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"PRINCE."

He came a stranger to our town, and for the child we bought him,
And never asked the trading man from whom or whence he brought him.
He had a mournful, anxious look, an almost human sighing,
A low-voiced, wistful, piteous call, that made one feel like crying.

But he was steady, kind and true, and that was all we needed,
So no one but the little maid his odd behavior heeded;
And from his stall to pastures green she daily called, cr led him,
Until he learned to know and love the little hand that fed him.

And still she tried to understand his brown eyes, helpless, pleading,
Until we, too, the mystery sought, but somehow failed in reading;
Until one day in early fall, when every glowing ember
From Summer's fires of glory lay beside the young September.

A circus from a distant town came flaunting to the village,
The housewife left her busy toil, the farmer left his tillage;
And we were standing where the sun thro' walnut branches slanting,
Through flickering shade, and Prince came up and stood beside us panting.

The sorrow from his mournful eyes like flying shadows lifted,
As slowly by the pasture bars the gaudy pageant drifted.
But as it passed adown the street, his neighing never heeding,
Great tears came rolling down his cheeks, his cries grew shrill and pleading.

And hour by hour within a ring which he himself was making,
He did the tricks he had been taught, altho' his heart was breaking.
Until we could not bear the grief we knew no why of staying,
And led him where he could not hear the circus minstrels playing.

We placed him in a roomy stall, with other horses near him,
And hour by hour the little maid went out to pet and cheer him;
But at the eve his mistress came and told me, midst her crying,
That in the stable, on the straw, the poor old horse lay dying.

—*The Continent.*

A THANKSGIVING DINNER AND HOW IT FLEW AWAY.

BY H. BUTTERWORTH.

'Honk!'

I spun around like a top, looking nervously in every direction. I was familiar with that sound; I had heard it before, during two summer vacations, at the old farm house on the Cape.

It had been a terror to me. I always put a door, a fence, or a stone wall between me and that sound as speedily as possible.

I had just come down from the city to the Cape for my third summer vacation. I had left the cars with my arms full of bundles, and hurried toward Aunt Targood's.

The cottage stood in from the road. There was a long meadow in front of it. In the meadow were two great oaks and some clusters of lilacs. An old, mossy stone wall protected the grounds from the road, and a long walk ran from the old wooden gate to the door.

It was a sunny day, and my heart was light. The orioles were flaming in the old orchards; the bobolinks were tossing themselves about in the long meadows of timothy, daisies and patches of clover. There was a scent of new mown hay in the air.

In the distance lay the bay, calm and resplendent, with white sails and specks of boats. Beyond it rose Martha's Vineyard, green and cool and bowery, and at its wharf lay a steamer.

I was, as I said, light hearted. I was thinking of rides over the sandy roads at the close of the long, bright days; of excursions on the bay; of clam bakes and picnics.

I was hungry; and before me rose visions of Aunt Targood's fish dinners, roast chickens and berry pies. I was thirsty; but ahead was the old well sweep, and behind, the cool lattice of the dairy window, were pans of milk in abundance.

I tripped on toward the door with light feet, lugging my bundles and beaded with perspiration, but unmindful of all discomforts in the thought of the bright days and good things in store for me.

'Honk! honk!'

My heart gave a bound.

Where did the sound come from?

Out of a cool cluster of innocent looking lilac bushes, I saw a dark object cautiously moving. It seemed to have no head. I knew, however, that it had a head. I had seen it; it had seized me once on the previous summer, and I had been in terror of it during all the rest of the season.

I looked down into the long irregular grass, and saw the head and a very long neck running from a hole in the ground, propelled by the dark body like a snake running from a ball. It was coming toward me, and faster and faster as it approached.

I dropped all my bundles.

In a few flying leaps I returned to the road again, and armed myself with a stick from a pile of cord wood.

'Honk! honk! honk!'

It was a call of triumph. The head was high in the air now. My enemy moved grandly forward, as became the monarch of the great meadow farmyard.

I stood with beating heart, after my retreat.

It was Aunt Targood's gander.

How he enjoyed his triumph, and how small and cowardly he made me feel.

'Honk! honk! honk!'

The geese came out of the lilac bushes, bowing their heads to him in admiration. Then came the goslings—a long procession of awkward, half feathered things; they appeared equally delighted.

