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ESTABLISHED 1827

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A FREQUENT MISTAKE.

Josiah and I have been on a visit to Alcander and Fidelia Pogram. We had been owin' 'em visits for some time. They're movin' planets, and revolve round considerable, and always have. We are stars, Josiah and me, that are more fixed in our orbits. It wuz on one of Alcanderses revolutions (with of course his satelite Fidelia a revolvin' round him) that they lived neighbor to us for over two years, and I got real attached to Fidelia. She is a conscientious, painstaking woman, and her husband is well off, and naterally good-natured and well-meanin'. But when they wuz first married Fidelia made a Molok of him, and burnt incense before him day and night, burnin' up on that altar all her own perferences and desires, all her chances of recreation and rest, all her own ideals, her own loves.

Never tryin' to lift herself up and look abroad into the sunlight, and foller it outdoors into happiness—no; she jest sot crouched before that altar till her eyes got dim with the smoke of her sacrifice and she couldn't straighten up. And the cloud of incense she wuz offerin' up to him from day to day wuz so heavy between 'em that he'd lost sight of her; and bein' at his feet, instead of by his side where she belonged, he couldn't see her very well, and she seemed to be quite a distance away from him. She had made over by such doin's his naterally generous disposition into a selfish, overbearin' one. He wuz about as innocent as a babe of the way it wus done, and she too. But, take it all in all, she had made about the worst botch of married life that I had ever seen made, and she all the time jest as conscientious and religious as old Job or Zekiel or any of 'em; and he too thought that he wuz jest as good as Obadiah or Jonah or Enoch. And, what made it seem still worse to me, she wuz bringin' up her girl in the same way.

Elinor wuz goin' on twenty-one, and had a bo, Louis Arnold by name. Her ma had told me about it the year before and I had noticed that Elinor looked real rosy and sweet. That wuz in the first days of courtship, and I could see that the spell wuz upon her. The earth wus glorified; the heavens bent down clost to her; she and Louis wuz a walkin' through Eden. But the next time I see Elinor she looked considerable faded and anxious eyed; for all the world her eyes looked like her ma's—lovin' and faithful as a dog's and as anxious lookin' as a dog's when it has been doin' sunthin' and expects a whippin'. I had learn from a neighbor that Louis was of late growin' cool in his attentions to Elinor. And I felt bad, for I mistrusted how it was done. She had sot him up on such a hite that he looked down on her. Good land! with her poster, he had to look down if he see her at all. The neighbor said that it waz's posed that Elinor wuz goin' into a decline, and sez she: "That Louis Arnold is a villian. He paid her attention for a year and won her love, and wuz as good as engaged to her, and she doin' everything under the sun to keep his love, and then he grew cool and drawed off. He is a villian!" she repeated.

"Well, mebby there is blame on both sides."

And agin she s z, "Elinor did everything to hold him, and duz yet, for she still hopes to keep him."

And I sez, "Mebby she did *too* much.'

And the neighbor glared at me, and sez, coldly, "I don't understand you."

And I sez, "No, I s'poze not." And I didn't explain furder, nor she didn't.

And this neighbor, bein' a sharp-eyed-and-nosed woman, who evidently loved scandal, sed, "Have you learn anything more about Fidelia's troubles?"

And I sez, "No."

And she sez, "Poor creeter! she is passin' through the waters."

And I sez: "What waters? Has she fell into the creek, or has her suller overflowed?"

And then she sez, right out, "Her hired girl gits more of her husband's attention than she duz. Folks talk a sight!" sez she.

And I sez cooly, "They generally do; they mostly make out not to lose the use of their tongues by tyin' 'em to their teeth."

And I wouldn't ask a word more; but she went on: "Everybody sez Maud acts more like the mistress of the house than Fidelia duz, dressed up and loiterin' round; though they do say that she is faithful and honest; but Fidelia duz the hardest of the work herself, and folks say that Maud eats with them, and if anything is wanted Fidelia gits up and gits it, and Maud sits like a lady."

"Well," sez I, "most probable that is Fidelia's fault. She wouldn't do it unless she wuz a fool!" sez I.

"And some one told me," sez the neighbor, "that hearn it from one that wuz knowin' to it, that Alcander had been known to pay Maud compliments on her good looks and pretty dresses and find fault with Fidelia."

