

THE DIFFERENCE.

Only a few more notes,
Only a finer tone;
And lo! the world bows down
Before the sinner's throne.

Only the same old thoughts
Clothed with a sweeter sound;
And lo! the poet's brow
With laurel leaves is crowned.

Only a finer ear,
Only a swifter skill;
And lo! the artist plays
On human hearts at will.

Only a tint or line,
Only a subtler grace;
And lo! the world goes mad
Over a woman's face.

Yet though so slight the cause,
For which men call it great,
This shade the more or less
May fix an earthly fate.

Few may wield the power
Whose spells uplift or thrill;
The barrier fixed, yet fine,
We may not pass at will.

—Grace S. Wells.

THE ENEMY'S FLAG.

What injustice! What insolence! These words were uttered by a lovely woman, whose flushed cheek, flashing eye, and knitted brow, spoke even more than the words of the indignation which filled her heart. She was the young wife of Commodore Coe, the commander of the small navy of Montevideo.

The lady was Spanish by birth as well as feelings, and the cause of her anger was the sight of a ship which had been for two days standing off and on before the harbor, using every species of insult and defiance to induce the vessel of the commodore to come out and fight him.

This the latter could not do for two reasons; the first was illness which confined him to his cot, the second, that he had not one-third of a crew, and not even men enough to man his battery.

At the moment when she uttered the words which commence this sketch, Captain Brown, the commander of the Buenos Ayrian ship, had hoisted a flag, whereon was painted in large characters the insulting inscription, "Coe the Coward." This was more than his noble and fiery wife could stand for she well knew her husband's truth and valor.

After gazing for one instant at the flag, she raised her jeweled hand, and taking off a diamond ring of great value, exclaimed to the men who stood around her on the deck:—

"I will give this diamond to any man who will bring me yonder flag."

For a moment there was no response. The men looked at their officers, and officers looked at each other, but volunteers seemed scarce.

"What! is there no one of all of you who will dare the trial? Is my husband's ship indeed manned with cowards?" exclaimed the lady, her beautiful lips curling with scorn, and her flashing eye gleaming with the fire of contempt.

A young officer, who had been lately appointed, stepped forward, and modestly said:—

"I was only waiting for my seniors to speak, senora. Had any one of them volunteered, I should have begged to accompany him."

"As it is, I pledge myself to bring you yonder flag before the sun rises again, or to die. But I ask not your jewel as a prize to my success; one tress of your glossy hair shall be my reward."

"You shall have both, brave boy," replied the lady, and her look of cold scorn changed into a sweet smile as she asked him his name.

"It is Frank Bennett," replied the youth, and he blushed beneath her earnest gaze. He was slim, but well formed; looked very young, but in his dark blue eye and compressed lip an observer could read the manhood of mind, not years.

The sun was setting behind a bank of slowly rising clouds, which threatened darkness and storm. The moment that his services were accepted, young Bennett turned to the crew, and as he glanced among them he said, "I want six men to man the whole boat."

Struck by his gallantry, nearly one-half of the crew started forward. Now that they had a leader, volunteers were plentiful. Bennett glanced his eye over them, and chose six Americans, men whom he knew to be both daring and firm.

"Go sharpen your cutlasses," said he, "I shall not have a pistol or musket on board. If we fight it must be sword to sword, and so we succeed in our object or perish."

The men answered by a look. They were of that class who are of deeds, not words. They hurried below to make their preparations, while some of the crew proceeded to muffle the oars, arrange the sails, &c.

One half hour later the sky was covered with clouds, and darkness had set in.

Bennett had been careful when the last light of the day gave opportunity to take the exact position of the enemy's ship, which was lying off the shore, and by this alone he hoped to be able to find her.

During this time the lady was on the deck, regarding the arrangements of the little party who were about to push on. At the moment when the boat's crew cried out that all was ready for a start, their young leader approached the senora, and taking from his neck a miniature, he handed it to her with a letter, saying:—

"If I am not on board by sunrise, lady, you will fulfil a sailor's dying wish if you transmit these to the direction on the letter."

