The Democratic Advocate.

$2 PER ANNUM. WESTMINSTER, MD. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1877. VOL. XII.-NO. 48.

First Class Goods Only!

CONSISTING OF

GROCERIES,

Boots, Shoes, Hats,

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HOUSE FURNISHING

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SILVER PLATED GOODS,

Table and Pocket Cutlery,

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TRUNKS, VALISES,

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And a large Variety of other Goods needed by everybody,

CHEAP for CASH.

J. G. BLANCHARD,

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apr 29

SPRING&SUMMER.

Immense Stock of Goods

AT

J. Yingling & Co's.

WE are receiving weekly from New York and Philadelphia stacks of Dry Goods, Dress, Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, &c., which will be sold lower than ever.

OUR DRESS GOODS

Department is larger and better assorted than ever. All the New Colors and Shades.

Our Notion Department

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Of all kinds, lower than before the war.

Our Stock of

FRENCH COATINGS,
SUITINGS,
CLOTHS,
CASSIMERS,
OVERCOATINGS, &c.,

We would invite our special attention to. We ask you to give us a call and be convinced that we have goods to suit everybody.

Yours, Respectfully

J. YINGLING & CO.

June 9-tf

CHESAPEAKE CHEMICAL

AND

Phosphate Works.

We call the Farmers' attention to the following First-Class Fertilizers, all made of Animal Bone:

Slingluff's Dissolved Raw Bone.

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OIL OF VITRIOL,

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For sale by our Agents,
GRIFFITH & WEAVER, Westminster.
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STONER & McKINSTRY, Union Bridge.
SLINGLUFF & CO.,
No. 155 W. Fayette street,
June 23, to oct 10 Baltimore, Md.

STONER & ECKENRODE,

Carriage & Wagon Makers,

AND

BLACKSMITHS IN GENERAL,

STONERSVILLE,

Near Westminster, Carroll County, Md.

Manufacture all the various styles of Carriages from THE FINEST PHAETON to the plain ROAD CARRIAGE.

WAGONS OF EVERY KIND BUILT TO ORDER AT SHORT NOTICE.

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

All work GUARANTEED, and prices LOW as the FIRST-CLASS establishment in the State.

GEORGE W. STONER, Sr.
JOHN E. ECKENRODE.

may 5-ly

PRIVATE SALE

OF A

VALUABLE HOUSE & LOT

OPPOSITE THE FAIR GROUNDS.

THE undersigned, desiring to change her business, will offer her House and Lot at Private Sale. This property is situate on Longwell Avenue, opposite the Carroll County Fair Grounds, just outside the city limits, and containing

Three Acres of Land, More or Less.

The improvements are a DWELLING, large and commodious, recently renovated and repaired; the out houses are new and fitted up with every convenience.

Terms reasonable. Apply to

MARGARET CALLAGHAN,
A. C. BOND,
Attorney for Mrs. Callaghan

JOHN A. KRETZER,

MERCHANT TAILOR!!

MAIN STREET,

Over Westminster Saving Institution Building, has just received a large stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS,

Consisting of Imported and Domestic

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, &c.

Which he will sell at the Lowest Prices.

ALL GOODS WARRANTED.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Goods bought elsewhere Cut and made over.

ap 14-tf

PRODUCE DEPOT,

AT THE RAILROAD, WESTMINSTER, MARYLAND.

THE undersigned, at the old stand of Gehr & Orndorff, is prepared to purchase

FLOUR,
WHEAT,
RYE,
OATS,
CORN and COUNTRY PRODUCE

of all descriptions. Also to receive and forward

PRODUCE AND GOODS

of all kinds. He also keeps constantly on hand a large and full stock of

GROCERIES,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

Flour, Bacon, Feed, Grain, Salt, Fish, &c., together with Spades, Shovels, Hoes, Rakes and Farmers' and Gardeners' Implements generally. Also

GUANO AND FERTILIZERS

of all descriptions; and in fact all articles in a first class store.

With long experience and by strict attention to business I hope to receive a liberal share of the public patronage.

may 3-1y DENTON GEHR.

TO THE PUBLIC!

THE undersigned would most respectfully inform the public that they have purchased the entire stock of J. J. Shorb and Son, on Main Street, Westminster, where they will continue the business as heretofore, and have constantly on hand and make to order

FURNITURE,

of all kinds, Newel Posts, Balusters, and Hand Rail worked to order.

Repairing, Upholstering, &c., &c.,

done at the shortest notice. Being practical Cabinet Makers, and having had several years' experience, are confident that we can execute all orders entrusted to us at prices reduced to the lowest profit. Special inducements to young housekeepers.

Also will keep constantly on hand and of the latest and most improved styles

COFFINS AND CASKETS,

which will be furnished at the shortest notice and funerals served.

