INDIAN CHIEFTAIN.

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VINITA, - INDIAN TERRITORY

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth;
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth—
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
The kindly word in grief's dark hour
That proves a friend indeed—
The pine for mercy, softly breathed,
When justice threatens high,
The mercy of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the tribes sweet and frail
That make up life's first bliss,
Hope with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
These hallowed ones cheered and lips have met,
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell—
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In its unfeeling record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lose not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true,
So shall a light that can not fade
Beam on thee from a high,
And angels voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

MIRIAM DOUGLAS.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you, sir; but the lock on your sachel is broken, making the things unsafe, besides being a very shabby old bag, sir, begging your pardon." So quoth Eliza, relict of Josiah Nims, the sexton, to her lodger, Rev. Julius Byron.

"What a bore," exclaimed this gentleman, "when I really haven't the time to attend to anything but these letters!"

"I have an errand which takes me past Piper and Tipson's; I could buy you a new sachel, if you would trust me. Going among all those fine people at the wedding with your lock tied up with a bit of string wouldn't do at all, sir."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims; I have great trust in your judgment, and should be obliged if you would attend to the matter for me and save my going into town."

As the door closed after his landlady, Rev. Julius Byron resumed his writing with a sigh of relief. As he sat leaning his head on his disengaged hand—a hand beautiful enough to atone for plainness in all other features had nature willed him to be plain—Julius Byron was an ideal picture of a student—brown eyes, with a far-away, dreamy look, hair long enough to show a tendency to wave loosely back from the forehead, and a pale, clear complexion set off by a golden-brown velveteen coat, which he wore when in his study. Twenty-nine years old, undeniably handsome, gifted with winning manners and shepherd of a flock most willing to be guided, Julius Byron, as if by a miracle, had escaped being spoiled and petted into effeminacy. His safeguard lay perhaps in a pair of soft eyes which had held him spellbound for a few rapturous weeks, and the witchery of which had lasted over three years of almost total separation.

Miriam Douglas, dispensing tea and ginger-bread to a horde of charity children in the park at Mount Edgecombe, was one of the prettiest and daintiest of modern Hebes, in a muslin dress in colors matching forget-me-nots and her eyes equally well, and with roses at her waist and throat which stole their delicate tint from her cheeks. Miriam was seventeen that day, and the fine muslin was her first long dress, to this the little lassie paid far more attention than to the admiring gaze of two dreamy brown eyes. After the feast there were offerings of flowers, good wishes, and rather too many kisses and embraces from the charity children, and, among her other trophies, Miriam Douglas carried away the heart of Rev. Julius Byron. Had she known this, it would have affected her less than the consciousness that the Parclay girls, her former playmates, were enviously admiring the grown-up womanish arrangement of her bright silky hair.

There were a few tennis parties and five o'clock teas after this, during which Mr. Byron worshipped his divinity from afar. She seemed a little in awe of him and rarely spoke with him more than five minutes at a time. What a delightful task it would be to chase away the timidity from the soft, fawn-like eyes, and how pleasant to think that the sea-shell pink stole to her cheeks from joy at his approach!

Fate, however, cruelly interfered with Mr. Byron's dream of awakening loving confidence in the bosom of this bashful maiden of seventeen. In three short weeks, before he had made any perceptible headway, Miriam was summoned to the bedside of a dying relative and Julius Byron was called to a parish in a commercial town.

Three long years this idyl had been in the past and through all this time the memory of Miriam Douglas excluded any other love from the young clergyman's heart, though many were the goddesses willing to be therein enshrined.

He wondered at himself; she had slipped completely out of his material existence; he knew not where she was, or if she were dead, or worse—married. Still with all this uncertainty, he could not forget her, and a voice within him seemed to whisper that they would meet again.

The rapid skimming of his pen over the white page was stayed for the second time by a heavy footstep at the door outside; and Mrs. Nims, panting and crimson from the ascent of the steep stairs, exclaimed:

"There, sir, you could not have found a better or cheaper sachel yourself if you had searched the town from end to end. Piper and Tipson say it is cloth that it is a first-rate one, and that you needn't fear exchanging with any one by mistake, for they had only one of the kind. This decided me to take it, for, being rather an absent-minded gentleman, you might easily pick up the wrong bag."

"Thank you, Mrs. Nims, thank you; each time that you do anything for me you give me fresh cause to admire your clever management and foresthought."

In the wedding to take place on the following day Mr. Byron felt no particular interest. The contract parties were almost strangers to him, as were also the guests, with the exception of Willis Howard, a schoolmaster of days gone by, and a friend ever since of the young clergyman.

Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the ceremony was performed at home. It was a pretty wedding, the bride graceful, sweet and pale as a lily in her sheeny, fleecy drapery; and among the guests was the subdued merriment which prevails when the entertainers exhibit unreservedly the signs of joy and sorrow—the smile and tear both coming from the heart.

After the ceremony Mr. Byron partook himself to a dressing-room to fold his surplice and replace it in the sachel chosen by Mrs. Nims. While so engaged a letter was handed him with the word "immediately" written conspicuously on the envelope. The contents were as follows:

MARLOW HALL, Thursday, 18th.—If Rev. Julius Byron could find it convenient to officiate at a private baptism this afternoon at Marlow Hall, he would confer a great favor on the undersigned. Mr. Byron is requested to pardon the apparent brusquerie of this notice, as the case is urgent. The 3 p. m. train stops at Portland Station, where a carriage will be in waiting.

STANSFIELD MARLOW.

"You will go I suppose?" said Willis Howard, to whom Mr. Byron presently showed his note.

"Of course; one cannot refuse such a summons. It is probably a question of life and death."

"I am due at Uxmore to-night—rather a different errand from yours—a masquerade party. I'm sorry we are not traveling in the same direction."

"I am sorry also. Do you know anything of the people at Marlow Hall, Howard?"

"Never had heard of them before. Are they strangers to you?"

"Entirely so."

"Now good-bye, old fellow; my traps are all stowed away in the train, and I had better follow them. Take care of yourself among those mysterious strangers."

In the bustle and confusion at the station Mr. Byron's sachel was mislaid, but he presently caught sight of the familiar object on a distant table, and felt inwardly thankful for its ungainly proportions and the huge brass diamond which made it so easily recognized.

At Portland a respectably dressed man in charge of a wagonette came forward to meet Mr. Byron, and, during the drive to the Hall, the former discoursed freely upon the existing state of affairs there. A son and heir to the fine estate had arrived, and there had been great rejoicing, but within the past twenty-four hours their joy had been turned to mourning by a dispatch summoning the newly-made father to the death-bed of his only sister in Germany. The young mother seemed to feel a presentiment of misfortune, and she insisted upon the young baby being baptized before the departure of its father. The clergyman of the parish was temporarily absent, hence Mr. Byron's hasty summons. The ceremony would be performed in the chapel connected with the Hall, and would be very quiet, being witnessed only by the father and grandfather of the child, with possibly one or two guests.

After lunching in a sombre, richly-decorated dining hall, Mr. Byron was shown to a bed-room, with the information that his services in the chapel would be required in an hour if convenient to him.

There was nothing strange and interesting about the fine old mansion, so utterly a reverse of modern, and now silent as an empty church. No member of the family were visible and the great house seemed deserted, save for a few servants.

As the time for the baptism drew near, Mr. Byron asked to be conducted to the vestry room. To make sure that everything was in readiness he opened his sachel, when, to his consternation, instead of drawing forth a neatly folded surplice, he held up before his astonished gaze a double and hose of scarlet and gray satin, such as might be seen on the stage in "As You Like It."

Alas for the veracity of Messrs. Piper and Tipson and the credulity of the worthy Mrs. Nims. The so called unique bag had many duplicates, and Mr. Willis Howard had bought one that very morning, in which to stow away his fancy ball costume.

Here was a predicament indeed for Rev. Julius Byron! In desperation he flew to the wardrobe in the vestry-room. Vain hope. Not a shred of the other clergyman's vestments hung there. What was to be done? Even if in extreme cases the church rules permitted the clergy to officiate without robes in the sacred edifice—and for a moment Mr. Byron was too bewildered to think whether this would be permissible or not—how could he explain the annoying mistake to those strangers? They, already so troubled, would think him an untrustworthy, careless trifler.

In his perplexity he rang for the man who had already waited on him.

"Is there a lady in the house with whom I could speak for a few moments?" Mr. Byron asked.

"My mistress' cousin is here; but she does not leave the invalid's rooms for anything just at present."

"Then I will write my message in a note."

He stated the case as clearly as he could on paper, and dispatched the servant with it. In answer the lady sent her maid to inquire if search had been made everywhere in the vestry-room for a surplice. He sent back word that further search was useless.

After some moments of, to him, terrible suspense—for the time was almost come for him to appear in the chapel—the maid returned, and, with deep blushes and a nervous twitching of her apron hem, began:

"My young lady told me to tell you, sir, that, if you would not think it any harm, she would send you her—Oh, no, I don't mean that, sir! She said I was not to say who it belonged to, but she would cut the bands off the sleeves and the lace from the neck, and it would be long, and nobody would notice that it was a night-gown, sir; and, if you didn't mind, sir, I would go and fetch it at once, for there is no time to lose."

