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Trust.

Sometimes when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart;
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we will say, God knew the best!

White Poppies.

Oh mystic, mighty flower, whose frail white leaves,
Silky and crempled like a banner furled,
Shadow the black mysterious seed that yields
The drop that soothes and lulls a restless world;
Nepenthes for our foe, yet swift to kill,
Holding the knowedge of both good and ill.

The rose for beauty may outshine thee far;
The lily hold herself like some sweet saint
Apart from earthly grief, as is a star
Apart from any fear of earthly taint;
The snowy poppy like an angel stands
With consolation in her open hands.

Ere history was born, the poets sung
How godlike Thone knew thy compelling power,
And ancient Ceres, by strange sorrows wrung,
Sought sweet oblivion from thy healing flower.
Giver of sleep! Lord of the land of dreams!
Oh simple weed, thou art not what man deems.

The clear-eyed Grecks saw oft their god of sleep
Wandering about through the black mid night hours,
Soothing the restless couch with slumbers deep,
And scattering thy medicated flowers,
Till hands were folded for their final rest,
Clasping white poppies o'er a pulseless breast

We have a clearer vision; every hour
Kind heart and hands the poppy juices mete,
And panting sufferers bless its kindly power,
And weary ones invoke its peaceful sleep.
Health has its rose and grape and joyful palm,
The poppy to the sick is wine and balm.

I sing the poppy! The frail snowy weed!
The flower of mercy! that within its heart
Doth keep a drop serene for human need,
A drowsy balm for every bitter smart.
For happy hours the rose will idly blow;
The poppy hath a charm for pain and woe.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

FRANZ MULLER'S WIFE.

"Franz, good morning. Whose philosophy is it now? Hegel, Spinosa, Kant, or Dugald Stewart?"

"None of them. I am reading Faust."

"Worse and worse. Better wrestle with philosophies than lose yourself in the clouds. At any rate, if the poets are to send the philosophers to the right about, stick to Shakespeare."

"He is too material. He can't get rid of men and women."

"They are a little better, I should think, than Mephisto. Come, Franz, condescend to cravats and kid gloves, and let us go and see my cousin Christine Stromberg."

"I do not know the young lady."

"Of course not. She has just returned from a Munich school. Her brother Max was at the Lyndons' great party, you remember?"

"I don't remember, Louis. In white cravats and black coats all men look alike."

"But you will go?"

"If you wish it, yes. There are some uncut reviews on the table; amuse yourself while I dress."

"Thanks, I have my cigar case. I lit take a smoke, and think of Christine."

For some reason, quite beyond analysis, Franz did not like this speech. He had never seen Christine Stromberg, but yet he half resented the careless use of her name. It fell upon some soul consciousness like a familiar and personal name, and yet he vainly recalled every phase of his life for any clew to this familiarity.

He was a handsome fellow, with large, clearly cut features, and gray, thoughtful eyes. In a conversation that interested him his eyes lighted up with a singularly beautiful animation, but usually it was as still and passionless as if the soul was away on a dream or a visit. Even the regulation cravat and coat could not destroy his individuality, and Louis looked admiringly at him, and said: "You are still Franz Muller. No one is just like you. I should think Cousin Christine will fall in love with you."

Again Franz's heart resented this speech. It had been waiting for love for many a year, but he could not jest or speculate about it. No one but the thoughtless, favored Louis ever dared to do it before Franz, and no one ever spoke lightly of women before him, but the worst of men are sensitive to the presence of a pure and lofty nature, and are generally willing to respect it.

Franz dreamed of women, but only of noble women, and even for those who fell below his ideal he had a thousand apologies, and a world of pity. It was strange that such a man should have lived thirty years, and never have really loved any mortal woman. But his hour had come at last. As soon as he saw Christine Stromberg he loved her. A strange exaltation possessed him; his face was radiant; he talked and sung with a brilliancy that amazed even those familiar with his rare exhibitions of such moods. And Christine seemed fascinated by his beauty and wit. The hours passed like moments; and when the girl stood watching him down the moonlit avenue, she almost trembled to remember what questions Franz's eyes had asked her, and how strangely familiar the clasp of his hand and the sound of his voice had seemed to her.

"I wonder where I have seen him before," she murmured—"I wonder where it was?" and to this thought she slowly took off one by one her jewels, and brushed out her long black hair; nay, when she fell asleep, it was only to take it up again in dreams.

As for Franz, he was in too far an ecstatic a mood to think of sleep. "One has too few of such god-like moments to steep them in unconsciousness," he said to himself. And so he sat smoking and thinking, and watching the moon sink lower and lower, until it was no longer night, but dawning day.

"In a few hours now I can go and see Christine." At this point in his love he had no other thought. He was too happy to speculate on any probability yet. It was sufficient a present to know that he had found his love, that she lived at a definite number on a definite avenue, and that in six or seven hours more he might see her again.