All work guaranteed to give satisfaction and at the lowest prices. A call is respectfully solicited to examine our stock and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

SAMUEL V. BANKERT.
WILLIAM H. FOWLER.

*mar 18-3tf

LUMBER! LUMBER!!

I HAVE just returned from the Lumber Regions—and am now receiving the largest selection of LUMBER ever offered at this place, at *Reduced Prices*, consisting of Yellow Pine, Spruce and Hemlock

JOIST AND SCANTLING

of all lengths and sizes, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8 4 White Pine Boards and Plank, Yellow and White Pine Flooring, Dressed and Undressed Weatherboarding, White Pine Cypress and Chestnut Shingles, Walnut and Ash Boards and Plank, Plain and Headed Picketts, Shingle and Plastering Laths, a prime lot of Chestnut Rails and Posts. Also all the different

KINDS OF COAL,

Thinking large sales with small profits better than small sales with large profits, I have concluded to adopt the former as my guide, and hope I shall be enabled to carry it out by persons in want of anything in my line giving me a call before purchasing elsewhere.

EDWARD LYNCH.
Near Depot, Westminster, Md.

feb 20-tf

Farmers and Planters!

NOW is the time to buy your Farming Implements cheap. I have on hand a large Stock of Machinery which I am determined to sell. I would make special mention of my two and three horse Furrow Plows. My two-horse Plow I am selling as low as $6.00, and for strength and steady running it cannot be surpassed, while my wrought shear plows connot be beat. The Clipper Rake with some important improvements is also being offered low. The all (wrought) Iron single and double Shovel Plows and the three Shoveled Cultivator, which became so popular and gave such entire satisfaction last year, are now ready for the Spring trade at low figures. Remember the Lion Feed Masticator is the best Feed Cutter in the market, see it. Reapers and Mowers promptly repaired unless new parts are to be ordered which must be done from the company who manufacture the machine as there is no one keeping repairs on hand. So in order to have your machine ready for mowing and reaping bring them in early so as to give time to order repairs. All other repairing done well and cheap.

mar 31-tf E. WAGONER.

A. H. HUBER,

NO. 2, CARROLL HALL,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Chemicals,

PATENT MEDICINES,

AND PERFUMERY.

Especial Attention Paid to Physicians' Orders and Prescriptions.

apr 25-tf

CENTRAL DRUG STORE,

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

Main Street, Westminster, Md.

JOSEPH B. BOYLE,

SUCCESSOR TO WELLS BROS.

DEALER in Pure Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Combs, Toilet Soaps, Segars, &c. Also Trusses and Shoulder Braces.

PURE WINES and LIQUORS

FOR MEDICAL PURPOSES.

Patent Medicines, Horse and Cattle Powders, &c. A fine assortment of STATIONERY.

Physicians' orders promptly filled and Prescriptions carefully and accurately compounded. mar 17-tf

St. John's Parochial School,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

SELECT DEPARTMENT.

CLASSICS and MATHEMATICS taught. Particular attention paid to English Composition. Terms per quarter of 10 weeks, from $3 to $15 according to the studies pursued. F. A. McGIRR, A. M., Principal.

A Night School for young men will be open from 7 to 9, p. m., on Monday and Thursday of each week, beginning October 16th, 1876. oct 14

HARDWARE, Woodenware, Paints, Oils, &c. at GERNAND'S.

Select Poetry.

APPLE GATHERING.

From the Golden Rule.

There is gold in the orchards, rare gems of all hues,
Low hanging from branches, or ripening in dews.
There are pippins and russets, the "red cheeks" so round,
Pearmains, and ripe "Royals," thick strewing the ground.
In June they were blossoms that brightened the world,
With mantles of promise flung out, and unfurled—
Thro' the long days of summer, slow-ripening they hung,
Till the sun in his setting red flushes had flung.
O'er cheeks that grew deeper, as down the low west
Day woke with his kisses pale night from her rest;
Till now red and golden reflected in faces,
They tempt us with glimpses of leaf-hidden graces.
They seem like coy maidens deferring our fate;
Till we dally a season, and wanting, yet wait.
But the Frost-King steals nearer; then cruel, yet kind,
We pluck their ripe beauty away from the wind—
"Be lively now, youngsters!" the farmer commands,
As he mounts the long ladder to his leaf-hidden lands,
Till now they fall quickly—when raising his hold—
And patter and chatter in showers of gold.
On heads and on shoulders; till laughing, they shout,
A troop of boy soldiers put quickly to rout.
O boys, and O master, in sunshine so rare!
The fruit ye are plucking from orchards so fair,
Is the same that forever we pluck through the years,
From trees of our living, in sunshine and tears.
Still russet and golden are type of our days;
And our fruitage is hidden in the world's blinding maze.
When the harvest draws near us 'neath branches low bent,
Shall we gather in gladness with spirits unspent?
And again in the orchards child hands shall we raise
'Neath the front and the fruitage of lives full of praise?

