

AN INCIDENT OF '64.

I met my brother at the train. And kissed him welcome home again. I was proud to see his face again. Home from the dreadful Rappian! Two years had passed—two years that day—since he had led his men away. Bright o'er his head the banner streamed. Bright on his sword the sunlight gleamed. We saw them, faintly, through our tears. We heard them send back answering cheers. And, now, in flush of joy and pride, Once more I had him at my side! Across the green we strove along, And all the air seemed full of song. As happy bunches of school boys, Rejoicing in the summer solstice. Just then a wall fell on the rear— A wall that thrilled the soul to hear— "Charley! Charley!"

ICHAABO TURNER'S MISSION.

"Crooked! Crooked! Crooked!" rang out the sharp, peculiar, dissonant voice, and the tall, thin figure in seedy garments and flapping hat swayed to and fro on the stump that had been selected for a rostrum. "All things have gone crooked in this world, and I've come to set 'em straight—to undo the snarls, give the power where it belongs and put men in their places. Oh—h—h my friends! The world is topsy-turvy; the top's at the bottom and the bottom's at the top, and I've come to turn things eight end up."

These were the tidings that reached Dell instead of the glad word for which she had waited. "What they say is true, after a fashion," said Jim, simply and sadly. "I was to blame for it—and yet I wasn't, for I was not fit to make the run, and I told them so."

"So ends—the first lesson," he murmured, and then all earthy tangles for him were over, and life's rough places grew smooth and plain. Jim was greeted with congratulations, praises and questions on every side. "That was a brave deed of yours, sir—a dangerous undertaking, very skillfully planned and executed," declared an officer of the road, with a congratulatory shake of the hand. "It far more than cancels that little misfortune of yours last fall. There is no telling where this thing might have ended but for you. Call around at the office in the morning, will you? We shall have something to say to you."

"What does that mean?" questioned eager Dell, as Jim made his way to her side. "It means that everything is all right again," answered Jim, with an odd smile playing about his lips. "Queer how soon a bit of success can change a great crime into merely a little misfortune."

Poultry houses may be either ornamental or useful, or both combined, according to the taste of the builder. Where it is intended to continue in the business year after year it is better to put up substantial buildings in the first place. A very good poultry house, which will last for many years, can be put up for thirty dollars by a farmer who has a timber lot. Such a building would accommodate from twenty-five to thirty fowls, according to the breed. There are many good plans for poultry houses, but some are better than others on account of adaptation to situation and locality. The chicken house should be separate from that occupied by the geese, ducks, turkeys, etc., and should be little difficulty in raising chickens. It should be kept clean and dry. The roof should be low and glazed on the south-east exposure. It is better to let the sunlight in through the roof, as then the fowls receive the full benefit of its rays on the back, where most required.

It was useless to combat his purpose; there was nothing better to offer. The girl's wistful gaze strayed with a drooping persistency to the track again. What a hard, narrow road it was, stretching on to their cheerless goal—the far-away wintry horizon! Down on the walk by the round-house a knot of loungers had gathered. Ichaab Turner's wandering had brought him thither again—the place seemed to hold some peculiar fascination for him—and he was discoursing on his favorite theme. Suddenly a movement and murmur of excitement ran through the crowd, and its members were speedily augmented from various quarters of the building. Swiftly and unexpectedly the speaker had turned, and with a single bound placed himself in the cab of a locomotive that had for a moment been left unattended.

There is an unusual amount of illness this autumn of the type known as "nervous prostration" is preventing among hard-working people. They have been deprived of the needed summer rest and relaxation, men who carry their business home with them every night, and women who are worn out by domestic cares and worries. It is very strange how much we are told about food, clothing, ventilation, drainage, exercise and other things, which have an influence on our health, and how very seldom we think of rest. And yet, as a remedial and restorative measure, it is of the first importance in many cases. Most physicians know what to do and when to do it, but a good deal of common sense is required to discern the point of the opinion of the ancients that disease is a personality, a something that is in the air, that travels about, enters our dwellings, and finally seizes hold of us; something akin, in the minds of the ignorant, to a goblin, ghost, fiend, demon or witch, which only pills or charms can exorcise. All our modern doctors are content with many a sensible physician will say, if the patient will let him, that two-thirds of all the maladies of all the people in the world would get well in a few hours or days, if left to themselves, with no other appliances than such as instinct would suggest and common sense employ. But the patients often wonder why the doctor's pills do not work, and why the doctor's medicine does not cure them, and the extent of variety of his prescriptions; and a sick man's friends hate to seem unsympathizing, and are so apt to be officious. It is to be understood, of course, that we are not speaking of extreme cases, but of the treatment of most of the ill which flesh is heir to—the troubles which come upon overworked men and women, so many of whom we find all around us in this pushing competitive age. Their best remedy, if they can take it, is rest. If that be impossible, we can only pity them.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.