The girl's concluding remarks were only too true; and, however much he might have hesitated at her suggestion in cooler moments, he was thankful now for any solution of the difficulty.

"Tell your mistress that I shall be very grateful for the loan she proposes, if she thinks the deception will not be discovered."

The servant vanished, and was soon on the spot again with a snowy linen night-gown. The neck at the back had been torn down to admit broader shoulders, and a linen handkerchief had been hastily stitched in to hide the rent. Most of the ornamental lace had been cut away; but enough remained to prove that the garment belonged to a lady of very dainty taste.

Thankful for this semblance of a surplice, and less harried to feel amused, Mr. Byron removed himself, entered the chapel, and the service began once more. To Mr. Byron's sight it was dark and this enabled him to read without much embarrassment. Two gentlemen came forward with the baby and its nurse, and for a brief time during the service the young clergymen saw indistinctly the slender figure of a lady standing in the dimly lighted aisle. Before the end of the ceremony her feelings seemed to overcome her, for she left the church hastily, which might have been a sob, but which sounded strangely like a laugh.

What Mr. Byron feared would be a trying ordeal was soon over, and he retired to the vestry-room with a much lighter heart than when he left it. While disrobing a name in indelible ink on the garment he contracted his attention. Perhaps he should have respected his fair benefactress wish to remain unknown, but the temptation was too strong. He turned to the light and read the name—"Miriam Douglas"—under the tucks and embroidery of the robe which he had just discarded.

Was it a coincidence, or had a kind of fate led him to the shrine of his idol? The uncertainty was not to be borne.

"Will you ask Miss Douglas if she can grant me five minutes interview before I go?" he said to the girl who came, in great trepidation, for the novel surplice.

In a cosy little reception-room Julius Byron was presently received by her who had been the companion of his happiest dreams during more than three years. The blushing bashfulness had disappeared, leaving in its stead a graceful, womanly dignity. She was a sweeter, fairer Miriam even than of old, "divinely tall and most divinely fair!"

"Oh, Mr. Byron, how horrified you must be. You signed initials only to your note, and I little imagined to whom I was offering that garment. I recognized you at once in church, and in spite of the solemnity of the occasion I had to laugh. It was such an uncommonly bad fit."

"It was a great boon to me, and I shall be everlastingly grateful to you for coming to the rescue."

A sudden indifference as to the hours of departing trains seemed to take possession of Mr. Byron, and he found himself with a certain amount of equanimity, accepting an invitation to spend the night at the Hall.

At the conclusion of her visit to her cousin, Mrs. Marlow, Miriam betook herself to the house of a friend, who extended many formal invitations to Mr. Byron as well.

One soft fragrant evening, among the June roses, Julius Byron told his love story, and Miriam listened with a look in her eyes which told her lover that he spoke not in vain. * * *

"How provoked you, in your turn, must have been at finding my surplice instead of the fancy costume," said Mr. Byron to his friend Willis, when they again met.

"I was in a rage at first, I admit," answered Mr. Howard, "but affairs turned out not so bad, after all. I put on the surplice to see how it became me, when one of the maids, catching a glimpse of me through the window, set up a scream, declaring that she had seen a ghost. This brought a lot of visitors out of their rooms, among whom, to my sorrow, was Edith Fuller—my Edith, you know. We had quarreled and parted, never to meet again; but the ridiculous feature of this scene seemed to break the ice between us, and——. Well, Byron, I have blessed the memory of your surplice ever since."

"That contretemps of the sache's was a lucky thing for us both."

"Piper and Tipson and their humbugs forever!" exclaimed young Howard.

Ornamentation of Table Linen.

The artistic works of the Japanese, only of late made familiar to us by means of exhibitions and the like, have no doubt lost their novelty and peculiarity as especial attraction for the spectator. For instance, the Japanese applique embroidery shows the highest completion, and now that it has become marketable, its sphere of use for various purposes is considerably enlarged. Used with other embroidery or paintings this applique is excellent for decorative purposes, such as ornamenting fire and wall screens cushions, borders. Wonderful flowers, birds and insects in dazzling well shaded colors, sometimes a faithful copy of nature, otherwise most fantastical, from a charming combination. The separate pieces of embroidery are worked over cardboard and secured on squares. We select one of the smaller ones, with all sorts of animals on it for our illustration. A piece of silk laid over it and an original cover of stuff like paper, the well-known style of which with its Japanese colors is quite a study, protects the embroidery from the air and dust. These squares may now be purchased in large shops.

