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THE OLD HYMN.

To-day, with quiet heart, I heard
  The prayer, the anthem, and the psalm,
And gently on my spirit fell
  The sweetness of the Sunday calm,
Till, at the reading of the hymn,
With sudden tears my eyes were dim.

That old, old hymn! Its sacred lines
  Had fallen on my childish ears;
My life turned back, unhindered by
  The stretch of intervening years.
Near me my little daughter smiled,
And yet I was again a child.

Outside the winds were fierce and rough,
  The winter's chill was in the air;
But I could hear the bonny bird
  And humming insects everywhere;
And feel, in spite of frost and snow,
A summer breeze from long ago.

To find the place I took the book,
  And held it in a woman's hand,
While all my soul was moved with thrills
  No other soul could understand;
And quite unseen, with love divine,
My mother's finger folded mine.

And not because the music rose
  Exultingly I held my breath,
Lest I should lose its sweet delight—
  Upon her lips the hush of death
For years has lain—and yet I heard
My mother's voice in every word.

Full well I know the dead are dead,
  Yet sometimes at a look or tone,
With short relenting, will the past
  One moment give us back our own.
O, happy pain! Too quickly done—
As swiftly ended as begun.

—*Mrs. George Archibald, in Churchman.*

A COMMON-PLACE HERO

Who Furnished His Lady-Love With Red Violets.

Four young people were walking along a city street on a breezy, bright March day. Over by the water front the wind was perhaps too high for comfort, but in this less exposed locality it was only brisk enough to lend a becoming glow to the complexions of the young ladies and flutter their ribbons into picturesque confusion.

"Wait a minute, please," said Thorpe Everleigh, stopping short as he spoke, and thus bringing to an abrupt halt not only Violet Warner, who was beside him, but the pair directly following.

"What is the object of interest here, Everleigh?" inquired Paul Dunning, looking about him.

"Oh, need you ask!" exclaimed his companion, Annie Ford, with a ripple of playful laughter. "Doesn't that child's expression speak for itself?"

And, indeed, the face behind the flower-stand was eloquent enough without words in its mingled mirth, recognition and expectancy, and the dimples that chased each other in and out of the odd little creases in the cheeks.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Nora," said Everleigh, with a fine brogue, beginning to pull the flowers about. "What have you got that is pretty to-day? I want something for each of my friends here."

Nora put her head on one side in a considering attitude, as her blue Irish eyes, under their dark lashes, glanced from her flowers to the group before her and back again. "Shure, Misther Iverleigh, sorr," she began in the coaxing accents of her nation, "they're all fresh the day. And what wud ye be plazed to want, thin, sorr?"

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you feel equal to the plural, Dunning," said Everleigh with mock impressiveness, "what will you choose in a breast-knot?"

"May we not leave the choice to you, Mr. Everleigh?" said Miss Ford, smiling prettily up in his face. "Do, please, select a flower for me!"

"Certainly, Miss Annie," answered Everleigh readily. "How do you like tea-roses?" holding out a beautiful, delicately-tinted bunch.

The young lady received it with another upward smile, but Everleigh had turned to Miss Warner, and was proffering her a cluster of fragrant, deep-blue violets.

"Your namesakes," he said. "Won't you take them—now?" There was something significant, almost beseeching in his tone. But Violet Warner did not seem to notice it.

"No," she answered, carelessly, "I would rather have some of those red carnations. What a splendid color!"

Everleigh appeared more disappointed than the occasion seemed to warrant. "When will you let me give you some violets?" he urged, looking down into her face.

"When? Oh, when you can give me red violets," she answered, lightly, as she lifted the carnations, yet with a certain meaning in the eyes that met his. "But where is Mr. Dunning's boutonniere?" she added, glancing at the other.

Thus recalled, Everleigh picked out a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley, which he handed to Dunning, "to symbolize your purity of soul," as he laughingly explained, and which Annie Ford kindly pinned on that gentleman's coat.

"And what is your own to be Everleigh?" asked Dunning.

"Oh, violets, of course," interposed Miss Ford, sweetly. "Did you ever see Mr. Everleigh with any thing else but violets in his button-hole? He is violet-mad."

Perhaps he was. But, if so, he did not attempt to extend the craze, for he offered them to no one else. After selecting a cluster for himself he moved away, leaving a liberal compensation on Nora's stand, and followed by a look of adoring gratitude from Nora's eyes.

"What a sort of licensed beggary that is!" remarked Dunning, as he noticed this. "It would be a good thing to put such girls to some steady, useful occupation."

"Pocket-picking, for example," said Everleigh, with a short laugh. "That is about the only other thing open to this particular girl."

"Indeed?" said Dunning with a superior air. "Yet I can not help thinking that with patience and perseverance she might—"

"Starve creditably in a week," broke in Everleigh. "I beg your pardon, Dunning, but it really is nonsense, you know. Nora and her little lame brother would simply starve if she neglected her flower-stand to attempt impossibilities."

"I am hardly a believer in the impossible," answered Dunning, raising his head loftily.

Violet Warner raised hers, too, and a light came into her eyes. "You believe with Tennyson that 'Man is man, and master of his fate,'" she said.

