IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown holland apron she stood in the kitchen,
Her sleeves rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;
Her hair was coiled neatly; when I, indiscreetly,
Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater or brighter or sweeter,
Or who hum a song so delightfully low;
Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

Now deftly she pressed it, squeezed it and caressed it,
And twisted and turned it, now quick and now slow;
Ah me! but that madness I've paid for in sadness;
'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last when she turned for her pan to the dresser,
She saw me and blushed, and said shyly: "Please go
Or my bread I'll be spoiling in spite of my toiling,
If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She would not listen;
The sweet little tyrant said, "No sir! no! no!"
Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,
My heart staid with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy,
Your heart, love, has softened and pitied my woe;
And we, dear, are rich, in a dainty wee kitchen
Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough. —*The Housewife.*

CARRYING OUT THE TEACHER

"He don't know a hawk from a handsaw!" said Jad Day. "If he did he wouldn't come here."

"But we'll teach him so't he'll know afore we git through with him. He'll git the consate taken out of him," laughed Jote Yates.

"Won't he though!" chorused Ziby Swain, "Cuffy" Wyman and Nat Durfee.

These were some of the Kaidger boys. They were lounging about the school-house waiting for the new master. The winter's school was to begin that morning.

"Oh, you think yer smart," retorted Sally Briggs. "Talk about consate! He may take the consate out of you. It'll be a pity if he don't."

"Who's that just spoke up and said nothing?" sneered Jote, looking round with more seriousness.

The others laughed and Sally was silent, but she determined not to forget the insult.

"They say he wears store close," said Ziby. "I s'pose he thinks we never saw any here. Won't he feel highly honored though, when he hears us all salute him when he comes in?"

"Here he comes, fellers, just round the turn out by the alders thar'," cried Nat. "Be ready now to yell when he comes in. Bray and whinny just yer prettiest soon's he shows his head in the door."

The boys at "Kaidger Hill," were a rough set. They had the reputation of being the worst in the country. Since the town was first settled, there had been trouble in school nearly every winter. It was not wholly the fault of the boys. The parents were constantly quarreling, one family with another. The year before there had been loud contention concerning the school-house, the old one having mysteriously burned. Some people wished to build a new one, but the majority decided to occupy a log house, which a settler had abandoned. It was a strong structure. At a distance of twenty-five feet there was a cow-barn connected with the house by a covered way. The cow-barn with the covered walk was used as a wood-house. There was a door opening out of the school-room into the covered walk and another door where the walk connected with the wood-house. The outer door of the cow-barn was nailed up so that the only way into the wood-house was from the school-room. The doors were provided with strong iron "hasps" and staples. The wood-house bore among the boys the nickname of the "trap." Jad Day, Cuffy Wyman, Jote Yatas, Nat Durfee and Ziby Swan were rough youngsters from 17 to 19 years old, not lacking in bone or brawn, boastful of their powers at rough and tumble, and correspondingly deficient in intellectual gifts.

For three years there had not been a complete winter term of school in the district. Four "masters" had been "carried out" by the boys. Their mode of doing the "carrying out" was commonly to rush upon the unfortunate pedagogue and carry him out doors, and throw him into a snow-drift, or else put him into the "trap" and keep him there during the rest of the day. Usually the luckless victim was glad to depart—as soon as he could—from the district. One, however—a young theological student—returned to his post the next morning after being "carried out." He was taken to the top of the long hill lashed fast to a handsled and sent to the bottom of the hill, a wild ride of nearly a mile. He did not return even for his hat, which flew off his head midway of the hill. The next master was an itinerant Methodist minister, whose plan it was to combine religious with mental teachings. The method gave great offense to the Kaidger boys. For a week they pretended to have great respect for him, some even pretending to become converted. The deceived man went about openly rejoicing over the good work he had wrought. But two mornings later, the young barbarians carried him out into the woods, bound him to the top of a birch tree, which they had bent down by main strength and then let it go. The poor man was hurled upward and left dangling fifteen feet from the ground; and it was two or three hours before his shouts brought assistance. There was no more school that winter. A sign "To Let" was nailed by the boys on the front door of the school-house, and each of the brutal clique smashed a pane of glass every time he went past. The following autumn a young land surveyor, Ammi Bray, came into the township to "run" certain lots of land. He was rather above the medium hight and muscular, but his most disgusting feature was his eyes, which were very noticeably blue, and had a habit of dwelling with unusual steadiness on every person with whom he was speaking. The school agent asked him one day whether he had ever taught school.