It has now become so general to have table linen with a colored border, that, especially for company, one can scarcely imagine a handsomely arranged table without this agreeable ornament. Although the interwoven red and blue borders suffice for daily use, we see for grand occasions table-cloths and napkins adorned with the most artistic needlework, which, since all possible tones have been produced in fast-colored cotton, often display a most varied arrangement. In houses where the plain white linen from the grandmother's stores is still in use, modern taste is brought to bear in the long, narrow crumb-cloths laid over the large table-cloth. But sometimes the careful housewife likes to have the ornamental border on the tea and coffee-cloth and napkins produced by her own industry.

The embroidery is done with fast-colored blue cotton, in tambour stitch. The cloth has a hem-stitched border about one and one-half inches broad; this is followed by a narrow row of embroidery rather more than an inch deep, then comes a space, and after that another row of embroidery, six inches broad. Both these border rows are executed in renaissance style. The shields in the four corners of the cloth are intended to be alternately filled up with the date and the owner's initials. The napkins have the same narrow border, but only the shields in two opposite corners.—*The Season.*

Nouns of Multitude.

Do you say "The army *was* marching," or "The army *were* marching?" "A series of resolutions *was* or *were* introduced?" "The people *rises* in *its* might," or "The people *rise* in *their* might?" *Is* the United States a Nation, or, *Are* the United States a Confederacy?

In each of the above cases a "noun of multitude" is used. The grammars tell us that while the verb agrees with its subject in number and person, nouns of multitude, though in the singular number, take a plural verb.

English grammar, however, can not be bound by any rules. It is just as incorrect to say "The army were marching" as it would be to say "General Grant's army were composed of fifty thousand men." And, on the other hand, it would be incorrect to say "The people present was uttering many cries."

Thus no absolute rule of grammar covers all cases. That use of singular and plural verbs is right which reads most in cases to be right. When a man draws a salary from the Treasury of the United States he may properly say, "The United States owes me." On the other hand one might be excused for saying "The United States are growing rapidly in population."

Everything depends upon whether the idea is singular or plural. The payment of a salary in the above example is a single act of the United States as a single, sovereign Government. The increase in population refers to what is happening at a greater or less rate in many distinct States.

In some cases, however, either form is correct, according to good usage, which is the soul basis of English grammar. A man is before the public in a certain capacity, and the people judge (or judge) whether he is qualified to fill the place he tries to occupy. One may use either singular or plural and speak good English. This merely illustrates the fact that it is the idea that governs the number of the verb, and one can see what is the idea of the speaker, in regard to the act of the people, by noticing which form he employs.—*Youth's Companion.*

—The sunflower does not turn with the sun, as many people suppose. It has been observed that the flowers do have a prevailing direction when opening. In the case of one of these plants bearing sixty-eight flowers, up to a certain time all had their heads inclined to the southeast. Three days after this twenty-one of the older ones had advanced toward the northwest horizontal face, becoming erect during the journey.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The ancient Holmes mansion on Holmes place, Cambridge, Mass., which was built many years before the Revolutionary war, and was the headquarters of General Ward in 1775, and later the residence of Rev. Abiel Holmes, his son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, being born there, has been sold and removed to a lot on Murray street, in the same city.—*Boston Journal.*

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Soot is not enough appreciated as a garden fertilizer.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—Taste all melons before saving their seeds for planting, and reject the seeds of those that do not come up to the standard. It is only by this course that the quality can be preserved.—*Exchange.*

—If the fowls are confined give them plenty of green stuff. A good sod thrown over the fence will be cheerfully welcomed by them, and even the tops of vegetables will be found serviceable.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Spiced Currants: Eight pounds fruit, five pounds sugar, one pint cider vinegar, one ounce cinnamon, one-half ounce clove, one ounce nutmeg. Boil one hour altogether. Put in more spice if you wish, and cook it down as much as you wish. A very nice relish with meats.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Cocoanut Custard: Make a good boiled custard, flavor with one tenspoonful of bitter almond essence, grate a cocoanut, and when the custard is quite cold (it should be poured when warm into a glass bowl), strew the cocoanut on the top. Sift white sugar over this.—*The Household.*

—There are few kinds of information more in need among farmers, and which are more practical and interesting than a general knowledge of the grasses. Although some over 5,000 species of grasses are known, very few as yet contribute in any measure to agricultural wealth.—*Albany Journal.*

—Chopped Ham: To use pieces of cold boiled ham that are too small for the table, chop them fine, line a salad dish with lettuce leaves, season the chopped ham with pepper, a little mustard, and then make a tomato dressing: Take one pint of tomato juice, strain it, thicken it by adding one tablespoonful of arrowroot mixed with a little of the cold juice; then stir it into the other and let it boil for two or three minutes; add a little butter and pepper, and pour over the ham. Serve hot or cold.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The blossoms of the pumpkin and melon tribe are of two kinds, male and female. The male blossoms are on long stalks, while the female are nearly sessile and are under the leaves. The male flowers soon wilt and die. People ignorant of this fact often suppose that their pumpkins or squashes are "blasted" when male flowers die. If the male flowers should not be numerous, and if bees are not plenty, it is a good practice to shake the male flowers over the female when the males are mature, to insure fertilization.—*Chicago Journal.*

Ax-Grinding at Farmers' Meetings.

