

UNCLE 'SIAH'S LAMENT.

This vale o' mine's a ben my hum... An' seems for me things never was so far from o' gear...

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby... An' I know she's leaving her good-night kiss on the eye, and cheek, and brow...

FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Sevon Well-Told Fables.

BY R. E. FRANCELION.

ACTOR OF "A GREAT HEIRRESS," "QUEEN AS LATE," "A REAL QUEEN," "EARL'S DIVA," ETC., ETC.

FAITH THE SEVENTH.—CONCLUDED.

"Now, sir," said Enoch; "tis nigh noon."

"But the bride, with her face from the altar, did not turn."

"Now, miss," said the clerk, touching her—for her father was beginning to look wild—"parson's waiting. Say 'I will.'"

"I can not," she whispered to her father. "I must not. Stephen is alive."

The parson closed his book, and looked at Patience. "If—if so—I can not go on," he said, searching for his presence of mind.

"We had better go into the vestry—we had, indeed. Very sad—very strange—never knew such a thing, never, in all my days."

But for true lovers to be face to face is as good as being blind to heart, unless they are blind. Neither understood with reason; but reason is a poor chatter, at best, and there is something better than understanding. He followed; for who had a better right than he? She was not Patience Marriah yet; and, till then, she was his by a higher than law. And then, as he entered the vestry, Enoch saw that Patience had not gone mad; that the dead was alive. And Patience would never have turned her head before answering "I will" but for that accidental sight.

"Father—Enoch," said she, hurriedly, but without moving a step nearer her lover. "I thought he was dead—he is alive. I am his till he bids me leave him; whatever happens, I can be no other man's."

"Patience!" cried Stephen; and as his voice he lifted, and her heart cried through them, "Patience—you are true, in your soul? Never mind anything else; anything that seems. All that will keep; are you, true to me, as I am to you?"

"Oh—"

"Then come to me, my wife, for I am come home."

"An'—"

Then she came to him, and their hands clasped; it was Patience; it was Stephen. Hand in hand, they could walk out of a worse wilderness of lies than even an Enoch Marriah could weave.

Enoch was in a storm. But he counted six-and-thirty, then turned to Tom Blackthorn, and said:

"Have that blackguard turned out of the door."

"It is Stephen, father," said Patience, bursting at last into tears. "Stephen—come home! Ah, I knew he would come—if he were alive; and see!"

Old Tom shook his head. He had forgotten a good deal of late. "Ah, that soldier I met in the meadow; is a Talavera man; only he wouldn't come home to dinner. My daughter seems to know you, sir—"

Stephen looked at Patience, full of wonder and pity; and then at Marriah, full of wrath and scorn. He understood now.

"Mr. Marriah," said he, "I am the man whom you sought to destroy by a lie. I am now in charge of this girl and this old man. You are too old and too—too much yourself to punish. Be off with you, and leave my own to me."

It ever a desperate and baffled villain looked his full hate, it was Enoch Marriah then. Nothing was left him but to turn, like a snake under a strong heel.

"Perhaps," said he, "you think yourself very noble and grand to come home a beggar and bully a girl into sending her own father into the streets for a common tramp and soldier. Perhaps you will pay me that three hundred pound."

For there is one passion even stronger than such love as Enoch Marriah could feel; and that is revenge.

"My father owe you three hundred pound," said a new intruder, in the voice that brought about all this to-do. "Then here you are!" And a young gentleman dressed in the very height of the fashion yet looking unbecomingly, threw down upon the table a bundle of bank notes big enough to dazzle the eyes even of revenge.

"There, pick 'em up, Marriah. They're Bank of England, every one. I've seen and heard enough to guess how things lie. Patience haven't you got one eye for me? Father—I'll come home, too; I may now. I couldn't as a Blackthorn, when it looked as if it was for the fatted calf—could I, you know? Father, don't you know Dick? You think I'd find him like this?" he cried.

"Patience, what has come to him? Don't he know me? Father, look here. Is it because you can't understand Dick turning up like a gentleman, with his pockets lined with these?"