"Never," replied Ammi Bray.

"Wal, I don't keer of yer never did," exclaimed the agent; "I want yer tu take our scule this winter."

"But, my dear man," replied Mr. Bray, "it would not be, from all accounts, a good place for an amateur. Besides, though I know something of mathematics, and once knew a little grammar and geography, I do not feel qualified to teach."

"I dunno's I keer ef ye don't know B from a bull's foot," exclaimed the perplexed agent. "What I want is a man that ken whop them confounded boys. Thar'll never be no scule here till they're whopped and cowed. And I believe you're the man to do it. But I tell ye what, they're a parcel of hyannys!" he added, almost doubtfully. "I dunno, sometimes, as the man walks as ken whop um!"

Ammi Bray took a day to think of it, and then he told the agent that he would take the school. Thus we find the surveyor on his way to the school-house "just round the turn by the alders," as Nat Durfee said, and the Kaid er boys waiting to "s'lute him." And the moment he showed his face in the doorway a dozen lusty throats poured forth a chorus of raspy whinings and brays—as a personal insult to his peculiar name of Bray. But Ammi seemed not at all disturbed. He presently called the school to order. His steady blue eye was so assertive of authority that somehow the Kaidgers were a little disturbed themselves. Perhaps the muscular ease with which the new master tossed the great "fore-stick" and "back-logs" into the fire-place served to hold them in check. Then, too, his manner of giving and hearing lessons was off-handed and manly. For the next four days they were impelled to behave quite well. But it would never do to let him rule them a whole week. The eighth of December was a bitterly cold day and the wind blew piercingly keen. It was a cold walk to the school-house, and on his arrival there Master Ammi found the chimney had refused its ordinary function. The room was full of smoke; and the children stood shivering and coughing. The five large boys above mentioned were sitting on the forward benches, pretending to study, but something in their manner caused the master to feel the mischief was intended.

"This is a bad fire for so cold a morning," he remarked. "Who laid it?"

"Jote Yates!" exclaimed Sally Briggs, spitefully, "and it seems to be stuffed up. But it can't be that anything's in the chimney," she added, sarcastically, "for I seen Jote on the roof looking into it as I came along to school."

"Something in the chimney?" repeated the master innocently. "What can it be?"

He saw the trap at once, but for reasons of his own he chose to walk into it, and got partly down on his knees, with his back to the boys, and essayed to look up the flue. This was the very thing the Kaidgers were lying in wait for. With a shout they all sprang upon him, pulling him backward on the floor, and then began dragging him through the door and along the covered way opening into the woodshed, or "trap." Somewhat to their surprise the master did not offer much resistance. "Don't be so rough with me, boys," he said, in what they thought a rather queer tone. In a moment more they had him in the woodshed—just where they wanted him, they thought—but just where he wanted them really. No sooner were they all inside than the athletic, but heretofore passive, Ammi Bray suddenly bounded to his feet and delivered two lightning blows which sent Joe and Ziby headlong and with tremendous force against the others. Before they had time to rally, the master was out and had hasped the door before them. "You will remain there, boys," said Ammi, "till you can appreciate a good fire!"

With this parting salutation, the master went back to the schoolroom. After some delay the wad of brush and turf was removed from the chimney, and lessons proceeded as usual. Thanks to their own precautions, the outer door of the woodshed had been securely barricaded, the mutineers were hopelessly prisoners, and ere long began to shiver in the cold wind which whistled through the chinks between the logs.

"Yer don't b'lieve he means to keep us here all day, do ye?" whined Nat.

"Yis, I du," snarled Ziby, rubbing a very puffy black-and-blue bunch over his right eye.

"Jes' like 'im tu. I tell you he's a regular blue pill, he is. Look at my eye."

"Wal, we'd a' sarved him the same sarse ef he hadn't up an' got the better on us," said Joe.

But there was no great comfort in that reflection, with the thermometer at thirteen degrees below zero.

"We'll be laft at by the hull town," growled Cuffy; and then each began to lay the blame on the other. But they soon had to bestir themselves to keep from freezing, and, after doing their best, they were soon thoroughly chilled. After a time they began shouting to be released; but two doors intervened between them and the schoolroom, and a high wind was blowing. Noon came and the noon recess passed. No one went near them, and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon they were so benumbed and so near freezing that they were ready to accept succor on almost any terms.

