The Fun of the Thing.

THE LIEUTENANT'S PETITION.

To THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES:
Pity the sorrows of a subaltern,
Whose years of service mount up to a score,
Whose chase toward rank still leaves him far astern!
Oh! give relief, (and then he'll ask for more).

The silver bar in which low rank may speak,
The silv'ry crown 'n ath which my head appears,
Should tell the tale, (I could, had I the cheek
That a paired with rank, and thus compel your tears.

The slender maid who placed her hand in mine,
The golden day when first I won that bar,
'Is now a matron, fat and thirty-nine,
And lots of little maidens call me pa!

While I, alas! still struggle hard to feet,
With my poor pay, th' increasing monthly bills;
In one room and a kitchen must I strive to put
Wife, girls—our babe, the last new thing in frills.

Behold this hero!—brave and true and doughty,
A score of years ago, but now all day
Listless he sits—he's sixty, old and gouty,
And makes no sign, save when he draws his pay.*

And this one here the front of battle stept in,
To win his strap at bloody Monterey.
He was no chicken then—still is the old rock kept in
A place in which he's only in the way.

For when his company goes out on duty,
He stops at home—he cannot walk nor ride—
The work then falls on me, but not the extra booty.
Tis only this our seniors don't divide.

With those who've waited long, are waiting still,
Who've waited till both heads and hearts are gray,
We ask the passage of the army bill.
And your petitioners will ever pray.

MUGGINS.

David's Island, N. Y. H., April 12, 1892.

*Here Mrs. M. moved to strike out all after the enacting clause.

A Leetle Late.

When the oil excitement was at its height, hundreds of Ohio farmers drilled wells in search of the liquid fortune, and in a very few cases the farmer came out ahead of expenses. One of the poorest farms in Medina County was owned by Elder Smith, who kept the even tenor of his way, and looked upon the excitement as ungodly. One night some of the boys emptied a barrel of oil into a spring on the Elder's farm, and within a day or two, by the help of a stranger, there was a great hue and cry. The stranger called upon the Elder, and offered him $5,000 for his farm—then $10,000—then $20,000, and finally asked him if he would take $25,000 cash down. The farm was worth about $800, and speculation was ungodly, but the Elder replied to all offers:

"I will wait and consult the Lord in prayer."

In three or four days the sell was discovered, and then some one asked the Elder if he wasn't sorry he had refused the offer of $25,000.

"Well, I don't want to say I'm sorry," he calmly replied; "but I'll admit that if the Lord hadn't been a little late in answering my prayer, I might have gone to York State on a visit, this Summer!"—*Wall Street News.*

A TOAD STORY.—On our last visit to Decora, we were sitting with our heels on the stove in the Judge's bar-room, listening to accounts of large potatoes, onions, etc., when one of the crowd remarked:

"I believe this country produces larger toads than any part of the State I have yet visited."

"Toads!" echoed the company.

"I was trying my luck at trouting 'tother day in one of your streams," said the speaker, "when I noticed on the bank what I supposed to be a rock, about a yard square and two feet high. Feeling rather fatigued, I thought to take a seat on it, when I came suddenly to the ground. I sprang to my feet, and to my utter surprise, I saw the rock leaving for the back settlement in leaps not less than a rod and a half long."

The roar that followed that story can better be imagined than described.—*Clayton Co. (Io.) Herald.*

JENKS tells a good story of a man on a Mississippi steamer, who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, replied to all the questions straightforwardly, until the inquisitor was fairly puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired:

"Look here, 'Squire—where was yeou born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont Screet, No. 44, left hand side, on the 1st of August, 1830, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benjamin."

The Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:

"Yeas; well, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?"

JOHNNY CAKE.—Rev. Mr. Dodds relates that once when riding on the circuit, he breakfasted at a house where johnny cakes were served. Observing a feather protruding from his cake, he remarked: "Sister, your johnny cake seems to be feathering out."

"Yes," responded the lady, unabashed, "I told John no longer ago than yesterday, that he must either get a cover for the meal barrel or move the hen-roost."

THE Rev. Mr. B., an eccentric preacher in Michigan, was holding forth not long since in Detroit. A young man arose to go out, when the preacher said:

"Young man, if you'd rather go to hell than hear me preach, you may go."

The sinner stopped, reflected a moment, and saying respectfully, "Well, I believe I would," went on.

A MINISTER called at one of the rolling mills for the purpose of inviting an employee to attend a revival going on in his church. The young man was standing in front of a pair of rolls, and during a conversation the minister asked the youth: "Where would you go, suppose you were to be caught between the rolls?"

"The roller replied: "To the other side, of course."

LAWYER.—"May it please your honor," addressing the Judge, "this action will not lay."

