

wife is a granddaughter of Henry Clay, and it is now in the family again. The proprietor is of the Gov. McDowell family of Virginia, and therefore, on his side and that of Mrs. McDowell, the race is historic. The mansion, rebuilt some thirty years ago, precisely as it was in the days of Mr. Clay, is now the seat of generous Kentucky hospitality, and visitors on pilgrimage or by invitation are daily entertained.

It was at this elegant mansion that we had the honor, on Saturday evening, of assisting at what is here called a "High Tea." The "first families" of Lexington and vicinity, in full evening dress, were assembled for a social party: the halls and library and saloons of the manor-house thrown open, and the guests circulated freely and pleasantly; tea was served, with abundant refreshments besides; music enlivened the scene; the young people enjoyed themselves greatly; and it is very rare indeed, in any city or in any country, that so much beauty, gracefulness, ease of manner, with real refinement and courtesy are to be seen. As Ashland is some four or five miles from town, the company was assembled before sunset, and Mr. McDowell was kind enough to take me to his stables and show me some of his horses. Several of them are magnificent creatures, easily bringing, when he sells, \$10,000 each. Not long ago he sold one at that price, which soon after brought \$25,000.

The principal market for these horses, for the raising of which this part of Kentucky is very famous, is the city of New York. The quality of speed is most in demand. Not for racing chiefly, and I wish it were not at all for racing. I do not believe it can be shown that horse-racing has ever helped to improve the breed of horses, while it is true, beyond all doubt, that it misimproves the breed of men. But the increase of wealth and the desire for fine horses for the road and the park creates a boundless market for the very best animals. And this is true also of other cities, and all parts of this wonderfully advancing country.

Every day at Lexington brought to us invitations to entertainments far beyond our capacity to accept and enjoy. But we left it with grateful hearts and abiding memories of delightful friends.—IRENEUS in N. Y. *Observer*.

The most important part of any business is to know what ought to be done.

The Reason Why.

The original of the following quaint article was recently found in an old tower in the very ancient town of Chester, England. It was among a lot of old books, papers and diversified rubbish that had just been unearthed by some repairs that were being made upon the building.

M. F. W.

THE "REASON WHY."

Mr. A drinks because his doctor recommends him to "take a little."

Mr. B, because his doctor orders him not to drink, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D. because he's dry.

Mr. E because he feels something rising.

Mr. F because he feels a sinking.

Mr. G because he went to see a friend off to America.

Mr. H because he's got a friend just come from Australia.

Mr. J because he's so warm in the evening.

Mr. K because he's so cold in the morning.

Mr. L because he has a pain in his head.

Mr. M because he has a pain in his side.

Mr. N because he has a pain in his back.

Mr. O because he has a pain in his chest.

Mr. P because he has pains all over him.

Mr. Q because he feels so light and happy.

Mr. R because he feels so heavy and miserable.

Mr. S because he's married.

Mr. T because he isn't.

Mr. V because he likes to see his friends.

Mr. W because he's got no friends.

Mr. X because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y because his aunt cut him off with a shilling.

Mr. Z because he went to Llandudno\* yesterday.

\*This refers to a neighboring town that long ago was a famous resort for merry-making, etc.

Our Father comes down to the places that we walk in, stand in all the paths we go in, reaching out not his hand alone, but also his heart; and if we appreciated his feelings we should be saying every day and hour "My Father," and leaping into his arms.—Warren.

Burying and Planting.

On the first of May one of our city families removed to New Jersey. The first work was to put the garden in order. Charley, a precocious little boy, watched his father intently for two or three mornings, asking innumerable questions about the why and the wherefor of planting potatoes, corn, peas and squashes. He caught the idea, as many older people catch ideas, by the tail. It was the third night when his father came home that there was general mourning in the family. Several choice china dishes, a score of costly ornaments from the parlor, and three or four valuable small pictures had disappeared. In the confusion Charley had been forgotten. The maid said he had been amusing himself in the garden all the afternoon. His father went out and found him planting the last picture. The little fellow wanted to raise a whole crop of beautiful things, and failed to see why if twenty potatoes would grow from one, twenty pictures and china cups and articles of vertu could not be produced in the same way.

The difference between planting and burying is as poorly understood by many grown people as by the little city boy. And there is a vast deal of burying done under the pretense of planting. People are too apt to forget that burying is not planting, and that every investment of time, talents, interest and money which is not likely to yield a return of something valuable is not planting, but burying. A great deal of the money spent by thoughtless, fashionable people yields no return of comfort, of happiness, of anything desirable; it is simply buried. A large proportion of the investments made by shrewd business men under the infatuations of speculative crazes are not planted, but buried. Only last week a railroad bed which cost nearly a quarter of a million dollars was sold for \$35,000; the original investment was money buried. More than half of the things bought in these days because other people have such things—articles of dress, ornament, finishing gewgaws—give no pleasure to the buyer, and add nothing to the satisfaction of living; they represent money buried. Of the fashionable excursions taken every Summer, costing enough to make a family comfortable for the winter, or educate a boy or girl, very few will add one particle of

real health and enjoyment to the travellers, and many will bring weariness, disappointment and heartache. All the dissipations bury money, and what money can not buy, in a grave from which there is no resurrection. To read worthless or poor books; to go to places of amusement which merely entertain, without lifting the sentiments and imagination; to spend time in gossip with idle companions; to form habits which lead to costly and hurtful practices; to drop into vices which drain out the heart's life—is a burying of what ought to have been saved to plant. And from burying nothing, but decay and ashes come. The trouble with most people is that they have spent their days in burying instead of planting, or in planting what had better been buried.

To plant wisely and generously is the great thing. The secret of happy, profitable living, of health and friendship, and public respect, is in knowing how and what to plant, and doing the work well in the season of it. Every good lesson learned is a seed planted to bring forth fruit in its season. Every good habit, every good book read, every noble purpose carried out, every true friendship formed, are things planted that will yield a rich harvest in due time. It is as foolish to expect happiness from recklessness and folly as a crop of paintings from planting chromos in the back yard. It does not come in that way. It is by planting the best things at the right time, and in a wise and generous way that the rich harvest is insured.—*Christian at Work*.

Some time ago a sacred concert was given on a Sabbath evening and \$100 of the proceeds was given to the society for the improvement of the poor. At their first meeting the lady managers decided that it would be incompatible with their principles as Christian women to accept the donation, and therefore returned the money. That same evening one of the ladies told her husband what they had done, and asked his opinion. Turning to his desk he wrote a check for \$1,000, and turning to his wife handed her the check, and said, "There is what I think of your action. Hand that to the treasurer of the society. The beneficiaries of your society must not suffer for your determination to act as become Christian women." Comment is unnecessary.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette*.