# JAPANESE FARMING.

## HIGH RATE OF TAXATION AND THOROUGH METHODS.

### The Fertilizers Used—Works of Irrigation—Examples in Agriculture Worthy of Imitation.

The artistic nicety of appearance of Japanese farms has its natural counterpart on the practical side. Land is dear and taxes are high. The land tax was formerly three per cent., but I believe is now two and a half. Then there are specific taxes on special crops, such as tea, rice and silk. Rationally, therefore, cultivation is thorough. Not a square inch of soil is wasted, and the land is kept up to a high degree of fertility. In passing the farm houses, with their thick walls of mud plastered upon a net-work of bamboo, and their enormously heavy thatched roofs, sometimes nearly a yard in thickness, the tourist is struck by the absence of stables, cattle and horses. In some regions these are more numerous than in that through which we journeyed, but their use is by no means common. There are probably pigs in Japan, but we did not happen to see them. Domestic flowls are noticed here and there, often dwelling in social familiarity in the family apartments, but they are far from universal. Naturally, then, the thrifty Japs are put to their trumps for fertilizers; yet they use them profusely.

FERTILIZERS AND FERTILIZING.

Everything available is called into requisition—rags, rubbish, weeds, trimmings from forests and groves; nothing that has a particle of fertilizing vigor in it is neglected. Of course, in such circumstances much is made of human manure. Not an atom, fluid or solid, is wasted. In every Japanese dwelling which we entered were various retiring rooms, usually as neat as wax and as sweet as a confectioner's premises, where arrangements were made for complete saving in portable quantities. In some of the large hotels, where European apparatus had found place, there was European waste and uncleanliness. In primitive Japan nothing of the sort fell under our observation, although in the wilder districts it exists to some extent.

Conveniently near all places of public resort, such as tea-houses or bazaars, were the little accommodations, practically equipped for frequent emptying, easy of access. Even the wayfaring tramp was provided for, and he scrupulously availed himself of his privileges. An Englishman long resident in the country informed me that many Japanese market-gardeners were so reckless in the use of this material that he never used garden vegetables maturing above ground, like cabbage, spinach and the like, unless he personally knew and approved the locality of their growth. Well, there is such a thing as the abuse of the greatest blessings, but this system of manuring as practiced in Japan and China has fully demonstrated its value in keeping land in the highest state of fertility for centuries. Doubtless in the course of time agriculture the world over will be driven to its adoption, as well for financial as sanitary considerations.

IRRIGATION.

We notice as we go higher up the broad valley which we have been following, that the furrows in the grain fields became deeper and deeper. They still keep up their precision and nicety of form, but they have deepened from their original three to six inches to a foot or more. We pass a few sickly-looking tobacco plants, forming a border hedge to a barley field. We take a cross-cut over a ridge into another valley. On the ridge we find the tea region. The fields near the ridge are broken up into gigantic furrows, in some cases five or six feet deep. It is not quite proper to call them furrows here, although they are only the development of the furrow system. They are really great mounds with cross furrows or ditches between built up of squared clods of puddled soil in many cases. On these grow the same old crops which we have been watching, with here and there a few tea plants mixed in. Cucumber and melon vines also appear.

At this point the furrow system becomes clearly intelligible to us. Its object is to arrest, corral and store up every drop of rain. The furrows are all practically irrigating ditches, beginning shallow at the spots most remote from the mountain torrents, and steadily increasing in dimensions till they assume the mound form which has just been described. I really should have guessed this all out sooner, but some how I failed to do so. When the rains do come in this region, floods in the mountains are terrific, and the carefully furrowed, or I might better say diked, fields serve a double purpose. They not only compel the water to flow slowly and settle into the soil, but they aid in impeding torrents which would otherwise sweep the farm lands away with the besom of destruction. It was only about ten years ago that the valley which we have traversed was utterly devastated by the overflow of the great rivers, which are but dry sand beds in the protracted seasons of drought. The water was some five feet on the level in the great city of Osaka, during several days of that disastrous flood.

