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THE BUTLER CITIZEN.

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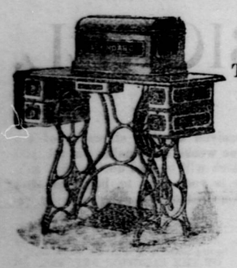

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ME AND URIAH.

Me and Uriah had got along first-rate for about thirty years or so, when the love of gain got a hold on me, and I made up my mind to keep summer boarders.

There was the Blinkersues they'd made enough to buy a new kerrridge to take um to meetin', and there was the Poplinses that had all gone into silks fur the same cause; and I sez to Uriah, sez I:

"Look a here, Henry," that's my pet name for Uriah, "why not?" sez I.

"Well, mammy," said Uriah, that's his pet name fur me; "well, I dunno as there is any reason pertickeler ag'in it, only we've been so kinder comfortable as we be. We'll hev to do more, and we'll hev to buy lots of things; and cookin' fur twenty ain't like cookin' fur two, 'specially when the two ain't pernicketty and is healthy. You'd ought to hear farmer Poggins wish to mussy his wife would give up takin' um. She's been to bed, with the doctor comin' twice a day, on account of overwork. Boarders ain't all angels, and keepin' um ain't all parrydice."

"But think of the money, my precious old honey," sez I, makin' potry without meaning to do it, or hevin' the talent of I bed tried with before me and a new bottle of ink sot handy. "Think how you will kinder say to yourself: "Now there is so much banked." I shan't spend it on ribbons or kerridges. We'll bank it and get satisfaction out of it, and you and me won't hev no fear fur our old age. What's a little more work? You ain't but fifty, and I ain't but forty-seven. We've got our health and strength; it won't hurt us."

"It may in other ways," sez Uriah. "But I never hinder you from actin' as you please, and I never shall, Nancy."

And so the next day I jez went down to New York and it put inter the paper that Mrs. Pottleton of Stopover would take a few select summer boarders. Plenty of fresh eggs and milk, fruit, mountain air, and not many muskeeters.

"Say none," sez the young man at the desk, when he read the advertisement—he wuz a young man I knowed to speak to—"say no muskeeters, Mrs. Pottleton, as the rest does."

"The rest tells fibs, then," sez I, "they is some everywhere."

"Leave it out altogether then sez he, and so I did, and put in my prices instead.

Well, I got lots of answers, and by the middlde of June I had fifteen boarders. Me and Uriah was sleeping in the barn. I wuz obleeged to keep help, which wuz a great trial, and I wuz beginning to run down considerabul from work and anxiety. Still ten fifteens is one hundred and fifty, as I used to keep sayin' to myself when I got up feeling like a boiled owl, and I wasn't going to give up after gettin' my own way ag'in Uriah, the way I had got it.

I dunno but I'd hev stuck to it ef it hadn't been for the Jessamys. They were city folkses, and came down one Monday mornin'.

The ma, Miss Jessamy, was one of the fly-away kind of widders, dressed principally in bugles. She shone comin' up the road considerabul more'n a tin peddler. The darters was sixteen and eighteen and twenty-one. They were laced and bustled out, and frizzled and ribboned like Christmas dolls in New York show winders. And they brought down trunks enough for an army, and the games they called lawn tennis and archery.

The fust was balls and bats and nettin's. The last was bow-arrers and a target. But they couldn't find no place for their tennis, and the lamentin' ond the sighin' and the appealin' to dear Mr. Pottleton to give them ground enough, until Uriah made a blamed fool of himself and squared off one of the hay-medders for 'um, and rolled it and helped 'em to sot nets, and went and made rustic seats for 'em, and wasn't to be seen only at meal times for the best part of the week.

Well, I calkerlated on Uriah helpin' me. In old time ef I hed punkin pies to make he'd cut up the punkin, and he'd heat up the oven—Uriah was real smart for a man, and never havin' no children he did lots of things for me—hung out the clothes sometimes when there warn't no need of him onto the farm, and he used to stand for me drape to my skirts on like a lamb. But now, when I hed more to do than I ever hed in my life before, he didn't come nigh me.

