SUNBEAMS.

BY MRS. NANNIE STEELE MOORE.

I sat in my own, my beautiful home,
Where the sunbeams danced gayly around me,
Lighting up carpet, furniture and room
With a magical power that bound me.
'Twas the springtime of life, ere time had touched
My youthful brow with his withering hand;
And my selfish nature marveled much
If the sun shone as bright all o'er our land.

Softly I stole from my cozy retreat,
Out among flowers, in the open air,
And leisurely I strolled adown the street,
Where the sunbeams fell with the ruddiest glare.
On, on I went, till the bright, beaming rays
Seemed a net-work of gold above my head;
And shading my eyes from their burning daze,
"The sun must shine bright everywhere," I said.

I wandered on to a castle old—
Lonely, deserted and crumbling away;
It was covered with moss and lined with mold;
Its ancient flag-stones were broken and gray.
But the sunbeams danced from ceiling to floor,
And cheerfully lighted the dingy walls;
Through the broken windows and fallen door
Their radiance flooded the silent halls.

Still further I strolled till my wayward feet
Pressed a gravel walk that led to a door.
'Twas only a cottage, simple but neat—
Its clever inmates were honest, but poor.
A dame was busily turning a wheel,
Humming an old-fashioned, lively air;
The table was spread for the noon-day meal,
While sunbeams played hide-and-seek on the stair.

Farther I strayed, to a dreary abode,
A lowly hut, where the grass had grown high.
As I turned my steps from the leading road,
"Ah! the sun can never shine here," said I.
I entered the gloomy, dismal place,
From which every comfort of life had fled;
Where a wasted form, with a pale, sad face,
Lay wrecked by disease, on a rude, low bed.

And again I found the mistake was mine;
For, through every crevice and creaking door,
Crept the radiant streaks of bright sunshine,
That chased each other o'er the rough, bare floor.
They fell in tender gleams across the bed,
And danced in bright spots on the smoke-tagged wall;
They gently shone through the boards overhead,
And quietly PLAY'D in our heads did fall,

Till a shining ray seemed to burn my brow,
And suddenly my brain began to whirl.
"O, yes," I exclaimed, "I am satisfied now,
For I know the sun shines all over the world."
With still greater force fell the glowing beam,
Till its fiery touch seemed to singe my hair.
The bright sun woke me—'twas only a dream,
While dozing sweetly, in a great arm-chair.

But, in later years, I found that my dream
Was a glorious vision of life's great truth;
And the blessed sunshine as brightly beams
For me to-day as it did in my youth.
As Fate blindly leads me along life's way,
Often in places that seem dark and drear,
Sunbeams from heaven still fall o'er my way,
Greeting and cheering me everywhere.

And a higher lesson it teaches men—
A knowledge of trust, a knowledge of love—
For the blessings of God I daily see
Falling like sunbeams from heaven above.
While pure religion flows freely for all,
In palace or hut it enters the door;
Its blessed influence like sunbeams fall
Alike on the hearts of wealthy and poor.

Where clouds seem the darkest and life so drear,
It breaks through the gloom in a golden ray,
And brings to the sorrowing ones good cheer,
That tells of a better and brighter day;
Whispers of a fairer and brighter land,
Where the light of glory will ever shine
Far brighter than sunbeams, upon the strand
Of eternal repose and endless time.

—*Chicago Ledger.*

FOUR DREAMS.

A Very Curious Story.

The evening shades were falling over a deserted battle-field; the victory was won, and four soldiers camped in a lonely corner were enjoying a tardy meal. Seated on the grass in front of a roaring fire, before which a few slices of lamb were cooking, the red light cast a strange shadow around, and the pale flicker revealed many sleeping their last sleep. The soldiers were laughing boisterously, scarce noticing the glazed eyes fixed on them. The day's work had been severe, and the living were resting, not knowing what the morrow might bring. Death and night were spreading their wings over the blood-stained earth where terror and silence were standing side by side.