Everleigh broke into a frank laugh. "Well," he said, "if Tennyson believes that of a New York flower-girl, I think he talks nonsense, too."

Violet colored slightly, and Dunning perceptibly frowned. Miss Ford softly diverted the conversation.

"Well," she remarked, smilingly, "if nothing is impossible, perhaps some time Mr. Everleigh will show us red violets, after all."

"No, for that is not in nature," said Violet. "People can't do what is not in nature."

She spoke quickly and rather hardly. There was a certain significance in her tone which Everleigh seemed to understand.

"And if I do show them to you some day," he said, giving back her look, "you will admit then that they are in nature, Violet?"

"I suppose I must, then—but—but you can not, for they are not!" she concluded, with triumphant feminine logic.

They were nearing the end of their walk now, and the conversation dropped. At Violet's door the young ladies bade adieu to their companions, who walked away together.

But although they were apparently on terms of easy intimacy, there was little real comradeship between the two young men. Their association was more a matter of circumstance than of choice, Dunning having brought letters to Mr. Thorpe, Everleigh's uncle. The old banker could not slight the introductions of valued business connections, so, at his desire, the nephew made the newcomer free of his "set"—a tolerably large one—as well as of that narrower circle of which Violet Warner was the very innermost link. Privately Everleigh considered Dunning a "humbug," and had even so expressed himself to Violet on one occasion. But as Violet did not share his opinion, it hurt him more than it did Dunning. The latter had a way of theorizing which was extremely distasteful to Everleigh, but which attracted Violet, who took the speaker on the valuation of utterances according so thoroughly with her own sentiments. Violet was romantic, and inclined to apply the touchstone of the heroic to common life, a dangerous practice, unless one is certain of having the true touchstone. She listened with a kindling eye to Dunning's quotations and aspirations, and contrasted him with Everleigh, whom she set down as a good-looking, well-dressed, commonplace unit of fashion, who was very nice, of course, but of whom nothing great could ever be expected. She even told him so when he offensively called the heroic Paul a humbug.

"That is because you can't understand him," she had said severely. "He has capabilities that you can not even imagine."

"Well, but really, now, Violet, what are they?" Everleigh had asked in desparation. "I don't see that he ever does any thing different from other people?"

"Perhaps not—yet—but he sees the splendid possibilities of life. The vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be!" quoted Violet with a rapt and mystic air. And then Everleigh had said, half in jest and half in earnest, that all the wonder would be, in his opinion, if Paul Dunning could earn his salt to save his life. At which Violet grew vexed again, and the two parted in some feeling.

It is possible that Violet's ideas were just a little vague and visionary, and that in her eagerness for results she sometimes overlooked the means. It was natural that her spirit should respond to the noble utterances which Paul Dunning—who was certainly a largely appreciative young man—could find upon every theme, but it would, perhaps, have shown more depth and soundness of judgment if she could have recognized that Thorpe Everleigh, in staying in New York and transferring from the shoulders of the old and childless uncle who had adopted him the weight of his large banking business, was doing as good work, in his own degree, as if he had been clearing the path of civilization in the wilderness, or leading a forlorn hope in some war-stricken land. But romantic youth is not usually distinguished by deep or sound judgment, and Violet was scarcely twenty. So, when the routine of the workaday world pressed heavily upon her at times, she knew of no other relief than to turn to the "deeds of high emprise," among which—in imagination, at least—Mr. Paul Dunning was always dwelling.

There was however, another who did not believe in Mr. Dunning, and this was Violet's cousin and constant companion, Annie Ford. She lacked Violet's warmth of imagination, her generous faith in what was noble, her aspirations toward the heights of existence, but she possessed a hard common sense which sometimes stood her in good stead of all these. She perceived that Dunning's eloquence had been, so far, only a fruitless towering, and she saw no reason why the future should differ from the past. She despised him, although she intended to marry him in case her carefully matured plans should fail. Under that soft and guileless exterior was a nature full of machinations, and the scheme at present uppermost was to marry Violet to Dunning, and to secure Everleigh for herself, for she did not like her cousin—in spite of all the kindness she had received at her hands—and she did like Everleigh. She had liked him ever since she first saw him, and had meant to be his wife, although she knew that he loved Violet. But more than one man's destiny has been guided unawares by delicate feminine hands, and even so the gentle Annie intended to guide Everleigh's, with the help of Paul Dunning as an instrument—and a last resort in case of failure.

Violet had no suspicion of all this. Indeed, she had little idea of her cousin's real nature. When, some months before, she had persuaded her father to invite Miss Ford to become a member of his household, thus eking out the poorer girl's slender income, she had hoped to find in her pretty cousin the sister she had never had. That expectation soon passed away, but Violet, who was generosity itself—except toward Thorpe Everleigh—would not acknowledge, even to her own consciousness, her disappointment in Annie. And if the mask sometimes dropped a little, if the soft eyes grew hard and the sweet voice sharp, Violet was always ready to find an excuse for her cousin in her sensitive temperament and her dependent position. She took it for granted that Annie cared for her—in her own way—just as she took it for granted that Thorpe Everleigh was commonplace and unheroic.

