

### Woodman, Fell That Tree.

Woodman, fell that tree,  
Spare not a single bough;  
In youth it lapped me  
And I'll get even now.  
'Twas my stern father's hand  
That made it feel so hot.  
And though you think it grand,  
Woodman, spare it not.

The old familiar tree,  
Whose branches were cut down  
And spread all over me—  
Woodman, how it down!  
Lay on thy vigorous stroke!  
Cut out its earth-bound ties;  
Oh, slash that onery oak  
That filled my soul with sighs.

When I, an idle boy,  
Hooked over played,  
In all my gushing joy  
With Tom's two sisters strayed,  
My mother caught me here;  
My father pressed his hand—  
Forgive this foolish tear  
But don't let that oak stand.

My back would ache and sting,  
My dear old woodman friend,  
And here the blows did ring  
As I was forced to bend.  
Down with it, woodman, brave,  
Leave not a single jot,  
While I my old wounds lave—  
Inflicted on this spot.

—Kokuk Gate City.

## NICODEMUS DODGE.

When I was a boy in a printing office in Missouri, a loose-jointed, long-legged, tow-headed, jeans-clad, countrified cub of about sixteen lounged in one day, and without removing his hands from the depths of his trousers' pockets, or taking off his faded ruin of a slouch hat, whose broken brim hung limp and ragged about his ears like a bug eaten cabbage leaf, stared indifferently around, then leaning his hip against the editor's table, crossed his mighty brogans, aimed at a distant fly from a crevice in his upper teeth, laid him low, and said with composure: "Wha's the boss?"

"I am the boss," said the editor, following this curious bit of architecture wondering along up to its clock face with his eye.

"Don't want anybody fur to learn the business, 'tain't likely?"

"Well, I don't know. Would you like to learn it?"

"Pap's so po' he can't run me no mo', so I want to get a show somers, if I can, 'tain't no difference what—I'm strong and hearty, and I don't turn my back on no kind of work, hard nor soft."

"Do you think you would like to learn the printing business?"

"Well, I don't rely k'yer a darn what I do learn, so's I git a chance fur to make my way. I'd jist as soon learn print'n's anything."

"Can you read?"

"Yes—middlesin."

"Write?"

"Well, I've seed people could lay over me that."

"Cipher?"

"Not good enough to keep store, I don't reckon, but as fur as twelve times twelve I ain't noslouch. 'Tother side of that is what gits me."

this mournful spot was a decayed and aged little "frame" house with but one room, one window and no ceiling—it had been a smoke-house a generation before. Nicodemus was given this lonely and ghostly den as a bed-chamber.

The village smarties recognized a treasure in Nicodemus, right away—a butt to play jokes on. It was easy to see that he was inconceivably green and confiding. George Jones had the glory of "perpetrating the first joke on him." He gave him a cigar with a fire-cracker in it, and winked to the crowd to come; the thing exploded presently and swept away the bulk of Nicodemus' eyebrow and eyelashes. He simply said:

"I consider them kind of seeg'ars dangerous," and seemed to suspect nothing. The next evening Nicodemus waylaid George and poured a bucket of ice water over him.

One day, while Nicodemus was in swimming, Tom McElroy "tied" his clothes. Nicodemus made a bonfire of Tom's by way of retaliation.

A third joke was played upon Nicodemus a day or two later—he walked up the middle aisle of the village church, Sunday night, with a stinging handbill pinned upon his shoulders. The joker spent the rest of the night, after church, in the cellar of a deserted house, and Nicodemus sat on the cellar door till toward breakfast time, to make sure that the prisoner remembered that if any noise was made some rough treatment would be the consequence. The cellar had two feet of stagnant water in it, and was bottomed with six inches of soft mud.

