

OUTSIDE THE ALEHOUSE.

O, don't go in to-night, John—
Now, husband, don't go in!
To spend our only shilling, John,
Would be a cruel sin.
There's not a loaf at home, John—
There's not a coal, you know—
Though with hunger I am faint, John,
And cold comes down the snow.
Then don't go in to-night!

Ah, John, you must remember—
And, John, I can't forget—
When never foot of yours, John,
Was in the alehouse set.
Ah, those were happy times, John,
No quarrels then we knew,
And none were happier in our lane
Than I, dear John, and you;
Then don't go in to-night!

You will not go!—John, John, I mind,
When we were courting, few
Had arm as strong, or step as firm,
Or cheek as red as yours,
But drink has stolen your strength, John,
And paled your cheek to white,
Has tottering made your young, firm tread,
And bowed your manly height.
You'll not go in to-night?

You'll not go in? Think on the day
That made me, John, your wife,
What pleasant talk that day we had
Of all our future life!
Of how your steady earnings, John,
No wasting should consume,
But weekly some new comfort bring
To deck our happy room:
Then don't go in to-night!

To see us, John, as then we dress'd,
So tidy, clean and neat,
Brought out all eyes to follow us
As we went down the street.
Ah, little thought our neighbors then,
And we as little thought,
That ever, John, to rags like these
By drink we should be brought:
You won't go in to-night?

And will you go? If not for me,
Yet for your baby stay;—
You know, John, not a taste of food
Has passed my lips to-day;
And tell your father, little one,
'Tis mine your life hangs on.
You will not spend the shilling, John?
You'll give it him? Come, John,
Come home with us to-night!

—[London People's Journal.]

Agricultural.

A PRAIRIE HOUSE CELLAR.

A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer*, writing from Southern Illinois, gives his experience with an independent cellar:

"I would dig four feet deep in the ground, and build two and a half feet above the surface, or so as to finish up six and a half feet. If brick is used they should be very hard burned, at least those used under ground. Build the wall thirteen inches thick, with common lime mortar (water lime is better); make the cellar two stories high, and join it by a hall or entry to one of the kitchen doors, so as to enter the cellar without going out of doors. The hall should be large enough to have an outside door, also a door to go down a few steps into the lower cellar, and one to go up into the upper room. The reason for building two story, in the first place, is economy—second, a warmer cellar in winter and cooler in summer. This cellar should have a concrete bottom, about three inches thick, and have a two by four piece bedded in the concrete, while it is green or soft, about three inches from the wall; after the bottom has become hard, then plaster the bottom and sides with a good coat of water-lime plaster, up to the upper edge of the joists, so as to leave no place for rats and mice. You will then set studding on this strip, about two feet apart, all around the wall, two or three inches from it. The upper end of studding will be nailed to joists; then line the inside of the cellar with rough boards, nail laths up and down a foot apart, then lime and plaster with one brown coat. Nail a narrow strip on each side of your joists, one inch from the lower side—lay a double floor of rough siding, fill up to upper edge of joists with sawdust—then lay your floor of good matched flooring for the upper room. You now have an air chamber of two or three inches between your brick wall and one that will be air tight, if the work is done well. You should have two windows, sash double, so as to let the upper sash down and raise the lower one. This will give all the ventilation necessary. You also want a frame with fine wire screen fit each window frame neatly, so as to keep out flies. Blinds would be of great

value. I would not put a window on the south if it can be avoided. The upper room should have two windows of large size—no outside door except the one in the hall.

I have a cellar built in this way. Nothing ever freezes in it; it is cool, and keeps everything sweet in summer. It costs \$130: size, fourteen by eighteen feet. It is built of stone."

ABOLITION OF FENCES.—The abolition of fences is now being agitated among farmers, and there seems to be no insurmountable obstacles to such a reform in many districts. It is estimated that the fences of the country constitute as much as half the value of the farms, and these have to be continually renewed. By having strictly executed laws against stock running at large, all fences, except such as surround pastures and stock yards, may be dispensed with. Besides the saving in money, the room occupied by the fences is also saved, and the chief harbor for weeds is done away with. A communication was recently read in the New York Farmer's club from Livingston county, in Illinois, saying that in that county the plan is in successful operation, the general practice of farmers being to dispense with fences. Solon Robinson states that he was informed on good authority that the unfenced lands in that county are quite as high in price as the fenced farms of other counties, showing that this simple regulation will save the great expense of fencing the western prairies. Mr. Ely, the President, remarked that the same system is in operation in the valley of the Connecticut river, both in Connecticut and Massachusetts.—[N. Y. Tribune.]

