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—BY—

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LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass;
Anger is a fee to sense!
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong;
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cherry song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without repreive:
'Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass!
Oh, be kind and gentle still!
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart;
Let it pass!
Lay those harmly words to heart;
"Let it pass!"
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cherry song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

All The Year Round.

The Murder of the Princes

IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

All readers of English History know something about the two royal princes, Edward and Richard, sons of King Edward IV., who were smothered in the Tower of London. The following account is taken from the *Boy's Own Paper*, an English periodical:

EDWARD AND RICHARD PLANTAGENET

A horseman stood at the gate of the Tower of London, and demanded entrance in the name of the king, Richard III.

On hearing the summons, and the authority claimed by the stranger, the governor, Sir Robert Brackenbury, directed that he should be admitted, and deliver his message.

"Read this," said the man, handing a missive sealed with the royal seal.

Sir Thomas read the document hastily, and as he read, his face grew troubled. For a long time he was silent; then, addressing the king's messenger, he said, "Know you the contents of this letter?"

"How should I know," replied the other evasively.

"The king directs me here," said Sir Thomas, "to do a deed horrible and unworth of a man. He demands that I should rid him of the two lads now lying in this Tower in my custody."

"And what of that?" said the King's messenger. "Is it not necessary to the country's peace? And will *you*, Sir Thomas, render so base an ingratitude for the favors you have received at the king's hand by refusing him this service?"

"Not even with the sanction of a king will Thomas Brackenbury hire himself out as a butcher. My office and all I have," he added, "I hold at his majesty's pleasure. He may take them from me if he will, but my hands shall at least stay free from innocent blood!"

With that he bade the messenger return to his master and deliver his reply.

When Richard, away in Gloucestershire, heard of the refusal of the Governor of the Tower to execute his commands, he was very wroth, and vowed he would yet carry out his cruel purpose with regard to his two helpless nephews.

These two boys, the sons of Edward IV., were the principal obstacles to Richard's undisputed possession of the throne he had usurped. The elder of them a boy of thirteen, had already been crowned as Edward V., but he was a king in name only. Scarcely had the cornation taken place when his bad uncle, under the pretence of offering his protection, got him into his power, and shut him up with his young brother Richard in the Tower, while he himself plotted for the crown to which he had neither right nor title.

How he succeeded in his evil scheme history has recorded.

By dint of falsehood and cunning he contrived to make himself acknowledged king by unwilling people; and then, when the height of his ambition had been attained, he could not rest till those whom he had so shamefully robbed of their inheritance were out of his path.

Therefore it was he who sent his messenger to Sir Robert Brackenbury.

Foiled in his design of making this officer the instrument of his base scheme, he summoned to his presence Sir James Tyrrel, a man of reckless character, ready for whatever might bring him profit or preferment; and to him he confided his wishes.

That same day Tyrrel started for London, armed with a warrant entrusting him with the Governorship of the Tower for one day, during which Sir Brackenbury was to hand over the fortress and all it contained to his keeping.

The brave knight had nothing for it but to obey this order, though he well knew its meaning, and could foretell only too readily its result.

In a lofty room of that gloomy fortress, that same summer evening, the two hapless brothers were sitting, little dreaming of the fate so nearly approaching.

The young king had indeed for some time past seemed to entertain a vague foreboding that he would never again breathe the free air outside his prison. He had grown melancholy, and the buoyant spirits of youth had given place to a listlessness and heaviness strangely out of keeping with his tender years. He cared neither for talk nor exercise and neglected both food and dress. His brother two years younger than himself, was of a more hopeful demeanor, perhaps realizing less fully the hardships and dangers of their present imprisonment. As they sat this evening in their lonely chamber, he tried to rally his elder brother from his melancholy.

"Look not so black, brother, we shall soon be free. Why should we give up hope?"

The young king answered nothing, and apparently did not heed his brother's words.

"Nay," persisted the latter, "should we not be glad our lives are spared us, and that our imprisonment is made easy by the care of good Sir Robert, our Governor?"

