teen worse; tent to his church on a Sunday night, carried along his well-filled purse.

When the eexton came with his begging plate, The church was but dim with the candle's light; The stingy man fumbled all through his purse, And chose a comby touch, and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guiness sho So like unto pennies, in shape and sin So like unto pennies, in shape and size.

'I'll give a penny," the stingy man said;

"The poor must not gifts of pennies des

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring;
And back in his seat teamed the stingy man.
"The wor'd is so full of the poor," he thought,
"I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Hs, ha! how the sexton sml'ed, to be sure, To see the gold guines fall in his plate; Hs, hs! how the stingy man's heart was wru Perceiving his bunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said, "in the Lord's account Th ! guines of gold is set down to me. They lend to Him who give to the poor; It will not so bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the chuckling sexton erice out;
'The Lord is na cheated—He kens thee well;
He knew it was only by accident.
That out of thy fingers the guinea fell,

"He keeps an account na doubt for the puir; But in that account He'll set down to thee

There's a comfort, teo, in the little tale—
A serious side as well as a joke;
A comfort for all the generous poor
In the comical words the sexton spoke.

consfort to think that the good Lord knows How generous we really desire to be, and will give us credit in his account. For all the pennies we long to "gi'e."

—H. H., in St. Nicholae.

THE ADVENTURES OF A POET

Narcissus Brown was a most estima ble young man of studious habits. His father, a tradesman, had taken pride in giving him a liberal education. At the age of 19 years, therefore, Narcissus had finished his education, and had become

a philosopher.

But youth is fickle. An ardent imagination and restless instincts worked their way, and, at the age of 19 years and 3 months, Narcissus became a

poet.
"Father," said he, one day, "I feel within me the poetic instinct. I am a

poet!"
"Very well, my son," said the paternal Brown, "be a poet, if you will.
So much the better, too," he added,
"the wond fondness, "because it will vex with proud fondness, "because it will vex Green, the grocer. His son is a writer, but he only writes prose."
So Narcissus became a port. Every day he wandered off to the village near

his native city, and there communed with nature. The dusty trees which lined the roadside moved him to poetry, even the wind-mills stirred his

"Ah," he would sentimentally say, "how romantic they look! See the white sails glinting like those of a fair galleon gliding over the waves to some far-off shore."

The sea! He had never thought of the sea before. The idea suddenly flashed across his brain.
"Ah!" he mused, "the sea! The

bright, blue, boundless ocean! That is the place for a poet. What is there poetic in this hum-drum life ashore? On the ocean man struggles with nature; he combats the elements; he defies the storm, I shall go to sea." He returned to the paternal shop, and

declared his intention. But his father only yielded after much persuasion. At last he consented and modernic. last he consented, and made up a package of fancy dry goods which he thought he added a purse, some tears and his blessing, and Narcissus started for the

blessing, and Narcissus started for the nearest sea port.

There he repaired to the house of a cousin, a resident of the place; he stated his intention, and asked for adstated his intention, and asked for adsumpted. vice. The cousin was well acquainted with the Captain of a brig which was about to sail for Martinique, and secured him a passage aboard of her. Narcissus experienced a slight shock when he heard the name of the vessel.

"If it were only a little more poetithe Mermaid, or something like that. But the Sarah Ann!" And he asked the Captain's name. When told it was Smith, he almost fainted. He was to sail aboard the brig Sarah Ann—Smith, Master. He would have willingly given a larger sum if the Captain had a nauti-

However, there was no help for ithis passage money was paid. So the next day, accompanied by his cousin, he took a hoat and went on board th Sarah Ann, to see what she looked like. On the way out the water was very rough, the boat was small, and Narcis sus at once hoped and feared some accident-something romantic. But he only got sea-sick.

When he reached the deck he cast an eager glance around upon the hardy sons of the sea. Most of them were swabbing the deck after getting in car-go, and there were several engaged in washing and hanging out shirts upon the rigging to dry. With an exclama-tion of disgust, Narcissus turned away. "They only need flat-irons to be " said he.