Perhaps it was for this that Master Ammi had waited; for not much after 3 o'clock he called up little Asa Foster and bade him go out to the "minister's" tree, as the children called the yellow birch, to the top of which poor Mr. Wentworth had been tied by the Kaidgers, and cut ten sticks, each as big as the butt end of a whip-stock. When these had been brought in, Master Ammi first warmed them before the fire-place and twisted them a little, and then he went to the door of the wood-house and asked the captive Kaidgers if they were cold, and whether they would like to come in and get warmed.

"Yes! yes!" they roared. "Let us out! Let us out!" He could hear their teeth chatter.

"Well," replied the master, "you can come into the school-room, one at a time, and get warm. Do you agree to that?"

"Yes, yes," they chattered.

"Well, then, Jad may come first," said the master, and he opened the door partly, but stood ready to force it to if the Kaidgers showed bad faith. Jad squeezed out, and the master, after hasping the door upon the others, escorted him into the school-room. Half frozen the youngster rushed towards the fire-place, but Master Ammi laid a heavy hand on his collar.

"Not so fast," said he. "I did not say you were to have fire heat. I have something that will better suit your case," and he pointed to the pile of big birch withes. "You great boys," continued Mr. Bray, earnestly, "have abused your teachers here for years. Some you have maltreated, even put in peril of their lives. Those were mean, ruffianly tricks. That was a cruel, fiendish outrage on Mr. Wentworth, who was honestly trying to do you good. You meant to use me in the same way this morning. But the day of retribution has come to you. I doubt if you have much appreciation of poetic justice, Jad Day, but you will soon feel the force of it."

Whereupon the master selected one of the withes and proceeded to quicken Jad's circulation. Jad howled and squirmed. But it was not until a second withe was reduced to a mere stub in the stalwart master's hand that there was any visible lull in the proceedings.

"Are you warm now, Jad Day?"

"Ow, ow! Yes, yes! O, I never'll do nothin' again, you, again—never will—never will!"

"Take your hat, then, and go home," said Master Ammi; and now he proceeded to let out Jote Yates.

Jote was as tall as the master. He had on a thick coat. After hearing a speech similar to that which had greeted Jad he was sternly bidden to take off his coat. Sullenly he refused, and backed into a corner, but with one jerk the master took the coat clean off from the fellow except the two sleeves on his arms, and it is doubtful whether the annals of old school districts can furnish an instance to match the "birching" that Jote then received. Completely cowed, smarting from head to heels, but effectually warmed, the ringleader of the Kaidgers was in turn sent home—behind Jad. And then Cuffy, Nat and Ziby were in their turn admitted to their equitable share of the yellow birch stimulant. The ten withes were used up, the floor liberally sprinkled with the bits and the five Kaidgers were sent homeward in Indian file, all warm.

A good job had been done. The backbone of riot and rebellion at Kaidger Hill was effectually broken. Jote left the place in a few days and went to work in the "logging swamp." After a week had passed the other four boys came to school and were made to study. Odd as it may seem, they came to be on pretty good terms with Master Ammi before the twelve weeks of school were past, and later in life Jad Day often said that Master Ammi was the best teacher he ever had. Mr. Bray taught the school at Kaidger Hill for three winters in succession, and from being the worst school in the country he made it one of the most orderly and best.—*Exchange.*

Turning to the Right.

The custom of "turning to the right" is not by any means universal in the United States, as is readily forced upon one's notice by a visit to Charleston, S. C., and other Southern cities, where the English custom is still retained. "Turn to the right" is the inexorable law of custom in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago and other large commercial cities, but in some cities of less magnitude there is absolutely no custom whatever, and it is to the right or left, as opportunity offers.—*Notes and Queries.*

The Longest Word in the Dictionary

Is incompetent to communicate the inexpressible satisfaction and incomprehensible consequences resulting from a judicious administration of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a preparation designed especially for the speedy relief and permanent cure of all female weaknesses, nervousness, and diseases peculiar to the female sex. The only remedy for woman's peculiar ills, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee to give satisfaction. See guarantee on wrapper of bottle. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for many years by the proprietors.

Why is the vowel o the only one sounded? Because all the others are inaudible.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Oh, I'll tell you a story that nobody knows,
Of ten little fingers and ten little toes,
Of two pretty eyes and one little nose,
And where they all went one day.

Oh, the little round nose smelled something sweet,
So sweet it must surely be nice to eat,
And patter away went two little feet
Out of the room one day.

Ten little toes climbed up on a chair,
Two eyes peeped over a big shelf where
Lay a lovely cake, all frosted and fair,
Made by Mamma that day.

The mouth grew round, and the eyes grew big
At taste of the sugar, the spice, the fig:
And ten little fingers went dig, dig, dig,
Into the cake that day.

