### PRIDE.

Hark the rustle of a dress
Stiff with lavish costliness!
Here comes one whose cheek would flush
But to have her garments brush
'Gainst the girl whose fingers thin
Wove the weary 'broidery in,
Bending backward from her toil
Lest her tears the silk might soil,
And in midnight's chill and murk
Stitched her life into the work!
Little doth the wearer heed
Of the heart-break in the brede:
A hyena by her side
Skulks, down-looking,—it is Pride.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

## DOCTOR FRANK.

"Dear me! Such a pretty dress so sadly wasted. It seems almost a sin to put it on. I don't think either Uncle Reuben or Aunt Jane will appreciate it, and Fido I am sure will not, inasmuch as its ruffles are not to be soiled by his dirty paws."

And, thus soliloquizing, Kate Arden hesitated a moment as to whether the open trunk should receive back the pink batiste, with its innumerable lace-edged flounces and loops of rose colored ribbon, or whether it should deck the pretty face and form reflected in the mirror of Aunt Jane's best bedroom, occupied only since yesterday by her pretty city niece, who had come down to smell the June roses and woo some of their color into her own pale cheeks.

Something in the reflection decided the question. The trunk was closed, the bastite donned; and, looking as lovely as the first flush of sunrise. Kate tripped smilingly down the stairs, knowing that two pair of eyes would kindle into admiration, and that Uncle Reuben would break into a hearty speech.

Nor was she mistaken. He turned toward her as she opened the door.

"Ah here comes the little girl now!" he said. "Kate, dear—why how lovely you're looking, my lassie!—this is our new doctor—Doctor Lawerence! He stopped in to know how my rheumatism was getting on, and I was just talking to him about you."

The girl looked up. All regret concerning the pink batiste fled, for standing by her uncle's side was a young, handsome man, whose clear brown eyes were bent full upon her, and who acknowledged the introduction with a courteous bow, utterly devoid of embarrassment or rusticity.

"We thought at first no one could take poor old doctor Gray's place," continued Uncle Reuben. ("You knew he was dead Kate? Yes, took a sudden cold last winter.) But somehow I don't think we'd quite know how to do without Doctor Lawerence now, although we old folks do laugh at some of his new-fledged notions."

"You're very kind, Mr. Evans," answered the young man, in a deep, musical voice. "I hope you don't think me unappreciative of how little you've let me feel myself a stranger in Evansville."

"It was your own magic my boy; but talking of strangers, you must certainly not be so now. We don't quite know what to do with this city girl, who's come to spend a few weeks with us, to get back the roses dissipation and town life have scattered. You'll have to help us make the country so attractive that she'll not be in too great a hurry to run away from us."

"If you always set such delightful tasks, Mr. Evans, your prescriptions will, I am quite sure, be religiously followed, though, unfortunately, every chemist cannot make them up."

And he glanced at Kate with a mischievous smile.

She was not slow with some merry repartee, and when, half an hour later, Dr. Lawrence took his departure, he had left quite a pleasurable little wave of anticipation and excitement behind. Nor did Kate experience any more regret at pretty dresses being wasted, as one by one she took them from her trunks, and proceeded to make herself as fascinatingly pretty as possible.

It was wonderful, too the time that Doctor Lawerence managed to spare from his patients. It grew to be a very customary thing for his light wagon to drive up in the early gloaming, and for Kate to take in it her place beside him, for one of those charming drives she said were doing her so much good. They had long talks, too—talks in which he told her his hopes for the future, and touched very lightly on some of his disappointments and struggles of the past.

She learned that this man was ambitious; that the post of a physician in this obscure town was in his own mind a stepping-stone across the stream which yet separated him from honor, name and fame. Somehow her own blood coursed more quickly, and her pulses leaped as she listened. It was all so different from the languid talk she was used to hearing from the men who would spend, in roses they offered at her shrine, a sum which would do so much to realize his life ambition; yet she wrote home:

"I am having a new experience—a flirtation with a country physician. I hope he's taking care of his heart; he may find it difficult to heal himself. For me, of course, I have no heart. He has so much spare energy, I'm sure he must find it a kindness to be able to expand some of it even on me."

But after she had written this she laid down her pen and sighed. After all the words did not help her in a fight she was having with herself, nor make her arguments the stronger for her own convincing; but she folded and sealed the letter and mailed it the same evening, she and the doctor driving past the post office that she might do so. Was she sorry for what she knew was inevitable?

June had nearly passed before Frank Lawrence put his fate into her hands. She had had many men make love to her, but never one in those simple, earnest tones:

"You'll have to share some of the hardships, Kate," he said; 'but I'll make it as light as may be for you, darling; and one day I'll make you proud of me. Looking ahead to the light, will you let my love make the present not quite dark?'

He used no eloquence, no passion, but his face was very pale, and his hand trembled just a little as he folded hers within it and awaited her reply.

A sharp pain she could not then analyze shot through her heart.

"I am very sorry, Doctor Lawrence," she murmured, "but it is impossible."

"Impossible! Why?"

"I—I—"

She got no further.

"You do not love me? Is that what you would say? Look straight in my eyes and tell me true!"

