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Green Mountain Freeman.

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Miscellany.

The News-Room at Northford.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"What have you there, Walter?"

"A book Jack Amidon lent me, papa;" and the lad, with his brown, curly head resting in his hands, and his elbows with a book between them, on the centre-table, went on with his reading.

"You seem very much interested. I should like to look at that book a moment, my son," said Mr. Bennet, presently, looking up again from his newspaper.

The youth, with just a shade of impatience gathering on his fair, wide brow, rather reluctantly passed the highly illuminated covered pamphlet over to his father.

"I can take it only for one hour this evening, papa," he said anxiously after a few minutes, in which Mr. Bennet had slowly turned over the rough and badly printed leaves of the letter press, and looked critically at the execrable woodcuts. "Jack wants me to read the beginning of the continued story," went on Walter, after another moment's silence; "he said after I once began it I should lay awake nights wondering how it was coming out. It's awfully exciting, I know. Mr. Hyde, the news agent, lent the book to Jack, and he says if he can get a dozen subscribers he will send for them every month; and Jack says that every body that has read the story has put his name down. We take the books at ten cents apiece each month, you know."

Walter was getting quite impatient by this time, and kept tapping his feet on the carpet and drumming on the table with his fingers until his pleasant, sweet-faced little mother begged him to be quiet.

"Ha! there is Jack now," cried Walter, peevishly, as the bell tinkled at the side-door entrance, "and I have only read one of the two chapters."

"Come in, Jack, come right in," said Mr. Bennet pleasantly, going to the door and ushering in a bright-faced well-dressed boy. "I am glad to see you, Jack. We are going to have some pop corn by and by. You must help Walter about it; boys always have a lively time popping corn, because the corn has such a lively time, I suppose. I have just been looking over this book," the gentleman said, resuming his seat at the table, "and I must admit that I am myself a good deal excited over the adventures of 'The Haunted Huntsman of the Mighty Missouri; or, The Bold Boy Avenger of the South-west.' The next time I go west, I think I should like to follow the Missouri river up into 'Washington Territory!' it must have a nice time of it getting across the Rocky mountains."

Walter looked in a puzzled way at his father, but said quickly, "I never knew before that the Missouri went away up through there so far." Jack laughed, and observed, "I noticed that blunder, sir, and thought it might mislead some boy. Of course the story is all made up, but it's very exciting, and the last part of the last chapter in this first book fairly makes your hair stand on end."

"There is some exciting grammar, too," said Mr. Bennet. "I was getting very much wrought up as you rang, trying to hunt up the antecedents of several pronouns. Have you been long in the habit of indulging in this kind of literature, Jack?"

"No, sir," said Jack, honestly, with an abashed air that made Mr. Bennet quite sorry that he had asked the question. "We have always had a nice magazine or two, and my mother used to have a religious paper with some very nice stories for boys and girls, so that we became very fond of reading. But this year my father said the times were so hard we must economize in some things, so he didn't renew any of our subscriptions. Sometimes he buys an evening daily for himself, and mother says we read it all to rags. My sister and I have a weekly allowance for paper, ink and pencils, and such things, and we save all we can of it and put it together to buy reading matter. But there is never enough for the magazine we used to take, and we never see it at the news office, and mother says she never can find at the news stands in the city any weekly boys' and girls' paper that she likes. But Mr. Hyde told us about these cheap books and the boys' papers he keeps on hand where you get more reading for your money—long continued Indian stories, and stories about life in London and New York. My sisters believe them every word, but I don't, though I like to read them; and we boys lend our books and papers to each other, so I have read a good many, sir.'

"How do you find so much time for reading when you are in school?"

"Well, sir, a number of us have left off our grammar and United States History this term. Mr. Hyde says they are branches that one acquires by general reading better than by study. He reads a good deal, and is always pleasant and willing to tell us what are the most exciting and amusing stories."

Mr. Bennet rolled up the thin book he still held in his hand, and putting it in his pocket, said, with a comical air that made all his listeners laugh heartily, "I should like to borrow this book for an hour, Jack. I don't think it will make the least difference with you, Walter, for the space of an hour, at least, whether or not that highly imaginative Haunted Huntsman, astride that high-headed horse, overtakes that bewilderingly beautiful Indian maiden who is so marvelously overcoming time and space through the enchanted valley on the back of her milk-white reindeer—in Missouri. Now, my boys," he continued seriously, "there is no reading so good as history for a youthful mind craving deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice. My library is at your service. After you have finished the lives of Washington and his generals, the history of our revolutionary war and the war of the rebellion—if you want something to make your 'hair stand on end' until you are quite sated with horrible scenes, you can take up my Mediæval history yonder. After you are through with that, come to me and I will set you upon a new track."

