

Ring, ring, ye glad bells
From yonder bell-towers high!
Ring out your joyful strains
From earth to sky!
For lo, a stranger comes
Kingly and proud
Upon the blast
He rideth fast;
Peal out your welcome loud!
Ring merrily,
Ring cheerily,
To the great, the coming year,
The glad New Year!

We'll lift with braver heart
Life's burden once again,
We'll act a nobler part
Among our fellow men;
Hope's flowers again shall bloom
Along life's dusty ways,
And murmurings and sighs
Shall change to prayer and praise.
Faith shall with clearer vision
Look towards the coming days,
When peace shall o'er division
Reign with benignant rays;
When man to man as brother
Shall lend a helping hand,
And God's blest benediction
Rest on our smiling land.

Ring, ring, ye glad bells!
Ring loud, ring high!
Peal out your merry cheer
From earth to sky,
To greet the glad New Year,
The ever glad New Year!
—American Rural Home.

AUNT JANE.

What She Did to the "Scamp" She Found Under Her Bed.

I have met persons who stoutly maintain that they have a distinct recollection of things that occurred when they were but three or four years old. I can not remember so far back in my own career as that, but I can very well remember the first time I saw my Aunt Jane, and I was not quite six years old at the time.

But my Aunt Jane was a lady who usually made lasting impressions on those whom she met. I remember that my mother had said, while subjecting me to a severe course of scrubbing and cleaning and hair-combing before she came: "Now, Bennie, you must keep yourself as clean and tidy as you can until Aunt Jane comes, and after she gets here, too. She can't bear dirty little boys, and she would speak about it if she saw you with dirty hands or face."

This did not prepossess me in Aunt Jane's favor, since I had a genuine boyish contempt for soap and water and combs.

Mother's injunction escaped my mind, and I was in the full enjoyment of my sixteenth mud-pie, when my sister Betty came to the back door and cried out, excitedly: "Come right in, Bennie; Aunt Jane is here."

Then I remember meeting a tall, thin woman with very black eyes and thin, gray hair. She wore a long black cloak, or circular, and a high, "sky-scraper" bonnet, the front of which was filled with red and blue and yellow and pink and white flowers. It had strings and "streamers" of wide, grass-green ribbon; and a thin, black veil, with figures in silk around the edge, was thrown over the whole bonnet. Aunt Jane was kissing each one through this veil. When I put up my face she threw up her lace-mittened hands and said: "Mercy goodness on us! What a dirty little boy! Don't come near me with such hands and such a face, child!"

Thus abused and rebuked, I withdrew to the more agreeable companionship of my mud pies, and there remained until Betty came out, again to present me to Aunt Jane, after I had gone through the detested process called "a good cleaning up."

Aunt Jane had removed the grass-green satin bonnet and the black circular when I was next ushered into her presence, and was sitting in state on our parlor sofa, wearing a shiny black silk dress flounced to her slender waist.

"Now," she said, "you look like something. How freckled your nose is. And you're a Kennedy out and out. Freckles run in the Kennedy family. I hope you are a good boy, but I doubt it. Good boys are mighty scarce nowadays, and I don't like the way your nose turns up; it means mischief."

I could not have remembered all this had I not heard my parents telling it to others and laughing over it many times afterward.

Five minutes after our affectionate meeting, I was ordered out of the room by Aunt Jane, who announced that she intended taking a nap on the sofa; and mother was bidden to keep the house perfectly still until Aunt Jane should awake.

My mother says that when she was tucking me away in my bed that night I manifested sufficient interest in Aunt Jane to ask how long she expected to stay at our house; and she adds that I looked very sober and downcast at her reply.

"Aunt Jane has come to stay always with us," she told me. "This is to be

widow of my father's uncle. From the day of Aunt Jane's arrival I was, in many respects, a changed boy. I had several brothers and sisters younger and older than myself, and we had no servant. Mother could not give us the attention needed to keep us tidy at all times. Aunt Jane took this pleasing duty on herself from the day of her arrival, and I, particularly, was kept in such a state of trimness and cleanliness as to be altogether miserable. No more mud-pies or making of dams in wayside gutters for me after Aunt Jane's arrival.

At first I regarded this singling of me out and making me a special victim to soap and water as a piece of premeditated and unpardonable malice on Aunt Jane's part, and it was some years before my parents could make me believe that it was really a mark of special favor, and that Aunt Jane liked me better than she did any of my brothers and sisters. Even after I came to know that this was true, I was ungrateful enough to say that I didn't care for affection that fed on wash-rags and soap and combs and towels.

