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The Farmer's Seasons.

When the grass and flowers have come once more,
And the plowman is turning his furrows o'er,
And the bluebird's notes on the south wind swell,
And the violets bloom in the mossy dell,
And the fairies dance to the bluebell's chime –
Then comes the busy planting time.

When the bees are humming everywhere
O'er blossoms whose fragrance fills the air,
And the birds are singing, among the trees,
Of wee little nests that are rocked by the breeze,
And all glad nature is rife with cheer—
Then is the hurrying harvest here.

When the apples are turning rosy red,
And golden butterflies and bees have fled,
When the flowers are killed by the blighting frost,
And the beauty and fragrance of summer re lost,
And the birds have flown to a warmer clime
Then comes the merry husking time.

Let Bygones be Bygones.

Let bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is a folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If, God-like, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To Heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
To heed not the precept, "Forgive and forget."
— *Chambers' Journal.*

My Strange Fellow-Passenger.

"Yes," said the old doctor, assenting to a remark I had just made. "I've had a good many strange experiences in my time, and I think I may call mine rather an eventful life.

"Forty years ago last June," he resumed, after a moment of thoughtful silence, "I graduated with high honors, and received a hospital appointment, which would furnish me with employment for the next five years, and enable me to obtain a practical knowledge of medicine before setting up for myself.

"My duties did not begin for a month, before the first of August, and as I was a little worn out by the heat and by hard study, I was glad to be able to spend the intervening six weeks with my mother in the country.

"I left Philadelphia one day at noon, by the stage that was to convey me to the town where she lived. We were to travel until late in the evening, when we were to stop for the night at a little public house on the road, resuming our journey by the mail-coach at six the next morning.

"There were two other passengers besides myself, a young man who had secured the box-seat which I had expected to get, and a lady who sat inside with me.

"We drove along merrily enough, in good humor with ourselves and each other, and had plenty about the trifle between us and the town, when, as I looked out of the window, I saw, standing by the roadside, a man with a carpet bag in one hand, who was beckoning to the driver with the other. We presently came up with him.

"'Inside or outside, sir?' asked the driver, as he dismounted.

"'Inside; inside, of course,' was the reply, a little irascibly. I thought, as the new-comer placed his feet upon the step.

"'Yer pay in advance, sir, beggin' yer pardon,' reminded the driver, detaining him and touching his hat.

"The old gentleman—he was elderly, and to all appearance a gentleman—seemed further irritated by the delay. He asked the amount, however, paid it at once, and took his seat beside me, bestowing his carpet-bag under his feet, and evincing great satisfaction as we started again.

"I had feared we were to have a disagreeable addition to our party, judging from first impressions; but when, after a while, the man joined in conversation with us, we found him remarkably intelligent and affable.

"Before he had talked a great while he proved to have had rather a nomadic life. Europe, South America, East India, seemed equally familiar to him. Without being garrulous, he had so many charming incidents to relate of life in many lands, that he contrived to entertain us most delightfully.

"I judged he was traveling on important business, he seemed so jealous of any attention. When we stopped to allow the "box-seat" passenger to alight, and again at three o'clock, when we halted for dinner, I noticed he became restless and anxious.

"At dinner, his manner was constrained. He ate little, and talked less, consulted his watch frequently, and finally excused himself before we had half finished the meal, and left the room.

"When we resumed our seats in the stage, we found him there before us. He was seated in his old place, with his head drawn back in an uncomfortable corner, effectually shielding him from observation. Indeed, I had handed the lady in before she discovered him, and she gave a little cry of surprise.

"'I hope I haven't startled you, madam,' he said. 'I had no appetite for dinner, so I thought I might as well wait here as in the house.'

"'These delays are rather annoying when one is anxious to get on,' I remarked.

"'Yes, sir; yes,' he replied with a light sigh. 'It is highly important, too, that I should lose no time on the way.'

"He then changed the subject, with the ease of a man of the world, and our conversation became general. He was certainly very pleasant. After five o'clock, when the 'lady inside' as the driver called her, left us to ourselves, our *tete-a-tete* was especially agreeable.

"Just at dark, we drew up in front of the little inn which was to furnish us with our night's lodging

"The proprietor came out to meet us, and with many apologies regretted that he had but one spare room to offer us.

"There was a wedding in the neighborhood that evening, and a party from town had driven down early in the afternoon and engaged all his apartments except this one chamber.

"But if you two gentlemen don't object sharing the same room for a couple of hours—you'll have to rise early to take the mail coach—I think I can make you very comfortable. There are two clean beds in the room, and—'

"'I'm sure I'll not object,' I interrupted, turning to my fellow-traveler.