But I wander from the point. It was the subject of skeletons that brought this boy back to my recollection. Before a long time had elapsed the village smarties began to feel an uncomfortable consciousness of not having made a very shining success out of their attempts on the simpleton of "Old Shelby." Experiments grew scarce and chary. Now the young doctor came to the rescue. There was delight and applause when he proposed to them the plan of frightening Nicodemus to death, and explained how he was going to do it. He had a noble new skeleton—the skeleton of the late and only local celebrity, Jimmy Finn, the village drunkard—a grisly piece of property he had bought of Jimmy Finn himself, at auction, for fifty dollars, under great competition, when Jimmy lay very sick in the tan-yard a fortnight before his death. The fifty dollars had gone promptly for whisky, and had considerably hurried up the change of ownership in the skeleton. The doctor would put Jimmy Finn's skeleton in Nicodemus' bed.

This was done—about half-past ten in the evening. About Nicodemus' usual bedtime—midnight—the village jokers came creeping stealthily through the jimson weeds and sunflowers toward the lonely frame den. They reached the window and peeped in. There sat the long-legged pauper on his bed in a very short shirt and nothing more. He was dangling his legs contentedly back and forth, and wheezing the music of "Camptown Races" out of a paper overaid comb which he was pressing against his mouth; by him lay a new jew's-harp, a new top, a solid india rubber ball, a handful of painted marbles, five pounds of "store" candy and a well-knawed slab of gingerbread as big and thick as a volume of sheet music. He had sold the skeleton to a traveling quack for three dollars, and was enjoying the result.—From Mark Twain's *New Book, "A Tramp Abroad."*

Money won't do it.

Money can secure so much, and gives in many directions such freedom to the will and so much concrete reality to the fancy, that the man who possesses it frets when he perceives that his power will in other directions do so little. He feels like a potentate who is stopped by some object quite trifling, but quite immovable; or a magician whose genius does not obey him except to secure ends which he is just then seeking to obtain.

Money, for example, will purchase alleviations from pain, skilled attendance, good advice and soft beds, but it will not purchase the dismissal of the pain itself. If you have a cancer, millions are no help. A millionaire may have a toothache, and in toothache feels, on account of the money, which places all dentists at his command, an additional pang.

Here am I, who can buy all the help there is, and of what use is that to my pain?"

The sense that the money will aid volition in so many ways deepens into pain, when it is of the kind in which money is powerless, as it is in almost all serious questions of health. The Marquis of Steyne is not the less aggrieved by his liability to madness because he is so very rich, but the more aggrieved, as a man who knows his own strength to be unusual and finds it just insufficient.

That habitual complaint of the rich, that money will not buy affection or happiness, or even immunity from pain, has in it something of irritation as well as of pathos, and often from an inclination to contend, as of one who is unjustly deprived of something.

The workers have need to be solicitous about health, but it is the rich who coddle themselves; and the reason is not so much the passion for comfort, as the additional sense of the value of health, which their inability to buy with money brings home to them more clearly than to other men. A rich man who wanted water, say in a shipwreck, and could not get it, would feel in his riches, if he thought of them at all, an addition to the pain of his despair; and there are wants nearly as urgent as water toward which money gives just as little aid.

At the Panoptikon of Dresden there is on exhibition a curious piece of mechanism, entitled "Get Up." Over a bed is a dial, the index of which is set over night to the hour at which the sleeper wishes to arise in the morning, which, when it reaches the bed, as a mild preliminary to more decisive action, lights a powerful lamp, so placed as to cast its rays directly on the sluggard. Should this gentle hint fail, five minutes after the bed automatically falls asunder, causing the sleepy occupant to lapse to the floor with a force and suddenness that prove fatal to slumber.

It is the tiny streamlet which is kept in a splutter, by a stick thrust into its waters by a willful boy.

### Punctuality.

Some one defines punctuality to be "fifteen minutes before the time." At any rate, it is not one minute after the time.

I must tell you an anecdote of the first Marquis of Abercorn. He invited a number of friends to dinner. The hour for dinner was five, and all those invited knew it, of course. Well, the hour arrived and but one of the guests had come. Down sat the marquis and this one guest to table. The marquis was punctual, if only one of the others was. By-and-bye another guest dropped in, and was very much mortified to find dinner being eaten. And one by one all the rest came, and were likewise mortified. But the marquis had taught them all a good lesson, and I venture to say that the next time they were invited none of them got in to the coffee only, but were on hand for soup.

