

The Suicide.
A treacherous river, dark and deep,
Over which the water creeps,
As though it were afraid.
To trust their shimmering whiteness there,
Among these waves to drown fair,
And sleep thy swan.

A man, wild with passion, stands,
And eyes peers down below;
And then, up to the pitying sky,
Arends a long, long, long cry,
Of human woe.

Two arms are upward madly raised,
A single moment, then are lost
Beneath the wave.

The waves are calm, to where
A shadowy face, with clinking hair,
Sinks to its grave.

The water gurgles softly,
And bear no trace of death upon
And when the sun's still shall shine,
There'll be one heart the least to pine—
One less to weep.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

A Pretty Way to Train a Fuchsia.
When a slip has grown six or eight inches high, nip out the top down to the next set of leaves; it will then throw out branches on each side. Let these grow eight or ten inches, then nip out as before, the top of each branch, when grown the same height as the others, then nip out again, then proceed to stick the stems in your fingers—each inch is length—take short, wire twine back and forth; alternate: through holes made in the stick equal distances apart—place this firmly in the part back of the plantie the branches to it, and you will have, when in flower, a beautiful and very graceful plant. Having one trained in that way last season, it was the admiration of all who saw it.—*Small Fruit Recorder.*

Low Heads.

The Horticulturist says the tide of favorable opinion for heading fruit trees low for orchard culture, is now experiencing a reversion. Orchardists who cultivate their orchards, and are in the habit of plowing the soil periodically, the low headed trees will not answer. It is impossible to approach near enough with the horse and implement, and hence the high standard methods of training will hardly be given up. Low training will answer for garden culture, or for orchards where there is a good deal of hard labor.

Light Brahma Fowls.

Brahmas are undoubtedly the most popular of the gallinaceous fowls of today, and as between the "Light" variety and the "Dark," or penciled, the former is the most sought after. The two kinds should never be crossed, as has frequently been done, always with unsatisfactory results. Light Brahmae are chi-yi white in the color of the plumage, but upon passing the feathers will be found to have a tinge of bluish gray, by which they can be distinguished from white Cochins. The neck feathers of the Brahmae are distinctly striped with black down the centre of each feather. That of the male bird is often lighter than in the case of the hen.—*Western Rural.*

Large Yield of Honey.

At the last meeting of the Grand Chute, Wisconsin, Farmers' Club, the following report of the sparsity of Cravat Brothers, Hartford, Wis., was read:

June 1, 1871, we had 70 swarms of bees, most all Italians; about ten of them were quite light. We allowed them to swarm naturally. They cast 30 swarms. We made fourteen out of neuds, making 114. Two have since become queenless. Out of them we all got 15,000 lbs. of extracted honey, and a little over 1,000 lbs. of wax honey, and that will all go down to 4,000 lbs. more in the spring. Some of the hives weigh over 100 lbs. besides the weight of the hive, frames and all that pertains to them; or, in other words, the bees, honey, comb, and bee-bread weigh over 100 lbs. Too much for safe wintering. To sum up, if we realize what we think is now in the hives, it will make about 20,000 lbs. of honey as the honey product of 70 swarms of bees and 42 in-crease.

Road Turkey.

The season of turkey dinners being on hand, we give the method most in vogue in New England. Select a fine, plump, yellow skinned turkey, weighing from ten to twelve pounds. Examine it thoroughly to see that all the pin feathers are taken out; hold it over a fire to singe any fine hairs that may remain; wash it thoroughly inside and out with water, with salt. Take the gizzard, heart, and liver, put them into cold water, and let them boil until tender. When done, chop them very fine. Take stale bread, or Boston crackers, and grate or chop them. Add salt, pepper and some sweet herbs, as thyme, marjoram, or summer savory, to the bread crumbs; after which beat up two eggs with which to moisten them; add and mix thoroughly with this the chopped "inwards," not forgetting to put in salt and butter. Fill the inside of the turkey with the dressing, taking care that the neck or crop is made to look plump, and sew the openings, drawing it close, closely together. Then rub a little butter over your turkey, and lay it upon the bottom of your meat pan. Cover the bottom of the pan well with boiling water. After a half-hour, baste the turkey by pouring over it the gravy that has begun to form in the pan. Repeat the basting once in about fifteen minutes. In an oven of average temperature a twelve pound turkey will require at least three hours; but every oven has its own way of baking, and the cook must be governed by it.