He chose the earlier number. It was just eleven o'clock when he rung Mr. Stromberg's bell. Mrs. Stromberg passed through the hall as he entered, and greeted him pleasantly. "Christine and I are just going to have breakfast," she said, in her jolly, hearty way. "Come in, Mr. Muller, and have a cup of coffee with us."

Nothing could have delighted Franz so much. Christine was pouring it out as he entered the pretty breakfast parlor. How beautiful she looked in her long loose morning dress! How bewitching were its numerous bows of pale ribbon! He had a sense of hunger immediately, and he knew that he made an excellent breakfast; but of what he ate, or what he drank, he had not the slightest conception.

A cup of coffee passing through Christine's hands necessarily suffered some wonderful change. It could not, and it did not, taste like ordinary coffee. In the same mysterious way chickens, eggs and rolls became sublimated. So they ate, and laughed, and chatted, and I am quite sure that Milton never imagined a meal in Eden half so delightful as that breakfast on the avenue.

When it was over, it came into Franz's heart to offer Christine a ride. They were standing together among the flowers in the bay-window, and the trees outside were in their first tender green, and the spring skies and the spring airs were full of happiness and hope. Christine was arranging and watering her lilies and pansies, and somehow in helping her Franz's hands and hers had lingered happily together. So now love gave to this mortal an immortal's confidence. He never thought of sighing, and fearing, and trembling. His soul had claimed Christine, and he firmly believed that sooner or later she would hear and understand what he had to say to her.

"Shall we ride?" he said, just touching her fingers, and looking at her with eyes and face glowing with a wonderful happiness.

Alas, Christine could think of mamma, and of morning calls, and of what people would say. But Franz overruled every scruple; he conquered mamma, and laughed at society; and before Christine had decided which of her costume's was most becoming, Franz was waiting at the door.

How they rattled up the avenue and through the park! How the green branches waved in triumph, and how the birds sang and gossiped about them! By the time they had arrived at Mount St. Vincent they had forgotten they were mortal. Then the rest in the shady gallery, and the subsidence of love's exaltation into love's silent, tender melancholy, were just as blissful.

They came slowly home, speaking only in glances and monosyllables, but just before they parted, Franz said: "I have been waiting thirty years for you, Christine; to-day my life has blossomed."

And though Christene did not make any audible answer, he thought her blush sufficient; besides she took the lilies from her throat and gave them to him.

Such a dream of true love is given only to the few whom the gods favor. Franz must have stood high in their grace, for it lasted through many sweet weeks and months for him. He followed the Strombergs to Newport, and laid his whole life down at Christine's feet. There was no definite engagement between them, but every one understood that we had come as surely as the end of the season.

Money matters and housekeeping must eventually intrude themselves, but the romance and charm of this one summer of life should be untouched. And Franz was not anxious on this score. His father, a shrewd business man, had early seen that his son was a poet and a dreamer. "It is not the boy's fault," he said to his partner; "he gets it from his grandfather, who was always more out of this world than in it."

So he wisely allowed Franz to follow his natural tastes, and contented himself with carefully investing his fortune in such real estate and securities as he believed would insure a safe, if a slow, increase. He had bought wisely, and Franz's income was a certain and handsome one, with a tendency rather to increase than decrease, and quite sufficient to maintain Christine in all the luxury to which she had been accustomed.

So when he returned to the city he intended to speak to Mr. Stromberg. All he had should be Christine's, and her father should settle the matter just as he thought best for his daughter. In a general way this was understood by all parties, and every one seemed inclined to sympathize with the happy feeling which led the lovers to deprecate during these enchanted days any allusion which tended to dispel the exquisite charm of their young lives' idyl.

Perhaps it would have been better if they had remembered the ancient superstition, and themselves done something to mar their perfect happiness. Polycrates offered his ring to avert the calamity sure to follow unmitigated pleasure or success, and Franz ought perhaps to have also made an effort to propitiate his envious fate.

But he did not, and toward the very end of the season, when the October days had thrown a kind of still melancholy over the world that had been so green and gray, Franz's dream was rudely broken—broken by a Mr. James Barker Clarke, a blustering, vulgar man of fifty, worth three millions. In some way or other he seemed to have a great deal of influence over Mr. Stromberg, who paid him unqualified respect, and over Mrs. Stromberg, who seemed to fear him.

Mr. Stromberg's "private ledger" alone knew the whole secret; for of course money was at the foundation. Indeed, in these days, in all public and private troubles, it is proper to ask, not "Who is she?" but "How much is it?" Franz Muller and James Barker Clarke hated each other on sight. Still Franz had no idea at first that this ugly, uncouth man could ever be a rival to his own handsome person and passionate affection.