"Well," sez I "that is nothin' but human man-nater; they will always find fault with their wives in preference to other wimmen; they're built in jest that way, and mebby they can't help it. I s'poze mebby they think that they're complimentin' 'em, payin' attention to 'em; men are so queer."

And again she looked real meanin', and sez, "Well, folks talk a sight."

And I sez agin, "They most generally do."

Well, Fidelia Pogram wuz dretful glad to see me, and so wuz Elinor. Alcander, owin' to the course of treatment he had had, acted some hauty, bein' I wuz a woman—Fidelia's fault, every mite on't. Alcander wuz warm-hearted when he wuz married, and liked wimmen jest as well as he did men—and better, too, his wife bein' a woman. Well, I see in a minute that Elinor looked bad, holler-eyed, pale, wan, and some stoopin' in the shoulders (but of that more anon.) Well, they hurried round and got a good supper. Fidelia is a splendid cook and duz all the cookin', for Alcander likes her cookin' better than he duz any body else's; and Fidelia, bein' so anxious to please him, duz it all, every mite; and he thinks that Fidelia duz up his shirt bosoms better and so she irons all the fine clothes; and Alcander finds a sight of fault if the house hain't kep' jest so; and Maud not bein' a nateral housekeeper, Fidelia jest slaves round all the time, cleanin' and pickin' up, and looks fagged out and tired and worn all the time, and the hired girl pert and rosy; and Alcander paid her a compliment on her good looks, and wished right before me that Fidelia could look more like Maud, and Maud bridled up and looked tickled, and Fidelia's head drooped like a droopin' dove's. And I don't know when I have been madder, both as a friend and as a woman.

And I spoke right up, and sez, "Mebby if Maud had been in the kitchen over a hot stove, and br'iled the steak and creamed the potatoes and made the coffee, and if Fidelia had been out on the piazza part of the time, mebby she would have looked more fresh." I had seen Maud there half of the time she wuz a-settin' the table, a-leanin' over the railin', actin' lazy and uppish.

"But," sez Alcander, coolly, "Fidelia prefers to do the cookin'."

"Yes," sez Fidelia, faintly—for she wuz wore out—"yes, I prefer."

"Well," sez I, "if you do, it is the least we can do, who enjoys your delicious supper, to be thankful to you, and sorry that you have wore yourself out for our enjoyment." Fidelia's cheeks flushed and her eyes brightened at the unusual thing of a word of praise bein' gi'n to her; and the hired girl looked mad and black; and Alcander looked on with perfect wonder at the turn things had took, and spoke quite soft to Fidelia, and she brightened up still more.

Sez he, "Nobody can cook a steak equal to Fidelia."

And my Josiah looked real tempersome, and as if he wuz a-goin' in to combat for my rights as a stak'ist. But I spoke right up and sez:

"That is so, Alcander. Fidelia is one of the most splendid cooks in the county, and you must be proud of her, and do all you can to make her rest and recreate between meals, jest out gratitude to the one that furnishes such delicious food."

He looked kinder cheap; and Fidelia looked troubled, for she mistrusted that there wuz a shadder of blame bein' cast onto Alcander; but I changed the subject, like a good mistress of ticktacks.

"I s'poze, Elinor, you have read the last great book of ——?" and I named a book very uplifin', and beloved by young wimmen.

"No," she said; she hadn't much time for readin', she wuz so busy makin' Christmas gifts.

Sez Fidelia, proudly, "Elinor has hemstiched twenty-two fine linen handkerchiefs for her aunts and cousins on both sides, and made home-made lace to trim them with out of one-hundred-and-twenty thread."

And I sez, "I didn't know that there wuz any thread so fine."

'Yes," sez Fidelia; "it looks like a cobweb; and out of that same thread she has made twenty yards of that lace to trim under-clothes for her two sister-in-laws."

"Isn't it bad for her eyes, Fidelia?" sez I lookin' at the worn, red eyelids of Elinor.

"Yes," sez Fidelia, "it wuz very hard on her; but she wanted to do it, for she thought they would prize 'em higher; and then," sez Fidelia, "she has made two dozen dollies for Louis's mother out of that same thread."

