

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Superior Court of North Carolina has decided that a railroad company can not force a passenger to ride in a smoking-car if he objects to doing so.

It will pay to store the hay, straw and fodder under shelter, as such materials are often injured by the exposure to winter storms and spring rains.

An Indiana farmer couldn't get any of the neighbors to sit on the fence with him and talk horse and whittle at a shingle, and so he went and drowned himself.

A man who abused Christopher Columbus in a restaurant in Sacramento was pounded until his life is despaired of. Christ, has friends in this country who won't stand by and hear his motives in discovering America questioned.

The distance from Cologne to Berlin, 474 kilometers in a bee line, was recently covered by some carrier pigeons belonging to the Berlin Society "Pfeil" in eight hours and forty-one minutes, which is equal to nearly fifty-five kilometers an hour.

During the fifty years since the first train ran in Belgium the railway companies claim that only thirty-one travelers have been killed through any error or disaster in the railway itself although 7,250,000 passengers have been carried over the lines.

Since New Year's Day 150 inventions have been filed in the Patent Office relating to roller skates. Boxwood, of which the wheels are generally made has doubled in price. Contracts for ten thousand tons of steel for the skate have been given out.

In a cemetery a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl. On the stone were chiseled these words: "A child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" I used to think, and I do now, that it was one of the most beautiful epitaphs I ever heard.

The unkindest thing that has recently been said about the legal profession is embodied in the remark made in a French provincial court the other day to a lawyer who was called as a witness "Look here, Brother X—," he said "just lose sight of your professional character for a moment and tell us the truth."

Prospective bridegroom (to prospective bride)—Would it be possible, do you think, dear, to postpone our wedding until Monday? I am in receipt of a dispatch calling me to Buffalo on important business. P. bride—I'm afraid not, George, dear. The wedding presents, you know, are only rented until Saturday.

A Laconia (N. H.) correspondent of a Manchester paper is ready to swear that a trout weighing twenty-eight and a half pounds was caught in Lake Winnisquam recently. Another member of the same party, it is alleged, caught one weighing eleven and a half pounds. Owners of expensive trout tackle may be pleased to learn that the big fellow was caught with a cod line and hook, with a cold chisel for a sinker and a live bull frog for a bait.

A number of Concord (Vt.) people have been victimized by a fellow who claimed to be agent for a weekly paper. Each subscriber gave ten cents for the paper six months, and also was to have a chance at several valuable prizes. Then the agent sent each subscriber a certificate, saying that he had drawn an organ, and requiring one dollar to pay for boxing, etc. The subscribers have since found out that they all drew organs and all sent one dollar for boxing, but the organs do not come.

The Indian population of Dakota is 32,511, and the total area of Indian reservations, as they at present exist in the Territory, is 41,948 square miles, or 26,847,105 acres. This is an allowance of 825 acres of land for every individual Indian, counting in the old men, women and children. The population of the Missouri River is 25,537, and the area of reservation is 33,739 square miles, or 21,593,129 acres—a farm of 853 acres for every Sioux west of the river, chief, brave, old man, squaw, boy, girl and papoose.

It was well worth the while of a Manitowish (Col.) correspondent to write this, and it is worth anyone's while to read it: "The Rockies are piled up like purple clouds against the brittle, sparkling sapphire skies. They trail off in a royal glory of color to the far South, their pink and purple peaks picked out with piles of everlasting snow. They are the 'Rocky' Mountains in all truth. Not a tree blooms upon their bald sterility of rock, and yet in the amber atmosphere, under the sweet clear sunshine, they look as if the next puff of wind might float them away."

SURE OF ONE THING. Hot Water in the Hands of an Excited Woman as a Fight Extremator. There was a case of assault and battery before one of the justices the other day, and a witness with a black eye, several strips of court plaster across his nose and one ear badly lopped over was asked by the defendant's lawyer if he saw Brown strike White.

"Can't say as I did," he replied. "Did you see the whole affair?" "Mostly."

"Well, how was it?" "Well, Smith and me set on the reaper talkin' evolution. Jones and Green set on the grass talkin', and Brown and White set by the edge of the straw-stack disputin' on politics. Three or four boys was in the barn gittin' up a dog fight."

