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Five.

"But a week is so long!" he said,
With a toss of his curly head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven whole days! Why, in six, you know
(You said it yourself—you told me so),
The great God up in heaven
Made all the earth and the sea and skies,
The trees and the birds and the butterflies!
How can I wait for my seeds to grow?"

"But a month is so long!" he said,
With a droop of his boyish head.
"Hear me count—one, two, three, four—
Four whole weeks, and three days more.
Thirty-one days, and each will creep
As the shadows crawl over yonder steep;
Thirty-one nights, and I shall lie
Watching the stars climb up the sky!
How can I wait till a month is o'er?"

"But a year is so long! he said,
Uplifting his bright young head.
"All the seasons must come and go
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring;
Oh, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I might cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long," he said,
Slow raising his stately head.
"But there's much to win, there is much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who could wear
The crown of honor, must do and dare!
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate!"

"Ah! life is not long!" he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—
Seven times ten are seventy.
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, O God! is eternity!"

—*Harper's Bazar.*

Two Saints of the Foot-Hills.

BY BRET HARTE.

It never was clearly ascertained how long they had been there. The first settler of Rough-and-Ready—one, Low, playfully known to his familiars as "The Poor Indian"—declared that the saints were afore his time, and occupied a cabin in the brush when he "blazed" his way to the North Fork. It is certain that the two were present when the water was first turned on the Union Ditch, and then and there received the designation of Daddy Downey and Mammy Downey, which they kept to the last. As they tottered toward the refreshment tent, they were welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by the boys; or, to borrow the more refined language of the *Union Recorder*, "Their gray hairs and bent figures, recalling, as they did, the happy paternal eastern homes of the spectators, and the blessings that fell from venerable lips when they left those homes to journey in quest of the Golden Fleece on Occidental Slopes, caused many to burst into tears." The nearer facts that many of these spectators were orphans, that others had enjoyed a State's guardianship and discipline, and that a majority had left their paternal roofs without any embarrassing preliminary formula, were mere passing clouds that did not dim the golden imagery of the writer. From that day the Saints were adopted as historical lay figures, and entered at once into possession of uninterrupted gratuities and endowment.

It was not strange that, in a country largely made up of ambitious and reckless youth, these two—types of conservative and settled forms—should be thus celebrated. Apart from any sentiment or veneration, they were admirable foils to the community's youthful progress and energy. They were put forward at every social gathering, occupied prominent seats on the platform at every public meeting, walked first in every procession, were conspicuous at the frequent funeral and rarer wedding, and were godfather and godmother to the first baby born in Rough-and-Ready. At the first poll opened in that precinct, Daddy Downey cast the first, and, as was his custom, on all momentous occasions, became volubly reminiscent. "The first vote I ever cast," said Daddy, "was for Andrew Jackson; the father o' some on you peart young chaps wasn't born then, he! he!—that was 'way long in '33, wasn't it? I disremember now, but if Mammy was here, she bein' a schoolgal at the time, she could say. But my memory's failin' me. I'm an old man, boys; yet I likes to see the young go ahead. I recklect that thar vote from a suckumstance. Squire Adams was present, and seein' it was my first vote, he put a goold piece into my hand, and, sez he, sez Squire Adams, 'let that always be a reminder of the exercise of glorious freeman's privilege!' He did; he! he! Lord, boys! I feel so proud of ye, that I wish I had a hundred votes to cast for ye all."

It is hardly necessary to say that the memorial tribute of Squire Adams was increased tenfold by the judges, inspectors and clerks, and that the old man tottered back to Mammy, considerably heavier than he came. As both of the rival candidates were equally sure of his vote, and each had called upon him and offered a conveyance, it is but fair to presume they were equally beneficent. But Daddy insisted upon walking to the polls—a distance of two miles—as a moral example, and a text for the California paragraphers, who hastened to record that such was the influence of the foot-hill climate, that "a citizen of Rough-and-Ready, aged eighty-four, rose at six o'clock, and, after milking two cows, walked a distance of twelve miles to the polls, and returned in time to chop a cord of wood before dinner." Slightly exaggerated as this statement may have been, the fact that Daddy was always found by the visitor to be engaged at his wood-pile, which seemed neither to increase nor diminish under his ax—a fact, doubtless, owing to the activity of Mammy, who was always at the same time making pies, seemed to give some credence to the story. Indeed, the wood-pile of Daddy Downey was a standing reproof to the indolent and sluggish miner.