Mr. Bennet now turned to his desk, took a sheet of his legal cap paper, and writing a few lines, folded it and put that into his pocket also. Then rising, he said, "Go for the corn and popper, Walter, and see to it that you and John have a heaping panful of the popped corn by the time I get back; and sis, she must look out for a dish of those rosy Northern spies," and putting on his overcoat and hat the gentleman went down the street.

He returned by the time the light, tempting collation was ready, and as he stood by the fire warming his hands, he pulled that sheet of paper from his pocket, unfolded it and handed it to his wife, the boys noticing as he did so that it was filled with a long row of names.

"A good hour's work, my lads; a good hour's work," he said rubbing his hands. But the boys could not tell whether he referred to them, to himself, or to Mrs. Bennet, who had emptied the mending basket in his absence, or to Mary, who was now setting the stitches for a second mitten.

There was but one periodical depot in the pretty, thriving village of Northford, where these people lived, and the next day it was noised about that Mr. Hyde, the agent, had sold out his stock in trade to the "Northford News Company," which consisted of a dozen or more of the leading men and women of the village, with Mr. Bennet as agent *pro tem.*, Mr. Hyde having pledged himself not to resume his business within a radius of fifteen miles of Northford. He had received the purchase money of the stock and good will of his stand, and left town that same day.

When the company, every one of whom was present, were taking the account of the stock they had bought, they looked at one another in amazement.

"We ought to go after the man and lynch him at once," said Dr. Marsh.

"He should have been tarred and feathered," said Domine Van Cleef.

"He is amenable to the law," said Councillor Wade.

"Let him go, and with a good riddance, although he owes me for three months' board," said Landlord Jones.

"He was an evil eyed, oily tongued, old spider, enticing our innocent children into his net. I will advertise him and warn other communities against him," said Editor McLaughlin.

"We will make a bonfire of the whole stock in the middle of Bramble Swamp, and call the place ever after Aceldama, or some such name," said Deacon Ferris, gravely.

"What is better than that," said Colonel Greenleaf, the paper manufacturer, who never liked to see anything wasted, "I will send up a man with some sacks, and at noon we will have all the school children in here to see this precious literary pabulum that rascal has been selling them, crammed into the bags and carried off as so much waste paper, hardly fit for my pulp vats. It will impress them with the worthlessness at least of the miserable stuff," and the colonel shook hands anew with Mr. Bennet in thankfulness for his instrumentality in unearthing this pit of evil.

Colonel Greenleaf paid for the stock the price of waste paper, the few good books and magazines that had been kept on sale as a foil, being saved, of course. The pleasant sunny little room was swept and garnished. A cheerful, intelligent, Christian young woman with a living to earn, who was tired of sewing and needed a change, was secured as a manager, and in a week's time the news-room was opened again.

All its former patrons, both young and old, were obliged to admit that it was far more attractive than ever before. In place of the trashy books and periodicals and viler stuff that the company found secreted in the drawers and under the counters of the former news vender, were now to be found the leading magazines, first-class secular and religious weeklies—as many of them illustrated as possible—and books, some of them amusing enough, but at the same time wholesome, instructive, and with a purpose in their writing.

The fact that this revolution in literature spread before the people of Northford was effected by the Christian community, prejudiced for a time a certain class whose reading tastes had been vitiated by the miserable periodicals and books—some of them under very innocent titles and other guises—but it gradually wore away, and larger sales are made at this news-room than ever. The consequences in this one village, which is a veritable locality, are—larger Sabbath schools, increased attendance in the churches, fewer commitments of juvenile offenders, and a far healthier moral tone generally.

Does it occur to any of my readers that they have a manifest duty to do in this line in their own communities?—*Christian Weekly.*

NOTE: Almost without exception, every news-stand has either positively vile literature, or that which is the "A B C" leading to it. We can remedy the evil, 1. By sturdily and persistently, and conscientiously refusing to buy of a news dealer who keeps even doubtful literature. 2. We can ask publishers of newspapers, especially secular ones, to please reprint the above story.—*Evangelical Press Association.*

BOYS' LEISURE HOURS.—What a boy does with his leisure is most important; what he gets in school is mainly drill or exercise; it is a gymnasium to him; he must eat elsewhere. What he does with his spare hours determines his destiny. Suppose he reads history every day or scientific books; in the course of a few years he becomes learned. It matters very little what he undertakes, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanskrit, all disappear if he uses his spare time on them.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper, and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time; he found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it, and so purchased a Latin Grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading. "Only a bit of Virgil, my lady." "What, do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years he became a learned man, and was a useful and loved minister in Scotland.