However he descended to the Captain's cabin. That individual was talking to a stout, thick-set man, and signed to Narcissus and his cousin to seat them-selves. They did so, and Narcissus immediately began to inspect the cabin. To his disgust he found it was a prosaic little room, with a carpet, chairs, table and pictures on the walls—exactly like a room on shore. Narcissus sighed, and turned his eyes upon the Captain. His ideal of the man who was to brave the elements and command a turbulent crew was as follows: A mariner of giant frame -at least six feet; a massive head, fierce eyes, a voice of awe-inspiring qualities. He looked at Capt. Smith, and saw he was a short, thin man, about forty years of age; he was extremely polite in his manners; he wore a wig and took snuff. It is impossible to describe the revulsion of feeling that swept over Nar-cissus when he beheld this insignificant

The individual who was talking to the Captain was, as we have said, stoutly built; he was a jolly-looking fellow, and was deeply interested in trying to beat down the rate of passage.

"Come, now, Captain," said he, "can't you put it a little lower?" "I have only one price," replied the

Captain. Narcissus thought of the paternal

shop, and shuddered.
"Well," said the stout man, after much debate, "what must be must be. One condition, however; my boxes must have air, and dampness will injure them. You know what they contain,

So I want you to promise me that they shall not be put in the hold."

"All right," said the Captain; "they shall be placed on the orlop deck."

"And I can examine them whenever

"Whenever you like,"
"Well, here's your money," said the stout man, and he placed the sum upon the table, saluted, and left,
"Who's that fellow?" asked the

cousin, "Oh, it's a poor devil of a showman,

He's going to the colonies with a lot of wax figures to exhibit them."

"Wax figures! Why, they'll melt if you leave them on the orlop deck, won't they?"

"Well, that's his business," said the

worthy Captain, good-naturedly. Then, turning to Narcissus, he said: "Well, sir, I am pleased to meet you. I shall make your voyage as agreeable as possible. You will be very comfortable—just exactly the same as if you were on land."

Narcissus was in despair.
"But, Captain," said he, "you never have a voyage without a storm, do

Storm! storm! Why, my dear sir, I've followed the sea, man and boy, for twenty-one years, and, with the excep-tion of a capini of wind now and then, I've always had splendid weather." "May the devil strangle you and your splendid weather!" thought Nar-

"If you were in winter, now," con tinued the Captain, "I don't say but that it might be a little rough; but in

that it might be a little rough; but in July! Why, my dear sir, you'll scarcely know that you're at sea."

"Captain," said Narcissus suddenly, taking the bull by the horns, "can I get back my passage money? I want to go on some other ship."

"Some other ship?" said the astonished Captain, "Why, you could not be better satisfied. The brig is a splendid one. The sailors are all religious; you never hear an oath or a vulgar word from their lips."

word from their lips." At the thought of these nun-like mariners, Narcissus made an involun-

tary grimace. "Let me assure, sir, that you couldn't be better off. Besides, according to maritime law, after you've paid your passage, the money cannot be re-

So the unnappy Narcissus left the Sarah Ann, and did not reappear until the hour of sailing, such was his disgust at the unromantic character of vessel master and crew.

When he went to the pier to engage boat to take him out to the brig he met the stout min whom he had seen in the Captain's cabin. This findividual proposed that they should hire a boat jointy to transport themselves and baggage to the brig, and Narcissus consented. He bade farewell to his cousin, and tumbled into the boat. The stout man followed him.

'Have you ever been to sea, sir?" he asked. "No," replied Narcissus; "and

"Never, sir; this is the first time. I am going to the colonies to exhibit my wax figures, "What do they represent?" asked

Narcissus, mechanically.
"That," said he, pointing to one they were long, narrow boxes, about six by three—"that contains a magnificent figure of the Emperor Napoleon; that, a figure of his Holiness the Pope; that, an Albino," and he went through the

"Well, what do you bother me with it for?" demanded Narcissus, glad to find some one to vent his ill humor upon. "I only told you because you asked me, sir," replied the man submissively. "Well, shut up, will you?" replied the gentle Narcissus, "You talk too much!"

The stout man's eyes snapped angrily, but he said nothing.

They reached the vessel's side, and, with unheard-of precautions, the show-man had his bares out should He made the sailors almost expire with laughter at the gingerly way in which he climbed the ladder, and his calling the masts "the poles" furnished them

fresh food for merriment.
At 5 o'clock in the evening the Sarah Ann weighed anchor and set out on her voyage. Narcissus remained on deck, watching the sun set, and thus, as he expressed it, "relighting the torch of poesy in his soul." But he hadn't been there long before he became extremely sea-sick, and two grinning tars took him

As for the showman, he remained on deck amusing the crew by his ignorance of nautical matters, which was dense. However, as he was about to go below, he noticed that one of the sheets was working loose from its cleat. Glancing carefully around him, and seeing no one near, he hauled it taut and belayed it with the expertness of an old sailor. Having done this he went off to examine

Narcissus did not sleep. As he tossed estlessly upon his pillow he invoked the musės.

