Lawrence Democrat.

"CRY ALOUD AND SPARE NOT."

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THE STOCKING BAG.

The shades of night are falling fast,
A housewife, through her work at last,
Sits down with a contented sigh.
When, lo! this object meets her eye—
The stocking bag!

'Tis full—the sides are bulging wide—
The mouth can not its contents hide;
A ragged sock is peeping out
To show her 'tis beyond a doubt
The stocking bag!

Unwelcome sight to weary eyes—
Profane ejaculations rise,
And though the socks need all her yarn,
Her first wild impulse is to darn
That stocking bag!

She mends—and sighs for angel wings—
Not that she's ripe for Heavenly things;
This is the thought that takes the lead—
Wings save the feet, and thus, no need
Of stocking bag!

A woman's work is never done,
According to the Proverb's run;
If this be true—and there's small doubt—
Life always will to her hold out
Some stocking bag!
—Ella Lyle, in Good Housekeeping.

A GOOD DINNER.

Luke Sharp Tells of His Trip From Geneva to Chamonix.

One morning, pretty early—that is, pretty early for me—I found myself with a friend on the diligence at Geneva bound for Chamonix. I think the hour was about half past seven. The guide book tells you that if you wish to engage a seat for the diligence during the season you must do it two or three days in advance. The guide book is a very good book, indeed, to follow. I secured seats in the diligence for that particular day near three weeks in advance. When we two got to the place where the diligence started we found that we were the only persons, except another couple, going. Two other diligences belonging to another company were also ready to start, but they had only two or three persons each.

The diligence which runs from Geneva to Chamonix is a tremendous affair that reminded me of one of those huge covered in wagons, in which furniture is removed, if you can imagine upon the top of those vans a lot of seats and a canopy overhead. To get into your place in a Geneva diligence you have to climb a ladder, and once up there it is about as much as your life is worth to come down. The descent can be made by getting on the rim of the wheel, and then on the hub, and from that down to the ground. But any mountain in Switzerland is easier climbed than a Chamonix diligence, if there is no step-ladder handy.

It is not my purpose in this sketch to speak of the beauties of the Chamonix Valley, or the wonders of the mountains that line each side of it. About twelve o'clock the three diligences drove into a small village. I think the name of the village is Sallanches. I could not be sure of that because I have only as my authority an old guide book which I looked up a moment ago, and my remembrance of the names of the places is apt to be a little erratic. However, we will call the place Sallanches, and take it for granted that that was the name of the village. The three diligences stopped here to change horses, in front of a tavern, and by this time the mountain air had made me wildly hungry. I saw every body getting off the other diligences, and in order not to be too late, for the guide book says that if you want dinner you should order it about as quickly as you can, I sprang down on the rim of a wheel and then to the hub and after that to the pavement, and rushed into the hotel office.

"I want dinner for two," I said, "and I want it right away."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," replied the obliging host, "two, did you say? You shall have it. Put your name down here."

And he led me to a register. Just as I was about to commit myself by signing my name, my comrade came into the office, evidently full of wrath, and took hold of me by the ear and led me gently out to the pavement.

"Look here," he said, "you need a guardian. Do you know where you are going? You are going to Chamonix. You are not going to stay here. You are under a misapprehension."

"My dear fellow," I said, "don't be so officious, I've just ordered dinner for two. I am as hungry as a bear, and so, no doubt, are you."

"True," he answered, "true, my boy. I want dinner just as badly as you do, and I have no objection to your ordering dinner at every place we stop; but remember that we change horses here, and dinner is three and a half miles further off."

"You don't tell me," I said.

"I do tell you," he said, "and that is the reason I got down, in order to tell you. In another moment the diligence will be off and you will be left here standing. Climb on board now, before the proprietor comes out and makes you pay for those two dinners."

In another instant we were off again.

"See here," I said to the driver, "why in the world didn't you stop there for dinner as the other diligences do? We don't want to ramble all day without any thing to eat."

The driver shrugged his shoulders. "It was his instructions," he said; "we will get a good dinner further on. No fear, there will be a good dinner."

"Yes," I said, "but we would have had a good dinner here. It's time for dinner."