In a few days, however, he was compelled to actually consider the possibility of such a thing. Mr. Stromberg had assumed an attitude of such extreme politeness, and Mrs Stromberg avoided him if possible, and if not possible, was constrained and unhappy in the familiar relations that she had accepted so happily all summer. As for Christine, she had constant headaches, and her eyes were often swollen and red with weeping.

At length, without notice, the family left Newport, and went to stay a month with some relative near Boston. A pitiful little note from Christine informed him of this fact; but as he received no information as to the locality of her relative's house, and no invitation to call, he was compelled for the present to do as Christine asked him—wait patiently for their return.

At first he got a few short tender notes, but they were evidently written in such sorrow that he was almost beside himself with grief and anger. When these ceased he went to Boston, and without difficulty found the house where Christine was staying. He was received at first very shyly by Mrs. Stromberg, but when Franz poured out his love and misery, the poor old lady wept bitterly and moaned out that she could not help it, and Christine could not help it, and that they were all very miserable

Finally she was persuaded to let him see Christine, "just for five minutes." The poor girl came to him, a shadow of her gay self, and weeping in his arms, told him he must bid her good-bye forever. The five minutes were lengthened into a long, terrible hour, and Franz went back to New York with the knowledge that in that hour his life had been broken in two for this life.

One night toward the close of November his friend Louis called. "Franz," he said, "have you heard that Christine Stromberg is to marry old Clarke?"

"Yes."

"No one can trust a woman. It is a shame of Christine."

"Louis, speak of what you know. Christine is an angel. If a woman appears to do wrong, there is probably some brute of a man behind her forcing her to do it."

"I thought she was to be your wife."

"She is my wife in soul and feeling. No one, think God, can help that. If I was Clarke I would as willingly marry a corpse as Christine Stromberg. Do not speak of her again, Louis. The poor innocent child! God bless her!" and he burst into a passion of weeping that alarmed his friend for his reason, but which was probably its salvation.

In a week Franz had left for Europe, and the next Christmas Christine and James Barker Clarke were married, and began housekeeping in a style of extravagant splendor. People wondered and exclaimed at Christine's reckless expenditure, her parents advised, her husband scolded; but though she never disputed them, she quietly ignored all their suggestions. She went to Paris, and lived like a princess; Rome, Vienna, and London wondered over her beauty and her splendor; and wherever she went, Franz followed her quietly, haunting her magnificent salons like a wretched specter.

They rarely or never spoke. Beyond a grave inclination of the head, or a look whose profound misery he only understood, she gave him no recognition. The world held her name above reproach, and considered that she had done very well to herself.

Ten years passed away, but the changes they brought were such as the world regards as natural and inevitable. Christine's mother died, and her father married again; and Christine had a son and daughter. Franz watched anxiously to see if this new love would break up the icy coldness of her manners. Sometimes he was conscious of feeling angrily jealous of the children, but he always crushed down the wretched passion. "If Christine loved a flower, would I not love it also?" he asked himself; "and these little ones, what have they done?" So at last he got to separate them entirely from every one but Christine, and to regard them as part and portion of his love.

But at the end of ten years a change came, neither natural or expected Franz was walking moodily about his library one night, when Louis came to tell him of it. Louis was no longer young, and was married now, for he had found out that the beaten track is safest.

"Franz," he said, "have you heard about Clarke? His affairs are frightfully wrong, and he shot himself an hour ago."

"And Christine? Does she know? Who has gone to her?"

"My wife is with her. Clarke shot himself in his own room. Christine was the first to reach him. He left a letter saying he was absolutely ruined."

"Where will Christine and the children go?"

"I suppose to her father's. Not a pleasant place for her now. Christine's step-mother dislikes both her and the children."

Franz said no more, and Louis went away with a feeling of disappointment. "I thought he would have done something for he?" he said to his wife. "Poor Christine will be very poor and dependent."

Ten days after he came home with a different story. "There never was a woman as lucky about money as Cousin Christine," he said. "Hardy & Ball sent her notice to-day that the property at Ryebeach settled on her before her marriage by Mr. Clarke was now at her disposal. It seems the old gentleman anticipated the result of his wild speculations, and in order to provide for his wife, quietly bought and placed in Hardy's charge two beautifully furnished cottages. There is something like an accumulation of sixteen thousand dollars of rentage; and as one is luckily empty, Christine and the children are going there at once. I always thought the property was Hardy's own before. Very thoughtful in Clarke."

"It is not like Clarke one bit. I don't believe in everything. It is some arrangement of Franz Muller's."

"For goodness' sake don't hint such a thing, Lizzie! Christine would not go, and we should have her here very soon. Besides, I don't believe it. Franz took the news very coolly, and he has kept out of my way since."

The next day Louis was more than ever of his wife's opinion. "What do you think, Lizzie? He said Christine came to me to day and asked if Clarke did not once loan me two thousand dollars. I told him Clarke gave me two thousand about the time we were married."

