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Poetry.

THERE ARE MANY THINGS HARDER THAN WORK.

"There are many things harder than work in the world,"
My father would say to me oft;
"And a man is less able to bear sorrow's load
When his muscles are feeble and soft.
The man who first falls in the season of grief
Is the man who will falter and shirk.
You will find, as you go through the troubles of life,
There are many things harder than work."

I thought it as a boy, when my mates were at play,
That my task was most grievous to bear;
But, oh, how much harder I've found it since then
To struggle with worry and care!
For toil is made sweet by hope of reward,
But dangers in idleness lurk.
And he who has sought, and not found it, well knows,
There are many things harder than work.

The rich man, whose millions can buy him relief
From ceaseless and wearisome toil
Finds many a woe in unoccupied time
His idle enjoyment to spoil.
He knows that a sorrow may gnaw at his heart,
Though sycophants flatter and smirk,
And he often admits to himself, with a sigh,
There are many things harder than work.

My father was wise, and he told me the truth—
The truth that applies to us all;
For labor has blessings that come in the end
Alike to the great and the small.
Go ask of the workman who honestly plods;
Go ask of the merchant or clerk;
And each one will tell you the lesson he's learned
There are many things harder than work.

Select Family Reading.

Renting a House.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"It's a very pretty house," said Madge Dodd. "With lots of lilacs in bud in the front garden, and the borders all yellow with daffodils and the clearest little stream you ever saw meandering away under the hill."

"Madge all over," said the elder Miss Dodd, supercriliously.

"Exactly what you might expect," observed Araminta Dodd, uplifting her fine Roman nose.

"Daffodils!" said old Mrs. Dodd, casting her spectacles despairingly on the table, "and lilacs and a stream! Margaret Dodd, where on earth were your wits woolgathering to? What size was the kitchen? Was there a sink in the house, with a water-faucet? How many bedrooms were there? Was the dining room cheerful? And how many would would it hold?"

Madge wrinkled her brows and tried to think.

"I—don't—quite remember," said she. "But I know there was such a nice tortoise-shell cat in the kitchen; and the sun was shining into the dining-room windows. O, yes, I'm certain that it was a cheerful room!"

"And you engaged that house without any more definite knowledge than this?"

"Why, yes. Didn't you tell me to?"

The eldest Miss Dodd drew a long breath of disapproval. Miss Araminta shrugged first one lean shoulder, then the other.

"Mamma," pleaded Madge, if you think of taking a few select boarders, there could not be a nicer place. City people like flowers and brooks, and it's only twenty minutes' walk from the depot. And the rent was extremely reasonable. Forty dollars a month for such a big house! Oh, mamma! oh, girls! I'm sure you can't help being pleased. And the Martyn cottage is only a quarter of a mile away—they'll be such pleasant neighbors, you know!"

The opposition members of the Dodd family burst into a cackle of jeering laughter. Madge reddened to the very temples.

"Why are you laughing?" said she. "What right have you to make fun of me?"

"Why don't you say Marc Martyn will be a pleasant neighbor, at once, and done with it?" said Araminta, satirically.

"We understand, very well, what you mean," said the eldest Miss Dodd.

"It's leap year, you know," maliciously added Miss Araminta, "and you have him at your mercy!"

"You can't all tease Madge, and make her cry," said Joe, a black-eyed damsel of twelve, flinging her arms around Madge's neck. "Say, Madge, dear, do you think I can have the tortoise-shell cat all for my own? I should so like a cat for a pet!"

Mrs. Dodd wrote to the agent. The agent returned a most satisfactory letter. The house, he said, was slightly out of repair, which fact poor, unpractical Madge, in her admiration of the willow-tree and the daffodils had entirely overlooked—but the owner would, doubtless, put it into excellent order. There was water in the kitchen, conducted by pipes from a spring on the hillside—there were nine bedrooms ("Not a bad number," said the eldest Miss Dodd,) and a cheerful veranda fronting the west. He thought there would be no difficulty in obtaining a number of desirable boarders. In fact, if Mrs. Dodd desired it, he would mention it in the neighborhood.

"I've let the old Corey place," said he, carelessly, to Dr. Martyn, in the course of the day. "At last!"

"Indeed! And to whom?".

"Oh, some strong-minded widow or other, with a family of old-maid daughters, who want to take boarders."

Dr. Martyn whistled softly; but, after all, at a distance of a quarter of a mile from his house, what did it matter who took boarders and who did not?