The gander seemed to be telling his admiring audience all about it; how a strange girl with many bundles had attempted to cross the yard: how he had driven her back, and had captured her bundles, and now was monarch of the field. He clapped his wings when he had finished his heroic story, and sent forth such a 'honk,' as might have startled a major general.

Then he, with an air of great dignity and coolness, began to examine my baggage.

Among my effects were several pounds of chocolate caramels, done up in brown paper. Aunt Targeed liked chololate caramels and I had brought her a good supply.

He tore off the wrappers quickly. Bit one. It was good. He began to distribute the bon-bons among the geese, and they, with much liberality and good will, among the goslings.

This was too much. I ventured through the gate swinging my cordwood stick.

'Shoo!'

He dropped his head on the ground, and drove it down the walk in a lively waddle toward me.

'Shoo!'

It was Aunt Targood's voice at the door.

He stopped immediately.

His head was in the air again.

'Shoo!'

Out came Aunt Targood with her broom.

She always corrected the gander with the booam. If I were to be whipped I should choose a broom—not the stick.

As soon as he beheld the broom he retired, although with much offended pride and dignity, to the lilac bushes, and the geese and goslings followed him.

'Hester, you dear child, come here. I was expecting you, and had been looking out for you, but missed sight of you. I had forgotten all about the gander.'

We gathered up the bundles and the caramels. I was light hearted again.

How cool was the sitting room, with the woodbine falling about the open windows. Aunt brought me a pitcher of milk and some strawberries, some bread and honey, and a fan.

While I was resting and taking my lunch, I could hear the gander discussing the affairs of the farm yard with the geese. I did not greatly enjoy the discussion. His tone of voice was very proud, and he did not seem to be speaking well of me. I was suspicious that he did not think me a very brave girl. A young person likes to be spoken well of, even by the gander.

Aunt Targood's gander had been the terror of many well meaning people, and of some evil doers, for many years. I have seen tramps and pack peddlers enter the gate and start on toward the door, when there would sound that ringing warning like a war blast, 'honk! honk!' and in a few minutes these unwelcome people would be gone. Farmhouse boarders from the city would sometimes enter the yard, thinking to draw water by the old well sweep; in a few minutes it was customary to hear shrieks, and to see women and children flying over the walls, followed by air rending 'honks,' and jubilant cackles from the victorious gander and his admiring family.

Aunt Targood sometimes took summer boarders. Among those that I remember was Rev. Mr. Bonney, a fervent souled Methodist preacher. He put the gander to flight with the cart whip, on the second day after his arrival, and seemingly to Aunt's great grief; but he never was troubled by the feathered tyrant again.

Young couples sometimes came to Father Bonney to be married, and, one summer afternoon, there rode up to the gate a very young couple, whom we afterwards learned "had run away," or rather, had attempted to get married without their parents' approval. The young bridegroom hitched the horse, and helped from the carriage the gayly dressed miss he expected to make his wife. They started up the walk upon the run, as though they expected to be followed and haste was necessary to prevent the failure of their plans.

'Honk!'

They stopped. It was a voice of authority.

'Just look at him!' said the bride. 'Oh! oh!'

The bridegroom cried 'Shoo,' but he might as well have said 'shoo' to a steam engine.

On came the gander, with his head and neck upon the ground. He seized the lad by the calf of his leg, and made an immediate application of his wings. The latter seemed to think he had been attacked by dragoons. As soon as he could shake him off he ran. So did the bride, but in another direction; and while the two were thus perplexed and discomfited, the bride's father appeared in a carriage, and gave her a most forcible invitation to ride home with him. She accepted it without discussion. What became of the bridegroom, or how the matter ended, we never knew.

'Aunt, what makes you keep that gander, year after year?' said I, one evening, as we were sitting on the lawn before the door. 'Is it because he is a kind of watch dog, and keeps troublesome people away?'

'No, child, no; I do not wish to keep most people away, not well behaved people, nor to distress or annoy anyone. The fact is, there is a story about that gander that I do not like to speak of to everyone—something that makes me feel tender toward him; so that if he needs a whipping, I would rather do it. He knows something that no one else knows. I could not have him killed or sent away. You have heard me speak of Nathaniel, my oldest boy?'

'Yes.'

'That is his picture in my room, you know. He was a good boy to me. He loved his mother. I loved Nathaniel—you cannot think how much I loved Nathaniel. It was on my account that he went away.'

