A GUEST.

A guest is waiting at the door
That I rejoice to see;
Because I know he is coming here
To talk awhile with me.

This is an entertaining guest;
He's witty and he's wise.
I think—he sees so many things—
He has a thousand eyes.

A power most responsible
And great this guest doth wield;
He's braver than than the knight of old
Who hid behind his shield.

He loveth human progress well—
Oh, many a one he's taught!
And as the farmer scatters seed,
He broadly scatters thought.

He knows of all that's going on
Of interest on the earth,
And patiently he tells the news
Beside how many a hearth!

In the retirement of my home
This friend doth bring to me
The words heard in the drawing room
And brilliant coterie.

Howe'er the day may brightly close,
It seemeth incomplete
Whene'er this entertaining guest—
This friend—I fail to meet.

THE NEWSPAPER.

—*Rochester Union Advertiser.*

COMING BACK.

Up in a city garret, on a hot June day, a weary woman leaned back in her chair, and pressed her fingers against the eyes that refused longer to see the stitches in the shop-work over which she had toiled from daybreak till now, four o'clock in the afternoon.

From the street, far below her, a voice had only that moment soared upward, calling: "Strawberr ees! strawberr-ees! ripe, red strawberr-ees!"

And, as if by magic, her thoughts turning backward, had carried her to Depdene, the home of her youth, and to a certain lovely June day in her sixteenth year, when she had stood in the strawberry pasture on the Blessing Farm, with her red berries perfuming all the air, and said the words that severed her fate from that of Maurice Blessing, and made her life what it was on this day, almost hopeless and a ceaseless struggle for bread won at the needle's point.

How it all rose up before her! The green pastures sloping upward to the darker green woods, whose tops seemed to touch the deep blue sky, sloping downward to the gray stone wall, with the cold spring leaping out through a wooden trough, among its lower stones.

And below the wall "the thirty-acre mowing" spread out like an immense emerald velvet carpet, with the two-story cream-colored house lifting its piazzed front at the extreme end, just where the shaded lane began, and led from the Blessing Farm out into the village road.

She, the poor orphan girl, had been offered this comfortable home; and she had refused it—for what? For a dream of fame, which had left her toiling in this hot garret, while in the black trunk yonder, the book which was to have made her fortune, refused by one publisher after another, was lying, till she could find courage to thrust it into the fire."

"Scarcely two years!" she sighed, rocking herself to and fro. "And Maurice has sold his farm and gone to Colorado; and I am here, lonely, disappointed, old before my time. Oh, if I could only live that day over again, and be as wise as I am now! For now I know that I love him—now, when it is forever too late!"

Sickening with a sort of calenture among those hot city streets, for one glimpse of her early home, Hester May rose and went to the desk where her worldly wealth was stored.

By the closest economy, she had managed to lay aside a few dollars, for the gloomy purpose of paying the expense of her own sickness and death, when the time should come for her to die among strangers.

From this sacred horde she counted out a sum sufficient to take her to Depdene.

"I will stay only one day," she thought, "and will work all the harder after I return to make up this sum again. But see Depdene, now that it is fairly on my mind, I must! And I will take one more look at the dear old farm before it is in the hands of strangers, and so altered that I shall not know it."

The next day saw her on her way.

The two years of her absence had been years of change to the little country village.

A railway whisked across the hill road from Terrington. Once she would have made the journey in a yellow "stage" drawn by four horses, with John Colney, the crossest and most disagreeable of earthly stage drivers, on the box.

The village, too, was smartened and freshened up—new houses, new fences, a new iron fence around the small, oval park that graced the centre of the town; new names above the gilded fronts of the shops; a new set of giggling misses, on their way to the new brown-stone academy, which stood where she had once thought it an honor to attend the district school, in a plain, one-story structure of faded brick.

No doubt all these alterations were for the better; but they made her heart ache with a sense of loss unspeakable.

And she turned into the shaded lane that led only to the Blessing Farm, dreading to see the old home desecrated by the stranger's hand.

No, there it stood as she had always known it—the very picture of home comfort, the center of all those modest luxuries that a well-to-do farmer, of all other men, most easily commands.