A boy was hired to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He began with a little book on English history that he found in the road; having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's History of Greece. This good man became greatly interested in him, and loaned him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

All of these show that in this country any one can learn that wants to. If he is at work he still has three hours he can call his own. Let him use those wisely, and he can fill his mind with stores of knowledge.—*Scholars' Companion.*

There is coming to be a recognized money value to the ornamental planting and decoration of grounds, which it would be well for every owner of a small or a large place to well consider at this season. However little taste a man may have for the beautiful in nature, he will certainly pay more for a house, the grounds of which are set out with ornamental trees, flowering shrubs and flowers, than he will for one which possesses none of these adornments. Every owner of grounds of small or large extent, who is building a place for his own use, or for possible sale, will find it more pleasant to live in, and to bring a higher price in the market, if attention has been paid to these matters. Beauty in landscape decoration of the farm or the village plat always pays.

West Brattleboro people haven't done laughing at the "Bawston" man who, all unacquainted with the way to work a farm, came to that locality and undertook to run one as he saw fit, without regard to the advice of neighbors. Seeing him carry in his sap tubs rather early they asked him, "Are you not going to make any more sugar this season?" and he replied, "No, I guess not for the present; I shall wait until after haying!" He didn't run the farm long, but "dug out" for the hub!

"SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?"

[New Version.]

BY MAGGIE B. PEEKE.

"Shall we gather at the river?"
Sang the little six year-old,
While his voice without a quiver,
Through the house and garden rolled.
"Yes! we'll gather at the river,"
Sang the boy in joyful tone,
"And I'll fish and fish forever,
With a fish-line all my own."

And his voice, with rapture ringing,
Sang of all the "golden day"
When with angels he'll be singing,
Underneath the silver spray.
"Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
And I'll fish and fish forever,
With a golden fishing-rod."

Listening to his happy voice,
Sternly papa said, "My son,
Don't you know that Heaven lies
Where those silvery waters run?"
"Can't I fish there?" cried the child,
"When we gather at the river?"
All his earnestness revealing,
In the drooping eyelid's quiver.

"Heaven must be for grown-up folks,
Or there'd be a place to play,
Where the children could have sport
On a merry holiday.
I shall stay on earth forever,
Where I do what ev'r I wish,
Ride a horse, or better still,
Go with Uncle Dave to fish."

—*The Alliance.*

An Army Incident.

The Boston *Commercial Bulletin* relates the following interesting army incident:

As showing the attachment of some of the military officers' servants to their masters, I will relate an incident which occurred in a garrison town in which the writer was stationed for some time.

An officer of rank in the artillery was named in garrison orders as the officer of the day. As the "grand grounds" it was his duty to visit the garrison guards at night. Having sat pretty late at mess, and being fond of his bottle, his gait was very unsteady when he rose from the table to proceed to his quarters to dress for duty. Before dressing he threw himself on his bed, saying:

"I'll just snatch half an hour's sleep; call me at one o'clock."

At one o'clock the servant attempted to rouse him, but without effect. The servant got the officer upon his feet, shook him, applied wet cloths to his head, but to no purpose; the gentleman had been going on a short allowance of sleep for a week, and now nature had taken hold of him, and, being backed by the wine he had drank, held him fast. The servant was almost frantic, knowing well the consequences that would ensue if his master did not make the grand rounds. While wondering what course to pursue his eyes fell upon his master's uniform, sword, etc., all ready laid out for him to put on. The master and servant were about the same size; the clothing of one fitted the other to perfection.

"There's no other plan," said the servant to himself; "it's awful risky, but I'll try it."

Hastily throwing off his clothing, he donned his master's regimentals—the splendid uniform of the artillery, buckled on the sword, drew the heavy-busby over his brows, and casting an admiring look at himself in the glass, notwithstanding his anxiety, locked the door upon his master and went out. The orderly was waiting in the barrack guard room and turned out with the guard to present himself.

"Go a head!" said the pseudo officer.

"Which guard first, sir!"

"The magazine guard."

The orderly led the way. Guard after guard was visited, and the servant began to enjoy the masquerade. It was something unusual for him to be announced as "grand rounds," and to have a guard present arms to him. There was no suspicion that the master and the man had changed places for the time being, although the subaltern officer in charge of the main guard perhaps felt somewhat annoyed to have his friendly salutation, after the guard had been turned in, responded to so roughly.

On returning to the quarters the servant found his master still sleeping. Unable to resist the desire to admire himself once more in the glass, the servant paraded up and down the room, casting sidelong glances at the mirror. While so doing the officer awoke. He was not little surprised to see what appeared to be himself marching up and down the room. He soon discovered, however, that the apparition was his servant, and anxious to know what the unusual masquerade was for kept quiet. The servant after two or three turns sat down and leisurely drew off the spurred boots, divested himself of other articles of uniform in their order, and, then, heaving a sigh said:

"It's d——d well over."

