

## HOUSEHOLD.

### Send Them to Bed With a Kiss.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged,  
Worn out with the cares of the day,  
You often grow cross and impatient,  
Complain of the noise and the pay;  
For the day brings so many vexations,  
So many things going amiss,  
But mothers, whatever may vex you,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,  
Perhaps from the pathway of right;  
The dear little hands find new mischief  
To try you from morning till night.  
But think of the desolate mothers  
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,  
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise will not vex you,  
The silence will hurt you far more,  
You will long for the sweet, childish voices,  
For a sweet childish face at the door,  
And to press a child's face to your bosom  
You'd give all the world just for this;  
For the comfort 'twill bring in your sorrow,  
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

FLORENCE A. JONES.

### Home Culture.

There are many persons who profess to look upon all new ideas and theories with contempt, and who lose no opportunity to ridicule and make absurd any movement that leads towards the cultivation of the finer qualities of humanity and the more delicate phases of the mental and physical being. They condemn refined ideas as "nonsensical," which is, to them, the extreme of weakness and foolishness.

It cannot be denied that there is room for great improvement in the habits and manners of the masses of the people, and that anything tending in direction of education or reforming them should be hailed with delight and encouraged in every possible way. Instead of this, there are burlesques, caricatures and a general cheapening of those things which every intelligent person should regard as among the fundamental principles of correct and judicious living.

History and observation prove that nearly all radical reformers have been at first ridiculed, and new ideas almost always received with suspicion, if not with the most outspoken opposition. The fine old aristocrats of the *ancien regime* of France had no scorn too utter, no ridicule too superior, when the first mention of "liberty, equality and fraternity" was made in the opening days of the French Revolution; still their scorn and ridicule gave way before the mighty effort of a long-suffering populace, over-radical though that effort became. When any such ridicule obstructs the advance of educational principles and strengthens the bonds that bind us to ignorance and awkwardness, it is time that the more advanced element of society stepped in to interfere and to bring to bear every influence that will further the work of elevating and refining the world. If objection to a better state of things affected only the mature portion of society, there would be less reason for regret; but when it delays the development and retards the progress of the younger members of the community, it is almost in the nature of a calamity.

There are families all over our land in which the boys and girls keep along in all sorts of careless habits and ill-bred practices simply because they not only have no encouragement from their elders to do better but would certainly be made the subjects of ridicule if they attempted to change their ways. If the boy takes pains to brush his hair, keep his hands and finger nails clean, his boots polished and his clothes free from dust, someone says "dandy dude" or "swell" and hints about "the best girl" or sneeringly whispers "ma's baby" or "pretty boy," then goes off into paroxysms of laughter. No sensitive boy will willingly subject himself to such annoyances as these, and there is little wonder that, after a few such experiments, he grows careless and indifferent, and at last loses all regard for his personal appearance and grows up that most disagreeable of all creatures, a slovenly, untidy man, one who is tolerated from necessity, but not welcomed with enthusiasm.

We have in mind the case of a boy of eighteen living just outside of a city, who possessed a mind naturally turning to the external refinements. This lad's sensitive nature was distressed by unnecessary humiliations imposed on him by a father whose bosom was filled with an apprehension that his son might "splurge." To avert this possibility, the parent, though wealthy in this world's goods, would hunt for excuses to send his boy to town in a rickety cart, though he owned a neat buggy which would have usually served the purpose as well as the cart.

It is the duty of every parent to see to it that the boy is equally educated in culture and good manners with the girl, and that in no case should there be the least discouragement of improvement permitted, but on the contrary, every indication of attention to personal appearance and the cultivation of a refined and polished demeanor should be encouraged in the warmest terms.

If, as is sometimes the case, the parents are ignorant or indifferent to the nicer shades of propriety, there is even more need for upholding the boy in his desire to rise above his surroundings; and if he gets his inspiration outside of the family, surely his parents should be the last to reprove or make sport of him. It is very well for them to say that what is good enough for father is good enough for son, but this statement will not bear analysis. What is good enough for the past decade is not good enough for the present. Let no parent make the mistake of trying to harness his son to the usages and traditions of the past. The bonds avail nothing before the presence of nineteenth-century progress.