'The farm did not produce enough for us all; Nathaniel, John and I. We worked hard and had a hard time. One year, that was ten years ago, we were sued for our taxes.

'Nathaniel,' said I, 'I will go to taking boarders.'

'Then he looked up at me and said (on, how noble and handsome he appeared to me!):

'Mother, I will go to sea.'

'Where?' asked I, in surprise.

'In a coaster.'

I turned white. How I felt.

'You and John can manage the place,' he continued. 'One of the vessels sails next week—Uncle Aaron's; he offers to take me.'

It seemed best, and he made preparations to go.

'The spring before, Skipper Ben—you have met Skipper Ben—had given me some goose eggs; he had brought them from Canada, and said they were wild goose eggs.

'I set them under hens. In four weeks I had three goslings. I took them into the house at first, but afterward made a pen for them out in the yard. I brought them up myself, and one of those goslings is that gander.'

'Skipper Ben came over to see me the day before Nathaniel was to sail. Aaron came with him.

'I said to Aaron:

'What can I give to Nathaniel to carry to sea with him to make him think of home? Cake, preserves, or apples? I haven't got much; I have done all I can for him, poor boy.'

'Brother looked at me curiously, and said:

'Give him one of those wild geese, and we will fatten it on shipboard and have it for our Thanksgiving dinner.'

'What brother Aaron said pleased me. The young gander was a noble bird, the handsomest of the lot, and I resolved to keep the geese to kill for my own use, and to give him to Nathaniel.

'The next morning—it was late in September—I took leave of Nathaniel. I tried to be calm and cheerful and hopeful. I watched him as he went down the walk with the gander struggling under his arm. A stranger would have laughed, but I did not feel like laughing; it was true that the boys who went coasting were usually gone but a few months and came home hardy and happy; but when poverty compels a mother and son to part, after they have been true to each other, and shared their feelings in common, it seems hard, it seems hard—though I do not like to murmur or complain at anything allotted to me.

'I saw him go over the hill. On the top he stopped and held up the gander. He disappeared; yes, my own Nathaniel disappeared. I think of him now as one who disappeared.

'November came, it was a terrible month on the coast that year. Storm followed storm; the sea-faring people talked constantly of wrecks and losses. I could not sleep on the nights of those high winds. I used to lie awake thinking over all the happy hours I had lived with Nathaniel.

'Thanksgiving week came.

'It was full of an Indian summer brightness after the long storms. The nights were frosty, bright and calm.

'I could sleep on those calm nights.

'One morning I thought I heard a strange sound in the woodland pasture. It was like a wild goose. I listened; it was repeated. I was lying in bed. I started up—I supposed I had been dreaming.

'On the night before thanksgiving I went to bed early, being very tired. The moon was full; the air was calm and still. I was thinking of Nathaniel, and I wondered if he would indeed have the gander for his Thanksgiving dinner; if it would be cooked as well as I would have cooked it, and if he would think of me that day.

'I was just going to sleep, when suddenly I heard a sound that made me start up and hold my breath.

'Honk!'

'I thought it was a dream followed by a nervous shock.

'Honk! honk!'

'There it was again in the yard. I was surely awake and in my senses.

'Honk! Honk! Honk!'

'I heard the geese cackle.

'I got out of bed and lifted the curtain. It was almost as light as day. Instead of two geese there were three. Had one of the neighbor's geese stolen away?

'I should have thought so, and should not have felt disturbed, but for the reason that none of the neighbor's geese had that peculiar call—that horn like tone that I had noticed in mine.

'I went out of the door.

'The third goose looked like the very gander I had given Nathaniel. Could it be?

'I did not sleep. I rose early and went to the crib for some corn.

'It was a gander—a wild gander—that had come in the night. He seemed to know me.

'I trembled all over as though I had seen a ghost. I was so faint that I sat down on the meal chest.

'As I was in that place a bill pecked against the door. The door opened. The strange gander came hobbling over the crib stone and went to the corn bin. He stopped there, looked at me, and gave a sort of glad honk, as though he knew me and was glad to see me.

'I was certain that he was the gander that I had raised, and that Nathaniel had lifted into the air when he gave me his last recognition from the top of the hill.

'It overcame me. It was Thanksgiving. The church bell would soon be ringing as on Sunday. And here was Nathaniel's Thanksgiving dinner; and brother Aaron's—had it flown away? Where was the vessel?