"He hesitated an instant, and then said, 'Well, sir, I'm agreed if you are;' then, with an almost solemn tone, 'Remember, sir, the proposal came from you, and if fate should—'

"The astonishment expressed, no doubt, upon my face at this peculiar address, caused him to stop. Then he laughed pleasantly, and resuming his usual manner, said, 'Excuse me, but my mind, just now, is so occupied with affairs very important to me that I'm afraid my attention sometimes wanders. You are very kind to offer me half of your room. I accept with many thanks.' And we passed into the tavern, where a good supper was awaiting us.

"There were no other guests at the table. 'All gone to the wedding,' the landlord said.

"We did not regret in the least having the house to ourselves, and supper being concluded, we went to the wide front porch, where we spent the evening in pleasant talk.

"I gave my companion a sketch of my life for the past three or four years. He reciprocated by telling me about his family—his wife, and his lovely daughter, who was very dear to him.

"'She is a good girl, and a very pretty girl, too; everybody says so. Stay—I've her miniature in my carpet-bag, and my wife's too. I'll show them to you.'

"He rose from his seat, when a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he resumed his chair, saying, 'I'd forgotten. They have taken my carpet-bag up stairs to the room. You can see them at bedtime.'

"About eleven, we rose to go to our room. My companion preceded me. I sought the landlord to ask that I should be called at half-past four, so that I might dress and breakfast at my leisure, before taking the coach again.

"I lingered, chatting, for ten minutes or so with 'mine host.' When at last I entered the bed-chamber, I found my room-mate had made good use of his time, and was already in bed, with the coverlet drawn up to his very ears, as if it had been December instead of June. Making no comment, however, I was soon occupying the second couch, which stood in a recess in the inner extremity of the room, on one side of the great fireplace.

"I did not sleep well. I had a teasing dream, which recurred again and again. It seemed to me that some one was moving about the room with eyes fixed on me. Once I thought this figure approached my bed, and a hand touched me.

"I roused with a start. When my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I saw the old gentleman looking out of the window by his bedside.

"He said he had been disturbed, and he supposed the wedding guests were just returning. Gay voices outside, presently followed by footsteps ascending the stairs, and mutual good-nights exchanged, corroborated this conjecture.

"Soon all became quiet, and I again fell asleep, and was again disturbed. This time I was sure that there were stealthy feet creeping around the room, and that a hoarse voice was muttering. I listened, and distinctly heard the words, 'The will of Fate.' I called out:

"'Who is there?'

"No answer followed. The muttering ceased. I heard the feet creeping away toward the other bed. I could not stand the suspense, and sprang up and lighted the candle in an instant.

"There was no person in the room but the old gentleman, who was sitting up in bed, looking startled.

"'Did you hear that noise? Were you walking about?' I asked.

"'Walking about?' he replied. 'I am only just this moment awake. I heard you call out, and I roused to see what was the matter.'

"'I'm sure I heard footsteps and voices, too, in this room!'

"'Voices in the room! You're surely mistaken.'

"'I'm not mistaken!' I repeated, testily. 'Why, I could even distinguish words. Something was said about the "will of Fate."'

"He laughed confusedly as he replied, 'I'm afraid I've been talking in my sleep again. My friends say I'm addicted to that bad habit, and I suppose I say all sorts of things. I think it is very likely you heard me; and as to the footsteps, perhaps our friends next door have been restless.'

"I listened, but could hear no sound.

"This explanation did not satisfy me. I looked at my watch. It was just two o'clock.

"'It is very strange, but those steps were in this room,' I said. 'I will let the candle burn for the rest of the night. It will be daylight, now, in an hour and a half, and I, for one, shall be glad to see it. If I believed in ghosts, I should think this room was haunted.' I lay down again, determined, if possible, not to go to sleep.

"The noises were not repeated. Silence pervaded the house, unbroken, except by the breathing of the old gentleman, who, it was evident, was now sleeping soundly. He was not frightened; that was certain.

"I mused on these things for some time. Those strange words, 'the will of fate,' what did they mean? Just then it occurred to me that my fellow-passenger had used such an expression the evening before, when I first offered to share my room with him. 'He must have been talking in his sleep, after all. I'm a fool to think so much about it.'

"I tossed and tumbled, and again consulted my watch.

"'Only twenty minutes of three! Oh, that morning would come!'

"I glanced across the room, and fancied for an instant that I saw my companion's eyes wide open, watching me; but when I sat up in bed to satisfy myself about it, he seemed to be sound asleep.

"By this time, I began to be ashamed of myself. The house was so quiet it seemed absurd to be keeping vigil. Nature began to assert her claims, too, and settling back on my pillow again, I presently lost consciousness.