But more agreeable proofs of Aunt Jane's preference for me began to manifest themselves in bits of candy and liquorice root, with now and then a red apple or a freshly-baked cookie slipped quietly into my hand when no one was around to witness the transaction. For Aunt Jane seemed to think that a show of affection was nothing but weakness. Like other women I have known, she kept careful and cruel guard over her emotions, and never allowed her fondness for any person to appear, in word or deed.

Even when she made one of these surreptitious gifts to me, she would accompany it by words the reverse of affectionate.

"Here, you little scamp, take this and clear out with you!" she would say; or: "Take this cookie and don't come into my sight again to-day or I'll pull your nose for you!"

But when I was ten years old I accidentally plunged head-first into a barrel of rain-water standing under the kitchen eaves. My brother Jeff, an excitable and nervous youth, younger than myself, raced into the kitchen and terrified the household by his announcement of the catastrophe.

"Ben's tumble heels over head into the rain-water bar'l, and unless he can breathe with his feet, he'll be drowned sure!"

In less than half a minute Aunt Jane had me by the non-breathing heels and had landed me, limp and apparently lifeless, on the grass.

Comical as the situation seemed, it came very near resulting in a tragedy, for I was with difficulty restored to consciousness. They carried me upstairs and put me to bed, where I lay in a stupor for a long time. I was aroused from it by some one kissing my lips and gently stroking my brow and still damp hair. I opened my eyes and looked full into the grim, but now tear-stained face of Aunt Jane.

She instantly drew herself up rigidly, looked very much abashed, and said, sharply:

"Now you were smart, weren't you, to go plunging into that rain-water barrel and spoil all your clean clothes? If you were my boy, I should attend to you for it. Now you go to sleep, and see if you can keep out of rain-water barrels after this. I never did see the like of you for making mischief!"

I believe that Aunt Jane was bold enough to have led an army into battle, or fearlessly to have faced any danger that might threaten her in the daylight.

I lay stress on the word daylight because Aunt Jane was an arrant coward at night. She had a strange and unaccountable horror of the darkness. She never went out alone after dark, and would hurry breathlessly through dark halls and passages in our house. She was always looking for a man under all the beds in the house, and Jeff and I often wondered what would become of the always-expected but never forthcoming gentleman should Aunt Jane at last discover him. We believed that she would faint away immediately, and that the intruder would have no difficulty in making his escape.

Jeff and I were lads of fourteen and fifteen when we conceived the brilliant idea of giving Aunt Jane a fright. We were so pleased with the idea that we giggled over it for an hour after it occurred to us.

Our plan was that one of us should personate a burglar, and conceal himself under Aunt Jane's bed. We pulled a chicken's "wish-bone" to decide who should have the perilous but delightful honor of personating the burglar.

The longer piece remained in Jeff's hands, and the post of distinction was thus conferred upon him; but I was to

Then we went on to our own room, where Jeff proceeded to "get himself up" as a burglar.

He blackened his face in spots, made one eye very black, and painted his nose very red. When he had made his face as ugly as possible, he put on the old clothes, and a pair of very large boots. He was a tall boy, and looked quite as large as a man when he was "ready for business," as he expressed it.

"Now, Ben," he said to me, "remember just how we are to act. When Aunt Jane sees me, I'll growl out: 'One word, and you're a dead woman!'"

"Then after she screeches out and faints, we'll streak out of her room and into our own before the folks come upstairs. Then to-morrow we'll tell father and mother all about it, and you'll see that they'll laugh fit to kill over it. Father is so fond of a joke!"

"But he thinks a great deal of Aunt Jane," I said, "and may be he wouldn't!"

"Oh, he would, too!" interrupted Jeff. "It won't hurt aunt a bit. I wouldn't think of doing it if I thought any harm could come of it. Fainting never hurts any one. Like as not it'll cure Aunt Jane of her cowardice, when she finds out that the burglar's only me."

At a few minutes before nine o'clock Jeff crawled, giggling and chuckling, under the bed in Aunt Jane's room, purposely leaving one of his big boots partly exposed.

I concealed myself behind the big chair, and we kept talking to each other in giggling whispers.

Aunt Jane always came to her room at exactly nine o'clock, and she was not a moment behind time on this particular evening.

She came into the room with her lamp in her hand. She seemed to be in a merry mood not common to her, and was softly singing a quaint old ballad about a certain "Young Horace," who was "both haughty and proud," and who came to an untimely end in consequence of walking off an open draw-bridge when his nose was turned haughtily skyward.

Having put the lamp on the mantel, Aunt Jane began taking down her back hair, most of which she laid on her dressing-case; what was left she combed for a long time. Jeff and I were getting tired of waiting when Aunt Jane suddenly darted forward, dropped on her knees and peered under the bed.