"O muses nine," quoth he, "pity me, and send us something romantic—a tempest, a shipwreck—anything. have quitted realms of pins, needles and tape, and abandoned myself to the caprice of the waves, only that my life may become exciting. Pity me, then, ye gods! Blow, old Boreas, blow! Lash thy waves, O Neptune!"

It is doubtful whether either the muses or the gods heard him, but it is certain that something very singular took place almost upon the heels of his prayer.

The brig was not provided with state rooms for passengers, so the apartment occupied by Narcissus consisted only of an old sail draped around the place 'tween decks where his hammock was swung. This canvas he could see over, and this is what took place. The feeble glimmer of a ship's lantern served to illumine the place without, and its rays fell upon the showman's boxes, which were lashed up against the vessel's side. Emerging from the darkness Narcissus saw the figure of the burly showman.

"The base hind!" thought he, "always anxious for his business. Here he is examining his figures when he might be watching the stars in you azure

Narcissus paused in his poetical flight. His eyes opened widely; he almost ceased to breathe. For the showman, after carefully glancing around him, had opened one of the boxes, and a man stepped out. The new-comer exchanged a whispered word with the showman, and began to shake his numb and rigid limbs.

"This is indeed romantic," muttered Narcissus. But he felt a cold censation creeping up his back.

The showman continued his task of opening the boxes. One by one the wax figures stepped forth, shook themselves and felt their joints. When the last box was opened, there were six of them, beside the showman. Each man irew out pistols and knives, looked to the locks, and replaced the weapons in convenient positions.

"Well," thought Narcissus, "that is the most wicked-looking gang of cut-throats I ever set eyes on. This is altogether too romantic. I wish I was But his thoughts were interrupted by

the sound of the showman's voice:
"All ready?" said he, in a hoarse whisper.
"All ready," was the whispered reply. "Thenshere we go!"
With cat-like tread they stole away in

Narcissus would have called out; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He would have risen; his head seemed glued to his pillow. A cold perspiration broke out upon him. He had realized the fact that the showman and his

comrades were pirates.

The minutes passed on. They seemed hours to him. Then he heard an outcry; the trampling of feet on the deck over his head; the short bark of pistols; over his head; the short bark of pistols; muttered curses; groans; then there was a wild yell of triumph; the sound of conversation; then he heard at intervals the noise of heavy bodies dropping into the water—"Splash! Splash! Splash!"

It was altogether too romantic. Narcissus fainted away.

When he came to his senses he had experienced a complete revulsion of feeling. The ocean to him was distasteful. He was enamored of green-fields and babbling brooks. He would have exchanged the Atlantic ocean for the smallest brook that ever ran. His fevered fancy car-ried him to the meadows around his native city; he thought of the flowers there; of the smiling grain and—

"Boom!"
What was that? It sounded like a cannon shot.

There was a crackling sound. The side of the vessel seemed to be bursting in. The planks and splinters flew, an from the midst there emerged a round-shot—a jolly, pudgy round-shot, which came wildly skipping along the deck toward him. As it neared him it made a final bound, and imbedded itself in the wood right over his head.

Again Narxissus lost his senses. He liked romance, but he was getting too

much of it at one time. * * * * * When Narcissus recovered conscious-

ness he found himself lying upon the deck of the brig. There were irons upon is hands, irons upon his feet. On either side of him squatted a swarthy sailor. each with a cutlass, and each watching him with the most flattering attention. Narcissus turned his head. Behind him lay his friend, the showman, in the same predicament as himself. Ranged in symmetrical rows lay the comrades of the showman, all ironed and guarded. Lying near the brig was a large man-of-war with the Spanish flag flying.

"Sir," said Narcissus, addressing the showman, "can you tell me what all this means?" "Hallo!" was the reply. "Why,

there's the little land lubber. I'd forgot you completely. Certainly— I'll take great pleasure in telling you about it. Do you see the yards of that ship ?"

"What are the yards?" said Narcissus, gravely.
"Ha! ha! Well, you see those poles that run across the masts?"

