

Saint Mary's Beacon.

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VOL. XIX.

There Comes a Time.

There comes a time when we grow old,
And like a sunset down the sky,
Slope gradual, and the night wind cold,
Comes whispering, and chillingly!
And looks are grey
As winter's day,
And eyes of saddest blue behold
The leaves all weary drift away,
And lips of faded coral say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when joyous hearts,
Which leaped as leaping the laughing main,
Are dead to all save memory,
As prisoner in his dangerous chain.
And down of day
Hath passed away,
The moon bath in darkness rolled;
And by the morning, wan and grey,
I hear a voice in melody say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when manhood's prime,
Is shrouded in the mists of dawn,
And beauty, fading like a dream,
Hath passed away in silent tears;
And then how dark!
But oh! the spirit's ray,
That kindles youth to hues of gold,
Still burns with clear and steady ray,
And fond affections lingering say,
There comes a time when we grow old.

There comes a time when laughing Spring
And golden Summer cease to be,
And we put on the Autumn robe,
To tread the leaf's decay;
But now the slope
With rosy hope,
Beyond the sunset we behold—
Another dawn with fairer light,
While watches a whisper though the night,
There comes a time when we grow old!

(For the Beacon.)

From Leonardtown to Washington.

(CONTINUED.)

The next thing in order, we believe, and one which must not be forgotten, is the Christmas dinner, which was all that could be wished for in the way of delicious eatables. The turkey—the most important factor of course—which from its immense size, might have been taken for the king of its species, was prepared with great culinary skill. One schooled in the most sublimated ideas of gastronomy law could not have found fault with it. Enough of this.

Our time was about equally divided between visiting public places of attraction in different parts of the city. Our time will not permit us to expatiate upon the latter; suffice it to say that we were everywhere cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained; that the social entertainments which we had the pleasure of attending were highly enjoyable.

The Smithsonian Institute, situated in a beautiful park in South Washington, is a place of particular interest to visitors and curiosity seekers. It contains an almost countless number of curious and interesting objects descriptive of animals, minerals, of the arts and sciences, and of the appearance, manners, etc., of the different races of men. Its chief attractive feature is its collection of animal specimens. Here may be found specimens of every species of animals from the jungles of India to the prairies of America, and from the equator to the poles. The specimens consist, for the most part, of the skins filled with a substance which gives them the natural form and appearance of the animals from which they were taken.—There are some skeletons, and a few live specimens of fishes and snakes. Here also may be seen meteorites of solid iron, and memorials of ancient American civilization, showing to what a high degree that civilization had attained anterior to the period of European discovery.

We next visited the capitol to get a bird's-eye view of the city and surrounding country from its summit. This grand edifice stands on a beautiful terraced eminence near the center of the city. Ascending the steps to the front portico, the main entrance to the building, and passing on a short distance one finds oneself in the rotunda under the dome. Its walls are decorated with immense paintings, each illustrative of some period in the country's history. As one stands here and looks up to the ceiling of the dome, some 250 feet above, the allegorical paintings with which it is decorated and which represent the progress of the United States in the arts, sciences, commerce, war, etc., appear strikingly clear and vivid. Once on the upper outside gallery of the dome—this being as high as visitors are allowed to go—we were, as it were, paralyzed with delight, for the view that meets the eye is indescribably grand and sublime. Below us lay, in panoramic view, the city and adjacent country. All the splendid public buildings can be seen and distinguished from this height.

The Potomac, having here again regained its wonted smoothness after its fitful career over the falls above Georgetown, flowed gently and serenely by, continuing its meandering course toward the Southwest until it was lost to view. Its calm waters, basking in the gorgeous sunshine of that beautiful Spring-like evening, seemed unwilling to be disturbed by the fitful breezes that played upon their surface. On our descent, we

stopped in the gallery at the base of the canopy to survey the scene below on the floor of the rotunda two hundred feet below. Persons of the largest size dwindled into the proportions of mere dwarfs, and their voices and footfalls sound as if heard from afar off. Descending to the rotunda, we again paused to contemplate the stupendous structure towering above us. Involuntarily we bow in deference to the master mind that conceived such a gigantic plan and so successfully executed it. The dome, from its base to the pinnacle on which stands a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, is constructed of solid iron.