The way in which everybody with anything to sell "flocks" to a gathering of farmers may, perhaps, be taken as an evidence that farming is a profitable business and makes its followers good customers; if they haven't money, certainly their credit is good. But there is another view to take of this eagerness to advertise with and canvass farmers, a view not so flattering to their prosperity. It is not alone those who have wares to sell who gather on such occasions; politicians and others who have axes to grind are equally "simultaneous."

Two recent farmers' gatherings afforded striking examples of this ax-grinding. On both occasions, most of the time was occupied by rival agents for machinery, salt, etc.,—in discussing the claims of their respective wares to the assembled farmers' cash. On the former occasion the principal topic discussed was one entirely foreign to the objects of the meeting, viz.,—a scheme for draining swamps for the benefit of certain lumber and railroad interests. On the latter occasion the most conspicuous business was a heated wrangle over rival breeds of fancy cattle for sale to farmers. The great and most momentous question of salt also came to the front as earnestly as if every farmer had married a Mrs. Lot. It is a notable fact that the most pertinent and by far the most disinterested address was made by a jurist, and it is not less notable that most of the irrelevant issues were introduced by farmers.

It is this self-seeking and ax-grinding issue that prejudices a good many farmers against attending such gatherings. They are justified in resenting the interference, and the wonder is that the managers of meetings allow the impertinent discussions to go on. Some one ought to apply the rules of order and relegate advertisers to the outside, where there is usually a show-room for them. Exhibitions of machinery and dairy salt are well upon such occasions, but the platform of the meeting is not the place nor is the regular proceedings the time to push their claims.

That such things are done and tolerated is probably due to the unorganized and disunited situation of farmers. The irrepressible pushers of these interests seem to calculate on the inexperience of farmers in conducting public meetings and to feel assurance that the compliasance of the latter is no match for their "cheek." Such irrelevancies are not tolerated in the meeting of the Grange, where farmers are educated in a regular order of deliberation and to act as organized bodies. It would be well if members of the Grange could carry into public assemblies of farmers its order, propriety and self-respect. This should be done because unwarranted interferences will surely bring the meetings themselves into disrepute, and thus deprive farmers of the benefits, social and business, which undoubtedly come from such exercises properly conducted.—*The Country Site.*

Eggs and Hens.

It must be borne in mind that the most profitable system of keeping fowls involves four things, viz.: 1. Crowding in winter for the sake of warmth. 2. Plenty of room or fewer fowls in summer. 3. Very early hatched pullets for winter layers. 4. Constant attention as to regularity of food, cleanliness, pure water, the dust bath, etc.

People who have hens must be distinguished from those who keep fowls. Most of what is written is intended for the latter class, and these are encouraged to become fanciers—a poor plan, as a rule. The beginner should learn to keep fowls with profit; then he may adopt a breed which he likes and become a fancier, but in nine cases out of ten there will be no profit in it.

Our supply of eggs in winter is very limited, and it may be safely predicted that the demand for fresh eggs will be insatiable for years to come. The people who should raise eggs in winter are those who do not and who will not; for there is no duller class of people in the community, with reference to matters which require thought and change of plan, or any plan at all, than the farmers—that is, those who have hens. The difference between an egg laid by a plump healthy hen, fed with good, fresh food daily, and an egg laid by a thin, poorly-fed hen is as great as the difference between good beef and poor. A fowl fed on garbage and weak slops, with very little grain of any kind, may lay eggs, to be sure, but when those eggs are broken to be used for cake, pies, etc., they will spread in a weak, watery way over your dish, or look a milky white instead of having a rich, slightly yellow tinge. A "rich egg" retains its shape as far as possible and yields to the beating of the knife or spoon with more resistance and gives you the conviction that you are really beating something thicker than water or diluted milk.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Economic Pork.