Again he shrugged his shoulders. He knew nothing about it except that that was his order.

We went along for three and a half miles from the village, then crossed over a bridge, under which flowed a rapid little river. Then we turned in where there was an open gate. The double wings of this gate were of wrought iron, and were fastened to two tremendous gate-posts of stone that reared themselves up to a great height, and had on top of them a coat of arms. It was like the entrance to the estate of some nobleman. There was no hotel visible, and the diligence drove along a smooth and winding road in the midst of a very beautiful park. Every now and then we got glimpses of the little river, which was very turbulent and boisterous, and after quite a long drive through this park we came on a hotel that was simply tremendous. It looked like a great American warehouse, or like an old Roman palace. We drove into the court-yard, which was paved with stone. On three sides around us was the walls of the hotel rising in height four or five stories, and all around the three sides were tiers of balconies, on which a great many guests sat in comfortable chairs and looked at the coming of the diligence. The tremendousness of the building was very impressive, and the hotel servants, in brilliant liveries, added to the general gorgeousness. As we slowly climbed down from our places in the diligence, I took my friend aside, also by the ear, in order to retaliate for his former treatment of me, and said:

"How much money have you got?"

"Oh, I guess," he said, "that we will have enough to take us out of Switzerland."

"Well," I answered, "I am not so sure of that. I have been in a corner before, and if ever we were trapped it is now. You see this place is three and a half miles, at least, from anywhere else. We have simply got to have dinner, and they know it. We have driven for five and a half hours in mountain air, and started with an early breakfast and a small one. Now," I said, "I have been caught in places like this in America, and I know how they fleece the unfortunate traveler who has no remedy. You are going to see that it will take most of our cash to get a dinner in this place and get out again."

He admitted that it looked dubious, but thought it was as well to inquire if they hadn't a lunch table where a person could get a cup of coffee and a sandwich or two, and so have some money left when he started for Chamonix. We interviewed one of the gorgeous officials, but he shook his head. There was nothing, he said, but the regular table d'hote dinner. It was that or go without. We neither of us had the courage to ask what was the price of it, because we knew that we would have to have dinner or die of starvation on the diligence, so we agreed to make the best of it.

"Dinner," he said, "will be ready in a few minutes."

We walked out of the big establishment by a covered arch that led through one side of it and crossed a bridge over the rapid stream. This little river ran right at the walls of the hotel, and it gave the huge warehouse the appearance of one of those large factories which are situated on a running stream. Back of the hotel the mountain rose almost straight up, and down the mountain tumbled the river in a very picturesque waterfall. After seeing this we returned to the court-yard again and found dinner ready. We were ushered into a room that opened into the court-yard, and there was a table spread with spotless linen and at each plate was one of the tremendous napkins which they use in Europe, and which is itself big enough for an ordinary table-cloth. The table was resplendent with silver and china and crystal, and the whole effect was very gorgeous. But I sat down with a quaking heart, for I was not a millionaire in those days. Around each plate was a number of wine glasses of different hues, and there was a waiter to attend each person, and a resplendent functionary to look over the whole ceremony. We had very excellent soup and one kind of wine, and then the rest of it and ever so many other kinds of wine, and finished up with black coffee with a dash of brandy in it. Whether it was the hunger or not that dinner seemed to me the best I had ever encountered, and as the different sorts of wines began to get in their work, all fear of the tremendous cost of the affair seemed to vanish, and by the time we were at our coffee, it didn't make a cent of difference to me whether that cost all the money we had in our pockets or not. After the ceremony was over I went to the pay-master and asked what the damage was. I forget now what the charge of the thing was, but it was so ridiculously small that I asked him how much the cost of the wine was.

"Ah," said he, with a shrug, "that includes the wine."

We paid our bill and gave a good tip to waiter and head functionary and came out into the court yard.

"My dear fellow," said my comrade, as we stood there looking at each other in astonishment, "these Europeans do not understand their privileges. Why! after giving a dinner like that they might as well have had ten dollars apiece out of us as not."

I agreed with him, and some time I intend to take another trip from Geneva to Chamonix just for the purpose of getting such another dinner as that at this tremendous hotel, whose name I have forgotten.—Luke Sharp, in Detroit Free Press.