We found this out later, but we have guessed it from the character of the road over which we have driven. For a great portion of the way across the plain we were traveling over huge dikes. We went for several miles on one dike over a highway eighteen feet wide, while the level of the roadbed was twenty-five feet or so above the surrounding land. We crossed over and through a number of gigantic ditches or sluiceways. They were dry at the time, and where the road passed through them the heavy drop-gates were removed. In two cases we made abrupt descents from the beds of these ditches, through massive granite walls, into the heart of little villages over twenty feet below the ditch level. These enormous works of the Government must have entailed vast expenditures, but no doubt they are a profitable speculation in the long run, inasmuch as the paternal Japanese Government remits land and crop taxes in periods of devastation from floods.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

So far as we had a view of Japanese farms, then, they are practically worked on the irrigation system. This is perhaps the crowning feature of the methods of culture which have preserved the country for so many ages in a magnificent condition of fertility. It is a feature which might well attract the attention and experiment of American farmers. In California it is a necessity. "No irrigation—desert," is the law in that region. But even in the North it might be introduced—some features of it, at least—with advantage. During many summers spent in the hilly portions of New England, I have seen the hay and other crops suffer and even go almost to ruin during long periods of drought. Yet during these seasons of calamity there were brooks trickling away to waste on very many of the suffering farms. In the older countries they manage things better than this. The summer of 1887 was called a dry one in Switzerland, for example. But in driving through the farm country there I noticed the freshness of the hillside mowings, and would not have guessed at a drought had not the people told me of it. The secret was an open one. These sloping lands were traversed in all directions with narrow (say three or four inch, or even narrower) irrigating ditches, draining their supplies from the hills above.

This feature I found almost universal wherever I went—in France, Italy, Germany and Switzerland. The ditches go at a slight angle along the hill slopes. They do not impede machines in the least, and they require but little care, when properly constructed, for their maintenance. I am satisfied that the universal adoption of this system would be of immense financial value to our country. The farmers in some sections take great pains to keep trout poachers off their lands, while they permit a far greater robbery of their property on the part of unrestrained water courses. Japan and other ancient lands can give us modern agriculturists some points, after all, in farming science. Imagine the enormous returns of farming in some of our American States if it should be conducted with the thrift one finds in Japan!—*W. H. W. Campbell, in American Agriculturist.*

## HOMESPUN AND WHOLESOME.

### A Sketch for All Mothers with Boys and a Sermonette.

Here from the *Wisconsin*, a paper published at Milwaukee, is a piece of plain reading for those who have the care of boys:

"Mrs. Hardlowe and Mrs. Grant sat sewing. The placid face of Mrs. Hardlowe was as serene as usual, but Mrs. Grant seemed troubled and perplexed; suddenly she spoke:

Mrs. Hardlowe, what shall I do with my boy Will? It is the greatest torment of my life the way he reads dime novels. I have burned two this morning, and all I can say, he does get them some way."

"Perhaps there is a better way to deal with it."

"I should like to find it if there is. I heard Mrs. Ward say that her Henry had never read a dime novel. How I wish I could say the same."

"Oh! my Fred has."

"Why! How is that? I am surprised."

"Yes, and I read it with him. I found he was reading them on the sly. I said to him one morning, 'Fred, when I made your bed this morning I found a book under your mattress. You must have been reading after you went to bed.'

"'Yes, ma'am, I was,' he replied.

"'Well, don't do that,' I said. 'It isn't good for you. I finished my book last night, and why can't we read together? We have read so many other books, you know.'

"'Yes, mother, but I don't think you would care about this one.'

"'Oh! never mind about that—if you care about it of course I will.'

"When evening came I said, 'Now, Fred, let us have that book.'"

"He brought it very reluctantly.

"'Now,' I said, 'sit down by me, and as it is a stormy night we will have a good chance to get all the good we can out of it.'

"I took the book and read; when I came to where the Indians were carrying off the beautiful, lovely, delicate girl, and the boy of 16 was performing unheard of feats in an effort to rescue her, I looked up and saw Fred's face red as fire, his eyes dilated, and his whole frame quivering with excitement.

"I kept on until the girl was secreted in a cave and the boy was carrying food to her and killing snakes, Indians, etc., to show his valor and true love for her.

"Fred laid his head in my lap and sobbed and cried.

"When I had finished he jumped up and said: 'That's a jolly book! If ever I have a girl I'll do just that much for her.'

"'Well, Fred,' I said, 'let us see which is the jolly part?'

"'Oh, the whole thing; a boy would feel so big to do that for a girl. I just hate Indians.'

"'Well, now,' I said, 'we'll take each part and talk about it;' and I dissected the whole story and showed him how such things couldn't be done; how what had created so much emotion in his own breast was impossible. How the girl must necessarily have starved or died from fright if left alone the time described, and how senseless it was to believe for a moment that a boy of 16 could hold out against so many Indians!

"I tried to talk very carefully, and in no way to combat or ridicule any idea. Then I asked him if he could think of any good the book had done him, and tried to make him see that if he could not, he must admit that exciting the emotions to such an extent over impossible wrongs was very much like taking alcohol to gain strength. Ten o'clock came, and Fred went to bed. In about a week Fred was in the yard, when a boy came along and said: 'Fred, I have'—and held up three fingers. Fred replied: 'I don't care if you have. My mother and I are reading "Arthur Bonnicastle," and I like it better than those things. Your blood-and-thunder stories couldn't be true anyway.'"