Violet was undoubtedly the more inclined to romantic views because of the extremely matter-of-fact domestic atmosphere in which she dwelt. Mr. Warner was a man utterly absorbed in his business affairs. He seemed to consider both home and daughter as exquisitely arranged pieces of machinery, for which he was to supply the pecuniary oil necessary to keep them in working order. And, having done this, it did not occur to him that there was any thing more to do. So Violet was practically her own mistress, free to command her own life and make her choice as she would.

Violet herself would have preferred less liberty and more affection, but since she could not have the one the other was some compensation. She availed herself of it without stint; took up one fancy after another, refused Thorpe Everleigh because he was not a romantic pioneer, and was at present absorbed in the splendid possibilities of Paul Dunning, who, on his side, found it a pleasant enough preparation for the mighty battle of life to lounge luxuriously in a beautiful, flower-fragrant room, with two lovely girls watching eagerly for the pearls that fell from his lips.

As has been said, Annie Ford was his faithful, if unavowed, ally. She took every opportunity to advance his cause and hinder Everleigh's. Thanks to her, it was several days after the conversation at Nora Kelly's flower-stand before Everleigh succeeded in seeing Violet again. Miss Ford, indeed, was visible, and she made her cousin's excuses very prettily. Once it was a bad headache, and again a drive with Mr. Dunning; in fact, one pretext and another served their turn so well that Everleigh, hitherto unsuspicious, grew weary and employed counter-strategy. This proved successful, and he found himself in Violet's presence again.

Troubled at the delay and the likelihood of a favored rival, the young man forgot his prudent intentions and urged for another hearing. But it was only to receive the old answer. He was very nice, very agreeable, but, alas! he was unheroic. Violet would never marry until she found her ideal.

"My dear girl," expostulated Everleigh between pity and vexation, "you couldn't endure him when you found him. Now, don't be offended, Violet," he went on, deprecatingly, "but I think you are running away with some impossible idea—"

"It ought not to be impossible," put in Violet, loftily. "Dauntless determination and heroic effort ought never to disappear."

"Well, setting aside the adjectives," said Everleigh, with a twinkle in his brown eyes, "are you sure they have disappeared?"

"I am afraid so," answered Violet with a sigh, "except among—"

"Well, among—what?"

"Oh, among—pioneers—and those people," replied Violet, firmly if rather vaguely.

Everleigh laughed a laugh of genuine amusement, though some bitterness mingled with it.

"I don't know about 'those people,'" he said, "but what would you do with a pioneer if you had him, Violet?—that is, unless you mean to share his hardships with him? A pioneer in a large city is an anomaly."

"Perhaps so," said Violet, doubtfully, "but his character ought not to be. The heart has gone out of modern society."

"On the contrary," answered Everleigh, who thought he recognized the source of these strictures, "I believe there is an immense amount of it left, in the cities as well as on the plains. Surely, Violet," he continued with a smile, "you, of all people, should not fancy that the hero is made or unmade by the cut of his clothes. It does not follow, does it, that because a man wears a well-fitting coat he ceases to be a man?"

"N-no," said Violet, doubtfully again. She could not help recognizing for the hundredth time Everleigh's marked common sense; then she sighed again and wished that he could exchange some of it for that heroic quality of which he was speaking.

"Now, to make the question personal"—Everleigh went on, "since it all began about me—you know how I am situated, Violet! I can not be a pioneer, even if I wished to. What would become of my uncle's banking business? What would become of my uncle himself? Why, I really believe it would kill him! And when I remember what he has done for me! From the time I was a boy he has been like the kindest and most generous of fathers. No, I'll never leave him; I'll break my own heart sooner than his. But there are plenty of things a man can do to prove his mettle—yes, even here in New York, and I will find something, I promise you, Violet! I'll give you the red violets yet, and then—then, dear, you'll wear them, won't you?"

He had taken her hand and was looking down into her eyes, and Violet, as she looked back at him, and heard his quick, passionate words, could not help thinking, in spite of his fashionable attire, his nicely-trimmed mustache and careful elegance of person, how very manly and strong of purpose he seemed. She let her hand lie in his while she answered, with another sigh:

"But you know, Thorpe, there isn't any thing you can do. Earnestness has been refined away from our civilization—Mr. Dunning says."

"Mr. Dunning!" Everleigh paused to find a phrase not too vigorous for Violet's ears, when there was a step at the parlor door which made the two just within start aside. In another moment the person last mentioned—Mr. Paul Dunning himself—entered, together with Miss Annie Ford. The subject naturally changed, and a general conversation ensued, in the course of which nothing more serious than a concert party for the morrow was talked of. This was mainly Annie Ford's motion, who, finding her strategy fail at last, thought it better to direct what she could not prevent. So she organized an expedition in which Mr. Dunning should be Violet's companion, and Everleigh her own, in the hope that her cousin and Paul might have come to an understanding before their return.

The occasion was a matinee, and the special attraction a bright particular star expected soon to set forever to the Western horizon. Miss Ford surveyed the crowded house while she listened to the liquid modulations, and wondered how it fared with her own small private venture, as she glanced from time to time at the two so absorbed together in the romantic atmosphere of passionate melody and soft Italian accents. As for Everleigh, he sat silent and somewhat moody beside his pretty companion. A growing suspicion of the treachery that lurked beneath her sweet tones and appealing glances was in his mind, and a fear, which kept pace with it, that Violet, too, was being deceived and ensnared beyond retreat. He was glad when it was all over, when the wonderful voice had breathed its last sigh and the orchestra had thundered its last crash to the echoes of the emptying house.

