DROUGHT.

For rain, for rain the parched lands cry,
Reproachful to the cloudless sky.
The hot white fields in light are blinking.
The rivers in their beds are shrinking.

For rest, for rest the weary cry
That watch from dark to dawn the sky;
A little sleep their limbs are craving.
A little rest from ceaseless raving.

God gives in His good time the rain,
And sends the sick man peace for pain;
But while we wait His gracious sending.
Alas! the sad days seem unending.

Yet, when the evening comes, the dew
Brings to the fields a fragrance new;
And loving smiles at day's returning
Will soothe awhile the sick man's yearning.

—*Galaxy.*

Work and Idleness.

An interesting paper by Dr. Samuel Wilkes, physician to Guy's hospital, has lately appeared in the *Lancet*, on "Life at High Pressure," and the effects generally of the overstrain to which public and other men are often exposed in these times. Without entering on particular cases, each of which must be regarded on its own merits, Dr. Wilkes declines to admit the truth of the common impression that disease and death are making splendid harvests out of the overwrought bodies and overstrained nerves of large numbers of persons. He says, "if the question be put broadly, 'Are people suffering from overwork?' I, for one, should have no hesitation in saying, no; but, on the contrary, if both sexes be taken, I should say that the opposite is nearer the truth, and that more persons are suffering from idleness than from excessive work. Medically speaking, I see half a dozen persons suffering from want of occupation to one who is crippled by his labors." In the case of girls, instead of work being injurious, he says he could instance numerous cases of recovery on the discovery of an occupation. Let a girl occupy herself neither with amusement nor with useful work, she falls into bad health, becomes a prey to her own powers and every function of her body is damaged, as well as her moral nature perverted. These cases are very difficult of cure; mothers are terrified to let their daughters do anything, they are so delicate, work would kill them; what they need is doctors' visits, physic and alcohol. This is ruinous. It is quite remarkable what a delicate young lady can do under the power of a stimulant. He relates, for example, that a gentleman had lately expressed his surprise to see how his daughter, who could not walk many yards for a long time, owing to a pain in her back, was soon able to walk several miles a day when she procured the support of a lover's arm. Dr. Wilkes says that he would gladly give employment to the half million of unmarried women. The human body is made for work; the amount it can do is proportioned to the power of the machine; but unlike other machines it can be kept in vigor only by use; it is sure to rust and decay from disuse. These views are of supreme importance at a time when growing wealth is so quickly adding to the number of those to whom work is not a necessity. A well-known writer on the poor some time ago divided the community into four classes—those who can't work, those who won't work, those who do work, and those who don't need to work. These last are apt to be supposed the happy few, and many is the effort made to get into the favorite class. Science, however, is reversing the popular impression. We are learning from experience what was so long ago shown in the case of Sodom, that fullness of bread and abundance of idleness are too often the parents of grievous evils. "Better to wear out than to rust out" is finding a new verification. If it were for nothing higher, our flower missions and similar good works are doing important service to the health of many a hitherto unoccupied girl. The dignity of labor is receiving a fresh illustration, and we may quote with increased confidence the lines of a song of labor:

> "O, while you feel 'tis hard to toil
> And sweat the long day through,
> Remember it is harder still
> To have no work to do."

The Thriftlessness of Professional Men.

The laborer who has saved money is better fitted perhaps than any one to employ to advantage the kind of labor in which he himself is versed. But the lawyer or the author who has saved money has no way open to him of turning, at the same time, both his knowledge and his money to account by the successful employment of the talents of other authors in undertakings like unto his own. Perhaps, indeed, something of this kind happens when a very popular author like Dickens turns editor, and collects round him a staff of clever writers, who admire his genius and are even disposed to copy his mannerisms. But the case is exceptional, and as a rule it so seldom turns out that the very successful author happens to have the qualities of a successful editor and journalist, that exceptions of this kind may be put aside as irrelevant. No doubt one of the great reasons why professional men are, on the whole, so thriftless in proportion to their gains is this—that the occupation which absorbs their energies is not one the gains of which can be extended by the help of judicious saving and investment. A man cannot be successful in commerce, nor, indeed, very successful even as a skilled laborer, without a strong motive for saving in order to secure more success, either of the same sort, or at least of a closely analogous sort. But a professional man who is very successful rarely has a strictly professional motive for saving. The more his heart is absorbed in his work, the less he thinks of providing for himself in directions which are in no way bound up with his work.

The Egyptian of the Time of Pharaoh.