Tom Blackthorn looked at him vacantly. "I'll smoke a pipe," said he. "I've been a soldier, I've been a seaman, I've been in Spain, Spain, do you see? And when I discharged myself I was that hard up I didn't know which way to turn; and there was nothing fresh to turn to—I'd tried 'em all. Then I thought of grandfather in Thames street, father; I thought he might make me a clerk; and if not, give me a guinea to be rid of me—"

"Ah—Thames street, sir. I know; a skindint; the most infernal old—"

"Huh! Poor old boy—he's been in the grave these two years; and without a will. Patience, you and I have got to divide eighty thousand pounds. The lawyers had been looking for next of kin high and low—"

"My wife's father died—two years ago?" asked old Tom, slowly. "Marriah saw him in less time than that time, sir. You're very kind, I dare say. But it can't be—it can't be."

Dick groaned. For he, also, had had his vision of coming home with a glorious surprise.

But the mind of old Tom, though at its latest gasp, was laboring. The shame of having begged of his father-in-law, and begged in vain, was the disgrace of his life; and even if all other means failed, he would remain. He looked at Marriah with such gentle upbraiding, as of a man who, even when he had ceased to be himself, can not comprehend a cheat, that the other was forced to hang his head, as if he were at last brought face to face with conscience—not that conscience had much to do with it, yet without a lie he had dropped a little gold ring, was losing the woman he loved, and forty thousand pounds besides.

It was cruelly hard. There was the cost of that first journey to London, when he found that Patience had become an heiress worth not only living, but marrying; and whom he might buy for want of better winning, if he could only keep the knowledge of her inheritance to himself—and all that had gone so easily and so well. There was the marvelous stroke of good fortune that had removed his rival out of his way. But there is no need to repeat this story three times over, or over and above it, or even the half of eighty thousand pounds, he was balked even that, if such could be, the rival whom he thought dead had come back to battle him, he was beaten, who had never been beaten before. And yet had he received and accepted the wounded vanity were scarce so great as the dashing away from his poor parched lips of the cup of love just when it was touching them. He had never been happy in all his life; and he might have learned, after a fashion, how.

Some day or other, perhaps, some pen able enough will, instead of demanding sympathy for the sorrow of the dead, do tardy justice to the tragedy of the evil, the base, and the mean. Only it would call for such infinite pity that the sight of the picture could scarce be borne. He good that you may be happy, indeed! The maxim has, in it a mean and selfish ring. It happened to be the very day that the mark, and therein the tragedy of the unhappy lies. And therein lay the tragedy of Enoch Marriah, the unhappy man. And now his last chance was gone. And, since a fable without a moral is not worth a fig, and a history with a me unexpressed thought of Christian duty, yet without a lesson worth learning, is unfaithful to its season—

If you would be good, be happy; if you would make others good, make them happy.

That is worth thinking over, be the rest of the story what it may.

"Father," whispered Patience in old Tom's ear, as he sat in it soft and low as it fell upon that struggling brain.

"No, I say. There's no Dick. I killed him at the glorious battle of Talavera, fighting like the British lion for Old England and good King George. Dick, I heard; you tell me that you have been in your knees to that old—Ah! dead so is his daughter; so shall we all be. No, you're no son of mine. He's dead; and if he's alive, he's dead to me. You have disobeyed me; I will never forgive you, never, if you go down on your knees. You know what I mean. Once often as a Blackthorn, and there's an end. Be off with you, sir. I know you now. You are an unfeeling son; a ne'er-do-well, who'll come to the gallows before you've done. You're starved out, I suppose, and so—Patience, never let me hear that wretched scapgrace's name again. I could have forgiven him, if he'd only had the spirit to die for his country, like a man. I was proud of him then. But now, never let me hear his name. Oh, Dick—my boy—my boy!"

"Father!"

And his father ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And in rain of tears, the cloud that had fallen over him melted away.

