygone days;
Here my Autumn hath its gladness
Worth a thousand Mays!

—*From the Leisure Hour.*

LITTLE BOBBY.

A SKETCH IN PARIS.

"Well, sir, I am glad to meet you here," said Mr. Armstead.

"Ha, ha! thanks, thanks, thanks very much, thanks," muttered Mr. Airey in reply. Mr. Airey had but lately arrived in Paris from Bond street, and Mr. Armstead from Beacon street. The Londoner had run against the Bostonian at the corner of the Rue de la Paix.

"Are you going my way?" asked Mr. Airey, lightly.

"I am at your service, sir," said Mr. Armstead, with a courteous motion of the hand. As they moved along the broad pavement, the Englishman entertained his friend with a thousand remarks on men and things. Paris always loosed his tongue; for while he tasted with delight the gaiety and sparkle of the place, he found at the same time much solid food for the moralist. When he was moralizing, he felt that he was doing his duty. And so with sense gratified and conscience in repose, a pleasant sun above him, and a good listener by his side, the sprightly gentleman would comment for hours on the frivolity of Parisians. When he had brought to an end a nimble discourse on the probable haunts and customs of a passing *petitgras*, he found that for the moment he was without another subject on which to dilate. So turning to his companion, like an amiable social inquisitor, he asked, "Now, what do you find to do with yourself in Paris?"

Mr. Armstead, whose share in the conversation had consisted of occasional solemn bows of acknowledment, now coughed, meditated for some moments, and then answered slowly and thoughtfully, "Well, I come down town and walk around."

"But surely," cried the other, "for a man of your active habits; why, my dear Colonel Armstead, I"—

"Pardon me for interrupting you, but drop the Colonel, if you please."

Mr. Airey was vastly astonished. "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon," he said, "but surely—why I always thought that you Americans were particularly fond of military titles."

"Well, sir, we have had some pretty serious killing lately, and some of us do not take quite so humorous a view of the profession as we did when it was confined to Indians and Mexicans."

"But still it is the custom in England and everywhere for a man who has served to keep his title. And you, who were distinguished—you surprise me, you surprise me very much!"

Mr. Armstead acknowledged the compliment by bending his head and slightly waving his right hand. After a pause, during which his companion watched him with much curiosity, he said, "It was found that there was a certain awkwardness in sending out your superior officer for a bag of nails or a two-cent stamp."

Mr. Airey felt that like a second Columbus, he had discovered a new America. This novel and interesting specimen must be drawn out, to be afterwards described and commented upon at all his clubs. He assumed an insinuating manner as he asked the leading question, "How do you like Paris?"

Mr. Armstead took time to reply.

"I like it," he said; "but I fear there is a little too much of the New Englander in my composition."

"And a capital good thing, too," observed the other, encouragingly.

"The Pilgrim Fathers would not have appeared to advantage on the Boulevards."

"Certainly not. And yet your countrymen are, as a rule—are they not?—devoted to Paris. You know, of course, the saying, 'Good Americans, when they die go to Paris,' eh?"

The Bostonian bowed gravely at the quotation. "Some like it," he said, and added profoundly, after a pause, "The American in Paris is too often a Parisian hampered by morality."

The Englishman would doubtless have commented at some length on this remark; but his eye was at the moment caught by something which would serve him even better for a text. Above a large window, which was modestly covered by muslin curtains, appeared the name and title of Madame Lalonette, expremiere de M——. Over the name of the gentleman who had had the honor of employing Madame Lalouette, a piece of blank paper was carefully pasted.

"Look! look!" cried Mr. Airey, in great excitement; "just look at the woman's ingenuity. She must have been threatened with legal proceedings, don't you see? So she sticks up that paper, which blots out the cause of offense, while it catches every eye and appeals to every imagination. 'Sophie, my child,' says one woman, 'of whom was this Madame Lalonette the *premiere?* 'For me I cannot conceive,' says the other; 'but Madame de Corsaye is sure to know.' So they rush off to a third lady, and the milliner is advertised all over Paris by a single square of blank paper. It is magnificent!"