"'Say loaned, Louis,' he answered, 'to oblige me. Here is two thousand, and the interest for six years. Go and pay it to Christine; she must need money.' So I went."

"Is she settled comfortably?"

"Oh, very. Go and see her often. Franz is sure to marry her, and he is growing richer every day."

It seemed as if Louis' prediction would come true. Franz began to drive out every afternoon to Ryebeach. At first he contented himself with just passing Christine's gate. But he soon began to stop for the children, and having taken them to a drive, to rest awhile on the lawn, or in the parlor, while Christine made him a cup of tea.

For Franz tired very easily now, and Christine saw what few others noticed: he had become pale and emaciated, and the least exertion left him weary and breathless. She knew in her heart that it was the last summer he would be with her. Alas! what a pitiful shadow of their first one! It was hard to contrast the ardent, handsome lover of ten years ago with the white, silently happy man who, when October came, had only strength to sit and hold her hand, and gaze with eager, loving eyes into her face.

One day his physician met Louis on Broadway. "Mr. Curtin," he said, "your friend Muller is very ill. I consider his life measured by days, perhaps hours. He has long had organic disease of the heart. It is near the last."

"Does he know it?"

"Yes, he has known it long. Better see him at once."

So Louis went at once. He found Franz calmly making his last preparations for the great event. "I am glad you are come, Louis," he said; "I was going to send for you. See this cabinet full of letters. I have not strength left to destroy them; burn them for me when—when I am gone. This small packet is Christine's dear little notes; bury them with me; there are ten of them, every one ten years old."

"Is that all, dear Franz?"

"Yes; my will has long been made. Except a legacy to yourself all goes to Christine—dear, dear Christine!"

"You love her yet, then, Franz?"

"What do you mean? I have loved her for ages. I shall love her forever. She is the other half of my soul. In some lives I have missed her altogether; let me be thankful that she has come so near to me in this one."

"Do you know what you are saying, Franz?"

"Very clearly, Louis. I have always believed with the oldest philosophers that souls were created in pairs, and that it is permitted them in their toilsome journey to purity and heaven sometimes to meet and comfort each other. Do you think I saw Christine for the first time in your uncle's parlor? Louis, I have fairer and grander memories of her than any linked to this life. I must leave her now for a little. God knows when and where we meet again; but He does know; that is my hope and consolation."

Whatever were Louis's private opinions about Franz's theology, it was impossible to dissent at that hour, and he took his friend's last instructions and farewell with such gentle, solemn feelings as had long been strange to his heart.

In the afternoon Franz was driven out to Christine's. It was the last physical effort he was capable of. No one saw the parting of those two souls. He went with Christine's arms around him, and her lips whispering tender, hopeful farewells. It was noticed, however, that after Franz's death a strange change came over Christine—a beautiful nobility and calmness of character, and a gentle setting of her life to the loftiest aims.

Louis said she had been wonderfully moved by the papers Franz left. The ten letters she had written during the spring-time of their love went to the grave with him, but the rest were of such an extraordinary nature that Louis could not refrain from showing them to his cousin, and then at her request leaving them for her to dispose of. They were indeed letters written to herself under every circumstance of life, and directed to every place in which she had sojourned. In all of them she was addressed as "Beloved Wife of my Soul," and in this way the poor fellow had consoled his breaking, longing heart.

To some of them he had written imaginary answers, but as these all referred to a financial secret known only to the parties concerned in Christine's and his own sacrifice, it was proof positive that he had written only for his own comfort. But it was perhaps well they fell into Christine's hands; she could not but be a better woman for reading the simple records of a strife which set perfect unselfishness and childlike submission as the goal of its duties.

Seven years after Franz's death Christine and her daughter died together of the Roman fever, and James Barker Clarke junior was left sole inheritor of Franz's wealth.

"A German dreamer!"

Ah, well, there are dreamers, and dreamers. And perchance he that seeks fame, and he that seeks gold, and he that seeks power, may all alike, when this shadowy existence is over, look back upon life "as a dream when one awaketh."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Circus Management.

While so much of our wonder and admiration is expended upon the performance of the acrobats, the feats of the lady riders, and the amazing sagacity of the trained animals, in reality the most marvelous thing about the circus is the circus itself; that is, the manner in which this great composite body of men, wagons, beasts, tents and innumerable and indescribable paraphernalia is transported about the country, and made to appear, in working order within the shortest possible space of time. For the benefit of our readers who have not studied the matter out, we will describe the arrangements made by a leading manager for accomplishing this most wonderful undertaking. First a number of capable and intelligent persons are secured, whose business it is to travel ahead and prepare the way for the coming circus. These hire grounds suitable for the purpose, and engage bill-posters, who placard the town with large and brilliantly colored pictorial representations of the performances. They distribute printed bills containing the name of the performers, and also give a description of the procession, and the route it will take in parading through the town. These are distributed in all the villages within a radius of fifteen miles. Lengthened advertisements are also inserted in all the local newspapers, and it is no uncommon thing, as those of us who have lived in small places know, for a general holiday to be held upon the day of their grand procession through the town.