The lady looked at the picture, it was the likeness of a young and beautiful girl. A tear started to her eye.

"Ah, forgive me," she exclaimed, "who would, in a moment of passion, have paralleled the life of one who has other duties and ties which bid him live. Your life is precious. I will not expose it."

"This is my only sister, whom I almost adore," interrupted the youth, "but one who would blush for me if I played the coward, and dishonored the name of my brave father. Send the letter, senora, and the likeness, if I fall, farewell till to-morrow, or forever!"

The lady was about to answer, and again to entrust him to stay, but in an instant he was over the side, and the boat pushed off.

The night was pitchy dark. A calm was on the sea and in the air, but it was protentious of a storm. A small light and compass had been placed in the boat, and by these the young sailor shaped his course.

"Give way, my lads, a long, strong, and steady pull," said he, in a low tone, as he left the ship's side, and he soon felt, by

the trembling of the frail boat, that his directions were obeyed. They pulled straight in the direction of the ship and out to sea, regardless of the approaching storm, the young officer keeping his eye steadily fixed on the compass, until he knew if the vessel remained in the position she was in at sunset, that he must be very near her. But he looked in vain to see her dark figure coming up in the gloom. At this moment, when he was completely at a loss which way to steer, the dark clouds which had been gathering round them burst with a vivid flash of lightning, and a peal of deafening thunder. He heard not the thunder, he heeded not the rising storm. That flash of lightning had showed him the vessel at a short distance from him.

"Steady, my men, steady," he whispered, when the thunder ceased, "I shall sail directly under her stern."

At this instant, another flash of lightning illuminated the sky and water, and then, as he glanced up where the flag had been hoisted during the day, he saw that it was no longer there, it had been removed. He paused for a moment to think what was to be done, and then formed his resolution.

"I shall go on board alone, men," said he. "Keep the boat where she is, exactly. If the flag is where I think it is, in the captain's cabin, I will have it. If I am not back in five minutes, and you should hear my alarm, make the best of your way to the ship and tell the senora and mates that I fled like a man. You must be cautious. Take in the sail, for the storm will be upon us in a few minutes."

These hasty commands were whipsawed to the men, who leant forward in the boat to catch the orders they dared not disobey, much as they wished to share their leader's peril.

Springing lightly from the boat, the young man caught the nettles, which were within reach, and noiselessly ascended to the bulwarks.

He could hear the regular tramp of the officer on deck, who, having everything arranged for the coming storm, had but little active business to occupy him.

See him as he comes down the side of the impenetrable darkness of the night, and the care which was taken to prevent a light being used on the ship that might be the means of betraying the position of the vessel to their enemies on shore.

For a second he listened with throbbing heart to the steps as they approached him. The officer turned once more, and in that instant the gallant young sailor was down on the deck and at the cabin door, which stood slightly ajar.

He peeped in through the narrow crack, and saw a red-faced old captain seated at his round table with two of his officers by his side, engaged over the contents of various bottles.

A glance at the settee just to the left of this table showed the object of the enterprise—the flag for which he had perilled his life lay there—where it had been carelessly thrown over after it was hauled down.

The young officer did not pause long to consider what to do, but quietly walked into the cabin, and, taking off his cap, bowed very politely to the officers, and as he stepped towards the flag, said in a calm and courteous manner to the captain:—

"I have come to borrow this banner, sir, to wear to-morrow, if you have not the slightest objection."

"Who the deuce are you?"

"What does this mean?" cried the captain, as he and his officers sprang upon their feet, astonished at the extraordinary proceeding.

"I am an officer, sir, of the vessel which is in yonder harbor," said the young man, who had now seized the flag, "and I mean to carry this to my commodore."

As he said this he bounded to the cabin door, followed closely by a bullet from the captain's pistol, and ere the alarm became general, he stood upon the taffrail of the vessel.

"Look out for me below," he shouted, and flung himself into the sea without a moment's hesitation.

"His boat's crew recognized his voice; he was caught in a moment and dragged into the boat, while a volley of pistol balls was sent down at random by those who were above. The storm had now broken and the wind began to come in with furious and fierce gusts.