Who shall say how Stephen and Patience met when there were no eyes but their own to see how? They had much to tell; but it was soon told—for the first time at least, since it wanted telling over and over again. But there was one thing that the story for a hundred times in order to know that she had yielded only to death and duty, and that he—well, he had been guilty once of loss of faith, which she never had. The woman came out the winner in that; as she has a way of winning, taking her all round.

"My darling! What could I think when I saw you in church, and I will do to come to me!"

"That was all his defence; but it was strong."

"Dearest, you should have disbelieved your own eyes, as I would have disbelieved mine!" answered she. It was all her reply; but it was stronger still.

"Ah, have been too late," said he. "Oh, Patience, had I fallen over a precipice, and been saved by a hair!"

"And have let me be married to—married, under your own eyes, if it had

OLD-FASHIONED WHIPPING.

The Qualifications of a Public School Teacher in the Far West.

A teacher, whose school was in the far West, furnished the following account of his examination by the director of the district:

"You ever graduated?"

"No, sir."

"Glad of it! Graduates don't half of 'em know beans when their head's in the bag. Ever studied 'stronomy?"

"No, sir, never."

"Big fool if you had. Ever go nosing round studin' the flog of a country—botomy, they call it?"

"Never, sir."

"You couldn't teach young uns o' mine if you had. They was a crank here once tryin' to make us believe they was sech things ez male and female plants. Must o' thought we hadn't o' sense. Do you go much on grammar?"

"I think it a very useful study."

"I think it a very useful study, and chut-berry. Don't callate ter be my boys an' gals talk ter an' rote, an' min-cin things up fool they ain't no sense in 'em. Do you feel 'way much time on fo' nology?"

"Physiology? Yes; I think it an excellent thing for boys and girls to study."

"Well, I ain't so awfully set agin that. I reckon it's a good thing ter know what ter do when one busts a blood-vessel or breaks a leg. Taint much use to gals, though. They would do nothin' but set up a yell in either dilemma, not if they was chock full of 'em. I ain't goin' to go any on what they call fignomy?"

"I do not teach it."

"Ye hadn't better. A man did once. He boarded with me last week, an' I ketcht him up on his fignomy. My woman had fell down suilar an' raised a terrible bump on her head. I got this smartly to mappin' out, her karacter from her bumps, an' he said the well she got fallin' was combative-ness onusually developed. He meant fightin' strength. W'y, she could o' whaled a lion if he had been so, an' here she's so delikit it cane ticklers 'er out ter aught ter 'er mind read o' the waggin when I'm a-starrin' o' her. You spell clean through the dietionary?"

"No, sir. I am not a good speller."

"Hain't! Better brush up ther then, or some o' our youngsters'll down ye. That's their main holt. How are you on figgers?"

"Very good, I think. I can teach any young'un, you would care to have taught her even to higher algebra."

"Algebra? We ain't no use for algebra here! Some men blar 'way 'bout a ekalin' box, who couldn't say the multiplication table backwards ter save 'em. Could you haul off yer coat an' crack y'r list, an' lay a six-foot of a youngster'er he was ter sass at you?"

"I would try to punish a very rebellious boy."

"Well, I'll give ye a chance. We b'leave in good old-fashioned corral whalin' here. No soft-sawderin' 'll do us no good. Learn the youngsters good horse-sen an' do 'way with all fold-rol. Learn 'em the vally o' t'm an' money, an' how to figger, write, read an' spell, an' then turn 'em loose to paddle their own canoe, sez I—"

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

HOLDING BACK THE MILK.

How the Objectionable Habit May Be Broken.