"I dare say we shall find them very pleasant people," said Mrs. Martyn, good-naturedly. "And, really, it does not signify so much, as we don't come from town until June this year."

It was a beautiful day in the first blossoming week of May, when the Dodds, with innumerable packages, parcels, shawl-straps and bundles, climbed the hill from the railroad station. The sun was down, but there still remained in the west a glow as soft as that of the daffodils that had so taken poor Madge's eye. Numberless silver dots were beginning to sparkle the heavens; the dew-scented air was delicious to inhale; but the Dodd family were tired and dusty, and disposed, in a general way, to find fault with everything.

"Twenty minutes' walk from the depot! It's half an hour at the very least," said the eldest Miss Dodd, stopping to rest at the prettiest of rustic stiles. "Madge has no more accuracy about her than a kitten—"

"I wonder if the tortoise-shell cat is there pet?" said Joe, parenthetically.

"And," added Miss Dodd, "I shouldn't a bit wonder if we lost our way."

"Like the Babes in the Wood," said Joe. "But the blackberries aren't even in bloom yet, and there isn't an autumn leaf to be had."

"It's like Madge's folly sending us without her," said Miss Dodd, acidly.

"She wanted to come; you know she did!" burst out Joe; "but you wouldn't let her, Eliza. You said some had got to stay and send them off in the morning, and it should be her. And she cried and—"

"Hold your tongue, Josephine," said the eldest Miss Dodd. "Mother, you really do spoil that girl beyond everything."

"Thank goodness, there's the house now," said Mrs. Dodd, who was stout and scant of breath, and with whom climbing of hills never agreed. "Don't you see it, shining pink through the trees?"

"Madge said it was a French gray," asserted Araminta.

"Well, where's the difference between pink and French gray, I wonder?" said Mrs. Dodd, a little sharply. "One thing, I know—I'll be heartily glad to get there. I never was so tired in all my born days, and I'm just dying for a cup of tea."

"My! what a small house!" exclaimed Araminta. "Nine bedrooms! I don't believe there are nine rooms in the house, counting garret and cellar into the bargain! But that's just Madge's calculation. You might have known that the minute she heard young Martyn lived in the next place she'd want to come here."

"You don't suppose she really cares for him!" said Miss Dodd.

"Of course she does," sharply answered Araminta. "If she didn't, why should she keep that rosebud he gave her between the seen her color up as red as a beet whenever she's heard his name? Care? Why, she's dead in love with him! What are we waiting for? Is this the parlor? Why, it isn't any bigger than a nest!"

Little Joe had ventured to push open the front door and enter. She started back.

"Mamma," she cried, "there's some one there! It's a man! Mamma, who is it?"

"If you are the agent, sir," said the eldest Miss Dodd, assuming the front of war, "I wish you distinctly to understand that—Good gracious me! it is Mr. Martyn!"

Mr. Marc Martyn had risen from a chair by the table, and stood, with a candle in his hand, surveying the new-comers with some surprise.

"It is Mrs. Dodd and her daughters, is it not?" said he. "What can possibly have brought you to this part of the country? Can I be of any service?"

"Isn't this Lilac Lodge?" said Mrs. Dodd, her eyes seeming as though they would burst through her spectacle glasses.

"No," said Marc Martyn. "This is Overlook Cottage."

"Then," said Mrs. Dodd, in a wail of despair, "we've come to the wrong place."

"I understand now," said Mr. Martyn, with ready sympathy. "You are the lady who has taken the place on the hill, a few rods beyond here. I heard it had been rented, but I did not know to whom. Shall I show you the way there? Allow me to carry these bags and parcels. I would insist upon keeping you here as my guests were it not that I am here for one night only, in an extremely bachelor fashion, to see to some necessary repairs."

And when the next day Madge Dodd arrived in charge of the furniture, she found the family camped down at Lilac Lodge.

"The cat was here!" cried little Joe, running to meet her sister, "and, oh, you can't think how hungry she was! I thought she never would have given over drinking milk! And, oh, Madge, it was so funny. We came to the wrong place—that is we thought we lived at Overlook Cottage, instead of Lilac Lodge; and Araminta was scolding about your being in love with Marc Martyn—"

"My being in love with Marc Martyn! Child, what are you saying?" cried out Madge, feeling if all her blood were changed to waves of liquid fire.