This Hand Never Struck Me.

We recently heard the following touching incident: A little boy had died. His body was laid out in a darkened, retired room, waiting to be laid away in a cold, lone grave. His afflicted mother and bereaved sister went in to look at the sweet face of the precious sleeper, for his face was beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing on the face of one so beloved and cherished, the little girl asked to shake his hand. The mother at first did not think it best, but the child repeated the request, and seemed very anxious about it. She took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping boy, and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The dear child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and then looked up to her mother through the tears of affliction and love, and said: "Mother, this hand never struck me." What could have been more touching and lovely?—United Presbyterian.

—The Medical Record reports the death of a man from a "knock-down blow" in a friendly sparring match and comments thus: "Despite the terrific hitting often done in pugilistic encounters, a fatal accident rarely occurs. It is almost impossible for one man to kill another with his fists, provided the other is in good health and his equal physically. The mortality from pugilism is less than from foot-ball."

THE DAIRY.

—The pasture lands of this country do not receive enough attention. After all, they are the foundation of successful agriculture.

—It is not the full-fed cow or horse which kills itself by over-eating when it happens to break loose and get at the meal or oat bin.

—It never pays to feed poor hay to the cows. If the hay is very poor it will pay the dairyman to use it for bedding and buy better.

—The heifer calf is not always a "chip of the old block." Nature sometimes accidentally fails or purposely fails to reproduce the cow.

—There is a demand for much more first-class butter than is now made. Are you taking advantage of that particular demand?—Western Rural.

—If you have a cow that you think you must kick and swear at, get rid of her. It makes no difference what a cow is or does, it pays to neither kick nor "kuss" her.

—The question being raised as to whether it was better to have cows "come in" every year or to have them bred once in two years, the Rural New Yorker made inquiries of a number of dairymen, and their testimony is in favor of the former plan.

—A writer says that farmers had better study the science of milk production, and let others, with experience, run the creamery. The farmer has been acting on that sort of advice in all directions, for lo! these many years, and the fellow that manages the creamery, and otherwise handles farm products, eats out all the inside of the pie and leaves the farmer to gnaw the crust.—Western Rural.

—It is found profitable to devote large amounts of capital to dairying, and the labor is also a heavy item. If the dairy business, which requires constant work, can be made to pay there is no reason why it should not be made to pay more and at less expense. There is too much waste of time and labor on some farms, due to lack of organization and systematic management. It is often the case that more food and labor are used than should be the case in proportion to the product.

—We can not too often repeat to enquirers after the best cow feed, says the Jersey Bulletin, that no one food known will either bring or keep a cow up to her best work in butter making. Short, fine, nutritious grass is as good or better than any other one thing, but the best of grass needs to be reinforced by more or less of grain. So the very best conceivable ration of grain needs to be reinforced by grass or some other succulent food such as good corn silage.

RESPECT THE COW.

If You Treat Her Well, She Will Treat You Handsomely in Return.

A cow of mine firmly believes she is as much entitled to meal as I am to milk. She has converted me to her opinion, or, rather, forced me to acquiesce. In the spring after she calved I gave her night and morning, at milking-time, a feed of bran and meal. When the grass improved I omitted the bran and meal, but proposed to milk her all the same. She objected to this arrangement, kicked and walked spitefully away. My man and I got her into close quarters, held her fast, determined to have milk on our own terms, but Crumple Horns was just as determined that we shouldn't have it. We soon found that the cow controlled the supplies; she wouldn't "give down" her milk. We took to coaxing and patting her; persistently, but gently, squeezing her teats; it availed little; we retired worsted, thinking we would get a double portion in the morning; but in the morning she gave us little more than half her usual quantity, and so on for a week. I saw that without meal she would diminish her milk and soon dry up. I said to my hired man: "Bad luck to the fellow that quarrels with his cow; we should remember that in all milking arrangements the cow is a party concerned—in fact, the party of the first. Unless we can be on good terms with our cow we had better not have one. I now believe the cow is right.