Mrs. Grant was very thoughtful, but finally said: "Your way is a better one. I'll try to be more patient with my boy."

### Crows and Poison Ivy.

At the 138th regular meeting of the Biological Society of Washington, Mr. Burrows read a very interesting and instructive paper on "Dangerous Seed-Planting by the Crow," in the course of which he proved that this bird is a principal agent in the distribution of the poison ivy and poison sumach. The crow gathers the seeds of these and other species of *Rhus* from Maine to Florida, and during the entire fall and winter. One hundred and fifty-three seeds of poison ivy were found in a single stomach. At a fifteen-acre roost in Arlington cemetery, Mr. Burrows collected the excrement from a surface of three square feet, dried it and obtained twelve ounces of material, in which the seeds were counted. He found that one pound of the dried excrement which would be derived from four square feet of the average surface, contains 1,041 seeds of poison ivy, 341 of poison sumach, besides 3,271 seeds of harmless species of *Rhus* and a few others. The deposit is from one-third to one-half inch thick on the average and contains 346 poisonous seeds to the square foot. At this rate the roost of fifteen acres would furnish about 226,000,000 of such seeds. As the birds pass fully one-half their time flying over the country they have ample opportunity to spread the deadly species which furnish their food. The seeds germinate more quickly after passing the digestive tract of the crow than they do naturally—some of them within forty-eight hours. This valuable paper caused a great deal of discussion, in the course of which it was related that certain beetles have been observed to pass through a toad's alimentary tract "alive and kicking." We are reminded here of the little black-fish of Alaska, *Dallia pectoralis*, which endures the processes of freezing solid and sojourning temporarily in the stomach of the Eskimo dog, where the genial warmth induces it to break for liberty, by and with the advice and consent of its container.—*Forest and Stream.*

### Hedgehogs in the Rocky Mountains.

There are a great many hedgehogs in the woods here, and all hunters have a deadly hatred of them, and always kill them whenever found, under the idea that they otherwise will not have good luck in hunting. They do great damage to the timber by girdling the trees in winter as they feed upon the bark. There are acres of pine trees in some places where scarcely a tree has escaped them, a great many being girdled all around and killed. The animal sits on the snow, it is said, when gnawing trees, so that these girdled places show the depth of the snow. I saw some work of hedgehogs, however, where they had barked the tree forty feet from the ground in places where the snow could hardly have been so deep. I only came across one in my wanderings, a big shaggy beast, too lazy to get out of the way. I did not want to shoot it for fear of frightening the game in the neighborhood, and so contented myself with pelting it with rocks, whereupon he ran and tried to hide under a fallen tree, where I left him. One night about midnight I was awakened by a loud thumping and pounding just outside the tent, and on going out found one of the hunters in his night clothes belaboring a hedgehog with a club. He was taking his revenge on the animal for falling out of a tree and waking him up. *Forest and Stream.*

A negro who was on trial in Dodge county, Ga., was asked what he had to say in his own behalf. "Just tell the jury," said his lawyer, "whether or not you took the clothes." "Oh, yes, sah," replied the negro, "I certainly tuk dem clothes. But you see, sah, I tuk dem enduring the night, and dey can't prove it on me."

By trifling with a cold, many a one allows himself to drift into a condition favorable to the development of some latent disease, which thereafter takes full possession of the system. Better cure your cold at once with Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a good remedy for throat and lung affections.

The crown of Charles II., made in 1660, is the oldest existing in England.

# A TALE OF SIBERIA.

## ALEXANDER BARANOFF'S EXCITING EXPERIENCES.

### Once a Russian Officer, He Becomes a Siberian Exile—His Eight Years' Servitude.

There is living in this city, says the Boston *Advertiser*, a man who can tell stories of personal experience that almost out-Kennan Kennan's tales of Russian cruelty.

Alexander Baranoff, of this city is a Russian by birth, but has long been a resident of Boston and a naturalized American citizen. He came to Boston thirty years ago, a Russian exile who had made a remarkable escape from the mines and prisons of Siberia. Mr. Baranoff has told the story of his captivity and escape to an *Advertiser* reporter. The narrative is one of thrilling interest, and is briefly as follows:

"In 1848 I was a Lieutenant in the Shleselburg Regiment of the Russian Sixth Army Corps. My Colonel was Count Tolstoi, either a brother or an uncle of the novelist. I had been educated for the army in the Cadets' School at St. Petersburg. I was a very young officer in 1848, when the Hungarian revolution broke out, and the Sixth Corps was sent by Russia to the assistance of Austria.

