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### Old and Young.

I.

They soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold:
Who live for self and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold.
For them their youth itself is old.

II.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung:
For them old age itself is young!

—*C. P. Cranch, in Scribner.*

### Milking-time.

"I tell you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her. I know that.
Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in;"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's ch eap I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest let' down the bars.

"Then, when you've own'd her, say a month
And lear at her, as it were,
I'll bet—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"Takin' her I want,—it's—her!"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be bless'd!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
But an then a man's a man.

"S she's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller yon the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass;
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best,
To jest let' down the bars."

—*Philip Morse in Scribner.*

## Grandmother's Story.

This war was in 1812, and, although I was a very little girl, I remember many things about it very distinctly. Our father at that time lived in the little town of Hampden, on the Penobscot river, in Maine, and one beautiful morning in September a neighbor burst into the house as we sat at breakfast, informing us with breathless haste that a fleet of English war ships was coming up the river and making for our wharf, where was moored for safe-keeping a prize that some of our cruisers had taken a short time before.

For a moment not a word was spoken. My father glanced irresolutely about him at the dear, childish faces that looked up into his in silent terror; but a feeble wail from the adjoining bedroom decided him immediately, and he said firmly, though with quivering lips:

"We can not leave them," and he nodded toward the bedroom; "so we'll stay and face the worst together. Don't cry, Dolly," and he laid his hard hand caressingly upon the head of my little sister. "Englishmen are but men after all, and I don't think that there's any danger of their troubling helpless women and children."

At that instant the sound of a gun made us start to our feet, and rushing to the door we could see the stately fleet sailing slowly up the river in the gray morning light, looking, to our childish imaginations, like huge birds of prey ready to swoop down at any instant upon our helpless little town.

As the troops landed and marched up to meet the militia, that were still at some little distance, a fog arose, enveloping them in ten minutes so completely, that a man could not see his way a yard before him.

"It's the pillar o' cloud," sobbed frightened Aunt Debby; "but I du wish the Lord 'd let the bright side shine on them militiamen of ourn."

But the fog was as thick for American as for British, although, owing to their superior knowledge of the locality, the former were much surer of their position than strangers upon the soil could be. And here occurred the unlucky blunder that gave our enemies the advantage that they could not otherwise have had. Just as the British troops were defiling past our house, some of our men, who were utterly untrained, mere raw recruits hurriedly gathered together for the emergency, commenced an irregular fire upon the enemy, and when their commander ordered them to desist until the lifting of the fog should enable them to aim with some accuracy, they fell into disorder at the first volley fired in return, broke ranks, and actually took to their heels without stopping to fire a second gun.

In a few hours the British had taken possession of our little town, disporting themselves very much like a pack of mischievous boys out on a "time." They entered all the houses, unceremoniously ordering the frightened housewives to cook the best for them that their larders afforded, and if they didn't happen to fancy a dish, disposing of it on the hearth in the shape of smashed crockery, much to its owner's chagrin, for earthen dishes were a luxury in those days, and a broken one was not easily replaced. They slyly pulled the bung from the farmer's cider barrel, and drunk his majesty's health in rum that his enemies were forced to pay for; and now and then they frightened some anxious mamma pretending to a great fancy for a chicken of her featherless brood, and insisting upon taking him on board ship as a promising recruit in his majesty's service.

The frightened people enjoyed these little pleasantries very much as the frogs enjoyed that stoning match that we read about in the old spelling book; but a hush of horror fell upon man, woman and child, when the only two soldiers, who were killed by the unskillfully aimed guns of our troops, were buried by their comrades in a shallow trench that they compelled a man to dig in a corner of his door-yard, wrapped in a table-cloth that they took from the table, and laid away.

At last, as the afternoon waned, they marched away on the Bangor road, for the purpose of visiting that then insignificant town, and exploring localities in which they evidently felt all the curiosity and interest of strangers and foreigners

The good people, relieved of their presence, took time to draw a long breath and congratulate themselves upon coming off so much easier than they had feared, while neglected duties of all kinds presented themselves to the now reassured housekeepers. Aunt Debby found time to mold and salt her butter, while our eldest sister prepared supper, and little Dolly was sent to the barn to feed the cosset lamb, whose hungry bleat had not, for a wonder, betrayed its whereabouts to the mutton hungry marauders, who had unceremoniously appropriated whatever they cared for in that line.

As she opened the door, the little girl heard something—a rustle, then a half-suppressed groan, that made her shrink back, trembling all over; and turning her face toward the house, she debated the question of meeting the sly jokes of her brothers on her cowardice, or going boldly into the now dusky barn. The piteous bleating of her pet decided her, and timidly she opened the great barn doors, and slipped in, holding her breath as she tripped across the wide floor slippery with hay seed to the corner where, behind a pile of unhusked corn, poor Clover all day kept her hungry vigil.