"Yes, go on."

"Fust I knowed, somebody called somebody else a liar. Next I knowed evolution, politics and fighting dogs was a rolling over each other on the grass, and every man kicking and biting and hitting away for all he was worth."

"But did you see Brown strike White?" "Can't say as I did."

"Did you see White strike Brown?" "Can't be sure it. The only thing I'm sure of, Mister Lawyer, is that my old woman came out with a pail of hot water and loked the hull crowd and had over two quarts left for next time."

QUEENSLAND.

A Country for a White Man to Stay Away From.

Mr. Finch-Hatton has written a book on Queensland. Much as he has to say in its praise, it hardly strikes one as an eligible place for the white man. This is his description of Mackay, the first place he landed at:

"Of all horrible places to live in, the worst is a small coast town in Queensland. They are all alike. There is not a green thing to be seen anywhere. Dust is everywhere, inches deep in the streets that are not macadamized; and thus bushes, houses, and everything were powdered over with it. The population was under 1,000, but I counted seventeen public houses in the place."

"The cane-fields around he describes as beautiful, and the River Pioneer as lovely. But it is full of alligators, which run to nineteen feet long. The scrub, as the forests of Queensland are called, is beautiful; but 'the monotony of the endless timber is appalling, and it is easy to realize the terrible madness that so often comes over those who get lost in the bush. The only change is from white gum-trees on the flats to black iron-barks on the ridges, and one ridge and one flat is so like another to an inexperienced eye that it seems incredible that any one can ever find the way about. The author went to his brother's cattle station, and was put into a 'slab hut,' through the spaces of which, as he lay in bed, he commanded a fine view of the surrounding country, while when it rained five little streamlets of water descended on his bed."

On going to bed he found a huge snake coiled up in it, which turned out, luckily, to be a tame one belonging to his brother's partner. But in Queensland "there are five deadly kinds," one eight or nine feet long; but "but by far the worst is the death adder. It has this peculiarity; it does not attempt to move out of anybody's way, but lies quite still until it is touched, when it fastens with a spring upon its victim. I have never known a well-authenticated instance of recovery from it," except in the case of one Underwood, who used to let any snake bite him, and by means of an antidote never suffered harm. The Victorian Government foolishly refused to give him £10,000 for his secret, and as he one day let a snake bite him when he was drunk and had forgotten where he had put his antidote, this all-valuable secret died with him. Then there are other cheerful beasts. "A small black spider, about the size of a large pea, with a brilliant crimson mark upon its back, frequently takes up its abode in an inhabited house, and does not want to be provoked before attacking."

Death is by no means an uncommon result, but more frequently the victim becomes hopelessly insane or is paralyzed." Mr. Finch-Hatton was himself bitten. He took up the piece of his leg where the bite was between the finger and thumb, and cut it clean out. "I always had some ammonia with me, and I rubbed a quantity of it in. Certainly not more than ten seconds elapsed between the time I was bitten and when I cut the piece out. But the pain was intense for days, the whole leg swelled and became soft, like dough. The place itself became a running sore, which did not heal for four months afterwards."

And there are centipedes and scorpions, and "the real pests of the bush," worse than mosquitoes, the flies. Then there are the blacks, who, "even when half-tame in the settled districts, can not resist the temptation of spearing the traveler," to say nothing of lifting the cattle. Mr. Finch-Hatton's partner was "digging one day in the garden. Suddenly he became aware that half a dozen of these 'Myalls,' as they are called, were creeping at him through the long grass, armed with spears and boomerangs. He waited until they got about fifty yards off, and then, as they stood up ready to sling their spears at him, he suddenly pointed his spade at them like a gun. Two warriors fell flat down on the spot from sheer fright, upsetting a third who was just about starting to flee. Two of the remaining then tried to run away so fast that they hardly made any progress at all, and the last one, while scattering a Parthian glance at the object of terror in his rear, ran with awful violence against a gigantic gum-tree."

LAKE SAILORS. Their Ordinary Superstitions and Their Extraordinary Fear of Red-Headed Women.