Here Mr. Airey paused for breath, and was straightway thrilled by the delightful consciousness of having been unusually brilliant.

"I know it," said Mr. Armstead, "M. Blank is an excruciating mystery to woman, like the veiled prophet of Khorassan."

"Ha, ha! capital, capital! and, by Jove, she is a clever woman! Just look at that other dodge!"

"I have observed it," said the American. The large window of the ingenious *artiste* was draped with muslin, as if the mysteries of *la mode* were sacred as those of the Bona Dea; but at one side of the building was placed a tall sheet of looking-glass, some two feet wide. While the two friends were gazeing at the temple of fashion, the one bubbled over with remarks on the petty ingenuity of French women, the other watched them in silence as they passed that looking-glass. He remembered a method of snaring birds by like means, and smiled grimly. One lady just touched her bonnet in front, another her braids behind. One stopped and deliberately arranged the lace at the throat, another glanced hurriedly at the glass and then darted across the road in mute defiance of the observer. Even a bonnetless working-girl caught a look, as she slipped back to her work; and a large nurse, whose beauty was no more than health and amiability, shifted her small burden tenderly, while she had some fingers on the crisp border of her cap. The two gentlemen were still staring across the street, when a tiny brougham drove quickly up to the veiled window.

"Who is she? Who can she be?" cried Mr. Airey, and added in a breath, "Upon my word, remarkably pretty. One can see in a moment the French woman of the world—grace, elegance, wit."

"It is my wife," said Mr. Armstead, drily.

The Englishman was overwhelmed with confusion: "I beg your pardon—I beg your pardon; I had no idea, I——"

"Won't you allow me the pleasure of presenting you to Mrs. Armstead?"

"Thanks, thanks; delighted, I'm sure. But do you think we may go in—two men, you know?"

"I am not afraid for myself," said the Bostonian.

The front room of Madame Lalonette was tenanted only by gowns, erect upon wire frames. "Dress-extenders' eh?" said Mr. Airey. "Average women," observed Mr. Armstead; but there was a twinkle in his eye which softened the severity of his remark. From an inner apartment, which was seen through open folding-doors, came the rattle of two shrill French voices, one voluble in the language of the country, the other almost equally effective in a mixture of French and fantastic English. They were the voices of Madame Lalonette and of "Mees," so called in the establishment in recognition of her almost miraculous knowledge of our barbarous language. The double stream of persuasion, declamation and exclamation was occasionally interrupted by a third voice, high but not loud, and with a very pleasant pronunciation of French. Evidently the lady was not yet satisfied, for her tone was a little pathetic. Mr. Airey hung back in alarm; but Mr. Armstead, courteously waving him forward, stalked through the open doors with the unruffled calm of a red Indian. "Prudence," he said, "will you permit me to present to you my friend, Mr. Airey?"

"I am afraid, I really am awfully afraid that I am intruding here," said the polite Englishman.

"Why, no," said the lady, with a slight delay on each word to emphasize her negative; and she added, "you can help me to choose a winter jacket. Do you like that?" and she pointed to a garment, which was floating up and down the room on a most elegant young person, who had risen in life by the remarkable fall in her back.

"Charming, charming! upon my word. Exceedingly pretty!"

"Which do you mean?" asked the lady, demurely. Mr. Airey was delighted. These little American women have so much self-possession and so much spirit. They are so friendly without being fast. His heart warmed to her, as it does to all pretty women. He enjoys their society, as he delights in Paris. In their presence he feels himself kindled to wit; when they are gone he will moralize on them by the hour. He is ever ready "to break a comparison or two" on a charming lady. "It must be a strange life," he observed, lowering his voice, "this sweeping up and down and bending of the body under other people's jackets."