"Poor Clover!" crooned the child, setting down her basin of thickened milk close to the little creature's eager nose, "I'm real sorry nobody thought of you; but we've had awful thieves round here to-day, lammie!" and she patted the animal's woolly coat in her pretty, confidential fashion.

She laid her curly head lovingly against the lamb's side, forgetful for the moment of every thing, but the safety of her pet, when suddenly a low voice close to her ear said, in a bantering tone that was not at all calculated in itself to inspire terror:

"Hoot, lassie!"

Dolly started, and screamed aloud in her fright, but the sight of the honest, good-natured face looking out at her from behind the corn rick reassured her somewhat, and still clinging to her lamb, she asked, timidly:

"Who are you? and what are you here for?"

The man pointed to his sleeve, all stained and discolored with blood.

"A bullet has gane clean through my arm," he said, with the indifference of one habituated to hardship and suffering; but the little girl's face grew suddenly pitiful.

"Let me run and get Doctor Rogers to do it up!" she exclaimed; but the soldier laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

"Nae leech for me," he said. "It's naething but a flesh wound, after a', an' a' I want is a strip o' auld linen an' a bowl o' water; I can mak' shift to dress it my ainsel'. But, my bonnie lassie," lowering his voice, and glancing apprehensively toward the door, "where are the marines, noo?"

"They've all gone off to Bangor," was the glad reply. "There ain't one of 'em left here now."

The wounded soldier mused for a moment, and then he said, gently:

"I hae a wee lassie o' my ain at home, aboot your age, an' 't wad be a sair blow to her to ken that her daddy cam' to his death in this far off land. My wound maun hae time to heal, an' will ye noo, for little Janet's sake, gie me a hidin' place among the barley riggs up yon?"

"If father be willin'," began Dolly; but the soldier shook his head decisively.

"Na, na, I'll trust nane but yersel'. A bit o' bannock noo an' then, wi' a draught frae auld crummie doon there in the byre, will keep me alive for the next few days, till I can show my heid wi' safety."

Dolly's tender heart was touched, and she consented to the arrangement, not only procuring the bandages and water that the soldier had asked for, but a big bowl of bread and milk that, in the excitement and bustle indoors, she had had no difficulty in abstracting unnoticed from the pantry; and when he was comfortably ensconced in a warm corner of the upper mow, she thoughtfully provided him with horse blankets and a tattered old comfortable that had sometimes served as a sleigh robe for the boys in their winter evening rides.

"May the Faither o' Mercies bless you, my bairnie," was the whispered benediction of the grateful man as he received these welcome proofs of her benevolent good will; and all that evening the child pondered upon the incompatibility between her soldier's words and his profession.

"Father," she asked, at length, "do you s'pose any of these soldiers from the ships can be good men?"

"They're jest like the Amelekites," broke in Aunt Debby, sternly.

"Ain't you a leetle hard, Debby? seein' the men are only doin' what they're obleeged ter do."

Aunt Debby's gray head bristled defiantly.

"I don't believe in makin' friends with unrighteousness," she said, with an air of uncompromising severity. "If one o' them Britishers was hungry, I'd give 'im bread; if he was thirsty, I'd give 'im drink; an' then—I'd jest hand 'im over to the authorities ter hang or shoot as they see fit."

With a child's unquestioning confidence in the wisdom of her elders, frightened little Dolly took it for granted that death would be the penalty if her wounded soldier should be found, and every doubt that she had ever felt in regard to keeping his place of refuge a secret from her family was now decided once for all. In spite of Aunt Debby's denunciation, she felt sure that this soldier was no "Amelekite," and she made up her mind that, let come what would, she would stand by him to the last.

The days slipped by, and the British ships, after cruising about in the river and doing all the harm that they could to the American shipping, set sail one fine morning, and disappeared down the bay, greatly to the joy of the inhabitants of the towns upon the shore.

Poor little Dolly just now was having a hard time of it. Aunt Debby accused her of idleness and inattention, while her father threatened to kill Clover, who, he declared, ate as much milk as all the family put together; and even her mother, rendered nervous and irritable by sickness and fright, fretted at the long hours that the child spent out of doors, where, nobody could tell, unless the wounded soldier from his hiding-place in the barn had chosen to solve the riddle of the little Samaritan's disappearance. There was a wonderful charm to the home-bred child in those pictures that he loved to show her—of the old Scottish home where his little Janet wandered over the heathery moors, and hunted for the "laverock's" nest beneath the grass and daisies of the small meadow beyond, or fished for minnows in the "wimplin' burn" that ran close to the cottage; and long before the last glimpse of the enemy's sails had faded away into the blue horizon, Sandy MacClintock had become as much a part of the little maiden's life as if he had been brought up under the same roof. There was a natural affinity between the thoughtful child and the child-hearted that man made long acquaintanceship entirely unnecessary between the two so far as a perfect understanding was concerned.