A cow carries her milk from one meal of her calf to another, or from one milking to another, held firmly in reservoirs distributed all through the teats, but like the muscles which close the neck of the bladder, they are naturally and constantly kept closed, and are only relaxed and opened by a special effort of the will. At milking time, and looking good, when the teats are opened, and the milk let down in a flood upon the teats. This relaxation does not last long. After a little the special effort to hold open the valves ceases, and they instinctively close again, shutting off the flow from the reservoirs to the teats, and retaining in the reservoirs any milk which may have not passed on. The habit of "giving down" consists in shortening the time of this relaxation, thus stopping the flow from the reservoirs to the teats before the milk is all drawn. The circumstances which tend to make a cow shorten this period of relaxation are, a nervous temperament, fear, grief, solicitude, loud noises—in short, anything that attracts attention and makes the cow uneasy. The circumstances which produce a prolonged relaxation are comfort and quietude, and freedom from disturbance and excitement, together with the relief which is afforded by a relaxation of the will, which may have from any cause acquired the habit of shortening the time of relaxation. It is very difficult, and sometimes impossible, to overcome it. The best way is to avoid all occasions of disturbance, and observe well those which promote pleasure and quiet for the cow, and to milk as rapidly as possible consistent with comfort, with a view to getting the milk before the "letting down" ceases. Milking rapidly does not mean jerking sharply or moving with hasty or irregular motions in the presence of the cow. Such a course would counteract the very thing aimed at. The motion of the milker should be constant, as to comfort, her suspicions. They should be deliberate and cool, but when set down to the milking nothing should be allowed to interrupt or retard the work. This will induce continual letting down by giving continual relief to the udder. The milker should bear constantly in mind the fact that the letting down is short, and that every moment should be availed of to the best advantage. When the milk ceases to flow the milking should stop at once, whether it is all out or not. There is no use in hanging on after the milk stops coming, as it only cultivates and confirms the habit of "holding back."

To give a cow the best possible occasion for holding back her milk is the best way to prevent her from forming such a habit, and the surest and readiest way to make her forget it after it has been formed. To break up the objectionable habit let the milking be quick, easy and regular.—Prof. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.

FASHION'S FRINGES.

Line Upon Line About New Notions in Millinery and the Like.

The prevailing styles in spring mantles show combinations of plain and brocaded silk and velvet and lace net.

They are made short in the back and long in the front, and are profusely trimmed with chenille fringe, plain and beaded laces, passementerie feathers and cord.

For young girls' clothe jackets are made plain with loose fronts. Gros grain will be more used than other silk materials, and costumes of this fabric and poplin will have coats or jackets to suit.

The long and narrow coats are usually lined with contrasting surah.

A walking dress of green serge has the skirt made with clusters of kill plaits alternating with wide box-plaits. The overdress has a tablier front and full drapery at the back.

The Eton jacket is bordered with officers' mess buttons. The sleeves are trimmed with a row of the buttons which run up the outer seam nearly to the elbow.

Short jackets of cloth are made with the vest fronts or are buttoned down the front. They are trimmed with buttons and braids. The vests are often in contrast to the material of the jacket in that it is made up as part of the costume.

Parasols are shown in canopy and Japanese shapes. The coaching parasol has a canopy top and is in all the new colors and in checks. French parasols covered with puffed crepe are in every available shade.

Polonaises frequently have the body and back drapery of plain material and the front drapery of embroidery.

Silk marabout is more durable than feathers. It is to be had in black, white, pink and blue.

Sateen will be made with snugly-fitting bodices lined with muslin or thin silk.

Open front drapery, falling in a point on either side, is quite fashionable.

Persian and Indian brocades are much used for short mantles.

Fogues and foulards will be worn velvet skirts.

Sateens will be worn over velvet and surah skirts.

Printed muslins with floral designs are to worn.

Heavy-beaded cords are used for looping skirts.—N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

HE JUMPED.

A Detroit Man Who Beat the Chap That Leaped from the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Heard of Odlum, haven't you?" he asked, as he entered an office on the Fourth floor of a Griswold street block.

"The jumper?"

"Yes; the chap that jumped from the bridge and met his death."

"Well, I'm a better jumper than Odlum ever was, and I came here to jump from your big bridge."

"But we haven't any."

"Yes; I learned the fact only after my arrival."

"Well, you are a dead broke?"

"I see, you might call it that, and in case you feel like—"

"Yes; I feel like. I always feel like. Come out here!"