Their feast ended, Gneuss began to sing; his deep voice sounded hoarse as it fell on the desolate and mournful air; the song so joyous on his lips echoed but a sob; astonished at the strange accents, he began singing with redoubled ardor, when a piercing cry, issuing from the shadows, disturbed the little group.

Gneuss was silent, and with a troubled expression said to Elberg:

"Go see which corpse is awakening."

Elberg went armed with a sword and a lighted torch. His companions could just perceive the outline of his form as he bent over the dead, but he soon disappeared.

"Clerian," said Gneuss, after a short silence, "the wolves are about to-night, go look for our friend."

And Clerian went, and was in turn soon lost in the darkness. Gneuss and Flen, tired of waiting for the return of the wanderers, rolled themselves in their cloaks and lay down by the smoldering embers. Their eyes were just closing, when the same dreadful cry rent the air. Flen rose, walked silently to the spot from whence issued the sound, and was soon lost in the gloom.

Gneuss sprung to his feet, terrified at the sight of the black gulf where the agonized gurgle fire. He threw a few dried leaves on to the burning logs, hoping that the brightness would dissipate his fears. The flame rose, shedding its light in a ghastly red circle on the ground; in this circle the shrubs looked unreal, and the dead seemed roused by invisible hands.

Gneuss' terror increased; he shook the lighted branches and stamped out the flames. As the thick shadows fell around him once more he shuddered, fearing to be again overtaken by the death shout. He could not rest. He sat down, then rose again to call his companions, but the sound of his own voice made him shrink and fear that it had attracted the attention of the surrounding corpses.

Suddenly the moon appeared, and Gneuss trembled to see it shedding its pale beams over the battle-field. Night no more concealed its horrors. The plain, strewn with dead and dying, seemed to extend under the shroud of white light, and this light seemed to give an unearthly touch to the scene. Gneuss, now thoroughly roused, wondered whether he could ascend the mountain and extinguish the pale night torch. In his excitement he thought the dead must rise and speak to him now that they could see him so plainly. Their perfect calm was terrible, and, expecting every moment to be overtaken by some dreadful catastrophe, he closed his eyes. But as he was standing there a strange heat touched his left heel. He stooped, and saw a thin rivulet of blood flowing past his feet, leaping over the stones and causing a gay murmur. It came out of the shade, meandered in the light of the pale moonbeams, then fled and returned to the darkness like a snake, in its tortuous windings. Gneuss could not remove his eyes from the tide of flowing blood. He saw it swelling slowly, and visibly getting larger; the rivulet became a peaceful stream that a child could have easily leaped over; the stream became an ever-increasing torrent, bursting over the ground and throwing up a red foam on all sides; the torrent became an immense flowing river.

The river was ever carrying away the dead, but a cold shiver ran over him as he saw that it was supplied by the blood running from their wounds.

Gneuss kept moving backward from the ever-increasing tide; he could no longer distinguish the opposite bank, and the valley was changed into a lake.

Suddenly he was stopped in his course; a cluster of rocks impeded his flight. He soon felt the waves leaping round his knees, and the dead drifting on, insulting him in their course, each one of their wounds becoming a blood-stained mouth to scoff at his fears. The dreaded sea, ever increasing, now touched his waist. He made a final effort, by clinging to the cracks in the rock; but alas! the rock gave way, and the tide covered his shoulders. The moon, pale and sad, watched this sea where her rays were not reflected. The light floated heavenward; this immense sheet of shadowy and clamorous blood seemed to be the entrance to some great abyss. The waves, ever ascending, touched and covered with their red foam the lips of the tortured Gneuss.

II.

At dawn Elberg returned; he woke Gneuss, whom he found sleeping, with his head pillowed on a stone.

"Friend," said he, "I was lost in the shrubs, and, sitting down to rest at the foot of a tree, sleep overtook me, and my soul was troubled by strange visions, the remembrance of which disturbs my waking thoughts.