"How long did it take you to do it?" sez I dryly.

"Oh," sez she, "I had them for work all summer; I begun 'em the 1st of June, so I could be sure to get them done for Christmas. I think that I could have done them in two months if I had worked all the time."

And I sez to myself, all these long golden summer hours, sweet with bird song, fragrant with flowers and beauty, she had sot over her one-hundred-and twenty thread patiently weavin' cobwebs, hopin' mebby to ketch Happiness in it; but 'tennyrate doin' this slow work, stitch by stitch, and lettin' all the beauty and glory of summer and life go by. For I begun to see plainer than ever why Louis Arnold wuz a defaulter in the bank of love.

"Oh," sez Fidelia, "I want you to see the slippers she has embroidered for Louis—I never see the beat of it; they are so fine you can't tell where the stitches are put; each one took her three weeks of stiddy work; they are a design of pink roses on a sky-blue ground."

Sez I, "She could have bought a pair for five dollars that would have done jest as well, and I wou'd have loved to have seen some of the pink roses on her cheeks, and some of the bright sky-blue in her eyes. They used to look like bits of the sky peeping out of roay clouds." (Them wuz her cheeks in metafor.) "But they look faded now, Fidelia," sez I—"dretful faded and wore out."

"Yes," sez, she, "she has injured her eyesight this summer—injured it a sight. She has sot up till midnight, night after night, workin', for fear she wouldn't git 'em done in time. And then," sez she, bustin' out into a confidential tone, "she has cried a good deal. Oh, Samantha," sez she, "you don't know how much that girl is a sufferin'. There she is, jest the same as engaged, and she jest as faithful as the north star to the pole, and he growin' cool all the time and indifferent."

"Well," sez I, "the stiddy faithfulness of the star can't be changed, Fidelia, nor the coldness of the north pole, for it is the nater of that pole to be frigid, and we can't do anything to warm it up. But," sez I, "as for this matter of Elinor and Louis Arnold, I believe my soul that I could make a change in their doin's if I had my way."

"Oh, dear Samantha! Could you, could you?" sez Fidelia, a wipin' up her tears and lookin' some brighter.

"But," sez I, a sort of lookin' off mentally some distance, "it hain't no ways likely that she would do what I would want her do."

"Oh, she would!" sez Fidelia.

"I would, I would!" cried Elinor, advancin' from behind the porchchair. "Forgive me; I wuz behind the curtain a-catchin' the last daylight on the slippers, and I overheard you talk. I will do jest as you say, for my heart is breakin', Aunt Samantha," sez she. They always auntied and uncled us, our children did, Fidelia's and mine. "I will do jest what you tell me to," sez she, standin' before me, tears streaming down her white cheeks, her work-box in one hand, and the uncompleted slipper a-danglin' in the other.

"Well," sez I, "the first thing to do s to put them aside," sez I, a-motionin' to the slippers, two-thirds of which wuz not done; "and them too," sez I, p'intin' to the delicate cobweb-work hangin' over the sides of her work-basket.

"Lay them aside!" sez she, in wonderin, horror-struck axents; "these Christmas gifts?"

And I leaned back in my chair and looked indifferent, and sez I, "I knew you wouldn't do what I wanted you to."

"Oh, I will, I will!" sez she. "I will do it." And she went to a side table and laid the work-basket on it and throwed a scarf over it. I see she meant bizness, and she come back and sot down on a low stool at my feet and leaned her pretty head against my knee, and I smoothed down the clusterin' curls on her pale forward and went on.

"Now," sez I, "the first thing you do, you go to the book store and buy a handsome copy of 'Is Marriage a Failure?' for Louis Arnold, and some other nice book or piece of useful silverware for his mother. Wrop these uncompleted gifts up in silk paper and put them in the draw; and as you shet that draw up, shet up in it all your cares and anxieties for Christmas; keep in your mind only the beauty and blessedness of the day, and its holy and hallowed meanin'. Keep this cobweb-work you have done for yourself as a motto that means 'I will never do it agin,' and buy of some poor girl that wants the money some of this hem-stitchin' and tattin' and drawwork you want for your relations, and do them up, ready to send away, and put them in draws; and when you shet them draws, shet up all anxieties for them. Then," sez I, "all this off your mind, bathe your wore-out eyes and pale face in some good pure water, go to bed at nine, and get up in the early mornin', fresh and vigorous and go into the sunlight and drink down the sweet air like a healin' cordial."