'Years have passed—ten. You know I waited and waited for my boy to come back. December grew dark with its rainy seas; the snows fell; May lighted up the hills, but the vessel never came back. Nathaniel, my Nathaniel, never returned.

'That gander knows something he could tell me if he could talk. Birds have memories. He remembered the corn crib—he remembered something else. I wish he could talk, poor bird! I wish he could talk. I will never sell him, nor kill him, nor have him abused. He knows.'

—*St. Nicholas.*

It is well known among observant poultry-raisers that those breeds of fowls which are large layers and fon-sitters possess an almost insatiate appetite for animal food.

Making Manure.

Too much cannot be said regarding the makins of manure at this season, for now is the time when no other work is pressing and when profitable employment in not ready for all. While a great amount of material may be advantageously placed in the compost heap, and there saved, the quality of the manure should also be considered. As something cannot be derived from nothing, it is apparent that the manure, heat of body, growth and milk must come from the food. Every ounce of food must be provided, and every limit to the allowance is a limit to production. The quantity of the food is no index to what may be expected, for quantity indicates nothing but bulk, asis the case with straw; but quality can only be imparted to the manure by feeding the animals with rich, concentrated food, adding coarser materials for dietary purposes only.

Manure is always rich in carbon, and often in potash, but there is a great difference in the proportions of nitrogen and phosphoric acid. Many substances that are fed contain only traces of those materials, while other matter may excel in either nitrogen or phosphoric acid alone, or both. Clover hay is richer in nitrogen than corn meal is, but corn meal contains the more carbon. The corn, when fed to adult animals which have ceased growth, but which readily take on fat, will be appropriated by the animal, through the agency of the digestive organs, only for the purposes intended. As the matured animal does not need a very large quantity of phospnoric acid and lime for the flesh, it converts the carbon of the corn into fat, storing it in the body upon every available location that may serve as a place for deposit until a large excess is created; but the growing or young animal requires material from which to supply not only fat but bone, muscle and other essentials, the clover hay being more suitable than corn in certain respects.

Manure from the matured animal, therefore is more valuable than that from one that has not completed growth, and it is also evident that, as food is given for the purpose of satisfying the demands of the animal, the material voided is valuable according to the assimilating power of the digestive organs, as every particle of nutritious matter will be extracted if it is needed and can be digested, and manure from concentrated food may be useless if the quantity allowed is insufficient. We derive manure only from the food which we feed, but its quality is regulated by the animal to which feed is given and by the character of the feed itself.

Different kinds of stock, also, produce different kinds of manure, even when fed upon the same food. The manure from a horse is of a different quality from that obtained in the cattle yards. The horse that works daily produces manure unlike that of the idle horse in the stable; and the manure from the barren cow is much richer in nitrogen and phosphoric acid than that collected from a cow in full flow of milk or from one that is expected to calve. It is apparent, then, that certain conditions change the character of the manure, and the computation of the value of manure according to the amount in the heap may mislead many to suppose they possessed much valuable material when the fact may be that it is inferior. A wagon load of manure, hauled several miles to the farm, may not be worth the labor of hauling, and farmers should study these matters well, as they are very important.

PRESENT POWER.

Comfort is never in a hurry. Pain and distress are in hot haste. It is to the "friend in need"—the friend who does something now—that the old adage pays the compliment of being "a friend indeed." That they do not keep the sufferer in suspense is the salient excellence of Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters. The plasters of other days—whether porous or otherwise—said—"Wait until to-morrow: We can promise nothing on the spur of the moment." But pain unrelieved, like hope deferred, maketh the heart sick. Benson's plasters act on application. They permeate, soothe, warm and heal, containing, as they do, chemical and medicinal agents of the highest efficiency. Their motto is now, and the genuine have the word Capcine cut in the middle of each plaster. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York. Nov. 21.

Oysters in Ancient Times.