Popular Tales.

AUNT PRUE'S DINNER.

"Sour bread again, dear," said, or rather growled Walter Allison, a rising young lawyer, as he pushed his plate away.

"Do you think it is sour, Wally? It seems to me only to taste a little of the yeast."

"Yeast?" There's always an excuse, you know. It wasn't yeast that made the coffee bitter yesterday."

"But it hasn't been bitter before for months."

"It should never be. It seems to me a woman has time enough to attend thoroughly to all these trifling matters. I never knew my Aunt Prue to make a mistake. Pray, write to her, and get her receipt for bread. It was the lightest, sweetest——"

He looked up in astonishment. Bessy, his loving little Bessy, had rushed from the room.

"Always Aunt Prue! Always Aunt Prue!" cried Bessy, walking the floor of her chamber, distractedly. "I'm so tired of fault finding, when I am doing my best. I'm almost sorry——. But no; I will not say that, "For better, for worse." Oh, dear me! I'll write to Aunt Prue, and tell her all about it."

As she sat down to her little writing desk a thought occurred to her that provoked a perplexed and yet amused smile, and her pen was speedily at work. We will only copy a sentence or two:

"I know that "Wally" is the apple of your eye, as, indeed, he is of mine; but he has been so accustomed to your excellent housekeeping, to "be cooked and cured for," as he says, by his dear Aunt Prue, that he is a little, just a little exacting. I know I was a poor housekeeper when we were first married, then he was so very patient that I could but try my best to improve; and having put heart and will in the work, I think my efforts have been successful. Indeed, I do my best to please him, but——

You cannot tell with what delight I look forward to your long promised visit. We have talked of it for weeks—baby, Walter and I—and our little one has learned some sweet words of welcome for Aunt Prue. They sound so prettily from her cherry lips.

But to the point. Walter is a good husband. Oh, don't think that I like to speak of a single fault; but I must tell you he disheartens me. When I think I have seasoned some favorite dish entirely to his liking, he is sure to find that I fail in something. "Wait till Aunt Prue comes," "Just ask Aunt Prue how she does this or that," or "I'd give half I'm worth,"—which ain't much, poor fellow—"to taste one of Aunt Prue's nice dinners." Now, Aunty, as we expect you here next week, for the New Year's holidays, I have been thinking of asking you if you will cook the New Year's Day dinner, without Walter's knowledge, of course.

"Saucy minx!" I fancy you will be tempted to say; and indeed believe it is a little impertinent; but nevertheless, I hope that you will accede to the request, because you see I am almost desperate.

There is some humor in the arrangement, too, as I look at it, and I know you enjoy fun, so please say "Yes." When we shall see if Walter's criticisms are just, or whether that odious wolf habit has fastened his fangs so strongly upon my dear, good husband, that he is almost or quite unconscious of his fault."

Such was a part of the letter received by Miss Prue Webster, and which she read by her cheerful open grate.

"The poor child," she murmured, taking off her spectacles. The pretty, proud little thing! Wally must have transgressed, indeed, to bring out a complaint like that, for under all the playfulness there is a cry that goes to my heart. I know how it is, for my father was so before him. Yes, he must have a lesson, and Bessy has hit upon just the thing. How much I shall enjoy his criticism, either way!"

So she wrote to her neice she had never met in person, that she would cook the first dinner, and then refreshed her imagination by looking at Bessy's photograph.

She had well called her a proud, pretty little thing. Such sweetness and such pride are seldom combined in the same countenance. Every feature was replete with beauty of its kind; the nose straight and delicate, the lips firm, yet tenderly arched; the eyes smiling and lustrous; the face a perfect oval; and to crown all, the soft, wavy hair thrown carelessly from the low brow, and braided in a massive coronet. This was the picture of which Walter had written just two years ago, as follows:

"It is not half as beautiful as the original; color, motion and grace are wanting. But oh, Aunty, she is a thousand times too lovely and too good for me. Shall I ever be worthy of such a treasure?"

"And now, since she has condescended to step down from the pedestal of worship, and care for and cook for him, he must needs find fault with every effort she makes to please his fastidious palate," she said indignantly. "I'll give him a lesson." And she indulged her sense of amusement by contemplating the sort of punishment she intended to mete out to her erring nephew.

The thirtieth of December came, and when Walter returned home, at night, he said:

"I had a telegram this morning. Aunt Prue will be here by the seven o'clock train to-morrow. I suppose you have everything ready?"

"Quite ready," was Bessy's reply, "and very anxious to make her comfortable. Would you like to see her room?"

"Well, yes, I don't care if I do," said Walter, who had come home in an exceptionally good humor; and taking little Lulu upon his shoulder, the child crowing with delight, he followed his wife up stairs, thinking that very probably he might be able to suggest some improvement. It was his way rather to suggest alterations, than to speak well of what was already done. "Don't you think you've looped the curtains too low?" he queried. "And isn't it rather childish to tie them with blue?"