At supper we spoke again of sailors and their superstitions. The Captain said: "Sailors on the lakes are very superstitious. Lots and lots of 'em would sooner lose a place than sail on Friday. They're awfully afraid of anything that appears the least bit supernatural. Anything in the shape of will-o'-the-wisp or St. Elmo's light will make most of 'em tremble in their shoes. Once I frightened a set of 'em half to death by muffled a lantern to give it a weird appearance, and then tying it to the yard-arm. Then they are firm believers in the power of certain things to bring luck or ill-luck, just like old Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner' and the albatross. They're particularly timid of red-headed women. I was mate on a boat once on which a red-headed woman took passage, and the sailors complained right off. Once outside everything seemed to go wrong. Finally, we ran into a schooner and lost our jib-boom. This was too much. Half the fellows came to the Captain and actually asked to be put ashore anywhere in the woods rather than run the risk of a possible loss of life, as they said. They weren't accommodated, of course, but once in port you should have seen those fellows draw their pay and skedaddle. A red-headed Captain would either have to use hair-dye or quit the business. Cook, bring me another cup of tea."

Red squirrels lose no time in picking out the toothsome mushroom from the tempting toadstool. The cute little creature never touches the latter, but the mushroom is "nuts" to them, and no doubt they make merry when they read daily in the papers of some poisoning case of the sort. "What fools these mortals be who eat toadstools," chuckles the red squirrel.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

Cockroaches have a decided dislike to borax, and if it is placed around their haunts, they will leave at once. Powdered borax should be used.

To remove discolorations on piano keys the following is a good remedy: Rub with lemon juice, and while still damp, put on a coat of whitening mixed with lemon juice. When dry, brush off carefully with a dry brush.

Jelly Cake: Three eggs, one cup sugar, butter the size of an egg, one cup flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar sifted in the flour, one half teaspoonful of milk. Bake in jelly cake tins and spread when cold with fruit jelly.

Cold beef cut in slices and laid in vinegar over night, then dipped in beaten egg, seasoned with salt and nutmeg, and rolled in dried bread crumbs and fried in butter a delicate brown, is an appetizing entree for lunch.

Lemon Drops—Candy: Four four ounces or five spoonfuls of lemon juice over one pound of loaf sugar, add four spoonfuls of rose water; boil to a syrup and then add the grated peel of the lemons. Drop on plates and put in a warm place to dry.

Grass stains come out best by using an application of soda and soap. Wet the spot, rub over it soap made soft in warm water, and as much common baking soda as will adhere; let it remain on the stain half an hour or more, then wash out in warm water. Whiting and soap will also remove grass stains.

A good rule to follow in gathering mushrooms is to discard all specimens that are not found in an open pasture. In this way, the best authorities agree, nine tenths of the dangerous specimens will be avoided. In cases of poisoning, medical aid should be promptly summoned. Sweet oil is a good palliative.

A useful pen-wiper may be made as follows: Take any small piece of silk, satin, cloth, tweed, of dark colors, such as are useless for any other purpose, being much too small in size. Sew them together firmly in the center; to hide the stitches use a large button in gold or silver, or corded silk. Notch the edges all round, to make it look neat. These pen-wipers stand a great deal of wear, and being so simple, people can afford to throw them away when they are done with them.

If, when making paste or glue, a small quantity of carbolic acid is added it will keep sweet and free from offensive smells. A few drops added to mucilage or ink prevents mold. In whitewashing the cellar or dairy, if an ounce of carbolic acid is added to each ounce of wash, it will also prevent mold and the disagreeable taints often perceived in meats and milk from damp apartments. Another great advantage in the use of carbolic acid in paste for wall paper and in whitewash is, that it will drive away cockroaches and other pests.

WEANING PIGS. The Advantage Accruing From Regular and Sensible Feeding.

In weaning pigs, there is something more to be considered than simply taking them away from their mother. They should be weaned gradually, so as not to get any stunt or set-back. To take pigs away from their mother and little home before they have been taught to eat, gives them a check for at least two weeks; and this is quite a little part of their lives, if they are designed for slaughter when they are six to eight months old. Feeding them in a separate place, to which they have access, will accustom them to eating, and when deprived of their mother's milk, they will refuse to eat until driven to it by hunger.