The Egyptian sat either on a chair or else on the ground, often on the knees, sometimes with the legs crossed. In prayer he knelt or stood, but always raised both hands, with the palms outward before him. Slaves and inferiors sat to hear the words of their superiors, or even prostrated themselves on the belly before them, and the sandals were taken off when approaching the royal presence. The head was either shorn, covered with a wig or else a close-fitting cap, according to the caste and sex. Great politeness was observed, a spirit of hospitality prevailed, and the scribes often inveighed against the abuse of wine and beer, freely indulged in by youth. For amusements, jugglers, acrobats, and pantomimic dances helped to shorten the weary hours, with the game of draughts or robbers, that of the base played with many pieces, and morra. Women sported at ball, danced, spun, and sewed. The youthful aristocracy indulged in the pleasures of the chase, harpooned the crocodile or hippopotamus, shot, with arrows, gazelles and other game or animals, trapped the hyena, netted fish or water-fowl, and angled in the pond or stream. At an early age the military caste went to barracks and were drilled to Egyptian arms, the bow and arrow, the dagger, lance, mace, and shield, or were instructed in the management of the horse and chariot, although it was usually driven by a groom or coachman. The art of writing was early taught, and the education extended to the circle of Egyptian literature. Elegant furniture adorned the house; chairs and footstools, couches and head-rests, or pillows in shape of a lune upon a stand, with cushions and pillows of feathers of the water-fowl. The public architecture was on the grandest scale, and dwarfs the Greek on comparison. Gigantic columns with lotus or papyrus capitals towered to a height of sixty feet. Others, the models of the Greek Doric, appear at the early period of the twelfth dynasty, while, at a later time, the lotus capital suggested the Ionic volute. A blaze of colors adorned the architecture and charmed the eye, and picture was its pleasure. In sculpture the hardest materials, the rose granite, the green basalt, as well as the soft limestone, were carved into required shapes, adjusted to a rigid canon. The walls swarmed with colored patterns, devices, and hieroglyphs, miniature portraits of things in heaven, on earth, and under the water. Architecture, sculpture, and painting descended as mourners to the grave. In the dark sepulchral passages where no sunlight enters the torch reveals careful though unshaded painting, and brilliant colors laid in tempera on the walls by the artist, who must have worked by the gloomy flicker of the lamp. In chambers of the pierced and tunneled hills lay the mummies of the illustrious dead. For, from the earliest age, the corpse was an object of solicitude; it was expected to have a revival of the vital spark. No sooner had the wail of anguish passed the lips of those that loved it than the grim ministers of embalmment took it into their keeping. The paraschistes or dissector opened the side with an Ethiopian stone, the viscera and softer parts were removed; the body was soaked in various salts steeped in liquid resins, and even boiled in wax or bitumen. No pains were spared to make it retain the outward appearance of its living form. Bandages of linen were then carefully wound around it, and hundreds of yards packed it with pledgets into a symmetrical shape. It was then consigned to its coffin or sarcophagus, gaily painted or elaborated, sculptured with appropriate mortuary scenes and funeral prayers, accompanied with the paraphernalia of the tomb, the boxes, jars, and other objects deposited for its use. The service of the dead was then performed. Hired mourners chanted dirges or simulated the tears, the groans, and cries of grief, tore their hair or beat their breasts in pantomimic woe. Transported to the barge, the Egyptian hearse, it floated down the Nile to the site of some favorite cemetery—to the Pyramid fields of Memphis—the sepulchre of Osiris at Abydos—or the rocks of Gournah in the Theban quarter. Even the litanies or masses continued to be said at intervals as long as families could pay or the local priesthood pray; and the tombstone invited the passer-by to recite a brief formula for the dead that he might enjoy all the good things of this life in the future state, pass in and out of Hades, and the soul transmigrate as it wished.—*Birch's Egypt.*

Losing a Dip.

"I am sorry you were not at recitation yesterday," said a college professor to one of his students, as the young man rose to recite; "you lost a dip by your absence." "Lost a dip sir? I don't quite understand you," said the student. "Did you never see tallow candles made by dipping?" asked the professor. "The cotton wicking for the candles is strung on rods, a dozen pieces on a rod. One by one the rods are held over a vessel of melted tallow, and the wicks are dipped into the heated grease. Then the rods are set aside for the tallow to cool on the wicks. When all have been once dipped, the process is commenced anew. At each successive dipping the candles are a little larger than before, and so they grow to completion. We are doing a similar work in this class day by day. Yesterday the others of the class were dipped again, and I trust their minds took on something more of our subject of study and are the larger in consequence. You lost one dip by your absence, and I fear you will not easily overtake your classmates who were here. If you want your mind to grow you must be careful not to lose a single dip which would expand it." The student never forgot that illustration. It may be suggestive to people of all professions.

The Tides of the Chesapeake.