"I thought blue was your favorite color," said Bessy, who had fancied her arrangement of the one bay window a masterpiece.

"Yes; but—you see the hanging basket in the centre being necessarily composed of green plants and vines, making the contrast unpleasant."

"True enough," said Bessy, with the least possible tinge of sarcasm in her voice. "I might have looped them with green. But then, you see, I have draped the toilet with blue; and the carpet, happening to be blue and fawn, perhaps the contrast might have been still more unpleasant. Shall I take the basket down?" You know you said your aunt was fond of plants."

"Perhaps, if she is, she may not like them in her bed room. However, let the thing be," he added, graciously. "I would loop the curtains a foot higher, though."

"And spoil it all," said Bessy, almost petulently, for she often of late found herself inclined to "shas" under the constant succession of mildly irritating criticisms, in which her husband indulged.

"No—render the effect a hundred times prettier. But no matter. I am a man, and I suppose my opinion goes for nothing. Still, I would like to see the curtains changed."

Little Lulu, meantime, applauded her mother's handiwork with loud exclamations. "Pitty, pitty!" she cried, pursing up her rosy mouth, and clapping her baby hands, as she looked from point to point.

"Wouldn't blue have looked better upon the bed?" asked Walter, whose wide glances could find no fault in all the other arrangements.

"It seems to me white is more appropriate," Bessy made answer; "but if you prefer the blue, I will put it on."

"Most decidedly!" said Walter, delighted with this concession. I knew the room wanted something, and that was it. I am sure you will be better pleased yourself. It won't be much trouble. You've all day to-morrow, and I particularly want Aunt Prue to be pleased. From what I have said of you, she will have no ordinary expectations as to your taste and ability. So, do me the honor."

It was always *me* with lordly Walter Allison. Bessie looked up in the face of her tall, handsome, stalwart husband, as he stood there, so kingly in his beauty, the lovely babe still smiling from his shoulder; one chubby arm encircling his neck; one dimpled, white-fingered hand hidden in his luxurious whiskers.

Superb in his royal privilege as dictator and commander, how could he fathom the expression of that too pale, yet tender face, whose sweet serenity his thoughtless fault-finding so often clouded? And yet he was grieved that moment because he so seldom praised her.

The next day Aunt Prue came punctually at seven in the evening. Bessy, the baby, everything looked charming by gas light. As to Aunt Prue, Bessy's first longing was to fall on her bosom, and feel herself encircled by such an embrace as she fancied her mother would have given her; for Bessy's mother had been in heaven many years.

Aunt Prue was very weary, being unused to traveling, and declined supper, taking only a cup of milk, and retiring immediately.

"How do you like her? asked Walter.

"Very much. I am sure I shall love her dearly, before long."

"I think you will. Has she not a lovely face? She is not as beautiful as my mother was, but she has always seemed like a mother to me. We must try to make her visit enjoyable. The only thing I tremble about is the table—the fare. Of course, you will do the best you can, but there is a knack about these things, I might almost say a genius, which only the favored few possess. I was glad she declined the supper; she is so very particular about her tea. I dread to-morrow's dinner more than I can tell. It will be New Year, and we ought to have something fine."

"Why should you dread it?" asked Bessy, looking up.

"Oh, I am sure you will do your best. I believe you always do your best," he repeated, in a way that intimated quite plainly "but that best is so poor!"

Bessy smiled, but he did not see her.

"You think I am very particular about my food," he went on. "Wait till you taste some of Aunt Prue's dishes, and you will understand why. Food well cooked and assimilated has much to do with the spiritual, as well as the physical being of man. It makes the monster good natured too. Why, I have tasted a bitter cup of coffee all day, and likely as not, been cross to my clerks on account of it. So you see how much depends on the *cuisine*. Now, suppose we make out a bill of fare."

The next morning, at breakfast, Walter made a wry face three times, and quite as many excuses for everything that was served. Aunt Prue said nothing, though she enjoyed her meal. But she took mental notes.

Bessy did not look as well by daylight; an expression of fatigue pervaded her whole being. The baby had been restless; Walter's way evidently annoyed her. She had worked too hard at this well arranged breakfast.

"I will go, now, and make up New Year's calls," said Walter, as he rose from the table. "That will give you, Bessy and Aunt Prue, a good long morning together."

"It isn't possible that you do all the cooking!" said Aunt Prue, as the two women left the dining room, Bessy holding the heavy baby.

"The girl helps me a little," was Bessy's reply, "and is willing to do more, but Walter is always dissatisfied with her cooking. Indeed, Aunt Prue, it is a great pleasure for me—if I could please him; but since baby came, it is not always possible. I had a nurse for a time, but Walter objects to a nurse; and it is hard to get a good one."