"I should think it was," cried the officer; "what d'ye mean, you rascal, by putting yourself in my uniform, eh?"

"I didn't know you were awake, sir; do you know what time it is?"

The officer had forgotten that he was on duty, but now it flashed upon him at once. Jumping from the bed he looked at his watch.

"Half past four! My God, I'm ruined!" Then turning to the servant he said:

"Now, then, why didn't you call me at one o'clock? Do you know what you've done?"

"Sir, I might as well have tried to awaken a dead man. I used every means to awaken you, and you see by the stains on your linen that I even deluged your head with water."

"Too late to take the guards now groaned the officer; the night has passed away and the day is breaking."

"Never mind, sir! Cheer up! The 'grand rounds' visited the guards; every thing is correct. Just make out your report as if you had taken the guards."

"What d'ye mean?"

"I mean that I have been the 'grand rounds' to-night, and acted the part so well that not a soul suspected but that it was not you. Now you know why I had on your uniform."

The officer stared at his man a moment.

"Do you mean to say that you have personated me and taken the guards?"

"Yes, sir; that's it. I personated you."

The officer grasped the servant's hand.

"Ashton," said he you have done me a great service to-night. I shan't forget it.

Nor did he forget it, and the servant kept his counsel so well that the incident would never have become known but for the officer himself, who blurted it out one evening while in his cups to some of his associates. The story was too good a one to keep, and it quickly spread over the garrison. The military authorities, however, paid no regard to it, and the officer did not suffer from the expose.

Speaking of the dying schoolmaster, Prof. Swing says:

"Men trained in a profession come by degrees into the profession's channel, and flow only in the one direction, and always between the same banks. The master of a learned profession at last became its slave. He who follows faithfully any calling wears at last a soul of that calling's shape. You remember the death scene of the poor old schoolmaster. He had assembled the boys and girls in the winter mornings, and had dismissed them winter evenings after sundown; and had done this for fifty long years. One winter Monday he did not appear. Death had struck his old and feeble pulse; but, dying, his mind followed its beautiful but narrow river-bed, and his last words were: "It is growing dark, the school is dismissed; let the girls pass out first."

Where To Go.

Just at this time when so many are thinking of going away to spend a few days or weeks, and wondering where they can spend their time to the best advantage, a few suggestions by us will, possibly, not be amiss. Two things are first to be considered, namely, where one wishes to go, and whether he can afford to go where he wishes. If we can afford to go where we wish, then doubtless we shall get more good by going there than anywhere else. But, to us, a far more important consideration is, where do the nature of our occupation and the physical needs of our system requires that we go? We lose a great deal of benefit, physical and mental, and so of enjoyment, in our vacations or seasons of rest, because we do not first sit down and find out, not where we wish to go, so much as what our physical and mental wants, and where they will be most fully satisfied—what scenery and air will best recruit our weakened energies and exhausted frames. If we have been shut up in close rooms and heated apartments the year round, then we need—our systems need—the fresh air, the warm sunlight, the free range of green fields, and the ever-varying scenes of the hills or the sea shore. If we have been in a whirl, heated and worried with excitement, then plainly the fashionable watering place or seaside resort is not the place for us. We need quiet. We have bustle and excitement at home. We ought by going away to escape this. And where can we do this better than among the shaded nooks and dells of the mountains, or away among the fields of the country? Still another consideration by no means unimportant is, where do we live. Is it by the sea shore or away back in the inland? A proper consideration of this fact will also assist us in making a judicious choice of place and scenery. If we are away back in the country—if we see nothing but fields and woods and hills daily, then, as a general thing, it will do us more good in every way to make our arrangements to come to the sea side. On the other hand, if we live within sight of old ocean or where we sniff the sea air throughout the year, unquestionably the place for us to go is inland, among the hills and mountains. Our reason for this is that we need change, and in going to the same scenes with which we are familiar at home—that is, if we live at the sea side, in going to the sea side—we get very little, if any, change; in going to the mountains, if we have lived among them, we see very little except what we saw or could see at home. It is a change that we are after—a change in everything. For while we go away ostensibly for rest, unless we have a change, complete, radical, we get no rest. If this were not so, then we might just as well stay at home and save our money and trouble. The man or woman who sees the same faces and walks the same streets, sees the same sights, and looks around on the same apartments every day, sighs for, and ought to have a change. Hourly comes the feeling and the thought, "I'm sick and tired of everything. O, if I could get away, somewhere, anywhere but here."