The subject of the tides has been one of interest to mariners and landsmen for a long time. A curious fact as stated, is that it is always ebb tide at Cape Henry at moon rising or setting; is always low tide at Hooyer's Straits at moonrise or setting, and high tide at Sandy Point at the same time, and flood tide at all points above Sandy Point when the moon rises or sets. A vessel entering the capes with a strong fair wind at the beginning of the flood tide may carry the same tide to Baltimore. But a vessel leaving Baltimore for the capes will encounter three flood tides on her way no matter how fast she may sail, and it may be she wil have to contend against several more if she has a dead wind. Every flood tide that enters the Chesapeake bay goes to the head of every tidewater stream or tributary of the bay, while the same ebb tide does not run more than sixty miles, and sometimes a great deal less, so that there are always two ebb tides and two flood tides in the Chesapeake bay at the same time, and sometimes three of one or the other. The flood tide runs about six hours, the ebb a little longer, so that twelve hours and forty minutes are required for a flood tide and ebb tide to pass the same point. It is always flood tide in the Wicomico river on the morning of Easter, and the same at Whitsuntide.

Equine Eccentricity.

In London, England, a short time since, a horse died suddenly, and on being cut up was found to have a large assortment of articles in his stomach. There were found 1,000 nails of all sizes, a number of screws, large and small, buttons and other things, not reckoned as food for the noble animal. At Yarmouth another horse, bolted and threw his driver, and made a bee line for nowhere. He was turned into a *cul de sac*, at the end of which were some stout iron gates. Every one thought they had him sure, but not so, he dashed through the iron gates, and, liking it so well, took another of great height in his way, scrambled over a stone wall, and would have been going now, but a brick wall brought him to, it being eighteen feet high; he thought he would take that too, but changed his mind. Strange to say he was not injured in the least from these athletic feats. An iron railing had run through his nostrils and broken off, which had to be removed by force, also another one from his throat, but he never minded these trifles. There is a great deal of iron in him still, which may work out in time. So much did he embed into his hide that he may well be called the iron horse.

Fine Points.

It requires nice discrimination to justly draw lines of demarkation between firmness and bigotry, prudence and meanness, bravery and arrogance, fearlessness and recklessness, caution and cowardice, dignity and indifference. When a low nature, or an ignorant nature, has suddenly become rich, he only widens the channel and stream of his wickedness or folly. When a gambler wins he does not buy a library, nor build a cottage, but he doubles his stakes and plays again, because the gain of money did not bring him an increase of character. An English satirist sang years ago, that when an epicure finds his fortune doubled he immediately doubles the quantity and expensiveness of his food. His sudden riches have marked out no new path. All he can do is to intensify the old life.

Life and its Ends.

Remember for what purpose you were born, and, through the whole of life, look at its end. Consider, when that comes, in what you will put your trust. Not in the bubble of worldly vanity—it will be broken; not in wordly pleasures—they will be gone; not in great connections—they cannot serve you; not in wealth—you cannot carry it with you; not in rank—in the grave there is no distinction; not in the recollection of a life spent in a giddy conformity to the silly fashions of a thoughtless and a wicked world; but in that of a life spent soberly, righteously and wisely in this present world.

AGRICULTURAL.

Loss from Light Seeding.—While walking over a newly seeded wheat stubble the other day we noted many strips or patches where the clover had entirely missed. As the catch was good on either side, it was evident that the strip had been unseeded, and, as the natural result, was filling with rag weed, barn grass and the like. Wherever in the same field clover covered the ground like a mat, not a weed of any description was visible. Looking on a last year's seeding mown this summer we found the same result—long strips of two to ten or more feet wide through the field barren of clover or filling up with blue grass or worthless weeds. No matter how long the field may remain unplowed, these strips will never become well seeded, and even after plowing the loss will continue, as there is less valuable sod to turn under and these strips will require more manure to make them as productive as adjoining parts of the field. The same result in a less striking form is seen from an even, though deficient, seeding on the whole field. The loss from poor seeding, either of a whole or part of a field, continues with increasing volume for all subsequent time.

The utmost care should be taken to have every square foot of ground well seeded with clover. It is far better to overlay the strips and give some a double portion than to leave any without seeding. When this overlapping gives the clover a thicker and better sod it is proof positive that you have used too little seed on the whole. Some of the best farmers of our acquaintance now sow fully one peck of clover seed per acre, and would increase the quantity if they could thereby secure a better catch. Their clover fields are a delight to any good farmer's eye; the clover grows so rampant that the pestiferous annual weeds which infest most fields are crowded out. Possibly, with very favorable seasons, less seed might suffice, but these cannot be depended upon. There is no loss except of a little seed in sowing thickly, while if the season requires it, this thick seeding may be worth five to fifteen dollars per acre more than a thin seeding. It will not do to depend on plants from all the clover seed sown, and some seasons not from half of it, even when perfectly good. Some accident, a dry week just as clover is sprouting, may wither the shoot before its root has struck down, and only those seeds protected by a small stone, a leaf or a clod, will escape. It is generally better, when a good seed owner is convenient to divide the seed into two parts and sow half of it early in the spring and the other half two or three weeks later. This gives a double chance for success, besides ensuring the covering of all the ground, if done with care. By this plan of double seeding a good catch is almost a certainty, and where a seed sower is used it does not involve much extra trouble. *Rural New Yorker.*