"While under orders to proceed to Hungary our regiment lay at Kretinga, a city in the province of Wilna, Russian Poland, and on the Prussian border. It was the custom of a number of us young officials to go across the border at night to take part in dances and other jollity. Some of our officers were Poles, and the sympathies of many of us were with the Poles in their aspirations for freedom. Some of the officers had had communications with certain Polish nobles. In our excursions across the border we had managed to return in season to avoid detection. But one morning a party of us returned belated and we were arrested. Incriminating letters were found on the persons of some of us, and we found ourselves no longer army officers, but political prisoners.

"Sixteen of us were Court-martialed and sentenced to Siberia. We went direct from St. Petersburg to the mines of Nerchinsk, walking all the way with our ankles fettered with nine-pound chains. The distance from St. Petersburg to the gold mines of Nerchinsk is 7,500 versts, and we were fourteen months and three days making the journey. Our party of exiles left Moscow 800 strong. Every prisoner had his ankles fettered with a nine-pound chain, which was not long enough to allow his taking a stride of the ordinary length. I have seen prisoners with their ankles worn to the bone by the fetters. It would have been impossible to have journeyed long with the heavy chain dragging behind one upon the ground. So we wore around our necks straps or ropes which reached down in front and were tied to the chains, lifting them up to our knees and thus supporting their weight.

"The prisoners on their march were dependent mostly upon public charity for food, as the Government allowance per man was only about five cents per day. On our journey we averaged twelve English miles per day, passing each night at one of the station prisons. We marched two days and rested on the third. The rooms into which we were crowded by night at the stations were the worst things in the whole journey. They killed the most prisoners. In a room fit at the utmost for fifty people they would crowd 300 prisoners. The stench and filth of these rooms were horrible, deadly, unmentionable. Of our party of 800, 150 had succumbed and died by the way when we arrived at Irkutsk. As the prisoners died by the road their bodies were thrown into a wagon and brought along to the next station and buried.

"In our march through Siberia to the mines we passed through Tobolsk, Krasnoyarsk and Irkutsk, besides many smaller cities, towns and villages. We were guarded by Kirgis troops. A few prisoners escaped on the way, but I never heard what became of them.

"The last part of our journey—between Irkutsk and the mines of Nerchinsk—was the worst. In this stage we lost forty men on the road. Few Russians live in the country between Irkutsk and the mines. The inhabitants are a race of Christianized Mongolians called Bratski. As we crossed the Bratski desert we found these people living, not in houses, but in round, felt huts called yourti. They didn't have much to eat themselves, and so the poor prisoners had to carry a month's supply of food along with them or else starve.

"After a fourteen months' journey we arrived at the gold mines of Nerchinsk. I worked in the mines two years. These are rich gold mines, the gold being worth at least $18 per ounce. The prisoners worked all day long in the mines, but there was no Sunday work. We lived in barracks, 100 or 200 together, and still wore our chains. When the prisoners moved in a body the clanking of the chains could be heard a long ways. The food given us at the mines was poor. I stood the confinement pretty well, for I had some money with which I could buy better food than that which was served out to us.

"I remember one tyrannical overseer who served out bad food to the prisoners. The meat was bad and the vegetables poor. One day the soup, which was being made for 200 men in a great iron kettle, had a bad smell owing to the bad meat which had been put into it. There was a strong prisoner who had been heavily ironed because of his repeated complaints about the bad food. 'Never mind, boys,' said he, 'I'll give you something for supper to-day.' When the overseer came along the prisoner, ironed as he was, seized the overseer in spite of his struggles and, lifting him up, thrust him head first into the big pot where the hot soup was boiling. He held him there until he was boiled to death.

"Two weeks after this occurrence, eighty prisoners, of which I was one, ran away from the mines. There was no difficulty about escaping. No restraint was put upon the prisoners so far as preventing their escape was concerned.

"We took to the woods and broke our chains, and marched across the border into China. After a week spent in China we had to give up and turn back. We were half-starved, and the people were hostile. We had to fight our way as far as we went. There was no trouble about that, for we kept together and our party of eighty was good for 1,000 of the Chinese. But it became clear that the further we advanced the worse it would be. We saw it was no use and turned back.

"In Siberia we separated into small companies and started for Irkutsk. My party of three was captured on the Chinese border. We were sent, not back to the Nerchinsk gold mines, but to the iron mines of Petrofski. We took assumed names, and so concealed our identity. The iron mines of Petrofski are 350 versts from the Chinese border. There were 2,000 prisoners working in them when I was taken there. The work was harder in the iron mines than in the gold mines, and after a year I could stand it no longer, and ran away again. I made my escape with six others. We got to Lake Baikal, where we built a boat and crossed the lake. One of our number, a fine young fellow he was too, was drowned in the lake. We shaped our course by compass for Irkutsk, where three of us finally arrived.