I bore it quite a spell before I spoke. But one night I waked up in our bed in the barn, aggravated by rememberin' that I'd had to split my own kindlin's that day, and I said all I had to say—bottlin' up so long I had plenty.

"Nancy Pottleton," said he, when I got through, "I'm sorry about the kindlin', but as fur comin' in makin' Miss Nany of myself before strange help I carn't do it. Betwixt you and me it was all right. I told you keepin' boarders would alter things. You've got to entertain company when you're got it."

"You've got to feed 'em good," sez I; "but I dunno as you've got to kite around accordin' to their directions."

"Wall, I've promised tu fix up the tennis grounds," sez Uriah. "Its a splendid game. I'm goin' to get a suit and bats tomorrer, and buy me a bow. I wuz up head at bow-arrer, when I was a boy an' ef I can't hit that bull's eye every time I'll give up."

"I have give up already, sez I. "Are you goin' to get short trousers and striped jacket?"

"Regular tennis suit," sez Uriah, "whatever it is. I want to show them York folks that I am as good as they be, ef not a little better."

When I heerd them words I couldn't express my sentiments no way but in groans. I laid upon my pillar in a kind o' commer fur quite a spell; then Uriah nudged me.

"Mammy," sez he, "would you get yeller clothes or blue and white?"

"Neither," sez I. "Get red, so the folks will know what a monkey you be, playin' ball and shootin' bow arrers at your age!"

But my words wuz of no avail. He got the clothes, and after that a kinder strangeness fell betwixt us. I wuz allers tu work; he wuz allers tu play—ridin' round or sailin' round with them Jessamys and the other boarders, shakin' down the plums and peaches for 'em, takin' 'em fishin'. Silas Prog, the man that hed the laborer's cottage for four or five years, told me he'd given over all farm directions to him and paid no attention to the place, and as hands don't work much ef they're not watched he said it was ownin' to him ef we hed any crops that year.

As fur me, the help was the sassiest thing I ever knowed, and I didn't durst dismiss her and kept on raisin' her wages every time she threatened to leave.

But at last the climax came I wuz wore out and half sick, and seemed tu me fresh air would save me; and one afternoon I told the help she'd hev to get tea herself, and I took my sun-bonnet, and went off to the archery ground, as they'd took tu callin' the other end of the orchard. The girls looked as cool as could be there, all dressed up in white, and the young men talkin' and smilin', and my husband—yes, my husband—sittin' on a bench alongside the widder, givin' her them insinuating looks he kin of he choose. I had slippers on, and I came close up to 'em, without makin' any noise, and I heered her say:

"Mr. Jones certainly admires Rosetta."

"Nobody couldn't help it," sez Uriah.

"But Cecelia is the prittiest," says the widder.

"Neither of 'em is as han'some as their ma," sez Uriah.

"Oh, g away! You don't think so; you're just flattering," sez the widder.

"Ef I wuz a single bachelor you'd see!" sez my husband.

Now I'm cooled off—it's a couple of years—I wouldn't swear into a court of justice that Uriah was going to kiss the widder, and as a Christian I must allow I earn't say for certain she'd have let him; but things appeared to me like she would at that minute, and I off with my sun-bonnet and gave her whack over the head and him another, makin' remarks which I prefer not repeatin' if I remembered 'em all which I don't. She screeched, the gals ran up, Uriah took hold of me and the rest of the boarders started like cows.

"I reckon you'll know me the next time you see me," sez I; "shut you crowds on me for quite a spell. To day ends conduct such as this; you can git—all of you! There's an early train to-morrer, and I'll see that you take it; so pack your trunks to-night! The help will give you your teas. As for for me, I shan't set down with a character like the Jessamy; I'm disgusted by hevin' ever done it!"

"Madame, what do you dare to insinuate?" sez she.

"That you was agoing to kiss my husband," sez I.