"When I awoke again, it was broad daylight. My fellow-traveler was already dressed, and stood with his back to me by the open window near the dressing-table. I was about to say, 'Good morning,' when I heard him mutter to himself—

"'It's the will of fate. There's no resisting it. I call on you all to witness'—extending one hand, as if appealing to an assembled company—'I am only an unthinking agent in this matter. His blood be on fate's head, not mine. I've enlisted in her service, and I'm bound to obey orders.'

"Filled with a vague alarm, I started into a sitting posture, the better to catch the import of his words. At that moment he turned, gazed at me an instant, then advanced toward me. There was a pistol in his hand.

"He approached with the pistol leveled at me, his eyes burning like coals of fire. Otherwise his manner was quiet, and his voice low and muffled.

"'Come, sir,' he said, shortly, 'prepare for death! Fate, whom I serve, commands me to slay you at the rising of the sun. You have just five minutes in which to make your peace with Heaven; then you must die!'

"The pistol was what was then called a 'pepper-box,' the prototype of the whole modern arsenal of revolving weapons. As he held it toward me, I could distinctly see the balls at the end of the chambers; and I realized that the man who held the weapon of death was a maniac. If I made the least movement toward the door, my young life would be the forfeit.

"What should I do?"

"Like a flash of light came the thought: 'The landlord will be coming presently to rouse you. Try to keep your wits about you, and gain a little time.'

"'Are you praying?' said the madman.

"'I'm thinking,' I replied, as quietly as I could, fixing my eyes upon his livid countenance, 'that is very harsh treatment to offer a man who has done nothing worse to you than to give you a share of his room.'

"'Can't help it, sir; must obey orders.'

"'Do you know,' I said, trying to control my voice, 'that you've deceived me? You didn't tell me, yesterday, about your being an agent of Fate, or I should have been better prepared; but you allowed me to believe you to be a gentleman, traveling on ordinary business or for pleasure; so I offered you a bed in my room; and in return, you take my life! To say the least, you have not behaved like a gentleman.'

"He looked a little troubled. 'Deceived is a strong word, sir,' he began.

"'I can call it nothing else,' I returned, still speaking as quietly as I could; and what is more, sir, when a man deceives me about one thing, I'm very apt to distrust any other statement he may make to me. I doubt, now, whether you were ever in the East at all; I doubt whether you were ever married; I doubt if you have a daughter. Why, I remember how you said, last evening, you'd show me her miniature; but you didn't produce it. I don't believe now you've such a thing in your possession.'

"'I have! I swear I have it here in my carpet-bag!' he said, letting his hand which held the revolver fall to his side in his earnestness.

"'Well,' said I, nonchalantly, 'I'll believe you when I see the picture, not before.'

"He laid the pistol down on the foot of my bed, and strode across the room. You may believe I lost no time in securing the weapon.

"Just then footsteps sounded in the passage outside. The landlord was coming at last. I sprang to the door, and pointed the pistol at my late would-be executioner, who had turned, and was looking at his empty hands in consternation.

"'You stir another step,' I cried, 'it will be your last step!'

"I then opened the door and admitted the astonished host, who looked perfectly aghast as I tried to explain to him what had occurred. I was excited almost to frenzy, while my companion, well-dressed, bland and self-possessed, expressed the greatest amazement at my story, which he denied in every particular.

"'Just look at his appearance,' he said. 'Contrast his manner with mine, and tell me which of us looks like the madman. You heard him outside, just now, landlord, threaten to shoot me. He has the pistol in his hand now. Is it likely that, if it belonged to me, I would give it into his possession? The man is perfectly insane—has been acting like a lunatic ever since he awakened this morning.'

"'At this unexpected turn of affairs, I was so nonplussed that, in an excited manner, I endeavored to show the deceit of the fellow, moving the pistol in my excited gesticulations.

"'Help, help! Murder, murder!' screamed the man, in apparent terror.

"'Help, help! Murder, murder!' echoed the wretched landlord, who clutched at the other's arm, and dragged him toward the door, vociferating, 'Help!' There's a crazy man up stairs!'

"'I don't know how I should have convinced the landlord of my sanity if unexpected help had not arrived soon after, in the shape of two stout, burly keepers from an insane asylum in Philadelphia, who pounced at once upon the old gentleman as their legitimate property, and handcuffed him in the twinkling of an eye.

"'They had most opportunely arrived by the mail-coach during the altercation up stairs.

"'It seemed that the old gentleman had formerly been an actor (I could well believe it), but was possessed with a homicidal mania, and had been pronounced incurable. As soon as his escape from the asylum was discovered, it at once occurred to the keepers to inquire for him at the different coach offices in the city.

"'No such person being booked as a passenger, they were thrown off the track, and were searching the city and its environs, when they were put upon the right track by a countryman who had seen him waiting on the roadside to take the stage.

"'They had just time to send off two men by the mail-coach, which left Philadelphia at ten, and which arrived at the inn just in time to rescue me from a distressing dilemma.