In regard to the expense, it is much cheaper to go to the country or the mountains. It is not necessary to stop at expensive and fashionable hotels. There are always more or less places in the country where one can go or send his family—where the occupants will accommodate you cheerfully, and are even glad to have respectable strangers come, with board at four, five, and at the most, six dollars per week. If you do not know of such places, write to a friend, tell him what you want, and let him engage a place for you. Or, if you have no friend, go to some hotel—it is not necessary that it be the largest or most expensive in the place—and engage rooms for a day or so. There are many villages, in western Maine, in New Hampshire and Vermont, where board at the best hotels is but a dollar a day. Then go to any first-class grocery store in the place, and you can readily find out if there are any good boarding places in that vicinity, and make your arrangements accordingly. The same method can be adopted at the sea side, but it is not so easy to obtain good boarding places there.

INCOMPETENT DOCTORS.—With the exception of one college in New York and two in the other states, says *Barnes' Educational Monthly*, any one may become a medical student without preliminary examinations in anything, moral character not excepted. Students are often graduated at the close of two years study, and in some institutions the course of instruction is even more superficial and imperfect. Examinations for diplomas are not at all rigid, a knowledge even of chemical analysis not being required. There is not a single doctor in one of the counties in western New York who can conduct a decent chemical analysis, or even tell whether his nitrate of bismuth does or does not contain arsenic. A doctor recently stated on examination that the proper dose of prussic acid for a child two years old was from four to six drops! As a general thing, doctors in rural places, and in some of our cities as well, stick to the antiquated remedies and outrageous doses. We think our educational journals ought to stir up the young doctors to more diligent habits as students. Each one of them should have his chemical laboratory, where he daily should conduct such chemical analysis as sickness demands. If doctors were a little more enterprising and pushing, we should know something more concerning such diseases as typhoid fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles. Call two doctors in succession to a child attacked with one of these diseases, and the probabilities are they will give you contradictory explanations and totally different remedies. This is no recommendation to the medical profession. Because doctors are not scientific, the practice of medicine is not conducted on scientific principles, and medicine is not to-day a science. It is a practice, we admit, much to the honor of sensitive tastes. The day will be hailed with joy by a diseased world when this practice is conducted on scientific principles. We laymen would like to know many things our medical advisers will not tell us simply because they cannot. Let us have some light on these diseases lurking unsubdued in all parts of our land. It is your duty to enlighten the world, and if you are the students you should be, some of you will bless this humanity of ours by telling exactly what will cure certain diseases, and why it will do so. You should be paid to prevent as well as cure. We would rather give you twenty-five dollars to keep us well, than ten to cure us when sick.

"Do you know," says Mr. Beecher, "that China contains a population of four hundred millions? Do you know that this empire had an existence before civilization began in the east? Do you know that in China there are more than two thousand colleges? Do you know that their libraries outnumber ours ten to one? Do you know that there are more than two million highly educated men in that country? Do you know that in that vast population of four hundred millions there is scarcely one who cannot read and write?" But don't we know that their eyes are set in corner-wise, that their noses turn up, that their pig-tails hung down, that their shoes turn up at the toes, that their trowsers are too short and wide, that they don't mention our God when they get mad and swear, and that what they know, be it never so much, isn't worth knowing, jest because it isn't what we want to know? Hoodlum!

An Incident at Cold Harbor.

Six days and nights of continuous fighting and slaughter! Ah, how tired I got of it, child as I was, with all of a strong child's strength and recklessness! Four men carrying a pale infantryman stop for an instant in my battery. The wounded one suffers intensely from a wound through the foot. My sympathy is excited for the young fellow, and as we at the moment are doing nothing, I ask for half an hour's leave. Getting it, I accompany him back into the woods to one of the second corps' field hospitals. Here, groaning loudly he awaits his time, which soon comes. We left him on the rude table. A surgeon holds chloroform to his nostrils, and under its influence he lies as if in death. The boot is removed, then the stocking, and I see a great ragged hole on the sole of the foot where the ball came out. Then I hear the coatless surgeon who is making the examination cry out: the cowardly whelp!

So I edge around and look over the shoulders of the assistant surgeon, and see that the small wound on the top of the foot, where the ball entered, is covered with powder! I, too, mutter, The coward! and am really pleased to see the knife and saw put to work, and the craven's leg taken off below the knee. He is carried into the shade of a tree, and left there to wake up when he will. I watch the skillful surgeons probe and carve other patients. The little pile of legs and arms grows steadily, while I wait for the object of my misplaced sympathy to recover his senses. With a long breath he opens his eyes.