Previous to the company arriving, the "tent men," with the baggage-wagons, proceed to the field, erect the tent, make the ring, and prepare for the various performances, fixing up hurdles, gates and all the requisite paraphernalia. By the time the company arrives everything is prepared. The horses are stabled, watered and fed, the "tableau carriages," as they are called, are washed, and everything made ready for the grand parade, which usually starts from the tent about an hour and a half previous to the first performance. The show commences after the parade, the first one occupying about two hours. After this is over the performers dine, and rest until evening, the second performance commencing about seven, and terminating about ten o'clock. Immediately after the last act, the whole of the company are advised at what hour in the morning they will be required to start for the next place. This of course depends, in a great measure, upon the length of the journey and the state of the roads. The usual time for starting is about five o'clock, and they travel at the rate of five or six miles an hour. The tent and baggage men leave earlier. Many of the principal members of the company have their own living carriages, which are fitted up with every convenience, and a very jolly and healthy life the occupants lead. Two performances are invariably given each day, consisting of the usual equestrian and gymnastic feats, horse and pony racing, hurdle leaping, and Roman chariot races.

New and Stale Bread.

The nature of the difference between new and stale bread is far from being known. It is only lately that the celebrated French chemist, Boussingault, instituted an inquiry into it, from which it results that the difference is not the consequence of dessication, but solely of the cooling of the bread. If we take fresh bread into the cellar, or to any place where it cannot dry, the inner part of the loaf, it is true, is found to be crumby, but the crust has become soft and is no longer brittle. If stale bread is taken back into the oven again it assumes all the qualities of fresh baked bread, although in the hot oven it must undoubtedly have lost part of its moisture. M. Boussingault has made a fresh loaf of bread the subject of minute investigation, and the results are anything but uninteresting. New bread, in its smallest parts, is so soft, clammy, flexible and glutinous (in consequence of the starch during the process of fermenting and baking being changed into mucilaginous dextrine) that by mastication it is with greater difficulty separated and reduced to smaller pieces, and in its smallest parts is less under the influence of the saliva and digestive juices. It consequently forms itself into hard balls by careless and hasty mastication and deglutition, becomes coated over by saliva and slime, and in this state enters the stomach. The gastric juice being unable to penetrate such hard masses, and being scarcely able even to act upon the surface of them, they frequently remain in the stomach unchanged, and, like foreign bodies, irritate and incommode it, inducing every species of suffering—oppression of the stomach, pain in the chest, disturbed circulation of the blood, congestion and pains in the head, irritation of the brain, and inflammation, apoplectic attacks, cramp and delirium.—*The Miller.*

The Railway up Vesuvius.

The new railway up Vesuvius reduces the time required for the ascent from an hour and a half to eight minutes. It runs almost perpendicularly at an angle of seventy degrees. The train, says a correspondent of the London *Times*, consists of a single carriage attached to a rope, and carrying ten persons only, and as the ascending carriage starts another, counterbalancing it, comes down from the summit, the weight of each being five tons. The carriages are so constructed that, rising or descending, the passenger sits on a level plane, and whatever emotion or hesitation may be felt on starting changes, before one has risen twenty meters, into a feeling of perfect security. The motion, also, is very gentle and the effect is magnificent, if not, indeed, grandly awful, as when hanging midway against the side of the cone, one looks from the window directly upward or downward along the line, which, its slight incline alone excepted, is perfectly perpendicular. Dismounting at a little station at the summit, one can scarcely be said to clamber to the edge of the crater, for the company have cut a convenient winding path up which all, except the aged, heavy or feeble can walk with ease.

"Are the seeds of the future lying under the leaves of the past?" is the very pertinent inquiry of a knowledge seeker. They may be; or it's barely possible that the seeds of the past are lying under the leaves of the future; or the leaves of the future may be lying under the seeds of the past; or the seeds of the leaves may be lying under the future of the past—at any rate some thing is lying, and if you expect to go through a heated political campaign without it, there's where you dispose of yourself.—*Marathon Independent.*

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

A half gill of soft soap and water, one part of soap to twelve of water, poured at the roots of cabbage plants is recommended as sure death to white grubs.

Salt, it is said, will prevent club root in cabbages. Throw a tablespoonful of fine salt round the root after planting; this will also destroy the cut worm.

Three years trial proves that two spoonsful of saltpeter dissolved in a pail of water will save winter squashes from the borer. Apply once a week.

Avoid if possible an exclusive diet of whole corn for poultry; it may put on fat, but it is not as good for eggs. Let corn be fed as only one among other grains.