"In going through the country this way you may wonder how escaping convicts manage to live. It should be remembered that the inhabitants of Siberia are largely descendants of convicts. The Siberians are a hospitable people, and their sympathies are with the prisoners. As we went by the farm houses in the night we would find all sorts of food, and even clothing, placed out of doors by the people for the benefit of runaway convicts. These things we were always free to take, but it would have never done to have stolen anything. That would have meant a shot from a gun.

"After getting to Irkutsk I stayed in the city four months with friends. Then three of us started on foot, our original intention being to make our way to Bokhara and thence to Persia, where we hoped to find an English ship. After walking 1,500 versts to Tomsk, we changed our minds and turned our faces toward Moscow.

"In our long journey back to Moscow we traveled largely by night, though not always, in Siberia. After getting into Russia we had to be more careful, and always traveled by night.

"As I have already said, the people in Siberia were friendly to us. They knew we were escaped convicts. We sometimes met soldiers on the road, but they did not trouble us. Many of the soldiers in Siberia have been sent there as a punishment, and so they were not likely to be overzealous. In Siberia we worked for the farmers in the summer, and staid with them in the winter. They supplied our wants and directed us on our course, telling us where to find friends and how to avoid a village where there was some man whom it would be dangerous for us to meet. The inhabitants of Siberia are a fine people. They are proud to say, 'We are Siberians.' Siberia is a splendid country. Its mineral wealth is very great, and many parts of the country are wonderfully fertile.

"When we came at last to Moscow friends supplied my wants. Then I went to Prussia and found myself out of danger. I had been in Siberia eight years in all, and four years had elapsed after escaping from the iron mines of Petrofski before I found myself in safety. From Prussia I went to England, and later came to America and Boston."

## SUNDAY EASY CHAIR.

THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

She wears no jewels upon hand or brow;
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But, tho' she walk in plain attire now,
She is a daughter of the King, and when
Her Father calls her at his throne to wait,
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore, she too, cares for them, every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand;
She heeds not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command;
She need not be afraid of anything
Because she is the daughter of the King!

Even when the angel comes that men call Death—
And name was terror—it appals not her;
She turns to look at him with quickened breath
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger!"
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back to live within the palace walls.

For tho' the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, like pictured in a frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that "imperial palace" whence she came;
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because—she is a daughter of the King!

—*New York Sun.*

Discontent is want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—*R. W. Emerson.*

True virtue does not publish itself; it does not even know itself.—*Hudson.*

Those that live in the Lord never see each other for the last time.—*German Motto.*

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the spent arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—*Hazlitt.*

I have gained this by philosophy: that I do, without being commanded, what others do for fear of the laws.—*Aristotle, B. C.*

The theologian cannot afford to be as ignorant of philosophy and science as a philosopher and scientist is of theology.—*Dr. Fairbairn.*

What I have done is worthy of nothing but silence and forgetfulness; but what God has done for me is worthy of everlasting and thankful memory.—*Bishop Hill.*

We are the members of one great body. Nature planted in us a mutual love, and fitted us for social life. We must consider that we were born for the good of the whole.—*Seneca.*

He who with strong passions remains chaste—he who, keenly sensitive, with manly power of indignation in him, can yet restrain himself and forgive—these are strong men, spiritual heroes.—*Robertson.*

That there should be a Christ, and that I should be Christless; that there should be a cleansing, and that I should remain foul; that there should be a father's love, and I should be an alien; that there should be a heaven, and I should be cast into hell, is grief embittered, sorrow aggravated.—*Spurgeon.*

Dr. Schaff, in his last volume on the German Reformation, has a long and learned note in which he traces the origin of the famous sentence, "In necessariis unitas; in non-necessariis libertas; in utrisque caritas" [in essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in both, charity,] to a tract entitled "Paraenesis Votiva," etc., of the probable date of 1527, by Rupertus Meldinius. Nobody seems to know who Meldenius was, but he lodged a sweet and sound principle, well phrased, in the mind of the world. And his fragrant conception has blessed multitudes who knew not whom to thank for it.—*The Congregationalist.*