Indigestion in Horses.—M. Pety, a French veterinary surgeon, draws attention to the liability of horses and cattle to suffer from indigestion from the consumption of forage in a humid or musty state. It is from overfeeding this complaint is ordinarily produced, or by the too rapid transition from dry to unlimited green food. Another very common cause is the putting of animals to work immediately after their feed. The giving of chaff, and the refuse of the threshing machine is also another principal cause, as well as excessively cold water, and, above all, allowing the animal to drink the water of marshes. A little salt, or a handful of meal is excellent in the drinks. Old animals ought never to be given too much food at once, and it should ever be mixed with a little straw. When the horse shows symptoms of indigestion, restlessness, suddenly refusing food, resting on one leg, then on another, the head drooping and seeking the left flank, its excrements either hard or liquid, etc., an excitant, as three ounces of kitchen salt or a glass of gin in a bottle of water, will afford relief; or an infusion of chamomile and sage. In case pain exists, two spoonfuls of laudanum will prove excellent. Of course soap injections, friction and fumigation are not to be overlooked. Bleeding in case of grain indigestion, becomes mortal.

Quails and Corn.—The following slip is cut from a paper and sent us by a correspondent:

A farmer boy in Ohio, recently observing a small flock of quails in his father's corn field, resolved to watch their motions. They pursued a regular course in their foraging, beginning on one side of the field, taking about five rows, and following them uniformly to the opposite end, returning in the same manner over the next five rows. They continued in this course until they had explored the greater part of the field. The lad, believing that they were pulling up the corn, fired into the flock, killing but one of them, and examined the ground. In the whole space which they had traversed he found but one stalk of corn disturbed. This was nearly scratched out of the ground, but the earth still adhered to it. In the crop of the quail he found one cutworm, twenty-one striped vine bugs, and one hundred chinch bugs, but not a single grain of corn.

Mice in Hotbeds.—When mice get into frames, as they often do, they produce a fearful amount of mischief in a few days, if not destroyed. This may easily be done by mixing sugar and butter or lard smoothly together, in which a little strychnine is incorporated: spread this on thin slices of bread, and cut in small cubes and distribute them among the plants, and at the same time place vessels of water in some convenient place, where they may drink. Or if preferred, the phosphorus compound sold by druggists for this purpose may be used, but we have always had the best success with the first named mixture. In either case care must be taken that the children do not have access to the prepared bits of bread.—*Canada Farmer.*

Swine in Pens.—Swine kept in pens during summer should have a chance to get at the earth, and be provided with a water trough of sufficient size to allow the hogs to wallow. Keep the pens sweet and clean, as on this depends much of the prosperity of the hogs, although they are generally considered filthy animals. Vegetable matter should be given daily. It is a good plan, when weeding the garden, to throw purslain, pig weeds, etc., into the pen. Charcoal and forest leaves, or fine cut straw, make a good deodorent and absorbent for the sty.

Trees of all kind can be transplanted in autumn as soon as they are done growing, indicated by the change in the leaf, up to hard freezing. The earlier this is attended to, especially with large trees, the more certain are they to grow. By transplanting early the roots have time before the season closes of setting well in their new homes and taking a good hold, which will sustain them through the winter, prepared to take an early start in the spring.

Heading up Cabbages.—The great drawback in growing these successfully and to profit is in failing to have a large proportion of head. To make them head uniform and well, hoe often especially in dry weather, and as soon as the surface dries after rains. A thimbleful of salt scattered over them occasionally will be found very beneficial. —*Prairie Farmer.*

Land Drains.—An excellent subsoil drain may be made by digging a trench and filling in the bottom with sticks of wood, compressing them together with the feet and then covering them with the mold. The effectiveness of such a drain will endure for several years and the final decay of the wood will serve to enrich the soil.

When hurried with work, don't forget the stock. For lice, apply linseed oil and the curry-comb or card.

SCIENTIFIC.

Explosions in Gunpowder Mills by Electricity.—A correspondent remarked, some time since, that the mysterious explosions of some powder mills may probably be due to an electric spark given off by persons dressed in woolen clothing, who, when the air is dry, may (by friction of their clothing or feet) produce from their finger ends a spark of electricity sufficient to ignite a gas jet. He submitted the question whether it would not be possible that men at work in powder mills may create so much electricity in their bodies that, when their hands come in contact with metallic conductors, it may be, if not sufficient to ignite powder, enough to ignite some inflammable gas generated from the chemicals.

This letter has drawn the attention of the London *Chemical Review*, which states that in England they have often seen in American Journals the statement that an electric spark, sufficient to ignite gas, may be given off by the human hand; but the editor says that he never heard of such cases on his side of the water. We know that the air in England and all the countries of Western Europe is very damp, owing to the prevailing west winds and the absence of extensive areas of dry land, blowing over which the wind would become very dry, as our west winds, coming over our prairies.