"Ole Daddy must use up a pow'ful sight of wood; every time I've passed by his shanty he's been makin' the chips fly. But what gets me is, that the pile don't seem to come down," said Whisky Dick to his neighbor.

"Well, you fool!" growled his neighbor; "'spose some chap happens to pass by thar and sees the old man doin' a man's work at eighty, and slouches like you and me lying round drunk, and that chap, feelin' kinder humped, goes up some dark night and heaves a load of cut pine over his fence, who's got anything to say about it? Say?" Certainly not the speaker, who had done the act suggested, nor the repitent and [illegible] hearer, who repeated it next day.

The pies and cakes made by the old woman were, I think, remarkable rather for their inducing the same loyal and generous spirit than for their intrinsic excellence, and it may be said appealed more strongly to the nobler aspirations of humanity than its vulgar appetite. Howbeit, everybody ate Mammy Downey's pies, and thought of his childhood. "Take 'em, dear boys," the old lady would say; "it does me good to see you eat 'em; reminds me kinder of poor Sammy, that, ef he'd lived, would hev been ez strong and big ez you be, but was taken down with lung fever at Sweetwater. I kin see him yet; that's forty year ago, dear! comin' out o' the lot to the bake-house, and smilin' such a beautiful smile, like yours, dear boy, as I handed him a mince or a lemming turnover. Dear, dear, how I do run on! and those days is past! but I seems to live in you again!" The wife of the hotel-keeper, actuated by a low jealousy, had suggested that she "seemed to live *off* them," but as that person tried to demonstrate the truth of her statement by reference to the cost of the raw material used by the old lady, it was considered by the camp as too practical and economical for consideration. "Besides," added Cy Perkins, "ef old Mammy wants to turn an honest penny in her old age, let her do it. How would you like your old mother to make pies on grub wages, eh?" A suggestion that so affected his hearer (who had no mother) that he bought three on the spot. The quality of these pies had never been discussed but once. It is related that a young lawyer from San Francisco, dining at the Palmetto restaurant, pushed away one of Mammy Downey's pies with every expression of disgust and dissatisfaction. At this juncture, Whisky Dick, considerably affected by his favorite stimulant, approached the stranger's table, and, drawing up a chair, sat uninvited before him.

"Mebbee, young man," he began gravely, "ye don't like Mammy Downey's pies?"

The stranger replied curtly, and in some astonishment, that he did not as a rule, "eat pie."

"Young man," continued Dick with drunken gravity, "mebbee you're accustomed to Charlotte rusks and blue mange; mebbee ye can't eat unless your grub is got up by one o' them French cooks? Yet *we*—us boys yar in this camp—calls that pie—a good—a com-petent pie!"

The stranger again disclaimed anything but a general dislike of that form of pastry.

"Young man," continued Dick, utterly unheeding the explanation,—"young man, mebbee you onct had an ole—a very ole mother, who, tottering down the vale o' years, made pies. Mebbee, and it's like your blank epicurean soul, ye turned up your nose on the ole woman, and went back on the pies, and on her! She that dandled ye when ye woz a baby,—a little baby! Mebbee ye went back on her, and shook her, and played off on her, and gave her away—dead away! And now, mebbee, young man—I would'nt hurt ye for the world, but mebbee, afore ye leave this yar table, YE'LL EAT THAT PIE!"

The stranger rose to his feet, but the muzzle of a dragoon revolver in the unsteady hands of Whisky Dick, caused him to sit down again. He ate the pie, and lost his case likewise, before a Rough-and-Ready jury.

Indeed, far from exhibiting the cynical doubts and distrusts of age, Daddy Downey received always with child-like delight the progress of modern improvement and energy. "In my day, long back in the twenties, it took us nigh a week—a week, boys—to get up a barn, and all the young ones—I was one then—for miles 'round at the raisin'; and yer's you boys—rascals ye are, too—runs up this yer shanty for Mammy and me 'twixt sun-up and dark! Eh, eh, you're teachin' the old folks new tricks, are ye? Ah, get along, you!" and in playful simulation of anger he would shake his white hair and his hickory staff at the "rascals." The only indication of the conservative tendencies of age was visible in his continual protest against the extravagance of the boys. "Why," he would say, "a family, a hull family—leavin' alone me and the old woman,—might be supported on what you young rascals throw away in a single spree."