She dared not. He knew that once her eyes met his she would hide her head upon his breast and whisper what she dared not acknowledge—that he alone had not been burned in the hot fire her hands had helped to kindle.

For one little minute the memory of the past month returned to her—the strange, sweet influence he had exerted over her life—the future sweetness life might yet hold for her.

Pshaw! This was but a girl's idle sentiment. Did not every man dream of glory? And to grow old, like Aunt Kate and Uncle Reuben, in a stagnant country town—to have her sleep disturbed by every old man and woman within a radius of twenty miles who wanted a potion for their latest ailment—how could she bear this?

"I am already engaged to be married," she answered, hastily, as though seeking strength in the words, a vision rising before her as she uttered them of the man of her choice—a man more than twice her age, bald and gouty, but with bonds and bank-notes sufficient to atone for all deficiencies, and make the world esteem it high honor that she should be made his wife.

"Oh, Frank, forgive me!" she cried in quick contrition—for his hand had now unclasped itself from hers, and he sprang to his feet with a look upon his face of mortal agony.

But he answered her not a word, as he walked away in the mockery of the June sunlight.

* * * * * *

Five years later, and in one of the fashionable hotels of Paris lay a child ill unto death—a little fairy creature, of perhaps three years of age, but whose golden curls now clusterad about a face white as the lace-trimmed pillows on which it rested.

Over her bent her mother a woman young and beautiful—a widow, wondrous rich, the world said, but who, in this hour would gladly have poured out her treasures to buy the priceless treasure of her darling's life, She had not loved her husband, this same world declared; but, be this, as it may, he had made no moan into its listening ear, and after two short years of wedded life, when death, after a short, decisive struggle, had claimed him, all that he had was willed unreservedly to the woman who had filled alike his pride and his heart.

If she had also made the latter suffer, there was no codicil in his last generous testament to that effect.

A light knock on the door aroused her. She softly opened it.

"The young American physician to whom madam was recommended is below," announced an attendant.

"Show him up," she answered, and returned to her post. "Come in," she called, softly, when a second knock was heard; and then, standing motionless, she turned to look into the face of one who, though a stranger, was at least a countryman, but started back as though confronted by a ghost. "Frank!" she murmured; "is it you?"

His own amazement equalled hers.

"Ah, I comprehend!" he said, the first to regain his self-control. 'I did not recognize Miss Arden in Mrs. Geoffery, and doubtless the French tongue so garbled my own name as to render your mistake an easy one. Pardon me I will withdraw at once."

"No, no, stay!" she cried, laying one entreating hand upon his arm. "I have heard of your wonderful skill, which has made your name famous even on this side of the water. Oh, Frank, be merciful! Save my child—my baby! She is all, all that I have."

"Where is your husband?"

In quick, curt tones he put the question.

"Did you not know?" she said. "He has been dead three years."

"And your child—— Yes, I have heard. It is the brain which is affected."

"She has been unconscious for twenty-four hours. The physicians here have given her up. Oh, Frank, do not tell me she must die, if you would not break my heart," and she clasped her hands together in an agony of entreaty.

A scornful, incredulous smile crept about his lips—this woman spoke as if she had a heart; but his physician's instinct conquered hesitation, and bending over the little sufferer, with careful, tender skill he lifted the clustering rings from the baby brow, and made a brief examination of the head. He looked very grave as he lifted his own.

"There is but one chance for your child's life, Mrs. Geoffrey," he said then, and only the physician spoke. "There must be an immediate operation of a most precarious nature. Her recovery from it is extremely doubtful; but there is a chance. Otherwise there is none. Will you conse t?"

"You will perform it?"

"I will intrust it to no one else."

"She is in your hands. Do with her as you will."

"And if she dies?"

"Oh, Frank she is my child! You will not let her die."

Was it the remembrance of these words which made Dr. Lawrence hesitate, a few hours later, as, with two of the most eminent surgeons in Paris, he stood beside the little sufferer? If his judgment should be at fault? But there was no time to weigh the question.

Two hours after he stepped into the darkened room, where one woman awaited him.

"She is sleeping. When she wakes she will know you. I think she will live."

He had stopped some little distance from her as he spoke, but with a suddenness he could not divine she had fallen on her knees before him, grasping his hands, and covering them with kisses and her tears.

"You must be calm for your child's sake," he said, in a voice all unmoved. "Now go to her. I will return to watch with you through the night."

But when morning dawned his prophecy had been fulfilled. Death had taken away his grim shadow, and the baby, waking, smiled into the beautiful face above her and whispered:

"Mamma!"

Throughout Paris spread the news of the marvellous operation. It was another on the long list of triumphs accomplished by this young man, who had not yet attained his thirty-fifth year— "Doctor Frank," baby Alice called him; and as the old gulf grew and widened between Mrs. Geoffrey and himself, they became the greater friends.

Three weeks had elapsed, when he said, one day:

"Little Alice is quite well now. My visits will be no longer necessary."

"I can never repay my debt, Dr. Lawrence," answered Alice's mother. "But here is my cheque. Fill it with what sum you will. It shall be honored."