"The world was in its infancy; the sky was one eternal smile. Earth, a virgin still, was basking in May's rich sunbeams; each blade of grass was ripening and surpassing in beauty the finest oaks; the trees were bursting into gorgeous leaves and fruit totally unknown to me. The sap was ever flowing through earth's deep veins, and in its abundance drifted into the recesses of rocks and gave them life.

"The horizon rose calm and smiling in the distance. Nature, waking from its sleep as a child, knelt and thanked God for His light; it spread out its arms toward heaven to give praise for its songs and perfumes, so graceful and so sweet that my mind was overwhelmed with the divine impression. Earth, gentle and prosperous, engendered without pain. Fruit trees sprung out of every corner, the roads were hedged with fields of ripe corn, where, to-day, plains of thistles and thorns would rise. The air was not laden with the weight of human sorrow. God was alone working for His children.

"Man, like the birds, fed on food sent by God, gathering fruit on his way, drinking the water from the cooling spring and sleeping under a shelter of leaves, whose lips seemed to shudder at the sight of flesh, not knowing the taste of blood, relishing only the dew-sprinkled and sun-ripened fruits.

"So man remained innocent, and his very innocence anointed him King over all living things. Earth had assumed a new touch of purity, and was cradled in supreme peace. Birds fled no more at the sight of man to far-stretching forests; all God's creatures lived together under one supreme law—goodness.

"I was walking with them, enjoying their perfect nature and feeling myself growing stronger and better under their united influence. I felt the delicious breeze so pure after the laden breath of earth.

"As the angel of my dreams watched beside me, my eyes strayed to a forest. I saw two men following a narrow, shady path. The younger took the lead, singing gayly and smiling at the beauty all around; now and again he turned to smile on his companion, and the smile made me guess they were brothers. But the lips and eyes of his companion did not respond; he followed the youth with a look of hatred, and hastened his step to keep up with him.

"I saw him cut down a branch and make it into a rough club; then he hastened his step, fearing to lose sight of his victim, and hiding his weapon behind him. The young man, who had been resting, rose at his approach, and kissed him on the forehead in welcome.

"They set out once again on their walk. The day was drawing to a close. The youth hurried on as he perceived in the distance the sun gradually sinking behind a hill. The man thought the youth was trying to escape and lifted his club. His young brother turned, with a happy speech on his lips; the club felled him to the ground, crushing his face, from whence gushed a stream of blood.

"The first blade of grass it touched shuddered and shook the drop on to its mother earth; earth trembled and was startled; a great cry of repugnance was wrung from its breast, and the sand in the road turned into a foaming red current.

"The scream from the wounded youth seemed to scatter God's creatures far and wide; they fled into deep and dark places, the strong attacking the weak. I saw them in the gloom polishing their hooks and sharpening their claws. The great work of the brigandage of the creation has begun.

"Then the eternal tide passed before me. The sparrow flew at the swallow; the swallow in its turn seized the gnat; the gnat sucked the blood from the corpse. From the worm to the lion was one great insurrection. Nature, touched at the sight, was convulsed. The pure lines of the horizon were effaced, the dawn and sunset gave forth blood-stained clouds; the rippling of the waters seemed one prolonged sob, and the leaves of the trees fell faded to the ground ere they bloomed."

III.

Scarcely had Elberg finished his tale when Clerian appeared, and, seating himself between his two companions, said to them:

"I know not whether what I saw was a reality or a dream; the vision was so like the truth, and truth so like a vision.

"My steps led me along a road that encompassed the earth; it was studded with towns, and crowds followed its course. A stream of red foam flowed onward, and my feet were soon blood-stained. Careworn, I wandered on amid this mass of human beings, increasing as we went, and cruel sights met my gaze. Fathers offering their daughters in sacrifice to some avenging god, the fair heads bent under the touch of steel, and fainting at death's kiss. Trembling maidens seeking death to escape from hateful kisses, the tomb alone shrouding their virginity. Women dying under passionate caresses; one crying bitterly on the brink of the river that had carried away her love; another killed in her lover's embrace; the blow was a death knell to him, and, locked in each other's arms, they soared heavenward.