"'How the maniac obtained possession of a loaded revolver they could not conjecture, and he obstinately refused to tell.

"'However, as you may imagine, I did not concern myself a great deal with that question. I hurried on with my clothes, ate what breakfast I could, and left the house by that blessed mail-coach at six o'clock, thankful enough that I was able to pursue my journey uninjured.—*Youth's Companion.*

Seeing Stonewall Jackson.

Mr. A. C. Redwood, in one of his "Johnny Reb" papers, in *Scribner*, gives this description of an incident within the Confederate lines. He says:

It was the end of a bleak November day; the fires of railway ties, extending in a long line either way as far as the eye could follow, made still more neutral by contrast with their ruddy light the dingy fields of stubble, and the woods in which the gorgeous panoply of the earlier season was paling into russet and ashy tones. The work was over and we were waiting with some impatience for the order to take up the line of march back to camp; for the evening air struck chilly through our threadbare and tattered jackets, and we had eaten nothing since early morning. Meanwhile the rumor had spread abroad that an issue of fresh pork awaited our return, and though the long habit of expecting nothing good until it came secured us against any serious disappointment, there were not wanting tender memories of "short" biscuit to raise our anticipations higher than we cared to own. Thus preoccupied, we are fain to refer a distant cheering further down the line to tidings of the coming rations, and we gather by the roadside in order to get off the more promptly when our turn shall arrive. The sound grows more and more distinct every moment, and now, far down the road some moving object can just be discerned in a cloud of dust which travels rapidly our way. Nearer and nearer it comes; louder and more enthusiastic ring the shouts, and now we make out in the dust the figure of a single horseman, with a clump of others trailing off into obscurity behind him—Jackson is coming! A moment more and he is here, going at almost top-speed; his hat is off; his hair blown back from his broad white forehead; his eyes dancing and his cheeks aglow with excitement and the rush of keen air. And now the cheers grow deafening and ragged hats are swung more wildly still as the men of the Foot Cavalry recognize their leader. The cavalcade passes like a whirlwind and disappears in the dust up the road, cheered to the very last lagging courier of the escort—for we were in good humor now with ourselves and all the world. And as we step briskly out upon our homeward march, the air feels fresh and invigorating, and the miles seem shorter than they were in the morning; even the beloved biscuit is of minor consequence, and the promised pork pales beside the thought which fills us—that we have seen Jackson!

And we got the pork besides!

Camels in Arizona.

Some two years since a herd of camels was driven to Yuma county, Arizona, with the intent to render them servicable in the Territory as beasts of burden. As the expectation formed of them was not realized, they were turned loose by their owners to roam eastward along the Gila river at their own ruminating will. They appear to have enjoyed their liberty, and to have profited by it. Not only have they thriven as though they had been in their native Africa, but they have bred liberally, and seem to have become domesticated to the region. It is thought that the new generation of camels will be thoroughly acclimated, and used to the alkaline waters peculiar to that section. The waterless desert of Sonora, to the south and southeast of Yuma county, contains vast deposits of salt, sulphur, borax and soda, with immense mineral ores in the mountains. These camels may yet be employed to advantage in transporting those products, for they can go without water as neither horses nor mules can. As is well known, the inside of their second stomach and of a portion of their first stomach is lined with cells in which water is stored up and retained, enabling them to endure long drought. It would be singular if the rejected and wandering camels should yet be found to be the best means of developing the resources of Sonora and much of the country roundabout. Nevertheless, it would be only one of many instances in which apparent accident has succeeded where design has failed.

The increase of the population of the United States is 1,000,000 a year.

HIS HEART ON HIS RIGHT SIDE.

The Singular Displacement in a Man's Body.

The physicians of New York are very deeply interested in the treatment of a man whose heart has in some way been shifted from its natural place to his right side, and has been doing duty in an inadequate fashion in this novel location for two years past. The patient is Lathrop G. Warford, a native of West Troy, who was forced to give up his place as cashier in French's Hotel two years ago on account of his malady. His first seizure, and the first serious illness of his life, began early in the winter of 1877. He contracted a very severe cold, which baffled medical skill, and must have been pleuritic. The cold ran its course with great violence, and the physicians agreed that the patient was well advanced in the first stage of rapid consumption. Late in the spring of 1877 Warford had become emaciated to a skeleton, and so weak that he was sent home to die.

In West Troy he put himself under the care of a physician, who was at a loss to account for the absence of some of the most characteristic symptoms of consumption, and made a thorough sounding of the chest of his patient. He soon found that the left lung was so withered that it performed no function whatever, but, singular to say, he could find no disease therein to account for its wasted or atrophied state. He was dumbfounded when, extending his auscultation to the right side, he found the heart of his patient beating there quite regularly, and with all the strength that was to be expected in a person weak as he was. Warford himself was ignorant of the location of his life-pump. He was of such robust constitution that his attention had not been called to it by any morbid symptom, but when he had last felt for it he found it in its right place. This was proof enough that the displacement had been forcible, and not congenital, so the doctor set about finding the cause.