General Washington was so very punctual that, on one occasion, some friends who were expecting him at a certain hour, on finding that he had not arrived, all concluded that their watches must have got wrong; and sure enough they had, for Washington soon came, and was not a minute late. No doubt his habits of punctuality helped to make him the great man that he was.

I knew a clergyman once throw himself into the Mississippi river and swim eighteen miles down stream to keep an appointment for afternoon service. I traveled through the Upper Mississippi region shortly after, and for hundreds of miles from the place where he lived, out toward the border, I heard of his great feat. The border men respected such a man, and called him "the minister who made the big swim."

Nor is any one too young to begin the cultivation of habits of punctuality. The boy who is on time at school, on time in class, on time when sent on an errand, and so on, is apt to be the punctual business or professional man. The habit of promptness is likely to cling all through life.

Some persons, on the contrary, go all through life in a slipshod, down-at-the-heel way, and never prosper. They get to a wedding as people are coming off. They are late at church; don't meet their notes, go to protest, and are in trouble generally.

Washington's way was the best. The Marquis of Abercorn was in the right. That Mississippi clergyman did nobly. And these three are good examples for our boys and girls to follow. Never be behind time, and if you can be a little ahead of it, and you will never regret the habit of punctuality.—*Golden Days.*

An "anxious inquirer" writes to know if we can advise a young man to "settle in the West." Yes, we can; but we first advise him to settle at home (if he has anything to settle) and his friends will not hate to part with him so bad.—*Middletown Transcript.*

### A Sure Mosquito Killer.

The Pyrethrum roseum, or "Persian chamomile," is the powdered leaf of a harmless flower growing in Caucasian Asia in great profusion, where for centuries it has been used to rid the natives of unwelcome guests from the insect world. It can be purchased at almost any reliable druggist at about seventy cents per pound, all ready prepared for use.

With a finely powdered dust made from these flowers, the mosquito, the house fly, the wicked flea, and the disgusting cimex lectularius may all be put to flight or murdered. It is only necessary to heap up into a little cone one teaspoonful of the drug pyrethrum, touch it with a lighted match, and watch the thin blue line of smoke as it rises to the ceiling and is wafted through the air, changing the busy drone of insect life into a weak wail of insect woe. Pretty soon down they come plump on to the table and over your paper, pins on their tiny backs, and then sheath their lancets, curl up their hair-like legs, and are no more.

Smoke from the Persian chamomile or its dusty powder, is most efficacious, but the purity of the drug must be assured. It must have a bright buff color, be light, readily burned, and give a pleasant tea-like fragrance; one pinch should kill a dozen flies, confined in a bottle, at once; where it fails of these properties it has been adulterated.

In common use in large or breezy rooms, where from great dilution it fails to kill, it nevertheless produces on insect life, through its volatilized essential oil or resin, undoubted nausea, vertigo, respiratory spasm, and paralysis. It acts upon them through the minute spiracles, the breathing tubes, that stud the surfaces of their little bodies, and form the delicate network of veins in their tiny wings. To human beings it is entirely innoxious and not disagreeable.—*Harper's Bazar.*

### The Get-Up Bedstead.

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### The Workman in Portugal.