"Madam," he said, "it is I who am in your debt."

And with a quick motion he tore in two the piece of paper she had handed him.

"See! you make mamma cry said the baby. She always cries after you have been here. Why does she do that, Doctor Frank? Kiss her—Please kiss her—and tell her you are sorry. You must not make my pretty mamma cry."

"Good-by, little one!' he answered, casting no glance to the lovely face, pale with its long anxious waiting.

"You havn't kissed mamma," pleaded the baby voice. 'She says she was very naughty to you once. Please forgive her, and do not let her cry any more."

He strode toward Kate at these latter words.

"Is it true," he asked, "that you fancy you stand in need of my forgiveness? When I cease to love you, I will send it to you."

"Frank," she whispered, "must you wait till then? God knows I have suffered from my fault. I was only a child, Frank. I did not know my own heart, or that I had one, until—until——"

"Until what?"

His voice was very hoarse now, and he drew a step nearer her.

"Must you wring all from me?" she said. "Yet I owe you the atonement. Until I learned your image filled it. Scorn, despise me you will, I cannot banish it."

But ere she could finish her confession Doctor Frank had caught her in his arms, baby Alice clapping her hands exultantly—the little hands which had unwittingly bridged the chasm between two divided hearts.

## THE CRAZY FITS OF ELEPHANTS.

### A Showman's Recollections of Keepers Killed and Destruction Done by Them.

"Of all mad elephants, Hannibal, I think, was the worst," said Dr. I. A. Graves, the veteran showman as Bunnell's. "Most elephants recover from a mad fit within a few days, but Hannibal—well, he would keep up a tantrum for weeks and months at a time. The longest spell he ever had began early one morning in June, 1854, while travelling with Raymond & Waring's menagerie from Pawtucket to Fall River. He broke away from his keeper and ran the highway thirteen miles, smashing everything he could. Talk about elephants being large! Hannibal looked as big as a locomotive that morning. The keeper attempted to check him, and was chased into a swamp. The first vehicle the mad elephant met was a butcher's cart loaded with mutton. He smashed the cart, killed the horse, broke the driver's arm, and scattered the quarters of mutton along the highways. Two vegetable wagons were upset and the horses were killed, the drivers escaping unhurt. When the fury of his fit was spent, Hannibal was found beneath a tree on the road side completely exhausted, and for the time submissive. Tusk chains were applied, and for many weeks afterward he was kept under the strictest surveillance. To approach him during this period was dangerous. On turning out one morning in Burlington, Vt., I found a number of women and children petting him, while he was swinging his ears in evident enjoyment. Then I knew the spell was broken. He was very docile and tractable the rest of that season.

"Hannibal was the most vicious elephant that ever tramped with a show. In 1849, while we were at Connellsville, Ohio, a stranger gave him a pail of water. He drank the water leisurely, and then, suddenly turning his head, struck the man with his tusks. The poor fellow died. While chained at Williamsburg, N. H., in 1857, he took a fit and pursued the keeper into a stoneyard, when he got wedged in among the boulders, and was subdued in that dilemma. Up to 1845 Hannibal was noted for his unchangeable good nature. In those days old "Put" Townsend used to be his keeper. 'Put' had trained him to drive the stake to which it was customary to chain him. One day 'Put' started the stake and handed the sledge to Hannibal to complete the job. Hannibal made a ponderous blow at the stake head, but struck his foot instead. He threw the sledge so far that it required an hour's search to find it, and never would touch one again. Hannibal lived to be 100 years old, and killed twelve men.

Columbus was another bad elephant. In December, 1849, while at Raymond & Waring's menagerie, Chestnut street Philadelphia, he killed his keeper, took possession of the show, and retained it for three days, killing in that time two camels, a llama, and upsetting a large stove and two animal cages. The doors were barricaded, cannon were mounted in the street, and soldiers paraded on the premises in readiness to give him a warm reception should he appear. Finally two keepers entered the building from above, straddled the cross-beams, and dropped a noose rope to the floor. He walked into the trap, and when he realized that he was caught, submitted quietly to the chaining operation. Columbus fell through a bridge at North Adams, Mass., the following summer, and died a few days later.

"Bill Williams, or "Canada Bill," as he was professionally called, was Columbus's first keeper. Forepaugh's elephant Romeo killed him in winter quarters at Frankfort. Pa., in 1865. Bill went into the elephant's den to do some chores and his crushed and mangled body was found in a few hours afterward. Geo. Waste was killed in much the same manner by Turner's African Romeo. Before a rescuing party could get his body away from the elephant it was denuded of everything except one boot. The elephant Pizzaro had mad spells oftener than those I have mentioned. In 1850 he killed his keeper and two camels near New Orleans, and then raided the country for miles around, doing a great deal of damage to farm property. Chief, who is the only one of the mad or 'rogue' elephants alive, killed John King, the keeper with Robinson's show, in 1879."

"What causes the madness of elephants?' was asked.

"If you have ever noticed, you may have seen that there are issues from the head of the elephant, just behind the ear. When these are kept open, a thin, watery substance exudes therefrom. I have always remarked that elephants are kindly disposed and easily handled while these issues are open, but just so soon as they become clogged madness ensues. The insertion of a common tape needle brings relief."