"My figure is my fortune," remarked Mr. Armstead, who was standing very upright by his wife, and staring at the gliding garment.

"Why it must be delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Armstead. "Only fancy being always sure to have on the very latest thing!"

"Good gracious! how frivolous!" thought Mr. Airey.

"It is evident that I must go to my banker's," said the lady's husband. "Shall I have the pleasure of your company, sir, or do you remain among the jackets?"

The lady looked an invitation prettily. tily.

"How charming!" thought Mr. Airey; and he said, "I think, if Mrs. Armstead will allow me, I will stop and put her into her carriage." The lady smiled, and her husband stalked off alone to his banker. The Englishman now bloomed into talk with so much sprightliness and vivacity, that Madame Lalonette was reduced to a fixed smile of appreciation, and Mees could no longer display her unique power of language. Mrs. Armstead rewarded her cavalier with occasional smiles and nods, while she gave her undivided attention to the business before her. She liked a prattle at her ear, and had the rare gift of seeming to understand it.

Having finally decided how the jacket was to be cut, how it was to be decorated and what it was to cost, she became light-hearted, and for conversation's sake began to babble of her doubts. She wondered if she had chosen right. Did he think that the shape would go with the latest gowns? Was it too heavy? Was it not too light? Would it be *very* becoming? To all these questions she waited for no answer; but stepped daintily into her brougham. Then she gave the gentleman some fingers, beautifully gloved, through the window, and said smiling, "I have half a mind to go back and countermand it. Would you be so good as to tell me the time. Thank you so much. How late! And I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again. I guess I won't go back about the jacket. Home!" Thereupon she was swept away, leaving Mr. Airey with his hat in his hand. He stood holding his hat and staring after the carriage, until a fat French lady of fashion pushed him off the pavement, while her little darling of a dog ran between his legs. Having unwound himself from the animals chain, and murmured an apology to its owner, Mr. Airey put on his hat and heaved a sigh. "I have forgotten little Bobby's medicine again!" he repeated, as he moved away. "And they talk of the frivolty of French women! Poor little Bobby!" This moralist has a tender heart, and delights to exercise it. Pathetic were the pictures he conjured up of the little innocent. He thought of Tiny Tim and little Paul Dombey. He fancied the sick child lying like a faded flower on his small bed, and lisping blessings on his mother, whose whole mind was concentrated on the choice of a winter jacket. She had forgotten the medicine *again!* How often had she forgotten it? Perhaps for months that blighted child had been sighing for the lively tonic, or the dark-brown codliver oil, but the hand that should have administered the draught, whilst its fellow smoothed the pillow of the sufferer, was poising bonnets or fingering fringes. Perhaps at that very moment poor little Bobby was looking his last look into his mother's eyes and whispering, "Never mind, mother, it's too late. I shan't want the physic now. You may take it all yourself." "But this is weakness," said Mr. Airey to himself, as he found the tears in his eyes. He went home like a man bent on discharging a duty, and springing light as a French thinker from the particular to the general, wrote in his diary, "American women have even less feeling than Parisian."

