

As Good As Medicine.

Circumstances alter cases : Small boy at dinner table—"What! all that for grandpa?" Mamma—"No, darling, it's for you." Small boy—"Oh, what a little bit."

"Johnnie," said mamma to her little son, "didn't I tell you not to eat that candy until after dinner?" Johnnie who licks: "I ain't eating the candy, I'm only thucking the juthe."

"I say, Jenkins, can you tell a young, tender chicken from an old, tough one?" "Of course I can."

"Well, how?" "By the teeth."

"Chickens have no teeth." "No, but I have."

"Speaking of cod, would you say the price has gone up or has risen?" inquired a school-boy of a fishmonger.

"Well," replied the scale scraper, "speaking of cod, I should say it had roes."

When a young lady asked to look at a parasol the clerk said: "Will you please give the shade you want?" "I expect the parasol to give the shade I want," said the young lady.

Somebody estimated that every man who lives to be sixty years old has spent seven months buttoning his shirt collar. Thirty years more ought to be added for hunting up the collar button.

"Did you see the moon over your right shoulder, my dear?" said she to him as they roamed down the walk.

"N-no, not exactly; but I just saw the old man over my left shoulder, and I'll bid you good-night."

An oil producer was requested to give a judgment note for a debt he owed, but firmly refused, saying: "No, sir, I will never sign a judgment note. I did it once, and I came very near having to pay it."

Why does a duck go into the water? For divers reasons. Why does it come out? For sundry reasons. Why does it go back? To liquidate a bill. Why does it come out again? To make a run on the bank.

A Missouri man got caught in a small whirlwind the other day, which raised him just a little way from the ground and shook him until all his buttons fell off. When the thing stopped he muttered: "Reckon I'll have to send for another pound of quinine."

At the bank: Clerk—"What do you wish, sir?" Rufian—"Why, I just dropped in to tell you that I am the man that knocked down and robbed your cashier." Clerk—"Well, sir, I'm very sorry; but you'll have to identify yourself, sir."

Words of Wise Men.

A babe in a house is a well spring of pleasure.—Tupper.

Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.—Dixie.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—Emerson.

Who can all sense of others' ills escape; Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.—JUVENAL.

You may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.—Lsatator.

We should look at the lives of all as at a mirror, and take from others an example for ourselves.—Terence.

It is only necessary to grow old to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.—Goethe.

We should do by our cunning as we do by our courage—always have it ready to defend ourselves, never to offend others.—Greville.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be; For loan oft loses both itself and friend; And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.—SHAKESPEARE.

Life, believe, is not a dream So dark as sages say; Oft a little morning rain Fortells a pleasant day.—CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—Pope.

There are many men who appear to be struggling against poverty, and yet are happy; but yet more, who, although abounding in wealth, are miserable.—Tacitus.

Choose for your friend him that is wise and good, and secret and just, ingenuous and honest, and in those things which have a latitude, use your own liberty.—Jeremy Taylor.

Men of great parts are often unfortunate in the management of public business, because they are apt to go out of the common road by the quickness of the imagination.—Swift.

Though a soldier, in time of peace, is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him 'tis the middle of June.—Tom Brown.

Equality is one of the most consummate soundrels that ever crept from the brain of a political juggler—a fellow who thrusts his hand into the pocket of industry and enterprising talent, and squanders their hard-earned profits on profligate idleness and indolent stupidity.—Langstaff.

Every mind seems capable of entertaining a certain quantity of happiness, which no institutions can increase, no circumstances alter, and entirely independent of fortune. Let any man compare his present fortune with the past, and he will, probably, find himself, upon the whole, neither better nor worse than formerly.—Goldsmith.

Agricultural.

Farm Talks.
The veteran journalist, Ben. Perley Poore, writes thus pleasantly under the head of "Farm Talks" in the *American Cultivator*:

Reading this morning the report of some eulogistic speeches made at a cattle show, it occurred to me that the people of New England do not appreciate the many obligations to the farmers, the pomologists, and the gardeners for the additions they have made to the comforts of social life.

Three hundred years ago the inhabitants of this region subsisted by hunting and fishing. Their meats were the flesh of the moose, the deer, the woodchuck, and the squirrel. Fish, including salmon, was then more abundant than it now is, as dams had not barred our streams, or the waste of factories poisoned their waters.

There was no fruit, unless it may have been a very tart crab-apple. Not a different kind were abundant. Indian corn, which was about the only agricultural product, was not indigenous, but had been brought from the South, and with difficulty coaxed to ripen in a Northern latitude.