There was little doubt that the old couple were saving, if not avaricious. But when it was known, through the indiscreet volubility of Mammy Downey, that Pappy Downey sent the bulk of their savings, gratuities, and gifts to a dissipated and prodigal son in the East—whose photograph the old man always carried with him—it rather elevated him in their regard. "When ye write to that gay and festive son o' yourn, Daddy," said Joe Robinson, "send him this yer specimen. Give him my compliments, and tell him, if he kin spend money faster than I can, I call him! In vain would the old man continue to protest against the spirit of the gift; the miner generally returned with his pockets that much the lighter, and it is not improbable a little less intoxicated than he otherwise might have been. It may be premised that Daddy Downey was strictly temperate. The only way he managed to avoid hurting the feelings of the camp was by accepting the frequent donations of whisky to be used for the purposes of liniment.

"Next to snake-oil, my son," he would say, "and dilberry-juice—and ye don't seem to pro-duce 'em hereabouts—whisky is good for rubbin' onto old bones to make 'em limber. But pure cold water, 'sparklin' and bright in its liquid light, and, so to speak, reflect'n' of God's own linyments on its surfiss, is the best, onless, like poor ol' Mammy and me, ye gits the dumb-agur from over-use."

Praised by the lips of distinguished report, fostered by the care and sustained by the pecuniary offerings of their fellow citizens, the Saints led for two years a peaceful life of gentle absorption. To relieve them from the embarrassing appearance of eleemosynary receipts—an embarrassment felt more by the givers than the recipients—the postmastership of Rough-and-Ready was procured for Daddy, and the duty of receiving and delivering the United States mails performed by him, with the advice and assistance of the [illegible] this time, it was easily attributed to this undisciplined aid, and the boys themselves were always ready to make up the value of a missing money-letter and "keep the old man's accounts square." To these functions presently were added the treasureships of the Masons' and Odd Fellows' charitable funds—the old man being far advanced in their respective degrees—and even the position of almoner of their bounties was superadded. Here, unfortunately, Daddy's habits of economy and avaricious propensity came near making him unpopular, and very often needy brothers were forced to object to the quantity and quality of the help extended. They always met with more generous relief from the private hands of the brothers themselves, and the remark "that the ol' man was trying to set an example—that he meant well,"—and that they would yet be thankful for his zealous care and economy. A few, I think, suffered in noble silence, rather than bring the old man's infirmity to the public notice.

And so with this honor of Daddy and Mammy, the days of the miners were long and profitable in the land of the foot-hills. The mines yielded their abundance, the winters were singularly open, and yet there was no drouth nor lack of water, and peace and plenty smiled on the Sierrean foot-hills, from their highest sunny upland to the trailing *falda* of wild oats and poppies. If a certain superstition got abroad among the other camps, connecting the fortunes of Rough-and-Ready with Daddy and Mammy, it was a gentle, harmless fancy, and was not, I think, altogether rejected by the old people. A certain large, patriarchal, bountiful manner, of late visible in Daddy, and the increase of much white hair and beard, kept up the poetic illusion, while Mammy, day by day, grew more and more like somebody's fairy godmother. An attempt was made by a rival camp to emulate these paying virtues of reverence, and an aged mariner was procured from the Sailor's Snug Harbor in San Francisco, on trial. But the unfortunate seaman was more or less diseased, was not always presentable, through a weakness for ardent spirits, and finally, to use the powerful idiom of one of his disappointed foster-children, "up and died in a week, without slinging ary blessin'."

But vicissitude reaches young and old alike. Youthful Rough-and-Ready and the Saints had climbed to their meridian together, and it seemed fit that they should together decline. The first shadow fell with the immigration to Rough-and-Ready of a second aged pair. The landlady of the Independence Hotel had not abated her malevolence toward the Saints, and had imported at considerable expense her grand-aunt and grand-uncle, who had been enjoying for some years a sequestered retirement in the poor-house of East Machias. They were indeed very old. By what miracle, even as anatomical specimens, they had been preserved during their long journey was a mystery to the camp. In some respects they had superior memories and reminiscences. The old man—Abner Trix—had shouldered a musket in the war of 1812, his wife, Abigail, had seen Lady Washington.