I am with him at once, and gaze sharply at him. I will never forget the look of horror that fastened on his face when he found his leg was off. Utter hopelessness and fear that look expressed. I entered into conversation with him, and he, weakened and unnerved by the loss of the leg and the chloroform, for once told the truth. Lying on his back, he aimed at his great toe, meaning to shoot it off, but being rudely joggled by a comrade at the critical instant, his rifle covered the foot just below the ankle, and an ounce ball went crashing through the bunch of bones and sinews. The wound, instead of being a furlough, was a discharge from the army, probably into eternity.

Our guns at the front began to howl at the rebels again and I was forced to leave the hospital. So with the hardly unexpressed wish that the self mutilator might die before he breeds little cowards, I hasten back to my guns. The utter contempt of the surgeons, the change from careful handling to almost brutality when they discovered the wound was self-inflicted, was bracing to me. It strung me up as whiskey would have done. I liked it, and rammed home the ammunition in gun No. 1 with a vim.

A NEW THEORY IN REGARD TO FOOD.—A German physician has started a new theory with regard to food. He maintains that both the vegetarians and meat eaters are on the wrong tack. Vegetables are not more wholesome than meat, or meat than vegetables, and nothing is gained by consuming a compound of both. Whatever nutritive qualities they may possess, he says, is destroyed in great measure and often entirely by the process of cooking. All food should be eaten raw. If this practice was adopted, there would be little or no illness among human beings. They would live their apportioned time, and simply fade away, like animals in a wild state, from old age. Let those afflicted with gout, rheumatism and indigestion, try for a time the effect of a simple uncooked diet, such as oysters and fruit for instance, and they will find all medicines unnecessary and such a rapid improvement of their health that they will forswear all cooked articles of food once and forever. Intemperance would also, it is urged, no longer be the curse of civilized communities. The yearning for drink is caused by the unnatural abstraction from what are termed "solids" of the aqueous element they contain—uncooked beef, for example, containing from seventy to eighty per cent, and some vegetables even a larger proportion of water. There would be less thirst, and consequently less desire to drink, if our food were consumed in its natural state, without first being subjected to the action of fire. Clothing, our adviser also thinks, is a mistake, but admits that the world is not yet far enough advanced in civilization to go about undressed. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to this anti-cooking theory, there cannot be a doubt that in getting rid of the kitchen, with all its abuses—including the cook—housekeepers would be spared a vast amount of worry, and probably on this account alone would live to a greater age than at present.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

OUR DAUGHTERS—Perhaps one of the most lamentable errors of the present day is the manner in which our girls are trained. While proud and happy parents are desirous that their daughters be accomplished in music, drawing, painting and the languages, they seem to totally ignore the more necessary arts of housekeeping and home making or to imagine the knowledge of such to be degrading. We know of no more pitiable object than a young wife placed at the head of the husband's home, utterly ignorant of her duties as its mistress. Trials, well calculated to make her life miserable, await her, and many of the unhappy marriages, of which we know and hear, have their origin in just such causes; for while men are loving and indulgent, they are selfish, and but few have sufficient self-denial to bear patiently the mistakes that interfere so materially with their comforts.

A girl who has been raised in a well regulated and orderly household, cannot understand the misfortunes of such wives as we speak of. It is not only a knowledge of housekeeping which is so essential to the well-being of a family, but it is equally necessary to be thoroughly acquainted with the art of home making. It does not do for the wife and mother to limit her efforts to the wants only—physical, mental and moral of the family. She must understand how to keep her house clean and orderly; when and by what means her house became filled with impure air. She must know what kinds of food are easiest digested, which kinds nutritious. This of course demands some knowledge of philosophy and chemistry. Then, too, she must understand how to make clothing suitable for winter and summer. In short, a good wife and mother must be familiar with the science of health and the laws of hygiene.

Little Billy was told, "Never ask for anything at the table. Little boys should wait until they are served." The other day little Billy was forgotten in the distribution, and was not served at all. What could he do? Presently, after reflecting seriously, he asked: "Mamma, when little boys starve to death do they go to Heaven?"

RADIATED BLESSINGS.—The sunlight falls upon a clod, and the clod drinks it in, is warmed by itself but lies as black as ever, and sheds no light. But the sun touches the diamond, and the diamond almost chills itself as it sheds out in radiance on every side the light that has fallen on it. So God helps one man to bear his pain, and no one but that one man is a whit the richer. God comes to another sufferer, reverent, unselfish, humble, and the lame leap, and the dumb speak, and the wretched all around are comforted by the radiated comfort of that happy soul.—*Rev. Philip Brooks.*

THE WAYS OF THE WIND.—Whirlwind, tornado or cyclone; aerial or electrical, such visitation as that which has worked such devastation in Missouri and vicinity, and was experienced in Connecticut last summer, is equally inexplicable and unavoidable. It comes and goes "where it listeth," and man is powerless in its path. One feature of these exhibitions is the sharpness of the line between death and safety. Whether the width of the track be more or less, it is as sharply defined as the curbing in a city street. An inch within the line, and nothing can withstand the force of the elements; an inch without, and a baby's cradle would hardly be rocked. Crude as have been the theories as to the cause or causes of these cyclones, they are not as far proved as they have been suggested; and if we knew all about them, there would be no possible mode of either preventing or escaping from them. Whither would we fly?