"Well, about the rosebud, you know, that you keep in your prayer-book," said Joe. "And your turning so red when we tease you about him, just as you are turning now! And he was in the front room, and the window was wide open, and I'll bet sixpence he heard every word—so there now! Where has she gone, I wonder?" cried Joe, staring around in wide-eyed amazement. "Is she angry with us for losing our way? But it might have happened to any one."

The furniture was all unpacked; the rooms were littered with straw, brown paper and jute shavings. Mrs Dodd and the iron clad Eliza were intervewing the unhappy agent on the subject of new porch pillars, modern window-catches and dilapidated panes of glass. Araminta was improvising pegs in one of the closets to hang dresses on, and Joe was sitting on the front doorstep, making believe that the tortoise-shell cat was a baby in the last stages of measles. And poor Madge, in the back kitchen was washing china, after the dusty voyage the tears dropping fast into the dish-water. Was ever girl exposed to so keep a mortification before? She felt as if she never could face Marc Martyn or any else of the Martyn family again. What had she done to Eliza and Araminta that they need be so cruel to her? Was it a crime to be only eighteen with a fresh face and cheeks like roses? For her part—

"Madge! little Madge! are you here!"

Madge started so violently that she had nearly dropped one of the best India cups into the pan. It was the voice of Marc Martyn himself who stood darkening the rosy evening glow that had just filled the doorway, and smiling down upon her like a young Apollo.

"I've been looking for you everywhere," said he.

Madge uttered no reply. She could have wished to dissolve into thin air, and melt away from his sight.

"Because," he added, there is something I want to say to you very much, indeed. Something that I have long wanted to say, only until yesterday, I lacked courage to avow my hearts desire. Madge, I love you. Do you think you could care for me sufficiently to be my wife?"

She lifted to his face her soft eyes full of an unvoiced language; and the next instant she was clasped tenderly to his heart dripping pink and all.

"But," said he, "I must have that rosebud once more, as a keepsake—the rosebud you have preserved between the leaves of your prayer-book, dearest!"

"Then you did hear what they said on the doorstep last night!" murmured the girl.

"I heard it, Madge. Were it not for that, I should scarcely have ventured to hope for the great prize of your love."

"Then I am glad they said it," whispered Madge, hiding her cheek against his breast.

And before the Dodd family slept that night, they all knew about it. Mrs. Dodd and Eliza expressed their opinion that "it was a better world than the girl had any right to expect;" Araminta sighed, as she reflected on the forty summers of her own unclaimed life. But little Joe whispered to her inseparable companion, the tortoise-shell cat:

"I'm so glad! I'm so glad! For Madge has always been like Cinderella and Eliza and Araminta like the Cross Sisters!"

HOW OLD JONES OUTWITTED HIMSELF.

Old Jones was a miser, and perhaps the worst one that ever lived, for, though he did not go so far as to starve himself and deny himself a fire, he certainly loved money better than his soul.

However, he had come to be fifty years of age before he bethought him of his worst trick—before he became a thief in fact as well as in wish.

On that day he saw in the newspaper he borrowed from his neighbor, and only returned when it was asked for, an advertisement stating that a certain person had for sale an ink which faded in sixteen days, and left no trace of what had been written with it.

"An excellent ink," said the advertisement, "for love letters."

Now old Jones never wrote a love-letter in his life, but he certainly addressed that advertiser, and received a small sealed box that day; and it was very singular that when poor David Grimes died, his widow found only a bit of blank paper where she was sure she had put the receipt for rent, and that the orphan children of Doctor Dunn discovered that their father had no documents to prove that he had paid off the mortgage Jones held on the place, though he had thanked Heaven that it was done with his latest breath. However, nobody knew anything about the vanishing ink, and their little house was taken from them. One went out as nursery governess the other learnt dressmaking; and Jones' young nephew, Oliver, an independent young fellow, who never thought to curry favor with his rich uncle, went over to his house and gave him a piece of his mind.

"A thousand dollars was nothing to you, uncle," he said. "I believe the doctor paid it, but if he did not, how could you turn the girls out of house and home?"

"You have no right to dictate to me young man," cried old Jones. "Perhaps you think, as my next of kin, my money will go to you when I die. It shan't; not a penny of it; no not a penny of it. But I see what it is. You're sweet on Kitty Dunn. You wanted the house?"

"I love Kitty Dunn. I shan't deny that, but all I want is to be able to marry her. However, I'll work hard," replied Oliver.