PETER HENDERSON, of Jersey City, a noted propagator, gives a simple mode of raising plants from cuttings, such as roses, verbenas, carnations, etc., adapted to inexperienced cultivators, although not the mode used on an extended scale. A common flower-pot saucer, or even a common kitchen saucer or other dish, is filled with sand and the cuttings inserted thickly in it. It is then watered until it becomes about as liquid as mud.

The cuttings should, of course, be of green or of unripened wood, three or four inches long, placed in a strong light in a room or green house, kept in a temperature of fifty to eighty degrees, best at seventy to seventy-five degrees, allowed to remain from 10 to 20 days, till rooted, and the sand kept constantly in this semi-fluid state, for if they become partly dry they are ruined.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

PROCESS OF DECORATION.—THE GROUNDS ENCLOSED AND PLANTED WITH TREES.

The Gettysburg (Pa.) *Star* of May 6, says: "We paid a visit to the Soldiers' National Cemetery a few days ago, and give the following as the result of our observations. The general management of the work is in the hands of David Wills, president of the Association, with Mr. Daniel K. Snyder, acting as foreman of the grounds. The improvements are pushed with the greatest energy, and may reach a point of completion during the summer. We understand that upwards of sixty laborers are now employed in the various departments, with still room for more if they could be procured.

"The substantial granite wall extending along the west side is completed, with the exception of the coping. This wall, for finish and compactness, challenges the admiration of all. The heavy iron fence, extending from the granite wall on the west to Evergreen Cemetery on the south, is completed, and presents a fine appearance. The iron railing dividing the National Cemetery from Evergreen is also finished. It is constructed of gas pipe and metal posts, and is to be lined with hedge shrubbery.

The gateway has just been completed, and is said to be one of the finest entrances in the state. The most striking feature about it is the six massive iron posts, three of which are placed at either side. Upon each of the two principal posts is perched the American eagle, majestically looking down upon those who pass the portals of this sacred spot. On these posts is also inscribed, in raised letters, the names of each state, whose sons are buried within the enclosure. The principal avenue is undergoing macadamization, and the trees and shrubbery are being planted, each one being set and arranged strictly in accordance with the plot.

We understand that about ninety-five different kinds of trees have been selected for this purpose, consisting of the choicest varieties, numbering in all about one thousand trees. These trees

have been selected, and are furnished through the agency of one of the most successful and energetic nurserymen in the state. The contractors for setting the head stones have commenced the work, and from present indications are making a complete job of it. The material for the national monument is now collecting, and the work upon it will be commenced during the summer. It is to stand in a central position on the summit, and will be a beautiful piece of work. The contract for its construction, we believe, has not yet been given out. The natural beauty of the location of the cemetery, we believe, is unrivalled anywhere, while art is bestowing its energies upon it with lavish hand. Add to this the historic interest associated with it, and America can produce no spot around which so many hallowed associations will cluster."

[From the New York Weekly Review]

McARONE ON MONEY MAKING.

There is, in this city a certain corner where two streets intersect.

At one angle, a grocery store uprears its frowning front; at the other, a tenement-house pours forth its diurnal throng of bare-footed children and census-increasing Irishwomen.

Not long ago, there might have been seen, in front of that tenement house, a poor but honest horse and dray, attended by a man in blue overalls.

He was an undersized, mild-looking drayman, with a weary expression and hair of the same color.

He looked, in a world like one who had long struggled against the innane homonymy of destiny, seeking to liberate, torsionless, between supernatation and paucity.

(I don't think anybody who reads that sentence can doubt the excellence of my education.)

Often, when in philosophic moods, I have listlessly strolled around that corner, and have meditated upon the sad-visaged little man, seated on his dray, with a straw in his mouth and an ache in his heart; a man without a future or a postage-stamp, waiting in patient silence for his fate or for a job.

"Such a one," mused I, "would I fain be, if I could be nothing else. Doubtless he has become accustomed to his woes, nor is it at all likely that he gathers artificial misery from the seeming trifles that so rudely exacerbate my more sensitive and high-toned spirit. I breakfasted on shad-roe this morning; I ate at least two hundred thousand fish-eggs; and I have been wretched all the day because one of them was addled. I cannot cast that shad-roe from my brow. Well, this diminutive drayman knows no such wretchedness. He eats his potatoes and bacon without thought, and blesses Providence that he has even so much. If the gratification of his crude desires does not bring him the intensity of joy that I sometimes feel, neither does he experience the disappointment that often racks my nobler nature."

Such has been the tenor of my musings, when I have passed the squalid and prolific tenement house in days gone by.