Whether it was jealousy, distrust or timidity that overcame the Saints, was never known, but they studiously declined to meet the strangers. When directly approached upon the subject, Daddy Downey pleaded illness, kept himself in close seclusion, and the Sunday that the Trixes attended church in the school-house on the hill, the triumph of the Trix party was mitigated by the fact that the Downeys were not in their accustomed pew. "You bet that Daddy and Mammy is lying low jest to ketch them old mummies yet," explained a Downeyite. For by this time schism and division had crept into the camp; the younger and later members of the settlement adhering to the Trixes, while the older pioneers stood not only loyal to their own favorites, but even, in the true spirit of partisanship, began to seek for a principle underlying their personal feeling. "I tell ye what, boys," observed Sweetwater Joe, "if this yer camp is goin' to be run by greenhorns, and old pioneers, like Daddy and the rest of us, must take back seats, it's time we emigrated and shoved out, and tuk Daddy with us. Why, they're talkin' of rotation in offiss and of putting that skeleton that Ma'am Decker sets up at the table to take her boarders' appetites away—into the post office in place o' Daddy." And, indeed, there were some fears of such a conclusion; the newer men of Rough-and-Ready were in the majority, and wielded a more than equal influence of wealth and outside enterprise. "Frisco," as the Downeyite bitterly remarked, "already owned half the town." The old friends that rallied around Daddy and Mammy were, like most loyal friends in adversity, in bad case themselves, and were beginning to look and act, it was observed, not unlike their old favorites.

At this juncture Mammy died.

The sudden blow for a few days seemed to reunite dissevered Rough-and-Ready. Both factions hastened to the bereaved Daddy with condolements, and offers of aid and assistance. But the old man received them sternly. A change had come over the weak and yielding octogenarian. Those who expected to find him maudlin, helpless, disconsolate, shrank from the cold, hard eyes and truculent voice that bade them "begone," and "leave him with his dead." Even his own friends failed to make him respond to their sympathy, and were fain to content themselves with his cold intimation that both the wishes of his dead wife and his own instincts were against any display, or the reception of any favor from the camp that might tend to keep up the divisions they had innocently created. The refusal of Daddy to accept any services offered was so unlike him as to have but one dreadful meaning! The sudden shock had turned his brain! Yet so impressed were they with his resolution that they permitted him to perform the last sad offices himself, and only a select few of his nearer neighbors assisted him in carrying the plain deal coffin from his lonely cabin in the woods to the still lonelier cemetery on the hill-top. When the shallow grave was filled, he dismissed even these curtly, shut himself up in his cabin, and dent that he was no longer in his right mind.

His harmless aberration was accepted and treated with a degree of intelligent delicacy hardly to be believed of so rough a community. During his wife's sudden and severe illness, the safe containing the funds intrusted to his care by the various benevolent associations, was broken into and robbed, and although the act was clearly attributable to his carelessness and preoccupation, all allusion to the fact was withheld from him in his severe affliction. When he appeared again before the camp, and the circumstances were consideratey explained to him with the remark that "the boys had made it all right," the vacant, hopeless, unintelligent eye that he turned upon the speaker showed too plainly that he had forgotten all about it. "Don't trouble the old man," said Whisky Dick, with a burst of honest poetry. "Don't ye see his memory's dead, and lying there in the coffin with Mammy." Perhaps the speaker was nearer right than he imagined.

They took various means of diverting his mind with worldly amusements and one was a visit to a traveling troupe, then performing in the town. The result of the visit was briefly told by Whisky Dick. "Well, sir, we went in, and I sot the old man down in a front seat, an d kinder propped him up with some other of the fellers round him, and there he sot as silent and awful ez the grave. And then that dancer, Miss Grace Somerset, comes in, and blame my skin, if the old man didn't git to trembling and fidgeting all over, as she cut them pidgin wings. I tell ye what, boys, men is men, way down to their boots—whether they're crazy or not! Well, he took on so—that I'm blamed if at last that gal herself didn't notice him! and she ups, suddenly, and blows him a kiss—so! with her fingers!"

Whether this narration were exaggerated or not, it is certain that old man Downey every succeeding night of the performance was a spectator. That he may have aspired to be more than that was suggested a day or two later in the following incident. A number of the boys were sitting around the stove in the Magnolia saloon, listening to the onset of a winter storm against the windows, when Whisky Dick, tremulous, excited and bristling with rain drops and information, broke in upon them.

"Well, boys, I've got just the biggest thing out. Ef I hadn't seed it myself, I wouldn't hev believed it!"

"It ain't thet ghost ag'in?" growled Robinson, from the depths of his arm-chair; "thet ghost's about played."

"Wot ghost?" asked a new-comer.