A few old rusty nails kept in the vessel out of which fowls daily drink, will be found more conducive to their health than nine-tenths of the nostrum foods.

As it takes no more hoeing or weeding to raise first-class varieties of garden vegetables than it does to raise inferior or indifferent ones, every one see the propriety of choosing the best

Tomato vines should always have some kind of support. The fruit will grow larger, ripen sooner and more easily, and will be better flavored than if the vines are allowed to lie on the ground.

Have a good deal of faith in an overruling Providence, but plow early and often, and use the cultivator as often, with plenty of manure in the hill; then with occasional rains, Providence will never hide a smiling countenance.

The successful farmer does not attempt too much. He concentrates, and the more he does this the greater are his gains. He does not expect large crops from his lands without liberal manuring. He recognizes the necessity of constant study and watchfulness.

The application of sulphur sprinkled upon fowls, while roosting or otherwise, with a pepper box, will destroy vermin. Coal oil applied to their roosts in small quantities will also kill parasites. Two or three drops of whale oil, dropped occasionally on the back of a hen, or any other bird, will kill lice.

The Dust Bath.

This is nature's renovator, and is as necessary for cleansing the feathers of fowls from vermin and promoting the secretions of the skin from impurities as a water or vapor bath is to the human family. If we watch the habits of fowls we will see an instinctive desire in the young and old to have frequent access to the dust heap. Before dusting they will pulverize the material if in lumps and will then adjust their feathers and by the rapid action of their claws are enabled to dust thoroughly, and by shaking rid themselves of lice.

Breeders who value their fowls and look to their comfort and health, usually provide them baths. But there is another class of poultrymen who never think of such things. We say to these go and do likewise, provide ample heaps of road dust, coal ashes, finely sifted sand or wood ashes for your fowls to roll in; have it placed where the genial rays of the sun will keep it warm and dry, and to make it more effectual in removing vermin, mix a pound of the flour of sulphur in the dust heap. Avoid using wood ashes that is wet or has the least moisture in it, as the lye will injure the fowls feet, head and wings. The dust heap should be set in a sunny nook of the fowl-house or outbuilding and should be accessible to the birds at all times. By pursuing this course you will have reason to be thankful, and at the same time you are following nature in her wise commands and teachings, and the benefits of comfort, cleanliness and good health, which must naturally come to your fowls from habitual dusting will more than fully compensate you for your trouble.—*Poultry Monthly.*

Killing Large Weeds.

Some weeds may be effectually exterminated by cutting off the stalks close to the ground with a scythe. The proper time to do this work is soon after they have attained their growth, but before the weeds have matured. The branches of some weeds are so close and compact that they can only be severed from the roots by a hoe, which should be very sharp in order to do the work well and with any degree of ease. Weeds should be cut quite early in the season, in order to prevent the ripening of the seeds that would give trouble another year, if not the same season they grow. The seeds of some weeds will ripen while the petals of the blossoms are still fresh. The appearance of the plant affords no indication of the maturity of the seed, as is the case with grain.

It requires considerable pains to destroy some large weeds, as burdocks, mullens and Canada thistles. The stalks must be cut several inches below the surface of the ground or they will throw up suckers in the same manner as trees and bushes. A sharp spade or a narrow steel blade fixed to a handle is the best implement to use for the purpose. After the stalk is cut and removed it is well to drop a handful of salt on the stump that may remain in the earth. A drop of sulphuric acid applied with the end of a stick is effectual in destroying the life of the roots of weeds. Strong lye, paris green, or London purple may also be employed for the same purposes with most excellent results. It is always best to make sure work with large and troublesome weeds.

Pictures.

Castile soap and water can be used on oil paintings without danger, care being taken, of course, not to wet the back, or let water through the cracks.

For the ordinary dusting of pictures a silk handkerchief should be used.

Heavy gilt frames are appropriate for oil paintings.

An engraving would be made to appear cold by a bright and heavy gilt frame, though sometimes a plain, unburnished one looks well. Of course a margin of white paper is needed between the printed surface and the frame, so as not to mar or make the contrast of brilliancy too violent.

For hanging use copper or silver wire. Moths eat out the inside of the cord. Water in which onions have been boiled, rubbed lightly over the frames, will keep insects away from them.

To Keep Wagon Tires on the Wheels.

A practical mechanic suggests a method of so putting tires on wagons that they will not get loose or require resetting. He says he ironed a wagon some years ago for his own use, and, before putting on the tires, he filled the felloes with linseed oil, and the tires have worn out and were never loose. This method is as follows: He used a long cast-iron heater made for the purpose; the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felloe an hour. The timber should be dry, as green timber will not take oil. Care should be taken that the oil is not made hotter than a boiling heat, or the timber will be burned. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of injury by water, and is rendered much more durable by this process.

French Bread.