"How often do you go out?" asked Aunt Prue.

"How often? Oh, dear me! I have not been outside the house for months, hardly," was the answer, with a nervous laugh.

"How men do yoke and goad their angels!" said Aunt Prue, halt to herself.

"What did you say, Aunt Prue?"

"I was thinking of an expression in one of Walter's love letters."

"Oh!" and Bessy's cheek grew radiant with a girlish blush.

"I mean one of his letters to me, when he was in love, in which he makes mention of a certain angel."

"Indeed!" and Bessy laughed in her olden fashion.

"We must take him in hand," said Aunt Prue, seriously. "This "all work and no play" will never answer. I'm sure, my dear, if you always give him half such nice meals as that of this morning, he has no right to complain."

"But you saw——" said Bessy, timidly.

"Yes, yes, I saw that he was trying to make the food seem more palatable by underrating it. No, to-day I'll get up one of my best dinners, and you shall do nothing but look on. Just give me a kitchen apron, my dear, and wish me good speed."

They had a merry time of it that morning. Baby was happy and jolly under the superintendence of her mother; the oven worked to a charm, and everything was in readiness for the lord of the household, who awaited dinner with more than a little trepidation, quite unconscious that the aunt, paler than usual from exertion, and the wife overflushed from anticipation, had changed places expressly on his account.

So they sat down to dinner, each one more or less expectant. Walter ran his eye over the table.

"Bessy, dear, I don't think it's an improvement to stack the knives and forks over the napkins like a parcel of guns," he said. "Tell Mary I like the other way best. Ah, quite too rare, I'm afraid!" as he plunged his knife into the beef. "Aunt Prue, I'm afraid I can't suit you to-day. I remembered how thoroughly your roasts were always done, and yet, were juicy. The gravy is browner than usual," he added, dipping into the dish. "I don't know about the butter beans, yours were always delicious. And so on to the end of the chapter. For every dish there was some hint or glance of disparagement, and it was all Bessy could do, with her almost painful sense of the ludicrous, to keep from laughing outright, as occasionally Aunt Prue's speaking eyes met hers.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Prue," said Bessy at last, mustering all the gravity she could command, "that after having taken the trouble to get up this nice dinner expressly for Walter, he should have found fault with everything you have done."

"What!" cried Walter, explosively, half-rising, and looking from one to the other.

"My dear, after your cooking, I expected he would," said aunt Prue quietly. "The sample you gave of your powers, this morning, was quite beyond my poor efforts."

Then a bright red flush covered the man's face, even to his brow. Were those two women making sport of him? In his own opinion he was one of the most acute men alive. That nobody could deceive him had always been a favorite maxim of his.

"I want to make the experiment," said Aunt Prue, in the most innocent manner imaginable, "and I find, Walter, that you have been quite spoiled by your wife."

"Bessy! Aunt Prue! why don't you tell me? Oh, hang it!" And he turned away, too deeply mortified to express himself fittingly.

"Pray don't mind it," said Aunt Prue, "you know my dear, I am getting a little old fashioned."

But Walter had received his lesson. He was too keen not to see that it had been purposely given; and he was man enough to feel profoundly ashamed of himself. Indeed, in time, he confessed as much, and applauded the ingenuity that had so completely taken the ground from under his feet.

Aunt Prue's visit proved so delightful to all parties that she made arrangements to remain with them for an indefinite time, and henceforth Bessy's cares were lightened, and she became as in former days, the angel and blessing of home. But she always maintained that she owed something of it, at least to Aunt Prue's New Year's dinner.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

Hints on the Care of the Eyes.

There are, perhaps, more individuals who ascribe their weakness of sight to a use of their eyes under an insufficient artificial illumination than to any other one cause. In a great many instances this may not be strictly true, but there can be no doubt that faulty artificial light is one of the most productive causes of a certain class of injuries, to which the eyes can be exposed. The two sources of trouble with the ordinary artificial lights are—first, that they are not pure white, and secondly, that they are not steady. The first defect is found in all artificial lights except the lime, electric and magnesium lights; the second especially in candles and gas. The yellowishness is, in a measure counteracted by using, in the case of lamps and gas, chimneys of a violet or blue tint, and flickering of the gas may be obviated largely by employing an Argand burner. All things considered, a German student lamp furnishes the most satisfactory light. The next best is gas with an Argand burner. The chimneys of both may, as above suggested, be advantageously of a light blue tint.

The position of the light in relation to the body is of great importance. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass,) the light may stand directly in front of the body and the work be allowed to lie in the light under the shade, which will protect the eyes from the glare of the flame. If no shade is used the back should be turned to the source of light, which ought to fall over the left shoulder. The same rule applies in the management of daylight. In this case the light should come from behind and slightly above, and fall directly on the work, whence it is reflected to the eye. It should never fall directly in the face.