Judge—"You mean it will not lie—hens lay."

Lawyer, some time afterward—"When will your honor be in session again?"

Judge—"I shall set next week."

Lawyer, with a peculiar corkscrew twist in his phiz—"your honor, hens set."

A WESTERN man visiting his brother in Danbury, espied a gun on the kitchen wall. "Is that gun loaded?" he asked.

"Oh, no, it's empty," replied the brother.

"Empty? For God's sake load it as quick as you can, or the children will get hold of it, and shoot each other!"

He had read the papers.

"IS THAT YOU, WILLIE?"—A woman in Wichita cured her husband of staying out late at night, by going to the door when he came home and whispering through the key-hole: "Is that you, Willie?" Her husband's name is George, and he stays at home every night now, and sleeps with one eye open, and a seven shooter under his pillow.

"WHY on earth don't you get up earlier, my son?" said an anxious father to his sluggish boy—"don't you see the flowers even spring out of their beds at early dawn?"

"Yes, father," said the boy, "I see they do, and I would do the same, if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

LITTLE Johnny's mother reached for him with her slipper, the other evening, for hooking the jelly, and after dusting the portion of his pantaloon that he sits on, she was surprised to see him laugh over it, and demanded the cause of it. "I was thinking how I fooled you; it was Carrie who hooked the jelly."

PATIENCE.—I remember, says Wesley, hearing my father say to my mother: "How could you have the patience to tell that blockhead the same thing twenty times over?"

"Why," said she, "if I had told him but nineteen times, I should have lost all my labor."

"WHY do they call the people who live in some of the South Sea Islands cannibals?" asked an old man of a sailor. "Because they live on other people," answered the sailor. "Then," said the old man, pensively, "my sons-in-law must be cannibals, for they live on me."

"As to being conflicted with the gout," said Mrs. Partington, "high living don't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disinherited it from his wife's grandmother."

E. A., Paris, Ill.: "Will you be so kind as to inform me through the columns of the *Siftings*, what ought to be done with a preacher who is opposed to women preaching and lecturing, from a Bible standpoint?" Reply: He ought to have his salary raised—and paid.

THE daughter of the proprietor of a coal mine, in this State, was inquisitive as to the nature of hell. Upon which her father represented it to be a large gulf of fire of most prodigious extent.

"Pa," said she, "couldn't you get the devil to buy his coal of you?"

A FRENCH lady, on her arrival in this country, was careful to eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied: "No, I thank you; I eat only my acquaintance."

"MOTHER! mother!" cried a little girl, who stood looking out of the window, "there's father coming down the street, leading two drunken policemen, and he's so ashamed, he's pulled his hat down over his eyes."

SOMEBODY in a Georgia court applauded, whereupon the Judge (we quote from the Griffin *News*) indignantly remarked: "Now, dry that up; I will let you know that this is no camp-meeting."

"I DO so like to talk to you," she said softly, in a pause of the conversation, beaming on him and sighing. "Why?" asks the unsuspecting youth. "Because," she answers gently, "you are all ears!"

A COUPLE of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey, got into the gutter. After floundering for some time, one of them said: "Let's go to another house; this hotel leaks."

SALLIE MORRIS, a pretty Newark girl, is a "mind reader." She said to a bashful beau, the the other night: "La! I believe you are going to kiss me." She was right.

"YOUR head reminds me of a soft-shell almond," said a Kalamazoo miss to a red-headed dry-goods clerk, who offended her with his silly compliments.

"WHAT is this man charged with?" asked the Judge. "With whiskey, yar honor," replied the sententious policeman.

For the Farmer.

FRUIT TREES.

How to Kill Your Trees, and How to Raise Fruit Profitably.

Fruit growing in Kansas is a blessed fixed fact. What man has planted ten or a dozen trees in the corners of his fence, and allowed the calves to browse off the tops and his horses to stand and paw over the roots, will now look you in the face and pusillanimously say, c-a-n-t raise fruit in Kansas!

We say to all that are not posted already, that the matter is settled beyond a peradventure. It is also a fact that your wives and children will have fruit; and you must pay the bill; how much easier, then, to grow your own fruit than be obliged to pay from $2.50 to $3.00 for a bushel of apples, and from $4.00 to $5.00 for a bushel of peaches, and scarcely to be had for that.

The writer is of opinion that nine out of ten of the farmers in this country would be willing to pay five hundred dollars to have a hundred good bearing peach trees on his farm.

Look back four or five years, and see how easily this might have been the case with you; trees could have been, and can yet be had for $15 per; hundred, of the very choicest varieties, budded the cost of preparing the ground is trifling; and sufficient vegetables can be raised on the same land to more than pay for cultivating the trees.