"Is it true that elephants are fond of stimulants and narcotics?"

"Yes, exceedingly so. Now, there's a popular error that should be corrected. It has always been thought that if you gave an elephant tobacco he would never forget it, and years afterward would kill you did an opportunity present itself. That is not so. On the contrary, there are but two things which they relish more appletree boughs and thistles. Their passion for fine cut tobacco is something marvelous. Some years ago, when I was traveling with the elephant Conqueror, it was my custom to carry a meerschaum pipe in a particular pocket in my coat. One day I left my coat within reach of his trunk, and in less time than it takes me to tell it, he had found the pipe, crushed it, and swallowed it, case, stem, and all. During the few years I was with Conqueror I reckon he must have eaten several hundred pounds of tobacco. The truth of the matter is, gentlemen, an elephant, like an intelligent person, will eat only what suits his taste, and never harbors any dislike for those people who give him disagreeable food."

### The Footlight Queen's Boudoir.

The New York Morning Journal thinks that Sara Jewett doesn't believe in crimping her hair. She has very nice hair of her own, of a soft, wavy texture, and she has been told that any extra manipulation with hot irons would make her bald at forty-five. Kate Claxton has the finest hair in the theatrical profession, and it is her special pride. The color is a dark, rich auburn, and it falls below her waist. If Kate Claxton gives way to any particular vanity it is her hair, at which she will sometimes spend two hours before the glass of a morning, brushing, combing and plaiting those luxurient tresses.

Rosa McAllister is a rather pretty young woman of twenty-seven or so, who, in preference to occupying any secondary position in a large city, prefers to be a star at the west. Recently she has been touring in Dakota. During the trip she was joined by one of the partners of a large house in Duluth, and out of this a local editor made a sort of Langtry-Gebhart episode. But the merchant in question was a different sort of man. He streightway came back and had a battle royal with the editor. It seems the lover militant had advanced some money to Miss McAllister to carry on her company, and went on simply to see about his business affairs. Now the two have become engaged, and the wicked editor is covered with confusion. Rose Coghlan is now on her way to California, and nothing does she regret more than being obliged to leave her pretty flat on Fiftieth street, which, from the parlor in the front to the kitchen in the back, is a marvel of taste and pschutt. Coghlan is very methodical. Three years ago she made a horse and brougham by her benefit. She puts so much of her salary of $225 away for that every week, so much for rent, so much for dress, so much for living, and the rest goes straight into bank. By no possibility does she overstep any of these separate expenditures. She hates traveling because she says it is stuffy. She can conceive nothing worse than a Pullman car; the meals are as a rule very bad and it disarranges all her habits. Rose is getting a bit old maidish.

One of our hospitals (let us hope it will be the eternal Hahnemann) is trying to get up a diamond exhibition for some ime next winter, and all those who own fine parures are to be asked to lend their gems to the cause of charity. Mme. Patti and Mme. Janauschek are expected to aid the enterprise by lending their precious carbonata. No private lady, I believe, has any parure to equal either of these.

## HOW TO GET ON AT COURT.

### The Oddities of Etiquette at Madrid, and St. Petersburg.

An old custom of the Spanish court requires that when a baby is born in the royal family it shall be officially announced that a "vigorous" infant has come into the world. The Queen of Spain having become the mother of a sickly child, which lived only two hours the court journal chronicled the birth and death in the usual way: "Her Majesty was delivered at three o'clock of a vigorous infant, who died at five." The Epoca of Madrid lately reported that the Town Council of Seville, having had an interview with Alfonso XII, kissed the feet of his majesty and withdrew." It is not te be supposed that the councilors actually went down on all fours and of the Escurial, but sought to introduce simple manners in a country where even beggars drape themselves proudly in their tattered mantles and address one another as "Senor Cabellero." He one day told a muleteer, with whom he had stopped to talk on a country road under a broiling sun, to put on his hat; forgetting that by the fact of ordering a subject to cover himself in a royal presence he created him a grandee. Marshall Prim, who was standling by, hastily knocked the muleteer's head-dress out of his hand and set his foot upon it, at the same time offering the man some gold; but the muleteer. who was mortally offended, spurned the money and a few days later, when Prim was assassinatd, a rumor was circulated that the mortified individual who had narrowly missed becoming a grandee was an accessory to the crime. On another occasion King Amadeo inconsiderately addressed a groom of his in the second person singular as tu. Happily the man was an Italian for, as a court chamberlain presented to his Majesty; a Spaniard spoken to with his familiarity might have claimed that the monarch had dubbed him cousin—that is, had ennobled him. Another thing that the much worried Italian Prince had to learn was that a Spanish King must not sign any letter to a subject with any friendly or complimentary formula, but must simply write Yo el Rey ("I the King.")