Friday evening the "class" met at my father's, for in those days it was customary to assemble at the dwelling of the "class-leader" instead of at the church; and just before the opening of the meeting, the door opened, and in walked a tall, sandy-haired man in his shirt sleeves, but with a sailor's trousers and hat, while one of his arms was supported by a rude sling improvised out of what seemed ar old calico apron.

Everybody stared in utter astonishment, and only Aunt Debby had the presence of mind to offer the stranger a chair, which he accepted; and dropping his head in a devotional attitude, remained silent while the opening prayer was made, a hymn sung, and the different members of the "class" proceeded, as they were called upon in turn by their leader, to give an account of their religious experiences during the past week. When all had finished, my father turned to the stranger and said, with something of embarrassment:

"You are a stranger to us all sir; but it may be that we serve the same Master?"

In a moment Sandy Mac Clintock was upon his feet, and with tears of joy running down his bronzed cheeks, poured forth his long pent up religious feelings in a flood of eloquence that carried every one with him.

"I'm nae langer a stranger in a strange countrie," he cried. "Brithers an' sisters are ye all, the night, roond God's ain hearthstane."

Snuggled into a corner, Dolly listened, scarcely daring to breathe; and when, at the close of the meeting, all crowded about the stranger, bidding him welcome among them, she was astounded at the explanation that he seemed ready, even anxious to give of his presence there:

"I was aye impressed into the service, an' as my heart was nae in the wark, I tuik the time to rid mysel' o' it a'."

Nobody's hand-shake was more cordial than Aunt Debby's; and when, after peace was declared, and our canny Scot, having settled down as a thrifty farmer and useful citizen, was desirous of a mistress to preside over his comfortable home and superintend the domestic education of little Janet, he made certain matrimonial proposals to Aunt Debby, which that worthy spinster had not the heart to say nay to; and as roguish Dolly remarked, his being an "Amelekite" didn't seem to trouble her a bit.

### Peril of Iced Tea.

Beware the cup. In these days of raging thermometers and busy coroners it is fraught with peril. Scientific men, learned men in the professions, have compelled us to drop the luscious strawberry in terror by screaming out to us that it would give us the hydrophobia. They have made us heartsick with apprehension by showing that the tempting peach in our hands was reeking with the deadly prussic acid. They have filled our ice cream with poisonous impurities. They have forbidden us to drink water that has passed through iron or lead pipes, or that has stood in a wooden vessel, or lain in a cemented cistern, or rippled from the rock of the hillside, impregnated with heaven and chemistry only know what awful substance, until one restriction after another has made it the only safe way for a man to get a drink of water, for him to lie down on his back, open his mouth, and wait for the shower. Science has kindly warned us of the death that lurks in the coffee cup. The cup that blesses the breakfast table impairs the digestion. Large doses of it produce palpitation of the heart. It is adulterated with Venetian red and native sesquioxide of iron. Science has also warned us against the use of warm tea, bread and butter, meat, vegetables, fruit, grain, roots, berries, milk, and similar articles as food. Singularly enough, science has not yet assailed iced tea. But it will not do to permit people to enjoy this cool, delightful beverage, simply because its taste is grateful to the wearied system during this scorching weather. We must do our duty, though science may shrink from it, and the people may cry out against us. There is danger in iced tea, and if you would live long and well shun the cooling cup. We will cite a few instances of carefully made experiments.

On the 10th of June, John C. Hempstead, of West Hill, began to drink iced tea at dinner and supper. He kept up this practice for nearly three weeks, and then one day, going down the Division street steps, slipped and fell, abrading the skin of both legs, and running a sliver into the ball of his thumb so far that it made his teeth ache when he pulled it out. His clothing was also considerably torn. When he went home that evening he learned that his eldest boy had been whipped at school for sticking a pin as far through another boy as the head would let it go. He was warned to quit drinking iced tea, but he persisted in the practice, and he is now sleeping in the valley, between West and North Hill, where he lives, and says he never felt so well in his life. But may be he lies about it.

Henry Esterfeldt, of Eighth street, drank iced tea regularly every summer for three years. He persisted, and one Sunday afternoon while he was out driving his horse ran away and smashed seventeen dollars out of a borrowed buggy. He paid the money, but neglected the warning. He went on drinking iced tea, and in less than six weeks somebody poisoned his dog.

A young woman who did plain sewing in this city, while employed in the family of Ralph Henderson, of Maple street, became addicted to the use of iced tea. She soon ran a sewing machine needle through her thumb, and for many days, whenever she picked up a cup of iced tea, a sharp pain ran through that thumb. She refused to obey the warning, however, and in six weeks she was carried away. The man who carried her away married her first.