### Untruthful Children.

Some one asked Miss Harrison, the superintendent of the Kindergarten College in Chicago, what she would do with a child who told lies.

Miss Harrison does not believe in corporal punishment for any offence.

She said: "It would depend entirely upon the sort of a lie it was. Her advice in substance was like this: Lying is too often treated locally, when it should be constitutionally treated. There are almost as many different sorts of lies as there are different sorts of fevers. For example, exaggeration which comes from excess of imagination. That is to be cured by teaching accuracy of observation. Make the child count all the objects in the room. Make him hold steadily to proven facts in everything.

Then there is the lie of egotism, which is always claiming everything for itself. Ig-

nore the story. Make it seem not worth his while.

The lie which denies is the fault of other people. Punishment has been given arbitrarily. That is to be corrected in the guardian.

The hardest fault to correct in a child, or any one else is the deep lie of jealousy, the malicious lie. It always comes from jealousy and there seems to be only one possible remedy. Get the jealous child to do some service for the other. Make him participate in the other's life, in some way become a partner, as it were, and the jealousy ceases.

### Curing Meats.

The farmer need not refuse to eat sausages because he does not know what is in them, nor like the old gentleman decline to eat them because he "made his money out of them." The home-made sausage if made after a good rule is a most excellent dish for a cold day and for those who have good digestion. It suffers more often from combination with other food of too much the same kind than because it is itself extremely indigestible. It is not hygienic wisdom to eat hot cakes or mince pie with fried sausage, but with food that is unlike itself it has a place in cold weather foods. In preparing the meat it is best to use one-third fat to two-thirds lean meat. A certain lady gives as a safe rule in seasoning sausage meat, one even tablespoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sage, and a scant half teaspoonful of white pepper to each pound of meat.

Miss Corson's rule is: Use the lean trimmings of fresh pork and from one-half to one-quarter of their weight in clear firm fat cut from the back or from some part of the carcass near the skin. Therefore to 12 pounds of lean pork add three of clear fat; chop or grind the meat until very fine, removing all tough portions. Season with one cup each of salt and powdered sweet herbs (chiefly sage) two even teaspoonfuls of cayenne and four of black pepper. After the meat is thoroughly chopped and seasoned try a little piece by frying to see if the seasoning is right. Sausage meat can be salted in bags and smoked like hams.

The favorite rule of the "Interests" will bear repeating this year for the benefit of those who are new subscribers for it is warranted. To 30 pounds of meat take 10 ounces of salt, three ounces of sage and one and one-half ounces of pepper, two level tablespoonfuls of allspice and one cup of sugar. The meat should be cut in small pieces and the seasoning sprinkled over it and well worked through it before it goes into the meat grinder. The meat should never be allowed to freeze before it is used in sausage making. It pays to cut into small pieces and mix thoroughly with the seasoning and above all to be exact in the measuring of the meat and the seasoning; then there will be no need of cooking and tasting it to see if it is just right.

The sage should be home grown, dried in the shade, then rubbed out and sifted and kept tightly corked in bottles. Most housekeepers now put their sausage meat up in bags. Take a strip of strong cotton cloth and measure around the top of a tea cup then tear the cloth of the same width. Sew up on the machine, dip in strong brine and dry before filling. Tie up one end of the bag and then fill with meat crowding it in as hard as possible; tie the remaining end and put in a cool dry place. When the meat is used open one end rip the seam a little way and turn back. Cut the slices a little more than an inch thick for frying.

Another simple rule for a small quantity of meat that will be used in a short time is: Two pounds and a half of pork, three-quarters lean and one quarter fat. Mince this meat as fine as possible with a machine; it should be ground almost to a paste. Add a heaping tablespoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of black pepper, a tablespoonful of powdered sage, and a scant teaspoonful of summer savory. Mix all the ingredients through the meat with the hands turning it again until evenly seasoned. Roll the sausage meat into balls.

HOME-MADE DRIED BEEF.—Select a nice round of beef—better from a young animal—divide it into two pieces, following the natural line of division very carefully, so as not to make any cuts or gashes for the fly to burrow in. Then for fifty pounds of the meat make a mixture of two pounds of fine salt, one ounce of powdered saltpetre, and one and a half pounds of brown sugar. Rub this mixture well into the meat every morning until used up, and at the end of two weeks hang up in a smoke house to smoke slightly or just enough to be tasted. Excess of smoke is not generally relished. It may be left hanging in any dry place away from flies. If it moulds a little on the outside that will not hurt.