But although the dear old house was unchanged, its inmates were new and strange to her. A stout, middle-aged man, in a white summer suit, with a broad-brimmed hat and cigar, sat on the steps of the piazza, reading a newspaper. A fashionably-dressed lady, some years his junior, swung in a hammock upon the lawn, lost in a novel.

Several children, in broad-brim hats and brown Holland blouses, were making the lives of two nurses a burden to them, further down the lawn, among the elm trees, where a swing had hung from time immemorial.

"City" was stamped on every face and figure that she saw.

Had Maurice sold his place to some rich merchant, who would over-ornament and disfigure it in the modern villa style.

"If one could only live their lives over after they grow older and are taught by experience what is best for them!" thought Hester in her sadness once more.

She would have gone up to the house and asked leave to rest and look around if it had remained in the care of old Farmer Williams and his wife, the tenants of the upper farm.

But she could not face those prosperous, happy "city people," who would look at her with their coldly-curious eyes, and wonder almost audibly, "what she could want," even if they did not absolutely mistake her for a "tramp."

"I wish I could have gone through the strawberry pasture once more," she thought, as she turned back toward the railway station, hungry, tired, and unrefreshed.

At the foot of the lane a gentleman, in a summer suit of silver-gray stood leaning against the bars, with his straw hat drawn down over his eyes so far that he failed to see the stranger's silent approach.

"Will you let me pass, if you please?" said Hester, at last, after waiting some moments.

He wheeled round, as if she had struck him, and stared doubtingly in her face.

She uttered a great cry.

"Maurice! Maurice! I heard that you had sold the farm and gone to Colorado."

"Hester! Can this be you!" he answered.

His eyes seemed to devour her. Words rose to his lips and were forced back again. At last he asked:

"Is your husband here with you, Hester?"

"My husband!"

"Why, yes. I heard that you were married soon after you went to the city."

"You heard wrong, Maurice. I have not been married. I have never even thought of such a thing."

"But why did you go, then, Hester? Why did you leave Depdene? Why did you refuse to marry me, if—if—there was no one else in the way?"

Poor Hester!

She thought of the hot city garret, of the dream of fame that had never been realized, of the unlucky book that was lying in the black trunk, of the little burial hoard so hardly earned and saved.

The tears came quickly to her eyes, obscuring the honest, handsome face on which she gazed.

"Don't cry, Hester," said Maurice Blessing, taking her hand. "And tell me why you would not marry me, dear."

"Because I was a fool!" sobbed Hester.

"Is the folly ended?" asked Maurice, hiding a smile as he bent over her. "Can you not give me a different answer now, Hester? If you can, we will be just the happiest pair on earth, here on the dear old farm."

"But you sold it and went to Colorado," said Hester, wonderingly, "at least I heard so."

"I was a fool, too, Hester; for I went to Colorado, and I was quite willing to sell. But my brother-in-law from the city persuaded me to rent it to him for one year, till I had time to think the matter over. When I came to my senses—although I had not forgotten you, darling—I was very glad that the poor old place was mine still, and I came back some six weeks ago to see it. My sister and her husband and family go back to the city next week, stopping at the mountains on their way. I shall be left alone, with good Mrs. Williams for my housekeeper, and her husband as hired man—just as I was before. Hester, won't you take pity on me, and come and share my home? I have never cared for any one but you."

I do not know in what words Hester answered him. But I see her daily in the cream-colored farmhouse, the very model of an active, bustling, good tempered farmer's wife.

As for the book, she has utterly forgotten it. She needs its recompense no longer, and she is far too happy to care or wish for fame.

Effects of Smoking.

A reporter of a New York paper recently interviewed Dr. W. A. Hammond on the effects of smoking, and he gave the result of his professional experience as follows:

"If children smoke cigars they destroy their nervous systems before they are fully formed, and render themselves liable to neuralgia and various functional diseases of the brain, which are certainly calculated to destroy their mental force. There is also some evidence to show that tobacco in young persons actually interferes with the development of the body in regard to size—that it stunts their physical system. It certainly impairs digestions, for they cannot use tobacco without spitting inordinately. The saliva expelled from their bodies is one of the most important of the digestive fluids and the proper digestion of the food in the stomach is materially interfered with when there is not enough saliva left to mix with their food before it is swallowed. Again, it certainly impairs hearing and eyesight. I have seen several instances of young children having their eyesight injured seriously, if not irreparably, by the use of tobacco. The excessive use of tobacco is injurious to everybody, adults as well as infants, male as well as female."