"Men vainly seeking liberty and peace that were unattainable here below. Everywhere footprints of Kings were marked with a crimson blot. One walking in the road stained by his brother's blood; another enjoying his crown at the cost of his subjects' lives; and still another wading in God's blood; and the people, standing back and letting him pass on, would say: 'A King has passed this way.'

"Priests massacred their victims, and, open-mouthed over their bleeding entrails, pretended to read therein Heaven's secrets. Swords were hidden under their priestly robes as they preached warfare in the name of God, and at the sound of their voices each man turned to slay his neighbor, thinking thereby to glorify his Maker. The intoxicated mass of human beings was hurrying hither and thither, a crushed and seething crowd, brandishing their naked weapons without mercy, and felling innocent souls to the ground. A craving for massacre fell on the raging populace. Their cry rang furiously on the still night air, until the last drop of blood was trampled from out the seething wounds, and men cursed their victims for dying so quickly.

"Earth drank unceasingly of the blood-red stream, and seemed insatiable and glutted over the dregs.

"I hurried on, wishing to lose sight of my fallen brothers, but the road lay dark and interminable before me, while the crimson tide drifted ever onward. Darkness increased around me until I could scarce perceive the barren plains, the forsaken rocks, the mountains towering to the skies, the valleys becoming great gulfs, the stones turning into hillocks, and the furrows into yawning abysses.

"No sign of life was there, no green thing visible, nothing but rocks, desolated rock, whose summits, barely touched by the wavering light, made the gloom appear more terrible in this valley where the road led, and where my footsteps echoed in the deathly silence.

"A sharp turn brought me to a ghastly sight. Four mountains leaning heavily forward formed a basin. Their sides, straight and stiff like the walls of a cyclopean city, formed in their center an immense well, and this well where the stream terminated gradually increased the thick and tranquil sea that rested so peacefully in its bed of rocks, giving a purple hue to the clouds.

"I knew that this abyss must receive the blood of the murdered; that drops from each wound had gone to swell the surge of this flowing sea."

"Stop," said Gneuss, "the torrent I saw this night went to feed that cursed lake."

"Struck with terror," continued Clerian, "I stepped to the brink, and saw that the tide nearly reached the summit of the rocks. A voice from the abyss spoke to me: 'The river is ever increasing, and will continue to increase until it reaches its utmost heights; then it will overflow into the plains; the mountains will give way, and tired earth will soon be covered and flooded. New-born babes will be drowned in their fathers' blood.'"

"The day is at hand, friends," said Gneuss, "the waves were high last night."

IV.

The sun had risen ere Clerian had finished his tale; the trumpet was sounding to rally the scattered troops.

The three soldiers arose, and, shouldering their weapons, moved away, casting a last lingering look at the fire, when Flem appeared, foot-sore and travel-stained.

"Friends," said he, "I know not whence I come, so rapid has been my flight. Long hours did I wander, till the noise of my footsteps rocked me gently, and I fell into a strange and restless sleep, never slackening my speed till I came to a lonely hill. The sun poured down upon it and scorched the ground, while I hurried on to attain the summit.

"And as I fled a man appeared toiling up the path; a crown of thorns was on his head, a heavy burden on his back, drops of blood were standing on his forehead, and his tottering steps could scarcely reach their goal.

"I grieved to see his agony, and I waited for him; he was carrying a cross, and I saw by his crown and purple robes that he was a King, and I despised him, and rejoiced over his sufferings.

"Soldiers followed him, hurrying his faltering footsteps. At last, when they came to a standstill on the highest pinnacle of the mountain, they divested him of his garments and nailed him to the cursed tree. The victim smiled sadly as he stretched out his hands and crossed his feet ready for the murderous deed. He turned his face heavenward; tears flowed slowly down his cheeks, tears which he felt not, and which were lost in the resigned smile on his lips.

"The cross was soon erected, and then the weight of the martyr's body enlarged the wounds and broke his bones until he shuddered again and again, and sought strength from above.