CURING HAMS.—This is westphalia hams are cured: They are first rubbed with dry salt and left to drain for twenty-four hours. Four quarts of salt, three pounds of brown sugar, one pound of saltpetre, four ounces of sal prunella, and four ounces of juniper berries are bruised and well mixed together and boiled in six quarts of water. The brine is then cooled and skimmed. The hams are taken from the salt and wiped dry, and the cold pickle is poured over them and well rubbed into the meat. They are then smoked a little every day for three months until completely dry, when they will keep sound and improve in flavor for years. Hams shrink in smoking about 10 per cent. in weight while pickled or salted pork gains about 10 per cent.

### Tested Receipts.

MOULDED SNOW.—Scald three cups of milk and mix one half cup of cornstarch with one cup of milk, using one quart of milk in all. Stir the diluted cornstarch into the hot milk adding also two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cook fifteen minutes then add the white of three eggs beaten stiff and pour into a mould. Chill and serve.

In using cornstarch there is always a danger of cooking it too short a time thus leaving it indigestible and with a raw taste. Cornstarch is not cooked when it is swollen as too many cooks are apt to think for starch to be digestible ought to be subjected to heat about 20 minutes.

This pudding is prettily moulded in a large melon mould.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE.—This is to be served with the moulded snow and is an effective contrast. It may be served cold. Mix one rounding tablespoonful of cornstarch with one-quarter cup of milk and stir in one and three-quarters cups of scalded milk. Melt two squares of chocolate, and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and two of hot water, cook until smooth then add to the first mixture.

Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, add gradually two-thirds cup of powdered sugar, then the unbeaten yolks of the two eggs. Stir into the cooked mixture, cook one minute stirring constantly. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla.

When using powdered sugar always sift it before measuring or you will have too large a quantity. Melt the chocolate in a little saucepan set over boiling water. Add flavoring to mixtures after they have cooled but if it must be added to a hot mixture you must use more.

TAPIoca NUT CREAM.—Soak one-half pound of pearl tapioca over night in one and one-half cups of cold water and cook in a double boiler until transparent then add one-half cup of sugar, and the juice and grated rind of a lemon; turn into small moulds. Chill and turn to a glass dish garnished with apricots and whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with chopped walnuts and vanilla.

HONEYCOMB PUDDING.—Beat together one-half cup of sugar and a cup each of molasses and flour. Heat one-half cup of milk and one-half cup of butter, add a teaspoonful of soda. Combine the mixture and beat again. Pour into a buttered pudding mould and steam three hours or turn into a dish and bake one and one-half hours. This pudding is more successfully steamed than baked as it requires a very slow oven in order to be just right.

CREAMERY SAUCE.—Beat one quarter cup of butter, add slowly one-half cup of powdered sugar. Then add two tablespoonfuls each of wine, and cream or milk very slowly just before serving, stir over hot water until smooth.

ALMOND CUSTARDS.—Make a boiled custard with one pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. When cold add one-half cup of finely-chopped almonds and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Serve in glasses with whipped cream sprinkled with finely-shredded almonds.

In making a boiled custard the yolks give a smoother consistency than the whites. Beat the eggs with a spoon until smooth and the varying rule is to allow a tablespoonful of sugar to each egg.

To blanch almonds pour boiling water over and let them stand ten minutes; drain, cover with cold water and then remove the skins. To shred almonds cut them in fine lengthwise strips with a sharp knife.

## ONTARIO'S MINERALS.

### A Valuable Collection of Gold and Silver Ores for Chicago.

A Toronto despatch says:—It transpires that the floor of the building at Chicago intended for exhibiting Canada's minerals will not stand the strain to which it will be subjected, and is therefore being taken up and trestle work placed underneath to strengthen it. The floor, as first constructed, would only bear a weight of 165 lbs. to the square foot, while some of the specimens sent will be of a very massive character. One enormous block of ore just mined in the Sudbury district and awaiting shipment weighs 10 tons.