To our unspeakable amazement, she simply cried out, in her hardest, most metallic tones: "Mercy on me! I've found him at last!"

With swift, masculine motions she drew her long sleeves above her elbows, sprang toward the boots that were sticking out from under the bed, and then—well, neither Jeff nor I retained a very distinct recollection of all that followed.

Jeff says that when Aunt Jane jerked him out from under the bed his head struck something on the opposite side of the room and he saw stars. The contents of the water-pitcher on Aunt Jane's washstand were then dashed into his face; then her feather-bed was thrown on top of him and Aunt Jane threw herself across the feather-bed, exclaiming:

"I've got you! You'll be smothered to death if you don't lay still! James! James! James!" she screamed, at the top of her voice.

James was my father. He did not immediately respond to the call, and Jeff began struggling with renewed vigor. I heard him cry out, in a smothered voice: "Aunt Jane! O, Aunt Jane!" but she was so excited, and the voice was so smothered under the bed that she did not know it, or what he said.

When father and mother appeared on the scene Jeff was still under the bed and Aunt Jane was holding the bed over him and belaboring him with both hands in a state of gasping exhaustion.

"The scamp!" she cried, as father appeared. "Found him—under my bed. He thought he'd—scare me—s'pose—but he—he—didn't!"

"I should say not," said father, as he stooped over and seized Jeff by the shoulder and cried out: "Here, sirl! what do you—why, Jeff!"

I do not care to dwell on what followed. Jeff and I were strangely reticent on the subject for weeks thereafter, and we agreed that it was best not to tell our school-boy friends about it—as we had previously intended doing. But Aunt Jane talked freely about it to any one who would listen, and always ended the story by saying, truthfully:

"It's a good thing for boys to be smart, but when they get too smart it ain't as agreeable as it might be, but does 'em good."—J. L. Harbour, in *Youth's Companion*.

ing out and applying. We expect, in addition to this, to be able to secure profit in feeding, more than we would secure if the grain and other feed was sold instead of being fed out to stock on the farm.

But in many cases where the land has been cropped for some time, so that the soil has in a measure been robbed of its supply of available plant food, the manure may be considered as more of an object than this. There are cases where the fertility has been allowed to run down. It will then be found sufficiently of an object to secure a full supply of manure, to feed out the farm products to stock, even if in doing so no other profit or benefit is secured more than the supply of manure. When this is the case, of course, it will pay to take as much pains as possible, not only to increase the quantity, but to save so as to have of the best quality. It is not altogether the quantity so much as the quality of the manure that makes it valuable. This is so much the case that sometimes it is advisable to sell some of the farm products, and purchase bran to feed. This is especially the case when wheat is made one of the crops raised upon the farm. Some go so far as to claim that the bran, after being fed to stock, returns, as manure, the full value of the bran. There is no question but the feeding of bran in combination with other materials, adds considerably to the value of the manure, while at the same time it adds to the value of the feed, especially of the hay, straw, fodder and roots. Of course the manure should be so managed that all the valuable properties will be saved—neither lost by leaching or burnt by fire fanning. The manure that can be made on every farm is fully worth the trouble of feeding the stock, and the saving and applying of the manure, and the surest plan of saving the fertility of the soil is to keep all the stock that the farm products will keep in a good thrifty condition. Then make sure and apply all the manure possible. Thus far, at least, the manure is an object to every farmer, and under the present conditions there may be no fear of an over supply.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

PROFITS OF THE FARM.

They Can Be Increased by Square Dealing and Strict Honesty.

Whether farmers get their rightful share of the farm profits depends not only upon their ability to work and plan, but also upon their ability to market what they have to sell, as well as upon the carefulness of the wife, also. For instance: The farmer may be very careful about feeding his cows, keeping them clean, etc., but unless the housewife supplements his close attention with the same care of the milk, cream and dairy utensils, his extra work amounts to but little. We have now in our mind's eye a farmer who receives five cents above the market price for his butter, from the fact that his city customers found that the quality was the same throughout the year, and as good as any to be found in market. Now this extra five cents is all profit, and he is entitled to it. Nor is that all the profit, for when once a customer is obtained it is usually for a whole season, and a market thus opened for other produce. In this way much time is saved in marketing, and middlemen entirely dispensed with. It brings him in the cash and thus enables him to buy where he can get the most for his money, which is another profit he reaps. It is always best for a farmer to establish a reputation for selling a good article in order to get his full share of the profit on any thing he has to sell. Another thing, a farmer, in order to make ready sale of any kind of produce direct to the customer, should establish a reputation for honest dealings, i. e., never representing an article to be a little better than it really is, for confidence once lost is never regained.—*Baltimore Sun*.