In the most civilized countries of tourist-haunted Europe, the beggar and the professional showman are prominent figures in the landscapes. In Italy the mendicants swarm in every gorge, replacing the banditti who have been hunted down by the bersaglieri. In Switzerland they beset you at each pass and col, whining at your heels as you enter the villages and leave them. Even in Germany, where begging is strongly forbidden, they make silent appeals while the carriage changes horses, and jump nimbly along at the side of the forewheel, where they have you at an advantage when pulling up a steep. In the rural districts of Portugal there is no nontense of the kind. There is an excellent system of voluntary relief. The country is decidedly underpopulated, and the peasants, for the most part, are well-to-do. In some provinces they are worse off than in others; but everywhere they are well fed and comfortably clothed; while in the more fertile and populous parts of the north they may be said to be relatively rich. It is not unusual to see a laborer's wife wearing gold ornaments on her person on Sunday of the value of from twenty-five to one hundred dollars. And the good man himself has his gray festa clothing, with buttons of silver on glossy velvet, and rejoices in the dandyism of a spotless white shirt front, lighted up by a gold stud in the central frill. He works hard, to be sure; sometimes his toil, in the long days of midsummer, will extend to sixteen hours; but then he lives uncommonly well. He can even afford to be something of an epicure, and he rejoices in a variety of diet that laborers might well envy. His bill of fare includes beef and bacon, dried codfish—which is the common delicacy of all classes—lard, bread and rice, olives and olive oil, with a luxurious profusion of succulent vegetables. He is allowed gourds and cabbages at discretion, nor can anything be more suitable to a sultry climate. And, like the Frenchman and his nearer neighbor, the Spaniard, he is always something of a cook. Not that he has studied refinements of cuisine; but he can dress the simple ingredients of his banquets in a fashion that is inimitable so far as it goes. The belated wayfarer who is asked to sit down to the stew that has been slowly simmering in the pipkin over the embers—it is, in fact, the Spanish olla podrida—has, assuredly, no cause to complain.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### Later Effects of Sunstroke.

Many persons are killed every year by improper exposure to the heat of the sun. We are all familiar with this sad fact. But it is not so well known that those who apparently fully recover from a sunstroke, are liable to future ailments, as a consequence of the attack.

The inflammation of the nerve-centers, caused by the heat, generally results in permanent changes of their structure or of their substance. Hence, however well the person may be even for years these tissue changes may, at a later period, give rise to impaired health and even to death.

But what is still worse, is that the most frequent consequence is insanity; an insanity, too, of the more violent type, occasioned by an acute inflammation of the membranes of the brain. The inflammation directly affects the gray matter of the cerebral convolutions, on which intelligence depends. This is a calamity worse than to have been stricken dead at once.

We would not unnecessarily alarm any person who has suffered from coup de soleil. But we would impress on such persons the need of taking great care of their health; the necessity of avoiding whatever lowers its tones especially all excess and passion, and whatever tends to disturb the cerebral functions.

We would also let the facts emphasize the need of guarding against an exposure to attack. Parents should teach their children the dangers of undue exposure to the sun's heat. We would also remind those who indulge in alcoholic drinks, that they are especially liable to sunstroke; and that persons who use such drinks seldom recover when they have been attacked by this serious disorder.—*Youth's Companion.*

### Fair Play is a Jewel.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the anecdote which tells of the heroic self-denial of Sir Philip Sidney, as he lay bleeding on the field of Zutphen. His attendants had procured a bottle of wine. Just as the bleeding knight was tasting it he saw a wounded soldier carried by, who cast a longing look on the wine. "My poor fellow, thy necessity is greater than mine," said Sidney, as he ordered the bottle to be given him.

Brave men have not infrequently exhibited a similar self-denying spirit. The late Admiral Farragut records in his journal one such display. It occurred in one of the naval battles of the war of 1813, when the Essex was attacked by two British ships or war.

Lieutenant Cowell, of the Essex, being badly wounded in the leg, was carried into the cockpit, where the surgeons had their hands full. Seeing him, one of the doctors dropped another patient, and proposed to amputate the leg forthwith.

"No, doctor, none of that," answered the gallant officer; "fair play is a jewel. One man's life is as dear as another. I won't cheat any poor fellow out of his turn."

When his turn came, an hour or two after, it was too late. The amputation was performed, but the patient was too weak to survive it.