Dropsy of the thorax sometimes produces displacement of that organ, but no recorded case told of any such radical change of location. Many of the most characteristic symptoms of dropsy were wanting, but physicians in consultation finally agreed that Warford's disease was dropsy, and located the spot where the dropsical effusion was poured into the thoracic cavity. But Warford was so far gone that they did not think he could bear the knife. Unexpectedly he rallied, and one day they fortified him with brandy and began to operate. The primary incision, about eight inches from the spine, between the fifth and sixth ribs of the left side, fortunately struck the very center of the diseased portion. Through a rubber tube, in five minutes, nearly a gallon of purulent serous matter was drawn off. For a month after this Warford improved, but then he began to sink again. Six weeks after the first tapping the operation was repeated, and seven pints of matter were removed. The improvement was so rapid that for the first time his physicians began to think of permanently curing him. He has now been tapped six times, and thirty-nine pints of the dropsical matter have been drawn off. The last tapping was done three months ago, and his physicians hope that another will not be needed for three months to come. The patient is so much better that he has returned to New York, and is about to engage in active business again. Whenever it shall become necessary to pump him out again, his physicians intend to try to introduce active inflammation in the diseased part, hoping thereby to cure it radically. There is no active disease in the atrophied lung, which exhibits some signs of returning activity. Should it become inflated again and go to work, they hope that the heart may be induced to return to its normal place.

The only recorded case at all similar was described in the English medical journals a short time ago. The patient in that case was a contortionist who managed to displace the organ once too often. His natural constitution was inferior to Warford's, and he died.

A Remarkable Man.

One of the most remarkable men alive, says the London *Sunday Times*, has been added to the roll of members of Parliament, by the election of Colonel O'Gorman Mason for the county Clare. It is doubtful whether, outside the record of Munchausen or his many rivals, there is to be traced a more extraordinary career than that of the gallant patriarch who has resumed his seat in the Imperial Legislature after a twenty years' interval of absence from it. But it is a longer time than that since the colonel entered Parliament. He was elected in 1830 by the constituency which adopted him again after nearly fifty years. In the interim the colonel has amused himself with other than political pursuits. He has fought eighteen duels, in six of which he was wounded by the opposing fire, seven of which he pinked his man, and in five of which honor was satisfied without hurt to either principal. His affairs of honor were but trivial episodes in the strangely varied and adventurous career of the member for Clare.

He began public life in 1828—over half a century ago—as one of that "Fighting Brigade" whose duty and delight it was to support at fifteen paces or so whatever Mr. Daniel O'Connell said of a political or personal antagonist. Then he went into Parliament. The turn of time found him a journalist in Paris, where, had he been contemporary with the fire-eating Paul de Cassagnac, Greek would assuredly have met Greek. Then he plunged into finance and politics, and disported in the troubled waters of both.

Having skimmed the cream of Old World excitements, he set out like a knight-errant in quest of fresh exploits. His search met with more success than falls to the lot of the crowd. Joining the Peruvian army, he rose to the rank of commander-in-chief. There was a question of appointing him President of the Republic, but he evaded the perilous eminence by throwing up his exalted post in a fit of *ennui*, and passing into the naval service of Chili, the neighboring State. The ex-Generalissimo of the Peruvian land forces actually became Lord High Admiral of the Chilian fleet—such as it was.

A Woman's Horrible Deed.

A private letter from, Col. T. H. Bringhurst, dated at Parral, Mexico, and addressed to an Indiana paper gives the following narration: Last week, in Chihuahua, a woman went into a shoemaker's shop in front of his dwelling, and measured for a pair of shoes. The son of Crispin said to the woman: "You have a pretty foot." "Do you think so?" said she. He replied: "Yes. That is the prettiest foot in Mexico." The woman was to come back next day and leave $1, when the shoes were to be commenced. The shoemaker's wife, hearing all, said nothing. The next day the shoemaker was out when the woman with the pretty foot called according to agreement, and the wife got her into the back room and stabbed her to death. The wife then cut a steak out of the dead woman's leg, and packed the body under the bed. The shoemaker came home and ate his dinner. The wife asked him how he liked the meat. He answered that it was the best he had ever eaten." The wife then told him he had eaten a part of "the prettiest leg in Mexico." He asked her what she meant? She showed him the body under the bed, and made a dash at him with a knife, but he escaped and ran to the Palacio and told the judge what had happened. The judge summoned a guard of soldiers and went to the house. He asked the wife if she had committed the murder, and when she answered yes, and attempted to justify the act, he ordered her to be shot on the spot by the soldiers, and his orders were promptly obeyed.