Then she struck, and the other ladies struck, and I finished off by grabbin' her false front of curls off her head and throwin' it into Uriah's face. Then I went home and went to bed.

The boarders all went before breakfast next mornin', and all day long me and Uriah quarreled. I said I'd get a divorce from him; he said he'd get one from me for hein' a shrew.

"And marry widder Jessamy," sez I.

"It would be a change for the better," sez he.

Hammer and tongs, hammer and tongs, we kept it up until all of a sudden I turned faint and didn't know any more for quite a spell. Then I was in bed.

Well, I must say Uriah nussed me like a woman, for all I kept tellin' him I'd live as long as I could to spite the widder Jessamy, and when I did get better he carried me down stairs and set me in the great rocker on the porch and put pillers under my head and knelt down alongside of me.

"Mammy," sez he, "you're getting well now."

"Wish I wuzn't!" sez I. "What's the use? Nobody keers for me!"

"Ain't I nobody?" says he.

"You!" sez I. "Oh Uriah! you was a-goin' to kiss her—I saw you."

"I wasn't!" sez Uriah. "Nancy Pottleton, I'll swear that on a pack of bibles. It was this way: The city fellers was all paying compliments, and I didn't want tu seem like a country punkin, so I paid 'em tu. I couldn't talk tu the gals, so I talked tu the widder."

"Ah?" sez I, "you had no thoughts about me, fryin' and stewin' in the kitchen."

"Did I want you tu do it?" sez he.

"Wasn't it agin' my will that you took boarders? Didn't I say there was no knowin' what unpleasantness might come of it?"

"Wall you did," sez I.

"Nancy Pottleton," sez he, "lots have come of it. I've got a character; for the help went and told that I acted shameful with the widder, and you found me out—which is hard, for I wuz only pattin' on good manners. You've been sick—mighty sick you've been—and what should I do without you? I've got a big doctor's bill tu pay, crops is pannin' out poor, the boarders have cost nigh onto five hundred dollars, altogether, and we've fell out. That's the wust—we've fell out! I made a skeercrow of that there tennis suit the other day, and hung it among the squinch trees, wishin' it was me. It's like hein' done with life to think you and me has fell out, mammy."

"No we ain't!" sez I. "Anyway, we've made up."

And we kissed each other as ef it was old courtin' times—me and Uriah.—*Fireside Companion.*

Nye On Life's Niceties.

The following tender and touching epistle has been received by me:

DEAR SIR:—Will you be good enough to answer a few inquiries from one who respects and admires you partially for your sterling worth and partly for your fatal gift of beauty?

"In the first place, will you tell me some good table rules of etiquette such as may suggest themselves to you, as I expect soon to visit friends who are dead stuck on good breeding. We are plain folks at home and I live with my parents, who have never had any advantages. Father has to work on the subway and so gets no chances to improve himself or work up the Delsarte side of his nature. Therefore, Mr. Nye, he is a plain man and eats immoderately and in a very boisterous manner. I do not like to say this of father, because he and I get along all right, and he pays for my education, yet that very education serves to kind of queer me against his low, coarse way. Instead of asking me pass the bread as one should, he rises just like he was going to address the chair and stabs a slice of bread with his fork, which is no way to do. When I rebuke him, he says he is sorry but is in a hurry and will get docked if he does not get to his job on time. He is a rough red man with vermillion throat whiskers, but wants me to shine in society.

"How do you reckon I can do so? I love society and crave it very much, but do not wish whilst entering the social circle to cork myself or do what is rude or reckless. My manner is pleasing, but rather embarrassed. To the casual observer I seem afraid of the cars, as one would say, while in society.

"Once at this same place where I am now going to, I was asked to lead in morning prayers, but I could not think of anything to say. I am not a good extemporaneous speaker and so I balled up on the prayer a good deal. Ought one to try to answer such a request under these circumstances, or just say that he never prays in society and so let her go?

"Would you wear a high hat on a straw ride?

"Is it proper, when asked by friends to come and dine with them, to take one's bag along in case one should be asked to stay all night?