The weather wuz wonderful for October; Injun summer had made the country beautiful; the roads wus hard and smooth as summer roads. Sez I, "Forgit all your cares, put on the pretty dress you wuz makin' the last time I saw you, and go out for a long ride."

"Oh," sez she, "I don't ride the wheel any more."

"Why?" sez I, wonderin'ly.

"Oh, Louis don't like to have me. He thinks it's unladylike and unwomanly."

"Don't he ride?" sez I.

"Oh yes—he has to for his nerves. He thinks that ridin' a wheel has almost cured him. He used to be dretful nervous and weak. He can't bear bein' shut up in the house all the time."

"Well," sez I, "didn't you think that it helped you to ride? Your ma told me that you felt like a new creature after you had had your wheel for a month.'

"Oh yes," Aunt Samantha," sez she, "it did help me more than I can tell, and you don't know how I have missed it; I have felt that it would have been such a help to me while I was makin' these Christmas gifts."

"Well, why under the sun and moon, to say nothin' of the stars and meteors, haven't you kept on with what you knew helped you so?"

"Oh, Louis doesn't approve of my ridin', and he wuz bitterly opposed to my wearin' short skirts; he considered it immodest, and I had jest about as soon not go at all as to go in my long skirts. The last time I rode, to please Louis I wore my long dress, and right in the middle of the village my dress wound round the wheel, and it wound my dress nigh up offen me, and I fell over onto my head."

"I suppose he considered that more modest?" sez I, dry as a chip.

"He is dretful opposed to short skirts," s z she; he talked awful to me about 'em."

"Why don't you insist on his wearin' his bath-robe on his wheel? Let him try it once and then see. Why didn't you say that you wuz shocked at the sight of his long limbs, and favored the Eastern garb for men? Your dress wuz modest and mejum, it come to the tops of your shoes, and you wore a divided skirt of the same cloth; you can tell him, from me, your dress wuz jest twice as modest as his'n."

"Oh," sez she, "I wouldn't think of criticisin' his dress."

"Why not, as long as he criticises yours? But as for your dress and his'n, they're both all right. And now do you, within the next fifteen minutes, don that garb, and go out on that wheel, and take a good long ride."

"Oh, I don't feel as though I should go right against his wishes. I have done everything I could to hold his love."

"You have done *too* much," sez I, coolly. "And now, Elinor Pogram, do you brace up and have a little gumption. Get right onto your wheel and go out into the sweet air and sunlight; and if you meet Louis Arnold, jest nod at him as cool as a cowcumber, and go right on and foller it up next day and next, or as long as good weather lasts.

"I believe you rusted and tired out your faculties a-bendin' over your fine work from day to day, and he didn't find your companionship exhilaratin' and inspirin' at all. He is a bright chap," sez I, "you know, and he will seek bright inspirin' company."

She looked up gratefully as I abused her and excused Louis, in a real womanly way, and left the room to put on her short bicycle rig. It was dark blue, braided with white, and a coquettish little white cap braided with black, and some black feathers stuck up real cute on one side, and she looked as pretty as a pink—a white pink—and real cutnin' as she sot off. Well, she come back lookin' perter considerable; she hadn't met Louis, but she had met the sunshine and soft autumn air, and they had invigorated her.

The next mornin' I went with her, at her request, to git the books and presents I had named, and, at my requests, they wuz locked up at 12 m., and backaches and eye-smarts and fevered anxieties and pricked finger-ends with 'em. And at 3 p. m. she sot off agin on her wheel. This time she come back lookin' considerable white around her lips, but her eyes bright and cheeks rosy, after all; she had met Louis and done what I told her, and left him in such a state of complete stupefication she wuz alarmed about him. Sez she, anxiously, "His looks wus so wonder struck and alarmed that I fear for his safety; I fear that he may be led to extreme lengths," sez she.

"Wuz he on his wheel?" sez I.

"Yes," she replied, "he wuz on his wheel, and the picture of health and strength."