About Suffocation.

The following facts in relation to the case with which the suffocation of a person can be effected under certain conditions, which were related to a reporter of the *Evening Post* by one of the most eminent surgeons in New York city or county, will be read with interest. This gentleman said, in speaking of the murder of Mrs. Hull: As soon as you begin to lose any of the vital elements of life, you begin to lose strength, and oxygen (the life-giving element in the air) is what purifies the blood, and gives it power of sustaining our life; the moment that by any means you are deprived of a fresh supply of air you begin to lose strength. Thus the moment that cotton or clothing or anything similar is placed over the nose or mouth the person immediately begins to lose strength. The question how long will a person retain consciousness after the supply of air is cut off depends entirely upon the facts; whether the supply of air is entirely or partly cut off. If a little air is admitted that will create some vitality and will promote the possibility of the person's struggling.

If by struggling the person succeeds in getting more air the strength is correspondingly increased. Thus the person may get the better of the would-be murderer. But when the exclusion of the air is perfect then the time of consciousness lasts only while the beating of the heart circulates what good blood there is already in the body about the body. The heart beats seventy-two times a minute, and it will take but a few seconds to use up the good blood. When we inhale, the air comes in contact with the blue (bad) blood, oxygenizes it—that is, puts oxygen into it, makes it red and good and capable of sustaining our life. This red blood the heart forces through the veins and over the body. When we exhale we breathe out, the carbon unites with the oxygen to form carbonic acid, which has been eliminated from the blood. By each respiration we take in life, and send out the destroyer of life which is all the time forming inside of us. As the blood circulates through the body it becomes carbonized, and when it meets fresh oxygen it gives off its carbon or poison. When the supply of air is cut off all the blood becomes carbonized, carbonic acid is formed, the heart keeps on pumping the blood and carbonic acid from the heart into the head and about the brain. Carbonic acid is the best kind of a sedative and acts as a narcotic. Stupefaction similar to drunkenness is produced. It is just as if the person were put to sleep. The arteries become overloaded and congested, congestion of the brain is created and tranquil death results.

Once I was called to the home of one of the most reputable ladies in the country. I found her dead, lying on a sofa. The servant girl had come into her room early in the morning to make the fire. When the girl went out the lady, just dressed, threw herself down on the sofa and picked up the morning newspaper. The lady did not appear at the breakfast table, and at about ten o'clock they went up stairs to her room to see what was the matter. She lay on the sofa apparently asleep. The newspaper was in her lap, and one hand lay upon it, the other was extended gracefully over the back of the sofa. There was no expression of pain on her face. Her position on the sofa was perfectly natural. There were no signs of a struggle, but she was dead. Upon examination I discovered that her false teeth had dropped back and closed up the larynx so as to cut off the supply of air. She had fallen asleep, the teeth had dropped back and she had died without a struggle. So was a large, strong, vigorous woman in good health. I believe thoroughly that she passed away without any consciousness of the fact that she was dying. A person who is asleep can be smothered by means of very little force. A large strong woman can be smothered by a weak girl if all the air is promptly excluded, by covering the mouth and nostrils. If the woman is asleep quite possibly there would be no struggle at all and no consciousness.

Bells.

When the great Westminster bell was hung in the clock-tower of the new houses of Parliament, it was determined to ignore the nickname of "Big Ben"—which some wag had suggested—and call it "St. Stephen," but it the publ stuck to the more familiar, if less dignified, appellation. Big Ben, cracked though he be, is heard all over London and known all over Europe. Indeed, we do not doubt that his name has had much to do with his world-wide reputation. He can scarcely be indebted for his celebrity to his size alone, for when compared with the great bell at Moscow his mass is only as that of Mars to Jupiter, the one weighing 30,000 pounds, the other 443,000 pounds. To be sure, the Moscow bell was never hung, and to this day it stands in the center of a square, close to a spot where it was originally cast. We believe it is now used as a chapel! Moscow also boasts the second largest bell in the world, St. Ivan (127,000 pounds), but this fell in 1555. Pekin comes third with a bell weighing 112,000 pounds, and then—though at a huge interval—Paris, with 38,000 pounds, the weight of the bell at Notre Dame. Big Ben stands fifth with his 30,000 pounds, and after him the new "Kaiser Klocke" (25,000 pounds), cast for Cologne cathedral. And now Oxford hails with her well-known "Great Tom," weighing 17,000 pounds, which is a trifle heavier than the biggest of the pope's bells at St. Peter's. The great bell of St. Paul's is much smaller, weighing only 8,000 pounds. Lower than this we do not care to go. The oldest bell is St. Patrick's, now preserved at Belfast, which is certainly 800 years, and may be 1,300 years, old. This is only six inches high. There is a large bell called the "Holy Ghost" in the spire of the Strasburg cathedral, which is only rung by the watchman on the lookout there when he has espied the outbreak of two fires in the city at the same time. Bells are very ancient—they have been found among the remains of Nineveh—but the modern service of house-bells, with their wires and cranks, only became general toward the end of the last century, and this is already to a great extent superseded by the electric system. The dustman's bell and the letter-carrier's bell are things of the past, and—except in Stratford-on-Avon—the curfew is heard no more. In many houses even the dinner-bell is supplanted by the gong.—*London Puck.*