And when Mamma kissed a curly head,
Cuddling it cosily up in bed;
"I wonder, was there a mouse," she said,
"Out on the shelf to-day?"

"Oh, Mamma, yes," and a laugh of glee
Like fairy bells rang merrily—
"But the little bit of a mouse was *me*,
Out on the shelf to-day!"
—*Kate M. Cleary, in St. Nicholas.*

LITTLE RUTH AND HER DOLL.

Ruth, a little, delicate, fair-haired girl, had been told she could go in the country with her mother next Monday. She immediately commenced to get ready. She took her immense rag doll called Victoria Marguetta, and with a piece of stick she began to play comb her hair, and in an authoritative tone she said: "Now, Victoria Marguetta, you can't go one step to the fresh-air fund if you have dirt in your head, for they would send you right back, my lady; what do you think of that?" Then shaking Victoria Marguetta until her head fairly lopped, she exclaimed: "Now, none of your sniveling; 'sposin' I did pull your hair a little, I guess you can stan' it, when you are goin' out where eggs grow, and where you can get apples what ain't got cholera morbus in 'em—think of that, my child. Now go to sleep and let your mouth water, when you dream of egg-trees and apple bushes—that is a good girl."—*Troy Times.*

A COON IN THE PULPIT.

A gentleman of Sparta, Ga., says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, has a pet coon. Last Sunday evening he made his appearance in the Presbyterian church during the discourse of the Rev. Mr. Dixon. He remained quiet for some time, then went into the pulpit, climbed upon one of the two tall-backed chairs, twisted himself around about the top, viewed the congregation from several different positions, then mounted upon the stand, drank water from the pitcher, thrust one foot, then another into it, laved his physiognomy, and then ambled back to one of the pulpit windows, and planted himself with a satisfied look on his countenance, apparently for the rest of the sermon. But the minister did not seem to put much confidence in the moral qualities of his visitor, so he requested that the animal be disposed of before services were further proceeded with. W. A. Burwell came to his relief, and drove his coonship from the window and premises.

MILLET'S MORAL COURAGE.

How the Great Painter Kept True to His Art and "Confession of Faith."

In 1859 he finished the "Angelus," which as a record of one of his earliest impressions was especially dear to him. He asked Sensier, who came to see the picture, what he thought of it. "Why, it is the Angelus," exclaimed his friend, "you can hear the bells!" Millet was satisfied. It had been his endeavor to give the music of the distant church bells in these bended figures of peasants who leave off work to pray at the sound of the Ave Maria. But it was months before the "Angelus" found a purchaser. Since Millet's death it has changed hands again and been sold for £8,000. The same year he completed "La Mort et le Bucheron," a subject taken from La Fontaine's fable of the worn-out wood-cutter calling for death to ease him of his burden, and shrinking back in horror when his prayer is heard and the grim skeleton appears. This picture, on which Millet had spent infinite pains, was rejected by the Salon. He felt the blow keenly, and saw in the decision of the jury an attempt to crush his art. "They wish to drive me into their drawing-room art," he said. "No, no, a peasant I was born and a peasant I will die; I will say what I feel and paint things as I see them." He found able defenders in Alexandre Dumas and M. Paul Mantz, but his art was too new, too original for the Parisian world.

Even his friends deplored his excess of austerity, and complained that he deliberately chose ugly and repulsive types. Corot, who knew him personally, frankly owned that he saw great knowledge and style in Millet's pictures, but that they frightened him. He was reproached on all sides as a demagogue, a Saint Simonis. The insolence of his foes waxed fiercest round his "Homme a la Hue," when that picture was exhibited in the Salon in 1863. It was then that he wrote the famous letter which Sensier calls his confession of faith:

"The gossip about my 'Homme a la Hue' seems to me all very strange...... Is it impossible to admit that one can have some sort of an idea in seeing a man devoted to gaining his bread by the sweat of his brow? They tell me that I see no charms in the country. I see much more than charms—I see infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers of which Christ said that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. I see the aureoles of dandelions and the sun spreads out beyond the world its glory in the clouds. But I see as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and, in a rock place, a man, all worn out, whose 'han' has been heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. The drama is surrounded by beauty. It is not my invention. This 'cry of the ground' has been heard long ago. My critics are men of taste and education, but I cannot put myself in their shoes, and, as I have never seen anything but fields since I was born, I try to say as best I can what I saw and felt when I was at work."—*Nineteenth Century.*

Electing Cleveland Means Free Trade.

