





Hints About Work.

The beautiful spring is near, and these cherry-blossoms and other flowers will be prepared for the work to be done—the culture of the soil. Again we ask attention to the care of animals, so that when some are driven to the slaughter, they will be full of life and loveliness into the landscape.

A young man in Indiana sees his father for the first time since his father claims was his own property. The father's countenance, in summing up the case of his client, remarked: "Twice has this prodigal returned to his father's house; twice has he been received with open arms; twice for him has the fatted calf been killed; and now he comes back and wants the old cow."

different from a city office in the treatment of stranger visitors. The country editor, in company with all members of his profession, is addicted to a hollowiness of the stomach about this hour. That organ commences to be soiled, and grows rapidly more pressing in its attentions. He looks nervously from the clock to the stranger, who having dropped a few interesting hints about the weather, has settled back with a view to making a pleasant and mutually advantageous call. He scans his outer garments, and so, too, that those for the draft may have strength enough for the labor before them.

The Twelve O'clock Caller. In a recent issue of Harper's Weekly was a capital illustration of a characteristic phase in the life of the country publisher. There is still another feature of his newspaper career which the pencil can hardly do justice to.

Means of Checking, Sneezing, Etc. There are many faces which show that morbid phenomena of sneezing can also be stopped by the influence of arrest. Coughing, for instance, can be stopped by pressing on the nerves on the upper lip in the neighborhood of the nose.

A Misused Title. The title of esquire (with its frequently abbreviated to squire) originated in chivalric times. When sons of gentlemen, from the age of seven years, were brought up in the castle of superior lords, which was an inevitable advantage to the poorer nobility, who could not otherwise have given the children the accomplishments of their station.

A Puzzled Frenchman. A Frenchman, while looking at a number of vessels, exclaimed, "See what a flock of sheep!" He was told that that a flock of sheep was called a flock. To assist him in mastering the intricacies of the English language, he was told that a flock of geese is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, but that a pack of cards is never called a bevy, though a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of porpoises is termed a shoal.

A Pica for the House-Dog. A correspondent of the Mirror, France, speaks thus of the dog of the householder: "What hard-working farmer, on returning at night to rest his weary limbs, does not feel that he is more safe from burglars, and his stock, fowls and orchards more secure from thieves and midnight prowlers, both two and four-legged, if he has a good, faithful dog about his premises? What good housewife—and all such people who live their hard day's work on the clothes-line during the dews of night—does not feel that her clothes are far more safe if Bose is in the yard?"

Catching Monkeys. A traveler tells the following about how monkeys are caught in Africa: "Monkeys are pretty common, yet as the family are very numerous, they are taken for the reader, how they are taken? Pitfalls will take a lion and the fabled monarch of the forest will, after a few days' starvation, dart into a cage containing food, and thus be secured. But how are monkeys caught? The people resemble men. Their voices are human. They love liquor and fat. At Barotse and Sanaa the natives are very fond of them, of which the monkeys are passionately fond. Aware of this, the natives go to the forest, fringed by the ground calabashes of the enticing liquor.

The Cause of Panics. "John Paul" has been brought to the attention of the "Daily Tribune" upon him, and, in meditating upon his own mishap, he found the true theory of panics. "Looking at my position now," he says, "I don't see that it differs materially from that of a good many men engaged in larger businesses. I could keep going as long as the tailor and my various other trade connections would trust me. It was not when they wanted to pay that I had to fail. They precipitated the evil by their senseless behavior. If the idiots had not sent in their bills I should still be trading with them—all would be going on smoothly. A panic is simply a want of confidence brought on by finding out that people are insolvent sooner than is convenient for the money-lender. They themselves are not insolvent. So long as it is not known that they're insolvent, everything's lovely. If nobody wanted pay, there'd be no panics. This is a clearer proposition by far than the cogitate one that a national debt is a national blessing."

Becher's Love Story. Tom was a strapping, healthy boy, with a green complexion. He lived up in the mountains among the charcoal burners until he was nineteen. Then he went out into the valley and hired out to a farmer. Tom was a scullion and a drudge, and the first month the farmer hesitated to trust even the hogs to his care. But there was a glimmering of something in him that showed just a little through his uncleanliness. After a year or two he became a full farm laborer—a broad-shouldered, deep-chested, powerful fellow, who made himself clumsily useful. Well, about that time the farmer's daughter came home from school. What a revelation she was to Tom. He never knew until then what it was to worship anything, nor how awkward and coarse he was. He would have given all he had, which wasn't much, to learn how to get into a room without hitting the door, or what to do with his hands, or how to sit down right. He began to change his clothes for better ones when he came in from the day's work, and he was about him the dawning of improvement. Being the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be seventeen, you will find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:

Table with 5 columns and 63 rows, representing a magic table for determining age.