"What do you do with these here pillow shams at night? Do you sleep on them as they are, or throw them over your shoulders at night?

In drinking wine at table what is proper in regards to quantity, do you think? Do you approve of the custom of carefully concealing a roll or hunk of bread in a carefully rolled up napkin so that the preoccupied guest will flirt the blamed roll on the floor and, covered with confusion, try to gather it up unobserved and wipe [illegible] his sleeve? Yours truly,

"EDMUN[illegible]

After steaming loose the two cent stamp and feeling that possibly I may be able to use it again without making myself liable to the Government, I have decided to reply briefly to the above questions, not solely for Mr. Plaice's benefit, but in order that I may shed light on other darkened minds.

You say your manner is pleasing and you do not know how glad I am to hear you come out and say that over your own signature. Many others would have concealed it. Yet you say you have a scared appearance while in society. Do not let that trouble you. If you knew how much society is scared when you enter it, you would pluck up courage.

If you had never led in prayer before according to the strictest rules of etiquette, which I looked into whilst abroad, you could not be expected to oblige. The men who can make a pleasing and grammatical prayer in public are very rare indeed. Just say when called upon that you are not a good social prayer, but only trying to lead a Christian life, like the Rev. Myron W. Reed of Denver. He was a very bright and original preacher and many curious people came to hear him. Once he was making a low but earnest prayer, when a gentleman from the Gunnison country, who was visiting Denver, made the remark, "Louder!" Mr. Reed ceased for a moment, and looking at the gentleman trom over the range, said, softly and in a meek Christian spirit, "I was not speaking to you my friend, I was addressing God." He then resumed his prayer. Do not take your bag with you when invited to dine. You can do up a few little articles in a newspaper and put them into your overcoat pocket so as to be taken more by surprise when pressed to remain. On the same principle do not take your trunk with you to make a party call. A shawl strap is ample, I think.

You should not wear a straw hat whilst taking a high ride, nor a high hat whilst taking a straw ride. To be appropriately dressed whilst taking a straw ride one should wear a Denman Thompson hat, faced with gingham, a blue denim jumper, with suspenders showing through same, a pair of brown canvas overalls and heavy kip boots slightly tinctured with a rich, nut-brown flavor of the quiet country life.

Pillow-shams may be thrown aside at night. They are mostly for day wear. Some roll them up in a napkin-ring at night, whilst others hang them on the seed corn or dried apple drapery of the room. Pillow-shams go very far toward sweetening the home atmosphere and beautifying the home nest. Show me where they have no pillow-shams and I will show you a desolate house. Show me where there are no pillow-shams and I will show you no picture of George Washington in the act of crossing the Delaware. Show me a pillow-shamless home and I will show you a home where there is no conch shell on the bureau, no dried grass or everlasting flowers on the centre table, no 4 o'clocks in the front yard or tansy in the back yard, no soft-voiced Guinea hens in the barn lot, or low born bleating calf in the stable.

In drinking wine at table, you should not drain the glass at once or exclaim, as you take it up, "Well, here we go!" or after emptying your glass, look anxiously for your check or ask the waiter "to make it the same again for all hands." This is coarse and smacks of the common herd. Watch your host and keep your wine lowered to the same notch as his. Then you will be all right. That is the way they do in Paris. If you are afraid to trust yourself to drink any more wine while the host continues to dally with the sparkling, you may ask for Vichy water which I find is a good drink to stick to especially for those whose minds cannot successfully grapple with other beverages. Do not hang your eyes out on your cheeks while drinking wine or drink too fast and get it up your nose.

If you drink coffee after your dinner do not, if you desire more than one cup, pound on your saucer with your spoon or look around and exclaim "hi." Be gentle and lady-like in your demeanor, telling some fresh little anecdote to the guests while you eat a saucerful of olives or pin a fresh sprig of celery on your coat.