"Why, ole Mammy's ghost, that every feller about yer sees when he's half full and out late o' nights."

"Where?"

"Where? Why, where should a ghost be? Meanderin' round her grave on the hill yonder, in course."

"It's suthin bigger nor thet, pard," said Dick, confidently; "no ghost kin rake down the pot ag'in the keerds I've got here. This aint no bluff!"

"Well, go on!" said a dozen excited voices.

Dick paused a moment, diffidently, with the hesitation of an artistic *raconteur*.

"Well," he said, with affected deliberation, "let's see! It is nigh onto an hour ago ez I was down thar at the show. When the curtain was down betwixt the ax, I looks round fer Daddy. No Daddy thar! I goes out and asks some o' the boys. 'Daddy was there a minnit ago,' they said; 'must hev gone home.' Bein' kinder responsible for the old man, I hangs around, and goes out in the hall and sees a passage leadin' behind the scenes. Now the queer thing about this, boys, ez that suthin in my bones told me the old man is thar. I pushes in, and, sure as a gun, I hears his voice. Kinder pathetic, kinder pleadin', kinder—"

"Love-makin'!" broke in the impatient Robinson.

"You've hit it, pard,—you've rung the bell every time! But she says, 'I wants thet money down, or I'll ——' and here I couldn't get to hear the rest. And then he kinder coaxes, and she says, sorter sassy, but listenin' all the time,—women like, ye know, Eve and the sarpint!—and she says, 'I'll see to-morrow.' And he says, 'You won't blow on me?' and I gets excited and peeps in, and may I be teetotally blamed ef I didn't see——"

"What?" yelled the crowd.

"Why, *Daddy on his knees to that there dancer*, Grace Somerset! Now, if Mammy's ghost is meanderin' round, why, et's about time she left the cemetery and put in an appearance in Jackson's Hall. Thet's all!"

"Look yar, boys," said Robinson, rising, "I don't know ez it's the square thing to spile Daddy's fun. I don't object to it, provided she aint takin' in the old man and givin' him dead away. But ez we're his guardeens, I propose that we go down thar and see the lady, and find out ef her intentions is honorable. If she means marry, and the old man persists, why, I reckon we kin give the young couple a send-off thet won't disgrace this yer camp! Hey, boys?"

It is unnecessary to say that the proposition was received with acclamation, and that the crowd at once departed on their discreet mission. But the result was never known, for the next morning brought a shock to Rough-and-Ready before which all other interest paled to nothingness.

The grave of Mammy Downey was found violated and despoiled; the coffin opened, and half filled with the papers and accounts of the robbed benevolent association; but the body of Mammy was gone! Nor, on examination, did it appear that the sacred and ancient form of that female had ever reposed in its recesses!

Daddy Downey was not to be found, nor is it necessary to say that the ingenuous Grace Somerset was also missing.

For three days the reason of Rough-and-Ready trembled in the balance. No work was done in the ditches, in the flume, nor in the mills. Groups of men stood by the grave of the lamented relict of Daddy Downey, as open-mouthed and vacant as that sepulcher. Never since the great earthquake of '52 had Rough-and-Ready been so stirred to its deepest [illegible]

On the third day the sheriff of Calaveras—a quiet, gentle, thoughtful man—arrived in town, and passed from one to the other of excited groups, dropping here and there detached but concise and practical information.

"Yes, gentlemen, you are right, Mrs. Downey is not dead, because there wasn't any Mrs. Downey! Her part was played by Geo. F. Renwick, of Sydney—a 'ticket-of-leave-man,' who was, they say, a good actor. Downey? Oh, yes! Downey was Jem Flanigan, who, in '52, used to run the troupe in Australia, where Miss Somerset made her *debut*. Stand back a little, boys. Steady! 'The money?' Oh, yes, they've got away with that, sure! How are ye, Joe? Why, you're looking well and hearty! I rather expected ye court week. How's things your way?"

"Then they were only play-actors, Joe Hall?" broke in a dozen voices.

"I reckon!" returned the sheriff, coolly.

"And for a matter o' five blank years," said Whisky Dick, sadly, "they played this camp!"—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Nationalities and Ages of the Popes.