The aborigines plucked the earliest ears with the husks and braided several of them together for the next year's crop. The soil was scraped together with the shoulder-blades of a moose, forming a hill in which the corn was planted on an elvise or some other small fish as a fertilizer.

Cattle, which were known to the Indians, now exist here in every variety, and the rest of all varieties. We have the "short-horn Durhams," which combine the qualities of abundant milk, of easy fattening, of early maturity, and of docility in the yoke; we have the Devon, an ancient race, brought by the first settlers of the New England coast, and fitted by their milking qualities for the dairy, by their delicate flesh for the slaughter-house, and by their quickness for farm-work; we have the Arishires, copious givers of milk, strongly inclined to butter, with forms fitted for the butcher; we have the Alderneys and the Jerseys, charming pets for fancy farmers, with their rich milk, itself a cream; and then we have the Dutch or Holstein cattle, the Herefords, the Galloways, and half-a-dozen other fancy breeds, while some of the good qualities of every breed have gradually impregnated the old-fashioned native stock.

The excellence of our cattle is due to the farmers. By judicious crossing animals are created who convert into milk or beef whatever we may give them who give an abundance of milk if milk is wanted, an abundance of fat if beef is desired, and who, coming earlier into the dairy or the market, save a whole year's expense of feeding.

When we come to hogs we wonder how the Indians ever existed without them, although our Hebrew friends do not use any portion or product of the "unclean" animal. They also have been greatly improved by careful breeding, and Col. Lincoln, of Worcester, has rendered them immortal by his reports on them at cattle-shows. He has established the fact that pigs are a happy people. City folks may talk disparagingly about living like a pig. To live like a pig is to live like a gentleman.

Although it is not permitted by the laws of nature that a pig should laugh or even smile, he enjoys the next blessing of humanity—the disposition to grow fat. How easily he goes through the world! He has no fancy stocks to buy, no bank-notes to pay, no indignation meetings to hold. He has no occasion to take the benefit of the bankrupt act, or to have his estate confiscated to defray the expenses of the settlement. Free from all the troubles that disturb the busy world, he is as unconcerned among the changes of the earthly stairs as was the citizen who was awakened in the earliest light of morning by being told day was breaking. "Well," said he, as he turned again to his repose, "let day break—he owes me nothing."

Then there are the sheep in all their varieties, which would be an important element in the agricultural wealth of New England if farmers could be protected against the miserable curs which infest the country, and which in many sections render it impossible to raise a flock of sheep. It is to be hoped that the day will come when the farmer who pays large taxes, and who has a right to have his property protected by the laws, can visit the pasture in which he has a flock of sheep without finding some of them killed and others mangled by the worthless hounds of some city fellow who imagines himself a sportsman, and goes about the country knocking down old fences and killing the small birds so badly needed to destroy insects.

Sheep—Breeds for Various Ends.
Where sheep have been kept in the same locality for several generations the type becomes very much influenced by the soil on which they are kept. On the light dry soils or in hilly regions the pasture is scant, and the winter keep is generally

destitute of succulent food. Under such conditions any brood of sheep will become smaller, finer, and, if on large ranges, more leggy. The wool also varies with both soil and climate, becoming lighter in weight on poorer soils and coarser in fiber on rich soils and in warmer climates. Of course, types as influenced by soil are subject to variations under difference in care and amount of food, as for instance, a light soil furnishing rich food, though small in quantity might, if lightly stocked, grow as large stock as rich soil fully stocked; but this would not be the natural tendency under ordinary circumstances.

The Transhumantes, or traveling Merino flocks of Spain, were slim, long-legged sheep, considering their size, which was due, no doubt, to the scant herbage and the long distance they were accustomed to travel between their summer and winter pastures. Brought to the United States and placed on small ranges, with better feed and care, they increased in size and decreased in length of leg. The same sheep on the rich, cultivated soils of France, and with high feeding became very large, more than double their former size, in a period of sixty years. Selection had something to do with this result, but without the rich food it could never have been accomplished.

The various mutton breeds of England show the effect of soils in establishing types. The Southdown in its early history was bred without particular care in selection, and affords a good instance of what soil will do in establishing a type. They are described as having inhabited the hilly portions of England from the most ancient periods of known history of that country. In the southern part of the country there is a range of low hills underlain with chalk which descend gradually on the south to the seacoast, and on the north merge into rich, cultivated lands. These low hills or "downs" have a dry soil, and are covered with a rich, sweet, dense herbage. Without special care this soil produced such sheep as these, from a description given of them before Eilman took hold of them. "Long and thin in the neck, narrow in the fore-quarters, high in the shoulders, low behind, sharp on the back and with flat ribs, their only points being a good leg." Their mutton, however, chiefly from the excellent character of the pasture, was of the best flavor and highly valued.