We next came to our visit to the court house to get a look at the assassin, Guiteau, and to witness proceedings in the celebrated trial. We spent one day in unsuccessful attempts to gain admission. But the next day was more propitious for us, as a drenching rain continued throughout the morning, which had the effect of keeping back the crowds, so we easily gained admission. Notwithstanding the very inclement weather, the room was densely crowded—a large part of those present being ladies. Shortly after ten o'clock the assassin made his appearance, handcuffed and attended by two guards, and was conducted to the dock or prisoner's box, to which he had been removed the previous day by order of the Court to silence his interruptions; but this had very little effect, as the prisoner says he has a good voice and is determined to be heard in his own defense. We were grossly mistaken in the ideal we had formed of Guiteau's appearance, for he has by no means the appearance of moral depravation. His features are regular, and in common parlance would be called good-looking. He is of medium stature and is well formed. He came in with a quick, hurried step and eyes cast upon the floor. As is usual he opened the proceedings of the day with a harangue to the Court, asking that more guards be detailed to protect him from the police van to the Court. From time to time he would put in one of his speeches, as he calls his harangues. At one time he became greatly incensed with his counsel and his brother about a letter written by the prisoner to Senator Cameron asking for a loan of \$500. This letter was intercepted, and being offered in evidence, Guiteau charged his counsel and brother with breach of confidence and lashed them mercilessly. These interruptions became so annoying, that the counsel for the government threatened to ask the Court to have the dock removed to a more distant part of the Court room, whereupon the prisoner became less turbulent. He still, however, continued to throw in his expressions of comment on the evidence or defending his inspiration theory.

We heard the testimony of Dr. Kempster, of Wisconsin; we cannot of course give his testimony in detail, but he believed the prisoner perfectly sane and responsible for his acts, and we left the Court room with the firm conviction that this estimate of Guiteau is a correct one.

PASQUINE OF JOB.—Everybody is in the habit of bragging on Job, and Job did have considerable pasquinade, that's a fact; but did he ever keep a district school for 8 dollars a month and board round, or run a country newspaper? Did he ever reap lodged oats down hill on a hot day, and heve all his galus buttons bust off at wunot? Did he ever have the jumpin tooth-ake and be made to tend the baby while his wife was over to Dunkines to a tea party? Did he ever get up in the morning awful dri—and turf it three miles to get a drink, and find that the man kept a temperance house? Did he ever undertake to milk a kielin heifer with a bushy tail, in fit time, out in the lot? Did he ever set into a litter of kittens in an old rockin chair with his Summer breeches on? If he could do all these things and praise the Lord at the same time, all I hev to sa, is, "Bally for Job!"

JOE BILLINGS.
One day Thad Stevens was in the Carlisle courts, and he didn't like the ruling of the presiding judge. A second time the judge ruled against "Old Thad" when the old man got up with scarlet face and quivering lips, and commenced trying up his papers as if to quit the court-room.

"Do I understand, Mr. Stevens," asked the judge, eyeing "Old Thad" indignantly, "do I understand that you wish to show your contempt of this Court?"

"No, sir! no, sir!" replied "Old Thad," "I don't want to show my contempt, sir; I am trying to conceal it."

As any man may be compelled to eat his words, he should never indulge in bitter speeches.

Miss Comfort's Adventure.

"Dear dear?" said Miss Comfort Crabtree, "what an awful night it is!"

Miss Comfort Crabtree was right. The fury of a late equinoctial storm was bending the tops of the huge forest-trees, lashing the tides of the river into a mass of boiling foam, and banging the loose shutters against the side of the old house, as if each one was a miniature piece of artillery.

Now and then an angry sweep of rain dashing against the window-panes like a handful of pebbles, and the shriek of the tempest sounding down every chimney in the house in a different note of warning.

The Reverend Caleb Crabtree lived all alone in this great barn of a ruined house, because his salary was low and the rent was cheap.

There were but few neighbors, but then the Reverend Caleb lived in his books, and cared little for conversation more modern than the "Divine Dialogues" of Plato. And as for Miss Comfort, she was as serenely indifferent to society as her brother.

"And to think," said Miss Crabtree, as she threw a fresh log, fringed with moss, and scented of the backwoods, upon the fire, "that old Mrs. Denison must take it into her head to die just this night of all others! I do hope Caleb won't take cold, and that he won't forget to tie that gray worsted comforter around his neck. But Caleb is so careless!"