"Yes,"
"Do you see a man astride of one of them at the end?" Yes." "Do you know what he is doing?" " No

"He's fixing a rope."
"A rope! What for?" "To hang us." "To ha-to hang us! To hang

you, you mean."
"No—us." "Why-why-what do you mean? l'ou are a pirate! I am a poet. My name is Brown—Narcissus Brown: and

"Oh, well, tall them so, then. There's an officer.' Assuming an air of dignity tempered

with submission, Narrisasuraddressed the officer, detailing the story of how he came to be aboard the brig. The officer interrupted him curtly, in Spanish, by giving an order to one of the sailors.
"Well," said the showman, "do you

now what he said?

"He said, 'Gag that cur.'" "Then he didn't understand what I said?'

"Not a word. Neither he nor any of theothers speak anything but Spanish "But you can speak their language?"

"Fluently. "Well, then, tell him, you, that-"My dear boy, do you remember when we came out in the boat together? You told me I talked too much. will be silent. Really, you should have been more civil. But then you are going to be hanged in ten minutes, and it

will teach you manners." Narcissus was about to reply, but at that moment the sailor had prepared the

gag, and his mouth was stopped.
"It's no more than right," continued the showman, "that you should know why you're going to be hanged, so I'll tell you. I've been a pirate for twenty years, and never been unlucky. This is my first mishap—I'm afraid, though, it'll be my last. Well, about six months ago I boarded a Spanish merchantman from Peru, and, of course, I had to make all the crew walk the plank? Unfort-unately a ring that the Captain had took my fancy, and I've worn it ever since. Well, this meddlesome fellow boarded me yesterday, and I would have got off unsuspected had it not been for the cursed ring. The Captain of the mer chantman had been a friend of this offi-cer, who had given it to him. His suscions being excited, he examined the ship's papers, and thus found out my last little game. That, though, you know all about. So he's going to hang us all. I would have been sorrier for you, my boy, if you had been a little

more civil.' It was morally and physically impossible for Narcissus to reply; he was, herefore, silent.

His eyes wandered over the scene. The sea was smooth as glass, the sky blue and cloudless. The white clothing of the swarthy Spaniards contrasted vividly with their brown skins. The stately ship-of-war, with the gorgeous folds of the Spanish standard floating over her, was a pleasing sight to gaze-upon. But Narcissus heeded not all this. etry had fled from him. He could see but one thing—the seaman on the yard; he could think of but one thing—the rope which was so soon to encircle his

The doomed men were taken aboard of the man-of-war. One by one the pirates were slowly strangled at the yard There remained only Narcissus and the showman.
"After you," said the latter with a flendish grin. "You are younger than

The noose was placed around Narcis. sus neck. Stalwart arms swung him up to the yard. As he drew up his writhing limbs in his death agony, the

showman turned away his face.
"Well, it was his own fault," he muttered; "but I am half sorry for him." A few moments passed, and the two men were again together—but not in this world.

Ease is the last thing in the world for a Christian to long for. But it is quite right for him to wish and pray that he may be easy in his sphere and do its du may be easy in his sphere and do he du-ties easily. Not rest from toil, but peace in toil, should be our craving; not less work to do, but more strength for its doing. Ease is the paradise of a shrk, not a soldier, in the Christian warfare.

SEE that the outlets to each of your lrains are open and are not in any way logged.

TEN years ago it cost nearly as much get a bushel of grain from Buffalo to to get a bushel of grain from Buffalo to New York as it now does to carry it from

Chicago to Liverpool.

A warren of experience and reputation has stated that the fence tax on the
farmers in the State of New York is three and a half times greater per acre than the State, county, and township taxes on the land. DR. J. M. BAILEY says: "From my

experience in feeding, so far as I consider ensilage to be worth one-half as much as the best timothy hay. I would not, however, exchange ensilage for hay, and give two tons for one." THE best of forage may not always

furnish in suitable proportions all the elements necessary to produce the best milk; therefore, give a large variety of food, but guard against anything that will faint the milk or butter. A TRIAL was made in Scotland to test compared with the value of an acre o Swedish turnips for fattening sheep, and it was found that the cabbages were

worth very nearly \$20 the most. It is commonly stated that superphosphates, potash, salts, and other similar materials are more effective when used together than when applied separately. Certainly complete fertilizers, are more efficient than partial fertilizers.