The journal of the French Statistical Society publishes some curious statistics concerning the Popes which may not be without interest. Pius IX. was the 252d Pope. Of these fifteen were French, thirteen Greeks, eight Syrians, six Germans, five Spaniards, two Africans, two Savoisiens, two Dalmatians; England, Portugal, Holland, Switzerland and Canada furnishing one each; Italy provided the rest. Since 1523 all the Popes have been selected from Italian Cardinals. Seventy Bishops of Rome, belonging, with very few exceptions, to the epoch preceding the establishment of the temporal power, have been proclaimed saints. The last ten centuries have seen nine Popes judged worthy by the Popes themselves of being sanctified. Of the 252 Pontiffs, not including St. Peter, eight died within a month of their elevation to the Popedom, forty-eight within a year, twenty-two were seated between one and two years, fifty-four from two to five years, fifty-seven from five to ten years, fifty-one from ten to fifteen years, eighteen from fifteen to twenty years, and nine more than twenty years. Pius IX., in the years of his Pontificate, surpassed in 1874 all the Roman Pontiffs except the Spanish anti-Pope, Benedict XIII., of Luna, who, elected at Avignon in 1394, died at Pensacola, near Valencia, 1424. In respect of age he has been surpassed by a very great number of his predecessors. There died at the age of over eighty-two years Alexander XIII. (1689-91) and Pius VI. (1775-99); at eighty-three years, Paul IV. (1555-59), Gregory XIII. (1575-85), Innocent X. (1644-55), Benedict XIV. (1740-58), Pius VII. (1800-23); between eighty-four and eighty-six years, Paul III. (1534-49), Boniface VIII. (1294-1803), Clement X. (1670-76), Innocent XII. (1691-1700), between ninety and ninety-two years; John XII., Pope of Avignon (1316-34), Clement XIII. (1730-40), at the age of 100 years.

A Ferocious Alligator.

In the Norman river, Australia, the alligators are so numerous and daring that they will not leave the steamers' path until they are actually disturbed by the motion of the floats. As the steamer Pioneer was on its voyage, a Kanaka belonging to the vessel was standing on the margin of the river unfastening a rope, when he was charged by one of these terrible saurians. The people on board who saw the danger cried out to alarm the man; but before he could make his escape the alligator seized him by the thigh. The unfortunate man threw his arm round some mangroves, and so held on until assistance came from the steamer. Six men quickly seized him, and then there was a horrible trial of strength between human muscles and the jaws of the alligator. The captain struck the brute a blow on the head with an axe, which forced him to let go his hold, and the victim was dragged away. The alligator, however, made another charge up the bank, but was repelled with difficulty by repeated blows of the axe. The poor Kanaka's leg was taken off below the knee. Medical assistance was near at hand, but the excessive loss of blood rendered recovery hopeless. The man died within fifteen minutes after he had reached the doctor's dispensary.

Morphiomania.

Morphiomania has become a great scourge in Berlin since the introduction of opium injections as a relief from bodily suffering and sleeplessness. Tradespeople, merchants, judges, barristers, soldiers, students, doctors and clergymen become the victims of the habit, and when the medical attendants are called in it is too late to counteract the evil. At first, these sub-cutaneous injections offer the quickest and easiest means to allay pain and bring rest to the sufferer. But, to prove effectual in its cure, the treatment must be continued for a certain time; and during that period the patient becomes so accustomed to these skin injections that they become indispensable. When the medical practitioner refuses to increase the doses, the patient unable to sleep or rest without the calming injection, procures the necessary instruments and applies the remedy himself. Sometimes, also, even after the patient has been cured without any undue doses, and when he should dispense with the opium injections, he delays doing so under the plea that they make sleep and rest so well. In fact, when once these subcutaneous injections have begun, they can rarely be left off. Like drink, the appetite for them increases until chronic drunkenness ensues.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Household Hints.

TEA.—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee, hot water is poured upon it, it will yield nearly double the amount of its exhilarating qualities.

MANAGEMENT OF BROOMS.—If brooms are wet in boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer, and always sweep like a new broom.

RANCID BUTTER.—Butter that has become rancid may be restored by washing then working it over with cold spring water. Butyric acid, which, when present, causes rancidity, is soluble in fresh milk, and can be removed in the manner stated.

CANNED CIDER.—Cider may be preserved for years, by putting it up in air-tight cans, after the manner of preserving fruit. The cider should be first settled and racked off from the dregs, but fermentation should not be allowed to commence before canning.

TO SASH HOLDERS.—Window sashes may be retained at any desired height, by boring three or four holes in the side of the sash, and inserting into them common bottle corks, leaving them to project about the sixteenth part of an inch. These will press against the window frame and hold the sash at any height required.