Roast goose is prepared in the same manner as the turkey. The dressing for that should be made of mashed potatoes, seasoned with salt, pepper, sage or onions, according to the taste of the family. Make giblets sauce by boiling the "inwards" until very tender, chopping them fine and adding them to a gravy made by using the liquor in which they were boiled, thickened with flour, and to which has been added one ounce of butter, and pepper and salt, to suit the taste.—*Heart and Home.*

Flints About Housekeeping.

We give to intelligence, to religion and to all virtues, the honor that belongs to them. And still it may be boldly affirmed that economy, taste, skill and neatness in the kitchen have a great deal to do with making life happy and prosperous.

Now it is indispensably necessary that a house should be filled with luxuries. The qualifications for all good housekeeping can be displayed as well on a large scale as on a large one.

A small house can be made easily kept than a palace. Economy is most needed in the absence of abundance.

Taste is as well displayed in placing dishes on a pine table as in arranging the folds of a damask curtain.

Skilful cooking is readily discovered in a nicely baked potato or a respectable johnny-cake as a nut-brown scone or a brace of canvas-backs.

The charm of good housekeeping, in the order of economy and taste displayed in attention to little things, has a wonderful influence.

A dirty kitchen and bad cooking have driven many of us from home to seek comfort and happiness somewhere else.

Domestic economy is a science—a theory of life which all sensible women ought to study and practice. None of our girls are fit to be married until they are thoroughly educated in the mysteries of the kitchen.

See to it, all ye who are mothers,
that your daughters are accompanied
by an experimental knowledge of good
housekeeping.

"Coasting."

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MR. BONNER: How long is it since you had a sled? Did you ever have one when you were brought up where there were no snow. If so, I pity you. No man can be a perfect man, rounded out into a perfection on every side, who has not had childhood, been rubbed, snow-balled, and who has not been upset on an icy hill and rolled over, sled and boy, in a promiscuous heap. You may sit on all your armor, and make believe that you are as good as another, but if you never slid down hill, you shall be elected honorary member of the Hyperborean Boys' Sled Club.

Blessed be Now Bedford! What now? you will ask. Mind you, I am not sympathetic for the welfare of the boys, except upon a boy, the old elderman set apart, and dressed in that beautiful and ancient, blessed city, for the especial use of sleds. They devoted it to all girls and boys under seventy years of age. One street there was where sleds were not obliged to keep out of the way of wagons and horses and policemen, and angry old gentlemen, who had been tripped up, or sent flying over the boys' heads. Nay, night after night, snow was carted upon the bare roads, or water sprinkled when it would form ice.

Was not this an enlightened view of an elderman's duty? Ought not every boy to vote, when he grows up, for such wise counsellors? And the old elderman, I am sure, did his best for the day, fresh information on unacknowledged subjects.

Alexander Dumas, novelist—France, December 1870.

Charles Buxton, M. P.—England, August 12.

Phoebe Cary—Newport, July 31, aged 34.

Alice Cary—New York, February 12, aged 31.

Henry Adams—England, January, aged 30.

Princess Bellegio (Catharina Prusikina)—Milan, July 6.

Charles Buxton, M. P.—England, August 12.

Alexander Dumas, novelist—France, December 1870.

Charles Paul de Kock, novelist—France, aged 77.

George Gottlieb Gervinus, historian—Heidelberg, March, aged 56.

Charles Hugo, son, and dramatist—Bordeaux, March 13.

George Groth, author of the "History of Greece"—England, June 13, aged 70.

John George Kohl, traveler and author—Bremen, aged 77.

Count de Gasparin—Geneva, Switzerland, May 12, aged 62.

David N. Chambers—Leeds, England, March 21, aged 52.

David N. Chambers—London, March 13.

David N. Chambers—London, March 13, aged 62.

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