Still Edward remained absorbed in his own gloomy reflections and the younger lad thus foiled in his efforts at cheerfulness, became silent, too, and thus continued till a warder entered their chamber with food and remained to at end them to bed.

They tasted little that evening, for the shadow of what was to come seemed already to have crept over their spirits.

"Will Sir Robert come to see us, as is his wont, before we retire to rest?" inquired Richard of the warder.

"Sir Robert is not now Governor of the Tower," curtly replied the man.

Now indeed they felt themselves utterly friendless, and as they crept to their bed they clung one to the other in all the loneliness of despair.

Then the warder took his leave, and they heard the key turned in the lock behind him, and counted his footsteps as he descended the stairs.

Presently sleep mercifully fell upon their weary spirits, and closed their weeping eyes with her gentle touch.

At dead of night three men stole up the winding staircase that led to their chamber, armed, and carrying a light. The leader of these was Sir James Tyrrel, and his evil looking companions were *the* men he had hired to carry out the cruel order of the king. The key turned in the door, and they entered the apartment.

It was a sight to touch any heart less hard than those of the three villains who now witnessed it, to see those two innocent boys sleeping peacefully in each other's arms, reaming perhaps of liberty. and forgetting the sorrow which had left its trace even yet on their closed eyes. But to Tyrrel, and his two assassins, Forest and Deighton, the spectacle suggested neither pity nor remorse.

At a signal from Tyrel, who remained outside the room while the deed was being done, the ruffians snatched the pillows from under the heads of the sleepers, and ere they could either resist or cry out the poor lads were stifled beneath their bedclothes, and so perished.

Then these two murderers called to Tyrrel to enter and look upon their work, and bear witness that the king's command had been faithfully executed.

The cup of Richard's wickedness was now full. He concealed for some time the fate of his two victims, and few people knew what had become of their rightful heir and his brother. But the vengeance of Heaven fell on the cruel uncle speedily and terribly. His own favorite son died, his family turned against him, his people rebelled: the kingdom so evilly gained was taken from him, and he himself, after months of remorse, and fear, and gathering misfortunes, was slain in battle, lamented by none, and hated by all.

Two centuries latter, in the reign of King Charles II, some workmen, digging in the Tower, discovered under the stairs leading to the chapel of the White Tower a box containing the bones of two children, corresponding to the ages of the murdered princes. These were found to be without doubt their remains, and in a quiet corner of Westminister Abbey, whither they were removed, a simple tablet now marks their last resting place, and records the fact of their cruel murder by perhaps the worst king who ever sat upon the throne of England.

THE LORD takes up none but the forsaken, makes none healthy but the sick, gives sight to none but the blind, makes none alive but the dead, sanctifies none but sinners; and to all he is precious.—*Luther.*

"MEN often jump at conclusions," says the proverb. So do dogs. One recently jumped at the conclusion of a cat, which was sticking through the opening of a partly closed door, and it created a great disturbance.

It is Hard to Understand:

Why an endless procession of drinkers from a public dipper will, without exception, drink close to the handle.

Why half the human race was not born without hearing and the other half without speech. Then the talkers might talk on in uninterrupted flow, and the hearers exercize their especial gift without their present pruriency to speak.

Why people will go into society to get bored when they can get bored just as well at home.

Why the young lady who will eagerly chews boarding-house mince pie will carefully eschew boarding-house mince meat.

Why a man's stomach will be so everlasting squeamish at home, and at the eating-house display a faith like a grain of mustard seed.

Why a woman will make excuses for her bread when she knows it is the best she ever made, and knows her "company" knows it.

Why a "young gentleman" swears so much louder and more copiously when stanger ladies are within earshot; or, in other words.

Why the desire to make a fool of one,s self springs eternal in the human heart.

Why we are so much angrier against him who shows us our error than him who leads us therein.

Why everybody is so prompt to answer, "How do you do?" when you ask the inevitable question. And,

Why you seem to be perfectly satisfied with the information contained in this echo.

Why one's piety strengthens as hi health weakens.

Why people will get married when courtship is so sweet.

Why a man who claims to have found marriage a delusion will again embrace that delusion upon the first convenient opportunity.