"Now, as to cigarette-smoking. It is injurious to everybody, practiced as it ordinarily is by inhaling the smoke into the lungs. The use of cigarettes has been increasing to a most extraordinary degree in this country in the last ten years. I have already seen the ill effects of it in my practice, in the production of facial neuralgia, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, sciatica, and an indisposition to mental exertion. In France the difference between those who smoked cigarettes in the polytechnic schools and those who did not, as regarding their position in their class, was so great that the Government has prohibited absolutely the use of tobacco in all the government schools. Sometime ago I was consulted by Commodore Foxhall Parker, then superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, relative to the advisability of allowing the cadets to smoke. He stated in his letter that it was almost an impossibility to prohibit the practice, and he put the question whether it wasn't better to allow them to smoke under regulations than to punish them constantly for violation of rules. I replied that that was a matter of discipline; but that so far as the effects of tobacco were concerned, I had no hesitation in saying that its influence would be injurious to the cadets, and that I had constant evidence of it in my private practice and in the course of my observations otherwise. Commodore Parker replied that he thought what I had said was right."

Weaving is not the only business that looms up.

A Good Farmer.

There is no calling in life that really requires a more varied knowledge than agriculture; and when we think how very short time ago the only requisite that was regarded was simply knowledge enough to do the mechanical work of sowing and reaping, it is really a wonder that our agriculture stands where it does to-day; and when we now look over the millions of cultivated acres in this country, which bud and blossom with the sweetness of the rose, and behold the superior intelligence which cultivate them, it is still more of a wonder that the stupidity of older times should ever have existed. Still, in the midst of all this progress and the improvements which are now found in every department of agriculture, there are those who will persist in shutting their eyes to the utility of intelligence on the farm, and still continue to plod along as their fathers did. It is to such that we desire to make the statement with which this article begins. The farm is no place for the man who does not know anything. Usually he would prove as successful, and more so, in almost any other calling.

A farmer should be educated in the truest sense of the term. Certainly no one will deny that he should be familiar with the sciences which especially pertain to the soil and the growth of plants, and it will not do to argue, as some do, that experiment is better than book-knowledge, for what a man learns by experiment he knows is correct. Science is the result of experiment. Books of science are the result of experiment. Men have spent the time necessary to teach us the needs of plant growth, the requirements of the soil for special purposes, and very much of everything else necessary to make farming a success; and if we now propose to go over the same ground that they have in order to reach the same conclusions we simply show a disposition to waste valuable time. If by analysis of the soil we can ascertain that it lacks those ingredients which the chemist says is necessary for the production of a certain crop, it surely would be folly to keep on experimenting year after year until by chance we should happen to apply the element which is lacking. There are fortunes upon fortunes in the aggregate expended every year in this country for fertilizers which are almost worthless, as applied, and wholly so with reference to the production of the crop which they are intended to help grow. They do not contain the elements which the soil lacks and the crop needs, and so far as any good resulting from their application we might as well try to fertilize the land with our breath. Farming without a knowledge of the science of farming, which includes various sciences, is simply a game of chance—it is the walk of a blind man over strange ground. If such a man should attempt to practice medicine he would be called a quack, and if to practice law, a slyster. The farmer should be pre-eminently a well read man. He should read the gist of all that is freshly written on agriculture, which he can find in any first class agricultural journal. If what he reads is sound he can profit by it, and if what he reads is not sound he can still profit by it by permitting the truth to be more firmly fixed in his mind by contrast.

No one should attempt to conduct a farm without being something of a veterinarian. Knowledge of veterinary science is almost constantly required on the farm, and the lack of it is frequently not only inconvenient but it is expensive. Regularly educated surgeons are often, and in the great majority of instances, difficult to get at, and many a sick animal must necessarily die, or be beyond the possibility of recovery before the services of one can be obtained. We sometimes see expressed in the columns of our country exchanges, the wish that the regular physicians would include veterinary in their practice. This would be of little advantage. The doctors do not know anything, or scarcely anything, with reference to the diseases of animals. Veterinary science is essentially a separate science. There are some principles in common between the science of medicine as applied to man and the brute, but not enough to enable the family physician to be a good horse doctor. Far better would it be for the farmer to qualify himself to treat ordinary cases at least. And now that our industrial colleges have courses in veterinary science, it is not difficult for our young men to acquire some knowledge in this direction.