"The sight riveted me to the spot, and as I looked I said, 'That man is no King.'

"Then, in my great pity, I cried to the soldiers to kill him.

"A linnet perched on the cross was singing a sad strain, that caught my ear and made me think of the weeping Virgin.

"'Blood is feeding the flame,' said the linnet, 'blood colors the flowers, blood shades the clouds. I alighted on the earth and my claws were stained, and as I touched the trees my wings grew crimson.

"'I met a just man and followed him, and, having bathed in a pure spring, I thought to find rest on his shoulder from the wickedness of earth.

"'My only song to-day is a sob on Golgotha's heights for one who carried me safely through many dangers. He came to purify, and he is doing it with the crimson tide from his own wounds.

"'Oh, Jesus!' I cry, 'when shall I find Thy brother to take me under his sheltering wings. Ah! when shall Thy son come to wash my wings in Thy sprinkled blood?'

"The victim listened to the linnet's song. Death was hovering over him, but his look was one of gentle reproach, a serene and hopeful smile passed over his face.

"Then, with an unearthly shout, he gave up the ghost; his head sank, the linnet fled, the sky darkened, and the earth trembled.

"I still ran on and on in my sleep; dawn had come, the valley awoke smiling under their morning mists. The rain of the preceding evening gave a fresh touch to the green leaves, but the road was still hedged with the thorns that had impeded my course the night before. The same hard stones stopped my way as the snakes hissed out their warning note. The just man's blood had flowed in vain for the world.

"The linnet passed on its way, telling its tale as it went:

"'In vain have I sought a cleansing stream to wash my blood-stained wings. Look at earth! it is no better for the sacrifice, and I have only to record the burden of one more murder.'"

V.

The clarion now rang loudly.

"Friends," said Gneuss, "we are driving a wicked trade; our sleep disturbed by the phantoms of those we have slain.

"My rest, like yours, was disturbed by a ghastly nightmare; I have been massacreing for thirty years, and am tired of it. Let us leave our brothers, and go into the country together and till the ground. I know of a valley where the plows are idle, for want of hands."

"Such is our wish," replied his companions.

The soldiers buried their weapons, bathed themselves in the cooling stream, and arm in arm they started on their new road.

The Cat Traffic.

One of the Towne brothers, of railroad reputation, has left railroading to keep the Railroad Hotel at Harvard, Ill. Expecting a crowd last month he wrote his friend Pierce, at Watertown, asking the loan of some *cots* for this occasion. For cots Pierce read *cats*, and the following correspondence ensued:

HARVARD, Ill., Jan. 28, 1880.

Have you any cots to loan me for Feb. 10, 11 and 12, and how many can you spare?

TOWNE.

WATERTOWN, Ill., Jan. 29, 1880.

TOWNE: I send you to-day all the cats I have on hand. Have several boys out picking up some more. I also send you a "yaller dorg;" perhaps he will take the place of four or five cats. What in the name of hotels do you want of so many cats? If this thing should become generally known it will ruin your business. Cut off mince pie for a while, and let hash rest, or you are a ruined hotel man. N. W. PIERCE.

Before he got through with it Towne had 120 cats unloaded on him, and now he has four coverlids on all his beds.—*Railroad Gazette.*

The Audiphone in the Wisconsin Institute for the Deaf and Dumb.

About six weeks ago Mr. R. S. Rhodes, of Chicago, the inventor of the audiphone, organized an audiphone class of eleven in the Wisconsin Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, at Delavan, Wis. The following is an extract from a letter bearing date of March 24, written by Mr. W. H. DeMott, the Superintendent of the Institute, to Mr. Rhodes. Other members of the class made quite as rapid progress as the pupil named in the extract:

John Dahl, of Pigeon Falls, Wis., born deaf, in school four years, and taught heretofore entirely by signs. With the audiphone hears sounds in tone of ordinary conversation. Has learned to distinguish almost all sounds. Can understand and repeat a number of sentences, as "Give me a book;" "Walk to the door;" "I will go home;" "I can hear you," etc.