Why cold weather comes during the season when it is least agreeable.

Why it is so much easier to be polite to people whom we shall probably never see again than to those whose good opinion we have every reason to cultivate.

Why boys should run after the girls, when there is a whole houseful at home.

Why Jane finds Sarah's hateful brother so attractive, and why the hateful brother of Jane finds favor with Sarah.

Why a man should court the good opinion of another, when he can never hope to secure own self-respect.

Why it is so much easier to close a door in summer than in winter, considering that exercise is generally considered distasteful in warm weather and pleasant in cold.

What a Woman Can Do.

As a wife and mother, woman can make the fortune and happiness of her husband and children; and, if she did nothing else, surely this would be sufficient destiny. By her thrift, prudence in old age, no matter how small their beginning or how adverse a fate may by theirs. By her cheerfulness she can secure to her partner and to herself a competence in old age, no matter how small their beginning or how adverse a fate may be theirs. By her cheerfulness she can restore her husband's spirit shaken by the anxiety of business. By her tender care she can often restore him to health if disease has overtasked his powers. By her counsel and love she can win him from bad company, if temptation in an evil hour has led him astray. By her examples, her precepts, and her sex's insight into character she can mould her children, however adverse their dispositions, into noble men and women. And, by leading in al things a true and beautiful life, she can refine elevate and spiritualize all who come within reach; so that, with others of her sex emulating and assisting her, she can do more to regenerate the world than all the statesmen or reformers that ever legislated. She can do as much, alas! perhaps more, to degrade man if she chooses to do it. Who can estimate the evils that woman has the power to do? As a wife she can ruin herself by extravagance, folly or want of affection.

She can make a demon of an outcast of a man who might otherwise become a good member of society. She can brink bickerings, strife and discord into what has been a happy home. She can change the innocent babes into evil men and even into vile women. She can lower the moral tone of society itself, and thus pollute legislation at the spring head.

She can, in fine, become an instrument of evil instead of an angel of good. Instead of making flowers of truth, purity, beauty and spirituality spring up in her footsteps, till the earth smiles with a loveliness that is almost celestial, she can transform it to a black and arid desert, covered with the scorn of all passion and swept by the bitter blast of everlasting death. This is what women can do for the wrong as well as for the right. Is her misssou a little one? Has she no worthy work as has become the cry of late? Man may have a harder task to perform, a rougher road to travel, but he has none loftier or more influential than woman's.—*London Journal.*

AN IRISHMAN upon his arrival in this country manifested his surprise at the great number of military titles by remarking:—"What a tirrible battle has been fought near here where all the privates were kilt."

Imprisoned in a Chair.

On Tuesday morning last, says the Cleaveland *Herald*, there died in Columbus, John Hodson, a man of whom, on account of his total inability to exercise any control or will power over his body for twenty-three years, it may well be said that he was imprisoned in a living tomb. He was born in England in 1826 and came to this country when eight years of age. He was of strong bodily constitution and was remarkablyintelligent. At the age of nineteen he was taken sick with billious fever, and from a statement found after his death and which was written by him in 1873, it appeared that he attributed the fearful malady to the mercurial treatment he was forced to undergo to cure that first illness. He said he was impregnated by the mercurial poison and felt its first effects about three eyears later in a lameness of the wrist of the wright hand. The disease was treated as reumatism. Two years later his hands became almost useless, and in the third year after the first symptoms appeared the disease spread to the knees and kneejoints. So rapidly did it progress that for three years following he could devote little of his time to any work.

At last in August 1851, when twenty-five, years of age, he was compelled to give up all work, and with quiet resignation he bade his friends place him in the chair from which he was never again to rise. The bones of his joints now became matted together by his disease in an immovable mass, although for some years Mr. H. could use one of his hands slightly for the purpose of writing. After he entirely lost the use of his hands he passed his time in reading, and the only exercise he had the occasional backward and forward movements of his rocking chair, which the weight of his body impelled. In the statement written by him Mr. Hodson thanked his relatives and friends for their devotion to him, and he expressed the wish that an examination of his body might be made after his death if it would benefit suffering humanity and the medical profession. The examination was not made, however, as the nature of the desease was clearly understood.