But besides being a chemist, botanist and veterinarian, the farmer, of all men in the world, should be a general mechanic. He should know something of all the common mechanical arts, from that of building a house to hooping a barrel. Such knowledge would prevent imposition when it was necessary to employ a mechanic, and it would save a great deal of needless expense, not only in the actual outlay for many descriptions of repairs, but in the destruction of implements, resulting often from a neglect to regard the old adage, "a stich in time saves nine." It is often very inconvenient to go to the blacksmith, the wheelwright, or the harnessmaker, when something breaks, and the neglect is frequently the cause of the total destruction of the thing injured.

In this brief outline, therefore, we show that not only is the farm no place for stupidity, but that the farmer should really be a universal genius, and such a man will always be successful as a farmer.—*Western Rural.*

"Given up by Doctors.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."

A Startling Episode in a Church.

OTTAWA, ONT., Jan 13.—An insane man named Walsh deliberately shot himself in the temple this afternoon in the Notre Dame Cathedral, while services were in progress. The congregation composed particularly of ladies, was panic-stricken, and several of the ladies fainted.

No More Gossip.

If we are correctly informed St. Jacobs Oil is now the usual tea party topic in place of the former staple—free gossip. How wise and how much more beneficial!—*Indianapolis Daily Sentinel.*

Jack Fogarty's New Departure.

Jack Fogarty looked changed as he entered the saloon. All the boys saw that something had gone wrong and were quiet for a moment, conjecturing as to what could have swept across the usual even tenor of his way. He did not go over to the bar and call for a "hot Scotch" as was his wont in the long, cold months, nor did he sit down at the second deal table and spread his feet across the top of one of the empty beer kegs; instead he inspected the faces of the half a dozen present with a hasty glance, and then walked over to the stove, opened his hands to catch the warmth, with a half puzzled air.

"Are you sick, old man?" questioned Tom Fletcher, in some surprise, acting as spokesman for the assembled party.

"No," came the low, yet firm reply.

"Been out of town?"

"No."

"Been 'run in' by the cops?"

"No."

"Well, for the love of heaven, take a bowl and tell us what's gone wrong?"

"I'll tell you what's gone wrong," answered Jack, firmly, "but not a bowl; I have drained my last glass."

Checking the demonstrances which were on every man's lips, with a move of his hand which demanded silence, burly Jack Fogarty continued in his blunt, unpolished tone:

"Boys, you known when I left here for home on last Saturday night with my week's wages spent and a brain maddened by whiskey."

All remembered the occasion, remained silent, and the speaker went on:

"When I got to the room where Aunt Peggy and I lived together for five years, the place looked so desolate I felt ashamed of myself. There was no fire, no kindling nor coal to make one, and there was not a bit to eat in the old goods box which served as a cupboard. The old lady was lying on her couch, trembling with the cold, and I cursed her, forgetting that she was over sixty years old. She never said a word about being hungry, but just cried a little bit, and I piled down across the bed, shoes and all and went to sleep. When I awoke Sunday morning, it was from a dream that some one was trying to choke me to death. I felt something cold about my neck, and partially raising up saw that it was Aunt Peggy's arms. They were as cold as ice, dear old wrinkled things, and their touch made me shiver. Her face was hidden from me in the bolster, so I tried to cover the arms and warm them. This I managed to do in a half manner, and then closed my eyes to sleep again. But those old arms were so cold that I could not, so I called to the old lady to give me a show. She did not answer, so after a time I contrived to get out of them, and looking down in her face saw that she was dead. It frightened me nigh on to death to think that she had died so, and I fell to thinking how good she had always been to me, and how when I had beaten and cursed her she had never resented, not even a word. Somehow or other I could not help thinking that I was morally responsible for her death. I thought of the long weeks and months when she, though always in poor health, had had no medicine and some days no food, how I would go off on sprees and leave her all alone for days at a time, and then I concluded that whiskey and Jack Fogarty had together killed her. Before I got up to alarm the neighbors, I made solemn resolution that I would never swallow another drop of liquor. I kissed those dear, dead, dumb lips and whispered in the ever-to-be-deaf ears the resolve I had made, and though her face didn't change, I felt happier and more manly that I had taken a new oath. I did not have money enough to buy the old lady a shroud, and so charity had to put her away. It was rough boys, you bet, and I felt like I deserved to be in the coffin instead of chief and sole mourner. Now, I am going back to my work along shore, and before I go I want to say to you all, that I am through with the past life forever. I had been a bummer long enough, and the first man who tries to lead me off, God help him!"