It asked what inflammable gas may be generated in the manufacture of gunpowder? To this, it may be answered that, in the manufacture of fulminates for percussion caps, inflammable vapors, as nitrous ether, etc., are given off, while the dust of gunpowder and even of charcoal, when floating in the air in a proper quantity, may form an explosive mixture. Even the dust from the mineral grahamite, which in its character is very similar to gunpowder charcoal, has repeatedly exploded in the mines in Western Virginia, when mixed with air in the right quantity. It is well known among electricians that a weak electric spark will more easily explode gunpowder than a strong, intense spark; the latter will scatter a heap of gunpowder without igniting it, but, whe the spark is weakened by substituting for a part of the conducting metal a less conducting material, such as water or a moistened thread, then ignition will readily take place.

We acknowledge that we have no positive evidence that powder mills have actually been exploded by electricity; but the possibility of such a cause was only suggested in our paper, and it must be admitted that this suggestion is not unworthy of serious attention.

Substitutes for Steam.—We know that the expansion of liquids by heat takes place with such force that practically it may be considered irresistible, while vapors being elastic, any resistance causes compression. It is true that the expansion of a liquid into a vapor causes an expansion many hundred times equal to the volume of the liquid, and that the expansion of the liquid itself by heat is very small; but in compensation for this, the force developed is enormous.

This is now being applied to develop power, and experiments made in London, in which either oil or glycerine is made to perform the functions of steam by the same means—the applications of heat—have excited no small interest. The heat expanding the oil placed in small cylinders, a pressure of 10,000 pounds per square inch may be obtained without the danger of steam explosions, which latter prevents the use of a pressure of more than 200 pounds to the square inch generally. In this instance an explosion would only crack the cylinder containing the oil. The application of this process appears, from the accounts published, to have been successfully made to the printing-press and to machines for riveting and punching, and it is alleged that the variety of uses of which it is susceptible will be found very great.

It is known that the rapid motion of a steam-piston may, by gearing and belting, be made to produce a very slow but powerful motion over a very small space, and is able to punch and cut iron plates otherwise requiring tons of pressure to penetrate, and it is equally evident that this operation may be inverted, and that a slow and very powerful motion over a small space (as is obtained during the expansion of liquids by heat) may, by gearing and belting, be made to produce as rapid a motion as is obtained by any steam-engine.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

A Hen Crocodile.—A female crocodile, recently shot in Florida, measured ten feet eight inches in length, and presented many points of contrast with the other. Her teeth were regular and white and sharp. The mottled black and yellow of her back and sides were distributed evenly, the yellow rather predominating than otherwise; while in the case of the male, no part was yellow except the belly—the sides shading off into the lusterless black which covered almost all of the back and tail. The ovary of the female contained four hundred and twenty eggs, varying in size from a No. 8 shot to a hen's egg, and all perfectly spherical. It may be added, in passing, that the female crocodile lays twenty or thirty eggs at a time, which she puts in layers in a hole in the mud or sand on the shore, covering each layer with a coat of earth and reeds and grass. She then leaves the process of hatching to the fermentation of this mass, which reaches the right degree of heat in about a month's time.

The Color Eye.—A series of five investigations has been made by Kunkel on the dependence of the sensitiveness of the eye to colors, upon the duration of light. The results may be summarized as follows: The various colors of the spectrum require different times in order to bring about an impression. This time is shortest of all for red, and greatest for blue. For the same colors the maximum impression peculiar to the color is reached in shorter times in proportion as the intensity of the color increases. By these results of Kunkel we are reminded of the similar investigations of Hemholtz and of Mayer, the latter having shown that, in the case of sound, the ear is more sensitive to sounds of high than of low intensity.

About Bitters.—The Board of Health of the city of Boston, Mass., not long ago appointed Professor W. R. Nichols, a celebrated chemist of that city, to examine into the various concoctions enormously advertised and sold to an unsuspecting public under the mild name of "bitters." Mr. Nichols is continuing his investigations, and up to the present time has elicited enough to warrant a wholesale condemnation, certainly, of the most popular of these disguised drinks. He says that, out of twenty samples, only one did not contain alcohol, and that had the least sale.

Improved Sugar Machinery.—Messrs. Morris, Tasker & Co., of Philadelphia, are now shipping a large amount of machinery to be used in Louisiania in a new process of manufacturing cane sugar. The method is what is known as the diffusion process, as distinguished from the maceration process, which is that of all previously constructed machinery. The cane is passed between rollers by the old method and the juice squeezed out. In the new, the cane is sliced and the saccharine matter is dissolved out of it.

Preventing Suffocation in the Earth.—M. A. G. suggests that, in cases of men being accidentally buried in the earth, who frequently survive some time before completely suffocated, iron pipes, of the sort used for drive wells, should be driven down just at the edge of the soft earth until the proper depth is reached: when, by the application of a pump at the top, an abundance of fresh air could be forced down to sustain life until the men could be rescued by digging.