So saying, Miss Crabtree opened the oven-door, and gloomily surveyed a plump chicken which was browning in its cavernous recesses.

"It'll be done in just half an hour," said Miss Comfort, with a glance at the tall clock behind the door. "And if Caleb isn't back by that time, it will be too bad; for the blessed man hasn't had a bite between his lips this day, except a cold sandwich and half a red apple."

Miss Comfort whisked out a little round table, covered it with a homespun cloth, and set it with her blue-eyed plates, a shining silver tea-pot, a loaf of bread, and a little pat of sweet-scented butter. And then she sat down to her knitting, before the fire.

"There it goes again," said Miss Comfort—"the rain! And the wind—enough to take the roof off the house! Eh?"

And as she soliloquized to herself, as persons who lead a solitary life often do, one of the boards to the carpeted floor, behind her, creaked, and turning, with a start, she found herself in the presence of two men.

One was tall and stout, with no particular nap to the hat he held under his arm; a low forehead, from which the hair was brushed up like the bristles of a hearth broom; very dirty linen, and a furtive expression of countenance.

The other was short, smiling and serene, and wore superfine broadcloth, and a pair of gold eye-glasses dangling across his breast.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am!" said the short man, ingratiatingly.

"I ain't!" said Miss Comfort, with a contemptuous sniff.

"We shan't hurt you," reassuringly added the tall man.

"I rather reckon you won't," said Miss Crabtree. "Did you want to see my brother?"

"N—no," said the short man, rubbing his plump white palms together; "we didn't. We wished to see you."

"What's your business?" briefly demanded Miss Comfort, wondering much within herself.

"You see, my dear Miss Barbara—" "Comfort Crabtree is my name, if you please!" interrupted the lady.

"The two men exchanged glances over her head.

"Miss Comfort, then," the stout man corrected himself, "if you prefer that name—"

"I ought to," remarked Miss Crabtree, "since it was given me by my sponsor in baptism."

"Certainly—certainly. I was only going to remark," added the stout man, nervously twirling his watch-chain, "that we have come to take you for a drive this evening."

"I don't think you have," said Miss Comfort, her quick glance traveling from one to the other.

"The carriage is at the door," said the man, advancing with a conciliatory smile.

"And there ain't no use a foolin' no longer!" added the tall stranger, impatiently.

"Better come with us quietly, like a good soul," said the stout man, laying his plump hand persuasively on Miss Comfort's arm.

But in the same instant, Miss Comfort, who had watched him as a cat watches a mouse, had charged at him with her knitting-needles, whose door stood ajar just behind him, turning the key upon him with the quickness of lightning.

"And now for you," said Miss Comfort, seizing the boiling tea-kettle from the hearth, and advancing in a menacing manner upon the tall man, who stood momentarily dismayed by this prompt coup d'etat. "Go into that cellar, or I'll scald you to death!"

The man tried to remonstrate, but Miss Comfort stepped forward with a threatening flourish of the tea-kettle, and he was compelled to obey; and a second after Miss Comfort smiled grim-

The Potato and its Culture.

Almost every one who lives in the country knows how to grow the potato, yet a few remarks on our mode of cultivation may not be out of place. Any dry, light soil suits them. Potatoes grow in a light sandy soil or more cruder and sweeter than those grown in heavy clay, and new soil is to be preferred, as it produces more and sounder tubers. The next point to be considered is the preparation of the sets. The potatoes intended for seed can be of any size, small ones are just as good as large ones, if not better. They ought to be cut four or five days at least, before they are planted, and spread out on a dry floor.

A little water sprinkled over them, before they are dry and also helps them to start, the eyes sooner. In cutting the potato, two eyes are all that ought to be allowed to remain on a set, and the sets made as large as the potato will allow, when strong stems will be produced.

In planting, the sets are to be placed with the eye upward and from twelve to fourteen inches apart in the row. The month of April we consider the best time to plant. They will succeed if planted in May or June, yet it ought always to be kept in mind that the earliest planted in any dry soil, produce the driest, finest and most abundant crops, and are not liable to be affected by the summer drouths.

Last summer was one of unusual drouth, and yet the potato crop yielded at the rate of 150 bushels to the acre. Of course, the ground was made rich with manure. The manure used was entirely from the cow stable; the cows are bedded with leaves all winter and the manure kept separate. I consider this composition superior to any other for the potato.