A week passed, and Mr. Airey had not called upon his Boston acquaintances. It was no small sacrifice. Had any one ever told him that he was in love with a married woman, his neatly arranged hair would have risen and betrayed the thin places. Nevertheless, on some of those platforms which in countless number lie between the abyss of love and the height of sublime indifference, the estimable gentleman moved with ease and grace. The pleasure which he felt in the society of a charming woman was, to some extent, unlike that which he derived from the conversation of his maiden aunt or his former tutor. The unlike element, whatever it may be, never troubled his conscience; but when he was forced to disapprove of an attractive woman, he manfully resisted his inclination for her company. He resisted his tendency to call upon the Armsteads for a full week. "Unmothered mothered—heartless, pitiless!" he frequently repeated to himself, recalling the words of Telemachus, and thereby raising himself to a heroic elevation. Yet he was decidedly bored. He had walked daily on the Boulevard des Capucines, the Rue de la Paix, the Rue de Rivoli and the Champs Elysees. He had stared into all the chocolate-shops, and gaped at the allegorical works of Rubens in the Louvre. He had moralized before the ruins of the Tuileries, and had scanned with approval that costly triumph of indigestible gingerbread, distant cousin of our own Albert Memorial, the new Opera House. He had laughed under protest at M. Lecocq's last opera, and stared with blank amazement at the newest social problem of M. Dumas—a problem on the immediate solution of which the existence of society evidently depended, while he and the majority of mankind had been completely ignorant of its existence. Mr. Airey was bored; but still he would not yield. It is strange, if we consider his fixed determination, that he remembered the Armsteads' number so clearly; yet more strange that on the eighth day after their former meeting he had his hand on the bell of their apartment. Perhaps he went to moralize, perhaps to offer medicine. The door was opened by a French maid, who was crying in a most becoming fashion. The visitor's imagination was aroused. "Is it Bobby?" he gasped. She nodded prettily. She could not speak for weeping. She led the way into the first room; and after a moment't hesitation he followed her. The sight which he beheld was indeed surprising. On the table stood a bottle of physic, and by it the most delicate of sweetbreads untasted. Mr. Armstead, his somewhat rugged face softened by emotion, was bending like a breach-loader with the charge withdrawn, over a comfortable sofa. Opposite to him was his wife, who had sunk upon the floor, and with tears pouring down her cheeks was soothing the little sufferer. The little sufferer! Between husband and wife, propped by the softest pillows, draped by the softest shawls, important and deeply conscious of his importance, reclined the prince of pugs. Mr. Armstead came forward. "How do you do, sir?" he said, "I hoped that you were the physician. Have you any acquaintance with the maladies of dogs?" "None, whatever," said Mr. Airey, tartly; "and, indeed, I am glad to see that you can interest yourself in a dog at such a moment." "At such a moment," repeated the other, slowly. "When little Bobby," began the Englishman, visibly affected. "Why, this is little Bobby."

At the sound of his name, uttered in that measured tone which he knew so well, the sufferer turned a plaintiff eye upon the intruder. "Behold how the great minded suffer," he seemed to say. His skin was so loose, that it would have been well had an accomplished workwoman gathered it in at his waist. His coat was starry, and his tail, that sign of his nobility, uncurled. The lines about his ebon visage were deepened by illness. The face told of suffering, but of a certain pride in the interest which it excited. The large dark eye was turned upon Mr. Airey, but awoke no pity in his breast. That he should have expended a whole week's sentiment upon a sick dog! As well sit down in the ditch with the great Mr. Sterne to lament over a dead donkey. "I think I had better go," said the moralist, with a glance at Mrs. Armstead. "I am afraid that my wife is not equal to conversation at present. I trust that we shall have the pleasure of seeing you under happier circumstances." "Ah, thanks, I'm sure, ah," murmured the visitor, and he glanced again at the lady. She was wholly unconscious of his presence. She was holding the limp right hand of the patient in her own, and was bathing it with her tears. Mr. Airey departed abruptly.

The next morning, as the moralist was toying with his breakfast, and meditating fitfully on the New England character, a curious note was brought to him. It was shaped like a fan. He opened it with a sniff of scorn. "Another novelty!" he exclaimed testily. "Our mustard pots are made like beer-jugs; we shall soon have beer-jugs in the shape of baths, and baths disguised as hansom cabs. He spread out the sham fan, and read the nimble-pointed characters:

"DEAR MR. AIREY:—How you must have wondered at my strange conduct yesterday! I was in the deepest despair, and quite unfit to receive *anybody*. To-day all looks bright again. The dear doctor came soon after you left. He is reckoned *very* clever, and attends the dogs of the best people in Paris of all parties. The favorite hound of the Duc d'Aumerle, la Marquise de Baldefee's famous spaniels (of course you remember M. Casimir's brilliant *mot*,) and M. Baretta's new poodle Fraternite, are among his patients. He says that our little Bobby has no serious malady, but recommends a warmer climate. So we start at once for the South, and shall winter at Nice. I should prefer the Nile, but hear that the boats are so irritating for dogs. Will you do me a great favor, and send me some cleansing tablets when you go back to London? I would not trouble you, but they are invaluable for Bobby's skin. My husband is in despair at having to leave without returning your visit. Perhaps we may meet somewhere in the South.

"Very cordially yours,
"PRUDENCE ARMSTEAD."

"I buy tablets for that cur!" cried Mr. Airey. "Well, I suppose I shall," he added. He could eat no more breakfast. He took down his diary, and wrote in it with the air of one who fulfills an important duty—"American women are absurdly over-sensitive."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

A New Process in Sugar Making.

It is stated that a new process for clarifying cane juice without the use of lime has been successfully tried by Mr. Eastes, the inventor, at the mill of Mr. Dart, of Indooroopilly, in Queensland. The principles of the process have not yet been divulged. The canes are, however, ground in the usual manner, and the juice allowed to run in the clarifiers; here Mr. Eastes' operations commence, the invention consisting in the treatment of the cane juice with certain chemicals which materially alter the color and viscosity of the liquor, the increase of the quantity of molasses attendant upon the use of lime being avoided. At the trials the freedom of the liquor from glutinous matter was particularly noticed, the liquor feeling quite warm to the hand. When the liquor ran from the clarifying box to the cleaning battery, it boiled with a clear white foam upon it, and scarcely any skimming took place. Less steam was needed for boiling in the vacuum pan. In a report given by the *Queenslander* it is stated that a perfect crystal of large size was formed, and that had there been sufficient liquor to fill the pan the crystals would have been of an unusually large size. The curing was soon disposed of, the liquor—not molasses—running away to the tank after leaving a basket of 1,788 pounds of beautiful clear white sugar perfectly dry in three minutes. It is also stated that the green tinge of the sugar as ordinarily made from the same cane is entirely removed. The density of the liquor was ten deg. Beaume. It has been suggested that the clarifying agent is hypochlorite of sulphur, but Mr. Eastes asserts it to be perfectly innocuous, and that it might be partaken of in the form in which it is employed; it is also stated that there is no probability of the sugar deliquescing. One of the most important points is that the liquor running from the vacuum pans as a vehicle for the sugar is not molasses, but purely crystallizable liquor, which requires no further clarification, and can be returned, after heating, to the pan, where it is entirely converted into sugar equal to the first, and not, according to the *Queenslander*, a particle of molasses made. If the reports upon this process are true—and at present we have no reason to doubt them—Mr. Eastes' invention is one which will largely revolutionize the manufacture of sugar.

NOT many women are blacksmiths, but most of them can "shoo" a hen.

The Sweet Potato.

The value of this crop is scarcely appreciated. On light lands it is one of the surest and most profitable crops that can be grown. Lands of that description which will produce fifteen bushels of corn, may be safely counted on for a hundred bushels of potatoes, and the same manuring which would increase the crop of corn on such lands to twenty-five bushels would secure a crop of two hundred bushels of potatoes. We have known crops in East Alabama which were said to amount to four hundred bushels, grown on lands which would not, with similar manuring and cultivation, have produced more than twenty-five bushels of corn. It would not be extravagant to estimate an average production of ten bushels of potatoes for one of corn, with the same attention bestowed on the two crops. Since the first day of last October sweet potatoes have sold in the Montgomery market at an average price of seventy-five cents a bushel, and allowing just half the difference above estimated, say five bushels of potatoes to one of corn, this would be an equivalent to $3.75 per bushel for corn. Estimating the feeding value of the potato as one-third that of corn, an acre of the former would be worth about as much as two acres of the latter.