Last week, at the beginning of the heated term, two eminent scientific gentlemen, of Burlington, took a strong, healthy, black and tan dog and immersed him in a tub of pure cistern water, into which a weak solution of iced tea had been poured. They held the dog's head under the water fifteen minutes, although he struggled violently, thus showing the natural and instinctive aversion to a substance which intelligent human beings blindly and eagerly drink, and when the gentlemen took him out of the tub he was dead. If a teacupful of iced tea in a tubful of water will kill a dog, think for yourselves what must be the effect of a strong, undiluted cup of this decoction upon the system of a weak woman.

Eleven grains of strychnine mixed in a tablespoonful of iced tea will kill the oldest man in America.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

### How to Act in Case of Fire.

In case of fire, it is well to know beforehand what to do, as many a conflagration can be checked by quick and intelligent action. If there is any time in which a person should be cool and calm, in perfect command of himself, it is when he discovers a fire that threatens the destruction of life and property. The first thing to do is to learn precisely where it is; the second, to consider the chances of distinguishing it. Of course in cities an alarm should at once be sent out, but at the same time a vigorous effort should be made to put out the fire with the means at hand, before the fire-engine arrives on the scene. First, then, do not be alarmed on account of smoke. Frequently there is a great deal of smoke before the fire has made much progress. Remember that one can pass through smoke by keeping his head near the floor or by enveloping it in a wet woollen cloth. On entering a room to fight a fire single handed, keep the door closed behind if possible. A pail of water and a tin dipper in the hands of a resolute person can be made to work a miracle at the beginning. If the fire has progressed too far to admit of this course and it is necessary to depend entirely on outside help, then see to it that every door and window is closed. By this means it may be possible to confine the fire to one room. Every person who stops at a hotel should take special pains before retiring to note the location of the stairways, so that in case of an alarm he can find his way out, even though the halls are filled with smoke. Never leave a room where there is an alarm of fire without first securing a wet towel, or, if possible, a wet sponge or piece of woollen cloth through which to breathe. If escape by the stairs is cut off seek an outside window and stay there till help comes. Above all things be cool and have your wits about you. Your presence of mind gone, all is lost.

It is the temper of a blade that must be the proof of a good sword, and not the gilding of the hilt or the richness of the scabbard, so it is not his grandeur and possessions that make a man considerable, but his intrinsic merit.

### TIMELY TOPICS.

The school population of this country is placed at 14,306,000.

Germany has a Colorado beetle scare, occasioned by the discovery of some live specimens, in an invoice of American peas.

It takes three days to get a check cashed at a Turkish bank, and the money is then worth only sixty cents on the dollar.

Ice is a prime necessity at Bombay, India, and the supply is obtained from this country, being shipped chiefly from Boston.

A Japanese student, newly arrived in this country, thought the people here were all doctors, because everybody took his hand and asked after his health.

A Paris boy named Tiffagnon, aged fourteen years, has made a brilliant beginning in a career of crime. His first theft was of a portfolio containing $36,000.

It is as difficult a task for an an editor to publish a paper that will please everybody, as it is for a rich man to make a will that will satisfy his heirs.—*New Jersey Republican.*

A small flat bug has appeared in Massachusetts, which is armed with "a sword, or point about a quarter of an inch in length, with which it stabs the potato bug, killing him in a short time."

A New York physician has made the discovery that "not one person in three has legs of equal length, and that the number of left legs longer than they need be is nearly double that of the right."

Probably the oldest minister in the world is Rev. Dr. Ingram, of Unst, in Shetland, off the coast of Scotland. Dr. Ingram was 102 years of age, in April last, and enjoys comparatively good health.

The exports of iron and steel and manufactures of iron and steel from the United States for 1877 were valued at $16,659,675. During the year 1876 the exports of iron and steel amounted to $11,794,743.

A bullock, the property of a farmer near Peterborough, in England, tossed a boy six years old, who was teasing it, into a dyke of water. The animal then jumped on the child, and lay on him in the water until life was extinct.

London has been laughing over a suit for breech of promise of marriage. The plaintiff was a widow of seventy years, who wore a wig, her hair, as she testified, having fallen out in consequence of her grief at the inconstancy of her suitor, a Romeo of threescore and ten. The jury gave her $50.

The largest flour mill in the world is now being built at Niagara Falls. Its capacity will be about 1,200 barrels per day. The building, including elevator, is 250 feet long and five stories high, and is arched over the railroad which passes under the center, and connects with all the roads for the purpose of accommodating the freight to and from the mill.

A letter-writer in the New York *Sun*, gives an enquiring correspondent this simple remedy for drunkenness: "About half an hour, or earlier before breakfast let him partake of an orange or two. After a time they have a peculiar and remarkable effect on an empty stomach. The patient thenceforth abhors strong drink, because it tastes nauseous to him. The prime source of temptation is removed, for he does not feel thirst. The remedy has proved successful in every instance that has come under my knowledge.