"Up with the sail; be in a hurry, lads," cried the young hero, as soon as he could recover his breath after his ducking.

The crew promptly obeyed his orders, and the next moment the little boat was flying in towards the harbor before the blast, like a glad sea-bird, winging its way to its nest.

The enemy opened a harmless random fire of grape shot in their direction, but it only served to tell the anxious watchers on board their vessel that something had occurred, and they therefore at once showed lights and enabled the boat to be kept straight for her.

It was about half an hour after the gun had been fired by the ship at sea that the boat of the young adventurer rounded to alongside of his own craft.

"Have you captured the flag?" cried the young senora, as Bennett bounded over the side.

The only answer she received was the banner wet as it was from the water and cut into pieces by the balls which had been fired at its captor.

The light of the vessel beamed not half so brightly as did the lady's eyes when she caught the noble youth to her arms and kissed him again and again.

Another English Enoch Arden.

From the Maryport Advertiser

Upward of twenty years ago a husbandman, a native of Cumberland, married a girl belonging to the county. The newly married couple went to reside with the bride's friends. The bridegroom, however, could not agree with them, and in the course of a few months he left his wife and went away, so one knew whither. The woman had reason to believe that her husband, after leaving her, took his passage in the ill-fated steamer, London, which in the year 1866 foundered on her voyage to Australia. Seeing in the list of those who perished a name similar to that of her husband, the woman concluded that he was dead. Shortly after her husband's departure she gave birth to a daughter, and the two lived together for a long time without any particular incident occurring to change the current of their daily life. After waiting for many years the woman married a miner residing in a village near Maryport, and the pair have since lived happily together. The daughter of the first husband is now married, and has gone to Newcastle to reside.

A few days ago the first husband made

his appearance at the residence of a sister in Wigton, and to her he stated that he had been for some time living in Newcastle. He then made inquiries respecting the wife he had left, and was surprised to hear that he had a married daughter living in Newcastle—the very town that he had himself been residing—and that the wife he had deserted was married again. His sister was unable, however, to give him the address of his daughter; and after waiting upon some of his relatives at Maryport—to whom he announced his intention of searching for the daughter he had never seen—he proceeded to the residence of his wife, not far from the town, in order to obtain his daughter's address. The second husband was not at home when the wanderer made the visit, and the woman was in the house alone. He knocked at the door. When the woman opened it she failed to recognize him and asked him what he wanted. The man asked if she had a daughter alive, and if so, where she was living. The woman wished to know his reason for asking such a question, and inquired if he was any relative of her daughter's husband. "No," he replied, "I am a nearer relative than that."

The woman then invited him into the house, and gave him the address, which he put into his pocket and prepared to leave the house. As he was crossing the threshold he turned, and, looking her full in the face, said, "Well, Eliza, you have got married again, and I hope that you will do well by your husband and live comfortably. I am your daughter's father."

The poor woman knew him then, and, almost fainting, cried in a thrilling tone, "Oh, Jim!" but before she could recover her composure he had walked away. He has since left the country.

Wild Animals at Sea.

From the New York Tribune.