One writer affirms substantially that all agree that a pound of pork is made with less feed when fed to the small breeds than when fed to the large breeds. I trust that none will accuse me of a desire to be controversial in calling in question this assertion and popular belief, as such it is. There is not a shadow of a doubt that a young animal will make a pound of growth on less food than the same animal will at a later date. I must confess to having been misled by the claims of the breeders of the small breeds, for a brief space, upon facts that have shown the above truth. Only one phase of the problem is, however, represented by these facts. In its application to cattle, it is now almost universally repudiated here in the West, where the best cattle of the world are found. The large breeds of cattle have been found, or are believed to have been found, the most economical consumers of food; hence they are the sources of Western beef. Theory and practice both affirm that the policy of the pork producers, as regards relative size of the breeds to be fed, is one with that of beef producers. Indeed, Sir J. B. Lawes' and my own results affirm that the law, that the older and larger an animal grows the more food it takes to make a pound of growth, is decidedly less pronounced in the pig than in the steer. Now the larger breeds make more growth per day and grow more pounds in two hundred days, or grow two hundred pounds in fewer days than the smaller breeds. According to all known facts in animal nutrition and growth, the larger pigs will make this growth with less food than will the smaller breeds. The animal organism is supported fewer days, and the food of support is thus saved. More growth being made daily makes it probable that a greater proportion of the food eaten is used for growth. Such was my experience with Merinos vs. Cotswolds. I found that 1,000 pounds of Merinos ate decidedly more than 1,000 pounds of Cotswolds. It must be agreed, inasmuch as the large breeds of pigs start in life at about the size of small breeds, that the larger breeds either eat more, or digest or assimilate more food than the small breeds. In either event, upon any information now known to the world, I would select the large breeds for economic pork. But there is one mortifying factor that I at one time, early in my experience, counted too heavily upon, as the result of the teachings of one or two well-known men. This factor is as follows: The small breeds get in shape to market at a less weight than the large breeds, and are assumed to be ready at less age, and thus, by virtue of lessened age, the law that the less the age and size the less the food to make a pound of growth is assumed to more than counterbalance the superior growth per day of the large breeds. My observation is that the Berkshires and improved Poland Chinas are in shape for the market at as light a weight as the market presents any demand for them; and, furthermore, that the little Suffolks, Essex and small Yorkshires, to obtain the weight admitted as desirable, are as many days in accomplishing it as the larger breeds are in shaping up, or at least the difference is not nearly enough to bridge over the assumed advantage over the greater growth per day of the large breeds. Without asserting positive knowledge—for it does not exist, although I have several times contemplated the trial—I must affirm that such evidence as the world has affirms the advantage of at least the medium-sized breeds for making pork in the most economical way.—*Prof. J. W. Sanborn, in Rural New Yorker.*

Country Dwellings.

Newspapers are urging a rigid inspection of city dwellings, and it is a very wise suggestion. But it is not more needed than is a rigid inspection of our rural residences. If we will pause to think it will not be difficult for us to see that any dwelling-house, unless it is care ally inspected and kept in proper shape, is naturally a hot-house for the germs of disease. There are parts of it, or parts of its surroundings, that receive no attention, and are so inclosed from the purifying influence of the sunshine, and perhaps those of fresh air, that disease finds in them the very best conditions of development. The parlor, kitchen and sleeping-rooms may be scrupulously clean, but in what condition is the cellar or the space beneath the house which is not a cellar. Houses are often built upon foundations that are not provided with ventilation. No purifying air ever reaches the space beneath the house. Year after year the soil is damp, and furnishes the very best conditions for the fostering of typhoid germs. We have no doubt that a great deal of typhoid fever and diphtheria comes from the earth beneath the ground floor of basement houses. It is not so bad, of course, when a house stands upon the level, but still the conditions that favor such conditions are there. There should always be the means of ventilation beneath the floor next to the ground, and not unfrequently it would be money well invested if there were boards removed from the floor in order to give an opportunity to strew lime over the ground beneath. The cellar, if it is not perfectly ventilated, is the very perfection of cause for the evils we have mentioned. The dampness and gases which are generated spread all through the house, and though we may not notice them, we may be sure they are there, and that our systems are getting the full benefit of them. The first thing to do with the cellar is to ventilate it, and a good coat of whitewash is cheaper than doctors' bills, and will save the latter. Our advice to our readers is to closely inspect every nook and corner of the house and premises. Wherever there are any damp spots found, disinfect them, and sulphate of iron is as good and cheap as anything that can be had for this purpose. Use plenty of whitewash wherever it is needed, and with these precautions and temperate living, we shall be reasonably safe from cholera or other diseases.—*Western Rural.*

A Broken Heart.

The thoughtlessness of youth, especially when expressed in teasing, or in a practical joke, is often followed by regret, remose and shame. This fact was never more pathetically illustrated than by the following sad narrative of the death of a little girl at San Antonio, Tex., caused by a cruel deception:

The innocent victim was a pupil in the high school, and was a candidate, through the solicitation of her friends, for Queen of the May. But this was a cruel hoax, got up for amusement. Her mates promised to vote for her, even writing her name on slips of paper and showing them to her until the ambitious child's hopes were raised to the highest pitch. When the hour for counting the votes arrived, it showed only one vote for her.