CAMPHOR ICE.—Melt slowly together white wax and spermaceti, each one ounce; camphor, two ounces, in sweet almond oil, one pound. Next, triturate until the mass becomes homogeneous. Then allow one pound of rose water to flow in slowly during the operation. Then perfume with attar of rosemary, one drachm.

Toads in the Garden.

Many persons have a loathing of these really interesting, if not handsome, little animals of the genus Bufo (*Bufo vulgaris*). The toad is perfectly harmless, and is often useful in gardens by feeding on noxious insects. One writer gives it as his opinion that they are worth more per head to the horticulturist than chickens, even allowing that chickens did not scratch. Dr. Harris tells a very interesting story of these insect devourers, which we think ought to put the reader in good humor with them. He supposed the odor of the squash bug would protect it from the toad, and to test the matter he offered one to a grave looking *Bufo*, under a cabbage. He seized it eagerly, but spit it out instantly, reared upon his hind legs and put his front feet on top of his head for an instant as if in pain, and then disappeared across the garden in a series of the greatest leaps a toad ever made. Perhaps the bug bit the biter. Not satisfied with this Dr. Harris hunted up another toad which lived under the piazza, and always sunned himself in one place in the grass. He offered him a squash bug, which he took and swallowed, winking in a very satisfied manner. Twenty other fine bugs followed the first in a few minutes, with no difficulty or hesitation in taking or swallowing, though, from the wriggling and contortions, it appeared their corners did not fit well within.

Horse Stables.

Dark stables are an abomination and should not be tolerated. There is no necessity to sacrifice comfort, either in winter or summer, to secure enough light. A horse's eyes are enlarged—the pupil of the eye is—by being kept in a dark stable. He has the harness put on him, and suddenly brought out into the bright, glaring sunlight, which contracts the pupil so suddenly as to cause extreme pain. To see just how it is to face a bright light after having been in the dark, take a walk some dark night for a short time, till the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, then drop suddenly in some well-lighted room, and you will scarcely be able to see for a few moments in the sudden light. A dark stable is invariably a damp one, and such stables we are not yet willing to put either a valuable or working horse in. Give good ventilation, let the sunshine and the air have a chance to effect an entrance, and your stables will be purer and more healthy.

Fat Horses.

There is a tendency at this season to feed too much grain and get the horses too fat. This is done at the expense of muscle, because an animal kept constantly at work will not get "hog fat," the food going to furnish tissue and muscle used up and destroyed. Not so with an animal kept in a stall and given no exercise, except, perhaps, that obtained while being led to water. The amount of grain fed should be reduced, and a plentiful supply of hay kept in the racks at all times. When possible, the horses should be given the free run of the yard every day. If only given their liberty occasionly, they are liable to run and jump to excess. Many valuable animals have been lost by rupture or a fall obtained through giving exercise to exuberant animal spirits.—*Western Stock Journal.*

Feeding Fowls.

In a state of nature fowls run over a great extent of ground before they get a crop full. They pick up their food grain by grain, and with it small pieces of dirt, blades of grass and other things that all help digestion. Placed before the fowls in boxes filled with grain, the birds do in five minutes that which should be the work of two hours; they eat a greedy fill, and, suffering unnatural repletion they have recourse to drink; the corn then swells in the crop, and the sufferers, instead of walking about cheerfully, hide in corners and squat about, to the detriment of their health. This applies to the equally bad practice of throwing down the food in heaps.

Sprains.

Between the bones of the ankle and the wrist there are muscles. When by accident these are drawn out of their places, what we call a sprain is produced. When one is aware that he has suffered this species of derangement, the first thing to be done is to keep the part injured perfectly still, and by no means use it in the least. The muscles left to themselves will return to their places gradually. Hops steeped in vinegar and applied hot to the injured part will quiet the anguish and restore wholeness. But more important than any application is perfect quiet.

Items of Interest.

The more suits at law the less suits go on your back.

A Kansas newspaper offers a premium for the best poem on mud.

France smoked 150,000,000 cigars last year, and 182 tons of cigarettes.

In 1872 there were thirty-two circus shows on the road. This year there are but thirteen.

This is a world of second-hand goods. Every pretty girl has been some other fellow's sweetheart.

[illegible] sumed as human food than any other cereal. It is said to be the main food of one-third of the human race.