As a rule French bread is always sweet and good, and two things contribute in a great degree to this—that is, the manner and form of baking. They never make a thick loaf; no matter what the size and shape, it is always thin, and more than two-thirds crust. They bake their bread until it is perfectly cooked. The loaves being so thin, the heat strikes through them very soon after they are placed in the oven; hence all the fermentation is stopped, while in the case of large loaves fermentation continues to go on after the bread has been in the oven for some time, and of course much of the sweetness is lost. Then in baking so long and having so much crust, there is a peculiar sweetness given which can be attained in no other way.

Only a Cripple.

Here is an incident, true in every detail, which may serve as a text for some of our readers to preach themselves a sermon as they idle away the summer Sunday morning on the mountains or by the beach.

Three or four years ago a half-drunken young fellow, driving furiously along a crowded street, ran over a little child and hurt his spine. The boy was the son of a poor cobbler. His bed was a straw pallet on a garret floor. When the injury was pronounced incurable he was removed from the hospital to this bed. There was nothing for him to look forward to but years of misery in the filth and half darkness of the wretched garret. His mother was dead. His father in the shop below could barely keep them from starving. The young fellow who hurt him was sorry, but what could he do? He was a fast clerk on a small salary. Now and then a kindly Irishwoman on the lower floor, as wretched as themselves, would run up to "hearten the creature up a bit;" but that was all. The only view from the square window was the corner of the next roof, and the event of the day for the miserable cripple was to see the cats climb along it, or fight each other. Foul smells and foul language came up from the rooms below to him. There seemed to be no other possible chance for his life than to die down into still more brutal ignorance and misery, and to go out like an ill-smelling flame in the foulest air.

Now, just at that time a little English lad, who had come with his father to visit the Centennial Exposition, while passing along a quiet street of the city in which the cripple lived, saw some pale-faced children peering at him out of the windows of a large house set back among trees. Over the gate was the brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Milless, a business man here, he learned the whereabouts of his wife and of her second marriage. Robeson tells a romantic story of his wanderings and adventures, and of his luck and ill luck. He says that after leaving this county he went direct to the Pike's Peak country and engaged in mining there, but after a short stay left for California. There he was not successful and left for British Columbia, but in a short time returned to California. From there he went to New Zealand with a mining chum, but meeting with bad luck again returned to California. When he arrived in San Francisco he found a letter there for him from a former mining companion who had gone to Australia. He acceded to the request of his old chum and left for Australia, where he resided for several years, was successful, and accumulated several thousand dollars. He then determined to return to this country and to his family. Arriving in California he was led into unfortunate speculations and lost all the money he had saved in Australia. He then returned to mining and worked for seven years in the mines in Nevada, Idaho and Wyoming. Two years ago, when the Leadville mining excitement broke out, he left for that place and located and worked what proved to be rich claims. He now owns twenty residences in that city and runs a large hotel and livery stable, and is worth $300,000. He claims that he wrote several letters home, but received no answers, and concluding that his family was either dead or had left the country, he ceased writing. He left yesterday for Iowa to see his family, make atonement for his conduct, and have them rejoin him and enjoy the luxuries attendant upon his large fortune.

A Woman's Five-minute Call.

Out of a five-minute call a woman will gather inspiration for a good hour's speech when she gets home. She will tell her husband—who is so interested, you know—that Mrs. Stuckup has "new furniture the second time within three years, if I'm not mistaken, and lace curtains with lambrequins and her black silk dress made over and her hair done up in a new way higher than she used to wear it not becoming a bit and her little girl's got her hair banged and all dressed in white and is going to Miss Giddigurl's school in the fall and her cook's gone off mad and she says she's almost tired to death and is going to Swampscott next week and Miss Flirt is going to have young Spoonlington after all and Miss Smith's going to give her a pair of bouquet-holders she says they're good enough for her she got them cheap up to Ragshop's and Miss Ferguson's got a boy lots of hair on his head and looks three months old everybody says and Steve Beaker's awful dissipated they say and that Lovewell girl's father ordered him out of the house and she's been taking on awful and declares she will have him and the Stiggenses have moved out of town and the Browns have lost everything and Mise Smith's bought a whole piece of cotton cloth and—" By this time the husband is asleep or has fled. A man could never make so much out of a week's visit. All he would remember would be that Brown's got a mighty pretty wife, or keeps good cigars, or some other equally inconsequential matter.

Words of Wisdom.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

It is not the same thing to be wise that it is to understand; for many, indeed, are wise in the things of eternity who cannot in any sort understand them. Knowledge is nought if it hath not its use for piety,

Good words do more than hard speeches; as the sunbeams, without any noise, make the traveler cast off his cloak, which all the blustering wind could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him.

The richer one is in moral excellence the nobler should he appear in kind consideration for all around him. Penuriousness and selfishness would bedim all his virtues, as rust will destroy the luster of the most brilliant metal.