### Pitch Pine.

From Wilmington, N. C., southward and nearly all the way to Florida, the pitch-pine trees, with their biased sides, attract the attention of the traveler. The land for long stretches are almost worthless, and the only industry, beyond small patches of corn or cotton, is the "boxing" of the pitch-pine trees for the gum, as it is called, and the manufacture of turpentine and resin. There are several kinds of pine trees, including the white, spruce, yellow, Boumany and pitch pine. The latter is the only valuable one for boxing, and differs a little from the yellow pine, with which it is sometimes confounded at the North. The owners of these pine lands generally lease the privilege for the business, and receive about \$125 for a crop, which consists of 10,000 boxes. The boxes are cavities cut into the tree near the ground in such a way as to hold about a quart, and from one to four boxes are cut in each tree, the number depending on its size. One man can attend to and gather the crop of 10,000 boxes during the season, which lasts from March to September. About three quarts of the pitch or gum is the average production of each box, but to secure this amount the bark of the tree above must be hacked away a little every fortnight. Doing this so often, and for successive seasons, removes the bark as high as can be easily reached, while the quantity of the gum constantly decreases, in that it yields less spirit, as the turpentine is called, and then the trees are abandoned. The gum is scraped out of the boxes with a sort of wooden spoon, and at the close of the season, after the pitch on the exposed surface of the tree has become hard, it is removed by scraping, and is only fit for resin, producing no spirit. The gum sells for \$1.50 a barrel to the distillers. From sixteen barrels of the crude gum, which is about the average quantity of the stills, eighty gallons of turpentine and ten barrels of resin are made. The resin sells for from \$1.40 to \$5 per barrel, according to quality, and just about pays for cost of gum and distilling, leaving the spirit, which sells for forty cents a gallon, as the profit of the business. Immense quantities of resin await shipment along the line, and the pleasant odor enters the car windows as we are whirled along. After the trees are unfit for further boxing, and are not suitable for lumber, they are sometimes used to manufacture tar, but the business is not very profitable, and is only done by large companies, who can thus utilize their surplus labor. The trees are cut up into wood, which is piled into a hole in the ground and covered with earth, and then burned, the same charcoal is burned in New York. The heat sweats out the gum, which, uniting with the smoke, runs off through a spout provided for that purpose. A cord of wood will make two barrels of tar, which sells for \$1.50 a barrel, and costs thirty-seven and a half cents to make. The charcoal is then sold for cooking purposes.

### Fifteen Years of Life a Blank.

In a plain but neat little story-and-a-half white house, in Syracuse, N. Y., says a letter from that city, lives a German girl named Amelia Hoesch, who passed her twenty-sixth birthday on the fifteenth of January last. The greater part of her life—fully fifteen years—has been a blank. In her childhood Amelia was considered an unusually bright girl. She early learned to read and write both English and German, and could play the piano with considerable skill. When between ten and eleven years of age she was attacked with fever and ague. This soon developed into hysterical fits, and in a few weeks the girl lost her reason. Her power of speech left her, and her limbs refused to support her. She became a helpless imbecile, and did not leave her bed except when lifted from it. From four to eight times a night and from two to six times a day she was seized with the most violent paroxysms. Many times it was thought that she was drawing her last breath. Medicines of every kind were tried, but without effect. In March, 1879, Dr. A. H. Tankie visited the girl and made a diagnosis of her case. He combined a preparation of his own with one obtained from a professor in Columbia college, New York. The second night after Amelia began taking the preparation she slept all night, something she had not done before in fifteen years. She began to increase in flesh, and in June uttered the first words that she had spoken since she was first attacked. Gradually her powers of speech returned, and with it her memory. The period of her mental slumber is a blank and she is more of a child than a woman, except in years. She tells of what she saw in her childhood and sings the songs that she used to sing in her Sunday-school. Although she has received no instruction since her recovery, she can read, write, figure, and do everything that she did before she lost her reason. When asked about her illness she looks at the questioner in a wondering way—she knows nothing about it. She now weighs about 140 pounds—nearly twice as much as she did before she began taking the preparation. She is a strong, healthy looking young woman. She articulates rather slowly, but her replies are prompt and correct. While talking with the correspondent she said: "I know everything I used to know." She likes to talk, and embraces every opportunity to converse that is offered. The case excites the wonder of physicians, and a great many have called to see the girl.