Take an acre of good, dry, high land, plow it deep, or subsoil plow it, which is better; put on a good coat of manure, and then drag it thoroughly; mark off your land twenty feet each way, and you will have 110 squares; plant your trees in the following manner: Trim up the tree as high as you desire; The future head should be then cut off from one-third to one-half the length of all the remaining branches. See that the centre is well opened to admit the air and sunshine, and see that your tree is evenly balanced.

Dig the hole large enough so that the roots can all be straightened out; and if any roots are bruised or broken, cut them off with a sharp knife.

Set the tree in its place, and fill the hole about half full of fine soil from the surface; then throw in half a pail full of water to settle the soil around the roots; then fill the hole, and raise the ground several inches higher than the ground around, tread the soil down with your feet, and the planting is done. You have now arrived at the point where nearly all planters fail; having paid out their money for trees, and planted them in a proper manner, they seem to think their work is done. Having planted your trees, place around the tree and for a distance of four or five feet beyond the body of the tree some chip manure, old tan bark, rotten sawdust, or the like, about one foot deep or more. This keeps the ground moist and of an even temperature, and does away with the necessity of watering during the summer. Winter-killing is a serious drawback, but the prevention is very simple and easy. In the first place—you must begin in the fall—say about the 1st to the 10th of August, go to your peach orchard prepared with a sharp knife, cut off from one-third to one-half of all the wood that has grown during the spring and summer. This will retard the growth, and cause the wood to harden and get ripe. Ripe wood seldom if ever winter-kills, unless the tree is otherwise neglected. And it may here be said with truth, as all who have taken an interest in fruit growing in Kansas are aware, that peach trees grow as fast in September, and even part of October, as they do at any time, thereby making a large quantity of wood that never gets ripe.

In this latitude, where the changes during winter are so very sudden, it is necessary to protect peach trees from the heat, not the cold, during winter. In January, we invariably have a warm spell from ten to twelve or fifteen days; peach trees, under the influence of the cheering rays of the sun, begin to show signs of life; the sap starts; the buds swell; and from all appearances, we will soon have spring. But alas! how soon our hopes are blighted, and the trees stop too. A sudden storm comes; the buds that a few hours before looked so promising for fruit, are frozen stiff and turn black, and the tree is left in about the same condition as a man sitting in a current of cold air while in a state of perspiration; both become stiffened, sick, perhaps die.

From personal observation and trials made, the writer is of the opinion that this freezing and thawing of the roots, connected with late growth, is the principal, if not the only cause of winter-killing.

The remedy, in connection with August pruning, is simple and easy. In the early winter, when the ground is well frozen down to the roots of the trees, take some dry manure or straw, place it around the trees; and as far as the roots will be likely to have run, cover three or four inches deep; then put on about a foot or fifteen inches of manure that is damp. This will keep the ground and roots frozen during the entire winter; and when those warm spells come on, no sap will start up; no buds will swell, and the tree will remain in perfect health. When spring opens, spread the manure that is around your trees, over the ground, to provide for the crop of the coming season. The writer has, in this manner, kept trees from growing until May. Trees thus treated will well repay for the time spent in protecting them from the effects of a mild winter, and late frosts. Now let us consider the matter financially, and let facts and figures speak for themselves:

Subsoil plowing one acre,	$8.00
Dragging one acre,	3.00
100 budded peach trees, choice varieties,	50.00
Planting 100 trees,	17.00
Total,	$78.00
Interest on $78.00 at 20 per cent. per annum, for three years,	45.60
Cultivation of trees for three years, paid for in vegetables raised on the same land,	
Total expense at end of 3 years,	$123.60
Fourth year 2 bus. peaches to each tree, at $3 per bushel,	$600.00
Fifth year 4 bussels to each tree,	1,200.00
Total,	$1,800.00

Here we have from an outlay of $78.00 a profit in five years of the large sum of $1,676.40. We might enlarge on the subject, but a word to the wise is sufficient. Of course some fruit would be raised the second and third years, but that is not taken into account.

The writer's object is to draw the attention of our enterprising farmers to their own interests and the general good of the community.

WILD FLOWERS IN GARDENS.

Lovely Blossoms That May be Had for the Mere Digging.

There are many real lovers of flowers who have the first requisite for a garden—the land—who let the surroundings of the house fall into neglect merely because they cannot afford to buy plants with which to ornament them. It is possible in most parts of the country to make a beautiful garden without the outlay of a dollar for plants. Could the persons referred to visit European gardens or even see European catalogues, they would find that the common plants around them are elsewhere highly valued. Aside from the trees, there are many shrubs that may find a place in the garden, and a host of herbaceous plants from which a proper selection will keep a garden gay the whole growing season.