Henry George created a sensation in Philadelphia Saturday night, September 15th. He spoke at the Academy of Music at the first great rally of the campaign organized by the Democratic City Committee. To the surprise of his audience and to the consternation of the Democrats, he boldly refuted President Cleveland's letter of acceptance, proclaimed himself an absolute Free Trader, and said that the re-election of Cleveland meant the overthrow of protection. Mr. George spoke for upward of an hour, and in the course of his remarks he said: "The present Presidential campaign marks the birth of a new era in American politics. The last election was largely fought on the personal characteristics of the candidates. The present issue represents a great fight for the abolition of industrial slavery. The question to be decided is, broadly, this: Are we to continue to support protection, or are we to declare for freedom? I am here to-night to support Grover Cleveland because he stands firmly for freedom. Let there be no mistake. This fight is founded on the plain issue which is to-day being discussed throughout the length and breadth of the land—protection or free trade. The practical measure put forward by the Democrats provides for a general reduction of the tariff all around from 47 to about 40 per cent. General Harrison is quite right when he says that this is a step the logical sequence of which is going further. That is why I stand on Cleveland's side and ask you to aid in his election."

Brice's Latest Lie.

The last audacious and preposterous lie sent out from the Brice bureau of intellect at New York, says the Dayton (O.) *Journal*, is an utter perversion of part of Hon. Chauncey M. Depew's response to a welcome from his friends on his recent return from Europe. The Brice bureau mutilated Depew's speech by substituting General Harrison's name for Cleveland's, as used by Mr. Depew. For instance, Mr. Depew said that he met a prominent Englishman in England who hoped Cleveland would be elected because his administration would be more favorable to the tariff (free trade) views of the English. The Brice bureau audaciously says that the Englishman said Harrison. Among notable things said by Mr. Depew in his speech was the following, which no Democratic paper will quote:

"One thing, my friends, that impresses an American abroad more than any other is the infinite superiority of our economic and industrial system, especially as he realizes the whole Continent is an armed camp. He sees there 10,000,000 men at the command of Government for war purposes, with all business based on the need of being ready for the great war daily expected. He sees all the young men of Europe in the barracks or marching on the highway, with the women driven into the field of labor. He sees half the population daily drilling in the art of murder, and the other half taxed to support them in their hideous work. When you see this picture and then compare it with our country, with an army invisible, except with the aid of a micro scope, and with a navy that a canal boat can run down; when you see a system under which no burden can be put upon the people save that which they willingly bear to meet an honest debt incurred in a war for their preservation; when you see everything harmonized to work out the best development of the country and the highest improvement of its citizenship, then you feel when you come back that truly there is no place like home." [Loud applause.]

Free Trade and Famine.

While foreign rule has been the crowning curse of Ireland, and the land system its most potent ill, I have always contended, says a noted writer, that the destruction of Irish industry by British law and policy was the underlying if not the immediate cause of the great Irish famine of 1846 and 1847.

While the Irish perished in the agonies of famine and fever, the people of England enjoyed prosperity and plenty. In France, Spain, Belgium and Holland, the wheels of industry were on the move, and beneficent Governments contemplated with satisfaction their happy peoples. Meanwhile the harbors of Ireland sheltered no sail save that of those American vessels which brought them the yellow meal; and the pirate ships of England that bore away the food and treasure of the country, or forever transported the youth, the innocence, the the blood and bone, the life and soul of the Irish nation. These emigrant vessels whitened the surface of the Atlantic with their sails; the bones of the Irish dead who perished in these fever ships—these huge, floating lazer-houses—whitened the very bottom of the sea. The artificial famine, of which the English free trade was the underlying if not the immediate cause, had done its work, and the London *Times* voiced the spirit of the English nation, that "the Celt had gone with a vengeance." Yea! the Celt had gone with a vengeance. The ancient race was scattered to the four winds of heaven. Some of them found homes in the sunny islands of the South Pacific; some turned their faces to the frigid north; France, England, Scotland, Australia, and Africa, each received a share; South America and Canada each welcomed a multitude; but it remained for the great republic to receive to her warm, young breast a majority of the guiltless outcasts of the British empire.

The Difference.

"Let me illustrate by my experience the difference between the workingman's possibilities in free-trade England and protection America," said William E. Meyers, of Jersey City, a retired paper manufacturer, to a New York *Press* reporter yesterday.