The arrival of the Neckar set afloat rumors of the coming of strange and wonderful beasts. Near the main hatch of the steamer was a huge box of curious construction. It was six feet wide and twelve feet high, and the ends were open. The floor was covered with straw and the sides were heavily padded. The box was empty, and two wide-eyed men were regarding it with sadness. "He was of fourteen feet the height," said one. "The most superb that ever to America on ship was brought," echoed the other. The box had contained the largest of the eight giraffes taken on board at Bremen. It had been placed between decks under the main hatch, so that the animal could thrust his head up, his fourteen feet of height extending nearly to the top of the hatch. But the voyage of the Neckar, which occupied fifteen days, was very rough, there being only two days when the vessel was not rolling violently. The giraffe was so shaken by the motion of the ship that he died from exhaustion the next day before reaching port. Two of his smaller brethren also gave up the ghost, leaving five. Between decks some curious freight was found among the boxes piled near the main hatch. There was an opening in the end of one box, perhaps five feet high, at which the muzzle of an Indian white buffalo appeared. Opposite, in a firm cage, strongly fastened down was a white lama. The hue of its shaggy coat belied its name, and the animal wore a sheepish and dejected expression. From the darkness of another box rose the white neck of an ostrich. The attendant seized its bill and the huge bird struggled to its feet, revealing a body covered with black plumage. Near by was its mate. The most remarkable fowls were two rhinoceros birds, of horn birds. An attendant removed a slat in a rough wooden cage standing in the corner and shook his hat in the opening. There instantly darted out a sharp-pointed horny bill of an immense length, which seized the hat. This was attached to a black body with long legs. Then the keeper unlocked a door on the port side of the vessel and a pungent ammoniacal smell became noticeable. Here were five giraffes. They playfully gathered about the visitors and nibbled at their clothing.

"No, they were not seasick," said the keeper. "But," he continued, "that is what they do all day long, till they get tired—they rock as the ship rolls—but two got thrown down once." In a pen next to the giraffes were three African zebras, distinguished from ordinary cattle by their wide-branching and sharply pointed horns and the large lumps upon their backs. These lay down in rough weather, but the giraffes kept on their feet and knocked their heads against the deck above. Their value is estimated at \$1,500 each, exclusive of freight and duties. All these animals came from Carl Haenbeck, of Hamburg, who is said to be the largest animal dealer in the world. They are to be shipped to Bridgeport at once.

Sandwich Islanders in Swimming.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

Our guide had arranged for an exhibition of the swimming powers of the natives, and upon our arrival we found several men on the side of the fall where we took our stand, while upon the other stood six or seven dusky maidens. The water tumbles over a series of natural bridges commencing high up in the mountain range. The main fall is a sheet about twenty yards wide, and with other smaller streams falls into a circular basin beneath at the depth of at least 100 feet. A series of rude declivities have been cut by the natives to a depth of sixty or seventy feet, to enable visitors to witness their watery gambols. Our party was perfectly astonished at the way in which these Kunaikas disposed themselves in the water. Dressed of all clothing, both men and women would dive into the basin or pool to a depth of thirty or forty feet. A coin thrown into water would be brought up with the greatest rapidity. Some of the girls took up a position on a rock which, to judge by eye measurement, was at least sixty feet high, and jumped into the basin with their bodies in a rigid position. Others again ascended to the top of the fall and came down with the water in its descent. No small wonder, indeed, that the Kunaikas are able to conquer the sharks, which they do by getting under their belly and ripping them open.

Dr. Massachusetts crank has bequeathed Dr. Mary Walker the considerable sum of \$2,000, and it is hoped she will start upon a trip around the world and spend all her money by the time she reaches the extreme southern tip of Africa.

FIELD AND FARM.

Notes for Farmers.

There are now 900 head of imported cattle at the Boston quarantine grounds, and over 600 more will come this month.

If there is a thing that will arouse a man to renewed action, it is the sight of a production of a neighbor's farm that exceeds in quality that of his own farm. He will endeavor to find out the secret of his success, and if it is because of a better breed of cattle, or better varieties of fruits or vegetables, he will be very likely to introduce improved breed or variety upon his own farm. Thus the annual fairs become a direct advantage to the farmer. In a society where there is so much that can be learned, no man can afford to refuse to become a member, and the more active he becomes the more practical knowledge will be able to pick up. Every good farmer will feel that he ought to devote at least one week in September to agricultural fairs, and he will give his boys as much time as he spends himself.—Massachusetts Loughman.

The Michigan Farmer gently remarks that "a farmer who has tried the no road-side-fence plan, declares his pious soul to have been greatly vexed because of the trouble and damage caused by any transfer of stock from parts of his own farm, or the passing droves in the highway, and also that in crop rotation the want of a fence compelled him to omit pasturing fields when such forage would have been of great advantage to him. He thinks he cannot quite spare the fences yet."