The poor child, almost broken-hearted, laid her head on her desk and cried bitterly. She went home and was taken ill. The illness, though slight at first, soon developed into brain-fever.

Through all her sickness, her heated brain constantly turned on the cruel joke that had been played by her school-mates, who even yet said that she was sick from disappointment. But as she grew rapidly worse, their smiles were changed to tears of remorse. Too late. A few days ago she died, her illness brought on and aggravated by the duplicity and double-dealing of her school-mates.

The Boy and the Bee.

A boy about ten years old who was yesterday slouching around the Bates street end of the Central Market, suddenly gave a yell, clasped both hands on his stomach, and began a war dance that soon drew a crowd.

"I 'spected as much!" shouted a woman as she waved her hand toward the boy. "Them 'ere boys eat anything, from a green melon down to peach stones. Serves him just right!"

"I thought he looked kind o' colicky around the mouth afore he tackled them spiled gooseberries," added a man who had come in with a load of potatoes.

"I don't see how they keep from dying; really I don't," put in a woman with a cucumber in each hand. "If there was any way—any lawful way—to open that boy and look into his stomach, you would find three or four old bananas, a piece of watermelon, six or eight green apples, four or five tomatoes, at least two cucumbers, and a lot of sour berries."

"Say!" yelled the boy, as he capered around. "Somebody git the perlice or somebody!"

"Oh, it's all very nice to want the police and the doctors and the medical college ambulance," sneered a fat man who had some tomatoes in a basket, "but why didn't you think of these things before?"

"And with the cholera raging in France and likely to come over here any day!" added a peaked-faced woman who had been buying a fish.

The boy laid down and rolled over and sat up.

"Well, I don't want to be on the Coroner's jury," said a man whose hair and whiskers had just been dyed in a barber shop near by.

"And I wouldn't see him die for a ten dollar bill," added a young man with eye-glasses on.

Just then a policeman pushed his way into the crowd and asked the trouble, and someone said a boy had been seized with the bilious colic.

"Seized me right here!" whined the lad, as he stood up and clasped his stomach.

He had on a shirt torn down the front and held by a single pin, and his pants were held up by a strap. The officer opened his shirt, and a bumble-bee, looking as large as a walnut, crept out and was brushed to the ground. Just below the boy's chest was a red swelling larger than his fist and still growing.

"No colic about that," observed the officer, as he crushed the sputtering bee. Only one person in the crowd had a remark to make, as the boy loped off. That was the woman with the cucumbers. She sort o' shook them after the retreating figure, and called out:

"This orter be a great moral lesson to that boy, but I doubt it—can't help but doubt it. If we had any right—any legal right—to open him to-morrow and look into his stomach, we'd wonder why that bumble-bee fooled his time away instead of tackling a grindstone!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Poets and Horses.

"Where have we to seek the model of rhythm and measure in music?" was the subject of an interesting paper read at the French Academy of Moral and Political Science. The different measures, according to an eminent French physiologist, may be ascertained from the amble, trot and gallop of a horse, and from the human pulse in a normal condition. From measure to rhythm there is but a step—in fact, so small a step that they are often confounded. M. Leveque's rule for distinguishing the two is: the more soul is put into music the richer, more impressive is the rhythm; the more regularity is put into music, the more it approaches the normal state of the pulse, it loses rhythm and gains measure. And this is one way of becoming acquainted with rhythmical music. Put a naughty child to bed, it begins to cry; listen attentively to its respiration. Between each third or fourth breath it will sob out; even after it has fallen asleep the sobs will continue for awhile. The regular breathing is interrupted, "grief mingles a psychological element" with the measure, and the measure becomes rhythm. The rule for gaining an exact knowledge of measure is: mount a horse, make it amble, trot or gallop, and mark the time. If M. Leveque be correct, the best gift a poet can desire is a good horse. Judging from some of our verse, their steeds, if steeds they have, are limping, stumbling jades at best.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