Ordinarily the approach of a cyclone is indicated by a deadly stillness and oppression of the air. There is no guide as to the direction it will take, and the first impulse to get out of doors may only expose one to death from the unimpeded wind. The destruction of life and property in this latest case will prove, when fully known, to be considerable; in that new country, whatever pecuniary loss has been sustained by those unable to bear it, will be made up wholly or in good part by the neighbors, but the loss of relatives, so sudden, so complete as in many cases—for this there is no relief save in time and Christian resignation. Nothing, perhaps, more irresistibly and deeply impresses one than the appreciation of the power and physical malevolence of the tornado. In the inland districts it seems an unnatural exhibition; a prairie fire, or a spring inundation seems to be in the nature of things, but a tornado in the woods is as incomprehensible as it is destructive and awe-inspiring.—*Providence Journal.*

WHAT THE FIGURES SAY.—The majority in the Senate having made the mistake of stirring up Mr. Blaine on the ratio of congressional representation in different states, are now reaping the consequences. He has been treating them to some uncomfortable figures from a familiar manual—*The Congressional Directory.* The average vote in a northern congressional district, he finds, is 26,000; in a southern district, only 18,000. Last year the northern states polled close on 5,000,000 votes, and elected 183 representatives, while the southern states elected 106 representatives with a vote of less than 2,000,000. From 250,000 to 300,000 more votes were cast for the republican minority in congress than for the democratic majority. Only 33 southern congressional districts cast more than 20,000 votes, while in the north 177 districts did. In the south there were 73 districts which cast less than 15,000 votes, and Georgia elected three representatives by total votes of 2,600, 3,200 and 3,400 respectively, and several were below 8,000; in the north there were only two districts where the vote was less than 15,000. The state of Nebraska, with 50,000 votes, has one representative, while 58,000 votes in certain southern districts which Mr. Blaine named sent twelve members to congress. Mr. Blaine asked the southern senators to explain these vast differences, and they could do nothing but lose their tempers. They could not have made an explanation without confessing that half the truth has not been told about bulldozing.

A GRATEFUL OLD AGE.—A modern philosopher goes so far as to say that our memories, in old age, are always grateful to us. Our pleasures are remembered, but our pains are forgotten; "If we try to recall a physical pain," she writes, for it is a female, "we find it to be impossible." From which I gather only this for certain, that women never had the gout. The folks who come my way, indeed, seem to remember their physical ailments very distinctly, to judge by the way they talk of them, and are exceedingly apprehensive of their recurrence. Nay, it is curious to see how some old men will resent the compliment of their juniors on their state of health or appearance. "Stuff and nonsense!" cried old Sam Rogers grimly; "I tell you there is no such thing as a fine old man." In an humbler walk of life I remember to have heard a similar but more touching reply. It was upon the great centenarian question raised by Mr. Thoms. An old woman in a work-house, said to be one hundred years of age, was sent for by the board of guardians to decide the point by her personal testimony. One can imagine the half-dozen portly, prosperous figures, and the contrast their appearance offered to that of the bent and withered crone.

"Now, Betty," said the chairman, with unctuous patronage, "you look hale and hearty enough, yet they tell me that you are one hundred years old, is this really true?" "God Almighty knows, sir," was her reply, "but I feed a thousand." And there are so many people now-a-days who "feed a thousand." It is for this reason that the gift of old age is unwished for.—*James Payn, in Nineteenth Century.*

A MORTGAGE.—In the whole range of sacred and profane literature, perhaps there is nothing recorded which has such staying properties as a good healthy mortgage. A mortgage can be depended upon to stick closer than a brother. It has a mission to perform which never lets up. Day after days it is right there, nor does the slightest tendency to slumber impair its vigor in the night. Night and day, on the Sabbath, and at holiday times, without a moment's time for rest and recreation, the biting offspring of its existence—interest—goes on. The season may change, days run into weeks, weeks into months to be swallowed up into the gray man of advancing years, but that mortgage stands up in sleepless vigilance, with the interest, a perennial stream, ceaselessly running on. Like a huge nightmare, eating out the sleep of some restless slumberer, the unpaid mortgage rears up its gaunt front in perpetual torment to the miserable wight who is held within its pitiless clutch. It holds the poor victims with the relentless grasp of a giant; not one hour of recreation; not a moment's evasion of its hideous presence. A genial savage of mollifying aspect while the interest is paid; a very devil of hopeless destruction when the payments fail.—*Ex.*