"And so will you be," sez I, "now you have laid aside your eye-harrowin', nerve-destroying' needle-work; and when I say this understand distinctly that I might applaud, though I pitied, your work if it earned you your livelihood. But in your case it is needless, and so I have said lay it aside; there is no fear but that you will perform all the domestic duties you ort to, for it is in your nater, and you will resoom your music and books, for you will want to get brightness from them; but be out, care-free, under the blue heavens all you can. Respect yourself, and insist on bein' respected. Be thoughtful of Louis's rights, and insist on his being thoughtful of yours; respect his opinions so fur as you can consistently; but as for his selfishness and whims, git onto your wheel and ride right through 'em. If you are to walk through life together, stand up straight by his side; don't crouch at his feet doin' drawn-work and tattin' all your days; he will like you enough sight better. If you find him worthy, and you are to be his wife, make his home the most delightful place on earth—a clean, sweet restin' place from the toils of life and a shelter from its storms; but don't, *don't* burn up your own individuality as incense before him; keep it to make his home more charmin' than any other. Make him love you for your sweet love and care for him; make him admire you for your thought and care for yourself; use a lot of common sense in the receipt of married life, and mejumness, use that lavish, and you'll git along first rate."

Well, they urged me to stay a week or so; and Josiah havin' bizness to 'tend to right there, we gin consent. Elinor kep' on jest as I had planned, and, stimulated by the example of plain common sense right before her eyes, Fidelia braced up and began to use common sense and some mejumness herself. She spoke out of her own accord one afternoon, and sez she:

"I have three of the night-shirts done, and I am not goin' to make any more of them for Christmas; and you, Maud," sez she, turnin' to the pert-faced domestic, "you may wash them and do them up the next time you wash."

"Why," sez Maud, "I can't do the washin' and ironin' as well as you can, Mis' Pogram. Mr. Pogram won't like my ironin' I am sure."

"Well, he will have to stand it," sez Fidelia, lookin' some pale, but real decided; "and when you broil the steak for supper, Maud, be sure you don't burn it; have a hot platter ready for it, and put on the butter and pepper and salt even, and bring it to the table pipin' hot."

The girl's haughty feathers seemed to droop, and she spoke more respectful to Fidelia than I had hearn her speak, and sez she, "I will do my best, mom."

And sez Fidelia, "If Mr. Pogram comes here before we do, tell him that Josiah Allen's wife and I have gone out for a long drive."

In my inmost heart I said "Bravo, Fidelia! bravo!" But outside I only said, "I shall be real glad to have a good long drive with you, Fidelia; it will put me in mind of old times."

So Fidelia ordered her pony and low phaeton brought to the door and we sot off. It wuz a very comfortable carriage, cushioned with blue. I see that Alcander did his part by Fidelia in furnishin' comforts and luxuries for her, only, bein' so much engaged in incense burnin' and drawn-work, she couldn't take advantage of 'em. As I lay back on the soft cushions my mind roved off on the strange turn things had took, and I wondered if it wuz the atmosphere of my strong desire and good will to help her that had stimulated Fidelia to use a little common sense; for I had not said a word to her about her affairs and Alcanderses. I knew that high clear mountain air would do wonders for sick folks in a short time, and I knew that my will to help her towered up perfectly mountainous and high, and I s'poze mebby it braced her up. We mortals are such strange creeters anyway that we can't really understand how things be thus and so. But, 'tennyrate, as we rolled along the pleasant country roads, under trees orange and scarlet and gold-colored, sweet with the birds' late songs, out into sunny stretches of open country roads, sun-glorified, and further embellished on either side by cozy homesteads and loftier mansions, and apon long green meadows stretchin' away to green woods and tree-covered hills, with a tender haze hangin' about 'em—as our phaeton rolled noiselessly on through the soft, sweet Injun-summer air, Fidelia's cheeks got to lookin' considerable pink, and her faded eyes brightened up considerable, and her faculties seemed to sort o' wake up, and she acted brighter than I had seen her act for upwards of ten years.