Advice to a Young Man.

Young man, when you see anything you want, ask for it like a man. If you want to borrow five dollars of a man, or if you only want to marry his daughter, don't slide up to him and hang on to your hat and talk politics and religion and weather and tell old, stale jokes whereof you can't remember the point, until you worry the old man into a nervous irritation. Go at him with a full head of steam on and your bow ports open, like an iron-clad pulling for a shore battery. Snort and paw and shake your head if you feel like it, no matter if it does make him look astonished. Better astonish him than bore him. Go into his heart or his pocket-book, or both, it amounts to the same thing, like a brindle bull with a curl in his forehead, charging a red merino dress, eyes on fire, tail up and the dust a-flying. Then you'll fetch him. Or, possibly, he may fetch you. But never mind; you'll accomplish something and show you aren't afraid to speak what's on your mind. And that's a great deal more than you would accomplish by the other method. You needn't be cheeky, but you ought to be straightforward.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

When children get a few cents they generally spend them for c&y. When they get older they learn to save their money to buy a $ of l&.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Carrot Culture.

The carrot prefers a light, sandy loam of medium fertility. A good coat of manure, applied to the soil the previous year, will prove of advantage; but if it is manured the same season it should be with guano after the crop is up.

As a Garden Crop.—For garden culture the earliest crop should be sown as soon as the ground is fit to work. Late crops for winter use can be sown any time before the middle of June. The seed should be soaked a couple of days in water; and immediately afterward mixed with a small quantity of ashes or plaster. This will prevent the seed from adhering together and it can then be sown more evenly. Sow in rows fifteen inches apart and cover the seed with about half an inch of soil. Later, the young plants should be thinned to three inches apart in the row. Cultivate diligently, and remove all weeds from the rows. The carrot crop is one of those crops that are irrevocably damaged if the weeds are allowed to get the start. The Early Horn and Stringham are among the best varieties for cooking purposes. For winter use, carrots are most conveniently kept in a cellar, packed in dry sand.

As a Field Crop.—But the carrot is more extensively cultivated as a field crop for food for cattle and horses. For this purpose the Long Orange and Large White Belgian are the best. In good soil these may attain a size of twelve inches long and three inches thick, and give a yield of from 1,200 to 1,400 bushels to the acre. The land, which thoughlight must not suffer from lack of moisture, should be thoroughly pulverized by deep plowing and repeated harrowing. Soak the seed and mix it with ashes or plaster as before, and sow it from the middle of May to the first of June, in rows two feet apart with a seed-drill, taking care that it does not clog in the hopper. Hoe the crop as soon as the rows can be seen, and when a couple of inches high, the plants should be thinned to six or seven inches apart. After this, the horse-cultivator should go through the plat at least once a fortnight, long as the crop is growing. In the fall, when the roots are taken up, they should be allowed to dry in the sun for a couple of days after the tops are cut off, before they are put up for winter use. They may be stored in a cellar, out-of-doors, or in pits, like potatoes and turnips, but having a greater tendency to decay than these, when put together in large quantities, they should be placed in small heaps only.

A crop of carrots is somewhat more expensive to raise than a crop of turnips, but for winter and spring feed, both for horses and cattle, they are said to be better than any other root crop. Fed in moderate quantities, they strengthen the digestive organs of the animals and help to assimilate other food eaten in connection with them. Experienced dairymen maintained that carrots fed to milch cows, not only increase the flow of milk, but that they impart a flavor to the milk similar to that from green pasturage, and that the butter from cows fed on the Orange varieties acquires a color like summer butter. The following analysis gives the composition of carrots:

Water	87.5
Albumen and casein	0.6
Sugar	5.4
Fat	1.2
Gum	1.0
Woody fiber	3.3
Ash	1.0
	100.00

—*Rural New Yorker.*

House-top Gardening.