They were not a very lively party as they drove home in the gathering dusk. Violet and Paul Dunning were discussing the relative merits of Italian and German music, while long silences fell between Everleigh and Miss Ford. The latter amused herself by idly regarding the various streets through which they passed. So it was her eye that discovered the familiar face of Nora Kelly, the flower girl.

"Why, there is our little Nora with a dreadful man," she said; "and—why, what is the matter? is she crying?"

Everleigh, roused from his abstraction, lifted his eyes. "Stop!" he called sharply to the coachman, who brought his horses up near the group.

Nora's companion certainly justified Miss Ford's epithet of "dreadful." He was a large, powerfully-built fellow, with a bullet-head and thick red neck, a representative city "rough." He was holding up a small, deformed boy, in a vice-like grip, which evidently not only frightened but hurt the little weakling extremely. Beside him, Nora, with passionate sobs, was vainly pleading to desist. Just then she caught sight of Everleigh.

"Oh! Misther Iverleigh," she cried with wild appeal, "for the love of Hiven make him put me little brother down! It's killin' him he is intirely—"

"You brute!" Everleigh's vehement tones cut through the girl's choking voice. "Put that child down, do you hear?"

The man turned round an evil, inflamed face. "Is it the little hunchback ye're plazed to want, sorr?" he answered with insolent mockery, as he deliberately gave the frail little creature a shake that brought forth a scream of pain. "Come an' take him, thin!"

"I will;" Everleigh jumped out of the carriage. "Come, Dunning, we'll give this beast a little lesson."

Dunning cleared his throat. "Rather a low affair for gentlemen. I hardly see why we should do police work," he said, looking up and down the unfrequented by-street. "Suppose we drive to the corner and send one around?"

Everleigh turned away contemptuously. "And let the child's bones be broken before we could find one?" he said. "No, this is something that can't wait."

"Let me go with you, sir," eagerly put in the coachman, a slight young fellow, but still always ready to follow where Everleigh led the way.

"No, you stay here with the ladies. I leave them in your care," said Everleigh, adding as he went forward: "Don't be afraid, Violet, these bullies are always cowards."

But here he was wrong. This particular bully was not a coward, and he fought with a savage good-will. Fortunately, Everleigh's good cause was supplemented by a wiry and supple frame.

Violet had turned her back on Dunning, and sat with her hands convulsively clinched. She was ashy pale. "That horrible man!" she gasped, "he will kill him!"

"Let me go, miss," urged the coachman again, eager to help Everleigh, whom he had greatly admired. But even as he spoke Everleigh had the man down on the pavement, where he held him fast while recovering breath, until a chance policeman coming up took charge of the fallen hero. Nora and Jimmy had already disappeared. Then the victor returned to the carriage, where the coachman's broad grin of delight brought a smile to his own lips. But it died away as his eyes rested on Violet's white face.

"I'm afraid I'm rather dilapidated looking," he said, apologetically, glancing down at his torn coat, stained with the evidences of the affray. He certainly did not look much like a "fashionable unit" at that moment. "I'll see if I can't make myself a little less compromising for the rest of the party," he added, taking out his handkerchief to wipe away the blood from a long scratch on one cheek.

"Take mine," said Violet quickly. She had left the carriage at his approach, and moved a step nearer to him.

He gave her a look half deprecating, half grateful, as he took the dainty little perfumed square and removed the blood-marks from his face and his torn coat. Violet's eyes, which followed his motions, rested on the bunch of flowers which, oddly enough, throughout the struggle had remained in his button-hole. A peculiar expression came into her eyes.

"The violets have blood on them, too, Thorpe," she said.

He looked down at them, laughed a little regretfully at their stained and broken bravery, and made a movement to throw them into the street. But she stopped his hand. "Give them to me," she murmured.

He looked at her in surprise. "But they are all stained, and—"

"Yes," she said, "I know—*red* violets. It seems they were in nature, after all."

A flush of pleasure came into his face; then he honestly protested. "Oh, that was nothing. Any one would have done the same."

"No," said Violet demurely, "some would have waited to call the police."

He laughed as his eye glanced round to Dunning sitting very stately and dignified in the carriage at a little distance. "Well," he said lightly, "you know I always told you he was a humbug! But, Violet," he continued more earnestly, "I hope you don't consider such a thing as that the measure of my capabilities? One of these days I will give you real proof."

"I don't want any thing more real than that," interrupted Violet, with a shudder. "And, Thorpe," she added, her color rising, "I believe I have only been waiting all this while for an excuse—to take you. The feelings I had when that horrible man was pounding you! Give me the violets," she concluded, with sudden imperiousness. And, all crushed and stained as they were, she transferred them to her own dress, where they lay hidden in a fold of soft lace.