Artificial grindstones are being made at Worms, Germany, of grit, soluble glass, and petroleum.

DOMESTIC.

The ideal dish of raw tomatoes is thus prepared: Choose only those which are large, comparatively smooth, firm, thoroughly red-ripe—it is an absurdity to offer small or immature specimens in a salad, and if you can't find such as here recommended you must not attempt to eat raw tomatoes. Put them in a tin pan and pour over them boiling water, pouring it off immediately. This so loosens the skins that they can usually be pulled off easily without any violent application of the knife. Then with a very sharp knife slice them across, discarding the first piece, which has the hard base of the stem, and the last piece, which is too small. Make the slices thin rather than thick, keep them large and whole, and pile them carefully in layers in a pretty dish, delicately sprinkling salt and pepper over them. Then put them away to get thoroughly cold in your cellar or refrigerator. Prepared thus they are simply ambrosial and only a Pagan could scorn them. If anybody wants to add sugar and vinegar to the seasoning that can be done by the eater. Slices of the large yellow tomatoes scattered among the red sometimes make the dish look very tempting. —*Inter-Ocean.*

On Neatness in Dress.—A farmer's wife has the same right to be neat and fashionable and refined that a woman of the city has. Because she lives on a farm, and feeds the pigs and chickens, is no reason that she should make a drudge of herself, and not care for her personal appearance. When you buy a piece of furniture get the latest style, for you can get it just as cheap, and it will last just as long as the style, of twenty years ago. And when you get a dress, although it be nothing but calico, cut it fashionably, but don't trim it, for it don't pay to trim a cheap dress. Don't slip on a dirty wrapper in the morning, and twist your hair up in a knot, and kick the dog, and tread on the cat, and scold your husband, and tell the children to keep out of the way, for you have a big day's work to do and you must not be hindered. Don't do it—all the work you will do will not compensate your family for your looking so dirty and untidy. You can be a helpmeet to your husband in the true sense of the word, and still be neat and fashionable.—*Alice McC. in the Rural World.*

Care of the Feet.—Concerning this subject the *Scientific American* very truly says: "Many are careless in the keeping of the feet. If they wash them once a week they think they are doing well. They do not consider that the largest pores are located in the bottom of the foot, and that the most offensive matter is discharged through the pores. They wear stockings from the beginning to the end of the week without change, which become perfectly saturated with offensive matter. Ill health is generated by such treatment of the feet. The pores are not repellants but absorbents, and this fetid matter, to a greater or less extent, is taken back into the system. The feet should be washed every day with pure water only, as well as the armpits, from which an offensive odor is also emitted, unless daily ablution is practiced. Stockings should not be worn more than a day or two at a time. They may be worn one day, and then aired and sunned and worn another day; if necessary.

There are several ways of distinguishing mushrooms from poisonous fungi: 1. Sprinkle a little salt on the spongy part, or gills, of the sample to be tried. If they turn yellow they are poisonous; if black, they are wholesome. Allow the salt to act before you decide the question. 2. False mushrooms have a warty cap, or else fragments of membrane, adhering to the upper surface, are heavy, and emerge from a vulva or bag; they grow in tufts or clusters in woods, on the stumps of trees, etc., whereas the true mushrooms grow in pastures. 3. False mushrooms have an astringent, styptic and disagreeable taste. 4. When cut they turn blue. 5. They are moist on the surface, and generally of a rose or orange color. 6. The gills of a true mushroom are of a pinky red, changing to a liver color. 7. The flesh is white. 8. The stem is white, solid and cylindrical.

Worth Knowing.—Preserve eggs by a quick dipping in boiling water, and packing with fresh salt, small end down.

Ink stains may be removed from books by wetting the spot with a solution of oxalic acid, 1 ounce; water, half a pint.

Linen can be glazed by adding a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped white soap to a pound of starch.

A small piece of calf's rennet soaked in milk and tied around the finger, renewing occasionally, will cure any case of felon.

Corn cobs make the best and cheapest fuel to be obtained. They are richer in potash than any wood, and the ashes ought to be saved for soap-making.

Suet Apple Dumpling.—Chop about a pound of suet very fine. Add a little salt, and flour enough to make a dough when wet up with cold water. Knead them as little as possible—only enough to roll them out and cut them. Pare, core and quarter tart apples. Cover each apple with dough and wrap white cloth about it, first wetting the cloth in hot water. Pin each dumpling tightly up, and drop them into *boiling* water. Do not let them cease boiling until done. An hour's time is ample. Make a sweet sauce for them, or eat butter and sugar upon them.

School Lunches.—In the *Brooklyn Journal of Education*, Dr. Jerome Walker, gives some "Dietetical Suggestions," from which we take the following:

The lunch-boxes carried to school are, as a rule, much too small. A friend—a school-teacher in the country—uses a tin box large enough to contain two good sandwiches, a piece of plain cake, a little cheese, some ripe fruit, as apples, peaches, or grapes, and he has had fastened to the bottom a tin cup, with cover, with holds just one pint of fresh milk. This is a good lunch.