Spanish Living And Dying.

The Spanish father is absolute king and lord by his own hearthstone, but his sway is so mild that it is hardly felt. A light word between husband and wife sometimes goes unexplained, and the rift between them widens through life. They cannot be divorced—they will not incur the scandal of a public separation—and as they pass lives of lonely isolation in adjoining apartments, both rather think better of each other and of themselves for this devilish persistence.

If men are never henpecked except by learned wives Spain would be place of all others for timid men to marry in. The girls are bright and vivacious, but they have never crossed, even in school-day excursion, the border lines of the ologies. They have an old proverb which coarsely conveys this idea: That "a Christian woman in good society ought not to know anything beyond her cookery book and her missal."

An ordinary Spaniard is sick but once in his life, and the old tradition which represents the doctor and death as always hunting in couples still survive in Spain. In all well-to-do families the house of death is always deserted immediately after the funeral, and the stricken ones retire and pass eight days in inviolable seclusion. Children are burried in coffins of a gray color pink or blue, and carried open to the grave.

A luxury of grief consists in shutting up the house where a death has taken place and never suffering it to be opened again. I once saw a beautiful house and wide garden thus abandoned in one of the most fashionable streets of Madrid. The wife of a certain Duke had died there many years before. The Duke lived in Paris leading a rattling life, but he would never sell or let that Madrid home. Perhaps in his heart, that battered thorroughfare, there was a silent spot, where, through the the gloom of dead days, he could catch a glimpse of a white hand, the rustle of a trailing robe, and feel sweeping over him the magic of love's dream, softening his fancy to tender regret.

A True Wife.

Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible tow line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfilled, her steamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheele nor stern-wheel; still she moves on stately, in serious triumph, as with her. But I knew that on the other side of the ship hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-freighted, wide-sailed, gay-pennoned, that but for the brave warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestled close to him so that no wind or wave could part them would have gone down with the stream and have been heard of no more.

Thirteen Days Without Food.

The steamship England reached New York from Liverpool after a rough passage. When a longshoreman descended into the fore hold, which was stowed full of barrels packed so closely as to leave only a space of about three feet between them and the deck, he heard talking, and suddenly touched something that his lantern showed to be a human body. Soon afterward the sailors dragged to the light a man, still alive and conscious, but so reduced by starvation that he was only a living skeleton, with skin like shriveled parchment drawn over his bones.

The ship's physician tried to force nourishment down the stowaway's throat; but he was too far gone, and in half an hour he died. It was evident that he was a foreigner, and when he was first taken on deck an Austrian girl from the steerage passengers succeeded in understanding a few words that he was able to murmur. He begged for water, said that he had tasted neither food nor drink since the day the ship sailed and that his name was "Harry." That was all he was able to say. His body was sent to the morgue. In the narrow space into which the stowaway had squeezed himself just before the steamship sailed, he could only lie down or crawl around over the head of the barrels: but could not stand nor could he sit upright. His clothing showed that in his terrible hunger he had gnawed it, as he had also gnawed bits of wood from the barrels.

Essay on Woman.

After man came woman.

And she has been after him ever since.

She is a person of free extraction, being made of a man's rib.

I don't know why Adam wanted to fool away his ribs in that way, but I suppose he was not accountable for all he did.

It costs more to keep to a woman than three dogs and a shot gun.

She is handy to swear at, whenever you cut yourself with a razor and don't feel like blaming yourself.

Woman is a superior being in Massachusetts.

There are about sixty thousand more of her sex than males in that State.

This accounts for the terrified hunteddown expression of the single man who has emigrated from the East.

Woman is not erected perfect.

She has faults--such as false hair, false complexion, and so on.

But she is a great deal better than her neighbor and she knows it.

Eve was a woman.

She must have been a model wife, too, for it cost Adam nothing to keep her in clothes.

Still, I don't think she was happy.