Etiquette is the code of rules by which great people keep lesser ones in proper respect. Prince Bismarck, when a boy, was rebuked by his father for speaking of the king as "Fritz." "Learn to speak reverently of his majesty," said the old squire of Varzin, "and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration." Young Bismarck laid the advice to heart, and to this day the great chancellor always lowers his tone and assumes a grave worshipful look when he alludes to the kaiser. If a message is brought to him from the emperor by word of month or in writing, he stands up to receive it. When a wedding takes place at the Russian court, it is the practice of the state dignitaries to form a candle procession—that is to say that ministers, chamberlains, high stewards, take each a silver candlestick with a lighted taper in their hands, and conduct the bride and bridegroom round the ballroom, where guests are assembled, and thence into the throne room, where the pair do homage to the sovereign. At the first royal wedding which occurred after the Chancellor had been promoted to the dignity of Prince and Highness, Bismarck failed to appear in the candle procession, and Court gossips quickly concluded that he now thought himself too great a man to take part in the semi-menial ceremony. The truth was however, that the Chancellor had been seized with a sudden attack of gout; and at the next wedding he was careful to silence all crapers by carrying his candle bravely like other Ministers.

Prince Gortchakoff was always equally careful to observe the minutest points of etiquette in relation to the late czar and the Imperial family. Lord Dufferin, asking him whether the Emperor's cold was better, was rather startled to hear him answer in a reverent voice, with his head bent and his eyes half closed, "His Majesty is deigned to feel a little better this morning." The Duke de Morny said of Gortachakoff, that he seemed to purr when he talked of any creature at court, "even of the Grand Duchess Olga's monkey." But possibly this imperturable obsequiousness is appreciated by the rulers of this earth, for Gortchakoff remained Prime Minister throughout the whole of the Emperor's reign.—Chambers' Journal.

### How He Made the Dust Fly Between Chicago and Mendota.

From the Chicago Herald.

"Yes," said Mr. Dooflicker, as he drew his chair out on the porch to the family circle, "I had some wild experiences when I was a locomotive engineer. I remember one night I was ordered to take a doctor from Chicago to Mendota in the quickest possible time. To make my engine lighter I uncoupled the tender and left it on the side track. When the doctor took a seat on the fireman's box I threw the lever down in the corner and gave her steam. Away we jumped like a scared kangaroo. The doctor's eyes bulged out like a pair of porcelain drawer knobs as we hustled over the prairie toward Riverside. Ripity click we smashed along over the switches and frogs and bridge at Riverside, and the doctor hanging on for his life and looking like an uninsured man sitting down to his first dish of cucumbers.

"What's that—a post?" asked the doctor as we passed something in a jiffy.

"It was a coal shed 120 feet long. So you can see how fast we were going.

"What's that funny looking fringe on our left?" asked the doctor.

"Them's the telegraph poles," answered the fireman as he stopped half a minute from shoveling coal, just as we zipped through the shop yards at Aurora.

"Well, we made Mendota, without a stop, in forty-one minutes and a half, just two miles to the minute; and I boiled the coffee in my dinner-pail on the driving boxes."

Mrs. Dooflicker heaved a sigh of relief and said' "Well. I'm glad you got there safe. I expected, much as could be, you would tell us that the engine jumped off the track and all three of you were killed."

"No, we were all alive and safe" added Dooflicker, confidently.

"What a long-armed fireman you must have had, pa," put in young, Theopholus Dooflicker, as he looked up from the copy of Æsop's fables that lay on his lap.

"How's that?" asked Dooflicker.

"Why, to shovel coal in Aurora from a tender that stood on a side track in Chicago."

Dooflicker went in the house to get his pipe.

## FARMERS' COLUMN.

### The Short Rows.

The pair of black horses presented to Mrs. Gov. Austin Blair of Michigan in 1862, by the officers of the Twentieth Michigan infantry, which regiment rendezvoused at Jackson previous to going south, are still alive and driven daily by Mrs. Blair or other members of the governor's family. They are twenty-five years old.

A pear orchard, in Thomas county, Georgia, was sold five years ago for $650. It was next sold for $1,800, the $640 having been recouped from cuttings in the meantime. A month afterward $18,000 was offered for it and now it could not be bought for $25,000.

To show that the cornstalks, of which such enormous quantities are wasted in the west, can be utilized, some of the material was crushed and fed by Professor Sanborn in comparison with hay, a moderate quantity of grain being added in both cases. The stocks were well eaten and gave results indicating a value for fodder about three-fourths as great as that of good timothy.

One of the largest sales of lands ever made was reported the other day from Chicago where the purchase of 1,100,000 acres of the 4,000,000 acres of cotton land in Mississippi lying along the river, together with 400,000 acres of the pine lands in the southern end of the state, was consummated by the banking house of Dreyer & Co., on behalf of a foreign syndicate. The price per acre was $1.25, the total consideration being $1,975,000. This immense purchase is said to be the first of four such tracts soon to pass into European hands.

The chief advantage of the clover crop is the enrichment of the soil and the improvement of the texture. The enrichment is in proportion to the amount of root growth and foliage produced and shed on the soil, as well as the degree shading of land and retention of that degree of moisture favoring production of nitrogen. If it be grazed down so close as not to furnish any shading of the soil or retention of moisture, there is a loss on the side of fertilization. If, too, the ground be tramped when wet, and afterwards bakes and cracks in the summer's heat, the condition of growth is poor, indeed, compared with that of a soil shaded by a luxuriant clover growth, and unpacked by early and untimely tramping.—Breeder's Gazette.