"Thirty years ago my brother and I were employed in a factory in Liverpool at $5 per week. I came to America in 1858 and obtained employment in a factory engaged in the same line of trade, while my brother remained in England. Two years ago I retired from business worth $300,000. Two of my sons, who succeeded me, have an annual income of $15,000 each; another son is a successful lawyer, while another is studying medicine. My daughter, who is a college graduate, is engaged to be married to a prominent minister."

"What about your brother in Liverpool?"

"He is still employed in the same factory at $5 per week, and he can neither read nor write."

Workingmen of America, are not these eloquent facts?

What are the incidents of free trade in England?

Low wages, poverty and ignorance.

What are the incidents of protection in America?

High wages, prosperity and free schools.

For which will you vote on November 6th?—*N. Y. Press.*

The National Educational Association.

The meeting at San Francisco was the best-entertained gathering of teachers that has ever been enjoyed in the world; probably the best that will ever be known in the future of the world's history. We appreciate how extravagant such an expression seems, but the conditions were such as will probably never be repeated. They certainly will not occur in Europe or Asia; they cannot in Africa; they will not in South America. The Eastern States have passed a long way beyond the possibility of any such display of hospitality. Our lesser cities could not do it if they would. It cost the State, counties and cities literally a total of tens of thousands of dollars to entertain the 8,000 teachers in attendance as they were entertained. California could well afford to do it, and we are glad she did it. It will go into history as a phenomenal even in the life of teachers. It is all well enough to say that we do not desire a repetition of such luxuriance of hospitality, but we are just as glad that we have had one experience of it. We do not think it well to have another meeting as large as that in Chicago in '87, but we are pleased that there has been one such monster gathering.—*American Teacher for September.*

Seasonable Notes.

The potato-beetle is said to have more than twenty species of parasites that prey upon it.

Cut-worms are killed by digging them from their hiding-places; also by fall plowing, which exposes them to the action of frost and to the attack of birds.

Borers are cut from the bark with a knife, or killed in their holes with a sharpened wire. Better still, wash the tree with a strong solution of soap in June or July, and kill the eggs before any damage is done.

Wood-peckers are great enemies of the borers; they never make a mistake about the place in which to dig. Pity men do not allow them the freedom of the orchards.

Pick up and destroy all fallen fruit under plum, apple and peach trees, and by so doing destroy hosts of curculio and codlin-moth larvæ.

Look for certain forms of the bot or breeze-flies this month; the adults of some species are now ready to deposit eggs.

Clean culture destroys many hiding-places of injurious insects.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Adhesive Qualities of Onions.

Paper pasted, gummed or glued on to metal, especially if it has a bright surface, usually comes off on the slightest provocation, leaving the adhesive material on the back of the paper, with a surface bright and slippery as ice. The cheaper description of clock dials are printed on paper and then stuck on zinc, but for years the difficulty was to get the paper and metal to adhere. It is, however, said to be now overcome by dipping the metal into a strong and hot solution of washing soda, afterward rubbing perfectly dry with a clean rag. Onion juice is then applied to the surface of the metal, and the label pasted and fixed in the ordinary way. It is said to be almost impossible to separate paper and metal thus joined. Probably metal show-tablets might be successfully treated in the same manner.—*Scientific American.*

Grapes as Food.

It is now conceded by scientists and well-informed men in all professions, that, as food for human beings, there is nothing in the vegetable world superior to grapes; and they not only give strength, endurance and vivicity to those who regard themselves as well, but restore the sick and debilitated to health, when eaten freely during the vintage seasons of the year, in the vineyards, or fresh from the city markets. It is also a well established fact, in grape regions, that the large number of girls who work among grapes continuously throughout the seasons of picking and shipping, which is from September to December, or later, gain in flesh from five to twenty pounds, and many who come from the cities, in debilitated health, return to their homes well and strong.—*S. F. Merchant.*

A "Dogonned" Insult.

The *Sanitary Era* says:

The poodle mania of women ought to have the line drawn against it at the human cemetery, at least. The luxurious inhumation of Miss Bell's dog in a $150 lot in Woodlawn Cemetery, with the monument to follow, was an insult to humankind which the Trustees should have had more common sense and right feeling than to permit it.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S WOOING.

The pedagogue among his pupils had
A maiden fair.
He loved her; who would not? Her eyes were soft,
And turned to his with saucy glance full oft;
And when his tiresome Latin put her out,
Her pretty lips were all to prone to pout;
He longed to kiss them—love had made him mad—
But did not dare.