THE sow should be fed but little corn during the last two months of her preg-nancy. Her diet should avoid that which heating and fattening. Oats, bran, middlings, and beets are a great deal better than the everlasting corn diet of

THE food of animals has duties to per form which are not demanded of the food of plants. In plants the food merely provides the matter for building up the vegetable tissues. In the animal, besides constructing tissues, the food has to furnish the means of producing heat and n echanical force.

Cows purchased from rich lands and carried to poor soils seldom do well. It s far better to buy a good cow from a poor farm, in which case improvement is almost certain. There is no good reason, however, why a poor animal should be kept on a poor farm. Keep better stock if you have to keep less of it.

WHERE plants are abundant the old stools of strawberries may be lifted, the grass picked from around them, and they may be reset in trenches with a well-rotted manure put about them on the surface. In some localities strong plants of last season's growth may be transplanted with good results.

EXPERIENCE and observation will convince anyone that better results will follow the application of manure at the surface, or at least within three inches of it, than if plowed under to three times that depth. For immediate results all wellrotted manure should be intimately mixed with the surface soil by repeated cultivations or harrowings.

THE character of the winter has often considerable influence on that of the following season. In a wet winter the soil may lose nitrates by drainage to a considerable extent. Root development will also be prevented by excessive wet. After such a winter the wheat crop generally is in a backward condition and finds itself in an impoverished soil.

A. J. Downing, who was perhaps the said: "If I were to preach a sermon on horticulture, I should take as my text 'Stir the Soil.'" Frequent and deep stirring will enable one to grow fine vegetables on comparatively poor and slightly manured soil; while without it one fails to gain the proper advantage, even from the richest and finest soil.

Where nitrogen is required as a fernia standard guanos are not always the most profitable, because with their excess of nitrogen they have a deficiency in phospheric acid and potash. Next to Peruvian guano, fish guano, fish scraps or sulphate of ammonia would be the

cheapest source of nitrogen. THE character of the food will affect the quality of the manure even more than the character of the animal. A diet of corn fodder and straw, for instance, can yield only a poor manure, because these foods contain very little nitrogen or phosphates. A diet including a liberal amount of oil-cake or beans will, on the other hand, yield a valuable manure. these foods being rich in nitrogen and ash constituents. A common mode in England and France of increasing the supply of manure on a farm is by the consumption of purchased food by the animals of the farm.

In his pamphlet on "Fertility," Dr. J. B. Lawes asserts that practically the source of the whole of the nitrogen in our crops is the store within the soil itself and in the nitrogenous manures brought upon it. At Rothamsted there are about twelve acres of land, distributed in six different fields, and under more than as many different crops, which have either been kept entirely without manure, or have only received purely mineral manures, for periods of twenty-five to forty years. As these areas are exposed to the same atmospheric influences as other fields, and as crops growing on them are, with the exception that they receive no nitrogen by manure, subject to the same influences as similar crops in neighboring fields, we may look with confidence to the re sults which they will yield in the course

A WRITER in the Scientific American savs: "We clean our premises of the detestable vermin, rats, by making whitewash yellow with coperas and covering the stones and rafters with it. In every crevice in which a rat may go we put the crystals of the coperas, and scatter in the corners of the floor. result was a perfect stampede of rats and mice. Since that time not a footfall of either rats or mice has been heard around the house. Every spring a coat of vellow wash is given the cellar as a purifier, as a rat exterminator, and no typhoid, dysentery, or fever attacks the family. Many persons deliberately attract all the rats in the neighborhood by leaving the fruits and vegetables uncovered in the cellar, and some times even the soap is left open for their regalement. Cover up everything eatable in the cellar and pantry and you will soon starve them out. These precautions, joined to the service of a good cat, will prove as good a rat exterminator as the chemist can provide. We never allow rats to be poisoned in our dwelling. They are so apt to die between the walls and produce much annoyance.