Well, supper wuz all ready when we got home. Fidelia had only jest time to go to her room and pin a pink bow onto the bosom of her dress, but I don't know when I have seen her look so well. Alcander noticed it in a minute. He looked quite admirin' at her; and though the beefsteak might not have been so delicious as Fidelia's, yet her directions had been carried out, and it wuz good enough. 'Tennyrate, Alcander seemed to enjoy his supper the best that ever wuz, for he and Fidelia wuz talkin' together in a way I hadn't hearn 'em for years. And take Fidelia when she wuzn't so wore out burnin' incense, and br'ilin' steaks and chops and chickens, and drawin' threads out of fine linen and workin' 'em in agin, she wuz a smart woman and very agreeable companion.

Maud, I noticed, had retired more into the background, as it were; she waited on the table with a different air, less as if she wuz the mistress of ceremonies, and more as if she wuz the helper instead of the giver of the feast.

Well, it wuz on the fifth day, as Alcander and Fidelia and I wuz a drivin' along through the soft air in the luxurious easy carriage, behind two prancin' horses, real happy and contented, and talkin' good naturedly, who should we meet but two young folks on bicycles? The young man wuz bendin' fondly over the young woman, so engrossed in conversation that they didn't notice our presence till we got almost up to them. Then they looked up, and we see that it was Elinor and Louis Arnold. But wuz it Elinor? Yes, it wuz. But what a change from the pale, hollow-eyed drawn-work stitcher! Her cheeks were pink, and happiness sparkled in her soft blue eyes like two bright stars becalmed in the June heavens. They had made up, and Louis Arnold looked handsome and happy and contented.

Well, I told Fidelia, the next day, that as Josiah had got his business done, I guessed I wouldn't stay any longer, and she bust right out a-cryin' onto my shoulder (it wuz a gray outin' cloth, and I knew that it would wash, so I didn't care.)

And sez she, "My preserver, how can I have you go?"

And Elinor, who wuz in the room, throwed herself onto my other shoulder, and her tears drizzled down onto my shoulder-blade (but agin the thought calmed me that the colors were fast.)

Sez Elinor: "You have preserved my happiness; you have dragged me back from the very brinks of ruin."

"And me too!" sez Fidelia.

And I sez, gently, extricatin' myself from the four encirclin' arms: "Oh, pshaw! you have preserved yourselves, and drawed yourselves back by the cords of common sense and mejumness. And now," sez I, in confidence, "ere we part, let me adjure you to cling to them two strings, and cling hard. Use common sense day by day, be good and true to them you love, and be good and true to yourselves; brace up, have gumption, and may Heaven bless you!" sez I, and I turned away and begun to pack my nightgown and barred-muslin nightcap into my satchel bag.

Josiah and I wus invited to Elinor's weddin,' which occurred New Year's day. That book, "Is Marriage a Failure?" presented by his *feemsay*, had skairt Louis most to death. His love came back, sent by the great shock as a wave that washed all barriers in front of it. They had to hurry up the weddin' to please him, and Elinor consented, after considerable urgin'. Girls of this day are so smart that they can fit into any roll.

Well, we couldn't go to the weddin', owin' to a crick in my back, but I sent her a handsome book, "How to be Happy Though Married," and Josiah sent her a brilliant silk han'kerchief, which he picked out himself.—By Josiah Allen's Wife, in Harper's Bazar.

Toads and Bats.

As a result of experiments with toads and bats, it has been demonstrated that a house, or even a community, can be rid of various troublesome insects, including flies and mosquitoes. These experiments were made by Prof. Clinton F. Hodge, of Clark University, Worcester, Mass. Professor Hodge's first experiment was with the toad. "I constructed a small pen in my garden," he said, "and in it, in a pan of water, installed a male and female toad. To attract food for them I placed within the inclosure bits of meat and bone. The results were as satisfactory as they were unexpected. The toads spent most of the time sitting within reaching distance of the bait and killing the flies attracted by it. I watched one toad snap up eighty-six house flies in less than ten minutes.

"One day I gathered a quantity of rose bugs in a tin box and began to feed the bugs to a toad. At first I did not count, but, finding his appetite so good, I started to count. When I had counted over eighty bugs and the toad showed no signs of wishing to conclude his meal, I picked him up. Previous to my beginning to count he had taken anywhere from ten to twenty bugs. I found the toad equally greedy for rose beetles, canker worms, ants, caterpillars, moths, June bugs, weevils, snails and many other insects. So, too, in a house, a room may be cleared of cockroaches by leaving a toad in it over night.