Meantime the two left in the carriage during the progress of Everleigh's rehabilitation were holding a conversation of some interest to both. After a word to the young man when he first came back, Miss Ford had not attempted to make herself a third in a tete-a-tete of so very private a nature. She could perceive, from various indications, that her machinations had suddenly been defeated. So she turned to her last resort, the man who remained with her, and whom she secretly despised as much as she admired the other.

"Do come and sit by me, Mr. Dunning," she said in her sweetest tones. "Violet will be so taken up with Mr. Everleigh's little piece of bravado that she won't have a thought for any thing else this evening. Do take pity on poor deserted me."

And Dunning, who also read the signs of the times clearly enough, took the hint (as she meant he should) without feeling the sting which it cleverly concealed. He took the seat beside Miss Ford, who soothed his ruffled self-complacency with implied praises of his thoughtfulness in staying to protect them instead of rashly involving them in such a questionable affair, as that inconsiderate Mr. Everleigh had done. It was not exactly like a gentleman, was it? But then, of course, one had to make allowances for commoner nature. So she murmured on to this man, whom she meant to marry, while he, quite restored to his lofty serenity, listened and looked, and thought what remarkable good taste Miss Ford possessed, and how very pretty she was as raised her soft eyes to his. And so, in this quarter also, matters were set right—after a fashion.—*Kate Putnam Osgood, in Detroit Free Press.*

DIPHTHERIA—SCARLET FEVER.

Prevention and Restriction of These Deadly Diseases—Important Circular Issued by the Ohio State Board of Health.

Diphtheria is often a most malignant and fatal disease, and each year causes many deaths in our State. For this reason, and that it is to a large extent a preventable disease, the State Board of Health have issued this document, hoping to disseminate among the people such facts known about the disease, as may restrict its spread and prevent its occurrence.

Diphtheria is a contagious and infectious disease, and the strict observance of the following rules and precautions are urged upon all who may come in contact with it.

1. When a child has sore throat with fever, and especially when diphtheria is present in the neighborhood, it should be kept apart from others until a competent physician has determined it is not diphtheria.

2. When a person is known to be sick with diphtheria, he should immediately be separated from all others, excepting his attendants, and removed to a room which should be specially prepared for his occupancy.

3. This room should be prepared by removing from it all superfluous furniture, carpets, extra clothing, books, window curtains, and all other similar articles not needed in the room. It should be as remote as possible from the family rooms—preferably, in the upper story—and care should be taken to secure an abundance of fresh air, without exposing the patient to direct drafts.

4. A card with "Diphtheria" on it in large, plain letters should be placed in a conspicuous position on the house in which there is a person sick with the disease. No child should be allowed to enter the house.

5. No one should be admitted to the sick room, except the necessary nurses and attendants.

6. No food or drink which has been in the sick room should be partaken of by the well. The dishes carried in should be washed separately.

7. Under no circumstances should the bed clothes or the patient's body linen be mixed with the other soiled clothing, or be admitted to the general wash, without being first thoroughly disinfected.

8. All persons recovering from diphtheria are dangerous, and should not be permitted to attend school, church, or any public assembly until, in the judgment of a careful physician, they are no longer a source of contagion.

9. No public funeral should be held of any person dying of diphtheria. In no case should any child be permitted to attend.

DISINFECTION.

When a case of diphtheria occurs, let the following disinfectant solutions be prepared at once:

Solution No. 1.—Dissolve chloride of lime, of the best quality, in soft water, in the proportion of four ounces to the gallon.

Solution No. 2.—Dissolve sulphate of iron (known also as copperas) in hot water, in the proportion of two pounds to the gallon. (It has been demonstrated that copperas is not properly a disinfectant. It is an excellent antiseptic, arresting putrefactive decomposition, but does not destroy the vitality of disease germs or the infecting power of material containing them. Hence it must not be substituted for Solutions No. 1 or No. 3.)

Rules for Disinfection.—1. The discharges from the throat, mouth and nose are exceedingly poisonous and should be received on soft cloths, which must be immediately burned or immersed in Solution No. 1.

2. The discharges from the kidneys and bowels, and vomited matters, are also dangerous, and should be received in a vessel containing Solution No. 1. Retain in the vessel fifteen minutes, when the contents may safely be thrown into the water closet or privy vault.

3. The soiled clothing, bed linen, towels, etc., should at once, before being carried from the sick room, be placed in boiling water and boiled for thirty minutes. If, for any reason, this can not be done, they may be soaked in the following solution:

Solution No. 3.—Dissolve corrosive sublimate in hot water, in the proportion of two ounces to the gallon. Label poison, and keep in a wooden or earthen vessel.

Take two fluid ounces, or a half-teacupful of this solution to one gallon of water, and let the articles to be disinfected be thoroughly soaked in this, remaining immersed at least two hours; they may then be wrung out and sent to the wash.

4. The body of a person who has died of diphtheria should be washed with Solution No. 1 and wrapped in a sheet wet with the same. The body should be buried at once, and in no case should be exposed to view.

5. After death or recovery of the sick, the room, furniture, and other contents not to be destroyed, must be thoroughly disinfected.

a. It is best to burn all articles which have been in contact with the person. Those too valuable to destroy may be treated as follows:

b. All articles which can be washed may be treated according to Rule 3, under Disinfection.

c. Clothing and bedding which can not be washed may be disinfected by exposure to dry heat for three or four hours. A temperature of 230° Fah. must be maintained during this time, and the articles freely exposed, i. e., not folded or arranged in piles or bundles.