It is not the bee's touching on the flowers that gathers the honey, but her abiding for a time upon them, and drawing out the sweet. It is not he that reads most, but he that meditates most on Divine truth, that will prove the choicest, strongest Christian.

A Guano Lizard.

There is displayed in a glass case in Baltimore a living specimen of the guano lizard, lately brought from the Navassa islands in the brig Romanos. This handsome crawler is three feet in length, two-thirds of which is tail, with the head of a crocodile, an enormous mouth, with two dangerous rows of sharp serrated teeth, two pouches or sacs at the base of the jaw, a loose skin of a dirty brown color, and a curious nodosity near the tip of its nose. It is one of the largest of the species ever seen, and on account of the size of the sacs and the nodosity, is supposed to be forty or fifty years old by people who are accustomed to them in the guano islands. It stands its change of quarters remarkably well, and is lively enough, but its vicious temper is exnibited in its wicked-looking eye and its attempt to snap at a hand or stick that is placed near it. Its appetite is excellent, and it manages to get along comfortably on crackers, cabbage, etc.

A MINER'S LUCK.

Returning Wealthy After a Long Absence He Finds His Wife Another Man's Widow.

The following romantic story is told in a recent letter from Mt. Vernon, Ohio: A story coinciding with the romantic incidents narrated in the story of Enoch Arden has been brought to light in this county. Although the parties most interested tried to keep the matter quiet, yet your correspondent has gleaned the facts of the case, which are as follows: In the month of February, 1854, Madison Robeson married Miss Hettie J. White, of Howard township, this county, and lived happily with her for five years. The fruits of the marriage were three boys. During the gold-mining excitement of 1859 Robeson got the "fever" and left for the West to seek his fortune, his objective point being Pike's Peak. At first he wrote at regular intervals long and interesting letters, giving glowing descriptions of the country, and his prospects; then his letters came less frequently and finally ceased to come at all. Years rolled by and nothing was heard of the derelict husband or his whereabouts. His family concluded that he was dead and had either met with some mining accident or had fallen a victim to the vengeance of the red man. Then a Philip Ray put in an appearance and sought Mrs. Robeson's hand in marriage. She finally consented, and after a lapse of fourteen years from the time her husband left was married to Philander Marlow, and left with her new husband and her children for Iowa, where they purchased a small farm near Decorah, and took up their residence there. Her second husband died two years after their removal to Iowa. Her sons have grown to manhood; one of them is married and with his mother is still living on their little farm near Decorah. A few days ago a stranger arrived in this place, who proved, Enoch Arden like, to be the long-lost Robeson. From his brother-in-law, Mr. J. H. Milless, a business man here, he learned the whereabouts of his wife and of her second marriage. Robeson tells a romantic story of his wanderings and adventures, and of his luck and ill luck. He says that after leaving this county he went direct to the Pike's Peak country and engaged in mining there, but after a short stay left for California. There he was not successful and left for British Columbia, but in a short time returned to California. From there he went to New Zealand with a mining chum, but meeting with bad luck again returned to California. When he arrived in San Francisco he found a letter there for him from a former mining companion who had gone to Australia. He acceded to the request of his old chum and left for Australia, where he resided for several years, was successful, and accumulated several thousand dollars. He then determined to return to this country and to his family. Arriving in California he was led into unfortunate speculations and lost all the money he had saved in Australia. He then returned to mining and worked for seven years in the mines in Nevada, Idaho and Wyoming. Two years ago, when the Leadville mining excitement broke out, he left for that place and located and worked what proved to be rich claims. He now owns twenty residences in that city and runs a large hotel and livery stable, and is worth $300,000. He claims that he wrote several letters home, but received no answers, and concluding that his family was either dead or had left the country, he ceased writing. He left yesterday for Iowa to see his family, make atonement for his conduct, and have them rejoin him and enjoy the luxuries attendant upon his large fortune.

MAUD S.

The Fastest Time Yet Put Upon Record in Any Actual Trotting Match.

The most successful trotting meeting ever held in Chicago or the West closed in the presence of an enthusiastic multitude of 7,000 persons, the wonderful performance of William H. Vanderbilt's trotting phenomenon, Maud S., crowning the meeting with a fitting and peculiarly gratifying event. But contrary to general expectation, the long talked of match race between Maud S. and Trinket, the latter Mr. H. C. McDowell's trotting wonder, was a one-sided affair because of the far superior speed possessed by the first mentioned filly. What proved to be a tame and uninteresting race was transformed suddenly into a contest against time, and the fastest mile ever trotted in an actual race was placed to the credit of the splendid chestnut mare, and an official record of 2:13¼ for the mile given her amid the loud huzzas and plaudits of an admiring and enthusiastic assemblage of all classes of people. Rarus has trotted in exhibition trials against time in 2:13¼ and 2:13