A single toad may destroy over two thousand worms during the months of May, June and July, and one of these harmless creatures may well do a gardener service to the amount of $19 88 each season, and yet he can raise $20,000 worth of toads at an expense of not more than 20 cents.

"Farmers in England buy them, paying as high as $24 a thousand, for use in their flower beds and gardens. For household purposes a small number of toads could be given homes in an aquarium. At night the toads could be let loose to kill bugs, while in the day they could kill flies. I have built a sort of cage or wire screen a foot wide and two feet long, the top of which is kept open. It is only necessary to put in two or three toads, provide them with shelter, with a dish of water in one corner, and then keep them supplied with bits of raw meat and any other refuse matter calculated to attract flies."

In speaking of the bat, Professor Hodge said: "We have no animal more interesting, and probably none more valuable, and certainly none less understood and more abused than the bat. They are easily tamed, absolutely harmless when gently handled, and make pets as funny as tiny monkeys. As destroyers of many of our most pestiferous night-flying insects like mosquitoes, the bat is almost our sole dependence, and, as he is known to hunt insects afoot, as well as on the wing, he is also of some value for larvæ that do not fly.

"My attention was turned to the bat through the codlin moth, the insect to blame for most worm-eaten apples. In an orchard near my home I found nine of the grubs of this insect in one minute. Chancing to go to another orchard, hardly a mile away, I found only four of the grubs in an hour's search. There is an old barn near by, in which live a colony of between seventy-five and one hundred bats. The owner informed me that his apples were always free from worms."—Bangor Industrial Record.

Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses and heals the membrane. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and cures Catarrh easily and pleasantly. Cold in the head vanishes quickly. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mail.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Crem Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Attorney at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

Flour From Potatoes.

Potato flour is much used in Austria, where it is cheaper than wheat flour. The natives use it for all sorts of baking, and it makes beautiful white bread and cake. The method of making the flour is to wash and peel the potatoes, and then cut them up into small pieces. These pieces are next crushed so that the starch is separated from the cells. Water is freely added to carry away the starch during the process. The potatoes are then dried and pulverized, when the flour is ready for using.

"After paying over $500 for useless doctors' service I was cured of a complicated stomach, head and spine trouble by Wheeler's Nerve Vitalizer," so writes W. Swallow, Ridgeway, Ohio.

The superior merits of Brant's Cough Balsam are—cures quickest, and largest 25 cent bottle. For sale at Garman's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa., and Mountain & Son's Drug Store, Confluence, Pa.

He Was Deceived.

"A rather queer incident occurred on my train the other day," said the traveling man. "We were coming along through Eastern Ohio. We were going directly toward a very heavy, black cloud, a thunder-storm, doubtless. It was fearfully dense and black. You know how such clouds look. Everybody noticed it."

"Yes," replied the listener, "but what was there peculiar about this one?"

"Why, the brakeman saw it, and went through the cars calling out 'Pittsburg.'"—New York World.

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood Bitters. Scrofulous sores covered my body. I seemed beyond cure. B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman." Mrs. Chas. Hutton, Berville, Mich.

To brighten and clean windows, put a teacupful of ammonia to every pailful of tepid water, wash well with a sponge or soft rag, then dry with a clean cloth, and polish with a leather or an old silk handkerchief.

"Rob Peter to pay Paul." This is what they do who take stimulants for weak nerves. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives true nerve strength.

Condensed Information About the South African Dutch.

Johannesburg is a boom town, but, unlike most cities of like character, it is solidly and permanently built, many of the residences being veritable palaces of granite and marble, that would do credit to any of our American cities.

The Transvaal is probably the richest country in the world so far as minerals are concerned.

The Boers can muster nearly 18,000 men armed with Mauser rifles of the pattern used by the Spanish in the late war.

The artillery and cavalry horses of the Boers have all been inoculated against the "tsetse fly" and rhinderpest, both of which are apt to play havoc with green horses in this district.

Business in South Africa, including Cape Town, is absolutely stagnant. Food stuffs have doubled in price, and thousands are without work or money to buy the necessities of life.

The Southern part of Africa is of volcanic orig