### Woman's Work for Woman.

On the subject of woman's work for woman Mrs. Florence M. Adkinson, of Indianapolis, writes: "Woman's work for woman is in this day almost a marvel. Every city and nearly every town has some organization of women with the advancement of womankind for its central thought and purpose. Some of these associations provide food, nursing and homes for hungry, sick, or friendless women, Others furnish work, open opportunities and a market for labor. Others extend advantages for training, education and culture. With all these organized helps, under various names, it would seem as though no woman need suffer privation or despair, or fall in upward struggle. Our girls have a far better chance than had their mothers. Old barriers are swept away, new fields and magnificent opportunities are before them. Womanly sympathy, womanly encouragement and womanly help sustain them on every hand. Under these circumstances, the girl who fails to acquire self-reliance, self-support and a fair degree of success is sadly lacking in inward strength. It is she, not world, that is out of joint."

### A Popular Bathing Costume.

From the New York World.

For bathing the popular costume will be a combination dress of flannel serge. These are cut with trousers and corsage in one, with an overskirt to fasten on with a belt. They were introduced last year and proved so desirable that the older style of trousers separate and the blouse and skirt in one has fallen into disfavor.

Dark blue is the popular color, for it best stands contact with the salt water, and when tastefully trimmed is becoming to most bathers. Bunting lined with silesia is also employed to some extent for bathing dresses.

Cotton stockings, of heavy texture are the best sort for bathers. These may match the dress or its trimmings in color, or they may be of some contrasting hue. Plain colors, only, however, ought to be worn. Striped or figured hosiery is, too conspicuous. Plain dark colors are far more becoming. Thick linen shoes are the most comfortable kind and the ones usually selected.

### Should the Hair be Periodically Cut?

It may be that cutting and shaving may for the time increase the action of the growth, but it has no permanent effect either upon the hair bulb or the hair sac, and will not in any way add to the life of the hair. On the contrary, cutting and shaving will cause the hair to grow longer for the time being, but in the end will inevitably shorten its term of life by exhausting the nutritive action of the hair-forming apparatus. When the hairs are frequently cut, they will usually become coarser, often losing the beautiful gloss of the fine and delicate hairs. The pigment will likewise change—brown, for instance, becoming chestnut, and black changing to a dark brown. In addition, the ends of very many will be split and ragged, presenting a brush-like appearance. If the hairs appear stunted in their growth upon portions of the scalp or beard, or gray hairs crop up and there, the method of clipping off the ends of the short hairs, of plucking out the ragged, withered and gray hairs, will allow them to grow stronger and thicker. Mothers, in rearing their children, should not cut their hair at certain periods of the year (during the superstitious period of full moon), in order to increase its length and luxuriance as they bloom into womanhood and manhood. This habit of cutting the hair of children brings evil in place of good, and is also condemned by the distinguished worker in this department, Professor Kaposi of Vienna, who states that it is well known that the hair of women who possess luxurient locks from the time of girlhood never again attains its original length after having once been cut. Pincus has made the same observation by frequent experiment, and he adds that there is a general opinion that frequent cutting of the hair increases its length; but the effect is different from that generally supposed. Thus, upon one occasion, he states that he cut off circles of hair an inch in diameter on the heads of healthy men, and from week to week compared the intensity of growth of the short place with the rest of the hair. The result was surprising to this close and careful observer, as he found in some cases the numbers were equal, but generally the growth became slower after cutting, and he has never observed an increase in rapidity. I might also add that I believe many beardless faces and bald heads in middle and advancing age are often due to constant cutting and shaving in early life. The young girls and boys seen daily upon our streets with their closely-cropped heads and the young men with their clean-shaven faces are year by year by this fashion having their hair-forming apparatus overstrained.—Dr. Shoemaker.

### Cheap Summer Drinks.

The strongest practical argument against total abstinence is the difficulty of obtaining any non-alcoholic beverage at once cheap and palatable. Many people do not like water, and even if they did, not all water is particularly wholesome, while hard workers always declare that water alone does not quench thirst. Haymakers, for example, never will drink wator; they often drink more beer than is good for them, but they will drink unintoxicating beverages if these are supplied to them. A lump of ice improves most summer drinks, and, where ice is not to be had, the jugs or bottles should be set in a large pail of salt and water in the cellar, for salt and water is colder than water alone. The Indian plan of cooling water by keeping it in porous earthenware, from the surface of which evaporation continually goes on, is not made reasonable use of in this country. Porous earthenware is very easy to get, and the water in such a vessel set in the basement in a draught will soon be lowered several degrees of temperature. Perhaps it is not superfluous to add a warning against making these drinks too sweet. The sugar only excites thirst instead of quenching it, and though, of course, individual taste varies immensely, it is a very common fault, as much in unintoxicating drinks as in claret and champagne cup.