The light in the room during sleep is also not without its influence. As a rule, the room during sleeping hours should be dark; and, in particular, care should be taken to avoid sleeping opposite a window where on opening the eyes in the morning a flood of strong light will fall on them. Even the strongest eyes are, after the repose of the night, more or less sensitive to the impression of intense light. the eyes must have time to accustom themselves to the stimulous.

Attention should be called to the injurious effects that sometimes follow reading on railroad cars. On account of the unsteadiness of the page, reading under these circumstances is exceedingly trying to the eyes, and should never be persisted in for any considerable length of time.

During convalescence from severe illness the eyes are generally the last to regain their lost power. Especially is this the case with women after child-birth, and too much care cannot be taken to put as little strain upon the eyes as possible at this time.—*Scribner.*

Goldfish are simply Chinese and Japanese carp. They were brought to this country many years ago by sailors, and thrived in Long Island ponds. In the summer they sell for $4 per hundred, but in winter, when they are scarce, they will bring as much as $17 and $18. They are common in ponds in the East, but in the West they are scarce and highly prized.

Our Olio.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, FOR THE N. Y. OBSERVER, BY RUTH POOL.

Music has different effects upon different men, and those effects depend much upon the impressions received and the habits formed in childhood. A harmony which would entrance a cultivated ear would leave a savage unmoved. It is not, then, surprising that music acts variously upon the different kinds of animals. The sound of instruments impresses them, and often very keenly. Wind instruments, for example, have a singularly exciting effect on dogs. To these they seldom become accustomed; the first sound which strikes them calls forth frightful howls. Herdsmen and shepherds, in some countries, call their flocks with a long horn, and, notwithstanding the dog hears from it every day the same air, it draws from him each time cries of distress.

There is, however, an instance of a dog sufficiently fond of harmony to allow his master to give him a certain degree of musical education. This animal belonged to a German composer of a name few tongues can pronounce, but I will venture to write it. It was *Schneitzhoeffer*. Well! the man of this astonishing name succeeded in teaching the resual *la* to a dog. The animal retained the lesson, and always after, at the command of his master, would raise correctly the note.

The horse, unlike the dog, takes pleasure in music; at the sound of it he raises his ears; he is animated by a martial air; at a slow movement he slackens his pace. In the days when regiments of cavalry had their own bands of music, the performers, when upon the march, were seen playing quietly their parts, giving little heed to the animals they rode, who advanced in perfect order, and without making the least mistake.

The regiment horse learned to understand perfectly the different calls of the trumpet. Many have heard the anecdote of the countryman who had bought an old horse of a retired soldier. One morning he entered a town as a regiment of cavalry was passing. Suddenly the trumpet sounded, when the horse instantly started, joined the troop, placed himself in the ranks, and followed in spite of the cries and efforts of his owner. The ass and the ox experience equal pleasure in listening to melody. The ox advances his head as a sign of satisfaction; the ass raises his ears and shows unmistakable evidences of enjoyment. Mice are also among the quadruped lovers of music.

The birds are *melomaniacs*; artists themselves, it is not strange that they love music. It is easy to teach tunes to some of them. By hearing them played on a bird-organ, they remember and repeat them. All birds, however, do not have this taste. Among those that are distressed by music may be reckoned hens. The sound of a violin causes them to fly away with cries of fear. If shut up in a place where music is made, their demonstrations of terror are most comical and curious.

Reptiles and insects appreciate the charms of music. If one whistles before a lizard that is running away, it suddenly stops, and, if the air is agreeable, it listens with evident pleasure. When an American Indian has the ability to whistle pleasantly, he can approach the iguana and capture this gigantic lizard, whose flesh is said to be so good for food. Like all other lizards, the iguana listens to music with such attention that he forgets to care for his own safety and allows himself to be taken. The charmers of serpents, by means of certain melodies, slow and captivating, can control perfectly these terrible creatures. The call them, direct their movements, allow them to surround their limbs with their powerful coils, without the least danger; the serpent is completely subjugated.

Who would believe that music could affect the spider? Nothing, however, is more true. A captain of a regiment had displeased the Minister of Louis XIV., and was imprisoned in the Bastile. He obtained permission to take with him his lute, which he played with much skill. After a few days, the prisoner was astonished to see mice come out from their holes and spiders descend from their webs and surround him to listen to him. His surprise was so great the first time that he stopped playing, when his singular audience retired. When he began again, spiders and mice returned. They at last became so numerous, that he was convinced they informed their friends in the neighborhood, and, in order to indulge in his diversion, he was obliged to have a cat in his prison. Still some mice, too music-mad, would not be stopped by that, and became victims of their love for lyric art.