The New York Times says the roofs of barns should be steep, and if of wood the surface either painted or the shingles dipped in lime water, to make them more durable. Straw and dirt collect under flat-roofed shingles and cause rapid decay.

Western readers, prepare your wheat fields better than ever before and see whether it pays you or not to do so. That the yields of rich western wheat fields should be but from 15 to 20 bushels per acre shows that the preparation is neglected. How much extra labor can you afford to increase the yield 100-fold?

When grown mules are selling at \$300 to \$400 a pair and sucking mule colts bring \$50 to \$100, it might be worth while for those who could just as easily rear mules as not and who could keep a few mares as well as many geldings, to bear these figures in mind.

DOWN SHEEP.—Henry Stewart says that the "ups" are now in favor of the "Downs," as that class of sheep with dark faces and medium wool are called, of which the South Downs are the progenitors. These sheep are all excellent, but vary in size, from the smaller South Down to the Shropshire, Oxford and Hampshire breeds. For mutton these breeds are unapproachable, and the wool is of that class known as flannel and clothing wool, the great staple of the manufacturers. But the Merinos have their place as "wool-bearers," from which they can never be pushed, while these Down breeds will be the farmers' sweep for wool, mutton and lambs.

The wheat crop in Kansas is threshing out much heavier than was expected, and the state board of agriculture now says that the crop will reach 35,000,000 bushels. The corn crop in Kansas it is estimated will reach fully 200,000,000 bushels and will be the largest ever produced in the state.

If the farmers who will keep dogs would get rid of their worthless curs and substitute one well-bred shepherd pup, not more, to each farm, the wealth of every farming community would be vastly increased in many ways. Farmers soon find the colly saving them learn a step. Eager and anxious to learn, willing to do anything within his power, the young dog needs only a wise and patient restraint, and intelligent direction, to become the most useful hand on the place.

We can readily understand why our neighbor who rises at seven in the morning and spends three or four hours of almost every fair day and all of the rainy days in the town or village, gossiping or talking politics, does not prosper at farming, and he does not deserve to succeed.

Sheep prefer upland pastures and a great variety of grasses. It has been proved that the pasture has a greater influence than climate on the fineness of wool. Fat sheep yield heavier and coarser fleeces than those that are poor in flesh. The fine fleeces east, when taken to the western prairies in the same attitude, will in a few years change their character. The quantity of fleeces and size of the sheep will increase; but the fleeces of the wool will not be retained. Sweet or upland herbage is the best for fine wool.

Household Recipes.

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING.—Beat well together equal quantities of honey and spring water; pour it into an earthen jar; into this put freshly-gathered plums, or peaches, and cover close. This is said to keep them as fresh the year round as if just gathered from the tree. When any of the fruit is taken out, wash it, and it is fit for immediate use.

RIPE TOMATOES.—Tomatoes may be kept almost any length of time and come out as fresh as when first picked by preserving in pure vinegar diluted with water—one gill of vinegar and two of water. Pick when ripe, but not very soft; leave the stems on, but do not break the skin. Put into wood or stone, and put the liquid on them cold. After you get through putting them in, place something on them to keep them under the liquid, and take out as you may wish to use them. Can use them as you would tomatoes fresh from the vine. This will not fail if your vinegar is pure and diluted according to directions. It is highly probable that cucumbers might be preserved in the same way, selecting

hose of medium size and leaving on the stem.

CANNING GRAPES.—Concords are best for this purpose. Cook the pulps thoroughly, strain in colander or sieve to remove seeds, then boil the pulp and skin together one-half to three-quarters of an hour, not less, adding sugar to taste. Use ordinary stone jar, filling full; smear the top of the jar with hot wax made of equal parts of rosin and tallow; then stretch over the top new cotton sheeting tying around the jar about an inch or two from the top with a cord wound around several times; then cover the cloth on top with a layer of melted wax, and set in a cool place; will keep until the next summer. For grape jelly the grapes should not be quite ripe.