An exchange says of the amber cane in Minnesota, one acre of land planted to amber case and fairly cultivated will like a cockle shell with horns extended

of string-proof syrup. One gallon of string-syrup will yield five to seven pounds of sugar. The remainder, after the sugar is extracted, being a first-class syrup. The cane can be raised, laid down at the mill, with not more than two miles of hauling, and worked into string-proof syrup at an average cost not exceeding twenty cents per gallon. At twelve tons of cane per acre and fourteen gallons of syrup per ton we may average the product at 168 gallons of syrup per acre. At five pounds of sugar to the gallon the sugar product would be 840 pounds, leaving a residue of eighty-five gallons of syrup. The sugar at eight cents per pound amounts to \$67.20, and the syrup at sixty cents per gallon would amount to \$51. The 158 gallons of symp at twenty cents per gallon will cost \$33.60, but add 50 per cent, to cover possible contingencies, the extreme cost is \$50. Deducting this from the value of the sugar and syrup, \$118.20, and we have left \$67.80 for transportation to refinery, refinery expenses and

profits.

A KENTUCKY farmer gives the follow-advice about sheep: The common sheep of the country pay only a very small profit, while good Cotswolds yield a good revenue—a large interest on the investment. Let me illustrate the dif-ference, so that it will impress itself on the minds of those who are not using high grade or thoroughbred stock. An average farm in this section should keep 100 sheep yearly, for our average farmer eep yearly, for our average farmer is not progressive, and believes in going slow. He buys the common stock of the country—100 head at \$3 each, and a grade ram for \$6. With ordinary good luck he clips 400 pounds of wool and sells the 400 pounds at 25 cents, amounting to \$100, raises 75 lambs, worth \$3 each, making \$225, to which add the value of old yews, \$275, and we have a total of \$600. Deduct the cost of keeping the sheep one year, \$250, to which add the cost of ewes, \$300, and deduct five per cent. for loss, \$15, making a total of \$565, which leaves a profit of \$35, not estimating the value of the manure. If the same farmer buys 10) high grade ewes at \$650, estimating the keep of the same for one year at \$280, allowing five per cent. loss, \$50, total, \$960. Per contra the ews are worth \$600, wool ten pounds average, or 1,000 pounds, at \$250; seventy-five lambs at \$5 each, \$375, or a total of \$1,225, showing a net profit of \$265 and the manure

A KENTUCKY farmer gives the follow-

HOUSEHOLD BELPS.

(From the Detroit Free Press "Hon TOOTH POWDER.—Prepared chalk, four ounces; orris root (powdered), two ounces; green myrrh (powdered), one-fourth of an ounce; oil of cinnamon, twenty drops. REMEDY FOR BALDNESS -Glycerine four ounces; tannin, one drachm; tinc-

ture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of capsicum, ten drops. Apply to the bald spot night and morning.

For a Cough.—For a tight, hoarse cough, where phlegm is not raised, or with difficulty, take hot water often, as hot as can be sipped. This will be found

to give immediate and permanent relief. BAD BREATH. - Bad breath, from catarrah, foul stomach, or bad teeth may be temporarily relieved by diluting a little bromo chloralum with eight or ten parts of water, and using it as gargle, and swallowing a few drops just before going out.

DANDRUFF. - The annoyance from dandruff can be prevented by dampening the scalp three or four times a week with sulphur water, made by putting a half ounce of flour of supplur into a pint of water, shaking occasionally for a few days; then pour off into a clean bottle.

FLESH WORMS.—Black specks on the skin disfigure the face. Remove by thoroughly washing in tepid water, rubbing with a towel and applying with a soft flannal a lotion made of three

young children give two grain quinine pills, adult, four grains every night: this will keep down fever. Take chlorate of potash one part, sulphur one part, and sugar (white) two parts, mix thoroughly; take this mixture a pinch at a time. letting it dissolve slowly in since felt any rheumatic pain. at a time, letting it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Apply a warm poultace of flax seed to the throat, wrapping a piece of dry flannel on the outside. aperients should be given.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—These are best let alone. Shaving only increases the growth and depilatories are dangerous and sometimes distigure the face. The only sure plan is to spread on a piece of leather equal parts of golbarium and pitch plaster, lay it on the hair as smoothly as possible; let it remain there three or four minutes, then remove it with the hairs, root and branch. This is severe but effective. Kerosene will also remove them. If sore after using rub on sweet oil.