Cremona, an Italian painter of repute, has just died at Milan under extraordinary circumstances. He was a man of the most careless, not to say dirty, habits and in order to save time he discarded the use of the palette, which he deemed unnecessary and troublesome. He was wont, therefore, to spread his colors on the palm of his left hand and on his bare chest. The other day while standing at his easel he was seized with strong convulsions, and expired after forty-eight hours' agony. The doctors attribute his death to the absorption into the system of poisons used in painting.

Considerable excitement has been caused in the district of Tekuch, near the village of Funder, in Roumania, by the sudden appearance of a species of mole, yellowish in color, twenty centimetres in length and eight in circumference, of a snake-like appearance, which has already totally destroyed one hundred and twenty acres of wheat. These animals disappear during the day time in holes dug in the earth, and come out at night to renew their depredations. The oldest inhabitant of the district has never seen anything of the kind before.

Statistics furnished by the commissioner of internal revenue show that during the year 1877 nearly 59,000,000 gallons of spirits, 9,902,353 barrels of ale, beer and porter, and 5,723,000 gallons of imported wines, were manufactured and withdrawn for consumption in the United States. The number of liquor-dealers who paid tax was 166,000, and it is estimated that the amount of money annually expended in the United States by consumers is nearly $596,000,000. This is at the rate of about fifteen dollars to every man, woman and child in the country.

It is an odd spectacle to witness scores of women doing the work of longshoremen on the wharves of St. John's, Newfoundland. When the time arrives for vessels from Southern Europe, Brazil, West Indies, and elsewhere, to take aboard their cargoes of salt cod, herring, etc., files of buxom females, with tucked-up gowns, bared arms, and coarse brogans, may be seen along the wharves, carrying flat barrows of fish to and fro. Each barrow has four handles, and is borne by two women. They perform the same labor as men at this business, but their pay is inferior. Women also go on the "summer voyage" to Labrador, and act generally in the capacities of "splitters," "salters," and "headers."

One of the largest and most expensive light-houses ever erected by the United States is now in process of construction of Fowey Rocks, on the northeast extremity of the Florida Reefs. It is three miles from land, and completes one chain of similar structures around those dangerous reefs. It is a peculiarity of these reefs that they are so precipitous that their locality can scarcely be discovered by the most careful soundings. This new light-house is composed wholly of iron, and its improved methods of illumination render it, perhaps, the most perfect in the world. The light will be visible in clear weather about eighteen nautical miles, and is composed of both glass and metallic reflectors, constructed so as to send a blae of light along the whole horizon of the ocean. It is estimated that this structure will last three or four hundred years.

The intensity of the late drought in Australia may be judged by the simple calculation made by the inspector of stock that in New South Wales alone 4,000,000 sheep were lost last year from the effects of the dry weather. At least another million must be added to account for the losses of this year and for the loss suffered by small holders and others who were for various reasons omitted from the returns. Thus we have 5,000,000 sheep, valued at $12,500,000 at least, destroyed, directly or indirectly, though the lack of pasturage consequent on the drought, In 1876 the Australian colonies possessed between them over 45,000,000 sheep, of which 20,000,000 belonged to New South Wales. There is reason to believe that in Victoria and South Australia the effects of the drought were quite as disastrous as in New South Wales, while in Queensland they were doubly severe. It is not, therefore, too much to estimate that at least the same proportion of the flocks elsewhere were destroyed as in New South Wales, and that in Australia alone, omitting Tasmania and New Zealand, 9,000,000 sheep perish in a single summer.

### Mrs. Watson's Boys.

Four great boys in the house and only one little four-year-old girl. It did look at first sight as if it was a rather unequal division of the "help" between father and mother. But that impression came from a want of familiarity with the family habits.

It was Edward's job to get up in the morning and make a fire for mother in the kitchen and dining room, and he thought it no great hardship either. If Edward had been a girl, most likely mother would have built the fire herself. Mother and Silas usually made their appearance down stairs about the same time, and she never had to say, as I have heard some mothers entreat their daughters: "Now *do* hurry and set that table as quick as you can."

As methodically as an old clock, Silas wheeled out the table the first thing and laid the cloth and plates, as neatly as if he had been a bred hotel waiter. Probably he then dallied over a paper a few minutes until the cheery sound, "Your breakfast is ready, Silas," greeted him from the kitchen. For in the buckwheat season Silas was the cake-baker for all the family, so mother could preside at the table in the usual orderly way. The good mother knew it was not a very heartsome thing for a grown boy to bake cakes for all the family before he had broken his own fast over night. So she always had something hot and nice fixed for him at one end of her big kitchen table where he could eat and chat with mother, at his leisure, while the other boys did up the chores. That was a good stroke of policy with Mrs. Watson, and Silas would remember those morning breakfasts lovingly when he was an old man. Then he was fresh and cheery and ready to put on the full buckwheat capacity of the big stove for the benefit of the rest. They all knew how to take a turn in the kitchen and put a room to rights upstairs as orderly as a West Point cadet could fix up his quarters.