OATMEAL DRINK—mix one half pound of oatmeal with five gallons of cold water, boil it for a half an hour, and strain it through a rather coarse gravy-strainer; add brown sugar to taste while hot. It is very much improved by the addition of one-half ounce of citric acid. The thinly cut rind of two or three lemons or oranges may be boiled in it, or a still cheaper flavoring is to add, before boiling a bit of cinnamon stick or a few cloves. To be served cold.

RICE OR BARLEY DRINK.—Make as above, using broken rice or pot barley in the place of oatmeal.

LEMONADE—One ounce tartaric acid, one pound loaf sugar, one pint of boiling water, and twenty or thirty drops of essence of lemon. To be kept in a bottle and mixed with cold water as desired. Or, boil the rinds of two lemons in two quarts of water for ten minutes, add two ounces of citric acid, the juice of the lemons and 2 1-2 pounds of sugar. This also is to be mixed with water, and will keep, though not so long as the preceding. Slice the whole of a lemon into a jug, taking away all the pips and all the pith. Add sugar to the taste, and pour boiling water over. Let it stand at least twenty-four hours, to extract all the flavor of the fruit, and fill up with boiling water if needed. Some persons like the juice of an orange and a very small piece of peel added to each six or eight lemons; it gives a slightly bitter flavor.

APPLE WATER—Slice some well-flavored apples in a large jug, They need neither be peeled nor cored. Add three or four cloves and a strip of lemon peel and pour boiling water over. Let it stand twenty-four hours. It will be drinkable in twelve hours or less.

CURRANT WATER.—Put one quart of red currants and a half pint of raspberries, with two quarts of water, over a slow fire, to draw the juice for half an hour. They must not boil. Strain through a hair sieve and add another quart of water, in which about three fourths of a pound of sugar has been boiled to a syrup. Other fruit may be used in the same way.

CURRANT VINEGAR.—Put into a large basin two quarts of black currants, well bruised, and one pint of the best vinegar. Let it stand three or four days, and then strain it into an earthen jar, add 11-2 pounds of lump sugar; set the jar in a saucepan of cold water and water and boil for an hour. when cold, bottle. It is better if kept for a year. Raspberry vinegar may be made in the same way, but double the quantity of fruit is added, the second two quarts at the end of the first three days.

RASPBERRY ACID—Take any quantity of raspberries, put them into a jug, cover them with water previously acidulated with tartaric acid to the sharpness o lemon juice, let them remain twenty-four hours, then run the liquor through a sieve, taking care not to bruise the fruit. To each point of the clear liquor add 1 1-2 pounds of pounded loaf sugar; stir it frequently. When the sugar is quite dissolved, the syrup must be bottled. The whole process must be cold. The proportions are twelve pounds of raspberries, five ounces of acid, two quarts of water.

GINGER BEER—Pour three gallons of boiling water on 2 1-2 pounds of preserving sugar, three ounces of bruised ginger, and four lemons cut in very thin slices. Let it stand till nearly cold, then add a dessertspoonful of brewers' yeast spread on toast. Let it stand all night, then strain and bottle. Another way is to take one pound of sugar, one ounce of ginger, one-half ounce of carbonate of soda, one-half ounce of tartaric acid, and one-quarter ounce of cream of tartar. Well pound the ginger, put all in an earthen vessel, add a gallon of water not quite boiling, let it stand till cold, then put a tablespoonful of barm on toast, and let it stand till the next day. Bottle it, and lay it down for two days, when it will be ready for use."

### Germination of Seed Wheat.

Dr. Sturtevant of the N. Y. Experimental station has been conducting some experiments to ascertain what proportion of the grains of wheat sown germinate and produce perfect plants. The grains were counted when sown, and then the plants in the fall and again in the spring. The variation in different samples was from seven to ninety-five per cent., the average being fifty-four. The black-bearded centennial wheat gave the smallest percentage of vegetation, and the smallest number that survived the winter. In one instance of 158 kernels planted, only 43 germinated and but three survived the winter. It is presumed that the wheat sown in all cases was plump and sound in appearance, and as good as the average sown by farmers; consequently taking the average number of grains that vegetate at about 60 per cent., the farmer needs to sow about two bushels per acre in order to be certain of one bushel germinating. One bushel of wheat per acre is certainly enough seed if every kernel germinates, but from the experiments of Dr. Sturtevant it would seem that it is difficult to obtain seed of which more than seventy-five per cent. will grow.

### Cow-Itch.

Mr. O. S. Bliss remarks: "There are several diseses of the skin which are known in different places and to different persons as 'cow-itch.' In general the best 'simple' application for all affections of the skin is a mixture of lard and petroleum kerosene well rubbed in with the fingers. In some cases salt butter is preferable to lard. It is not necessary or desirable to daub on a large quantity, but only as much as can be rubbed in. Sometimes tobacco has been used effectively, and sometimes valuable animals have died apparently from the effects of its use. Mercurial and sulphur ointments are sometimes used, but they are not always safe and should never be used except as a last resort. I have heard of cases where the itch has been cured by the use of vinegar alone, but I cannot vouch for the disease having been the itch."