"She gave us a good mess of milk for a moderate feed of meal, and we have no right to ask her to do better than that; we will give meal night and morning as long as we milk her." This we did, and she nearly came back to her former quantity—a cow allowed to fall away doesn't entirely recover. I record the particulars of this controversy with my cow because it suggests several important considerations. 1. A cow has almost unlimited control over her milk; she bestows or withholds it at pleasure. It is therefore essential that the cow have no cause for complaint; she should sustain amicable relations with her milker; any thing offensive in his deportment, an angry word, rough, uncourteous manners, sharp, finger nails; any annoyance whatever, such as a sore teat, troublesome flies, every thing that is disagreeable, in a greater or less degree lessens the flow of milk and prematurely dries up the cow. When taken to a new place, a cow shrinks in her milk, and seldom recovers for a whole year. A cow should be uniformly milked by the same person. 2. The great liking cows have for bran and meal snows they are adapted to the animal's necessities. While no single food is better than grass, fed alone it does not give the best quality of milk nor the greatest quantity. A little meal may be profitably fed, even when grass is abundant and in its best condition—my cow demanded it, and she was right. As the grass grows less in quantity and poorer, I increase the meal and put it on green corn-stalks cut fine. Some persons object to feeding cows at milking-time because they are uneasy and troublesome if the customary allowance is withheld. Then don't withhold it. It pays to feed meal to cows giving milk, and if a cow insists on having it every time, as mine did, she does a good turn by forcing us to be regular. Of all losses incurred by American farmers, scarcely any one is greater than that which comes from allowing cows to fail in their milk for want of sufficient food of a kind that answers their requirements.—H. T. Brooks, in N. Y. Tribune.

EAT A GOOD SUPPER.

That is the True Way of Obtaining a Refreshing Sleep.

Going to bed with a well-filled stomach is the essential prerequisite of refreshing slumber. The cautions so often reiterated in old medical journals against late suppers were directed chiefly to the bibulous habits of those early times. When at a very late feast the guests not unseldom drank themselves under the table, or needed strong assistance to reach their couch, the canon against such indulgences was not untimely. Nature and common sense teach us that a full stomach is essential to quiet repose. Every man who has found it difficult to keep awake after a hearty dinner has answered the problem for himself. There are few animals that can be trained to rest until after they are fed.

Man, as he comes into the world, presents a condition it would be well for him to follow in all his after-life. The sweetest minstrel ever sent out of paradise can not sing a new-born child to sleep on an empty stomach. We have known reckless nurses to give the little ones a dose of paragoric or soothing syrup in place of its cup of milk, when it was too much trouble to get the latter, but this is the one alternative. The little stomach of the sleeping child, as it becomes gradually empty, folds on itself in plaits; two of these make it restless; three will open its eyes, but by careful soothing these may be closed again; four plaits and the charm is broken; there is no more sleep in that household until that child has been fed. It seems to us so strange that with this example before their eyes full-grown men are so slow to learn the lesson.

The farmer does it for his pig, who would squeal all night if it were not fed at the last moment, and the groom knows that his horse will paw in his stall until he has had his meal. But when he wishes to sleep himself he never seems to think of it. To sleep, the fullness of the blood must leave the head; to digest the eaten food the blood must come to the stomach. Thus sleep and digestion are natural allies; one helps the other.

Man, by long practice, will train himself to sleep on an empty stomach, but it is more the sleep of exhaustion than the sleep of refreshment. He wakes up after such a troubled sleep feeling utterly miserable until he has had a cup of coffee or some other stimulant, and he has so injured the tone of his stomach that he has little appetite for breakfast. Whereas, one who allows himself to sleep after a comfortable meal awakes strengthened, and his appetite has been quickened by that preceding indulgence.

The difficulty in recovery comes from the fact that we are such creatures of our habits it is impossible to break away from them without persistent effort. In this case the man who has eaten nothing after six o'clock and retires at ten or eleven takes to bed an empty stomach, upon which the action of the gastric juices makes him uncomfortable all the night. If he proposes to try our experiment he will sit down and eat a tolerable hearty meal. He is unaccustomed to this at that hour and has a sense of discomfort with it. He may try it once or twice, or even longer, and then he gives it up, satisfied that for him it is a failure.