The black-faced Scotch sheep, an old breed in Scotland, are another instance of the effect of soil and also climate in the production of a type. They inhabit the hills where Norra's "father fed his flock," where wolves and foxes frequent. They have a life of continual exposure upon bleak and storm-beaten mountains, cold rains and mists, with deep snows in winter; covered in drifts they are many times compelled to subsist on heather, dug from under the snow.

This location and fare produces "a horned breed, the horns of the rams being massive and spirally curved, the muzzle is thick, the eye bright and wild, the body square and compact. They are strong, muscular and active, although not a heavy sheep in net weight of mutton.

On the contrary the low, rich soils have produced the heavy Lincoln and the improved Cotswold and the Leicester. All classes of stock show this adaptation to soil and climate, but none so plainly as sheep.

The lesson to be learned from this is that sheep should be selected with reference to the soil on which they are to be reared and fed. Of course under artificial methods they can be made to do well in localities where they would not do so in a natural state. As a rule the forage on light, dry or hilly soils, being dryer and the grass thinner and perhaps sweeter, is adapted to growing fine wool or light mutton of the best quality, while the heavy soils furnish grass and forage succulent and abundant, well suited for the production of large carcass with early maturity.

The idea advanced by a New York dairyman that breeds should be made adapted to locality is a good one, in so far as it implies that the selection of a breed should be made with reference to its adaptability to the soil. Of course the demands of the nearest and most profitable market must be first taken into account, but, other things being equal, the best success will follow the selection of a class of sheep adapted to the soil and climate where they are to be reared.—*Detroit Post.*

Buying a Parson's Horse.
Major Gale Faxon bought a horse from the pastor of an Austin church, and shortly afterward the following conversation was heard: "You have swindled me with that horse you sold me last week." "How so?" asked the clergyman, very much surprised. "Well, I only had him for three days when he died." "That's very strange. I owned him twenty-three years and worked him hard every day, and never knew him to do that, while I owned him."

A Mother's Touch.

In one of the fierce engagements near Mechanicville a young Lieutenant of a Rhode Island battery had his right foot so shattered by a fragment of a shell that, on reaching Washington after one of those horrible ambulance rides and a journey of a week's duration, he was obliged to undergo amputation of the leg. He telegraphed home, hundreds of miles away, that all was going well, and with a soldier's fortitude composed himself to bear his sufferings alone. Unknown to him, however, his mother, who had read the report of his wound, was hastening to see him. She reached Washington at midnight, and the nurses would have kept her from seeing her son until morning.

One sat by his side, fanning him as he slept, her hand on his feeble, fluctuating pulse. But what woman's heart could resist her leading of a mother then? In the darkness she was finally allowed to glide in and take a place at his side. She touched his pulse as the nurse had done. Not a word had been spoken, but the sleeping boy opened his eyes and said: "That feels like my mother's hand. Who is this beside me? Is it my mother? Turn up the gas and let me see my mother."

The two dear faces met in one long, joyful, sobbing embrace. The gallant fellow, just 21, had his leg amputated on the last day of his three years service, underwent operation after operation, and at last, when death drew nigh, resigned himself in peace, saying: "I have faced death too often to fear it now."

The Experience of a Man who was Nigh Unto Death.
There is a general understanding that freezing to death is an agreeable mode of quitting the world, and many persons who have come near making their exit in that manner confirm the common belief. James Humphrey, a Canadian who nearly froze to death in a recent storm while driving homeward from Wallace town to Aldborough, has given the following description of his experience to the *St. Thomas Times*: "When he felt no longer able to hold the reins with any grip he determined to seek shelter in the first house until well warmed. His tongue became stiff, then his arms, sharp chills ran through his back, and finally it seemed as though his whole body was being congealed, causing an almost total cessation of the heart's action. This condition of extreme suffering and dependency speedily gave place to a feeling of grateful warmth suffusing the system and causing an exhilarating glow. By this time he had reached a house, but he drove on, thinking that nothing was now to be feared. The sleigh, instead of crawling along at a snail's pace appeared to glide through the air with great swiftness, and the horses fairly flew like pigeons. His tongue was moist, his ears were warm, and he felt as though he were passing so quickly that they became indistinguishable black lines. Then the sleigh bells sounded fainter until the chimies disappeared in the distance, the farmer fell gradually into a delicious slumber, which came near being the sleep that knows no waking, and he knew no more until brought to life under a vigorous treatment."