Chicago has 2,800 liquor saloons for her 500,000 inhabitants, giving one saloon for every 178 people, or one to every thirty-five adult males.

The number of children lost daily in the city of New York is very large. Over thirty found temporary quarters at the police central station one day recently.

It costs just six cents to paste a printed slip on a postal card and send it through the mails. The sender contributes one cent and the receiver the other five.

Josh Billings says lasting reputashuns are a slow growth. The man who wakes up famus sum morning iz quite apt to go to bed sum night and sleep it all off.

In a New York druggist's window a placard announces: "Ladies afflicted with pale, faded eyes can now have them tattooed black, brown, or dark blue with India ink.

In Kentucky vagrancy is punished with involuntary servitude, and a colored offender was sold on the block at auction for six months to the highest bidder at Hickman, in that State, the other day.

It is when a man is carrying a pound of honey on one arm, and a bag of eggs on the other, and leading a bulldog by a string, and attempts to brush a fly off his ear, that he feels no man can be an expert in all things.

Queen Victoria has seven palaces. Three in London—Buckingham, St. James, and Kensington. Her out-of-town palaces are at Windsor, at Osborne, Isle of Wight, and at Balmoral, in the Scottish Highlands.

There is no grove on earth's broad chart
But has some bird to cheer it;
So Hope sings on in every heart,
Although we may not hear it.
And if to day the heavy wing
Of sorrow is oppressing,
Perchance to-morrow's sun will bring
The weary heart some blessing.

Dr. C. B. Eddy of Finchville, Ky., who has recently imported from Canada a drove of Berkshire hogs, has erected for them the finest pen in the country. It is made of heavy stone, and through it runs a hallway six hundred feet long, traversed by a stream of water. Perfect light and ventilation have been secured, and the entire cost has been $20,000.

A fanatic Mussulman at Constantinople attributes the Sultan's disasters to the fact that Baron Tecco, a former minister of Italy in that capital, fraudulently purchased for a mere song the Prophet's sacred flag and sent it to Turin. The flag certainly is in the possession of the Royal Museum of that city, but its sacred character and magical value are entirely ignored by its present owners.

A popular doctor of Utica while escorting a lady home the other evening, attempted to relieve her cough and sore throat by giving her a troche. He told her to allow it to dissolve gradually in her mouth. No relief was experienced and the doctor felt quite chagrined the next day when the lady sent him a pantaloon button with a note saying he must have given her the wrong kind of troche, and might need this one.

A fearful catastrophe occurred at Parma, Italy. An artillery officer and six men were trying to uproot an old horse-chestnut tree by the use of dynamite in the public promenade when, owing to the officer's carelessness, an explosion occurred, killing the officer, two soldiers, two children and another person, and wounding sixty-three. Among the seriously wounded were four noblemen and several gentlemen who were out for an afternoon walk, and were attracted to the spot from curiosity to see the experiment.

OF FLOWERS.

There were no roses till the first child died,
No violets, nor balmy-breathed heart's-ease,
No heliotrope, nor, buds so dear to bees,
The honey-hearted suckle, no gold-eyed
And lowly dandelion, nor, stretching wide,
Clover and cowslip-cups, like rival seas,
Meeting and parting, as the young spring breeze
Runs giddy races playing seek and hide.
For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes,
And from its lips rose-petals for its smiles,
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth.

—*Maurice F. Egan in Scribner.*

The ancients had neither pen, ink, pencil, nor paper; but their needs were small and their necessities of publication slight, so that their primitive methods sufficed. They cut upon stone, and sometimes blackened the letters after cutting; more generally and longest, they used a scratching implement called the "stylus." For materials, they had bronze, brass, leaden sheets, palm-leaves, skins, bark of trees, tablets covered with a thin sheet of wax, and as convenient as the modern slate for erasure, and the layers of the stalk of the papyrus. The brittle papyrus would not endure folding, and so the book was a continuous roll.

There is no nationality on the face of the globe that can compare with the Chinese as vegetable gardeners, with the exception of the Italians. The gardens of the latter south of this city are marvels of order and economy. This nationality is spreading its gardens over the State everywhere, and day by day, dime by dime, strip by strip, adding to their moneyed and real estate possessions. In the vicinity of Antioch they have become well-to-do in a few years. As fishermen they can make a living where others would starve. They are making little spots of Paradise wherever a rich piece of sod is found. They are frugal, energetic and hard working, and even the Chinese find it difficult to keep up with them.—*Sacramento Bee.*