One morn he met her on the way to school.
The hour was late,
But wait he would not, could not. Thus he sighed:
"Sweet maid, I prithee, be my beauteous bride!
Already has thou marked, nor need I tell,
That I have loved thee long, and passing well;
Nor time nor absence can my passion cool;
Let's conjugate."

"Ah!" with arch modesty replied the fair;
"That would be fine;
But 'tis impossible, for as thou know'st,
Small stock of learning can thy pupil boast.
The first declension now absorbs my thought:
The verb I have not yet at all been taught.
I cannot conjugate: all I may dare
Is to decline!"
—*Walter Clarke, in October Table Talk.*

The Black Walnut.

Every land-owner should plant the black walnut. It is the most valuable of trees. No tree can nearly approach it in yearly future value. Professor Brown, of Ontario, estimates from an experience of his own that an acre planted with this tree may in fifty years produce a value of $18,350. Professor Beal, from his experience, thought this estimate too low. Think of a mean annual income of $322 from an acre of trees, the trees and planting of which could be done for less than $50. At least every waste place, especially if the soil is rich, should be planted with the black walnut. It is a sturdy, handsome, vigorous tree, easily grown, because no animal and only one insect feeds on it. The white walnut or butternut is also a good thing to plant. The black walnut has a transcendent value but little known, which is that the fine European walnut (*Iuglans regia*) grows finely on it, either stock or top grafted. The hardier varieties of this finest of nuts from the north of Europe should succeed top grafted on this hardy stock in all the Middle and Southern States. The writer of this has sent thousands of black walnut seedlings to California for this purpose. Horticulture has yet hundreds of profitable paths untrodden.—*D. B. Wier, in American Garden.*

The Age to Marry.

We do not advise girls to put off marriage until they are three hundred and eighty years old, which was, I believe, the age of the daughter of Enoch when she entered the state of holy matrimony; but we think that they do not consult their best interests when the allow thoughts of love and marriage to occupy their minds in their "salad days," when they are "green in judgment." This precociousness works mischief in many ways. It prevents the enjoyment of happy years of maidenhood, when the mind and heart are free to expand under healthful influences; it prevents improving and elevating study; it occupies the mind with fancies, desires, and castle-building, which are not only futile but injurious; it indisposes for sensible views of life; it tends to the formation of a shallow and frivolous character; and it not unfrequently leads to foolish entanglements and hasty attachments, which cause much anxiety and distress. Sometimes it leads to marriage before either husband or wife know what they are doing, and before the girl is fit either physically, mentally or domestically for the cares of married life.—*From "The Five Talents of Woman."*

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CHATTANOOGA, TENN., June 27, 1888—Swift's Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: In the early part of the present year, a bad case of blood poison appeared upon me. I began taking S.S.S. under advice of another, and to-day I feel greatly improved. I am still taking the medicine and shall continue to do so until I am perfectly well. I believe it will effect a perfect cure. Yours truly,
DOC. P. HOWARD,
111 West Sixth St.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 7, 1888—The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.—Gentlemen: I was a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism for two years. I could get no permanent relief from any medicine prescribed by my physician. I took over a dozen bottles of your S.S.S., and now I am as well as I ever was in my life. I am sure your medicine cured me, and I would recommend it to any one suffering from any blood disease. Yours truly,
O. E. HUGHES,
Conductor C. & G. R. R.