7. The room and all articles in it, which can not be treated by either of the above methods, must be thoroughly fumigated.

a. The contents of the room should be so arranged as to expose the greatest amount of surface to the action of the disinfectant. Heavy woolen clothing, silks, furs, stuffed bed covers and similar articles, should be hung up in the room and pockets turned inside out. Pillows, mattresses, upholstered furniture, etc., must be cut open and the contents spread out for fumigation. Carpets are best fumigated on the floor. After fumigation, these articles must all be hung in the open air and thoroughly beaten and shaken.

8. To disinfect a room by fumigation, proceed as follows:

a. Close the apartment as completely as possible, stopping all openings through which the gas might escape. Thoroughly dampen the floor, walls, and furniture.

b. For a room about ten feet square, take three pounds of sulphur, broken into small fragments. For larger rooms use a proportionately larger amount of sulphur. Put it into an iron pan, and to avoide danger from fire, support the pan on bricks, placed in a tub containing a few inches of water. Moisten the sulphur with alcohol and set on fire, being careful not to breathe the fumes of the burning sulphur. When certain the sulphur is burning well, leave the room, close the door, and allow the room to be tightly closed for several hours.

c. Open all the windows and air the room thoroughly for several hours. If the wall and ceilings are papered, remove the paper and burn it. The floor, walls, ceiling, wooden furniture, etc., should be thoroughly washed with a solution made by adding two pints of Solution No. 3 to four gallons of water. Allow this to remain on for twenty-four hours, and then scrub thoroughly with soap and hot water.

9. The house and premises generally should be put in the cleanest condition possible, and every means taken to secure pure air and pure drinking water.

10. Cellars, privies, cess-pools, water-closets, drains, sewers, etc., should be frequently and liberally treated with Solution No. 2.

The foregoing methods of disinfection are applicable in all contagious diseases.

If Solution No. 1 is objectionable on account of the odor of the chloride of lime, an equally efficient disinfectant, to be used in the same way, may be made by adding one pint of Solution No. 3 to one gallon of water. It is necessary to leave it a longer time—at least an hour—in contact with the material to be disinfected.

Label all solutions of corrosive sublimate *poison*.

PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

1. Avoid the contagium of the disease. Especially should children be guarded against contact with any thing which has been near one sick with the disease.

2. Be careful of books, toys, cats and dogs which may have been handled by a diphtheria patient.

3. If any one visits such a case, he should bathe, disinfect and change his clothing before going where there are children.

4. Beware of anyone with a sore throat; do not kiss such a person, or drink from the same cup, or put any thing into your mouth he may have handled.

5. When diphtheria is present in your neighborhood, beware of taking children to crowded assemblies in unventilated rooms.

6. See that your house, cellar and yard are kept perfectly clean, and your living and sleeping rooms are well ventilated.

Cleanliness, pure air and pure water are the three great foes of this disease.

To the public these rules may seem numerous and, perhaps, unimportant, but the State Board of Health would not be doing its whole duty if it failed to point out the best possible means known of restricting and preventing this dread disease.

SCARLET FEVER.

Scarlet fever, also called scarlatina, scarlet rash, canker rash, etc., is a dangerous, contagious disease, of far more importance in our State, owing to its frequency, than either small-pox or cholera.

The contagium or poison of scarlet fever surpasses that of any other eruptive fever, except small-pox, in its tenacious attachment to objects and in portability to distant localities.

The poison may retain its infecting properties for months unless destroyed by proper disinfection.

It usually attacks children under ten years of age, hence the great importance of preventing children from being exposed to the disease. The latest evidence indicates that scarlet fever never originates from any telluric or atmospheric influence, but is always due to a specific principle or contagium. In other words, scarlet fever can only occur by infection from a pre-existing case of the same disease. Countries have been free from it for centuries till imported by commerce. In view of this fact, the great importance of isolation, quarantine and disinfection in preventing the spread of the disease, is beyond question. From want of proper precautions in this respect, it not infrequently happens that scarlet fever will attack successively a large family of children. It is believed that by the strict observance of the following rules and regulations this disease may be greatly restricted in our State:

1. When a child has sore throat and fever, and especially when scarlet fever is present in the neighborhood, it should immediately be separated from others until a physician has seen it, and determined whether it has scarlet fever.

2. When a person is known to be sick with this disease, no matter how light the attack may appear to be, he should immediately be separated from all others excepting his attendants, and removed to a room specially prepared for his occupancy.

3. This room should be prepared by removing from it all superfluous furniture, carpets, extra clothing, books, etc.; in short, every thing not absolutely needed for the comfort of the sick, or the convenience of the attendants. All closets connected with the room should have everything removed from them.

4. The room should be large, preferably in the upper story, and as far removed from the family rooms as possible.

5. The best means for disinfecting a sick room is to secure an abundance of fresh air. The patient, however, must not be exposed to direct drafts, and this can be avoided by fitting beneath the lower window-sash a strip of board a few inches in width.