The jumper followed him out into the hall, and the gentleman drew back his right leg, pointed to the stairs and said:

"Beat Odlum!"

"You bet!" chirruped the stranger, and he landed on the seventh step, tumbled over and reached the landing right side up, with a low bow to the audience and turned the corner.—Detroit Free Press.

THE DAIRY.

The average quantity of milk required to produce one quart of cream is 12.20 quarts, the lowest range being 8 quarts and the highest 18 quarts.

The average quantity of butter from one quart of cream is 15.06 ounces, the lowest range in this case being 8 ounces and the highest 22 ounces.—Boston Globe.

Temperature exercises very considerable influence, not only on the quantity of butter produced, but also on its quality. During hot summer weather the cream will gather more quickly than in winter, and the butter, whilst richer, will be softer. Again, in cold weather it will be often found almost impossible to churn under circumstances so productive of butter. Lowering the temperature of the dairy in summer will, therefore, retard somewhat the formation of the cream, but it will render the butter firmer; and, again, increasing the temperature during cold weather will have the effect of causing the butter to come quicker and be of a better quality.

The temperature of cream, when put into the churn should be 52° to 53°, and this will rise to 56° when butter comes. At a higher temperature the butter will be white and inferior. When the entire milk is churned it must be of a higher temperature than cream when churning commences, say 8° or 10° higher. Rapid churning does not injure the quality of the butter, re-churning is also prejudicial; the best medium will be found to be when the churning, regularly and steadily carried on, takes from one-half hour to one hour to produce butter. Cream must also be sour, or well ripened, in order to produce the desired quantity and quality of butter.

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THE GENERAL PURPOSE COW.

Only Another Name for a Scrub as a General Thing.

On the ever-recurring subject of the general purpose cow, Mr. Hoard says:

"We do not believe that the intelligent dairyman who pursues the business to its largest profit can travel any other than the road of specific purpose with a specific purpose cow. Of course, if anybody wants to get along with making less money we can not dispute their right, and so will leave them to the tender mercies of the 'general purpose cow.'" We suppose Mr. Hoard means to be understood here as speaking strictly to dairymen and not to farmers who breed and handle but two or three cows with the purpose as much in view of raising a few steers as to make half a dozen pounds of stuff a week; by courtesy called butter, and against the making of which there should be a ukase and pronouncement issued, along with the curse of a Bismarck with a penalty of life imprisonment. When farmers use a few head of cows as scavengers on their farms to eat up all the rough stuff that nothing else can be found to devour, we think them the general purpose cow is the "right man in the right place; at least we have to see good dairy animals put up any such sacrifice. It is said the good Lord broadens the shoulder to the load, and we suppose the scrub cattle of this country were made on purpose to fill the bill of the general purpose man; for such men usually have very general ideas about taking care of cows, and unless they wear shingles or their equivalent on their backs and clapboards on their sides, they are sure to feel the inclement weather of our northern winters, and they must have a cast-iron back with a hinge in it to get over the hills in summer in search of the scant herbage.—United States Dairyman.

The sunflower crane is quite dead, say the florists.

LOCUSTS FOR BREAKFAST.

Prof. Riley Introduces a Report to a Rare Dish, and He Likes It.

A gentleman who had an engagement with Prof. Riley called at his house this morning and found the entomologist alone in his dining-room reading the morning papers as he finished a late breakfast.

"Come right in here," said the Professor. "I want an unprejudiced opinion about a little matter." Then he called to the servant: "Bring me some hot ones."

The visitor, despite the fact that he had breakfasted, was induced to seat himself at the table "just for the experiment," and was served with a spoonful of dark brown objects, like very small dried oysters. He eyed them suspiciously a moment, having discovered beneath the crust of bread crumbs a laminated backing, something like that of small shrimp.

"What do you call it?"

"The Cicada. They ought to have been cooked."

"What! Bugs?"

"No, no! no bugs, only the cicada—miscalled the fifteen-year locust. Don't be afraid of them. They are only the quintessence of vegetable juices, and everything in nature feeds upon them ravenously."