Brooms.-It is not economy to have too few brooms; one for the sleepingroom up-stairs, one for parlor and sittingroom, and one for the kitchen are not too many. As they are worn they may be passed down a grade at a time, the new one always going to the parlor. If the new broom is allowed to stand in cold water for twelve hours, afterward thoroughly drying it, it will last much longer. A broom should never be allowed to stand on its brush, as it makes it permanently one-sided and ill-shapen. Hang it up by a loop in the handle. VELVET.—How to brush velvet is a

thing, easy as it seems, not known to The whole secret lies in the everybody. management of the brush. Take a hatbrush that is not too soft, but has the bristles elastic, and that will return at tion will spring up along the wagon once to their original state after being pressed aside. Hold this firmly under miles the palm of the hand, in the direction of the arm, and with the bristles downward; and pressing them, first, gently into the substance of the velvet, then twist around the arm, hand and brush, all together, as on an axis, without moving them forward or backward. The and flirted out of the flock, without in jury to the substance of the velvet; and the brush must be lifted up and placed in a similar manner over every part, required to be brushed. By this velvet will be improved, instead of deteriorated, and will last for years. THE gold ax of King Koffee of Ash

antee, sent to Queen Victoria, has been deposited in the South Kensington Museum. It is a triangular blade of iron apparently cut from a piece of boiler clumsily stuck into a handle of African oak. Leopard skin covers the handle, part of which, just above the blade, is soiled apparently with blood. Bands of thin gold, enriched with uncouth chevrons and lunettes en repousse are placed around the handle. sheath is of tiger skin. Attached to it is yield twelve to fifteen tons of cane, according to soil and season. One ton of cane will yield twelve to fourteen gallons PACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE pitch of note produced by the wings of the guat in the act of flying is two octaves higher than the highest note

THE most ancient manu written without accents, stops or separa-tion between the words, nor was it until after the ninth century that copyists began to leave spaces between word Architects and manufacturers of

stained-glass windows are said to get the prettiest of their designs from kaleidoscopes, which they turn until they find a design that suits their purpose. More than half of the ships of the globe are coaled with English coal, and,

though the output last year reached the extraordinary dimensions of 147,000,000 loss, the whole of it obtained a market. A FACT interesting to mineralogists and geologists has been brought to light at the gold fields in Australia, namely, at the gold heids in Australia, namely, that the quantity of gold in quartz does not diminish with the depth in all cases, for in some mines the gold is still abun-dant at a depth of 650 feet, and shows no

sign of diminution. BEES have an intuitive guidance in the selection of food, which has the power of producing organic changes in the bodies of the young, even to the de-termination and development of sex, so that, by the administration of it under what may be called artificial conditions, certain selected individuals can be made the mothers and queens of future hives.

THE brilliant light of the electric are is found to be much less dangerous to the eyes than was for some time be-lieved. So high a medical authority as the London Lancet reports that but one case of serious injury from exposure to the dazzling light has come under its notice, and in that instance the exposure was unusually severe and prolonged. How often do we hear the query,

"What becomes of all the dead birds The secret of their mysterious disappearance was but just now half told by the buzz of those brown wings, and the other half is welcome to any one who will take the trouble to follow their lead. This beetle is one of man's incalculable benefactors. It is his mission to keep fresh and pure the air we breathe. is the sexton that takes beneath the mold not only the fallen sparrow, but the mice, the squirrels, and even much larger creatures that die in our woods and fields. Beneath that clump of yarrow I found just what I expected—s small dead bird-and the grave diggers were in the midst of their work. Already the rampart of fresh earth was raised around the body, and the cavity was growing deeper with every moment, as the busy diggers evacuated the turf beneath. Now and then one would emerge on a tour of inspection, even rummaging among the feathers of that silent throat, and climbing upon the plumy breast to press down the little body into the deepening grave. * These nature-burials are by no means rare, and where the listless eye fails to discover them the nostrils will often indicate the way, and to any one desirous of witnessing the operation, without the trouble of search, it is only necessary to place in some convenient spot of loose earth the carcass of some small animal. The most casual observer could not fail soon to be attracted by the orange spotted beetles.

HE DID NOT MINCE MATTERS. A representative of the Lynn (Mass.) Item, in a late ramble throughout gathered, among other scraps of interest and information, the following: The first place visited by the reporter was the fruit store of Mr. J. Levett, No. 67 Market street, in response to a rumor that the proprietor had been cured of the rheumatism by the great remedy. Mr. Levett not being in, the reporter had a talk with his son. Mr. Levett stated that his father had been cured of an exceedingly bad attack of rheumatism by the St. Jacobs Oil. He had the disease soit name a lotion made of three came perfectly helpless after being affected a few hours. His pain was so great that he could not rest in comfort or attend to busing the being too soluble and too energetic for plant food. The 10 per cent in his right arm and shoulder, which beenduring this sort of thing for some time, he purchased a bottle of the great German Remedy and began to apply it. He did not mince matters at all, but just used the Oil for all it was worth. After pursuing this mode of treatment for three days the pain was banished and his father was in a per-