But mark the mutability of mundane things! This week, in hunting that corner, I missed my little drayman from his accustomed place.

"Is he dead?" I asked myself. And as I did not know, I made myself no reply.

But one morning, as I ascended the Fifth Avenue, who should issue from a splendid mansion, and get into a magnificent barouche, with two lovely bay horses in silver-mounted harness, but this same sad-eyed and long resigned drayman.

He stepped lightly into the glittering vehicle, waved a lavender gloved hand to the livered coachman, and rolled rapidly away, leaving me thunderstruck on the curbstone, a humble pedestrian.

The fact is, that he accumulated an enormous fortune with his horse and dray, on moving day, and left his home of squalor for brighter scenes.

In point of fact, it seems that this man was one of those who are born to be rich, and who have wealth showered upon them without the long and painful process of saving their little pittances from day to day.

These are, naturally, the rarer of the two kinds who achieve opulence. Any man of average intelligence and wealth can get rich in New York, if he will save money. No matter if he gets much or little remuneration for his labor, let him put by a certain percentage of each dollar he receives, and I will guarantee him an ultimate fortune.

It is, however, a fearful price to pay for wealth. It necessitates the loss of almost every taste that money can gratify, or that can ennoble and refine a

manity when gratified. It necessitates, generally, the conversion of the body into a machine, and the soul into a non-entity. It necessitates the sacrifices of all generous and unselfish impulses to a sordid exaggeration of utility; and it leaves the man, when he arrives at his coveted condition of competence, a mere money-grubber, whose eyes are blinded by the glitter of gold, whose ears are deafened by its jingle, whose hands are cramped by grasping it, and whose heart is cold and inert beneath its weight!

Yet gold is a most excellent thing to have, if you don't pay too great a price for it.

Most people pretend to despise it, but all people try to possess it.

The poets are very loud in their contempt for the filthy lucre, but I leave it to the Harper Brothers whether they ever knew a poet to refuse to take money for his contributions to their Magazine.

The young women who write bad novelettes for the weeklies, all try to prove conclusively that wealth is synonymous with wickedness; yet the proprietors of the weeklies will tell you that these same young women do clutch their ill-gotten gains with the utmost avidity and punctuality.

Hence I argue that the popular contempt of wealth—a sentiment that exists solely among the poor—is a very large humbug. The contempt for the commercial, accumulative element of humanity, is quite another thing.

No truly great or admirable man has ever possessed this accumulative faculty.

I do not possess it.

It is a very lucky thing for me that I have fallen into a fortune without effort; that gold has been heaped upon me without care or thought on my part.

Otherwise, I should have undoubtedly remained, all my life, in the condition of the vulgar poor.

There is but one condition under which I could ever have saved money.

If Aimee Chou-chou's father had been a bank-president, and—after the manner of many bank-presidents—had caused his daughter's portrait to be engraved upon the bills of his institution, I should have treasured up every one that came into my possession.

Any slip of paper that chanced to bear an impression of that dear child's likeness, would have been far too precious to part with for such sordid considerations as rent, or whisky, or piano-tuning, or tooth-powder or porter house steaks.

And if the likeness was a good one—a perfect representation of Aimee Chou-chou's sweet face as I see it—I think everybody would have preserved it with reverential care, having it framed, and hung up among other choice specimens of art-loveliness!

I would suggest to the financial brotherhood generally, that it might be a capital idea to have the dear child's portrait engraved for the next issue of the various National banks.

It was a favorite statement of the late Mr. J. Keats, that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," and if our bankers can only make their bills so beautiful that people generally will save them as ornamental decorations, there will be two great objects gained.

First, the national taste will be enormously cultivated and ennobled. Second, the national bank-notes will be disposed of at a par value, never to return.

I commend this suggestion to the careful consideration of the Secretary of the Treasury, whoever may fill that position when this article appears.

They make so many and such frequent changes in that especial department, that I really can't keep the run of it.

But until some such device is adopted, I shall never be able to hoard my greenbacks.

They come like shadows, and like shadows they depart.

O, this law of compensation! It rules us straightly, indeed.

Show me a man who is something, and I'll show you a man who has nothing.

The fellows who give us all we have that is worth having, never keep anything that is worth keeping.

It is the old story, exemplified a thousand times. It is John Jacob Astor versus Fitz-James O'Brien; Baron Rothschilds versus Tom Hood; any noodle who may be rich versus any genius who must be poor.

It seems unfair at the first blush, but it is the law of compensation after all. You can't have everything all at once.

It appears that the losses by the late Canada inundations amounted to \$160,000, and that fifty men, women and children perished.