The Unpopular Talker. Of all exasperating talkers, he who never listens to what others say, but manages to make himself leader of every conversation, is the most trying to his listeners, equanimity. To be sure, he is brilliant, ready, fluent, demanding attention, and fascinating enough to command it; but he is just a raw, tonguey, incisive and upturned mouth to excite a slight reaction; to create a half-conscious inward protest, and a kind of distrustful vigilance, which discounts almost everything that this conversational expert says, and particularly his most brilliant and emphatic sayings. There is just a suspicion that there is more wisdom of words than of heart, more excellence of speech than of character. He lays down his opinions like grenades, and you feel as if you were to be taken up. He would be ingeniously surprised to have them questioned, except for explanation or information. His eagerness to show his own opinions robs the opinions of others from receiving even respectable attention—and the holders of said opinions are just enough disturbed by his self-conceit to render him an exasperating talker. There is another variety of this class—those who are bound never to agree to anything that may be said without somehow correcting it, reminding you what you meant to say, or what you omitted to say, or what you would have said if you had known, or taken a pinch of snuff, or the like. It is this kind of exasperating talk that is generally all in the family. It makes outdoors a great relief, and it holds a comfort. It drives the wife to "mother," to enjoy "tea" and petting; the husband to the club-room or billiard hall—anywhere, in fact, where his views can assert themselves occasionally. For such minor evils as this he at the root of all human happiness or misery.

Useful Servants. The Koumaux dog, which is found, with very little variation in shape, size, or color, on both sides of Behring's Straits, is in many respects, the best dog in the world. It is the Laplander, and the camel to the Arab. Though treated very indifferently, these useful animals are absolutely essential to the existence of these semi-barbarous tribes. The great distance of the settlements one from the other, and the absence of any means of communication in any manner, make each village dependent on its own support, and assistance should the winter be extra severe a famine often results, and these provident people never think of stirring until the last dried fish in store has been devoured.

Plotting Mammas. It may be taken for granted that it is the desire of most loving mammas to see their daughters married. But, at the same time, it is indisputable that many anxious mothers would rather their daughters remained single for a number of years than contract an unsatisfactory alliance. Thus the fond parent is placed in rather a difficult position, and has a double task to perform. On the one hand, she has to look out for eligible young men, and on the other, she has to guard against children against peevish adventures. In her eyes, poverty-stricken youth is, necessarily, the enemy of all maidens whose fathers live at the rate of some thousands per annum. She may have married a man who, when he commenced life, could with little difficulty have put all the money he possessed into his pocket; but that is the reason why her darling child should do anything so silly. Love in a cottage may be all very well in its way; and, perhaps, at one time she considered it the height of human bliss. But age brings experience and knowledge, and what in the hey-day of youth appears pure gold in the middle age appears to be fairly dross. Besides, though her husband had turned out triumphant, if by no means follows that if she considered her daughter to a man occupying a similar position to that in which her partner commenced life, he will never rise above it. So she prefers, like the prudent soul that she is, to be on the safe side. Thus she has her attention fixed upon men who have already made a name and position, and prepares her traps for both him and her daughter to fall into. One great difficulty invariably befalls our path. Beautiful eligible parties are frequently pretty well up in years, and most girls have an objection to wedding men who are much older than themselves. To remove this objection is not always an easy matter, for sometimes even the most obedient daughters have wills of their own. Thus, they will not go to the extent of marrying in defiance of their parents' opposition, neither will they encourage the advances of men whom their hearts do not approve.

Effect of Superstition. Nicholas the First, being a sensible man, well as a really religious man, believed in the occasional relaxation of mind. Among other amusements, he was very fond of masquerade balls, and one night appeared at one in the character of the devil, with grinning face, horns and tail, and appeared to enjoy his character very much. About three o'clock in the morning he went out, and throwing over him some fire, called a coachman, and ordered him to take him to the Quay Anglais. As it was very cold he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found that the man had taken him in a wrong direction, to the Quay Anglais is one of the most elegant portions of St. Petersburg, while before him were only some miserable houses. Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the coachman paid no heed to him, and presently passing through a stone gateway, brought him into a cemetery, and taking a large knife from his girdle and pointing it to his employer's throat, said: "Give me your money and your furs, or I will kill you." "And do you give me your soul?" exclaimed Nicholas as he threw off the furs and disclosed his perspiration of the devil. The Russians are very superstitious, and the coachman was so terrified that he fell senseless to the ground, and the emperor drove himself back to his palace.

Facts and Figures. The late horrible accident on the Great Western Railroad of Canada, by which two or twelve persons were in a few moments roasted beyond recognition, is one of which the occasion and responsibility are not hard to fix. A gasoline oil lamp in the saloon at the front end of a passenger car, fell and broke, and instantly became a fierce fire. Before it was noticed, it was beyond the power of the passengers to smother, and the wind of the fast-flying train carried the flames through the cars as if through the vent of a furnace. Obviously it was a case in which the train was to be stopped as quickly as possible. Every moment of delay cost a life. But in this awful crisis, the means of stopping the train were found missing. Here is the conductor's statement of the fatal fact: "We always carry one, and invariably use it when we have no oil tanks on board. I don't take on tanks every night. Sometimes two or three, four nights out of the week. We don't carry the rope with the oil tanks because there is no place for it. It would be apt to catch, rendering it unserviceable. I thought it better to depend upon our own exertions than upon the bell-rope. The rule of the company always supposes us to carry a bell-rope, no matter what the train is made up of. I don't think wood, gravel and iron trains carry them. No permission from headquarters was ever granted to me to go without a bell-rope. The station master at London, Mr. Knight, knew that I was in the habit of going without a bell-rope, I having told him that I wished he would let me go without tanks because I could not pull a bell-rope over them. At the speed we were running that night the trains usually go a few hundred yards before stopping. Had we had a bell rope at that night and worked it, we might have stopped within a few hundred yards."