They must not be fed too much at a time, or they will eat so much that they will become paddy. When their food is very sloppy, they will take so much that the stomach will be distended beyond its natural size; and the result is a pot-bellied pig, which means a pig with an unnatural and disordered stomach, a mean-looking pig, and one which never makes a good animal. It makes hog enough; for it always has an unnatural appetite to fill the big void made by the washy or excessive food it had when young. A little and often should be the rule with pigs when weaning, and also afterward. A healthy hog has a very quick digestion if the stomach is not overworked. When this rule is followed they will grow faster and keep their shape better. The little pigs should never be fed more than they will eat up clean; for, if they have any swill or milk left over they will miss it in and drop their excretions in it, so that it will become very foul and unhealthful.

Five times a day is often enough to feed pigs when they are suckling, and, if they get a good supply from their mother, three times will do, or when the old one is fed. When fed five times, the first feeding should be in the morning; the second in the middle of the forenoon; then at noon; again in the middle of the afternoon, and finally at night. These are the best times to feed all through the season. Any amount of food, fed at these intervals, will make more growth in a given length of time than the same quantity of food given three times a day. A hog will always eat to excess if confined and fed all it can take. It will always do the same if it breaks into a field of grain, or when first turned into a fresh field of corn or peas. After the first gorge, if left alone, it will eat only a good meal, and lie down by the food with a complacent expression, as much as to say: "Here is enough."

It is important that the troughs should be low in which the little pigs eat. When a young pig hangs on its stomach to eat out of a trough, it is in just the position to hump up its back and spoil its shape. It may be noticed that I have not recommended corn for pigs. This is because it is the worst kind of food which can be given to them, although the commonest. A little, mingled with oats or wheat middlings, will do no harm, but good; but an entire feeding of corn is a violation of sanitary law, and does not evince good sense.

Is It Not Singular that consumptives should be the least apprehensive of their own condition, while all their friends are urging and beseeching them to be more careful about exposure and overdoing? It may well be considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the disease, where the patient is reckless and will not believe that he is in danger. Reader, if you are in this condition, do not neglect the only means of recovery. Avoid exposure and fatigue, be regular in your habits, and use faithfully of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." It has saved thousands who were steadily failing.

The girl who loves William never asks her father to foot her bill.

Young Men, Read This. THE VOLTAIC BELT, or Marvel, Michigan, offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

MISERY—A girl with a new dress and no place to go—Nathaniel Independent.

NATURAL HISTORY: If the swallow had no throat there would be no swallow.

Should an umbrella be called a polygamist because it has a plurality of ribs?—St. Paul Herald.

Many people who are as "true as steel" are unfortunately just as cold.—Philadelphia Call.

Why is a successful poultry man like a carriage builder? Because he makes a coop-pay.

What is the difference between a paper dollar and a dollar of silver? Never mined.—Boston Transcript.

GOLDEN-ROD.

A Modest Little Flower Lately Brought Into Prominence.

Peeping from behind some tumble-down walls, or thrusting its bright yellow head above the rank growth of weeds in a neglected stretch of level ground, the modest golden-rod gives color and life to a prospect otherwise uninteresting and commonplace. In little tufts of green, like vases in a barren stretch of sand, its golden flowers wave in the summer breeze. By lonely country waysides, from behind isolated rocks, or beneath tottering rail fences it shows its green stems and bright-green blooms, while in waving fields of grass, its flowers, like stars in an emerald firmament, twinkle and glisten in the midsummer sun. In the constant mutations of fashion one flower after another finds favor with the fair ones to adorn and set off their charms of person, only to be discarded for some other, as fancy, ever changing and never settled, compels. Time was, and not so long ago, when a bunch of daisies formed a simple, yet elegant, floral ornament to many an attractive and charming summer costume. Now there is a change, and in place of the white stars, with their brilliant centers, are seen sprays of golden-rod, daintily pinned on bosoms or corsages. In secluded country nooks the farmer's daughter gathers the tiny blooms; at the fashionable watering-places the city beauty does not disdain the modest ornament, and on our streets on pleasant afternoons many little bunches of golden-rod can be noticed. The golden-rod has now its day of triumph over more gaudy flowers. How long it will maintain its place Dame Fashion only can tell.

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