The Burke exhibit of precious metals from the Port Arthur district has arrived in Toronto, and will be sent to Chicago with the other minerals.

So valuable are the specimens of gold and silver from the Lake of the Woods district, which just reached here for shipment to Chicago, that Mr. Awrey, Ontario Commissioner, had to give a bond of \$8,000 for their safe return.

A great many American capitalists came to Toronto and inspected the mineral exhibit here. The result is that there have been numerous enquiries after location. One capitalist from New York was so much struck with a sample of galena that he paid \$400 to a well-known prospector to survey the location for him, although he failed to learn the precise locality that the sample came from.

### A CHILD TURNING TO STONE.

Extraordinary Case of Petrification in France—Death the Only Relief.

The French Academy of Sciences has been making reports on an extraordinary case of selerema or petrifying of the skin and outer tissues of a human body. The case under consideration, which, by the way, is one of the rarest reported in medical literature, is that of an 18 months old child of St. Jeanne, a suburb of the French metropolis. When this doomed child was last made the subject of a clinic its flesh was cold and almost as hard as marble; and, while it still continues to live, it can only move the eyelids and lips. The poor little sufferer sleeps nearly all the time, lying with its eyes wide open and breathing more like some cleverly devised automaton than a human being. The inner side of the lips, that portion of the eyelids which folds up under the eyebrows, and a place about the size of a silver dollar under each arm, are the only spots on the body which present any of the warmth or pliability characteristic of human flesh. In June or July the child was as healthy as any of St. Jeanne's many babies until it got a heavy fall, striking on the back of the head. The disease, which dates from this fall and seems to have some mysterious connection between the tissue and the skin, is supposed to be the result of the nervous shock. According to my data this is the thirty-ninth case on record and the second in which the whole of the body was affected. The doctors in attendance say that death is the only relief.

### The Height of Courtesy.

The Queen of Saxony is passionately fond of children, perhaps for the very reason that she has none of her own. Accordingly, she never fails to caress a baby when she gets a chance. Once, when taking a stroll in the park at Dresden, she accosted a nurse with a couple of splendid babies in her arms. "Oh! the lovely pets!" she said. "Twins, no doubt?" "Yes, your Majesty." "Their father must be very proud of them." "This one's father certainly is: but the other one's father has just died." "But you told me they were twins!" Then the nurse blushed and said, "I beg pardon, it was not myself who said so, but your Majesty, and—I didn't dare to contradict you."

### Particular.

Hicks—"Is that your dog? I suppose you consider him Al?" Wicks—"Oh, no; he is K9."

## YOUNG FOLKS.

### Polly and the Baby.

"I'm going after some nuts," said Jack. "You come, too."

"No," said Polly. "It's no fun when you've got to tug along with a baby."

Polly however, took little Joe from the cradle, where he sat trying to get both plump fists into his mouth at once, and scolding each one in turn because he couldn't, and went to see Jack fix his wagon and harness.

It really was very interesting. A soap-box on wheels made as good a wagon as any one would wish to see. Rover was having his harness fitted, lying down about half a dozen times just as it was most useful that he should stand up.

At last it was finished. Jim, Polly's brother next older than the baby, got into the wagon. Jack led Rover by a string, and he trotted off as soberly as any old nag.

All the children were delighted, and, Polly, forgetting how heavy little Joe was, followed the boys until they were almost to the grove.

"You might as well come a little farther now you're so far," said Jack.

"I'm so tired carrying the baby!"

"Put him in the wagon," suggested Jack.

"Oh, he might get hurt."

"He couldn't," said Jack, positively. "See, I'll tie Rover here to this tree, and he'll lie down as quiet as a mouse. Rover always likes lying down better'n doing anything else."

Polly looked around. It was not a public road they were in, only a path, with a green field on one side and a steep grassy bank on the other. No cows were in the field, and none could come up that bank.

Jack took off his coat and laid it in the wagon for baby to sit on. Baby was crowing and laughing like a little cherub, as he was.

They strayed into the grove, Jack throwing up sticks and stones to bring down the nuts, which Polly and Jim picked up.

Polly turned often to look at baby, running back once or twice to make sure he was all right. She found his eyes closing, and laid him tenderly down in the wagon, with the coat for a pillow. Then she ran back to where she had left the boys, and soon forgot to notice how far off they were getting.