The Stock Sanitarium.

Giving Medicines to Animals.
Prof. D. D. Slade, presents some valuable rules for administering medicines to animals in the November *American Agriculturist*.
In giving a drench to a horse, a horn should be used in preference to the bottle, for fear of breakage. Standing at the right shoulder, raise the head with the left hand under the jaw, and with the right hand pass the lip of the horn into the side of the mouth, and empty its contents, the head being kept up until they are swallowed. If the animal is violent, place a twitch upon the nose to be held by an assistant; or if he refuses to open the mouth, the tongue may be gently held to one side, the horn introduced, quickly emptied, and the tongue liberated at once. Under all circumstances, the greatest gentleness must be exercised. Nothing can be gained by impatience or harsh treatment.

For the ox or cow, liquid medicine is preferable, given from the bottle rather than the horn. The bottle is more manageable, and one is less tempted to use it to pry open the jaws, and perhaps thus lacerate the tongue also. Elevate the head only enough to prevent the liquid running from the mouth. The bottle should not be pushed back far into the throat. The tongue should be left free. The following is a very neat and efficacious method: If standing, place the left side of the animal against a wall, and standing on the right side seize hold of the upper jaw by passing the left arm over the head, and bending the latter far round to the right, slightly elevating it. With the right hand pour the contents of the bottle into the mouth at its angle, using the least possible force.

Look After Your Stock.
It is time that some provision be made for the comfort of farm stock. Where house room is not possible, good shelter can be made easily and cheaply by building rail pens, and covering them with straw, cornstalks, or even leaves from the woods, which can be held in place by brush. The latter is, however, a most shiftless way, but better than no protection.

A farmer that will allow stock to hunt shelter from the cold winds and storms of winter in the corner of fences, or the leeward side of a stable, corn crib or out house of any kind, will be reckless of home comforts to the same degree. More than twice the amount of food will be consumed by a brute which is thus exposed, and even then their condition will be worse in the spring than those that have had shelter and been kept comfortably warm through the winter, and only half-fed.

Straw can be stacked on a frame of wood in such a way as to give protection to a large number of cattle, sheep or horses underneath, and the saving of fodder will pay the cost, for when straw is not protected in some way, half of it is tramped in the mud and lost. Straw racks are best if made substantial, and if so, will answer the purpose for which they are built for years.—*South and West.*

A Young Man's Peril.

They were in to see a lawyer yesterday—Mary Ann and her mother. Mary Ann was a little embarrassed, but the old woman was calm. When they spoke about a breach of promise case, the lawyer asked: "What evidence have you got?" "Mary Ann, produce the letters," commanded the mother, and the girl took the cover off a willow basket and remarked that she thought 927 letters would do to begin on. The other 651 would be produced as soon as the case was fairly before the Court.

"And outside of these letters?" queried the lawyer.
"Mary Ann, produce your diary," said the mother. "Now turn to the heading of 'Promises,' and tell how many times this marriage business was talked over."
"The footing is 214 times," answered the girl.
"Now turn to the heading of 'Darling,' and give us the number of times he has applied the term to you."
"If I have figured right the total is 6254 times."
"I guess you counted pretty straight, for you are good in arithmetic." Now turn to the heading of "Woodbine Cottage," and tell us how many times he has talked of such a home for you after marriage."
"The footing is 1895 times."
"Very well. This lawyer wants to be sure that we've got a case. How many times has Charles Henry said he would die for you?"
"Three hundred and fifty," answered the girl as she turned over a leaf.

"How many times has he called you an angel?"
"Over 11,000, mamma."
"How about squeezing hands?"
"Over 884,000 squeezes."
"And kisses?"
"Nearly 417,000."

Religious Books Among the People.

"If," said the late Daniel Webster to a friend, "religious books are not widely circulated among the masses of this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what is to become of us as a nation," and the thought is one to cause solemn reflection on the part of every patriot and Christian. If truth be not diffused, error will be; if God and his word are not known and received, the devil and his agency will gain the ascendancy; if the evangelical volume does not reach every hamlet, the pages of a corrupt and licentious literature will; if the power of the gospel is not felt through the length and breadth of the land, anarchy and misrule, degradation and misery, corruption and drunkenness, will reign without mitigation or end. Religious papers are as valuable as religious books.—*Exchange.*

A Young Speculator.