Jack's story was concluded, and after he had given the boys a parting hand-clasp and left the barroom, Tom Fletcher emptied the contents of his schooner into the saw-dust spittoon, and swore that he would make hash of any white-livered knave who attempted to make light of Jack Fogarty's new departure.

Moving Against Mormonism.

The Ministerial association of Harrisburg has now put its line of action against Mormonism, its prolygamous practice and the evils which grow out of it, into proper shape, that of a petition to Congress and an appeal to the clergy and churches of the State. There must and will not be any hesitation on this subject. The people of the country have been challenged by the leaders of Mormonism, who rely not on the institution which they have set up for its maintenance, but on the technicalities of the law through which to escape with their polutions. These bold, bad men calculate that they can set up and sustain their brothels in the shape of polygamous family relations, and claim that they are exercising the freedom of worshiping God in accordance with the dictates of their own conscience. An adulterer may with equal sense of justice set up the same claim, and bigamy can be defended with the same plea, but neither would stand the test of law. The American people must force Mormon polygamy within the pale of the law, where it can be disposed of—and the way to do this is the plan adopted by the Ministerial Association of Harrisburg, namely, by petitioning Congress to deal directly with the crime. There is every reason to believe that the appeal of the ministers of Harrisburg will be responded to from every quarter of Pennsylvania.

Three Persons Burned to Death.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Jan. 12—The residence of Joseph Posey, an aged Frenchman, living near Cloquette, this State, caught fire from an unknown cause, and all the occupants of the house, Posey and two daughters, aged seven and thirteen, perished in the flames.

The Small-pox at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 12.—The board of health reports thirteen new cases of small-pox to-day. The municipal hospital contains about seventy cases and is crowded to its utmost capacity.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our special correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 14, 1882.

Since I last wrote, a committee on woman's rights has been created in the Senate, a clerk of the committee appointed with a good salary, and, for the first time in history, tramp of political progress, woman has finally planted her official foot in the capitol of the United States. I do not mean to say that individual advanced women have not planted their feet in the Capitol before. Frequenters of that historic pile are tolerably familiar with the faces and forms of Misses Susan B. Anthony, Phoebe Cousins, Mrs. Sara Spencer, Belva K. Lockwood, and Dr. Mary Walker. The last named nondescript, by the way, barely escaped arrest this week, from a new policeman, who saw, for the first time, the picturesque little woman in breeches.

You may have noticed that I have had very little to say about the Guiteau trial, notwithstanding the fact that it attracts so much attention here and elsewhere. The details of the case have been repulsive to me, and I have supposed that your readers have little interest in the horrible business, beyond a desire for its speedy culmination on the scaffold. It has been too long protracted, and the assassin has been given a lamentable fame. His vile photographs are in the shop windows side by side with those of his victim, and, in many windows, the pictures of the late President, his mother, wife, and Guiteau are arranged in groups. Such shocking indecency, it seems to me, deserves hanging. In one window a life size bust in plaster of the loathsome reptilian assassin is displayed, and Guiteau's signature blurs the autograph albums of a large number of ladies of Washington. I have been in the court room but twice during the trial—once on the first day when ex-Secretary Blaine testified, and this week when Judge Porter was arguing in favor of the prayers of the prosecution. Guiteau, looks fatter, grosser and more repulsive than when the trial began; his eyes are sore, and his forehead is covered with red blotches, said to come from a disgraceful disease. It is believed that the case will go to the jury before the close of this week.