Take our common lilies, for example. Aside from the far West, there are three common in the States east of the Mississippi; two of them are low, not over three feet high, and common in meadows, while the taller "Superb Lily," in rich, swampy places, is six or eight feet high, and bears a pyramid of ten to thirty or more flowers. If one should make a collection of these native lilies, he would be surprised at the great variety they present among themselves, not only in size and number of the flowers, but especially in their coloring. One could make a collection of these native lilies and by careful selection find a great variety among them. So with many other native plants, which will amply repay the care that may be given to them, and one can easily stock a garden from the woods and fields.

It is late now to take up most wild plants, but it is well to mark all attractive specimens for future removal. For marking shrubs for removal to the garden, it is well to carry in the pocket a piece of cotton cloth, and tie a strip to any desirable plant. When the leaves have fallen, the ends of the strip of cloth may be seen at a long distance, and indicate the plant.—*American Agriculturist.*

Place for the Pig-Sty.

Desirable as it is to have the pen within easy reach from the kitchen, it is yet a barbarous custom to have it so near that its noise and offensive smells penetrate the house. Wherever it is there should be a good walk provided, for convenience in carrying slops to it. Nor should it be too close to the horse stable. It is thought that a horse-stall next to a pen is pigs, and especially to breeding sows. The only harm would be to the horse and his master, arising from the foul smell of the hogs. Let the pig-sty be arranged on one side of the barn-yard, so as to allow the pig-manure to be mixed with that of the horse and cow, as they severally accumulate. One apartment of the pen should open into the yard, so as to allow the hogs to run out and work over the horse manure, and to feed on such grain as they may find among it. The pig pen should, of course, have its sleeping room well provided with straw, and the whole establishment should be kept clean.—*Rural American.*

In the Poultry Yard.

The young chicks will thrive best when kept clean and dry. Those hatched this month, if of the best breeds, usually begin to lay early in the fall, and if kept warm and well fed, will give a supply of eggs through the winter. If the coops are placed in, or adjoining the garden, to allow the chicks to wander freely through it, they will do little harm, until large enough to scratch up the beds, and nibble at the plants, while they will destroy many insects. Let them have an abundance of pure water and wholesome food; these, with good housing from the wet and cold, will secure health and profitable growth. See the full treatment of the rearing of Turkeys, on p. 201.—*American Agriculturist for May.*

Currants.

A correspondent of the Indiana *Farmer* says:—"I have found the cultivation of currants to be very profitable. By care and attention I have greatly increased the size of the bushes and the quality of the fruit. My bushes now about six or eight feet high and are remarkably thrifty. The cause of this large growth, I attribute in a great measure to the fact that I have been in the habit of pouring soap suds and chamber lye around their roots during the summer season. I am satisfied from my own experience, and that of some of my neighbors, that this treatment will produce a most astonishing effect upon the growth and product of the bushes, and would advise others to give it a trial.

TO FEED the land before it is hungry, to give it rest before it is weary, and to weed it before it becomes foul, are the best evidences of good farming.

OFFENSIVE war against weeds, is five times less expensive than a defensive one.

Our Scrap Book.

TWO NAMES ON THE OLD BEECH-TREE.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

Two names upon the old beech tree,
Far in the deep wood's solitude,
Are fading, yet indelibly
Are writ where change may not intrude.
For love keeps watch, and memories sweet
Thrill one whose heart will near forget;
A path still traced by weary feet,
Leads to the tree. An anchoret,
Through long and lonely Summer hours,
With broken heart alone she strays
Among the broken spirit flowers
That bloomed for her in other days.
A halo bright as Heaven's strand
Illumes the consecrated place,
That will not fade, though Time's rude hand
Shall lath these names at last efface.
A thousand things come back in dreams,
So dear to two, long years ago.
Them, pinnate-like ferns, by moss-fringed streams,
Hide from the sunbeam a love-lit glow,
And underneath the old beech-tree,
A Paradise, cool retreat,
O'er which wild vines creep tenderly,
Reclines their dear old trysting seat.
Two hearts beat there. One has gone hence.
Two youthful forms stood side by side:
One blushed in maiden innocence,
The other laughed in boyish pride,
And carved the names he loved to write,
Together on the old beech-tree.
And while the joy of first love-light
From blue eyes rippled merrily,
He stooped and kissed, in fond delight,
The lips that could not speak their joy.
The world just then was, oh! so bright
To them, that artless girl and boy.
With fragrant flowers he wreathed her hair,
That hung in careless curls of brown,
And asked her always thus to wear,
In Summer-time, a wild-flower crown.
That moment bright in memory shines,
And still through all her life's lone hours,
Just as he wreathed it, she entwines
For his dear sake her hair with flowers.
The changing years have come and gone,
The changing moments come and go,
Still bringing with each golden dawn
To every heart its weal and woe.
And lives, by Fate's relentless knife
Are severed—rudely cut apart—
While love, that wakes but once in life,
Till death burns in the lonely heart.
Two hands were folded, long ago,
Across a silent, pulseless breast,
And down where weeping willows grow,
A manly form was laid to rest.
Two soft blue eyes were closed in death,
A spirit wafted home to God.
O, why is spared life's bitter breath
To her who 'neath the chastening rod
Has grown so weary? Why were not
Both names upon the old beech-tree
Carved on the stone that marks the spot
Where sleeps he in death's mystery?