They were taught from babyhood the good, soldierly habit of waiting upon themselves, so that it was very easy to add on the lesson of waiting upon others when there was a need for it, and particularly upon their hard-working mother. A great many girls are not half so ready or helpful, the more the pity! The boys could wash and iron some, and make a short-cake and pot of coffee, or cook a steak as well as the best Bridget to be had for money. They were none of them of that class to which Horace Greeley referred, where he said they would "starve to death in the garden of Eden for the want of somebody to pick the fruit." None of Mrs. Watson's boys would be reduced to the straits a soldier boy of my acquaintance was where rations of dry flour were served out to the men.

"How did you cook it?" I asked,

"I mixed it with water, and salt if I had it, and then set it on the coals until it was cooked or burnt, and then ate it."

One thing these handy Watsons used to do for their mother, which anybody's children could do where a mother does her own housework. They always cleared the table and set away the food in its proper place in the pantry or cellar; thus saving her a great many miles of weary walking in the course of a week.

These boys were not a whit less manly than neighbors' sons who sat toasting their boots around the fire, while mother wearily walked around them, doing all her work and waiting upon them besides.

A family thus trained once lived in a beautiful homested up the Hudson. A friend was there at a family gathering when the mother's hair was silvered, and "the boys" came home from distant abodes to this happy meeting. One left his editorial chair, one his large wholesale establishment on Broadway, and all came from posts of honor and usefulness. When the feast was over, a son led his mother back to her cozy armchair and her guests, while her sons went merrily to work and "cleared" away the things and washed up the "dishes" as in olden times.

A little housework in their boyhood will not spoil them in the least.—*Rural New Yorker.*

### Lightning Rods.

During the summer, when thunderstorms are most common, special attention should be paid, particularly in exposed situations in country places, to the condition of the lightning-rods. The main stem of a copper lightning-conductor should never be less than four-tenths of an inch in diameter; this dimension is not sufficient for a building more than eighty feet high. Galvanized iron may be used instead of copper, but then the diameter should be, at least, double that of a copper rod. A galvanized iron-rope conductor should never be less than eight-tenths of an inch in diameter; a galvanized iron strip should be four inches wide and one-eighth of an inch thick. A lightning rod must be continuous and unbroken from end to end. A rod need not be attached to a building by insulated fastenings; metal clamps may be safely employed, provided the rod be of good conducting capacity and otherwise efficient. Above, the rod must terminate in metal points, well projected into the air; there should be several of these points, and all perfectly sharp. The bottom of the conductor must be carried down into the moist earth and be connected with it by a surface-contact of large extent. All large masses of metal in a building should be metallically connected with the lightning-rod, except when they are liable to be occupied by people during a thunder-storm—an iron balcony, for instance. In such cases it is better not to have the iron connected with the conductor, for there is some risk of persons standing on the balcony furnishing a path for the lightning to the rod. The rods ought to be tested each year to make sure that the continuity is perfect, and the ground connection satisfactory.—*New York Tribune.*

### SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE.

**An Interesting Historical Review—Who Have Occupied the Chair—Randall the Twenty-Eighth.**

No positively weak man has ever filled the post of Speaker of the House of Representatives, while several incumbents of the office may be ranked as among the greatest statesmen in our history. It is not, however, a post to which the best men of either party aspire and whenever such best men have taken the office the event has really happened more out of regard to party considerations than to their own desires. The Speaker is so-called on the principle of *lucus a non lucendo;* for in the ordinary meaning of the term he has no business to speak. Perhaps he is called the Speaker because through him and by his leave and under his license it is that every one substantially speaks to his fellows. The chair to an active advocate or orator must always be a species of proscrustean bed. Mr. Speaker must fit his brain and ears to the capacity of the talking member, and, of course, continually change his current of thought. His great relief comes when there is a committee of the whole, and he leaves the chair to some student or amateur in the speakership, and when he can become in his turn a talking member. He is otherwise a sort of phonograph to the members. They talk at him, and he may be called upon at a moment's notice to repeat or dwell upon their words.