Apple Meringue.—Nine large apples peeled and prepared the same as apple sauce, three tablespoons sugar; cover tight in a stew pan; when done strain through a colander, beat the yolks of four eggs, mix with this the rind of two lemons, put it in the pudding dish and cover it with the whites beaten to a stiff froth with a tablespoonful of sugar and juice of one lemon. Place the whole in the oven until the meringue is slightly browned.

To Pickle Pears and Peaches.—Select medium-sized pears and smooth free-stone peaches; stick them full of cloves. Boil 7 pounds of sugar with 1 gallon of vinegar, an ounce of mace and an ounce of allspice. When it boils put in the fruit and let it cook gently till a straw will pierce it. Remove the fruit with a skimmer and boil the syrup down for a few minutes; then pour it over the fruit. Cover close.

Pickled Plums.—To every quart of plums, one pound of sugar and one pint of best vinegar. Melt the sugar in the vinegar; tie spices of all kinds in a fine piece of muslin and put up with the vinegar and sugar. When boiling put in the plums and give them one good boil. If you wish to keep the fruit whole prick with a needle before cooking.

Washing Summer Dresses.—A tablespoonful of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or colored cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water.

Cider may be preserved sweet for years, by putting it up in airtight cans, after the manner of preserving fruit. The liquor should be first settled and racked off from the dregs, but fermentation should not be allowed to commence before canning.

HUMOROUS.

Here is an old story of a Yankee captain and his mate: Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders all of the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been placed for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said, "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish, "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time."

A Parlor Scene.—They were seated in the parlor conversing in the softest accents, and little Louie was seated statue-like in a chair near by listening, and looking, as well as the chastened light allowed her. Still they spoke only on the ordinary topics of conversation, the Exposition, and the weather particularly, avoiding that which was nearest to their hearts, and which they ardently desired to talk about. It was growing late, and before he would take leave of his inamorata he would, if possible, breathe a few accents of love in her willing ear. But little Louie was as immovable as when she took her seat an hour and a half previously. He would use some device to cause her to absent herself. He requested Louie in the gentlest manner to bring a certain piece of music from the adjoining parlor, knowing that she would have to search for some time before she found it, if at all, and to strengthen his request, as he thought, he added, "and I will kiss you sweetly." What was his astonishment when the child answered, "You can kiss Carrie." The denouement can b imagined.

Warning to Lovers.—A rather interesting story is told of a buxom young woman, whose honesty of purpose is fully equalled by her physical ability to resent an imposition even though the offender be her lover. The young man in question bore a rather doubtful character to the outside world and was never suspected of being a teetotaler by the young lady herself, although affirming to her that he never drank. All was, apparently, working to the entire satisfaction of Cupid himself, until one evening her "feller" asked his fair Dulcinea to "turn down the light." "It's a taller candle, you darn fool! Your're drunk; you can't deceive me any more;" and she took him by the left ear and led him to the door. As he walked off he was heard to exclaim several times, "Al—ice! Al—ice! how cruel you are!"—*Springfield Union.*

A Handy Concience.—"My son wouldn't steal peaches from Mr. Gammon's orchard, I hope?"

"No. ma, I wasn't in that crowd the other night."

"That's right, my boy. Keep out of bad company, and you'll never do wrong. Let your conscience be your guide in all things," and the fond mother patted her son approvingly on the head, and went about her duties with a light heart.

Left to himself the noble boy thus soliloquized:

"You don't catch me foolin' round old Gammon's. My conscience can guide me to lots of better orchards than his, where there ain't no dog, nuther.—*Missouri Brunswicker.*

A gentleman, whose father had been a wealthy and respectable shoemaker of the city of Dublin, and who had indulged many persons with credit, had lately died, and left, with other property, his account books to his son, who was a person of great vivacity and good humor. An old debtor of the father, in bandying with the son, annoyed him with the piquancy of his raillery; the son observed that he was paying off in an odd coin, demanded payment of the debt, and said if it was further delayed he would *sue* him; the other asked in what capacity would he *sue*? "*As sole executor*," said Mr. Curran.

A man who owns a book-store facetiously remarked that he couldn't leave this summer because he kept stationery. This joke was thus repeated, and yet the company didn't smile: "Robinson can't go out of town this summer. Why?" "Don't know." "Because he sells books and paper."

A boy in the suburbs tried to ascertain, the other day, the soundness of the proverb: "Birds of a feather flock together." He plucked the old rooster down to a single tail-feather, and it didn't flock at all, but went and hid under the barn. This is another old saw smashed.

"For want of water I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution. It was the complaint of an Italian vineyard man, after a long drought, and an extremely hot summer that had parched up all his grapes.