A very pretty workbox can be made of a square box of cardboard. Line it with blue satin, have the sides covered with the same material, and the lid and foundation of black satin. The lid can be embroidered and fitted with a cushion. The cornflowers are worked in satin stitch with blue silk, the stamens in knotted stitch with yellow, and points russe with red. The alices, worked with green silk in satin stitch, are also strapped across with brown silk. The sprays, tendrils, and leaves are worked with olive and brown silks in overcast and satin stitch. The sewing on the cover of the lid is hidden by a leaf-shaped ruffling of satin ribbon. A loop of blue satin ribbon is arranged under the lid for the purpose of raising it.

PICKLED PEACHES.—Take six pounds of sugar to one quart of cider vinegar; boil the peaches in this (after running off the fur, or peeling them, as you prefer) until a broom splint will nearly pierce the skin; stick some cloves into the peaches before putting them into the vinegar and scatter a handful of stick cinnamon over them.

Watering Plants in Sunshine.

A widely accepted but very erroneous belief, which is a cause of much loss during summer heats, is the fear that if plants are watered while the sun shines upon the leaves it will harm them. There may be some tender young leaves of certain delicate and rare plants that would suffer from a sudden wetting of cold water under a blazing sun, but I have not met with such in vegetable culture, and I have long practiced frequent sprinkling of newly set plants during hot, dry weather to prevent their beginning to wilt. If allowed to wilt at all it is difficult to revive them. The short or broken roots want little water until their wounds are healed and they become able to collect and send on supplies to the leaves. During this term of trial what is wanted is frequent sprinkling of the leaves to prevent their flagging. A mere sprinkle serves that purpose if often enough given, without drowning the injured roots. Two great advantages are gained by this frequent leaf wetting—four or five times a day in hot, dry weather, during two or three days after transplanting—one that the planting can be done while the ground is dry and pliable when it will not pack, and the other that the leaves can all be left on the plant instead of all being half cut off, as is commonly done in planting cabbage, celery, etc., to reduce the transpiratory surface until the roots recover. Such cutting in is a great drawback to the plant, and can only be justified when there is no other practical way of saving or continuing its life.—Hortus.

A Few Verbal Errors.

The following examples of the more common errors in the use of words are taken from "The Verbalist," by Mr. Alfred Ayres:

Accord, for give; as "the information was accorded him."

Aggravate, for irritate; to aggravate is to make worse.

Allude to, for refer to or mention.

As, for that; "not as I know," for "not that I know."

Avocation, for vocation; a man's vocation is his business; avocations are things that occupy him incidentally.

Balance, for rest or remainder.

Character, for reputation; one may have a good reputation, but a bad character, and the two words should never be confounded.

Dangerous, for in danger; a sick man is sometimes most absurdly said to be dangerous, when it is only meant that the poor fellow is himself in danger—a very different thing.

Demean for debase, disgrace, or humble. To demean one's self is merely to behave one's self, whether ill or well.

Dirt, for earth or loam.

Donate, for give.

Excute, for hang, as applied to the criminal. It is the sentence, not the man, that is executed.

Healthy, for wholesome; an onion plant may be healthy, but when you pick onion there is no more healthiness or unhealthiness to that, although it may or may not be wholesome as an article of food.

Illy, for ill.

Inaugurate, for begin.

Kids, for kid gloves.

Learn, for teach.

Liable, for likely or apt.

Loan, for lend.

Pants, for pantaloons, or (better still) trousers.

Partake, for eat.

Plenty as an adjective, where plentiful is meant.

Real, for very; as "real nice," "real pretty."

Re-side, for live; residence, for house.

Retire, for go to bed.

Seldom, or ever, for seldom if ever, or seldom or never.

Some, for somewhat; "she is some better to-day."

Stop, for stay; "where are you stopping this is one of the vilest of Britisms."

Summons (the noun), for summons (the verb).

Those kind of apples, for that kind.

Transpire, for occur.

Valgar, for immodest or indecent.

Without, for unless.

Samuel Bernard Stafford, Maryland, as lent to the manager of the New England fair the contents of his kinsman, the famous Paul Jones and the flag of the Bon Homme Richard.