When you get anything hot in your mouth, do not get mad and swear, for the other guests will only laugh at you, but take it out carefully and ask the hired girl to put it on ice a little while for you or make some other bright remark in French or English as the mood may strike you. In London I notice also that it is no longer *de trop* or *sachet* for a guest at table to remove his teeth when he gets a blackberry seed under the upper plate. Only in extreme cases is it allowable for privileged guests for instance, who get olive seeds or oyster shells under the plate of their artificial teeth, to remove them without being excused from table. This custom also obtains in Paris where they are even more finicky than at the courts of Europe, it seemed to me.

It is now considered perfectly proper to take the last of anything on the plate, for it is presumed that there is more down cellar, or if not, the host can put on his hat and go down town for another supply. Much laughter may be produced and general good feeling engendered by little sallies and jokes taken from a joke book. I have an English book of jests which has helped me to pay for many a meal. Some of these jokes are real good. The best English jokes I have seen were made in Philadelphia. Here is a neat little one which you could use after some one has first played a piece on the piano or violin.

"A rain but indifferent performer having amused a company with several sonatas, observed that they were very difficult. "Difficult," his friend replied, "I wish that they had been impossible."

Here is a good one to use when you visit Paris, in order to show that you are familiar with French history.

"An aged but bright French actress was once cast for a rather young part, and so had to spruce up. Among other things she got a new and beautiful set of teeth at the swell dentist's. But they hurt her mouth exceedingly during the play, and after the last act she hurried to her dressing-room and hastily took them out. She put them in her pocket, and, forgetting about the teeth, impulsively sat down on the pocket containing them. With a wild yell and a French oath she bounded in the air.

"'What is the matter?' a friend asked her.

"'Oh, nothing, monsieur. I only bit myself.'" BILL NYE.

A Gigantic Tempering Bath.

The oil tank of the St. Chamond Works, on the Loire, France, is 72 feet deep, and contains 44,000 gallons of oil, which is kept in circulation by rotary pumps to prevent the oil from being unduly heated when masses of hot steel are plunged in to be tempered.

"Would you share the wondrous beauty
Of the golden age benign?
Then be faithful to each duty,
[illegible] shall shine.

Agricultural.

Open all drains before the the snow comes. The facility with which the water can pass off will regulate the amount of slush and mud when the snow melts.

Wheat bran gives the best results when mixed with cut feed. It is one of the cheapest foods that can be purchased for stock, both for its feeding and manurial value.

All plants that are set out in the fall for a permanent patch such as raspberries, blackberries, etc., should be cut back to within six inches of the roots. Canes that are left on will be of no advantage next season.

Asparagus beds may be made now. Place the roots two feet apart, first making the bed very rich with manure. It is usual to have the roots closer, but as the roots will thicken in the bed in the course of time, it is better to allow plenty of room in the beginning.

"I have seen," says a sheep farmer, "a [illegible] colts and calves till about one-third of it was covered with golden rod and blackberry vines changed to a fine grassy sward in three years by putting in a few more sheep than it would keep in good condition and giving them extra food to make up the deficiency."

Honey should never be kept in the cellar—neither comb nor extracted. That is the worst possible place for it. It will gather moisture or "sweat," and soon become "off flavor," if not positively sour. Store it in a dry, warm room, if possible (safe from mice), then it will keep ten years. It will not granulate so soon in a warm room, and its flavor will improve.

MOSS ON FRUIT TREES.

Moss is most often found on pear trees not in a vigorous growing condition or in moist shady places. The moss is a sort of fungus growth, which is easily kept off by washing the tree with strong soap suds. This treatment promotes the growth of a smooth and healthy bark. If the trees are badly mossed over now, it will be best to take an old hoe and scrape of the thickest of the moss before washing the trees, and then wash them two or three times during the next two months. In the fall, after the leaves are off, spray the whole tree with the suds, repeating this again early in the spring; there is nothing like it to promote clean and thrifty-looking bark. At Elm Fruit Farm we make a borer wash for our peach and other trees, and it also answers the double purposes of keeping out the borer and keeping the bark clean and healthy. This wash is prepared by adding to a common bucketful of water two quarts of strong soft soap, half a pint of crude carbolic acid, two ounces of Paris Green, with lime enough to make a thin paste that will adhere to the tree. If convenient, a little clay or fresh cow dung may be added to assist in making the wash stick. Apply it with a swab or brush about the base of the tree and in the crotches of the main branches. The rains will wash it down from time to time and the whole trunk will receive the benefit. In spraying the trees when not in leaf, I usually add a quarter of a pound or more of potash to each bucketful of soap suds, so as to make quite a strong lye. These washes cost but little and are of great value to the orchard.—*American Agriculturist.*