When you see a woman with a rawhide hid in the back drapery of her morning wrapper, and calling William Heure-e-e in a key about four octaves above high C, you may know that a whaling expedition is about to set sail.

Wendell Phillips credits Horace Greeley with having said to a lecture committee who paid him in Western bank bills, that if convenient he would prefer to have a well executed counterfeit on some Eastern bank.

"**Colonel Pompey**, how is you dis morning?" "Look'ee here nigga, don't you call me Colonel no more, since the white folks done run dis thing in de ground. I'se a Major, or nothing, arter this."—*Exchange.*

"So you are taking lessons in drawing Sallie?" "Yes, and the teachers says I am an apt pupil, as I draw more inferences, insinuations, admirers, and allowances than any one in the academy."

"**I never** sot my hand to writin' poetry till two years ago," said a young ruralist, tilting back in a grocery chair, "but the minute I took to goin' with that Johnson girl, by gosh! I couldn't help it."

Where is the Schoolmaster?—"One angle more in heaven" is what a country tombstone says. Maybe that is to remind us we are all worms.

The Prize.—"What sort of a prize did you get at the spelling match last night, Jones?" "A sur-*prise*."

"**I'll** come to thee when daylight sets," as the lamp-lighter, said to the lamp.

Taxidermy for parents—If you want to preserve your children do not stuff them.

"**Heat** generates motion." Illustration—A small boy sitting down on a hot coal.

When do the teeth usurp the tongue's prerogative? When they are chattering.

Most people are like eggs—Too full of themselves to hold anything else.

Face cards—Photographic portraits.

Women haters—women.

Somebody in London has taken the trouble to count the number of letters in a few of the cyclopædias. He found that the English Cyclopædia contains 140,000,000; the Encyclopædia Britannica, 118,000,000; Appleton's Cyclopædia, 65,000,000; Chambers' Encyclopædia, 54,000,000.

Elections have their humorous side as well as the serious. Among the most amusing is the comical wagers made on the result. These show that however bitter or personal a contest may be, yet after the canvass is over the American voter recovers his good humor, and the defeated laughs as heartily as the victor, and pays his lost wager with a good grace, well knowing the "country is still safe," notwithstanding the alarming forebodings that stump speakers indulge in prior to an election.

One of the most laughable episodes is a wager made by Dr. E. F. Kunkel (Bitter Wine of Iron) that Hartranft's majority would be 15,000. This was accepted by E. Jombe, Tonsorial Artist, 914 Vine Street. The loser was to be trundled in a wheelbarrow by a man hired for the purpose (paid for by the loser.) Accordingly, at 2 o'clock, the novel procession started from Dr. Kunkel's store, 259 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia. Mr. Jombe cosily reclined in his luxurious vehicle. The wheelbarrow was handsomely ornamented with the stars and stripes—in front a board bearing the legend "Dr. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron," a similar board in his lap—and the pageant started off to the soul-enlivening strains of the violin, discoursed by Professor G. H. Brooks, the celebrated blind musician; and amid a hilarious "send-off" from the crowds in attendance—down Ninth to Chestnut, up to Eleventh, returning to Fifth, returning to Eighth, up to Vine, receiving greetings, and creating merriment all along the route At Eighth and Vine a photograph was taken by Applegate. The procession then continued its march to Vine, and down to 259 North Ninth Street, Dr. Kunkel's headquarters, where the band discoursed several pieces, and Dr. Kunkel delivered a short address, stating that, "as the contest was now over, and the question settled, the politicians could retire to peaceful pursuits of private life, and rebuild their shattered constitutions by using Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron."

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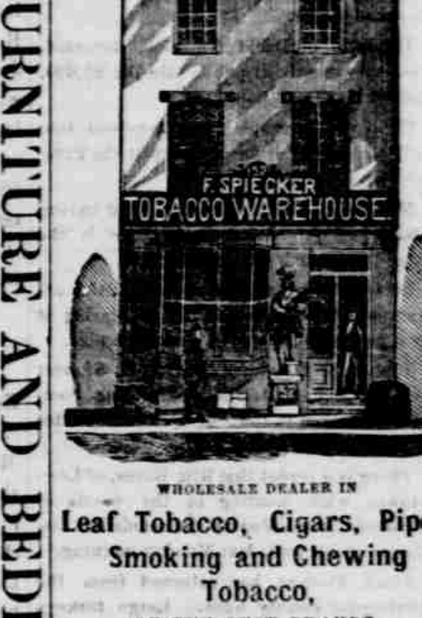

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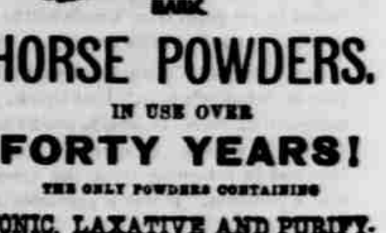

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