THE Hartford Society for the Prevention of Crime has within a short time enforced the marriages of four men to deserted and betrayed girls.

FARM NOTES.

[From the American Agriculturist.]

LAYING OUT.—In staking out the ground take care to have the trees in true rows. Put all of the same variety together, and if there are many kinds make a planting chart showing the position of each.

SPRING work comes without hurry to the farmer who is prepared. Much of the mischief laid to unfavorable seasons rightly belongs to a laggard beginning. A well-started crop rarely fails to be satisfactory in spite of weather, and a late one is rarely so.

MACHINERY.—After the winter's rest an overhauling of the machines will be proper. Dust and rust should be cleaned off, and oil and tallow used liberally. It should be understood that there is more wear from rust than from use, with farm machinery.

EARLY PLANTING AND SOWING.—With the soil well prepared, early sowing is most desirable with many crops. Some tender ones make a poor start unless the ground is warmed by the sun and air, and a late frost may do harm. But it is rarely wise to delay because of what may happen, when promptness promises the best results.

THE first crop to be sown is spring wheat, then oats; after these come beets and potatoes. Wherever spring wheat will succeed it is a desirable crop, even when sown in April. Out of its natural district, which is marked out by peculiarity of climate more than any other condition, it is of no use to sow it, unless in a small way to experiment with new varieties of unusual promise.

PREPARING THE TREES.—Everybody wishes to get all he can for the money, and the nurserymen send much larger tops to the trees than the pruned roots in their new positions can support. It is safe to shorten the branches one-third or one-half, but it should be done with judgment and reference to the condition of the roots. At the same time pare smooth any broken or mangled roots.

OATS.—Early-sown oats in our hot climate are, as a rule, better than late-sown. Our climate is not so favorable for oats as the cooler northern and northeastern ones. There oats are heavy and plump, and seed from Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick will produce well for two or three years. By using seed from these northern localities, oats may be grown in the Middle States weighing from thirty-five to forty-five pounds per bushel.

LIVESTOCK.—The coat is now changed, and good brushing or carding helps the shedding of the hair by stimulating the skin. Medicines are to be avoided, as a rule, excepting in extreme cases. "Spring physicing" is an old notion which should rest with our ancestors. If due attention has been given to feeding and general care, stock will come out in good order after their season of dry feeding and confinement.

HORSES.—When hard work commences, dry food will be needed. It hardens the muscles and prevents excessive perspiration. The skin, tender from long rest, is easily chafed and galled. Cold water and veterinary cosmoline will keep galls in check and heal raw spots. Clean, soft harness prevents galls. Shoes that have been long on ought to be removed, and, in paring the hoof, let no knife touch the frog. It will wear away fast enough.

THE condition of the soil is always to be taken into account. Fields that are drained, either naturally or artificially, may be safely sown when a wet soil cannot be. Wet soils are cold. Some deny this, on the ground that the water is as warm as the soil, and has no refrigerating effect. But it is the circulation of air in the soil that warms it, and if it is so filled with water that air cannot enter, it remains cold, until the water has evaporated.

BARLEY.—A fine condition of the soil is indispensable for this crop. Old barley-growers know all about this, but many want to grow barley because it is a profitable crop when successful. It will succeed in any good, well-prepared soil, but a mellow-clay loam which can be brought to good tilth is to be preferred. But good crops of bright grain may be grown on lighter loams if in good heart. It may be made an excellent soiling crop to follow clover, and as a change from oats. We prefer to sow thickly, say two and one-half bushels per acre, but opinions vary in this respect, and from one and one-half to two and one-half bushels is the range.

THE TREES.—It is assumed that trees were ordered some time ago; they should be at hand ready for planting. It is the custom at nurseries to take up and heel-in a large stock of the kind of trees most called for, this retards the growth, and allows them to fill late orders. If there is a nursery near at hand it will pay to make a bargain, if possible, to help dig the trees yourself, and thus secure a larger share of the roots that belong to them. If trees, in a long journey, become dry and shriveled, bury them, root and branch, in mellow earth for a few days, when they become plump again. In unpacking the trees, look to the labels, as some may become detached and would otherwise be lost.