The true course is to begin with just one or two mouthfuls the last thing before going to bed. And this should be light food, easily digested. No cake or pastry should be tolerated. One mouthful of cold roast beef, cold lamb, cold chicken, and a little crust of bread will do to begin with, or what is better yet, a spoonful or two of condensed milk, (not the sweetened that comes in cans) in three times as much warm water. Into this cut half a pared peach and two or three little squares of bread, the whole to be one-fourth or one-sixth of what would be a light lunch.

Increase this very gradually, until at the end of a month or six weeks the patient may indulge in a bowl of milk, two peaches, with a half hard roll or a crust of home made bread. When peaches are gone take baked apples with the milk till strawberries come, and eat the latter until peaches return again. This is the secret of our health and vitality. We often work until after midnight, but eating the comfortable meal is the last thing we do every night of the year. This is not an untried experiment or one depending on the testimony of a single witness.—American Analyst.

REDUCED TO FIGURES.

The Statistics of the Heroines in Last Year's Fiction.

There is an English literary man who at the end of each year penetrates into the public fiction and extracts therefrom very often some exceedingly interesting figures. The results of his researches into last year's fiction are entertaining. Of the heroines portrayed in novels, he finds 372 were described as blondes, while 190 were brunettes. Of these 562 more, 437 were beautiful, 174 were married to the man of their choice, while thirty were unfortunate enough to be bound in wedlock to the wrong man. The heroines of fiction, this literary statistician claims, are greatly improving in health, and do not die as early as in previous years, although consumption is still in the lead among fatal maladies to which they succumb.

Early marriages, however, are on the increase. The personal charms of the heroines included 980 "expressive eyes" and 692 "shell-like ears." Of the eyes, 543 had a dreamy look, 390 flashed fire, while the remainder had no especial attributes. Eyes of brown and blue are in the ascendant. There was found to be a large increase in the number of heroines who possessed dimples; 502 were blessed with sisters, and 342 had brothers. In forty-seven cases mothers figured as heroines with 112 children between them. Of these, seventy-one children were rescued from watery graves. Eighteen of the husbands of these married heroines were discovered to be bigamists, while seven husbands had notes found in their pockets that exposed "everything." And thus is the romance of a year reduced to figures.—Ladies' Home Journal.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

How to Keep a Family on 'Steen Dollars a Month.

He was a thin man, so thin that his clothes did not touch him, particularly around the waist. He shuffled into the World office, took a seat and said:

"I see the newspapers are taking considerable interest in kitchen economy, and the many letters from housewives describing how they furnish their tables and the cost thereof are read by me with much interest. My wife asked me if I wouldn't call and tell you how she manages to supply our table on 'steen dollars a month."

"How many dollars?" asked the reporter.

"'Steen dollars," said the man and then proceeded:

"In the first place my wife doesn't keep a girl. She is not strong enough to do the additional work that would be required, and so she gets along without one. We live in the top flat, and by means of an improvised apple-picker we gather a great many icicles from the roof for household purposes. The children are quite fond of them. We find also that snow pudding makes a very nice and economical dessert, but we have not had much pudding this winter on account of the mild weather."

The reporter made a note of it.

"If you use discretion, and buy when the meat inspector is not around you can get a piece of meat at the butcher's for five cents that will last for a month. This can be prepared in many ways, and though you keep a dog he will not touch it, therefore all the nutriment contained in it goes to the family."

The reporter lost none of these points.

"It is a mistaken notion that only the rich and proud can have fruit and nuts for dessert. For the sake of variety, get an apple with a green and red side. Look at the green side one day, and for the next day turn the other side. When you get tired of fruit and want nuts you will find that a double-jointed North Carolina peanut will do very well for two persons, to be eaten, of course, without attracting the attention of the children, as nuts are too rich for their blood."

The reporter was matrimonially inclined himself and was all attention.

"One day in the week we have salt mackerel, and if salt mackerel is scientifically and economically prepared you will not want any thing else for several days but water. When the landlord pays the water rent this is a point worth knowing."