### The Breakers Broken.

Onward, onward, never higher!  
Upward, upward, never higher!  
Ah! waves, ah! men, shall brave endeavor  
Fall back in froth and foam forever?  
Yet mark those eager crests that hover,  
Like birds, the moving wave-mass over;  
The waves roll back, but they dash on,  
The dry sand drinks them; one by one  
They perish on the beach forlorn.

As they die, a thought emerges  
Ghost-like from the shattered surges;  
"To strive is still to fail; the strongest  
In striving must but suffer longest."

Far sweeter than mad surface-motion  
The dim green depths of unstirred ocean:  
More happy than the windy crest  
A lowly life where love and rest  
House in the chambers of the breast.

—Thomas R. Price

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A capital thing—Cash.  
Stakeholders—Butchers.  
Rifle clubs—Gangs of pickpockets.  
The census shows that New Jersey has 30,000 farmers.

Grasshoppers have devastated the crops in many Kentucky counties.  
Unprofitable employment—Laboring under a mistake.—*Meriden Recorder.*

The yoke of some fashionable suits is of a material differing from that of the waist.  
The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

Gin Siing is the name of a Chinese student who has entered the freshman class at Yale college.

It is said the United States army uses up about half a million pounds of tobacco every year.

Gold fish were first brought from China to England in 1691, and were then a great curiosity.  
A French statistician says there are 8,000 persons in Paris who spend \$10,000 a year and upward.

It takes a whole legislature to change a man's name. A woman can change her's by the act of a single man.

In the prisons of the State of New York there are 3,000 convicts employed at stove molding and hollow ware.

The *Somerville Journal* makes it out that the eagle is the aristocrat of birds, because he moves in the highest circles.

When the phonetic spelling comes into us it will always be rite in order to rite rite, to rite rite, rite—*Andrews Queen.*

On seeing a house being white-washed, a small boy of three asked: "Man, if you please, are you shaving that house?"

"Never mistake perspiration for inspiration," said an old minister in his charge to a young pastor just being ordained.

The way the king of the Sandwich Islands carves a chicken is to take hold of both legs, draw a long breath, and pull for all his worth.

An uncocked phial of oil of pennyroyal left on the ledge of the window or on a table at the head of the bed will drive away mosquitoes.

"Did you catch anything on Sunday, when you went fishing, Johnnie?"

"Nothing," said Johnnie, "till I go home, and then maybe I didn't."

The crow rarely opens its mouth without caws. It would be a great blessing if this example were universally followed.—*Fonkers Statesman.*

The valley of the Mississippi has 1,257,000 square miles of territory, its waters make about 10,000 miles of navigation, and its valleys give level routes to a vast system of railways.

A good cow ought to produce 8,000 pounds of milk annually; but in this country the average is only about half that, while in Holland 10,000 pounds is only considered a fair yield.

According to statistics collected by the *Insurance Chronicle*, \$253,018,255 worth of property has been destroyed by fire in the United States during the last five years.

Texas commenced raising wool in 1845, and has now 4,000,000 sheep. It is estimated that Montana will produce this year 80,000,000 pounds of wool, nearly as much as California.

The reason more umbrellas than watermelons are stolen, is thought to be because the thief doesn't have to plug the umbrella. It is always ripe for the harvest.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

There are many unpleasant things in this vale of tears, but a collar with a button-hole large enough to stick your head through will cause you about as much trouble as the rest of them.

Some mean fellow has said that when one talks to women he must choose between lying or displeasing them, and that the only middle course is to hold one's tongue.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Why don't you get married?" said a young lady to a bachelor acquaintance who was on a visit. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to take me, and have not yet succeeded," was the reply. "Then you haven't been your own way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

Rev. Mr. Clough, of the American Baptist mission to the Telooogos, South India, says in the *Missionary Magazine*: In five different hamlets the idols were all given up to me; two of these we had been trying to get for some years. The whole number of idols given up was about 100, and all but twenty were shapeless stones.