From the oldest times the oyster has been in demand, and in the shell-heaps of our country and in the kitchen middens of Europe are found the remains of shells. Vitelius was supposed to eat 1000 oysters a day. Calisthenes and Caligula were both fond of the savory mollusk, and Seneca and Cicero were also lovers of them. Lucullus so appreciated them that he had sea water brought to his villa from Campania and bred them for his friends, and to the Roman, Sergius Orata, is due the origin of the oyster park. Louis IX. feasted the famous doctors of Sorbonne once a year on an oyster supper, and invested his cook with an order of nobility for his skill in preparing them. Cervantes, though he satirized oystermen, was fond of their wares, while Marshal Turgot, Rousseau, Helvitius, Diderot, the Abbe Raynal and Voltaire, were all noted for the number of oysters they ate at a sitting, the first named considering 100 as a fair appetizer, while Dr. Gastaldi, the famous epicure, was equal to forty dozen at a sitting.—*Philadelphia Times.*

How often do we hear of the sudden fatal termination of a case of croup, when a young life might have been saved by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral! Be wise in time and keep a bottle of it on hand ready for instant use.

County Schools.

In country districts school life has many more exposures to unhealthy influences than are suffered in towns and cities. For example, it is no uncommon experience for some of the children to walk two or three miles—sometimes double that distance—every day they attend school; and, when the weather is wet and the roads muddy, they are frequently compelled to enter their classes with cold feet and damp clothing and remain in that chilly, uncomfortable condition until the period of recess arrives, or, may be, until their return home in the evening. In winter time, when the roads are icy and slippery, or when the ground is covered with snow, and travel on foot most disagreeable and fatiguing, those who have long distances to walk must hurry their footsteps to escape being tardy in their appearance at roll-call, and, when they enter classes, are all aglow and perspiring. In that condition they take their seats, soon feel chilly and are too sleepy and stupid to take interest in the lessons. At noon, when the hour of dinner arrives, they eat hurriedly the cold food contained in their little baskets and buckets, but not usually with as sharp appetite and good digestion as when they are at home. Immediately after dinner they engage too vigorously in all sorts of play—running, jumping, "chasing the fox," base ball and various other fatiguing and relaxing exercises—so that by the time of the call "to books!" they are as tired and indisposed to study as when they reached school in the morning. Then, after dismissal in the evening, they are more or less exposed to unhealthy influence every day during the school term.

The management of country schools should provide special accommodations for the relief and comfort of children who come with damp clothing and wet feet. This can be easily accomplished in a well-appointed reception room for each sex, where should be kept always on hand and ready for use a sufficient number of pairs of shoes and stockings of different sizes, also several warm wraps with which to clothe and warm the tenderest of the exposed pupils until their own shoes and stockings and other garments are dry enough to put on and they are ready to enter their classes.

Parents who are able to do so should be encouraged to supply the school store room with an extra suit of clothing for each child they send, and no doubt in every community there could be gathered enough subscriptions of that kind from humane well to-do persons and families to meet the wants and needs of the poorer children at school, whose wardrobes are already too scantily supplied to afford them comfort and proper protection in cold weather. Nowadays, however, rubber shoes, gossamer circulars and gum coats have become so cheap and common it would seem that even the poorest families should be able to provide such articles of protection for their children.—*Ex.*

I understand you were at a social hop at Mr. Brown's last night,' said one young man to another.

'Yes, I was there,' was the hesitating reply.

'Did you have a lively time?'

'Well, I should smile.'

'Who all were present on the occasion?'

'Oh, there was the old man, and the old woman, the daughter Mary, she's my girl you know, the three brothers, and a neighbor or two.'

'No more than that for a hop?'

'If you'd seen us, you would have thought it was enough.'

'Why, what did you do?'

'I didn't do much of anything. I only went to see my girl, and the old man, you know, didn't like it, and he walked in, and before I knew anything he hopped on to me. Then Mary hopped on to him, and the old lady hopped on to Mary, and the boys hopped on to the others, and the neighbors came in and I hopped on to my opportunity and got out.'

'It wasn't so awful dang slow after all, was it?'

'Was it? Well, look at my eyes, and this arm in a sling, and this cut on my head, and these sewed up places in my clothes, and then go up and take a squint at Mary and the old man, and the old woman and the boys, and the furniture. Slow? Slow? Well, don't bill me for any more special hops till the spring of 1998.'

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.—*Lima, Republic of Peru:* Senor A. de La E. Delgado, L. L. D., and Counsellor, Tribunal of Justice, Lima, Republic of Peru, says: "One simple application of St. Jacobs Oil cured me completely of rheumatic pains in my left arm. I recommended it to two of my friends, the Mrs. Dona Juana Garcia, widow, and Mr. D. Herman Decker, a German gentleman. Madam Garcia was relieved entirely by the pain-cure from terrible neuralgic pains of ten months standing. Mr. Decker was cured of inexplicable pains by a single application of the cure. My brother used the great remedy for a species of paralysis of the arm. He was entirely relieved from his ailment by one or two applications, after having tried numberless other remedies without effect.