"And these are all facts that will interest house-keepers?" asked the reporter, who didn't know whether there was any thing new in them or not.

"Oh, decidedly."

"And this costs you"——

"To be exact," said the thin man, "it costs me just 'steen dollars and sleben cents per month," and taking a section of dried apple from his pocket he looked at it awhile, carefully replaced it and then withdrew, picking his teeth with a pine sliver.—N. Y. World.

HE WAS GREAT SOCIALLY.

And He Knew How to Make Money Without Work, Too.

An old negro was chopping down sassafras sprouts in a fence corner when a white man came along and asked: "Can you direct me to Colonel Phil Henderson's house?"

"I could do it sah, ef I had de time."

"If you had the time!" the man exclaimed.

"Yas, sah, ef I had de time. Been rainin' er good 'eal lately, an' I couldn' work much, an' now dat I has got at hit, w'y I hatter make de licks count."

"That's a strange idea. How long would it take you tell me?"

"Wall, sah, it's dis way wid me: I kin talk all along in de sociable widout no trouble, jes' like I am er talkin' ter you right now, but ez soon ez I ginter give d'reckshuns ter er place, w'y I git ter stutterin' an' it takes er powerful long time fur me ter git through, an' er gin I does git through, I has got sich er start dat I kain' stop, an' long atter de man is dun gone I stan's dar a talkin' an' er losin' my mighty valuable time."

"I never heard of any thing like that before," said the man.

"No, sah, I reckon not, an' de doctors demse'fs say dat it is mighty cu'is."

"Try it now and see if you can't tell me."

"Dar ain't no use'n tryin' it, sah, 'cazo I knows my 'fermity. Like mighty well ter 'blige you, but den I'se got er wife an' chullun ober yander in de cabin an' ef I doan work, w'y da's gwine suffer, sho'."

"You can talk all right in a sociable way, can you?"

"Oh, I am ez fine ez a fiddle den. Nobody kin beat me in de sociable. Folks comes fur miles an' miles ter yere me talk in de sociable, but da doan ax me ter gin 'em de d'reckshuns ter er place."

"Well, is there not some way by which we could turn the giving of directions into a sociable talk?"

"Lemme see. I wonders now ef dat fact couldn't be done? Oh, yas, I's got it now—jes' happen ter recollect dat dar ain't nothin' dat mecks me feel so sociable ez er few dimes—say twenty-fi' cents."

"All right, here is a quarter. Now, which way must I go?"

"Wait er minit," said the old negro, taking the money. "I haster sorter feel my way er long, fur dis is er sort o' er spiryment atter all." He looked up and down the fence, wiped his mouth, pulled out his upper lip and worked it around and then said: "I 'gratulates you, sah, dat this un'ertakin' is gwine be er success. Go right down dar ter de end o' de fence an' take de lef' han' road—hol' on, sah. You kin see de house frum yere. Yander it is ober on the hill."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Heroism Rewarded.

Railway Official—Is this the man that has just saved the train from destruction?

Several Bystanders—Yes, this is the man.

Railway Official (with emotion)—My friend, you have saved a hundred human lives and many thousand dollars worth of property. I will see that you are rewarded. (To subordinate): Wilkins, take up a collection among the passengers.—Chicago Tribune

HOSPITABLE PLANTS.

In Popular Language They May Be Said to Keep Hotels.