This fact is not a solitary one. Leclere, a celebrated violinist of the time of Louis XIV., who was assassinated in the street by a young man, his rival, passed several months in prison, for what reason is unknown. A warrant of arrest was sufficient in those days to send a man to the Bastile, where he was sometimes forgotten for years. Leclere had permission to take with him to prison his violin. One day, as he was playing the sonata in C. minor of Carelli, he observed a spider which had come out of its hiding place and rested motionless at the edge of its web. The sonata finished, it returned to its retreat. Leclere executed several other pieces, but the insect was insensible to these and did not appear until the artist played the sonata, and never failed to come whenever it heard this. Even the sound of the human voice suffices to charm the spider. The story of Pelisson and his spider is well known. Pelisson, in his prison, sung religious hymns; his voice attracted a spider which he trained to such a degree that it came invariably at his call.

It is generally believed that the cat is insensible to the charms of music. Some facts, however, seem to contradict this opinion. Every one has had occasion to see a kitten amuse itself by walking over the key-board of an open piano. The animal has an astonished look and seems to ask herself what it means. Is it the sound of the instrument that surprised her, or the movement of the keys which yield beneath her steps? It is uncertain. A promenade of this kind, gave occasion to a German composer, well known among musicians,—Jean Fuchs,—to compose a *Fuge*, which still bears the title of "the Fuge of the Cat." This cat of Fuchs', in running over the board, touched notes that formed a musical *clause*, which the composer seized, and which he had the skill to expand into a complete and very remarkable piece.

An artist friend of mine had a cat which appeared very fond of music. Often when he placed himself at the piano, the animal came, jumped upon the stool and thence to the shoulder of the pianist, which he did not quit so long as the former made the chords of the instrument resound beneath his fingers.

The fishes, can they perceive sounds, and does music affect them? Here is a question which I would not dare answer too positively. I will cite but one fact to which I have often been witness. I do not know whether it is general; but the experiment can be so easily made that many may give themselves the pleasure of verifying it. My friend, of whom I have just spoken, had not only a cat, but also a large globe containing a little gold fish. This globe was one day accidentally placed upon the piano. My friend, having seated himself to play, observed that the fish had rested motionless from his first chords, and it remained thus to the end of the piece, after which it began to swim as before, to stop again when the sounds were renewed. It cannot, however, be proved that the fish was affected by the harmony. Perhaps the vibration of the instrument may have frightened it and rendered it motionless.

Among great the flesh-eaters, the lion, bear and wolf particularly seem to fear music. In a traveling menagerie was a huge lion. The effect of the high notes of a piano placed near him was to excite great wonder; but scarcely were the low notes touched when he rose suddenly, eyes darted flames, he struggled to break his chains, lashed himself with his tail, and seemed inspired with such fury that the women present at the spectacle were overwhelmed with fright. His roaring was terrible. But as soon as the music ceased be became immediately calm.

As to the wolf, the sound of the hunter's horn is to him singularly disagreeable. One can easily put him to flight by ringing a bell, or playing the violin, and still more easily the double bass. The bear has also this decided antipathy to stringed instruments. This is a fact established long ago, as is proved by the following anecdote of no recent date. A Polish fiddler returning from a fair where he had performed his part at a ball, was passing through a forest. Toward midnight, being tired, he sat down under a tree, laid his violoncello upon the ground and began to eat some provisions which he took from his bag. The odor of the eatables attracted two bears, who, to the great alarm of the poor fiddler, came and stood before him in an attitude of solicitation far too plain. The fiddler began to throw morsels of bread and meat. The two companions enjoyed this play, but unfortunately the food in a few minutes had all disappeared, and the bears, after having absorbed the dinner, were guests who would, over and above, eat their host. In his terror the unhappy fiddler mechanically took up his instrument and began to play. At the first sounds the bears flew away as fast as possible. The fiddler breathed. "A pleasant journey to you, my lively fellows," said he; "if I had known how fond you are of music, I should surely have given you the concert before the dinner."

Physical Education.

It cannot be denied that, in the onward march of human progress, our ideas and practices concerning physical excellence have lingered far behind the rest. When we consider the rapid advancement that has been made in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, language and government; in the acquisition of every kind of knowledge, and its appliance to our increasing wants; in mental culture, and the production of beauty in art, it will be evident that no such improvement has been made in our physical condition. It is true that, in nobility and beauty of form and feature, we have outstripped our remote ancestors, but this is rather an incidental result of other changes than the effect of voluntary effort; which in firmness of constitution, vigor of health, strength of muscle, and power of endurance, it is at least a question whether we have not retrograded from their standard, rather than raised a higher one.

The comparative torpor in this direction is the more surprising, in view of the rapid advancement of medical science. The human frame has been subjected to the most searching scrutiny; all its organs with their various functions and minute operations have been classified; the many ills that flesh is heir to have been critically examined, as to causes, symptoms and treatment, and the knowledge thus obtained has at least kept pace with that in any other branch of science. How is it then that the results that might reasonably be expected to follow such knowledge are so meagre—that if remedies are multiplied so are diseases—that if the laws of health are better understood they are no better obeyed—that the main purpose for which medical science exists should remain so poorly fulfilled, while the science itself flourishes.