Trailing. One of the most remarkable features

of uncivilized life is the power savages show of tracking men and beasts over immense distances. Many travelers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous, yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well-known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very-common-sense hints on the subject. In countries like ours every trace or foot-print or wheel-track on roads or paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused; but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can conceal his track. In Caffreland, when cattle are stolen, their foot prints are traced to a village, the head man is responsible for them, unless he can show the same track going out. A wagon track in a new country is practically indelible. "More especially," say the authors of "Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life," "is this the case if a fire sweeps over the plain immediately after, or if a wagon passes during or after a prairie fire. We have known a fellowa prairie fire. We have known a fellow-traveler in this manner recognize the tracks his wagon had made seven years before, the lines of charred stumps crushed short down remaining to indicate the passage of the wheels, though all other impressions had been obliterated by the rank annual growth fully twelve feet high. Sometimes, the original soil being disturbed, a new vegetamites.

Even on hard rock a man's bare foot will leave the dust caked together by perspiration, so that a practiced eye will ce it: and even if there is no track. a stone will be disturbed here and there, the side of the pebble which has long lain next to the ground being turned up. foreign matters will thus be drawn up, If it is still damp, the man or beast that turned it has passed very recently. If a shower of rain has fallen, the track will tell whether it was made before, during or after the shower; similar indications can be obtained from the dew; and other indications of the time that has elapsed since a man passed by is furnished by the state of the crushed grass, which will be more or less withered as the time is onger or shorter. Other indications are drawn from the direction in which the rass lies; this tells how the wind was blowing at the time the grass was crushed; and by noting previous of the wind, one learns the time at which each part of the track was made.

HORACE B. DICK, Esq., associate editor of the Delaware Co. Republican, Chester, Pa., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of very severe injuries resulting from a fall. His arm appeared to be paralyzed, but the Oil cured him.—Philadelphia Ledger.

MOLTKE was 64 when he won his first battle, yet there are those who urge Gen. Sherman's retirement at 62. Removing the Capital

A few years ago it was the fashion among a certain clique of politicians, whose utterances were echoed by a portion of the press, to clamor for the removal of the Capitol from Washington to some representative Western city near to the geographical center of the country. The topic seemed to prove a seven days' wonder, however, and was soon forgotten in the rush and requirements of the nation's urgent business. Now whether the Capitol will ever be removed or not is not near so interesting a question to some people as to whether rheumatism can or will be removed from their bodies. The subject of the removal of this disease from the system has very successfully interested myriads of people, and, from the extended expressions conveyed by the almost-innumerable statements received from representatives of every class of the community, we append the following brief selection—premising, for the benefit of the reader, that the disease referred to is rheumatism or neuralized and the removal of the resease. mising, for the benefit of the reader, that the disease referred to is rheumatism or neuralgia, and the remedy is that grand old panacea—St. Jacobs Oil.—The Rt. Rev. panacea—St. Jacobs Oil.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmour, Cleveland, Ohio; "Excellent for Rheumatism and kindred diseases. It has benefited me greatly."—Hon. Carter H. Harrison, Mayor of Chicago: "Have used it in my family and neighborhood with remarkable results, and I think it an excellent remedy."—John Carr Moody, Esq., Connselor-at-Law, Vallejo, Cal.: "The relief afforded in a short time was such as to make me, disregard the evidence of forded in a short time was such as to make me disregard the evidence of my own senses."—Capt. Paul Boyton, the World-Renowned Swimmer: "I do not see how I could get along without St. Jacobs Oil."—Mr. D. W. McDonald, Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, Ottawa, Can.: "A splendid remedy; cured rheumatism of my wrist and hand."—Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., Mare Island, Cal.: "Complete and wonderful cure of the most painful attacks of rheumatism."—Wm. H ful attacks of rheumatism."—Wm. H. Wareing, Esq., Asst. General Supt. New York Postoffice: "Proved all that is claimed for the Oil and found efficacious. Ready relief for rheumatic pains."—Ex-Postmaster Gen. James, while Postmaster of New York, tersely and characteristically indorsed Supt. Wareing's report by writing: "I con

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