OSHKOSH SHIRT ORCHARD.

Oshkosh has had a visit from a humorous book agent, one who took an entirely new course in getting his book before the people. Instead of going to a house, and commencing by showing the pictures of the book, the binding, and so forth, he would engage the woman of the house in pleasant conversation, and make jokes, relate stories, and repeat puns, until she was so enchanted, that she would buy a book almost every time. He got several orders for his book, and was on the high road to prosperity, until Monday, when he came away on a gravel train as far as the first station, and walked the rest of the way to Fond du Lac, where he had his broken arm set, put raw beef on his black eyes, and is growing some new hair. It was washing day, and quite muddy, and as he went to the gate of a residence, he noticed that the clothes line had fallen down, and the woman had hung the clothes on the trees in the orchard. The agent thought that would be a good subject for humorous remarks, and when the lady came into the room, with her sleeves rolled up, her hands puckered up from the soap-suds, her apron wet, and her temper red-hot, the agent smiled, and said:

"Ah! Madam, I notice your shirt orchard is bearing well, this spring. Trees seem to be loaded." And then he laughed pleasantly. She just looked at him, but didn't say a word.

"The shirts are so much more profitable than we can raise, in this climate," said he, looking out the window at an apple tree on which were several wet shirts, flapping in the wind; "but they should be grafted with the pillow-case, or the towel, to appear at their best;" and he smiled a beautiful smile, and opened his canvassing book.

"Sir!" said the lady, as she wiped some suds off her nose with the under side of her apron, "what is your business with me?"

"Presently, madam, presently," said the agent, as he pointed to a pear tree, and restrained himself with an effort from laughing right out at his humor. "It shows intelligent cultivation to produce such results in this clay soil. Why should we keep sheep, when we can raise woolen stockings on a pear tree? What is the use of repining, when red flannel petticoats can be rais—"

"Look-a-here, mister," said the lady, who was getting tired, as she folded up a pair of clothes-bars, and took hold of them with both hands. "I have heard almost enough of this zephyr."

"One moment, madam," said the agent, smiling. "The skirts on the cherry tree speak to me of the millennium. The corsets on the lilac bush tell me that there is to be good here. The children's drawers that hang on the gooseberry bush will grow, in the warm sunshine, to be large enough for a grown person; and I see the tall stockings on the crab apple tree, with holes in the heels, kicking at a pink sun-bonnet on the limb above, and I wonder—"

At this point, the lady recovered from her astonishment, and in a couple of minutes the agent came out the front door, and struck head first on the gravel walk on his nose; one coat tail was pulled off, and the man got into the street and ran toward the depot, while the woman went into the kitchen, saying she could run that shirt orchard without any help from book agents. At Fond du Lac, the agent said he fell off the train and struck an ice house. It is safe to say the humorous book agent has canvassed Oshkosh as much as he will, this season.—*Peck's Sun.*

Horace Greeley's Shoes.

About the year 1870, when Arthur Barret was President of the Fair Association, Mr. Greeley accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address in the amphitheatre at the Fair grounds. Colonel Todd was chairman of the reception committee, and after the close of the address, escorted the speaker to his room at the Southern Hotel, where he bade him good-bye, as Mr. Greeley was to leave the city early on the following morning. Before leaving him, however, Colonel Todd said:

"Well, Mr. Greeley, I trust that during your stay here everything has been done for your comfort, and that everything has been satisfactory to you."

"Yes," replied Mr. Greeley, slowly, and with considerably hesitancy, "everything has been as pleasant as I could have desired, except—" here the old gentleman looked sadly down at his feet, and after a brief pause resumed, "except that some one stole my shoes, last night."

"Stole your shoes?" echoed Colonel Todd, in astonishment, also surveying Mr. Greeley's feet.

"Yes," replied Mr. Greeley with a sigh, and moving his feet uncomfortably. "Yes, I left them outside my door last night, and some one walked off with them. But a new pair was left in place of the old ones, and that's what troubles me. The old ones were easy and comfortable, but the new ones hurt my feet.

"One might be pardoned," said Col. Todd, "for wantint to step into your shoes. Perhaps some one wanted them as souvenirs."