Balls, receptions, and dinner parties occupy the attention of all those who are in society, and it is fortunate for our legislators that they are not expected to appear in Congress before noon, and that the House and Senate seldom continue their sessions longer than four o'clock in the afternoon. Since the hours are thus, a member of Congress, after reveling until three or four o'clock in the morning, is occasionally able to piece out the quorum. The festive Member or Senator who is at the theater until eleven o'clock, and then banquets or dances until three in the morning, cannot be in the most favorable condition for scrutinizing tariff and appropriation bills.

C. A. S.

A Surprised Policeman.

"Talk about bold bank burglaries," said a member of the police force this morning. "The slickest steal I ever heard of was the robbery of a bank down in Rhode Island, six or seven years ago. It was a bitter cold night, and a night patrolman noticed a dim light in the bank window, and going up to the door rapped.

"Is that you, patrolman?" asked a voice from within.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Step in an get a heat," said the voice from within. The patrolman stepped inside and encountered a dapper little fellow wearing a green shade over his eyes and a pen behind his ear.

"You're working late to-night," said the patrolman.

"Yes," said the dapper little fellow. "I've been detained to-night straightening up accounts."

The patrolman warmed himself at the roaring big fire that blazed on the hearth, and went out again on his beat. An hour after the patrolman came that way, and still seeing the light through the window rapped again.

"Is that you, patrolman?"

"Yes."

"Come in and warm yourself."

The patrolman accepted the invitation.

"It's a howling cold night," said the man with the green shade over his eyes.

"You bet," said the patrolman.

So he took another heat and returned to his beat. He was rather surprised next day to learn that his fireside friend of the night before had got away with some $90,000 of the bank's funds.

How Butter May be Spoiled.

Good butter may be spoiled in the churning. Over churning ruins the texture and changes the proper waxiness to a disagreeable, sticky greasiness. This is the more easily done in a churn with revolving dashes, which will press the butter against the sides of the churn and squeeze and rub it until it is spoiled. Too long churning spoils the quality of the butter and premature formation of strong flavored acids in it, the full presence of which we call rancidity. It may be spoiled by churning at too high a temperature, by which it is made soft and oily, and of a greasy texture and flavor. No subsequent treatment can remedy this error. It may be spoiled before the cream reaches the churn by keeping it too long, or what is practically the same by keeping it in too warm a place; 50 degrees is about the right temperature if cream is kept a week; if it is kept at 62 degrees, three days are long enough. White spots are produced in butter by over churning, or by having the cream too sour. Either of these faults produces curd in the milk, and the small spots of this cannot be washed out of the butter. White spots are covered up to a large extent by using coloring, which is made of oil as the solvent. But this use of the coloring, being to disguise a fault, and to add an undeserved virtue, is worthy of denunciation.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Small-Pox Epidemic.

PITTSBURG, Jan. 10.—Twenty-six new cases of small-pox were reported to-day, seventeen in this city and nine in Allegheny. There was one death at the Allegheny pest best, the victim being Martin Kruise, about 30 years of age, a stranger in the city. His wife, to whom he was but recently married, lives in Ebensburg, Pa.

My daughter had a very weak back. Peruna cured her. John Orgil, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Headwork in Housekeeping.