### Rules for Planting Trees.

1. A valuable sort is worth more than merely a handsome tree.
2. Good, healthy, bracing roots are of more importance than a symmetrical top.
3. The roots should be long and strong enough, and the top made light enough to obviate any staking.
4. Manure should never be placed in contact with the roots in setting out a tree, but used for a mulch or top dressing.
5. Trees should always be set about as deep as they stood in the nursery, or two or three inches deeper, to allow for the settling of the earth.
6. Spread out the roots nearly equal on all sides, so that they may brace the tree well.
7. Avoid particularly any small cavity next the roots, but fill compactly against them on all sides with fine mellow earth.
8. A small, thrifty tree, with copious roots when set out, will be a good bearing tree sooner than a large one with mutilated roots.
9. Watering in dry weather crusts the surface and does not reach the roots.
10. Young trees should not be set in a grass lot, or among any crops of sowed grain; but the whole surface kept clean and mellow.
11. Shrivelled trees, before planting, may be made plump by covering for several days, compactly, with moist, mellow earth.
12. If newly-set ones suffer from drought, mulch the ground about them, and frequently sprinkle or shower the stems and branches.
13. The roots extend as far from the tree as its entire hight. Clean and mellow cultivation should therefore cover a circle twice as wide as its hight.
14. As a general rule, cultivation should be continued for six, eight or ten years from planting, after which closely-grazed or lawn-mowed grass may be permitted, with frequent top-dressing.
15. The amount of manuring or top-dressing must vary with the vigor of the trees; young trees should grow two or three feet yearly, and bearing ones one or more.
16. Keep an eye to the future shape of the tree, and timely remove small, needless, crossing or crooked limbs. This will obviate heavy pruning in after years.
17. Pruning when dormant tends to impart vigor, but if done when growing or in leaf, it checks growth, and therefor a feeble tree should never be pruned after growth commences in the spring. But healthy, strong growers may be lightly pruned at either season.
18. Most of the "bad luck" with young trees and orchards is the result of neglecting the preceding rules.—*Country Gentleman.*

Wm. Roberts, M. D., Physician to the Manchester, Eng., Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says: "Gradual failure of strength, increased pallor or sallowness, and disinclination for exercise is one of the prominent symptoms of kidney disease." Warner's Safe Cure is the only remedy that is guaranteed to cure kidney disease.

"If I put my money into the savings bank," said Pat, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh," answered his fellow countryman, "if you put it in to-day you can get it out to-morrow by giving a fortnight's notice."—*Exchange.*

# DEFECTIVE VISION.

## A WRITER WHO THINKS THAT COFFEE IS TO BLAME.

### Experience of a Patron of the Fragrant Narcotic—Results of Inordinate Coffee Drinking.

I am satisfied that defective vision and blindness will pretty soon be a prominent characteristic among the American people, the same as rotten teeth have been during the last 200 years. I make this assertion without having seen any statistics whatever on the subject of blindness. I found out long ago that a cup of coffee leaves a night shade on the brain which continues longer than an eclipse of the sun. I had long noticed that the eyes of old coffee drinkers had a dry and shriveled appearance.

Having discovered some years ago that my own eyesight was surely weakening, I then ceased to drink coffee as freely as I had used it, and became a moderate and more observant patron of the fragrant narcotic. But I have learned that moderate coffee-drinking is a hard thing to manage, being pretty sure to develop into the regular habit again with insidious ease, especially at those times when the physical system feels to be in need of some elixir. Besides, it is quite distressing for a person to be fighting off a powerful habit at each meal. I now feel free from the coffee-drinking vice, and will have no more trouble with it unless I shall again fall a victim to some church supper or to the magnetic blandishments of some buoyant hostess.

Having long worked at a trade which requires almost as exact a use of the eye as the occupation of a jeweler, I made the discovery that a single cup of coffee would have a perceptible effect on my eyes. This fact was the more apparent because my eyesight was originally very good—in fact, about the best. After having used coffee with indifferent frequency and copiousness for many years, my sight became abnormally weak, and I began to feel a horror of darkness, wishing that the sun would never set, and desiring instinctively to go to some place where the nights would be short the entire year. But now I have quite little of this feeling left. My eyes have regained to a curious extent their former range and spontaneity. I again enjoy the long panoramic views of nature which are afforded from the baby mountains that skirt Council Bluffs on the east like an encampment. I can take these long telescopic sweeps of vision again without blinking or feeling the weakened relaxation which alarmed me a week ago.

I have no doubt but what this weakness of the eyes which results from coffee drinking is due to the sympathy which the optic nerve has for the nasal cavity (the latter being continuous with the membrane of the mouth). The nasal cavity, with its first pair of brain nerves, is naturally a principal place to be affected by any drinking habit. For instance, to partake of a dish of soup will sometimes cause a person's breathing to become thick and decidedly labored. All of the sensory nerves are much affected by coffee-drinking—those gentle and highly refined threads of sympathetic force which enter largely into the sense of smell, taste, sight and hearing. The entire sympathetic system is likewise involved immediately in the coffee-drinking habit. The brain, again, is intensely affected thereby, because the principal nerves of the brain branch off from the nasal cavity.