She couldn't go to sewing circles and air her information about everybody she knew, nor excite the envy of other ladies by wearing her new winter bonnet to church,

Neither could she hang over the back fence and talk with her neighbor.

All those blessed priveleges were denied her.

Poor Eve! she's dead.

Fables.

THE PIG AND THE RAT.

A PIG, so fat that it could hardly move, once lolling indolently in its sty, saw a poor, half-starved rat, that, with much timid alertness, stole from its hiding-place, and after seizing one of the many grains of corn that lay scattered around, quickly escaped with his prize, and with very much the air of a beggar who asked for something to eat, and had then run away, ashamed to be seen.

"You poor creature," grunted the pig, "what a life you lead; half starved and half frozen! Behold me now! Here I am,—a person of consequence, carefully fed and attended to, with every morning fresh, sweet straw thrown to me to make my bed soft and warm. As for you, poor, creature, it is only at the risk of your life, by constant labor and struggles with your fellow-creatures, and even by beggary to speak of nothing worse, that you can contrive to live at all."

"Please to reccollect," said the rat, as he paused for a moment at the mouth of his hole, "when you heap your pity upon me, that you receive favors and benefits not on account of the love your master bears you, nor on account of your own worthiness, but because of the use which he intends making of you, when he has fattened you up to his liking. As for me, I do not live in constant fear of the butcher's knife, and I think it is likely that I shall keep my place in the world, poor as it is, much longer than you will keep yours."

—"WHAT shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was about to address 'Well, mos, any subjec' will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" "Well, ef I was you I'd tech werry light on de ten commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh! cos' I had noticed dat dey mos' always hab a dampnin' effec' upon dis congregation."

A MAN who declared himself to be intoxicated with music was considered air-tight.

Blunders.

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, of the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken it has been said that it "blesseth him that takes,"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

The Sapling and the Sycamore.

A TENDER sapling, to protect itself from the various perils attendant upon its existence, had grown closely to the trunk of a large and powerful sycamore finding there security from danger.

One day, however, a terrible storm arose, and the sycamore, in spite of its struagles, was hurled prostrate upon the earth. In its fall it not only crushed the sapling beneath its huge bulk, but tore its very roots from the earth where it grew.

"Alas!" said the dying sapling, "how foolish it is to place utter dependence upon the strength of another!"

Howard Pyle, in St. Nicholas for Dec.

Cure for Sleeplessness.

Wet half a towel, apply it to the back of the neck, pressing it upward toward the base of the brain and fasten the dry half of the towel over so as to prevent the too rapid exhalation. The effect is prompt and charming, cooling the brain and inducing calmer, sweeter sleep than any narcotic. Warm water may be used, though most persons will prefer it cold. To those suffering from over-excitement of the brain, whether the result of brain work or pressing anxiety, this simple remedy is an especial boon.

A STRONG disposition is in men of opposite minds to despise each other. A graveman cannot conceive the use of wit in society; a person who takes a strong common-sense view of the subject is for pushing out by the heap and shoulders an ingenious theorist, who catches at the slightest and faintest analogies. And another man, who scents the ridiculous from afar, will hold no commerce with him who tests exquisitely the fine feelings of the heart, and is alive to nothing else. Whereas, talent and mind is mind, in all its branches! Wit gives to life one of its best flavors; common-sense leads to immediate action, and gives society its daily motion; large and comprehensive views cause its annual rotation; ridicule chastises folly and imprudence and keeps men in their proper sphere; subtlety seizes hold of the fine threads of truth; analogy darts away in the most sublime discoveries; feeling paints all the exquisite passions of man's soul, and rewards him, by a thousand inward visitations, for the sorrows that come from without. God made all! It is all good! We must despise no sort of talent; they all have their separate duties and uses, all have the happiness of man for their object; they all improve, exalt, and gladden life.—*Sidney Smith.*

"WHY don't you get 'That Pastor of Ours?" said one young lady to another, as they were looking over a line of novels, in Parter & Coates,' yesterday, to which the reply was, "That's what I'm after," whereupon an old lady, who stood by and had overheard the remark, volunteered with, "Young women let me tell ye preachers don't allus make the best husbands." You can imagine the result—the clerk turned away and the young woman smiled.