In preparing the ground, it ought, if possible, to be plowed early in winter and again in spring, you will find in spring the ground considerably lightened thereby, and harrowed over with a light harrow. Then run your rows off with a two horse plow; run twice in the row, that is, up and down. The rows ought to be three feet and a half apart, so as to give plenty of room to work them. There is very little gained by having them closer. In this furrow you spread the manure from a cart hauled over the ground. On the top of the manure you drop the sets and cover over with a one-horse plow, going up and down the row. In about three weeks or less above the ground, you level over the ridges by running a harrow over the whole ground. After they are up the foliage ought to be kept as un injured as possible, either from the working or the ravages of the potato beetle. We know of no better remedy for the latter than Paris green mixed with plaster, and dusted over them "while the dew is on; it is the most effectual remedy we have found to keep down the beetle. After this they will want to be kept clean, and earth plowed to the stems as they grow.

The potato continues to form tubers until the flowers appear, and after that to mature those that are formed. The maturity of the crop is readily known by the decaying of the stems, though they are fit for use before this. The potato ought not to be left too long in the ground after the haulm has thoroughly withered. Otherwise they may take a second growth, or be injured by rains. When you plow your potatoes out they should be picked and put in small heaps in the shade for a couple of days, until perfectly dry before storing away, and all earth, refuse and bruised or wounded tubers taken from them.—J. E. K. in American Farmer.

FREE FOR LAYING HENS.—A correspondent asks: "Can hens be made too fat to lay?"—Yes indeed. Fat hens rarely lay. If hens are fed so much or so often that they begin to fatten rapidly, they will soon stop laying. He asks again: "Is there any better way than to make hens lay?"—No food is better than Indian corn or ground corn (Indian meal) to fatten hens, and of course it should be fed sparingly to laying hens. If hens do not lay and are fat, feed them but once a day; at evening just before they go to roost—giving wheat screenings, buckwheat, and oats, in such proportions as you judge best. Throw the feed upon clean ground only so fast as they pick it up. Stop just as soon as you see any of the flock begin to wander away. Let them forage all day for weed seeds, grass, insects, etc. They must have warm quarters, well ventilated at night and a sunny run by day in winter. After a while begin to feed them sparingly a little meal scrap, chopped fine, broken bones, oyster shells, etc., and they will probably soon begin to lay.—Agriculturist.

A MISTAKEN BANDIT.—The following story comes from the West: An American who started to ride from Colima to Manizillo, in Mexico, was stopped on the highway by a well-armed bandit.

"Parson, senor," exclaimed the latter, "but I perceive you have my coat on. Will you have the kindness to remove it?"

The American produced a six-shooter, and cocking it, replied, "Senor, I am of the opinion that you are mistaken about that coat."

"On closer observation, I perceive that I am," the bandit answered, and disappeared in the woods.

A Professor Gunning. up in Michigan, is lecturing on "After Man, What?" A Fort Wayne editor, who has been there, wishes to remark that it is generally the sheriff or some weman.

The Pool of Bethesda.

We visit the pool of Bethesda. It is full of benevolence; many, many memories, for did not the angels here go down at a certain season and trouble the water, so that those who were diseased and waited along its five porches for the moving of the water should be made whole? Did not the sick man here receive from the Saviour his cure, for which he was reproached, it being the Sabbath day? Now, how changed! There is no water in the pool, save a little green pond in the corner. As we enter it the air is dusty and full of the cries of boys and men driving donkeys within, loaded with the refuse of the city, and whose baskets and pans are full of dirt, to be swept here, to other rooms, to other buildings. But to our mind it is now, as ever, blessed with the sweet waters of healing. An English engineer offered to the government to clean it out, connect it with its old sluices and fill it with pure water. The proposal was rejected. The tender shows that these sacred memories are not all dead, nor is the land altogether left desolate. It is said that one of the chief agonies of the Saviour was that "all forsook Him and fled." So they did, and it was the bitterest drop in His cup of misery; but now, after two thousand years, His name is in the household of hundreds of millions of the race! Out of this desolation, sacrifice and crucifixion, there is ascension for these millions, as there was for Him! Who can describe the healing and consolation which emanated from these scenes of suffering and salvation? Now, as then, there is the same deep meaning in the beautiful verse:

"Sad one, in secret bending low,
A dart in thy breast that the world may not know,
Wrestling the favor of God to win,
His seal of pardon for days of sin;
Press on, press on with thy prayerful cry,
The Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

If the streams, woods, grottoes, hills and mountains of Greece were peopled by imagination, with naim and nymph, dryad and God, illustrating the aspiration of our nature after the spiritual beauty with which we are surrounded, and if these mythic haunts still allure us to amid "dreariness by the fascinations of fancy, how much more entrancing the caves, pools, groves, mountains and rocks about Jerusalem, which are instinct with that wondrous benevolence which lived to bless and died to save. There may be no romance in the dry and dead scenery here; Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem may not be cities of palaces, like Vienna or Paris; they may have no frowning Propontis or Neva, like Constantinople or St. Petersburg; but here there is a history, illumined like a sacred mistal, and clasped in the everlasting rocks, for the vindication of which kings and crusaders have fought, and good men like James, Peter and Paul have died, and Chrysostom and Jerome have fasted, studied and prayed. There is yet to be a better epic of "Jerusalem Delivered"—delivered, not from Saracens or Turk; but delivered from the grossness which envelops it, so that its high estate on earth may correspond with the glory of its spiritual influences.—Congressman S. S. Cox.

How Our Ancestors Roasted a Goose.
Who after reading the following will not admit that the world has improved? The most cruel and brutal in this age would turn in horror from the necessary cruelty of torturing a poor creature as our ancestors did with a grave complacency, as if unaware of the suffering they caused.—Read and wonder:

"Take a goose or some such lively creature, pull off all her feathers, except those of the head and neck; then make a fire around her, not too close, so that the smoke may not choke her, and that the fire may not burn her too soon. Within the circle of the fire let there be small cups and pots full of water, wherein salt and honey are mingled; and let there be, also, chargers full of sodden apples, cut in small pieces. The goose must be larded and basted over with butter, to make her the better tasting, and also that she may roast better. Put fire about her, but do not make too much haste, when as you see, she begins to roast. For by walking about and flying here and there, being cooped in by the fire, that stops her way out, the unskilled goose is kept in. She will fall to and drink the water to quench her thirst and cool her heart, and all her body and the apple sauce will cleanse her. When she wasteth and consumes inwardly, always wet her head with a sponge; and when you begin to see her stumble, her heart wants moisture, and she is roasted enough. Take her up and set her on the table, and she will cry as you cut off any part from her, and will be almost eaten up before she is dead. It is mighty pleasant to behold."

[Wayne Co., (Ohio) Democrat.]
Mr. William E. Snyder of West Lebanon, Ohio, says: For some time I had been severely afflicted with Rheumatism. Seeing an advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil, I procured a bottle, and I could feel the effect of the Oil upon the first application. I am now entirely well after using one bottle.

Dr. Andrew Clark, of London, says of alcoholic beverages that in a perfect state of health there is absolutely no benefit to be derived from their use, and that as he goes through the wards of his hospital he concludes that seven of every ten cases owe their ill-health to moderate drinking.

The proper ventilation of our school-houses is one of the most important questions of the day. Cold feet, hot head and hands, and common ailments and headache, are the common complaint of many of the children in the crowded, ill-ventilated classrooms.

Each inhalation of pure air is a fresh thrill laden with poison; 150 grains of arsenic is the amount of the best room during the night, or 1,200 grains during the day. Unless that poison laden atmosphere is diluted or removed by a constant current of air passing through the room, the blood becomes impure, then circulates sluggishly, accumulating and pressing on the brain, causing frightful dreams.

Bad cooking is responsible for a large amount of ill-health, and so is rapid eating. Few persons chew their food perfectly fine before swallowing it. They have, so they think, time to eat as they should, and so they swallow something and go about their work. A writer says: "Three digestions are known to physiologists—mouth digestion, stomach digestion, bowel digestion. To make the food complete, the food should be ground fine by the teeth and mixed with the saliva and nothing else. Then, and not till then, it is ready to be introduced into the stomach; and go through the second process. The stomach is patient, long-suffering organ, but it cannot always do the work of the teeth and its own too, and when, from sheer inability to meet the unjust demands forced on it, dyspepsia will set in, annoying train takes possession, the helpless victim can only mourn over his unwise haste and repent of his omissions when it may be too late to repair them. Children especially need to be instructed as to the necessity of thorough mastication of their food, and the habit formed in them of chewing it fine and taking ample time to eat."