6. Other children of the family, not affected, may be sent to some place where there are no children, or others liable to take the disease; but their clothing should have had no contact with the patient, or should be disinfected, and they should remain apart from the public for a period of two weeks.

7. Friends should not be allowed to visit the patient, and no one should be admitted to the sick-room except the nurse and necessary attendants. No child must be allowed to enter the house.

8. A card with "Scarlet Fever" on it should be placed in a conspicuous position on the house or premises in which there is a person sick with the disease.

9. The attendants should wear only such clothing as can be washed, and should keep themselves and their patient perfectly clean. Especially should they guard against allowing the discharges from the patient to remain on their hands, which should be frequently washed in a disinfectant solution.

10. Food or drink which has been in the sick-room should not be thrown in the swill-barrel; it should be cared for in the same manner as the discharges of the patient.

11. All cups, glasses, spoons, etc., used in the sick-room should be washed separate from the other dishes, and should remain some time in boiling water.

12. Towels, bed-clothes, the patient's body linen, etc., should not be mixed with the other soiled clothing, or be admitted to the general wash without being first thoroughly disinfected.

13. All persons recovering from scarlet fever are dangerous, and should not be permitted to attend school, church, or other public assembly, nor allowed to play with other children. They are sources of contagion so long as any peeling or scaling of the skin continues, and must be kept secluded until this process is fully completed.

14. A public funeral must not be held of any one dying from this disease, and in no case should any child be permitted to attend. Newspaper notices of such deaths should distinctly state that the deceased died of scarlet fever.

DISINFECTION.

When a case of scarlet fever occurs, let the following disinfectant solutions be prepared at once:

Solution No. 1.—Dissolve chloride of lime, of the best quality, in soft water, in the proportion of four ounces to the gallon. (It has been demonstrated that copperas is not properly a disinfectant. It is an excellent antiseptic, arresting putrefactive decomposition, but does not destroy the vitality of disease germs or the infecting power of material containing them. Hence it must not be substituted for Solutions No. 1 or No. 2.)

Solution No. 2.—Dissolve corrosive sublimate in hot water, in the proportion of two ounces to the gallon, and add one drachm of permanganate of potash to each gallon to give color to the solution.

1. The discharges from the throat, mouth and nose are extremely dangerous, and should be received on soft cloths (handkerchiefs should not be used) which must be immediately burned or immersed in Solution No, 1.

2. Vomited matters, discharges from the bowels, kidneys, eyes, ears and skin, are also dangerous, and should be treated as above, or be directly received in a vessel containing a pint or more of Solution No. 1. Retain in the vessel thirty minutes, when the contents may be thrown in the water-closet or privy-vault.

3. The particles of skin thrown off from the patient's body are supposed to be frequent carriers of the contagium, and, unless countermanded by the physician, the body should be frequently anointed with vaseline, oil, etc., which prevents their dissemination.

4. The soiled clothing, bed linen, towels, etc., should at once be placed in boiling water and boiled thirty minutes. If this can not be done in the sick room, they should be placed immediately in a solution prepared by adding a half teacupful of Solution No. 2 to one gallon of water; or in the same proportion for larger quantities. Allow them to remain in the solution at least two hours; they may then be wrung out and sent to the laundry.

5. The body of a person who has died of scarlet fever should be washed with Solution No. 1 and wrapped in a sheet wet with the same. The body should be buried at once, and in no case should be exposed to view.

7. After death or recovery of the sick, the room, furniture, and other contents not to be destroyed, must be thoroughly disinfected.

a. It is best to burn all articles which have been in contact with the person. Those too valuable to destroy, may be treated as follows:

b. All articles which can be washed may be treated according to Rule 4, under Disinfection.

7. The room and all articles in it, which can not be treated by either of the above methods, must be thoroughly fumigated.

a. The contents of the room should be so arranged as to expose the greatest amount of surface to the action of the disinfectant. Heavy woolen clothing silks, furs, stuffed bed covers and similar articles, should be hung up in the room and pockets turned inside out. Pillows, mattresses, upholstered furniture, etc., must be cut open and the contents spread out for fumigation. Carpets are best fumigated on the floor. After fumigation, these articles must all be hung in the open air and thoroughly beaten and shaken.

8. To disinfect a room by fumigation, proceed as follows:

a. Close the apartment as completely as possible, stopping all openings through which the gas might escape. Thoroughly dampen the floor, walls and furniture.

b. For a room about ten feet square, take three pounds of sulphur, broken into small fragments. For larger rooms use a proportionately larger amount of sulphur. Put it into an iron pan, and to avoid danger from fire, support the pan on bricks, placed in a tub containing a few inches of water. Moisten the sulphur with alcohol and set on fire, being careful not to breathe the fumes of the burning sulphur. When certain the sulphur is burning well, leave the room, close the door, and allow the room to be tightly closed for several hours.

c. Open all the windows and air the room thoroughly for several hours. If the wall and ceilings are papered, remove the paper and burn it. The floor, walls, ceiling, wood work, etc., should be thoroughly washed with a solution made by adding two pints of Solution No. 2 to four gallons of water. Allow this to remain on for twenty-four hours, and then scrub thoroughly with soap and hot water.

9. The room should be thoroughly aired for several days, and children kept out of it as long as possible. The house and premises generally should be put in the cleanest possible condition.