Coffee drinking is especially injurious when it is resorted to as a backing for strong food. There are plenty of robust persons among us who have drank coffee pretty freely for a lifetime, but who are seemingly uninjured by it. To this fact I reply that appearances are sometimes deceiving to unpracticed eyes, and that a vice does not in all cases show its effects plainly in the first generation. The free use of coffee dates back only one generation in this country. But this I will say, that no person is as stout for three hours after having drank coffee as he was before.

As long as a person remains endowed with latent constitutional strength he can participate in different vices with seeming impunity—but he is gradually using up his capital and will reach his limit ere his life is fully prolonged. His children and grandchildren will show a degeneration of the family stock, though they doubtless exhibit at present a premature brightness of mind. Children that are allowed to partake freely of coffee will become restless, fussy and noisy, half wild with mischief. They probably advance in their school studies with abnormal rapidity. But they hate work. At times they are indifferent about education. Their strength goes to the brain. They grow rapidly, but not aright. They develop into men and women three years too soon. Yet their eyes dance with angelic splendor, and their cheeks glow with vermilion, providing they started in life with robust constitutions. If they began life with puny physiques, however, coffee will make them slim and ghostly, and their eyes and features flat. Coffee will seem to improve those persons only who have a surplus of constitutional vigor. These individuals will seem possessed with forms and faces of marvelous grace and finish, yet they will fade all too soon, and fall into the hands of the doctor. Coffee has a magical effect on the heart and circulatory system, and for awhile produces the intoxication which approaches that of opium or cocaine. It causes a swift growth and speedy decay. It produces beauty and exhilaration, but not endurance.—*North American Review.*

### Preaching to Maidens.

To look at the average American girl one would hardly believe that she needed all the advice she has been getting recently. In this age the prophets are so many, however, and the preachers and teachers do so abound, that it would be singular if the feminine portion of the rising generation escaped admonition. The young women have heard two voices in the wilderness within the last few days. One was the sweet, clear soprano of the poetess of passion, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the other the rather creaky tenor of that amiable small talk preacher, Charles Dudley Warner. It was not a duet; in fact, the poetess trilled in Omaha, while Mr. Warner warbled in Poughkeepsie. Neither were their strains attuned to one key. The cry of the milkman and the song of the mocking bird were not dissimilar.

For once Mrs. Wilcox did not linger upon the scrumptiousness of kissing, and denied herself even an allusion to her heart pants, delirious waltzes, languorous sighs and devouring eyes. She didn't drop into Wisconsin poetry at all. Simply she stood up and advised all American girls to cultivate a sweet manner and a kindly glance for the stranger or acquaintance. Very sensible advice it is, too, to tell the girls to dispense sunbeams instead of icicles, though she might have laid greater stress upon the need for sunniness in the home more than anywhere else. If she tunes up her lyre to that key henceforth, she may undo a great deal of the harm that she did with her pen dipped in very muddy ink.

Mr. Warner dared to talk of simplicity to the maidens at Vassar College. No report in full of his address has reached us, but he is known to have said: "It is a good thing to travel through life with just enough baggage," and we are therefore justified in believing that Mr. Warner was scared into something very like abandonment of his principles. To talk of simplicity's high value in one breath and in the next to say in effect that a girl should travel with what she deems enough saratogas, when we all know that the feminine desire for saratogas cannot be stated, is rank folly. No wonder that the historian tells us that the Vassar girls laughed at Mr. Warner.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

### Remodeling the Face.

It is hard to tell in which sex the quality of vanity is more strongly developed, but it is certain that both the average man and woman have enough of it and to spare.

Vanity will cause them both to do and to suffer for the improvement of their personal appearance, where no other consideration could induce them to undergo half as much.

New York fashionable gossip furnishes a case in point. A young woman, of the four hundred, blessed by nature with a nose most decidedly of the snub order, has lately undergone a remarkable surgical operation, which has changed that useful member into an organ of the purest Grecian outline.

It was a triumph of surgical skill, and had to be paid for proportionately, the bill having been $1,300. But the work is not yet complete. The nose, considered separately, is a very handsome one; but, taken in connection with the remainder of the face, is a misfit of which nature would not have been guilty.

It is, in fact, entirely out of harmony with the other features, and, though the young lady is for the time being satisfied and happy, she will have choice of either again putting herself under the surgeon's knife, and undergoing further suffering, or going through life with the disturbed knowledge that every stranger who sees her must smile at the incongruity of her features.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

### Use and Beauty.

Everyone longs for distinction, even those who are hopeless of attaining it. It is a pleasant thought that we can do well something which others only do passably, and even an insignificant kind of superiority is better than none at all.