BE CAUTIOUS—Pause before you repeat an injurious story about a woman. Say to yourself, "This may not be true, or it may be exaggerated," unless you have proof of the veracity of your informant. People sometimes tell falsehoods, they often make mistakes, and they sometimes "hear wrong." There is auricular illusion as well as optical illusion. Take all these things into consideration before you even believe. As for repeating the story, ask yourself if it is necessary. It sometimes is necessary. Then do it with the fear of God and the remembrance of the golden rule before you. Let us give the helping hand and not the downward push; so may the angels reach their hands toward us when we stand in need.

A lady, not accustomed to raising poultry, set a hen on some eggs, and in due course of time a brood of chickens was hatched. A friend, coming in four days afterward, noticing that the little things looked weak and puny, asked how often they were fed. "Fed!" was the reply, "why, I thought the hen nursed them."—*Extra News Letter.*

Sentiment and Reflection.

Study books to know how things ought to be; study men to know how things are.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of duty.

In memory's mellowed light, we behold not the thorns; we see only the beautiful flowers.

A man that keeps riches and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

When a man speaks the truth you may count pretty surely that he possesses most other virtues.

If you sweep your own door steps you will have little time to criticise those of your neighbor.

Don't carry your head so high that you cannot see stumps in your way over which you may stumble.

Women are extreme in all points. They are better or worse than men.

IN THE BLACK MARIA.—Not long ago a lad of nineteen came up from the country to one of the seaboard cities, and secured a position in a large and well-known importing house. He was a gentle, blue-eyed young fellow, almost womanish in his tastes, and in his love for his home and his family.

Unfortunately he had no friends in the city. His evenings were passed in absolute solitude, or in the vulgar society of a cheap boarding house.

The boy became depressed, gloomy. He fancied he needed "bracing up," and fell into the habit of dropping into a cheerful restaurant for a glass of wine.

He soon made friends there who would join him in a bottle. As with most men not accustomed to intoxicating liquor, he was maddened by a little.

One night, being drunk, he quarreled with his companion, and stabbed him with a knife which laid on the table. The wound was not serious, but the lad was arrested and kept in the police station until morning.

He was then led out (being now sober and in his right mind) and ordered to get into the prison van (known to the town as the Black Maria), which waited to convey him to prison. He shuddered and turned ghastly pale, muttering—

"What will my father say?"

But he was thrust in and the door locked. There was no one else in the van. When they reached the gate of the prison, the door was opened. The boy lay dead beside it the blood from the throat clotted the face which his mother so lately had kissed.

This is an absolutely true story. It teaches, of course, to young men the madness of tasting that first glass of liquor, of yielding to the temptations which beset friendless boys on every side in a great city. But has it no meaning to those older men, Christians and fathers, who leave such lads without a friend, and put out no kindly hand to hold them back from temptation?—*Youth's Companion.*

CUT FLOWERS.—The following hints, though containing nothing novel, are apt to be forgotten by those who in summer cull the choicest flowers for house decoration:

Flowers decay much sooner when tied in bunches than when arranged loosely. Too little air and too much water are the bane of most species.

The moisture furnished cut-flowers should be rain water of moderate temperature. When gathering flowers use a pair of sharp shears, or a knife for woody plants, such as roses, camellias, spireas, deutzias, fuchsias, and the like.

It is far better to gather your flowers than to let them fade upon the plants.

A cool room is best adapted for keeping flowers fresh, stale tobacco smoke will wilt flowers.

Take away each flower as it fades or it will destroy the others.

Hot water will often restore flowers to freshness, even when every petal is drooping. Place the stems into a cup of boiling hot water; let them remain until each petal has become smoothed out; then cut off the coddled ends and place them in water of moderate temperature. Ammonia added to the water also revives them quickly. When going for wild flowers or ferns carry a close-fitting tin box, in which have a wet sponge, and a basket, the smaller flowers shut in the box, and the stems of larger flowers inserted in the pores of the sponge which you carry in the basket. Flowers should always be transported in air tight boxes.

YOUNG INDIANS AT SCHOOL.—There is in the national school at Hampton, Va., some forty Indian boys, and a smaller number of girls. The intention was that there should be an equal number of boys and girls, but some difficulty was found in persuading the parents to permit the girls to come; first, because they wished to have the benefit of their