This was intended for a compliment, but Mr. Greeley was too much interested in his feet to notice it. He only said: "Perhaps so; but I would very much prefer my old ones to these, and wish they had taken something else as a souvenir."

The next morning the old fellow limped down stairs, and took a carriage for the depot, carrying away with him probably a very unfavorable impression of the souvenir hunters of St. Louis.

Several weeks elapsed before the mystery of the stolen shoes was solved. It was then ascertained that a colored man named Wilkinson, who was one of the barbers at the Southern, had really taken Mr. Greeley's shoes as mementoes of the man who had worked so actively and earnestly for the freedom of the negroes. In speaking of the matter to Col. Todd, Wilkinson said that he walked along the hall near Mr. Greeley's room, and seeing the shoes standing outside the door, the idea struck him that they would be just the things to give to the children, to remind them of him who had done so much for the colored man. He therefore took them, hurried out of the hotel, and went to a shoe store, where he purchased a pair of much better shoes of the same size as the old ones, and returning to the hotel, put the former where the latter had stood. He thought that a fair exchange was no robbery, and felt that he was giving much more in actual value than he was receiving. Wilkinson is dead, but the shoes are probably now in St. Louis. It is understood that several relic hunters are looking for them.—*St. Louis Exp.*

About Boys.

The boy of to-day is not receiving the proper home culture. Children slip away from parental care. This is due to the rigorous old-time home culture. Education must be inculcated by the mother. In Wales, England, the character of the mother is inquired for as a recommendation for the son. The average boy, noisy, impetuous, detesting home work, bankrupt in education and a dodger of churches and other pious places, yet has a fathomless tenderness for his mother, but he wants no spectator. He is characterized by a passionate loyalty to whatever he espouses, and a high sense of honor to which appeal can be made in most cases. One thing in his teaching is imperative—moral purity. Let the mother inculcate this with loving care, putting aside all false notions of modesty and prudishness. Let us have done with the belief in the saying, "Wild oats must sometime be sowed." He who thus sows must inevitably reap a similar harvest. Every boy should be trained to respect womanhood. Nothing so much adorns manhood as his respect for woman. The boy should be trained in politeness. This has a commercial value nowadays. He makes his way in the world easier for a pleasing address. There is no reason why the boy of to-day should not be taught the ordinary rules of etiquette. Good manners are to a man what beauty is to a woman. But best of all, train boys in honor, in integrity and trustworthiness. Every boy should have an industrial occupation, and that in harmony with his tastes. So with girls. To sum it all up, train the boys in manliness, that standard of manliness that combines the strongest virtues with the gentlest weakness. Let him be like a hand of iron in a glove of velvet. There is nothing higher or nobler than this.

IT now appears that the guillotine was not invented by the humane French physician, Dr. Guillotin. A picture of this instrument of death has been discovered in a series of paintings in the Chapel-Bridge at Lucerne, representing the persecutions of the Church in the Province of Helvetia, under the pagan Emperors of Rome.

ONE of the legends upon the walls of the rooms in which the Wisconsin Dairymen's Association held its recent annual meeting was, "Talk to your cows as you would to a lady."

Useful and Curious.

Hydrophobia and its Cure.

Among the many advances which the germ theory of disease is now making, few could be more interesting than that which would enable us to cope with the terrible malady hydrophobia, justly dreaded from its fatality and nature; and already we are beginning to get a glimpse of a possible cure for the disease. M. Pasteur, the pioneer and leader of this branch of practical medicine, found that it was possible to "cultivate" organism from the saliva of a boy who had died of hydrophobia, and that after this artificial cultivation the organism introduced into a rabbit produced a disease which, though rapidly fatal, differed in its symptoms from those of true hydrophobia. M. Galtier, taking up the inquiry, and acting on a principle which has been found to hold good in another disease, viz., that the effects of the virus differ considerably according as it is introduced into the veins, and thus into the circulation directly, or into the tissue underneath the skin, and so directly into circulation, injected some hydrophobia virus into the veins of a number of sheep and goats. The effect was no inconvenience to, or symptoms of disease in the animals, and further it was found that they were now rendered protected against the action of hydrophobic poison when recieved into the body in the ordinary way, while other sheep and goats not protected in like manner quickly succumb. Further experiments are now being made by the same French veterinary surgeons to ascertain if this injection of virus into the veins has any effect on the development of true hydrophobic poison communicated by the bites of animals. There is another remedy which has of late years been tried for hydrophobia, and it is said in Germany with success, that is, the arrow poison of the South American Indians, known as urari, curari, or woorali. This substance has the effect of preventing motion by paralyzing the nerves which go to the muscles known as motor nerves, and as one of the worst symptoms of hydrophobia is interference with respiration by the respiratory muscles being spasmodically contracted, it seems likely that this substance, by rendering the nerves less capable of conducting the impulses which place the muscle in contraction, might be of use, and there are several cases in which this drug has been accredited with effecting a cure.—*Land and Water.*

Diseases of the School Room.