WACO, TEXAS, May 9, 1888—Gentlemen: The wife of one of my customers was terribly afflicted with a loathsome skin disease, that covered her whole body. She was confined to her bed for several years by this affliction, and could not help herself at all. She could not sleep from a violent itching and stinging of the skin. The disease baffled the skill of the physicians who treated it. Her husband began finally giving his wife Swift's Specific, and she commenced to improve almost immediately, and in a few weeks she was apparently well. She is now a hearty fine-looking lady, with no trace of the affliction left. Yours very truly, J. E. SEARS,
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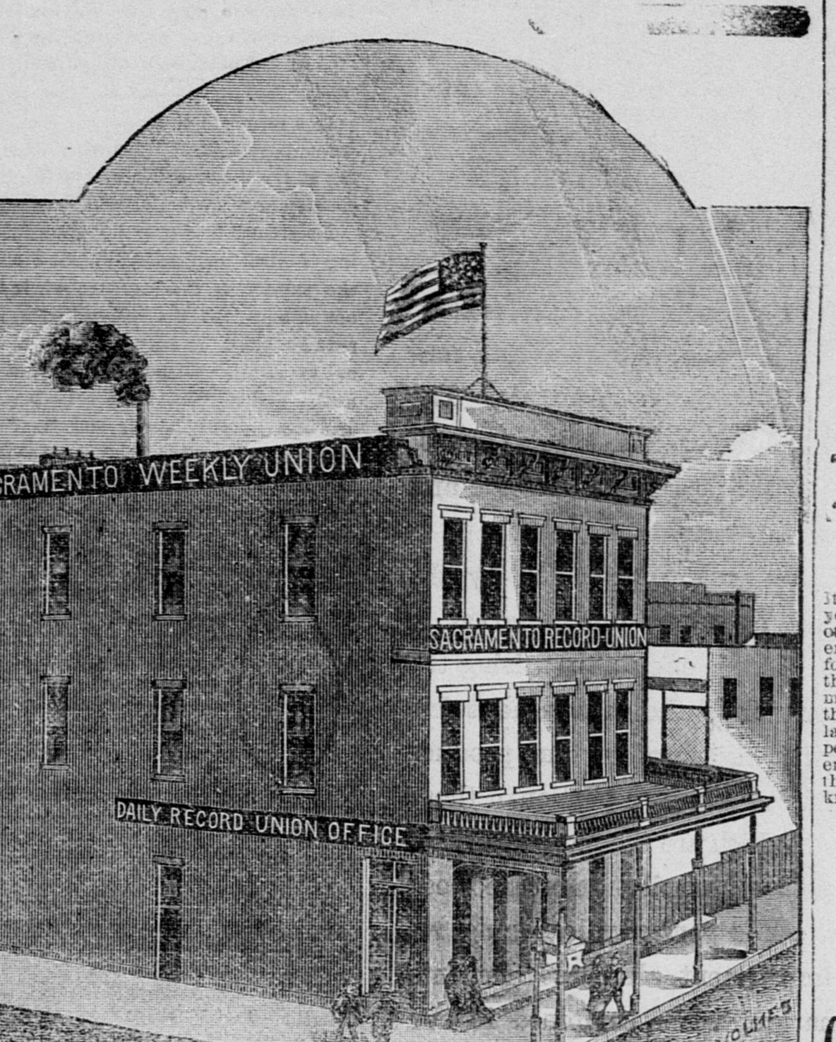

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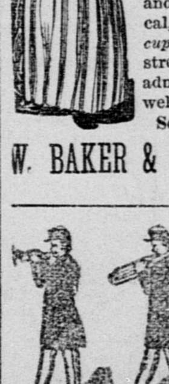

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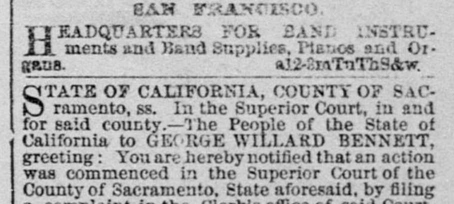

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF SACRAMENTO, ss. In the Superior Court, in and for said county.—The People of the State of California to GEORGE WILLARD BENNETT, greeting: You are hereby notified that an action was commenced in the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State aforesaid, by filing a complaint in the Clerk's office of said Court, on the 9th day of AUGUST, 1888, in which action CLARA BENNETT is plaintiff, and you are defendant. That the general nature of the action, as appears from said complaint, is as follows: To obtain the judgment of this Court dissolving the marriage between yourself and plaintiff, on the ground of your willful neglect of plaintiff, and also of your desertion of plaintiff. All of which more fully appears in said complaint on file, to which you are referred. And you are hereby directed to appear and answer said complaint within ten days from the service of this writ, exclusive of the day of service, if served on you in said county of Sacramento; and within thirty days, exclusive of the day of service, if served elsewhere. And you are further notified that unless you so appear and answer within the time above specified, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in her complaint.

In testimony whereof, I, WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk of the Court aforesaid, do hereunto set my hand, and affix the seal of said Court, this 9th day of AUGUST, A. D. 1888.

[SEAL.] WM. B. HAMILTON, Clerk.
BEATTY, DENSON & OATMAN, Attorneys for Plaintiff. au10-9tS

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—NOTICE IS hereby given to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the estate of CHARLES M. T. CHAPMAN, deceased, to present said claims, with the necessary affidavits and vouchers, to the undersigned, executrix of the will of deceased, at the office of Clinton L. White, northeast corner of Second and J streets, Sacramento, within four months after the first publication of this notice.

September 29, 1888.

SARAH V. CHAPMAN,
Executrix of the will of Charles M. T. Chapman, deceased.
CLINTON L. WHITE, Attorney for Executrix.
s29 5tS

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