In a recent issue of the Botanical Magazine, Sir Joseph Hooker figures and describes a member of a peculiar class of plants that in popular language may be termed plants that keep hotels. An Italian botanist, Beccari, has written a complete monograph of them, comprising 212 pages and giving 54 plates, under the title of *Piante ospitatrice*. The larger number of them belong to the natural order *Rubiaceæ*, and are indeed very closely allied to the partridge berry of our woods—*Mitchella repens;* though no one would suspect the relationship from a mere glance at the plant figured by Hooker, which he names *Myrmecodia-Beccari*, and is a native of tropical Australia. It is an epiphyte, growing on trees as some orchids do, and, like orchids, develop the lower part of the plant into a sort of pseudo bulb, which has a corrugated surface, and is for all the world like a huge osage orange ball. The little nodules covering the surface are, however, each crowned by a short spine, and the tint of the pseudo-bulb, or tuber, is a dark-brown, instead of yellowish-green, as in the osage orange. Thick stems a few inches long grow from the top of this tuber, crowned by thick leaves, which at first sight one might take for leaves of our *Kalmia*, or wood-laurel. What purpose in the economy of the life of the plant these bulbs perform is not manifest; but in the economy of nature they serve as hotels for the entertainment of insects, chiefly ants. These hollow them out into chambers and galleries that would doubtless delight the heart of our eminent formicologist, Rev. Dr. McCook. As we judge from Dr. Hooker's brief remarks, some species of ants have taken to these plants, and they have become their native homes, just as some swallows took to the chimneys on the advent of civilized man. The relation between plants and insects has been believed of late to be one of mutual advantage, and the parts, especially the floral parts of plants, have been supposed to have become especially modified in order to adapt them especially to receive in proper style their insect visitors, who in turn for the visits confer inestimable favors. Just what advantage follows the generosity of this plant in keeping open house for the ants does not appear from the short chapter of Dr. Hooker; but it seems to be with similar results as in other departments of the floral kingdom. There we generally find those plants that have taken on special adaptations have a hard time in getting along, and are in many cases threatened with extinction, while self-fertilizers and those which in other ways are self-dependent, like purslane and chickweed, are the best fitted for making their way in the world. This plant is from the Gulf of Carpentaria, and Dr. Hooker say "is extremely rare there," so that the hospitality afforded the ants does not seem to have been reciprocated by these creatures at any rate.—N. Y. Independent.

THE HAYTIAN REPUBLIC.

With a Firm Government It Could Be Made to Produce Great Wealth.

Mr. James Zohrabi, British Minister to Hayti, who is in the city on his way to England, says: "Every thing is quiet in Hayti, but it seems to be the calm before a storm. I look for another revolution there very soon."

He said: "It seems to me that the people are in a condition that must precipitate another fight. Hayti is naturally one of the richest countries in the world for its area. I believe that under a firmly organized government—a government where property was secured—the island would support in comfort a population of 20,000,000 souls. One can form no idea of the wealth of the island without a visit there. There are the coffee forests, for instance. The coffee bush is not cultivated at all; but the trees grow wild in such luxuriance that it is utterly impossible for a man to penetrate them. Paths are cut through them from one village to another and that is all. When the coffee harvest comes around, the people gather the berries from the edges of the groves and the rest goes to waste.

"For every 1,000 tons gathered 800 tons go to waste. It is much the same with sugar cane. The people do not cultivate the sugar cane. It grows wild. You can tell that by looking at it when it is brought to the town. It is crooked. You could not for $5 get a straight piece two feet long. Everything grows in such profusion that the people live in spite of revolutions. In no other country could the drain of such constant warfare be sustained.

"The ordinary government is terribly expensive. Every year when the coffee season comes around the government collects from $4,000,000 to $5,000,000, but under this system the officials in power know that their turn to go into exile will soon come. I have been here two years, but the third set of officials is in power. Each set, knowing that its time would soon end, had to prepare to go, so they pocketed all the money in sight. Hayti has a bad debt now. The last revolution added to it materially, so that it is over $30,000,000; with a reasonably good government this debt could be paid off. As it is, there is no great hope."—N. Y. Letter.

The Real Reason.

"Well, I'm sure," said Miss Passee as her poem was returned to her, "I don't see why the editor returned it."

"Because you sent a stamped and directed envelope, my dear."—N. Y. Sun.

—The service bullet for the new English magazine rifle is, it is said, to be a compound soldered bullet, one advantage which is diminished friction, and consequent less heating of the barrel, experiments showing this to be ten degrees less after twelve rounds had been fired.

—A physician residing in Bengal, India, has been experimenting with the venom of snakes upon snakes to find out whether it is fatal for them or not, and he found out that the venom is neither a poison to the snake itself nor to those of its own species.

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

—The London "Athenæum" says that of the 18,000 works produced last year in Germany, the educational publications numbered 2,100—heading the list.