Novel Engineering Device.

A French military engineer, M. Bonneton, has put dynamite to a new use in building foundations in wet ground. In the construction of fortifications at Lyons, a hole is bored in the wet ground ten or twelve feet deep and an inch and a half in diameter. The explosion of a string of dynamite cartridges enlarges this hole to about a yard in diameter, and forces the water so far out beyond the sides of the cavity that at least half an hour is required for it to find its way back. This gives the workmen time to introduce quickly-setting concrete. The process is very rapid.—*Science*.

—Butter Crackers.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of butter, mixed into a stiff paste with sweet milk; heat well, roll thin, prick and bake in a quick oven.—*Boston Budget*.

observation of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, or moons. This method was discovered by Roemer, a Danish astronomer, in 1673. The satellites of Jupiter revolve around that planet much more rapidly than our moon does around the earth, and because of the great size of Jupiter and his shadow, three of these moons are eclipsed during each revolution. Very soon after the discovery of the telescope, it was noticed with what accuracy the times of disappearance and reappearance of these satellites could be computed, and a table was made of these times, which was found to be very useful in determining longitudes. It was in endeavoring to improve these tables that Roemer found that the times of the eclipses were not represented by a uniform motion of the satellites. He found that as the earth moved away from Jupiter in its annual course around the sun, the time of the eclipses regularly fell behind the time computed, until the difference reached a total of over sixteen minutes. Then, as the earth approached Jupiter, this difference gradually grew less, until at last it disappeared entirely. This inequality, as the astronomer reasoned, could not possibly come from irregularity in the movement of the planet or its moons; its only true cause could be found in the fact that it took time for light to come from the planet to the earth. This time was of course greater the more distant the planet is from the earth. The diameter of the earth's orbit being approximately known, the velocity with which light crossed this orbit could be therefore approximated. The result, as obtained by Roemer, has been corrected by later observers, until it gives with considerable accuracy the velocity of light as about 186,000 miles per second. This velocity has also been measured by experiments with artificial light, by the use of a revolving wheel or a revolving mirror. The results of all these modes of computation have not been exactly the same, of course, but they have approximated near enough to prove their value. The velocity of light was long accepted at from 192,000 to 190,000 miles per second. Later estimates make it somewhat less—Foucault, who experimented long with the revolving mirrors, puts it at 186,000—and are probably more accurate. Obviously, in the estimate of such rapid movement, a few thousand miles could not vitiate the computation for practical purposes.—*Chicago Inter Ocean*.

FARM APHORISMS.

Maxims for the Industrious and the Lazy, the Rich and the Poor.

Pure water and a variety of wholesome food regularly given, with comfortable shelter and kind treatment, are the best preventives of disease.

A mortgage on the home makes the fireside gloomy, for it shuts out the sunshine of prosperity and freeheartedness.

Some men look at the sky only to forecast the weather, see more beauty in a dollar than in a bed of flowers, and will hear the crow in a corn-field quicker than the lark in the air.

Better is it to have one pair of trousers with money in the pockets, than two pairs with empty pockets.

The horse knows all that the colt learned, and boys tormenting the colt are not teaching it what it should know.

System worked ten hours a day, and was done. Hap-hazard got up at four in the morning, hurried all day, and was doing the chores at half-past nine.

Job had much patience; yet it was fortunate for him that he did not join fences with a neighbor who kept breachy stock.

The man who fills his ice-house provides himself with a conservator of health and a servant of pleasure.

What is said about keeping animals warm during the winter does not apply to manure. Smoking is more injurious to the compost heap than to boys.

The man too poor to take a paper, or to buy his wife a calico dress without grumbling, is rich enough to afford the lightning-rod peddlers and sickle-grinder frauds fine picking.—*American Agriculturist*.

—The following witty reply was made by a prisoner in the correctional court of La Seine. The judge informed him that, having been taken in the act of stealing a valuable rug from a furrier's shop, there could be little doubt that he was the thief who had already on several occasions robbed their establishment lately. "Mais que voulez vous?" coolly replied the prisoner. "I have been out of health for the last week or two, and my doctor has ordered me to take something warm every morning the first thing."—*Voltaire*.

—"Go for" sheep-killing dogs every time.

"Was it in Boston, at the Governor's?" asked Jen.
"It must have been grand there," said Mamma, half-jealously.
"No," replied grandma, smiling on

you.
"I prayed to myself, and, by and by, crept over and got my Bible, and read it. After a spell, I looked up, and there he was, sitting and watching me

go!" "Had a great turn-out." "Is that straight?" "Of course. The policeman put me out of the grounds because I didn't have a badge."—*Merchant Traveler*.

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