GOOD APPLES, GOOD CIDER.

Good cider can be made only from sound ripe apples. After they are harvested they must lie in heaps long enough to "sweat," but not be allowed to rot or become musty; the juice becomes more concentrated by this process of evaporation. Any taint of mustiness in the apples will persistently cling to the cider through all the process of making and refining. It is an invariable rule that the better the fruit the better the cider. The finest grafted winter apples and crabs make good cider before they are fitted for the table, the maturing process going on in the juice instead of the furit; If possible, it is better to keep the juice of each variety suparate. Good cider cannot be made in a musty old mill that has become soured and foul with the accumulations of years. If there is any taint of mustiness or sharp vinegary acidity about the premises or aparatus, they should be thoroughly purified before they are used. Potash lye, boiling hot, is the best deterge nt for this purpose.

Having everything fresh and clean, grind and press the apples. The cheese should be laid up with grass-cloth instead of straw between the pomace. Straw is always more or less dusty, and often musty, imparting a bad flavor to the cider. Never water the cheese, as it dilutes and weakens the cider. The juice should be strained through a fine hair sieve as it leaves the press. To still further clear the juice of specks of pomace and other foreign matters it should be run through a strainer of canton flannel in the form of a bag six inches in diameter and three feet long. One of these is hung over a tub, and the juice is dipped into it; thence it flows into the tub and is read to barrel.—*American Agriculturist.*

OUR COUNTRY ROADS.

The subject of improving our country highways is being discussed more fully and freely every day. In Delaware county a general and determined purpose is expressed to make some decided and permanent improvement. Other counties are also moving in the matter. In Lackawanna county there is a general rebellion against that relic of the dark ages, the toll road. The Providence and Carbondale turnpike has been condemned at an assessed valuation of $13,000. The company will contend for a valuation of $20,000, but the toll houses will go at some price.

The Philadelphia *News* recognizes the fact that spasmodic and scattered efforts at reform will never accomplish the task which the State has before it. The *News* says on this point:

If the country roads of Pennsylvania, which are about half impassable in winter (the most convenient season of the year for farmers to do their hauling), are ever to be placed in good order, it must be under a general plan and by the State's decree.

Some telling figures upon the cost of bad country roads are furnished by Prof. J. W. Jenks. His calculations are based on the condition of country roads in Illinois, where the highways are perhaps a little more carefully worked than in Pennsylvania, but where the softer and deeper soil makes the roads more impassable in bad weather than is the case with us.

The net results of Illinois road making on the no-system which prevails there, as in most other parts of the Union, is that a full load for a two-horse team can be hauled three months in the year, two thirds of a load for three months more, and half a load for the other six months. The cost or value of the extra labor in hauling is over $15,000,000 annually. The result stated in another form is that Illinois farms at a distance from the railroad are depreciated [illegible] by reason of the impassable roads [illegible] 000,000.

[illegible] thing fianciful about these [illegible] give a good idea of what the worth of improved roads would be in this Commonwealth.

The Education of Engineers in Prussia.