Wealthy Farmers.

It is a question as to what ultimate effect will result from the increasing wealth of the farming class. The pinch of finances that has this fall been more intense than during the months previous, has been largely caused by the decline in prices, and the refusal of the farmers to sell their crops. The tendency of farmers to hold their stuff when prices do not suit is on the increase, and that because they are, as a class, becoming able to do it through increasing wealth. The day of granger oppression is passing away. The rival trunk lines have reduced rates to that degree that a bushel of wheat or corn is now worth more in Kansas and Nebraska than it was ten years ago in Illinois, and as much in Illinois as it was once in Ohio or western New York. At the same time merchandise and farming implements, through a prodigious competition, have certainly not increased in value, and generally can be bought at a bargain for cash. The farmer has nearly become master of the situation. If he cry out against monopoly any more it must be from sheer habit, or because politicians are befooling him. The increasing independence of the agricultural class, and the growing competition among manufacturers and traders, are bound to work a change in the condition of business, but what it will be it is impossible to say. One thing is certain, the farmers of the Northwest have the power in any season, to precipitate a commercial revulsion in this country. When they refuse to give up their grip on the crop, they stop the wheels of trade. They are doing this to a considerable extent now. But there is no law to compel them to sell, unless it is in the shape of an execution when they owe debts that they will not pay. And this suggests a partial remedy against the obduracy of farmers. Country dealers could, and should shorten up their credits to the farmer class. There is no reason why a farmer should be exempt from paying his debts with reasonable promptness any more than any other debtor. A large lumber concern has adopted a wise policy in its Kansas and Nebraska trade. It demands cash or its equivalent, or sells no lumber—at least pursues that method as far as possible. If all kinds of merchants would do the same, the credit of the country would be much improved, the crops have to move more lively than now, and commercial stringencies be less apt to occur.—*Northwestern Lumberman.*

Wisdom which Comes Only with Years.

It is a singular analogy which is offered with the life of human flowers by the growth of those of a frailer and more perishable sort. Fair and sweet and delicate are youth and maidenhood, as the strawbell and anemone and twin linnæas; rich and beautiful are the early years of life, as roses and carnations are; but in the riper, maturer life is strength for vital work that needs must exhaust the earth, so soon is it to be followed by mild decay. Our statesmen do their great work in this season; our poets try their wings in May and June, but their larger flight is now; our novelists write from intuition only till the ripeness of experience comes; our young lawyers may have talent and acumen, but they have not the power that is theirs later with rounded intellect and completer knowledge of life; our young physicians may be fresh from walking famous hospitals abroad, but they have not the habits and mamories of twenty years by night and day at the side of sick beds to make their wisdom seem like genius; our young preachers may tickle the fancy with their airy eloquence and gift of words, but they will not touch the heart as they do when they have tasted all the springs of sorrow and sympathy, the draught that added years, and they alone, shall proffer them. It has needed what is equivalent to the fervent and accumulated heats which belong to the middle of life as of the year, to call out the full force of what is in them, and the flame burns then with all its might, for presently it must fall in ashes, presently the beats will all be gone; no more will the vital efflux of the receding sun send its impulse through the roots of life, no more will soul or flower expand to the rich light of day, but the autumn damps and the chill of the grave will rise round them.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Food for Brain Workers.

The notion that those who work only with their brains need less food than those who labor with their hands has long been proved to be fallacious. Mental labor causes greater waste to tissue than muscular. According to careful estimates, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion. "Without phosphorus, no thought," is a German saying; and the consumption of that essential ingredient of the brain increases in proportion to the amount of labor which this organ is required to perform. The wear and tear of the brain are easily measured by careful examination of the salts in the liquid excretions. The importance of the brain as a working organ is shown by the amount of blood it receives, proportionately greater than that of any other portion of the body. One-fifth of the blood goes to the brain, though its average weight is one-fortieth of that of the body. This fact alone would be sufficient to prove that brain-workers require more food, and even better food than mechanics or farm-hands.

Forty years' experience, in every clime on earth, has proved Ayer's Cherry Pectoral to be the most reliable remedy for colds, coughs,