A really serious effort is being made to establish house-top gardening in our city, says a New York letter. All the sanitary objections which have been made to it at one time or another have been easily waved aside by our skillful inventors in styles of roofing. Having seen these blossoming upper surfaces arranged in Europe with many pleasant consequences, it is impossible not to look forward to the possibility of their general uses with eagerness. It is proposed to have one part of the roof glassed over, and the other part covered with a wire netting to keep the mischievous sparrow from despoiling the tender vegetation, and also to prevent a heedless foot from treading upon nothing at all over the eaves. A summer evening, with easy garden chairs, tea-trays, with glasses and unmentionable delicacies of cooling liquids standing in readiness upon them, are said to be as certain a luxury awaiting the future New Yorker as is a new moon once a month or a Black Friday once in a dozen years.

Of course, the garden summit to a home will protect scuttles down which the burglar lately finds an easy and undisturbed opportunity to enter a house. Incredible as it may appear, in our own block nine huge trunks were lifted up through this necessary aperture to a neighboring roof, where every article of value in a whole family wardrobe for summer uses was removed unnoticed and carried away, nobody has yet learned where, and the trunks themselves were left to be returned to the attic, to be again refilled with costly marketable fineries for future roof burglars.

A Relish for Farm Stock.

The importance of an occasional relish of salt and wood ashes for all kinds of stock, says the New York *World*, cannot be too highly appreciated. The most convenient form in which these materials are offered, according to feeders of wide experience, is in a solid mass, which admits of diligent licking on the part of the animal without gaining more of the mixture than is desirable. In order to mix these ingredients so that a solid mass may be formed, take salt and pure wood ashes in the proportion of pound for pound, with water sufficient to hold the mixture together. To preserve the mixture in a solid state place it in trough or boxes sheltered sufficiently to keep rain and snow from reaching it and converting it into an alkaline pickle. These troughs with their tempting contents prove efficient as baits for alluring animals, turned out on long runs during the day, home at night.

When cattle chew leather, wood and old bones, remember that it indicates a lack of phosphate of lime in their food, which is required to supply bone material. A teaspoonful of bone meal given daily with their grain will correct the habit and supply the deficiency which induces it. If the disposition to eat bones is indulged in when cows are on grass, the deficiency evidently exists in the soil, and the pasture will be greatly benefited by a top dressing of bone dust. Two or three hundred pounds to the acre, sown broadcast, will repay attending expenses in a better yield and quality of milk and butter.

Leaves in Cookery.

An English writer, speaking of the culinary uses for leaves, says that one of the most useful and harmless of all leaves for flavoring is that of the common syringa. When cucumbers are scarce these are a perfect substitute in salads, where that flavor is desired. Again the young leaves of the cucumber itself have a wonderful similarity in taste to that fruit. Carrot tops may be used, and a prodigious waste is suffered in not using the external leaves and blanched footstalks of the celery plant. The young leaves of the gooseberry added to bottled fruit give a fresher flavor and a greener color to pies and tarts. The leaves of the flowering currant give a sort of intermediate flavor between black currants and red. Orange, citron and lemon leaves impart a flavoring equal to that of the fruit and rind combined, and somewhat different from both. A few leaves added to pies, or boiled in the milk, used to bake with rice, or formed into crusts or paste, impart an admirable "bouquet." An infusion can be made of either the green or dry leaves, and a tea or tablespoonful used. Peach leaves give the flavor of bitter almonds.

Mulching Trees.

During warm weather the mulching of young trees is a decided advantage to their growth, particularly the first season after planting. Many young trees have, after planting, started out well, and as soon as the warm dry season came, withered up and died, whereas if they had been mulched they would have prospered finely. Mulching is done by placing a layer of coarse manure from three to six inches deep, extending one or two feet further in each direction than the roots. This protects the earth about the roots against drying or baking with wind and sun, retains to it the requisite moisture and obviates all occasion for a practice generally of injurious effects—the watering of newly-planted trees. In case it is not convenient to get manure, cut down grass, weeds, etc., and put about the trees, placing flat stones or boards on top to keep it from blowing away.—*Exchange.*

Words of Wisdom.

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

Few persons have sufficient wisdom to prefer censure, which is useful to them, to praise, which deceives them.

None are so seldom found alone and are so soon tired of their own company as those coxcombs who are on the best terms with themselves.

CONDUCT.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.

It is with antiquity as with ancestry: nations are proud of the one, and individuals of the other. But if they are nothing in themselves, that which is their pride ought to be their humiliation.

When we are young we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

A physician is not angry at the intemperance of a mad patient, nor does he take it ill to be railed at by a man in a fever. Just so should a wise man treat all mankind as a physician does his patient, and look upon them only as sick and extravagant.

Ask the man of adversity how other men act toward him; ask those others how he acts toward them. Adversity is the true touchstone of merit in both; happy if it does not produce the dishonesty of manness in one, and that insolence and pride in the other.

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness; one who loves life and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.

BEAUTY.

What is beauty? Not the show