"There's some berries in the lot beyond," said Jack. "It won't take long for us to get 'em."

Baby was out of sight now, and Polly felt uneasy about going any further from him.

"Rover'll take just as good care of him as you will," Jack said.

So Polly went for the berries. But before long Jack turned his head to listen.

"What's that?" he said.

"It's Rover barking," cried Polly, running with all her might.

The boys followed her. Polly screamed when at length Rover came in view.

He had caught sight of a rabbit, and was tearing along like a wild creature.

After him came the wagon, bouncing and bumping from one tree to another, now dragged on one side, now on the other, now upside down. Polly and the boys screamed to him, but the more they screamed the faster he dashed on. Crash went the wagon—top gone, bottom gone, wheels gone at last, just as Rover took a jump over the fence into the field where the berries grew.

Where was the baby?

As the rabbit had shown his pink-lined ears Rover had sprung forward with a bound which jerked the wagon high into the air. Out went baby rolling over and over down the steep bank. He reached the bottom of it before he was fairly awake. He rubbed his eyes, found that he was not hurt and sat still for a moment, perhaps wondering what was coming next, and then set up such a roar from his red lips that all the people in the nearest house ran to see what could be the matter. It was Mrs. Jones's house and baby's mother was there, and she was the first one to reach him. She picked him up and carried him home.

An hour later three sorry-looking children, with swollen eyes and feet aching with walking about hunting for the baby, came and peeped in the door.

Baby was there, trying as hard as before to get both fists into his mouth, and scolding just as hard because he couldn't.

Polly made a rush at him.

"O baby! I'll never, never leave you again that way as long as you live!"

### What The King Saw.

The historical King is sometimes very much like the small boy who hates to be disappointed, and when suffering from this affliction must have some new and special amusement provided for him. The grand monarch, Louis XIV. of France, who was not so grand on a close view, did something very much like sulking one very hot day when the heat prevented him from going out hunting. It was to have been such a splendid party, pouted the pleasure-loving King, arranged by himself entirely to his own satisfaction; and the game was so fine near the chateau of Marly, where the court was then settled; but this miserable heat must come and spoil everything.

What about the poor people in those narrow streets and lanes of Paris, parching and dying for a breath of pure air, and a sight of the green trees and lawns that made Marly so beautiful? Ah! that, as the King would have said, was one out of choice—to-day the Majesty of France wished to go hunting and was disappointed. He had a great many playthings of various kinds, this disappointed King, but he frowned at all suggestions, and would amuse himself with none of them.

He did not exactly flatten his nose against the window-pane, after the manner of the spoiled small boy when the elements combine to make his life a burden, but he hung very heavily on the hands of his courtiers, who felt that his Majesty must be amused at any price. Some brighter spirit than the rest finally suggested a grand telescope which belonged to a great geographer, and this fine instrument was brought to Marly, and put in position for the King to gaze through it to a distance of ten miles in all directions. Its power was wonderful enabling the gazer even to distinguish the features of people at that great distance.

The King's new playing was quite as absorbing as the hunt, and for a long time he gazed spellbound through the wonderful glass. The anxious courtiers began to breathe more freely, and blessed the telescope and its inventor, when suddenly his Majesty turned very pale, dropped the glass which had

yielded him so much pleasure, and ordered Count de G—to have a horse saddled, and to summon ten files of the cavalry, which he himself would command.

Forgetting his late indifference and dissatisfaction, Louis XIV. sprang into the saddle and rode furiously along the back of the Seine, with the cavalry close in the rear. Before long these wild riders encountered three young men who were coming towards them on foot. These pedestrians, who were dressed like country people, seemed to be in a hurry, and were quite excited on seeing the royal cavalry approaching them with the King at their head.

His Majesty ordered a halt, and said to the peasants, greatly to their surprise, "An hour since you three were bathing in the river, just beyond the village of Maisons!"

The men assented, and the King ordered Count de G—to arrest them at once. No one dared to question his Majesty's orders, but all were greatly puzzled at the strange proceedings to which the telescope seemed to have led. The general supposition was that by its aid the King had discovered a plot against his own life, and chose to arrest the criminals himself to make sure of them.