We know a noble old lady (now over 82) who used to say that by a little work she could save so much time in housekeeping as to have the afternoon for rest, study, or such work as she might enjoy. This woman had a large family and a great deal to do, so it was not an exceptional case. A great mathematician once said, if he had but three minutes in which to perform a problem, on which his life depended, he would spend two of the minutes in thinking how best to do it; so great did he value the art of reflecting well over the business to be done, even in the great emergencies of life. And could we not all vastly better work in this world by more forethought? How much our heads could save our feet in our daily housework! One reason so many women are such efficient workers is just because of this fixed habit. If they had any occasion to go upstairs, they reflect whether there is anything that needs to be taken up, thus saving one or two journeys. The same when they are going down stairs. When the table is cleared, the articles to be taken to the cellar are placed all together on a tray and taken down at once. While the other work is going on, the busy mind runs through and plans out the sewing work that is to be taken up when a leisure time comes. The way of cutting it out, the manner of trimming, and the whole general plan taken up, very likely. Before rising in the morning the breakfast is thoroughly planned, and the order in which the different details are carried out is quite decided upon. It makes all work easier to have it thus planned beforehand, and many a weary woman might secure many bright half hours to herself every week if she would inaugurate the system. It is like packing a trunk—you know how easy it is for one skilled in the business to put in a third more than one who "piles things just as it happens." It is always such a pleasure to look back on a well-passed day and see just what has been done. People whose days are full of idleness and ease do not have the monopoly of happiness, by any means. As uncomfortable people as I have known have been summer boarders from the city, who have nothing to do all summer but to fan themselves. They seemed so utterly overburdened with the task that one could hardly help commiserating them. Occasionally a fly flies flutter into their shady rooms and had to be whisked out, and then there was work in earnest and tribulation enough. Surely these people who have nothing else to bear are rarely able to bear themselves. From what I have seen of both sides, over-worked people do not seem to be so miserable as those who have nothing to do. They have, at least, the noble compensation of feeling that they are of use in the world; that they add largely to the comfort and well-being of others, and that they belong to the producing instead of the mere consumers. To one who has led a busy life, a late idleness would be most intolerable penance. But headwork will lighten labor; so use it liberally and teach the art to those about you. If housekeepers would preserve their health let them save time by headwork.

Jerusalem and its Inhabitants.

According to a letter from Jerusalem printed recently in the London *Record*, there are many persons in the city who hold extreme or fanciful views on religious topics. Eighteen Americans, it is said, arrived there to await the second coming of the Lord. They are respectable, educated and apparently wealthy persons, and are to be followed by others. For many year a half crazy Englishman dressed in gray clothes, and carrying a wooden cross on his shoulders, was wont to address crowds of people in the market places of the city. He recently died at Jaffa. A woman who regards herself as "the bride of Christ," and who had prepared costly dresses in which to receive her Lord, went away to the Jordon recently and never returned. She died and was buried by the natives. A young man is now in Jerusalem to whom it has been revealed that the Ark of Covenant is buried in what is known as the Potter's Field. He is searching for it assiduously. Another who is described as "a rather a gentleman-like Jew," has arrived at Jerusalem and claims to be the Messiah. These instances are sad indeed; and it is pleasant to turn to what is comparatively a brighter side of religious life in Jerusalem. Of the Jews the correspondent of *The Record* writes as follows: "Many Jews have arrived here from Bulgaria and Russia and many more are expected—it is said about eight hundred—an important and embarrassing addition to our already overcrowded Jewish quarter. The Jews are so widely distributed throughout the world that nothing of importance can occur without its reflex being being felt at Jerusalem. A Jewess recently begged of one of the missionaries on the ground that the French were in Tunis, and consequently she had not received her usual remittances. Even the anti-Semetic movement has invaded us, and papers on this side and on that have been read at the German Club. But, on the whole, the Jews have a good time in Jerusalem, and were it not for their poverty would be perfectly happy. They live according to their own law, have their own 'house of judgement,' marry and divorce in their own fashion, and the Chief Rabbi has even the right of requesting the civil authorities to arrest and imprison any of his people."

Illinois School Children to be Vaccinated.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Jan. 12—The secretary of the board of health reports a very gratifying reception of the vaccination order, and estimates that about 450,000 school children will have been vaccinated by January 25th, the period fixed by the board for the exclusion of all unvaccinated children.

A Frightful Accident.

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 13.—A Fatal premature blast occurred to-day near the Deep Run coal pits, about 10 miles from Richmond, on a branch road of the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad, by which Edwin Harris, colored, was instantly killed, and another negro had his face crushed by flying rock.

Ulcerated and itching limbs. Doctors failed. Peruna cured me. Mrs. P. Dawson, Newsburg, Pa.

What has been seen of 1882 gives a very good opinion of it.

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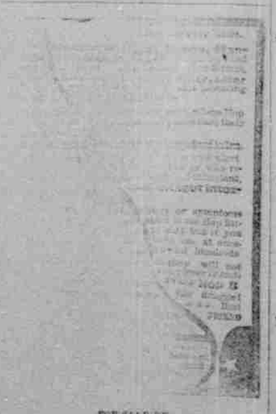

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