The foregoing methods of disinfection are applicable in all contagious diseases.

If Solution No. 1 is objectionable on account of the odor of the chloride of lime, an equally efficient disinfectant, to be used in the same way, may be made by adding one pint of Solution No. 2 to one gallon of water. It is necessary to leave it a longer time—at least an hour—in contact with the material to be disinfected. (It should be remembered that solutions of corrosive sublimate will injure lead pipes if passed through them in large quantities.)

Label all solutions of corrosive sublimate *poison*.

PREVENTIVE MEASURES.

1. Avoid the contagium of the disease. Especially should children be prevented from going near a case of scarlet fever, or from coming in contact with any thing which has been near one sick with this disease.

2. Be careful of books, toys, cats and dogs which may have been handled by a scarlet fever patient. The disease has been spread by circulating libraries; picture books having been taken therefrom to amuse the patient, and returned without being disinfected.

3. One recovering from this disease should not be permitted to mingle with the public, until he and his clothing have been thoroughly cleaned and disinfected.

4. No child coming from a house containing a case of scarlet fever, should be allowed to attend school or other public assembly, and should be prevented from playing with other children.

5. Any one coming from such a house should bathe, disinfect and change his clothing before going where there are children.

6. Beware of any one with a sore throat; do not allow your children to be kissed by such a person, or to drink from the same cup.

7. When scarlet fever is present in your community do not take children to crowded assemblies in unventilated rooms.

8. See that your house and premises are perfectly clean. Look to your cellars, sewers, cess-pools, sinks and water-closets, and allow no decaying animal or vegetable matter to poison the atmosphere of your dwelling.

To those who fail to appreciate the serious nature of this disease, these rules may seem numerous, and, perhaps, unimportant. Prevention is better than cure, and the State Board of Health has presented the best possible means known of restricting and preventing the spread of scarlet fever.

MARKETABLE HORSES.

Why Farmers Can Not Afford to Raise Second-Grade Animals.

It may be said of horses as of wheat that any and all grades are marketable, but the farmer who has, from year to year, grown wheat, knows very well that when he succeeds in getting a crop that grades No. 1, he barely gets day wages for growing and marketing the crop, after counting all contingent expenses. This being so, if his crop turns out to be of low grade there is no escaping loss upon it, because in no particular is it grown for less money per bushel than it costs to grow the best. The same rule holds good in the dairy, as shown by the fact that the butter or cheese from a given herd of cows will be first class if made by one party, while in the hands of another the lowest grade only is produced.

Horses, like wheat and butter, take rank in market according to their quality, and the good, that sell for high figures, feed in the same pasture and eat the same quality of oats and hay as the veriest plug. All horses that can do duty may be said to be marketable, but in the sense that rejected wheat is marketable, only at the lowest figures, though all the process through which the low-grade stock is carried is as expensive in the case of the poor in quality as in the case of the best, save and except the influence of the seed used, and this of course cuts an important figure. But, says one, to produce a good quality of grain of any kind you must have a good quality of seed as a foundation, and applying this to horses, the start is more expensive if a man would have stock marketable at good figures than though he grew animals of lower grade. This, in a measure, is true, yet men who own fairly good brood mares, for the purpose of saving the paltry sum of ten or fifteen dollars in the service of a sire, will continually rear horses for which they get only low prices. The difference that grows out of the service of a good sire, as compared to one of low grade, not infrequently makes a difference of one-third in the selling value of a mature horse, and it is fair to place it higher than this in many cases.—*National Live Stock Journal.*

THE WEED NUISANCE.

The Only Way to Rid a Farm From All Sorts of Weeds.

It is related in a California paper that Chinamen are making money in California going over stacks of straw abandoned by farmers and clearing out the mustard-seed in them. One Chinaman will save 100 pounds or more a day and make better wages from what the white man throws away than farmers have made from their grain crops.

What a commentary upon agriculture. Money can be made in California by separating mustard-seed from the straw of the ceral grains. Mustard-seed as an independent crop is a valuable one. Among other crops it is a weed, and from its tenacity in holding to the soil a vile weed. This seed is also disseminated all over the grain-growing region of the West. The seed holds to the soil for years, retaining its vitality until a favorable opportunity for germination takes place. The only way to rid a farm from the mustard pest is to sow only clean seed from year to year, and to be sure that none is carried back to the soil in the straw or other trash from the grain.

This may be accomplished in two ways—either by burning the straw and using the ashes, or by thoroughly decomposing until fully rotted. This takes time and labor, but wherever manure is valuable it will pay.

What is here said of the seed of mustard will apply to the seeds of other weeds. They are carried to the fields in trash and by various other means. It is nonsense to say that the seeds of weeds are naturally inherent in the soil. They come from seed, as do all other annual plants, and in the case of perennials also from the continued life of the plants in the soil. A complete summer fallow, by which the leaves of plants are not permitted to grow, will kill any perennial, even the Canada thistle. The seeds of annuals once eliminated from a soil will not thereafter be found unless again carried there, and reasonably clean cultivation will prevent their spread.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A large tree growing near Santa Maria de Tule, Mexico, is said to measure 150 feet in diameter.