The belle of a Western town is the possessor of such striking beauty that strangers visiting the locality are sure to have their curiosity to see her whetted by the prevalent reports. One traveler, who attended a sociable in the town hall on the only night of his stay in the place, was naturally desirous of meeting the beautiful Miss Hosmer, and, early in the evening, was introduced to a rather plain-looking girl of that name.

Not knowing just what the local standard of beauty might be, he was not at all sure that he was not speaking to the object of the general admiration, and thus began paving the way to certainty.

"During the few hours I have been here, Miss Hosmer, I think I have heard your name mentioned more frequently than any other."

"Yes," said the girl, heartily, "I dare say. My name is in pretty frequent use, but nobody means me. It is my cousin who is so much talked about."

"Ah? Then there are two beautiful Miss Hosmers," he said, with more gallantry than truth.

"No, there are not," said the girl, bluntly. "My cousin is a beauty, and I am distinguished in quite another direction."

"May I ask what it is?"

Her eyes sparkled with mischief, mingled with some real earnestness. "I'll tell you," said she. "I can make better Johnny-cake than any other girl in this town, or county, either!"—*Youth's Companion.*

### How the Baby Assists.

Reader, gentle or otherwise, have you ever noticed how the young father and mother of a first baby carry on a conversation?

If you have, you must have wondered how in the world they managed to talk to each other before the baby became a member of the family.

The following is a sample talk in a family of three, one of which trio is a baby one year old:

Mamma (with infant on her lap)—"Baby, as popper if he will div mommer ze paper." [The paper is given.]

Papa—"Baby ask 'oor mommer if s'e knows where popper's slippers are."

"Tell papa his slippers are in the hall closet, girlie baby." [The slippers are found and put on.]

"Baby, has oo been a good 'ittle totkins to-day?"

"Girlie baby, tell 'oor popper dat oo's been de bestest, doodest, sweetest 'ittle popsy wopsy in the town, so oo has."

"I's dlad to hear dat, baby. Popper's own daughter girlie must always be dood as dold."

"Baby, now tell popper baby totkins is goin' s'leeples, and can't talk any more. By, by, popper!"

"By, by, totkins!"—*The Time.*

### Statesmen Abusing the Weed.

Senator Hampton has a queer habit. He does not chew or smoke to any extent, but he is fond of pinching off sections of a fine cigar, powdering it in his hand and snuffing it. He will sit in the cloak-room where he can see the President's desk and snuff cigars for an hour at a time.

Senator Daniel, of Virginia, also has a nicotine fad. It is to indulge in a "dry smoke." That is, he keeps an unsmoked or half-smoked cigar in his mouth all the time. General Samuel Thomas, of the Brice-Thomas-Seney syndicate, got into this habit as a compromise between smoking and not smoking, and the result was a surgical operation to remove a tumor-like growth that appeared on his lips just at the place where he always held his unlighted cigar. The doctors told him to either smoke or let the whole thing alone, and not to carry an unlighted cigar in his mouth.—*Washington Post.*

A good appetite usually indicates good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla creates and sharpens the appetite and tones the digestive organs. It cures dyspepsia and sick headache.


ST. JACOBS OIL
For Bruises and Burns.
Fresh, Strong, Convincing Facts.

**Best Results.** East Providence, R. I., June, '88. While in the employ of the Barstow Stove Co., applied your St. Jacobs Oil to many bad burns of the moulders and always with best results. GEO. W. HORTON.

**Ladder Fell.** Galveston, Texas, June 23, 1888. Fell from ladder; bruised and sprained my foot and wrist; suffered five days; was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. JOSHUA WYTETH.

**Pitcher's Luck.** Detroit, Mich., June 9, 1888. Pitching ball sprained and bruised my arm; two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me. LOUIS RUSH.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ACCORDING TO A PARAgraph in the American Cultivator of Boston, Consumption is gradually decreasing in New England. This is a gratifying fact, and much of the credit of this condition of things is due to the extraordinary popularity in the past 50 years in New England of **Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup.** To this wonderful remedy more than all others combined is due the credit of decreasing the ravages of Consumption.

JULIUS BOYDEN,
No. 574 N. Main St. Providence, R. I.
Was a Soldier, and was discharged from the U. S. Army as an incurable Consumptive. His discharge reads "Advanced stage of Consumption of the Lungs." He writes:
"In September I went to see Dr. Schenck, and soon after began to use his Medicines. In the following April I was entirely well and went to work. From that time to this I have not spent one dollar for doctors or medicine."

DR. SCHENCK'S Book on Consumption, Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia, sent Free. DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

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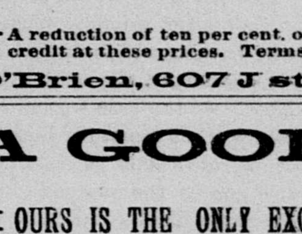
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