"You'll wait for my old shoes," yelled the old man, "but I'll swear you shan't have a penny. No! not one. Get out of my house. My brother always was an abusive, insulting fellow, and you are his image."

"Thank God, I don't resemble you," retorted Oliver, as he marched away, wishing that he knew how to make more than five dollars a week, enough at least to enable him to save Kitty from dressmaking, ashamed of his uncle, who, he felt sure had cheated the poor doctor and his orphans.

It is not well for elderly gentlemen of apoplectic tendencies to fall into great rages. Old Jones discovered this that night. After swearing so that the only wonder was that the ground did not open and swallow him, he had something of the nature of a fit. Happily for him a neighbor saw him stagger and fall as he came out to fasten the gate, and helped him into the house and sent for the doctor.

The doctor came, shook his head, and advised him to settle his affairs and send for the minister.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked old Jones. "No matter for the minister, send for Lawyer Peabody. I haven't made my will, and if I die my good-for-nothing nephew, Oliver, will get all I leave."

Lawyer Peabody, summoned in haste, came at once.

"I want my will made," said old Jones.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Peabody.

"What's a good charity?" asked Mr. Jones.

"I beg pardon?" asked the lawyer.

"I want to leave my money to someone—something—away from nephew Oliver. He'll—get it—if I don't!" panted old Jones.

"There's the Indigent Widows' Home," said the lawyer.

"Hate women!" gasped old Jones.

"Destitute Clerks' Association," said the lawyer.

"No; Oliver might be taken in there in his old age. Who is the richest man in the county?"

"Old Captain Waddilove—worth a million," said Mr. Peabody.

"I'll leave it all to him," said the miser.

Mr. Peabody knew him to well to remonstrate. He took some paper from the escritoire, and he also filled up an empty ink-stand with a small bottle of ink which he found, and went to work. The miser, lying with closed eyes, begged him to express his—Mr. Jones's—high respect for the character of old Captain Waddilove, and to say that this, as well as that spendthrifts should not waste his savings, was his motive in leaving all to him, unknown as he was.

It took two people to hold the miser up in bed while he feebly traced his signature but this once done, he chuckled and laughed, and boasted that he had outwitted Oliver.

That night his mind wandered. The next day he lost all use of his limbs. But he lived a fortnight more, and died at last quite suddenly, after trying to swear at the good old minister, who strove to recall him to a sense that he had a soul.

The funeral was over. Not a tear was shed. The time for the reading of the will had come.

"Perhaps, Mr. Oliver, you had better hear it," said Mr. Peabody. "You are heir at law but for this. I fairly warn you that your late uncle has proved his ill-feeling towards you to be deep-seated; but I would like you to come."

"I will come," said Oliver. "I know my uncle hated me. I expect nothing."

And so he sat in the queer little parlor where curious neighbors assembled to hear what Miser Jones had done with his half a million of money.

The lawyer sat in their midst. He held in his hand a paper endorsed: "Last will and testament of X. Jones, Esq.," and after a few brief remarks, slowly unfolded it. As he did so, his eyes dilated. He stared astonishment.

The pages properly fastened together, were there, but not a word of writing was visible upon them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Peabody, "this savors of a miracle. I know this to be the paper upon which I wrote the will of Xerxes Jones. Here is the seat under which the witnesses signed their names, but the testament itself has vanished from the paper."

Everybody crowded forward to look.

"In fact," said Mr. Peabody, "there is no will in existence. It is plain that writing of some sort has been here, but no words remain."

"No more they didn't," piped a faint old voice, "on my poor husband's rent receipt."

"Nor on the paper we thought proved our mortgage paid," sighed Miss Kitty Dunn.

"Aha!" said the lawyer. "I begin to understand." Then rising, he went to the escritoire. "Here is the ink with which I filled the stand," he said; and carried it to the window.

"All is explained," said he. "This is marked 'Vanishing ink for love-letters, warranted to fade out in sixteen days.' Ladies and gentleman, we will not remark upon the conduct of one gone to account; but you will be pleased to know that Mr. Oliver here is his uncle's heir, and worth half a million of money."

Oliver could not believe it; nobody could but it was true, and you may be sure that poor Widow Grimes had her money back; that all who had been cheated were repaid in full; and that Oliver and sent for sister Ruth to live with them. And so, after all, the vanishing ink made everybody happy.

WANTED—A DEFINITION.

I want a definition of "A woman's rights woman," because, as that term is sometimes used, I can't find out whether I am one or not.