A bright-eyed and neatly dressed lad, with Jewish features, was arranged before Justice Smith, in the Toms Police Court, N. Y., on a charge of fighting in the streets. He said his name was Henry Lichtenstein, aged 15 years, of No. 64 Christopher street, and then started these around him by saying that he was a speculator. "Yes, Judge Smith, I know your name, because I used to live opposite you. I am a speculator, and support my mother and sister. I buy goods at pawnbrokers' sales and then pawn them again, usually with a large profit. I make from \$3 to \$15 per week." "Smart boy; you may go," said the Judge.

There's our case,

said the mother, as she deposited basket and diary on the lawyer's table. "Look over the documents, and if you want anything further I can bring in a dozen neighbors to swear to facts. We sue for \$10,000 damages, and we don't settle for less than an eighty-acre farm, with buildings in good repair. We'll call again next week. Good day, sir."

A Wise Request.

The widow, who died in 1880, of a surgeon named Bradshaw, left \$5000 to the English College of Surgeons, as much to the College of Physicians, to provide for an annual lecture to bear his name. The first was given last month by that great surgeon and most cultivated man, Sir James Paget on "Some Rare and New Diseases." It abounds with research and interest. He said that of course many diseases that seem new—Bright's disease, for instance—have merely been overlooked, but however much of what seems to be new we may justly ascribe to previous oversight, there yet seems to be evidence enough that new diseases are in progress of evolution. Of a peculiar joint disease discovered by M. Charcot, Sir James said: "I believe there is not an old specimen (of bones so diseased) in our museums, there is not one in the Musee Dupuytren, I cannot find a notice or illustration of one, and yet this disease is now so far from being rare that Dr. Buzzard has had nine cases under his eye at one time." After giving several other interesting illustrations, Sir James said in all these facts there is enough not indeed to prove, but to justify the belief that we have here examples of diseases which have appeared in this country for the first time within the century, and have since become sufficiently frequent and acquired sufficiently constant and distinctive character to be described in general terms and called by new names. His hypothesis is that such diseases are among the instances of the results of morbid conditions, changing and combining in transmission from parents to offspring. Sir James laid very great stress on the value of museums, in which changes of structure may be preserved for study and comparison. "We ought to have in our museums specimens in which we might study all the gradations of change of structure from type to type, all the changes due to mingling of forms, all varieties of diseases, all hybrid forms. We need to be able to study all these things as the naturalist or comparative anatomist needs his specimens."

Monsieur, Mr. and Mrs.

Those whose knowledge of French is limited to the word "monsieur," and they are legion, may, after reading the following remarks on that word in a French paper, at least congratulate themselves that they pronounce it rightly. Others, again, to whom "deputy," "Neully," and such words offer insuperable obstacles, will be surprised to learn that the pronunciation of "monsieur" is a sort of Parisian shibboleth. It was not till the fifteenth century that "monsieur" was evolved from *meum seniores*. At this time the ending was fully pronounced with its *r*, as in "seigneur" nowadays; but when the word ceased to be exclusively applied to the nobility about the end of the seventeenth century, the frequency of the appellation caused the slurred pronunciation that is so interesting a fact to philologists, and the *r* was dropped. The first syllable which was pronounced "moun" in the sixteenth century, and which has perhaps survived in the nautical word used by Jack Tar, of Dribdin, "moun-seer," became modified to *mo*, though there is a learned dispute as to whether this is not a part of the *langue d'oïl*. Then, "mo-sieu" became "mesieu," which is generally pronounced as "m'sieu" in 1883, or if one wishes to talk as a real *garcon* "m'sen." Perhaps some one in this country will trace for us the vicissitudes of the word "mistress" in its degradation to Mrs., or of master to Mr.

Etiquette in China.

A most ridiculous charge was lately brought against a eunuch named Sun Ying-lul by one of the Censors at Peking. The man was accused of having actually had the impudence to call at the Censor's private house one afternoon, and, not finding him at home, to dare to leave his card. The mere fact that the eunuch should go outside the palace was bad enough, but that he should presume so far as to call upon an officer possessed of the right to address the Throne was nothing less than an outrage, and the man was handed over to the Comptroller of the Household for severe punishment. That functionary, however, reported to the Throne next day that such a person as is described as having committed the offence in question did not exist. There was no eunuch named Sun Ying-lul in the palace. The police have therefore been instructed to find out who it was that assumed the character of a eunuch, and went to call upon the Censor,