Parents cannot too strongly insist that the school room shall be surrounded by all possible safeguards against the dangers which here so often threaten health and life. We give the substance of an article on this subject, by Dr. C. A. L. Reed, in the *Herald of Health.* Among the diseases having their origin in the school room are the following:

ANŒMIA.—This is due to a deficiency of red corpuscles in the blood. The symptoms are paleness of the skin, lips, gums and tongue, and a bluish tint to the whites of the eyes; a feeble, quick and easily accelerated pulse; capricious appetite and intense thirst; a sluggish mental action, variable temper and easily depressed spirits. The causes are defective ventilation, and studies beyond the capacity of the pupil. Our class system "affords healthful exercise to some pupils, while it imposes destructive tasks on others."

CONSUMPTION.—This perhaps is not actually produced, but a latent taint is called into active exercise. It has two forms. The one (tubercular meningitis) affects the coverings of the brain, and is particularly due—aside from defective ventilation, etc.—to intense mental activity. The other attacks the lungs, and and is especially due to impaired respiratory action, the result of prolonged sittings.

CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.—These on being introduced from abroad soon become epidemic. No pupil should be allowed to mingle among the scholars from a house infected with smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, etc. Even children affected with pulmonary consumption should be separated from the school room.

NEAR-SIGHTEDNESS.—This is caused by the constant adjustment of the eye to near and small objects, before it has become mature and firm. The light should be ample and rightly adjusted.

SPINAL DISEASES.—The child should always be able to rest his feet on the floor and the middle of his back against the back of his seat.—*Youth's Companion.*

Company.

The *Evening Post* thinks it is not hard to have a little company to tea, or to spend the evening, if the lady of the house knows how to plan the work and does not crowd too much in one day. It says, "If the cake is made the day before, it will be fresh enough, and if you are so unfortunate as not to be entirely successful in making or baking, you will have time to remedy this trouble by trying again.

"If salad is to be part of the supper, the chicken may be prepared in the morning, and then late in the afternoon the dressing may be prepared and the salad mixed.

"When it is in the dish and ready for the table, wet a clean cloth in vinegar and lay over the top; this will keep it moist, and it will not lose its flavor by standing.

"If you are to have sandwiches, they may be buttered early and a damp cloth laid over them.

"Have the dishes and silver ready, and put in a convenient place where you can get them with no delay or trouble of counting. Silver may be rubbed and table-cloth and napkins laid aside days before.

"Above all, after having done these things, do not worry; think over all the times you have been out to tea, and you will hardly be able to recall a single time where anything went very badly.

"Avoid confusion; if any one is to help you, be she servant or friend, let her distinctly understand what her duty is to be, so that you will not interfere with each other."

A High Stool.

By introducing a high stool into the kitchen, a great deal of the work may be done while sitting; for instance, dishwashing, bread and pastry making, ironing, etc. This humble piece of furniture, when properly introduced into the economy of the work, will prove to be a source of salvation to many a woman tired to death from being so much on her feet. One can do with ease all the above enumerated tasks, which are usually done in a standing posture, and the facility in working while seated upon a stool is, of course, greatly increased by practice. With an ironing board well adjusted at both ends, and high enough so that the knees will pass under it, one may do a large ironing, only rising to change the iron. And if one is too much of an invalid for that, she can have a small charcoal stove, which will heat the irons, placed at her hand. With such contrivances ironing becomes "fancy work," for a lady may do it in her parlor with ease. The charcoal or kerosene stove is very nice for "doing up" fine and elaborate pieces that require much time and skill. If your stool has an adjustable top, which may be raised or lowered at will, it will be still more useful. The reason why very many tired women do not sit more at kitchen work is because the ordinary chair is too low, and it is impossible to bring tables and shelves down to the level of chairs. But the high stool and the adjustable stool make the thing pleasant and practicable. Try the experiment, tired housewives.

Curative Uses of Charcoal.

Charcoal is valuable as fuel, but it has other uses which make it a most serviceable article. When laid flat, while cold, on a burn, it causes the pain to abate; by leaving it on for an hour, the burn seems almost healed when the wound is superficial.

Tainted meat, surrounded with it, is sweetened. Strewn over heaps of decomposed pelts or over dead animals, charcoal prevents unpleasant odors. Foul water is purified by it. It is a great disinfectant, and sweetens offensive air if placed in trays around apartments.