If to be one is to unable to choose my own style of dress on the platform or off is at home or abroad, then I don't belong to the rank and file. If to be one is to descend to the "you are another" style of argument on public discussions of important questions, please count me out. If to be one is to rail at another woman for earning her living as an actress or a singer, provided she does it honestly and purely, I will take my seat on another bench than that appropriated to women's rights women.

Because I want to be equitable, need I unsex myself, either in apparel or conversation? If I want all women to render themselves independent of marriage, as a mere means of support, shall I bar up even one of the narrow avenues left open to her by custom and prejudice, because I don't approve of her entering it, or shall I taunt her publicly for having made such a choice. By what right do I confess to be willingly to help my less fortunate sister, if I am yet so unenlightened that I can neither weigh the necessities of her present nor see the sad obscurity of her future? Shall I bid all women to be pure and good, then I fasten these small cords to every part of them, and so tie them down that self help is a mockery?

Because I am a Quaker, shall all the world be drab? If my women's rights sister rejoices in a bright bit of color on her hair, or at her breast, shall I say that her purpose and her life cannot be pure and earnest? or if she chooses to look like the ten commandments in petticoats, shall I say that there is no love in her heart, or good-fellowship in her life?

Not at all. All these are side issues—matters of no consequence—squabbles about straws, gratifying to those who desire women to continue dolls or drudges, and who rejoice to see confusion in the camp of woman's rights.

Not so I. Neither, sirs, conservative sirs—do I despair, because, as is the case with every man's "convention" since Adam, some jackasses can't be kept from braying. There have been some disgraceful squabbles at the Capitol, if I remember right, with which women had nothing to do; but we don't set fire to the Capitol for all that. Our presidents might have been wiser occasionally, and soberer, but our government stands intact, and good men are not discouraged.

If failure among those who have so many life-chances success is not counted final, why should the male foot be planted on the neck of the Woman's Movement because it does not spring into life full grown, majestic in proportion, and able to put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes? It is a sorry thing, sirs, to sneer at or caricature that which means enlightenment and progress, how defective or crude soever may be the feminine machinery with which it is begun. I have seldom known it done, save by men whose associations with women had always been unworthy.

There are, it is true, some good but narrow persons of both sexes to whom progress means only confusion and trouble; but such would this day be asking leave on their knees, of the old country, to drink the cup of tea for which our fathers fought. What's a cup of tea?

Surely what's anything? Quiet at any sacrifice, says the torpid, selfish person, who peeps over the top of his own peck measure, and thinks he has seen the whole globe.—*Fanny Fern.*

DRESS REFORM.

Whether or not we believe in any of the various proposals to revolutionize woman's dress, it is at least possible to avoid the extravagancies of fashion. After all, sensible people, even if they cling to the time honored skirt, will not degrade themselves or it by trailing it over muddy and dirty pavements; neither will they permit their dressmaker to line and re-line, and frill and trim it, till it is a drag on every movement and the burden of their lives. Much less will they destroy their own comfort by wearing tight gloves, shoes, or corsets.

It is, perhaps, a question whether a radical change in the style of dress would prevent the votaries of fashion making martyrs of themselves in some way, for it must be remembered that the sex with whose garments reformers have not yet presumed to meddle has been known to endure such discomfort in the shape of high, stiff collars, hard, shadeless hats, and unseasonably warm garments.

Our dear little daughter was terribly sick.
Her bowels were blocked as hard as a brick,
We feared she would die
Till we happened to try
Pierce's Pellets—they cured her, remarkably quick.

Never be without Pierce's Pellets in the house. They are gentle and effective in action and give immediate relief in cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation. They do their work thoroughly and leave no bad effects. Smallest, cheapest, easiest to take. One a dose. Best Liver Pills made.

Kina'd's Liniment is the best.

A SONG IN SEASON.

'Twas the autumn time dear love,
The English autumn weather;
And, oh, it was sweet, it was hard to beat,
As we sailed that day together!
It was cold when we started out,
As we noted with sad surprise;
And the tip of your nose was blue, I suppose
At the blue of your dear, dear eyes.

We sailed to Hampton Court,
And the sun had burnt us black;
Then we dodged a shower for half an hour,
And then we skated back;
Till the weather grew depressed
At the shifting state of its luck,
And the glass, set fair, gave it up in despair,
And much of the lightning struck.