When going from a warm atmosphere to a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

THE WHEEL-HORSE.—There is a wheel-horse in every family; some one who takes the lead on all occasions. It may be the oldest daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother. Extra company, sickness, etc., give her a heavy increase of the burden she is already carrying.

Every summer vacation brings her rest and recreation; but her share of the family's duties must be put in order in order to leave the clothing for herself and the children which a country journey demands seems never to be finished; and the excursions and picnics which delight the hearts of the young people are not wholly a delight to the "provider."

Woman's work is never done. She would never have it done. Mistaking father and mother, cherishing her husband, nourishing and training her children—no true woman wants to see her work done. But because it is never done she needs resting times.

Every night the heavy truck is turned up the wheel-horse is put up in the stable, and labor and care are diminished till the morrow. The hills of the household van cannot be turned up at night, and the tired house-mother cannot go to a quiet stall for repose. She goes to sleep to-night feeling the pressure of to-morrow; she must have an eye over all until every one is in bed, and must keep an eye ready to open at any moment to answer the need of children, and open both eyes bright and early to see the machine well started for the new day.

Twenty years ago, when P. T. Barnum was in San Francisco, he advertised for a cherry-colored cat. An Irishman answered the advertisement, and offered to bring him a fine Tom cherry-colored pussy for two dollars and a half.

Barnum was so delighted that he sent the man the money at once, in order to hold him to his bargain; but his delight changed to unmitigated disgust when the Irishman came and jerked a wall-eyed, sickly-looking black cat out of his bag, and told him that its name was Billy, and that it was very fond of fish.

"What do you mean by bringing me this thing?" yelled Barnum. "Didn't you say you had a cherry-colored cat?"

"I did that, Mr. Barnum," said Mr. Michael McGuffin, "and didn't of bring you a cat? Didn't ye inter: at black cherry, ashore?"

The great showman has never advertised for a cherry-colored cat since.

An exchange says: "Man's average life is 33 years. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will always live, and he of whom it is said to cure will live longer."

Dr. Andrew Clark.

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Dr. Andrew Clark, of London, says of alcoholic beverages that in a perfect state of health there is absolutely no benefit to be derived from their use, and that as he goes through the wards of his hospital he concludes that seven of every ten cases owe their ill-health to moderate drinking.

The proper ventilation of our school-houses is one of the most important questions of the day. Cold feet, hot head and hands, and common ailments and headache, are the common complaint of many of the children in the crowded, ill-ventilated classrooms.

Each inhalation of pure air is a fresh thrill laden with poison; 150 grains of arsenic is the amount of the best room during the night, or 1,200 grains during the day. Unless that poison laden atmosphere is diluted or removed by a constant current of air passing through the room, the blood becomes impure, then circulates sluggishly, accumulating and pressing on the brain, causing frightful dreams.

Bad cooking is responsible for a large amount of ill-health, and so is rapid eating. Few persons chew their food perfectly fine before swallowing it. They have, so they think, time to eat as they should, and so they swallow something and go about their work. A writer says: "Three digestions are known to physiologists—mouth digestion, stomach digestion, bowel digestion. To make the food complete, the food should be ground fine by the teeth and mixed with the saliva and nothing else. Then, and not till then, it is ready to be introduced into the stomach; and go through the second process. The stomach is patient, long-suffering organ, but it cannot always do the work of the teeth and its own too, and when, from sheer inability to meet the unjust demands forced on it, dyspepsia will set in, annoying train takes possession, the helpless victim can only mourn over his unwise haste and repent of his omissions when it may be too late to repair them. Children especially need to be instructed as to the necessity of thorough mastication of their food, and the habit formed in them of chewing it fine and taking ample time to eat."

When going from a warm atmosphere to a cooler one, keep the mouth closed, so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose, ere it reaches the lungs.

THE WHEEL-HORSE.—There is a wheel-horse in every family; some one who takes the lead on all occasions. It may be the oldest daughter, possibly the father, but generally it is the mother. Extra company, sickness, etc., give her a heavy increase of the burden she is already carrying.