It is so porous that it absorbs and condenses grease rapidly. One cubic inch of charcoal will absorb a hundred inches of gaseous ammonia. Charcoal forms an excellent poultice for wounds and sores. In cases of proud flesh it is invaluable.

It gives no disagreeable odor, corrodes no metal, hurts no texture, injures no color, is a simple and safe sweetener and disinfectant.

A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of water often relieves sick headache. It absorbs the gases and relieves the distended stomach, pressing against the nerves which extend from the stomach to the head.—*Ithica (N. Y.) Journal.*

A NEW TREATMENT OF TETANUS.—The foreign medical journals publish in full the views of Dr. Ria on tetanus, and his new treatment of the same. The disease, he believes, consists essentially of an exaggerated reflex irritability of the spinal cord, which may be indifferently caused by traumatisms, toxic influences, or so-called rheumatic action. Since the motor tracts of the cord responds in a morbidly exaggerated manner to all sensitive impressions, the main object of treatment, he thinks, must be to lessen the sensory excitation—the cord, by this means, gaining rest, and thus return to its normal condition being made possible. Dr. Ria, therefore, emphasizes strict isolation of the patients; they are, he says, to be separated from their friends, and kept from all possibility of sensory impressions—even the physician to exercise great care in his intercourse with the patient, lest the latter be disturbed.

The following curious puzzle beats the celebrated "13-15-14," and is well worth investigation. Take a strip of paper or cardboard thirteen inches long and five wide, thus giving it a surface of sixty-five inches. Cut this strip diagonally as true as you can, giving two pieces in the shape of a triangle. Now measure exactly five inches from the larger end of each strip and cut it in two pieces. Take these slips and put them in the shape of an exact square, and it will appear to be eight inches each way, or sixty-four square inches—a loss of one square inch of superficial measurement, with no diminution of surface. The question is, what becomes of that other inch?

THE Government Method prescribed for cleaning brass, and in use at all the United States arsenals, is claimed to be the best in the world. The plan is to make a mixture of one part common nitric acid and one-half part sulphuric acid in a stone jar, having also ready a pail of fresh water and a box of saw-dust. The article to be treated is dipped in the acid, then removed into the water, and finally rubbed with saw-dust. This immediately changes it to a brilliant color. If the brass has become greasy, it is first dipped in a strong solution of potash and soda in warm water; this cuts the grease, so that the acid has free power to act.

TO RENOVATE BLACK SILK.—Grate three or four large potatoes into water, and strain off the water, after letting it come to a boil. Then put an old dark colored kid glove into it, and boil for ten minutes. Sponge over the breadths of the dress with the glove, and when damp enough to iron well, press on the wrong side with a flat-iron not too hot, as silk scorches easily.

TO KEEP the grass out of brick pavements, use strong brine frequently.

Cuticura
THE NEW BLOOD PURIFIER
Resolvent

I will now state that I made a miraculous cure of one of the worst cases of skin disease known. The patient is a man forty years old; had suffered fifteen years. His eyes, scalp and nearly his whole body presented a frightful appearance. Had had the attention of twelve different physicians, who prescribed the best remedies known to the profession, such as iodide potassium, arsenic, corrosive sublimate, sarsaparilla, etc. Had paid $500 for medical treatment with but little relief. I prevailed upon him to use the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and the CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. He did so, and was completely cured. The skin on his head, face, and many other parts of his body, which presented a most loathsome appearance, is now as soft and smooth as an infant's, with no scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months.

Reported by F. H. BROWN, Esq., Barnwell, S. C.

SCROFULA SORE.

Rev. Dr. ——, in detailing his experience with the CUTICURA REMEDIES, said that through Divine Providence one of his parishioners was cured of a scrofulous sore, which scar or trace of the disease left behind. He has now been cured twelve months. CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally. The poison that had fed the disease was completely driven out.

ECZEMA.

Sixteen months since an eruption broke out on my leg and both feet, which turned out to be Eczema, and caused me great pain and annoyance. I tried various remedies with no good results, until I used the CUTICURA RESOLVENT internally, and CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP externally, which entirely cured me so that my skin is as smooth and natural as ever.

LEN. M. FRAILEY, 64 South St., Baltimore.

CUTICURA.

The Cuticura treatment, for the cure of Skin, Scalp and Blood Diseases, consists in the internal use of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, and the external use of CUTICURA and CUTICURA SOAP, the Great Skin Cures. Price of CUTICURA, small boxes, 50c.; large boxes, $1. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1 per bottle. CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA SHAVING SOAP, 15c.

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CATARRH

Sanford's Radical Cure.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Chills and Fever instantly relieved.

Choking, putrid mucous is dislodged, membrane cleansed, disinfected and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and constitutional ravages checked.

Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, &c., cured.

One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for $1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

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