THERE are a great many men in this world who imagine they are born with genius, and lie down on the sofa and wait for an inspiration until some other fellow, who thought himself a dunce, rises by hard labor to a competency, buys the sofa, and leads the waiting genius out by the ear.

THUNDER storms come to just as well as the unjust. They arise darkly and dismally in the evening, just at the time when a man thinks of taking his girl for ice cream, and when therefore, she cannot go.

A TEN-DOLLAR gold piece is to be awarded at the Miffin, Pa., county fair, to the prettiest girl in the county, provided a committee of ten young ladies give a unanimous decision as to who it is.

MODESTY is a guard of virture.

A ROUSING address—time to get up.

BREECHES of contract—tweed trowsers which shrink.

OUT west they read it—"Loathe the poor Indian."

TAILORS make irresistible lovers. They know how to press a suit.

THE route to the coal bin is a hod road to travel

THE proper place for boys to play leap frog is on the back stoop.

MOST girls want mohair, but they don't want it all on their heads.

The Necessity of Plenty of Sleep

A writer in Scribner for February, considering "The Relations of Insanity to Modern Civilization, speaks of the loss of sleep as a prominent cause of insanity. He says: During every moment of consciousness the brain is an activity. The peculiar process of cerebration, whatever that may consist of, is taking place; thought after thought comes forth, nor can we help it. It is only when the peculiar connection or chain of connection of one brain cell with another is broken and consciousness fades away into the dreamless land of perfect sleep, that the brain is at rest. In this state it recuperates its exhausted energy and power, and stores them up for future need. The period of wakefulness is one of constant wear. Every thought is generated at the expense of brain cells, which can be fully replaced only by periods of properly regulated repose. If, therefore, these are not secured by sleep, if the brain, through over-stimulation, is not left to recuperate, its energy becomes exhausted; debility, disease and finally disintegration supervene. Hence the story is almost always the same: for weeks and months before the indications of active insanity appear, the patient has been anxious, worried and wakeful, not sleeping more than four or five hours out of the twenty-four. The poor brain, unable to do its constant work, begins to waver, to show signs of weakness or aberration; hallucinations delusion hover around like floating shadows in the air, until finally disease comes and

"plants his siege
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng and press to that last hold
Confound themselves."

Small Farms.

Similar rules are applicable to farming as to other pursuits. Success is only attainable in one way. The man who tills the soil must understand his business, and apply himself to the prosecution thereof with all the energy of which he is capable. But he must not undertake to do too much—many persons fail of success in farming, as in other vocations, because they endeavor to accomplish more than the facilities at their command justify them in attempting. In order to attain success it is not necessary that a man should cultivate a hundred or many hundreds of acres of land. A very few acres well developed and properly attended to, is often prductive of better result than ten times the quantity of land improperly cultivated.

There are many persons in all the cities of this country who are without employment, and have been for many years, who have been waiting for a favorable opportunity of embarking in some profitable pursuit. The appliance of machinery has curtailed various branches of mechanical business to such an extent that many persons who have heretofore devoted themselves to skilled labor have been deprived of employment and are at a loss how to employ their time so as to make their labor remunerative. To such we desire to point out the advantage to be derived from the cultivation of small farms. This subject is receiving attention in many parts of the country and is favorably considered. In discussing the matter many forcible illustrations have been cited, none of which is more convincing, that a small farm well attended to is a sure road to business success, than the following:

In the vicinity of Philadelphia there is a small plot of twelve acres. Its owner, an old man, had so worked it as to be able to retire on a competence for himself and wife, and, still living on the place, handed the profits over to his son, who took his place. The son so farmed it, in successive crops of garden vegetables chiefly, as to put by thirteen thousand dollars to buy a farm in Chester county. The grandson, who was working it at the time of which we speak; was laying by a thousand dollars a year from its profits, and had put two acres of it into wheat. Here were three families, who had lived off of twelve acres in the life-time of the oldest; and the plot had put money in the bank and bought a Chester county farm besides.

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