We sat on the bank in the storm,
In the steady fall of the snow,
In the stinging hail and the howling gale,
And the scorching sun, you know;
We sat for it all—yes, all!
We cared for no kind of weather—
What made us so mad was the fact that we had
Had the whole of the kinds together.

—*Punch.*

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN SHOWS.

A correspondent of the Canadian *Live-Stock Journal* draws some interesting comparisons between the exhibitions of the Agricultural Societies across the border and our own, derived from personal observation during the present season. We give the following extract:

The opinion is freely expressed on both sides of the line that the Toronto Industrial is a model exhibition, although there may at the same time be some things about it that are not just as they ought to be. On both sides of the interest centres in the horse-ring, and it will probably continue to do so for all time. It seems a principle of our nature to love to look upon the intense energies of action, whether we behold them in things animate. Speeding in the ring is therefore likely to prove a great source of attraction through all generations.

There is considerable similarity in the character of the exhibits, especially those that appertain to the live-stock departments. In American shows, Percheron horses have, perhaps, more prominence, and the same probably holds true of dairy cattle. The live stock exhibits in the former are probably on a larger scale, so far as the average exhibitor is concerned, but the number of animals of highest excellence is not so large. In our Canadian shows the number of exhibitors is relatively larger, but the average exhibit is smaller; and for that reason, along with others, the average of the Canadian exhibit stands high. In regard to variety of breeds, Canada is by no means second, and it is a fact of much significance that a close analysis of the origin of many of the animals traces them to Canada.

The Guernseys, among the milking breeds, figure prominently in American show-rings. They are evidently quietly working their way into the good graces of the dairymen, so that even the popular little Jersey may some day have to stand aside to make way for her somewhat larger and even richer-skinned sister, the Guernsey. But both Jersey and Guernsey will have to be bred on somewhat different lines ere long, or the writer is very much mistaken. The chest is becoming so ominously narrow in many of the animals that they are evidently losing constitution somewhat. The distance from forearm to forearm must be increased, or they will degenerate into frail creatures that cannot withstand the vicissitudes of wind and weather. The favorite sheep in the American show-ring of the West to day is the Shropshire-Down. There is no mistaking this feature, it is so pronounced. Next come the Oxfords. The Shropshire crossed on the Merino gives a class of wool which now brings top prices, and very greatly improves the mutton properties. The Merino must wait till the Australians fire of growing fine wool, and the long-wool breeders must bide their time until more of the combing wools are called for. How strange to a Canadian to witness the entire absence of Leicester and Lincoln sheep in some of the most prominent show-rings!

Then the method of judging is different. The one-judge system universally prevails in the western States, unless when some of the awards are to be made in the sweepstakes classes. It seems to work satisfactorily. The boards and the exhibitors seem of one mind in their opposition to a return to the old system.

Why will not the one-judge system work as well in Canada as in the United States? At the Minnesota State fair the novel feature of Farmer's Institutes upon the grounds was introduced. These meetings were held in the institute Hall, a building erected specially for the use of the farmers. Practical lectures were given on the live-stock from specimens upon the grounds. It cannot be said that the meetings were successful in point of attendance, but it is significant that they were held at all. One hundred tents, borrowed from the military were erected on the grounds, and in there many farmers, with their families, remained encamped during the entire week of the fair.—*Country Gentleman.*

HARVESTING BY ELECTRICITY.

Electricity has vocations in the green fields and on the hill side as well as in towns and cities. In many parts of the country the electric light in most effectively employed to lighten the labors of the farmer and lengthen the time at his disposal during the busy period of the year, when the harvest has to be got in shape for the market in the shortest time possible. With the electric light at command the days are twenty-four hours long instead of fourteen, says Electricity. The energetic farmer who keeps abreast of the times is not content to merely carry on his threshing operations by day; he also works at night with the aid of the vivid rays of the arc lamp. How much this means to a farmer only a farmer appreciates. Delays which would be caused by wet weather are avoided by taking advantage of dry spells and clearing off work in double quick time. The proprietor of agricultural machinery for hire is also a gainer by this arrangement, as the earnings of his plant for a single season are greatly increased.

We think it will pay electric light companies who are established in the neighborhood of agricultural regions to organize a portable electric light plant, which should be complete in itself and could be sent out on a moment's notice whenever required for such work as we describe.

Base is the Slave who Pays.

Jinks—How did Beate come to recover.

Filkins—Why, Dr. Equably tried to console him by speaking of his debts as nature, and Beate said he'd be buried if he paid it.