Thereupon the host took one of the things, bit it in two, munched and swallowed it with an appearance of relish. The guest shut his eyes and attempted to bolt a whole cicada. The object crushed in his mouth and proved to be little else than a delicate shell, but its flavor was found to be far from disagreeable.

"All the juices were absorbed in the batter," said the Professor, explanatorily.

Neither the entomologist nor his visitor was able to liken the flavor to anything with which they were familiar, but they agreed in the opinion that, vulgar prejudice once overcome, the cicada would be estimated a rare tidbit—rare, certainly, since it required seventeen years to ripen—that it might take rank with frogs' legs, birds' nests, snails and whitebait.

"I spent an hour last night," said the host, "gathering them, and they were very beautiful when fresh. I took them just as the pupae began to break. They were creamy white and plump, and looked good enough to eat, but I didn't venture. I think these should have been stewed instead of fried—stewed in milk. I presume they would be nearly as good as grasshoppers."

"Do you eat grasshoppers?"

"Certainly. I once ate nothing else for two days, and I found them delicious when properly cooked. This is only an experiment of course, but my eating of grasshoppers had a practical object in view. The insects had eaten nearly everything in a large region of country, and many families were on the verge of starvation."

Having lighted a cigar the entomologist described his experience in attempting to introduce a grasshopper diet in the West. He cooked the insects in various ways and found them always palatable and nutritious.

People invited to partake always evinced aversion to eat raw, but, prejudices having been overcome, the dish became a favorite with those who essayed it.

"Both the *adiposa migratoria*," he said, "and the *acridium perigrinum* have been esteemed as food by some nations in all past ages, as far back at least as the Ninivites. Indeed, some tribes have been called Acridophiti, from the almost exclusive preference they give this diet."—Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun.

FILIAL RESPECT.

A Sentiment Which Should be Inculcated Religiously.

The Bible Revisers have not found any reason to materially alter the phrase of the Fifth Commandment. The duty of filial respect is still its specific injunction. And it would be well if all the clergymen in the land were to join in an effort to bring it especially to the attention of American youth. It has come to be too easy a matter to slip the parental leading strings. The boy is released too soon from control; is allowed too free access to things that pertain to the man; is suffered too frequently to sit in judgment upon the bestests of those who, by both the laws of man and nature, are endowed with due authority over him. We need something of a revival of the patriarchal dispensation. In too many families is the command of the sire mocked by the child; in too many families does the sire fail to receive strict obedience. Public morals are suffering in consequence, and young faces abound in our penitentiaries. The reins of parental discipline need tightening. The boy should be made to feel that he is a minor until his majority. His twenty-first birthday should mark a great event in his life. It is not too much to say that the average American boy recognizes no special significance in the day, beyond the acquisition of the right to vote. He should also feel a sense of independent manhood and of individual responsibility. But he does not. For too many years has he been allowed to indulge his own desires, to make light of filial obligations, and to respond freely to the temptations that beset him. The Scriptural injunction should be literally obeyed. The child should be compelled to realize his complete subordination of self in the family. Human experience demonstrates clearly enough that there must be a head to every household, and that head accorded implicit obedience and careful respect. The boy should feel himself constantly within the vision of the parental eye. He should entertain a positive fear of parental displeasure, and should be given all needed punishment for every infraction of parental rules. It was never so easy for the young to familiarize themselves with the ways of vice as at the present time, and it therefore follows that there has never been a time when they should be kept under so strong a curb. No matter though the curb may gall, it should be stiffly held nevertheless. The parent who ignores this duty, who does not force, if need be, the obedience he has the right to exact, is guilty of participation in the evil doing of his child. He can not free himself of responsibility. The immorality of the times needs the most vigorous methods of correction. The reform of convicted criminals is doubtless an important philanthropy, but the restoration of the parental authority in ten thousand homes of the land is a more pressing necessity.—Current.

ASTHMA.

The Different Varieties of a Most Disagreeable Complaint—Methods of Cure.

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