Another recommendation of the potato is that instead of exhausting, it is a renovator of the soil. The vines, which are returned to the soil, constitutes nine-tenths of the crop, and as fully ninety-five per cent. of the product is derived from the atmosphere, it is manifest that the potato crop returns many fold more to the soil than is removed in the roots. Every one who has tried it knows that a crop of any sort grown after potatoes is much improved by it. We have known the same piece of land cultivated for ten years in potatoes without any perceptible diminution in the crop. For this reason it is one of the best crops that can be grown in orchards. For this purpose it has the double advantage of enriching the soil and furnishing good feed to hogs, which in rooting after the potatoes left in the ground, subsoil the land and destroy any grubs that prey upon the fruit trees.

Besides the excellent and abundant food which it supplies to the table, the potato is an economical feed for stock of every description. Hogs, cows and horses are all fond of them, and steamed, they are not only perfectly wholesome but nutritious. This is the season for starting a crop, and we bespeak for them a liberal share of the farmer's attention. —*Southern Plantation.*

PLOUGHING OR BURNING.—The time was when it was thought that everything on the top of the ground should be ploughed under, and that a crop of weeds, grass and dilapidated cornstalks would materially benefit the soil. That they possess some value is an admitted fact, and if turned under in the fall season, so that they will rot by spring, are of some advantage to the soil; but should they remain until spring they should be burned. The insect world is possessed with wonderful powers of multiplication, and we know of no method equal to good burning to destroy them. In the early settlement of the country, when the prairies were burned regularly every year, many insects now common and injurious were unknown. We think we can in a very great measure attribute their absence to these fires. Lands thus cleared are more easily cultivated than those not so treated. Many noxious seeds are destroyed and farm implements do their work much more perfectly than when they are dragging through great masses of weeds and grass. These considerations induce us to advise the burning over of fields before plowing, and we believe all doing so will be pleased with the experiment. —*Journal of Agriculture.*

WEANING COLTS.—A Vermont farmer says he weaned a last spring colt in the following manner: I fed grain or meal to the mare when the colt was with her. The colt soon learned to eat meal with the dam. After he has been taught to eat with the mare he will eat as readily when he is removed from her. I put my colt in a stable where he could have plenty of exercise in a large yard; fed him with hay and bran mixed with milk, which I soon taught him to drink without the bran. I weaned him from the mare when he was three months old; he seemed contented, and I think did as well as though he had run with the mare two months longer. It is much better for the mare, and more convenient if one wants to use her, as most people do in the country, while the colt is with her. This way of weaning colts is very convenient, and one can feed milk at such times as seem judicious, substituting grain or shorts for milk at any reasonable time.

MR. KING knew relatives who left farms and went to town, some of them with families of children, and they suffered by the change, lost much of their peace of mind, their happiness. He likes to see the father spending his declining years upon the homestead, where his children and grandchildren my come back to visit him.—*Western New York Farmers' Club.*

MR. HENRY C. BLAIR says the United States is in exactly the same position Turkey is. This may all be so. But it's still safe in the rural districts of this country for a Christian young man to take his girl home from singing school at 10 P. M. without having her ears cut off by a Bashi-Bazouk, and that's more than can be said of Turkey.—*Com. Adv.*

TWENTY girls living in Utica have been arrested for blowing horns before the door of a new married couple. The Judge spoke of it as "the shockingest kind of depraved depravity."

EVEN if a boy is always whistling, "I want to be an angel," it is just as well to keep the preserved pears on the top shelf of the pantry.

The Morning After Moving.

Well, I do believe I'll never move again as long as I live.

Where is that fifth joint of stove pipe? I know it came, for I put it in the wagon myself.

We'll have to get a border for that back bedroom carpet, and then it will be as much as ever if it will be big enough.

But where the ducee did you put the knives? I can find everything but a knife.