—Two hundred girls are now being educated in the medical schools in India. Madras has already supplied six fully qualified female doctors for the northern part of the country.

—Rev. Alberto J. Diaz, the first one to preach the Gospel of Christ in Cuba, was converted in New York through the instrumentality of Alsie Tucker, a Christian woman who visited him when he was sick and thought to be near to death.

—The American Institute of Sacred Literature, of which Prof. Harper, of New Haven, is the head, announces a plan for the study of the Gospel of Luke throughout the world. There will be four grades of study, for ministers, for adults, for Bible classes and for children, and examinations will be conducted and a certificate given to those who are successful.

—Those deficient in intellectual capacity, practical sense, discrimination, tact for business and adaptation to any one of the professions will most need college indorsements, special legal enactments, certificates, etc., that they may be "boosted" into notoriety and patronage, while the really worthy seek and obtain recommendations and diplomas in the success of everyday service. The former may deceive; these never.—Dr. J. H. Hanaford.

—The same mental labor that a great lawyer puts on a brief that is to take away an estate might improve a steam-engine or supersede it entirely with something the mind is not now capable of imagining, because it has not the education necessary to enable it to express any better thought of a motor. We have schools of every thing else, from cooking to journalism. Why should we not have a school for the education of inventors?—St. Louis Republic.

—The city council of Milan recently solicited the votes of the parents sending children to the public schools as to whether they wished to have them receive religious instruction or not. Out of a total school attendance of 27,515, such instruction was requested for 25,380. In Rome, the city council has decided that religious instruction can be given in the elementary schools during the last hour on Saturdays, but attendance is compulsory only at the written request of the parents.—Independent.

—Many advantages are gained by placing different educational institutions in one town. The plan is financially economical. The atmosphere of scholarship is made more bracing. Even though there is no organic relations between the institutions, each institution aids the others. A theological school of the New Church (Swedenborgian) has recently been opened in Cambridge. It is thus able, though having no organic relation with Harvard, to receive certain general benefits from that ancient university.—Advance.

—There is in London a school of medicine for women which seems to be in a very satisfactory and flourishing condition. At a recent examination of the University of London one of the fair medical students passed all her subjects in the first division. The societies for the discussion of topics relating to the professions of medicine and surgery which are usually found in medical schools are not absent from the School of Medicine for Women, nor do they show any lack of thoughtful research or able understanding of the subjects discussed.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Oft the clouds that wraps the present hour serves but to brighten our future days.—William Browne.

—Nothing wears deeper in our endurance than waiting for somebody to make a move.—Milwaukee Journal.

—Leisure for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.—Mrs. Thrale.

—Time will tell, but the ordinary man with an important secret won't give time a chance.—Somerville Journal.

—The wise prove, and the foolish confess, by their conduct that a life of employment is the only life worth leading. —Paley.

—The widow who wears the longest mourning vail is generally the one who cuts across lots to find another husband. —Elmira Star.

—Better follow the sternness of a truth than the glittering delusion of a lie. Men often follow lies because they shine.—T. T. Lynch.

—One unquiet, perverse disposition, distempers the peace and unity of a whole family or society, as one jarring instrument will spoil a whole concert.

—Whenever a man visits places where he would not like his wife or sister to be seen, he is way off from the road that leads to manhood and respectability.—Western Rural.

—An easy-going moral existence is very well to talk about, but the results of it are disappointing. It is only by agonizing, that we achieve what is worthy.—United Presbyterian.

—It does us good to admire what is good and beautiful; but it does us infinitely more good to love it. We grow like what we admire; but we become one with what we love.—Rural New Yorker.

—Surely light is reflective, like the light of heaven, and every countenance bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever smiling benevolence.—Old Homestead.

—Men talk in raptures of youth and beauty, wit and sprightliness; but after seven years of union, not one of them is to be compared to good family management, which is seen at every meal, and felt every hour in the husband's purse. —Witherspoon.

—Some people speak as if hypocrites were confined to religion, but they are everywhere — people pretending to wealth when they have not a sixpence, assuming knowledge of which they are ignorant, shamming a culture they are far removed from, adopting opinions they do not hold.—Rev. Albert Goodrich.