COWS.—Garget and abortion trouble the dairymen. We believe in prevention. The former may surely be prevented by due care. As soon as the udder contains milk, it should be relieved by drawing off a part of it, if there is any tendency to hardness. When a cow's time approaches and the feed is suddenly reduced, disturbance of the system is caused. Circulation becomes irregular, and congestion occurs in the most susceptible organs. The udder is the principal one of these at this period, and an attack of garget is very sure to occur. This may not always be so, but long experience and observation convinces us hat it generally is. The remedy is obvious.

TREE PLANTING.—Whoever sets out an orchard of course does it with the expectation of a return in fruit. No one plants corn or potatoes without first considering if the land will give him a crop; if the soil is not in the proper condition he knows that he must make it so, or lose his seed and his labor. Much less than corn and potatoes can fruit trees make a crop on nothing. The trees will struggle along, do the best they can, but such orchards do not pay, and "run out" early. Unless the land is sufficiently fertile for an ordinary farm crop, it should be made so; no soil too wet for such crops will answer for fruit trees, which, to succeed, need well-drained land. The plowing should be as deep as the character of the soil will allow, and the sub-soil plow may generally follow the other with benefit.

FLAX.—It is supposed that flax is a "hard" crop on land. It is true in one sense, but it will not injure a cool, moist soil that holds a fair proportion of vegetable matter. It has been sown with oats and threshed for feeding, and there are few more profitable crops than this mixed one. A large demand is springing up for both seed and fiber. Mills are becoming numerous. But it should not be lost sight of that mills will not come until there is some material to be worked up, and if the farmers of any locality wish for a factory near them they must first grow the needed material. It is fortunate that flax can be grown for feed, and even the straw used for fodder, when mixed with oats, so that a good foundation may be laid for a supply for flax mills. The same is true of sugar beets. After many years of trial and failures the manufacture of beet sugar promises to become successful. It depends wholly on the farmers. To retain in our midst the millions of dollars sent abroad for sugar is desirable. The Portland (Me.) Sugar Factory Company, after several seasons of work, still perseveres in inducing the Maine farmers to produce roots, and is sanguine of success. Beets can be grown profitably if a determined attempt is made. Let but one acre, or less, be planted and well tended, and as soon as that can be grown successfully ten acres may be.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

RICE GRIDDLE-CAKES.—One quart of milk, half a cup of rice, three eggs, one good cupful flour, one and a half teaspoonfuls baking powder.

GRAHAM SCONES.—One pint Graham meal, one large table-spoonful butter, pinch of salt, one cupful cold water, chop together, and bake very thin.

WAFFLES.—One pint milk, one pound flour, four eggs, one cupful yeast, quarter pound butter; let them rise three or four hours before baking.

TO CLEAN JEWELRY.—Wash in soap suds; rinse in diluted alcohol, and lay in a box of dry sawdust to dry. As simple as this seems, it is the very nicest way possible to clean gold chains or ornaments of any kind.

SIMPLE AND DELICIOUS MUFFINS.—One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, half gill yeast, one pint warmed milk, less two table-spoonfuls; mix at night, and beat until light; in the morning drop the well-risen dough in buttered cups.

CALF'S LIVER LA PROVINCALE.—Heat some butter in the frying-pan, season the slices of liver with salt, pepper, hashed parsley, and a very small piece of mashed garlic. Fry for ten minutes, then add a few spoonfuls of soup stock. Serve very hot.

FLOAT A LA CONSERVE (Dessert).—Take the whites of eight eggs, beat them to a stiff paste, adding as you beat a half pound of sugar. When well beaten, then stir into the mixture, beating briskly, currant jelly or strawberry jam to taste. Serve with rich cream.

DAMP CLOSETS.—For a damp closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place in a saucer full of quicklime, and it will not only absorb all apparent dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight, or as often as it becomes slacked.