Well, I think we ought to be thankful that it didn't rain. I didn't care so that the things didn't get wet.

It's hard work, but we're going to look real nice when we get fixed up.

Did you notice those people that moved in next door?

Next time I'd get a man that wouldn't break every thing to pieces that he touched.

I told you to carry that mirror in your hands. You might have known how 'twould be.

I just felt real lonesome when I went back to look at the old house.

I do hope those new people will treat the old cat well.

Don't fret; you'll find it after a while. We always think we've lost something, and it always turns up when we come to unpack.

Oh, that's just like pa. He jammed my slipper in the cake box.

What did you dream last night?

Go round and order some coal now the first thing you do.

And have the gas turned on, too. I'm not going to work by tallow candles another night.

Do hunt up the castors to the bedstead. Let's get one room furnished anyway.

Well, of all the dirty people I ever saw! I'd be ashamed to leave a house in such a condition! Ugh!

Ma, see these two bottles I found in the closet! "Bloom of Youth," and "Harrington's Hair Dye!" "Throw the nasty things away. I knew that woman used hair dye by the back of her head! Stop! You may save the dye."

ERRORS IN MARRIAGE.—Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage, when their mistake is only in their behavior since they were married Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the scolding and intemperate, or slatternly partner often has himself to blame for the misery that clouds the life and desolates the home. Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake and who make their existence a life-long misery, might, by a little self-denial, and patience, and forbearance, and gentleness, the old-time courtesy, make their home brighten like the gates of Eden, and bring back again the old love that blessed the happy golden days gone by. Suppose the wife does not know quite as much as you do; well, you showed your very great judgment when you thought her chief among ten thousand. Or, if your husband is not the most wonderful man in the world, it simply illustrates the wit and wisdom of the young woman who once thought he was, and could not be convinced to the contrary. So, perhaps, you are not so unevenly mated after all; and if one has had better opportunities since marriage, then of course that one should teach and cultivate and encourage the other, and so both journey on together.—*Hall's Health Journal.*

"THE wide-spread fallacy that, if persons are able to live without work, it is their right and privilege to lead an inactive life, is an error as fatal in its effects on health as it is fallacious in principle. Men of light occupations, and women whose circumstances do not compel them to work, a great majority of whom neglect physical exercise, thereby become so deficient in muscular development as to be weak, delicate, and sickly—ever the prey to nervousness, dyspepsia and that long train of chronic diseases that afflict the human race. We pity their condition, because, for the most part, the evils they suffer are brought on by ignorance of the laws of their being. To place ourselves on good terms with such, we will not now blame them for what, perhaps, might be called culpable ignorance, but good-naturedly address ourselves to the task of removing from their minds the veil of ignorance that has caused all the ills which scourge them."—*Phrenological Journal.*

SOCIAL LIFE.—Any great movement for good in social life begins at home. It begins with fathers and mothers. The first and highest duty is to make home cheerful and attractive. Husband and wife must do this for each other. Without this their mutual affection will dry up. If they have children, it is their duty to make home sweet and precious to them. Children with good homes seldom go to the bad. Girls who have learned to trust their mother, in their whole round of thought, seldom get talked about. Boys who are made to feel the strength of a father's and the tenderness of a mother's love, seldom run wild. Their natural love of fun and mischief does not bind them over to the devil's service. Pleasant, cheerful and bright homes, then, are the great demand. They may be poor, but they can still be pleasant and attractive and good. The heart and spirit are more than furniture and dwelling.

As soon as the publishers of religious weeklies discontinued soliciting subscribers for chromos, and throwing in their publications as an inducement to subscribe, the circulation of their papers fell off fifty per cent. This speaks well for the art taste of American people.—*Norristown Herald.*

MY experience in planting corn has been that more can be raised per acre where there is but one stalk in the hill than where there were six; better two than five; three than four; that is, three stalks per hill give the best yield.—*Prairie Farmer.*

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