Speakers Stevenson, Boyd, Colfax and Blaine held the chair longer in succession than any of their predecessors; but Henry Clay, elected Speaker with breaks between two of his terms, is the historical senior of the chair. His first election was in 1811, but there are men still living who remember him as Speaker in his last term (1823-1825) who, with knowledge of all successive Speakers, say that he discharged the duties of that high office with unequalled ability, and was always prompt, dignified and rigid in his enforcement of the rules of parliamentary decorum. The journals of the House evidence that some of his decisions were even overruled. Only one Speaker ever became President—Polk—but several presiding officers, like Blaine and Hunter, have been before National Conventions, but only two of these received nominations—John Bell, who was Speaker in 1831, and Clay. Another became Vice-President — Colfax. No Speakers have ever been elected from Vermont, New Hampshire, Ohio, Delaware, Maryland, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Illinois, nor any State west of it. Connecticut had one Speaker in the great John Trumbull—at the second session under the constitution. New York—that always presents a candidate—has, however, only had one Speaker, but during two different Congresses, in John W. Taylor, who was also, like Clay, an excellent presiding officer, and did the State much credit in that capacity, although more of a politician than a statesman. The two following States have also had each one Speaker—North Carolina, in that early statesman, Nathaniel Macon, and Georgia in Howell Cobb.

Of Kentucky Speakers besides Clay there was John White, who was Speaker under Tyler, and Linn Boyd. Virginia has also had three Speakers in Philip R. Barbour (1821); Andrew Stevenson, a most popular Speaker during four successive terms (1827-1835); Robert M. T. Hunter (1839), and John W. Jones. Massachusetts has had four Speakers—Theodore Sedgwick (1798), Joseph B. Varnum (1807), Robert C. Winthrop (1847), and Banks (1856)—the latter chosen after more ballotings than ever were taken before or have been since. To Pennsylvania are credited two other Speakers—besides Randall—Messrs. Frederic Muhlenbergh (the first on the illustrious roll) and Galusha A. Grow. Indiana has also furnished three Speakers in John W. Davis (1845), Colfax and Kerr. Two Speakers were recruited respectively from New Jersey, South Carolina and Tennessee. In the latter State were Polk and Bell—a successful and an unsuccessful candidate for the White House. From the Palmetto State Langdon Cheeves for a short session, and elected when Clay resigned to attend the peace congress at Ghent; and James L. Orr, who afterwards acted as Speaker of the Confederate Congress, but lived to become a Grant Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia and was buried after funeral marching honors from the seventh regiment in this city. New Jersey calls the roll for Jonathan Dayton, of John Adams' era, and for William Pennington. Theodore M. Pomeroy enjoys the honor of being a fully elected Speaker during one day—that of the inauguration of Grant and Colfax, when the latter took his breakfast as a Speaker and dined as a Vice President. During the ninety years of the government—up to the end of Mr. Randall's term—there have been twenty-eight Speakers.—*New York World.*

### The Epidemic of Drunkenness.

Drunkenness has been by many believed to be on the increase, at any rate in higher circles. It is curious to note that just one hundred and fifty years ago an epidemic of drunkenness seemed to break out in England. The passion for gin drinking had got hold of the masses, and the result was, in London at least, that increase in the population was almost wholly checked. Before gin became popular the consumption of beer was enormous. Almost a third of the arable land in the country was devoted to barley. In 1688, with a population of 5,000,000, very nearly 12,500,000 barrels of beer were brewed. Up to this time our distilleries were very insignificant, and French brandies were far too dear for the masses. But hatred to France led to the encouragement of home distilling; the trade was thrown open, and in 1689 the importation of foreign spirits was absolutely prohibited. The gin-drinking began, and in 1735 the British distilleries manufactured nearly 5,500,000 gallons. Gin-cellars, where men could get "drunk for a penny, dead drunk for two pence, and have a straw for nothing," abounded. Hogarth's "Beer Street" is bad enough, but his "Gin-Lane" is so horrible that, but for contemporary descriptions, we should deem it an exaggeration. Legislation endeavored to check the evil, but laying on a heavy duty merely produced a great deal of illicit distilling. The consumption arose to more than 11,000,000 gallons, and Fielding prophesied that "if the drinking of this poison is continued at its present height for the next twenty years, there will be very few of the common people left to drink it."—*The London Quarterly Review.*

### How the Hair is Worn.

The hair is worn very much lower. It no longer is dishevelled, but is laid in more orderly fashion on the forehead in small natural waves or curls. It is parted, and the large square chignon begins half way back and spreads itself downward to the neck, almost as low as the catogan braid. Handsome combs with balls are worn, which, when the hat is flaring, make an inside ornament. With this style of head-dress narrow bands of ribbon are worn around the head set close to the chignon, with a rosette or bow on one side. Instead of these, bands are worn in the evenings, gold or jewelled bands for full-dress, or else large gold-headed pins, stuck at irregular intervals in the hair.

### The Pirate King.

The name seems to have been justly earned by Kydd. He was a native of London, and was born, as nearly as can be ascertained by vague records, in the year 1648. From boyhood he evinced a fondness for the sea, and ran away from his home to ship as cabin boy, when he was but thirteen years of age. From that position he became the most notorious pirate that ever plowed the sea in search of plunder. He was an excellent navigator, a good disciplinarian, and a most plausible man. He was thus enabled to interest William of Orange, a prince who was noted for his cupidity, and who was then on the throne of England, in his schemes. He represented to the king that he should subserve the cause of religion and commerce by giving him a free commission to sail the seas and rid them of pirates. To this William acceded.