The Pause in Reading.

During the last ten years there has been a marked increase in the number of professional readers. The fact might suggest to an unobserving person that we are a nation of good readers, from whom the best have been called to delight the public ear. But the suggestion is not supported by the facts. In spite of schools of elocution and of common schools, too, it is difficult to find in private life a person who can read so as to please and instruct a family group. Perhaps the following dialogues, translated from the French, may point out one cause of bad reading:

A young man presented himself, one day, in the office of Mr. Samson, saying that he wished to take lessons in elocution, and the following conversation ensued:

"You wish to take lessons in reading?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you practised reading aloud?"

"Yes, sir; I have read many of the scenes in Shakspeare."

"Before people?"

"Yes."

"Successfully?"

"Yes."

"Well, take this book and read the fable of the 'Oak and the Reed.'"

The pupil began: "An oak one day, said to a reed—"

"That will do. You do not know how to read."

"I suppose not, as I came here to take lessons. But how you can judge from one line—"

"Well, begin again."

The young man read as before: "An oak one day, said to a reed."

"I saw it before. You cannot read."

"But—"

"But, yes. Does an adverb belong to a verb, or to a substantive? 'One day' is here adverbial, and should be joined to 'said.' You should read: 'An oak (comma) one day said to a reed.'"

"That is true!" exclaimed the young man, somewhat taken by surprise.

"One of the most important points in reading is punctuation."

"How! punctuation in reading, how how can that be?"

"By the pause. The pause is to the ear what the punctuation marks are to the eye. They do not, however, always coincide. The pause is also sometimes lighter than such as would be indicated by a comma, but by it a sentence is so arranged that the words which belong to each other are brought together, and those which do not belong to each other are separated.

"One of the first elements of good reading, therefore, is attention to the pause. When due attention is not given to this, the emphasis is liable to be misplaced and the sense obscured.

BOGUS gold $5 pieces are being circulated in Sacramento. The coin has the right sound, exact in weight and size, very finely executed, gold plated, of the dates 1844, 1847 and 1875. These pieces, the *Record-Union* says, are the product of a company which executes its work in ships at sea, originally off the Spanish coast. The composition of the pieces is an alloy of platinum and silver, heavily gilded. French and English coin is also imitated by the same parties.

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CORN—Western Mixed	52	@54
OATS—Mixed	39	@42
RYE—Western	89	@90
PORK—Mess	10 70	@11 20
LARD	7	@7⅛
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BEEVES—Choice Graded Steers	4 80	@5 40
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No. 3 Spring	96	@98
CORN—No. 2	34	@35
OATS—No. 2	25	@26
RYE—No. 2	68	@72
BARLEY—No. 2	76	@77
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	29	@30
EGGS—Fresh	9	@9½
PORK—Mess	10 00	@10 25
LARD	6¾	@7
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WHEAT—No. 1	1 15	@1 20
No. 2	1 06	@1 10
CORN—No. 2	34	@35
OATS—No. 2	28	@29
RYE—No. 1	70	@71
BARLEY—No. 2	59	@60
ST. LOUIS.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Fall	1 1	@1 17
CORN—Mixed	34	@35
OATS—No. 2	31	@32
RYE	69	@70
PORK—Mess	10 25	@10 50
LARD	6¾	@7
CINCINNATI.		
WHEAT	1 18	@1 20
CORN	40	@41
OATS	36	@37
RYE	79	@80
PORK—Mess	10 50	@10 75
LARD	6¾	@7
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—Amber Michigan	1 21	@1 22
No. 2 Red	1 20	@1 21
CORN—No. 2	39	@40
OATS—No. 2	33	@34
DETROIT.		
FLOUR—Choice	5 75	@7 05
WHEAT—No. 1 White	1 18	@1 19
No. 1 Amber	1 17	@1 18
CORN—No. 1	42	@43
OATS—Mixed	35	@36
BARLEY (per cental)	1 20	@1 55
PORK—Mess	12 00	@12 50
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CORN	35	@36
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