The men were criminals beyond a doubt, but they had no design on the life of the King. They had just drowned, on a pretext of bathing in the Seine, their young step-brother, who was their father's favorite and fearing that he would get most of the property, they resolved to make away with him. Having dressed themselves and hid their brother's clothes, they were walking along the street in fancied security when they were so unexpectedly confronted by the King and his soldiers.

Louis XIV. had seen through the geographer's telescope the drowning of the poor boy by his unnatural brothers, and while his face blanched at the sight, he determined to prevent the escape of the murderers. The guilty men were startled and thrown off their guard on their arrest by the King, which seemed to them like the vengeance of Heaven, that they confessed their crime, and all three were executed at once. If his Majesty's hunting party had not been put off, in all probability the crime would never have been discovered.—Harper's Young People.

### A REMARKABLE STORY.

#### Death of a Recluse Who Slept in a Coffin and Lived Like a Pig.

A dispatch from Hanover, Pa., says: "Mr. Jacob Mumma, the recluse, died on Sunday evening at his residence on the York road, about one mile from Hanover. Since 1848 he was away but once from his strange and dreary place of abode, and on this occasion, between 1854 and 1855, he visited England, and while there received a patent on a watch and was offered \$50,000 for the right, but he wanted \$100,000, and got nothing. This, in connection with a love affair disappointment, preyed on his mind to such an extent that he became decidedly eccentric and decided to retire from society and live by himself. He would only see a few people who had business with him, and these were limited to five. In early life he mingled in society and enjoyed himself and worked on his father's farm.

His father, Samuel Mumma, who died about seven years ago, owned the place where he died, consisting of a farm, containing over 100 acres, a three-story brick mill, widely known as Mumma's mills, and a two-story, roomy dwelling house. On his death it became the property of Jacob and his brother, Samuel B., who died about one year ago, when it became the property of Jacob. Since then he sold the farm to Samuel Bare, who has been living in the house up to his death. Bills were out for sale of the mill property on Saturday last, but the sale was postponed on account of Mr. Mumma's illness. He had three rooms in the house reserved for his apartments.

"In Winter he would live entirely in the cellar, 8 by 10 feet. Here he would eat and sleep and in the Summer time he would occupy a room on the second floor and one above that on the third. He went from one room to the other by the aid of a ladder, having holes cut through the floor and ceilings, never going in any other part of the house. Often at night he would come forth from his haunt and stroll over the farm in order to see that all was well and at the same time get a little fresh air and exercise. Some years ago he had a casket made in which he wanted to be buried. He had some time ago imagined that rats and mice might get at him while asleep and had high stilts put to the casket, getting in and out with a ladder. He had a tin box made and left in care of the undertaker in which he wanted to be buried. He had no use for a doctor, preacher or barber. His hair was very long."

### ENGLISHWOMEN USE PLUM.

#### The Habit Has Grown Upon Them and They Rival Eastern Opium Eaters.

The anti-opium party will be greatly surprised to hear that laudanum drinking in excessive quantities is quite common in some parts of England. We assume that this will come to them as news, feeling assured that if they were aware of the fact they would endeavor to pluck this mote out of the British eye before seeking to remove the beam from the Asiatic optic. We would commend to them, therefore, the revelations at the coroner's inquest held the other day at Sunderland on a respectable woman who had accidentally poisoned herself with an overdose of laudanum.

A chemist deposed that he had been in the habit of supplying her regularly for thirty years. At first, one drachm a day sufficed, but the quantity gradually increased until at the time of her death three ounces of the drug only lasted her for nine days. It may be thought, perhaps, that this case is exceptional. But the coroner's remarks forbid that comforting idea; he asserted as a fact within his own knowledge that laudanum drinking is a common practice among Sunderland women.

Nor is it confined to that town; country clergymen tell of its existence in many other places, and deplore its terrible consequences. It behoves the anti-opium crusaders, then, to move Parliament to include laudanum among those poisons, whose sale is placed under stringent restrictions. That is the remedy suggested by the Sunderland coroner, and it seems to be about the best within reach. There is a want of consistency, to say the least, in fencing round the sale of other poisons with all manner of legislative precautions, while allowing laudanum to be bought wholesale by all comers.