KANSAS CITY, September 2, 1884.	
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	$5 00 @ 6 00
Native Heifers	4 10 @ 4 50
Native Cows	3 00 @ 3 50
Native Stockers	3 15 @ 3 40
HOGS—Good to choice heavy	5 30 @ 5 40
Light	5 25 @ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 1	79 @ 80
No. 2	67 @ 68
No. 3	52 @ 54
CORN—No. 2	41 @ 41½
OATS—No. 2	21 @ 25
RYE—No. 2	40 @ 40½
FLOUR—Fancy, per sack	1 70 @ 1 80
HAY—Choice, bright	6 00 @ 6 50
BUTTER—Choice creamery	19 @ 20
CHEESE—Kansas, new	10 @ 10½
EGGS—Choice	11 @ 11½
PORK—Hams	13 @ 14
Shoulders	7 @ 7½
Sides	10 @ 10½
LARD	9 @ 10
WOOL—Missouri, unwashed	12 @ 15
POTATOES—Per bushel	45 @ 50
ST. LOUIS.	
CATTLE—Shipping Steers	6 25 @ 6 75
Butchers' Steers	4 50 @ 5 50
HOGS—Good to choice	6 15 @ 6 25
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 50 @ 3 75
FLOUR—XXX to choice	3 75 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	81 @ 82½
No. 3	71½ @ 71½
CORN—No. 2 mixed	48½ @ 48½
OATS—No. 2	25½ @ 25½
RYE—No. 2	39 @ 34½
PORK	15 00 @ 18 25
COTTON—Middling	10 @ 10½
TOBACCO—New Lugs	4 40 @ 4 75
Medium new leaf	6 25 @ 5 15
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Good shipping	6 25 @ 6 75
HOGS—Good to choice	4 50 @ 5 50
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 00 @ 2 75
FLOUR—Common to choice	4 75 @ 5 25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	71 @ 71
No. 3	71 @ 71½
No. 2 Spring	78½ @ 79½
CORN—No. 2	32½ @ 32½
OATS—No. 2	25 @ 25½
RYE	55 @ 56
PORK—New Mess	18 50 @ 19 00
NEW YORK.	
CATTLE—Exports	5 00 @ 6 00
HOGS—Good to choice	6 10 @ 6 70
COTTON—Middling	10½ @ 10½
FLOUR—Good to choice	3 70 @ 4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	80½ @ 81½
CORN—No. 2	61 @ 61
OATS—Western mixed	30 @ 35
PORK—Standard Mess	18 00 @ 18 25

Catholic College.

Mr. J. D. Kingsley, Secretary, Holy Cross College Gymnasium, Worcester, Mass., writes: Every member of our club frankly admits that St. Jacob's Oil, the conqueror of pain, is the best cure they have ever used, and all speak of it in terms of the highest approbation. 50 cents a bottle.

WHAT is the difference between a Goddess of Liberty and a detective? One is always on the dollar and the other always on the scent.

LAST year's fashions are out of date, but last year's friends are still our own. This is why Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound never loses favor; every lady who knows its worth (and who does not?) feels that the kindly face of Mrs. Pinkham is that of an honored friend.

"THE dog came for me," said the tramp, "and I played I was a railroad contractor." "What did you do?" "Made tracks."—*Rochester Post-Express.*

IF afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

BEWARE of green fruit. The fruit can not help being green, but you can.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

PISO'S REMEDY for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

IT makes a milk-maid's wife blush to ask her if her silk dress is watered.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

A Young Girl's Dementia—How it was Occasioned—Some New and Startling Truths.

The St. Louis express, on the New York Central Road, was crowded one evening recently, when at one of the way stations, an elderly gentleman, accompanied by a young lady, entered the cars and finally secured a seat. As the conductor approached the pair, the young lady arose, and in a pleading voice said:

"Please, sir, don't let him carry me to the asylum. I am not crazy; I am a little tired, but not mad. Oh! no, indeed. Won't you please have papa take me back home?"

The conductor, accustomed though he was to all phases of humanity, looked with astonishment at the pair as did the other passengers in their vicinity. A few words from the father, however, sufficed, and the conductor passed on while the young lady turned her face to the window. The writer chanced to be seated just behind the old gentleman and could not forego the desire to speak to him. With a sad face and a trembling voice the father said:

"My daughter has been attending the seminary in a distant town and was succeeding remarkably. Her natural qualities, together with a great ambition, placed her in the front ranks of the school, but she studied too closely, was not careful of her health, and her poor brain has been turned. I am taking her to a private asylum where we hope she will soon be better."

At the next station the old man and his daughter left the cars, but the incident, so suggestive of Shakespeare's Ophelia, awakened strange thoughts in the mind of the writer. It is an absolute fact that while the population of America increased thirty per cent. during the decade between 1870 and 1880 the insanity increase was *over one hundred and thirty-five per cent.* for the same period. Travelers by rail, by boat, or in carriages in any part of the land see large and elaborate buildings, and inquire what they are?

Insane asylums!

Who builds them?

Each State; every county; hundreds of private individuals, and in all cases their capacity is taxed to the utmost.

Why?

Because men, in business and the professions, women, at home or in society, and children at school overtax their mental and nervous forces by work, worry and care. This brings about nervous disorders, indigestion and eventually madness. It is not always trouble with the head that causes insanity. It far oftener arises from evils in other parts of the body. The nervous system determines the status of the brain. Any one who has periodic headaches; occasional dizziness; a dimness of vision; a ringing