### The Level Prairies.

Let no owner of the level prairie lands says the Des Moines Journal become disgusted with it on account of its wet, cold and unproductive condition at present. When rightly brought into cultivation these flat prairie farms will be the best, most productive and pleasantest farms in the state or nation. Thorough underdraining will make them ali right. They contain the richest and finest soil either grain or grass. The nearest level have abundant facilities in fall for drainage. Do not sacrifice this rich inheritance to a foolish idea of seeking drier but less productive soil. Turn all of your means and energies to making it far superior to the lands which are so rolling as to be denuded of all their richer elements by the rapid wash by rains. Fifty years of experience and observation has revealed to us the total revolution in the value and productiveness of the rolling and the low, flat lands. The level upland prairies which are this year drowning out the crops, in ten or twenty years from now by the hand of industry will be made worth twice as much as the lands which are now rejoicing in the prospect of abundant crops. The flat lands have been accumulating for countless centuries by the decay of vegetable and mineral matter, a vast fund of plant food, almost inexhaustable, while that land which is dry enough for crops any season without aid in drainage, has had its fertility washed away by floods and rains to aid in building up the delta of the lower Mississippi. Keep your rich flat upland prairies, though they may be wet, miry and forbidding. They are the best and richest land the sun shines upon. And the day is close at hand when they will be fully appreciated, will produce the most certain and largest crops, and with less labor and more comfort to the farmer and his team. The road to this success is plain, unincumbered with doubt or danger.

## Passing Events.

General Sherman, on being asked how he was getting along as secretary of war, in which position he has been acting during Mr. Lincoln's absence, replied, "Splendidly. For the first time since I came to Washington there is perfect harmony between the general of the army and the secretary of war."

The electric light is making progress. It has now reached an obscure nook in he Alps, where the famous Kraus Grotto, near Gams, a combination of Stalactytes and crystals of gypsum, is to be lighted up by electricity.

Grace church, in Broadway, New York s to have a majestic $60,000 spire of marble in the place of the wooden spire which was recently taken down. This spire is to be 219 feet in height, and surmounted by a cross made of metal and glass, which, when illuminated at night, will be a conspicuous object for many miles around.

Good advice was given to the graduating class of Allegheny Theological seminary when Dr. Wilson said: "Young gentlemen, study Hebrew roots, pore over Greek verbs, read Latin, and, if you have time, and desire, translate ancient hieroglyphics; but I charge you when you go into the pulpit to preach the gospel to use plain Anglo-saxon."

Some 2,000,000 children are being taught in the Japanese public schools on the American and English systems. Besides the schools under government control there are a great many private educational enterprises scattered about the country. With a view of training young men for special professions there are also schools and colleges in connection with the various departments, as also a school of foreign languages, medicines, translation, etc. Separate institutions are established for the education of girls and are meeting with good success.

Life is made up of surprises, but probably no one was ever more completely astonished than the subject of this story to the Newburyport Herald: "Formerly it was the custom, more than at present, 'to have up notes,' in the pulpit for loss of friends, etc. A neighboring clergyman on an exchange read a notice that Mr, A. desired prayers that the death of his wife might be sanctified to him, etc., and the clergyman prayed most earnestly for the brother sitting lonely and desolate in his pew, etc. He noticed a rustling in the congregation, and to his consternation learned that the note had been shut up in the Bible a year, and the man had his new wife for the first time in the pew. The good people smiled."

London Journals, while they admit that American girls are famous for an elegant and refined type of loveliness, that French ladies are the best dressed in the world, that the German youthful fraulelns have the finest heads of hair, the Spanish girls the brightest eyes to be found anywhere, and that in Venice and Florence may be seen to this day direct decendants of those old world blonde beauties still fresh and fair on Titien's canvas, claim that young English ladies remain ampler in limb, clearer of complexion, and more hearty than any others. This they attribute to plain food, sound sleep, suitable clothing, exersise in the open air, aud a plentiful application of soap and water.

Eighteen years, so like a span in the every-day world, stretch out into an age in the petroleum regions. In June 1865, Pithole City was the wonder of a continent; Titusville was at the height of its prosperity; cities blossomed in a day and wealth grew on every bush. To-day Pithole City is but a memory; the people of the lower oil country have swarmed northward, and towns and cities have vanished like the mirage at noonday. Coutless acres, miles of the country, have been left in ruins, and out of it all only Oil City, Titusville, and the Titusville Morning Herald, which celebrated its eighteenth anniversary the other day are left standing.

Some very interesting statistics bearing on capital punishment have recently been published in Berlin. Between the years 1864 and 1868, 218 persons were condemned in Germany to decapitation, and of these only 26 were executed. Between 1868 and 1878 no fewer than 428 were condemned, but in no case was the sentence carried out. In the year 1878, however, Hodel was executed for his attempt on the Emperor, but in 1879, and 1889 there were no executions. Since 1881 there has been only 3. The German executioner is named Krants, and he has four assistants, who are also paid by the state. It is their duty to divest the culprit of the outer clothing, and then to bind him with leather thongs to the block. It is said to be a boast with Krants that he wields his ax so cleverly that he always severs the head from the body at the first stroke.