Many causes may be suggested to account for this apparent inconsistency, but the one to which most of it may be charged is that the care of the body has not yet come to be considered an essential part of all popular education. The general idea seems to prevail that the most superficial knowledge of the bodily functions and of the laws which regulate them is sufficient for ordinary use. We somehow take it for granted, in spite of continual experience to the contrary, that we shall be healthy and strong without any special thought or care on our part, and thus we go on from day to day, in culpable ignorance, violating the laws of our being, until at length nature avenges herself by laying us on a bed of sickness. Then, indeed, we are alarmed, still blindly, however, and we hasten to throw the responsibility on the physician, whom we regard with something of a superstitious faith, believing him able to work miracles and to avert the natural penalty of our misdeeds. How few young people are trained to take care of their bodies, to understand the principles which will preserve a sound constitution, or build up a feeble one: to regulate their hours of work, sleep and recreation; to select as carefully the food with which they construct their bodies, as the builder selects the materials for his edifice; to clothe themselves judiciously, to guide their appetites and passions with wisdom—in short, to make the most of their physical capacities. There is rarely, indeed, any one qualified to teach them. Their parents probably do not know these things, their teachers have no such lessons laid out in the prescribed course, their physician, in his uncertain visits, is wholly occupied in striving to repair the mischief they have caused, and, perhaps, despairs of enlightening them. Sometimes, indeed, a kind and disinterested friend seeks to do them this good service, but habit is too strong to yield to a single effort, and but little impression is usually made. These young people, in their turn, marry, and bring up children in the same hap-hazard fashion, and the alarming proportion of infant mortality partly results from this ignorant and careless state of things.

The study of physiology in the schools has been suggested as a means of averting this ignorance, but it is usually presented in so dry and technical a form that its practical lessons are lost. On the other hand, the sanitary regulations enacted by the Government, though wholesome and necessary, do but touch the outside of the matter—they cannot teach or inspire. There is indeed a needed reform in this subject that we could desire to see taken up by some of our wisest philanthropists and ablest physicians. How to educate the people to attain for themselves and their children physical superiority is a problem well worthy of all the thought and talent and public-spirited benevolence that can be brought to bear upon it. One means that might aid in this desirable object is the widening of the duties of the medical profession, so as to embrace instruction in the laws of health, as well as administering to the cure of disease. The gardener, who should pass by untended and unheeded all the healthy plants and shrubs of his garden, and devote his energies exclusively to those which were drooping and decaying, will never gain a prize for the brilliance of his flowers or the perfection of his fruit. So, if medical skill, with all its accumulating body of knowledge, devote itself wholly to the treatment of disease, and neglect the training and education which might make disease the rare exception, it cannot point with pride to the physical superiority which ought to crown the labors of so much talent, knowledge and skill. It is true, there is at present but little demand for such service. The public must be convinced of its deep necessities before it will summon help. Could this be done, could the people once conceive of the benefit that would accure to them from making the most and the best of their physical systems, they would gladly welcome and richly remunerate the physician who used his knowledge and his energies to instruct them in this art. We can hardly conceive of money better spent than that which might be paid to a wise, faithful and experienced physician for visiting a family periodically, studying the constitution of each child, advising the parents how best to develop one tendency and restrain another, how to guard against the approach of insidious disease, how to regulate diet, dress and habits, so as to promote the most perfect health and energy in each one, and at the same time opening up to the awakened curiosity the principles and reasons which underlie all his advice. The influence of such instruction would be unlimited, it would spread from family to family and descend from one generation to another, while children brought up in the bracing atmosphere of such continual improvement would soon exhibit a physical superiority which would speak volumes in favor of the system.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Unhealthy Homes.

One of the great sources of disease in country homes, says the Sanitarian, is impure water. Impure, not from earthy and mineral matters, but organic. It is the vegetable and animal substances which enter into it in solution that produce the mischief. These arise from two causes: decaying vegetation which had flourished in lakes and streams, and the contamination of water by local and artificial conditions, such as drains, privies, farm-yards, cess-pools manufactories, etc. Nowhere is there more neglect shown upon this important point than in the country. Go from farm-house to farm-house, and I venture to assert that in ninety per cent. the sanitarian will find some neglect in this matter of water-supply, either small or great. A man, for instance, digs a well in close proximity to his house; at the same time he locates a drain from the sink and places the outlet within a few feet of the well, so that a mere layer of soil separates the one from the other; the consequence is, that while the insoluble matters may be filtered, out, the far more dangerous soluble, impalpable matters are transmitted to the drinking-water, to produce, if nothing worse, a slow and chronic poisonous influence upon those who partake of it.