Once fairly embarked Kydd acknowledged no master but himself, no purpose but to rob and steal all that he could, no responsibility to either God or man. Ostensibly he was to clear the seas of pirates, with which at that time they were infested, but he robbed and plundered indiscriminately, until it has been estimated that he possessed himself of over twenty million of dollars. This treasure he buried somewhere on the coast of New England or New York. Portions of this wealth have been discovered, but not more than one-tenth of what the daring buchaneer secreted. He not only attacked other piratical vessels, but also robbed regular traders and merchant ships of all nations, and upon all seas. The authority which first commissioned him strove in vain to recall him. He would acknowledge no authority whatever but scoured the seas in an unscrupulous career of robbery and murder, until his name became a terror to all navigators, attacking Spanish galleons, Portuguese fellow-corsairs, and the very merchant ships of England, for whose protection he had been originally employed.

Kydd filled his ship to the full with Indian treasures and African gold and Spanish dollars. For five or six years he was master of the ocean, accumulating enormous treasures. Early in his career he had quarreled with the Earl of Bellamont about a woman, and had made that powerful noble, then governor of New York and Massachusetts, a bitter enemy. The latter person hearing that Kydd had murdered his boatswain, made strenuous efforts to arrest him, in which he was finally successful, and brought him to justice in the year 1701, when he was hanged in chains at Executive Dock in London.

### A Railroad Round the World.

The following outline of a colossal railroad scheme is advanced by a Mississippi correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal:*

"There is a great railroad, which, if it can be built, will eclipse all other enterprises in that line, and will be the grandest railroad in the world, connecting the old and new world, and thus avoiding all the dangers of the Atlantic ocean. My road will connect the American continent with Asia and Europe. Just think of it! A railroad from Washington city to St. Petersburg, with only forty miles of water between these great cities of the new and old world.

"My plan is for the United States, Great Britain and Russia, or the capitalists of these great countries, to construct this road. Let the road be built to some point on the line between Washington Territory and the British Possessions; say, where the Columbia river runs into Washington Territory. Then let England, or English capitalists, build the road through New Georgia to the point where the Youcan river runs into Alaska; and then through Alaska to Cape Prince of Wales on Behring Strait; then let Russia, or the company, composed of the great capitalists of the old and new world, construct the road from East Cape, or Behring Strait, to St. Petersburg. Passengers and freight can be carried from Cape Prince of Wales, America, to East Cape, Asia, directly opposite and only forty miles apart, in splendid steamers, built and put there for that purpose, and owned by this great company. Would not this be grand? Just imagine a trip from America to Asia and Europe, seated in splendid cars, with land under you and visible all the way, except forty miles—about as far as from Dover to Calais.

"If this great road could be built the danger of the stormy Atlantic would be avoided, and hundreds and thousands of noble men, women and children would be almost annually saved, as well as millions of treasure."

### Heartrending Scenes of Squalor.

According to a New York paper, there are instances of suffering of an actually horrible character that have come within the knowledge of almost all the fifty physicians employed as a special sanitary corps under the local board of health. On the very first day of his round one of these physicians discovered the dead body of a woman in a close room on the fourth floor of a Mulberry street tenement. She had died without medical attendance, and, being friendless and unattended, without being reported to the authorities, the body had lain there during four terribly hot days before it was removed. Death alone and unattended has horrors peculiar to itself, but could scarcely be greater or more real than the disease spread among a hundred families by the continued and contaminating presence of the dead body.

The same physician on the following day found the dead body of a babe in a yard on Water street. A health officer finding sewer gas present for which he was unable to account, kicked a board out of a cellar partition and was overpowered by the rush of the gas, which had long been confined and filled the cellar, escaping through the crevices to such an extent as to poison the whole neighborhood. Isolated instances of this sort, which rarely attract public attention, go far to show the extent and character of the suffering which is undergone even by those who can hardly be classed as the very poor. The hardship is often greater to the working, self-supporting man and his family than it ever is to the criminal poor.

### Homes for Inebriate Women.

A number of the leading ladies of Chicago are meditating a plan for the founding of a home for Inebriate women, similar to the Washington Home in that city. One of the female directors in the latter institution, who has had a wide opportunity for observation, says that there are constant applications from women for admission there; but that, among so many men, they cannot be received. Most of the applicants are ignorant, coarse, vicious, though not a few are from the better walks of life, having acquired such a love of liquor that their reformation is difficult. Their drinking is ascribed largely to physicians' recommendation of liquor as a stimulant to their feminine patients, on whom the habit thus becomes fixed