Young men desiring to obtain positions as engineers or architects under the Prussian government must first graduate at a gymnasium, and then at the age of 18 to 20 years begin their technical study. Those desiring to be civil engineers or architects commence with a two years' course at one of the technical high schools of Berlin, Hanover, or Aachen, and then undergo a preliminary examination in science, mathematics, and building construction. Then follows a second two years' course, after which comes the first examination. The successful candidate becomes a Regierungs Baufuehrer (assistant engineer or architect on public works). He then spends a year on some government work without salary, followed by two years as assistant to a government engineer or architect. The second examination then takes place, and comprises a design worked out at home, and another produced under the eye of the [illegible] of reference. The candidate is then appointed Regierungs Baumeister (government engineer). Intending mechanical engineers have a somewhat different course of study. They commence with a year's apprenticeship in an engineer's works, then follow in succession two years at the high school, the preliminary examination, two years of practice, one year for passing the second examination—eight years in all. At the end of this probation the candidate is engaged on temporary work at a salary of $2.50 or $3 a day. Five years later he may expect a permanent post.—Boston *Journal of Commerce.*

Dipsomania or Thirst-madness.

The periodical desire for strong drink which sometimes besets individuals, otherwise moral and exemplary, is a species of paroxysmal mania beyond the control of the patient. It is quite certain that there are thousands of cases of *remittent drunkenness*, which presents the specific symptoms of disease. The periodical drunkard is not a habitual dram drinker. But at particular times he appears to be attacked by with a *thirst-madness* which deprives him of the power of volition, and hurries him into the most horrible excesses. During the interval between the paroxysms, he may be a perfectly sober man.

For many weeks, or even months, he may have steadily refused to taste a drop of liquor; may indeed have felt no inclination for it, but on the contrary regarded it with disgust. And yet, when the fit comes on, the raging thirst for alcohol utterly paralyzes his conscience and his will. A man in this condition is a monomaniac, and should be treated as one. If put under proper restraint at the commencement of this *furor*, the dipsomaniac, in nine cases out of ten, might be tided over his difficulty in the course of a week, and a perseverance in the course at the recurrence of the hallucination would probably eventuate in a complete cure. It is not easy to persuade the world that all drunkenness is not voluntary. The law does not recognize dipsomania. It treats all inebriates alike. This seems to be unjust, though it is hard to say where the line should be drawn between free-will excess and that which proceeds from an uncontrollable mania.—*Manford's Magazine.*

Brick Kilns.

Is the construction of kilns, as used by brick makers generally, not such as to require considerable attention to do reasonably fair work? Is the burning of all the up and down draught kilns not really a test of good luck? Does any brick burner say before his kiln is burnt that he positively knows what kind of a burn he is going to have? He tells us what he expects, if no unforseen interferences occur, which in fact are always expected.

Why should the burning of brick depend upon so much knowledge and care, such as we hear from the old brick yard men is essential? Let us have a kiln that will simplify the labor of burning; a kiln that will automatically regulate the even distribution of heat and temperature. Let us have a kiln that any ordinary fireman can handle; a kiln that will only burn one even hardness and color, and do it at a large saving of fuel and labor; a kiln with an arrangement of test sights that any ordinary laborer can learn in ten minutes when the bricks are of the desired hardness and when to cease firing; a kiln in the fire-room of which we can hang up printed rules by which the firing is done according to schedule, and the results satisfactory, and not materially varying in its continuous output or operation. — *The Brickmaker.*

Endorsing.

The system of endorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. It has been the financial ruin of more men than, perhaps, all other causes. *Book-keeping*, a journal devoted to merchants, clerks and business men, advises our young men especially to study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note. What responsibility does one assume when he endorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement, or rascality, fails to pay it.* Notice, the endorser assumes all this responsibility, with no voice in the management of the business and no share in the profits of the transaction, if it proves profitable; but with a certainty of loss if, for any of the reasons stated, the principal fails to pay the note.

—As the nights grow longer the young man whose affections are "sot" begins to dream of the long, patient vigils with the object of his adoration.

—Gout has various names according to the parts effected, as podagra, when in the feet; chiragra, when in the hands and, &c.; but whether the attack is first felt in the feet or the hands, rub with Salvation Oil at once. It annihilates pain. Price 25 cts

Popular trial shows the worth of every article, and 43 years' constant use has proven the great efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; it has no superior.

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