The Home

THE LITTLE LOW ROCKER.

One sacred thing remains to me
  Of all the vanished past,
I hold it as a treasure dear
  By memory's dreams o'ercast.
'Tis the little low rocker where mother sat
  Rocking her babies to and fro,
And crooned for them the lullabies
  That still through memory go.

Devoid of paint, with many a scar,
  And legs that creak with age,
My loving thoughts still linger there,
  Tears soil this written page,
For the little low rocker where mother sat.
  Brings up such a train of thought.
On, the deep wooden cradle one foot did rest,
  While (her hand with the needle wrought.

The spinning wheel whose droning sound
  Hums down throughout the years,
And the shining thread, she used to spin.
  Glances through falling of tears.
But the little low rocker where mother sat.
  Is a link 'twixt the now and then;
Though those happy days and homely joys,
  Can never come again.

Ah, youth! thou vanished with flying feet,
  Far over the hills of time,
No sight nor sound comes back from thee,
  Save in faithful memory's chime;
But the little low rocker where mother sat.
  Its spell o'er me ever will cast,
For as I look on its ancient form,
  I live once more in the past.

I see again my mother's form,
  The sunshine on her hair,
I hear afresh my mother's voice
  In music or in prayer;
And the little low rocker where mother sat.
  Creaks aye, with a gladsome sound;
While the spinning wheel adds its rythmical hum
  In a happy musical round.

WINTER ROSES IN PTOS.

Would you enjoy a few roses in the house during the winter? No doubt you would, but unless you have a very sunny window to devote to them, in a room where you can regulate the heat so as to have the temperature at about 50 degrees during the night and 75 during the day, grow something else.

But, given the sunny window with the right heat, a few roses will thrive as well as geraniums, but not with the neglect that geraniums will bear. Purchase the plants in the spring, preferably two-year-olds, because of their size. The yearling plants are as thrifty as the older ones, and will be as good eventually, but of course the larger plants will give more bloom at once. Have rich soil, and four-inch pots for the yearling plants, and six-inch pots for the two-year-olds. Unglazed pots are better than the glazed. Put a piece of broken flower-pot over the drainage hole, and a handful of pebbles, or something, for drainage, on top of which place a few spoonfuls of dry, pulverized hen manure.

Fill the pot nearly full of soil composed of good garden loam, mixed with about one-fourth its bulk of old stable manure, preferably from a stable where cows are kept. Place the plants in the pots with the roots spread out, over with soil, and press the whole down firmly, adding soil and firming down, particularly around the stems, until the pot is full. Water and keep in a cool, shady place for a few days. Then select some sheltered spot in the garden, and plunge the pots a few inches below the surface. After they are well established, keep the soil above the pots lightly stirred, and water sparingly throughout the summer, not neglecting to frequently sprinkle the foliage.

Keep a sharp lookout for insects, and if hand picking, and sprinkling with clear water will not keep them off, try some insecticide. A spoonful of powdered white hellebore stirred into a pail of water, and applied to both the upper and under sides of the foliage, will usually do the business. An ordinary whisk broom, if you do not have a crooked neck sprinkler, will enable you to spray the under side of the leaves. This is really the most important part to reach, as there is where the bugs and worms congregate. Watch closely for buds, and keep them all picked off. On the approach of frosty nights, lift the pots and remove as much of the soil from them as possible without disturbing the roots, and replace with very rich soil. Give the outsides of the pots a thorough scrubbing, not a mere washing, but a scrubbing with a brush. Take the plants to a warm, sunny room, water freely, and look for blossoms. As soon as each bloom shows any sign of fading, cut it off with all the stalk on which it grew, excepting two or three eyes. This pruning will encourage new growth, and that means more blossoms. After the plants are done blooming, cut them back from one to two-thirds, and put them in a cool cellar to rest for a few months. When it again becomes warm enough to plant the roses out, they can be transplanted to larger pots, and again plunged in the garden, where they will thrive and store up vitality for another winter's flowering.

While your roses are growing in the house you will have to fight the red spider, and your best weapon is clear water. Keep, if possible, a dish of water on the stove or radiator, and every day fill bowls with boiling water and set near your roses. Every other day spray both lower and upper sides of the foliage with tepid water. A quart of water used as a preventive is worth gallons of the same remedy used as a cure.

The following list of roses, with a short description of each, makes a good collection for the window: Enchantress—Creamy white, with buff tinted center; free blooming and thrifty. Perle des Jardins—A free blooming, lovely, yellow rose, second only to Marechal Niel in popularity. The Bride—A pure white, delecately scented rose; a free bloomer, with lovely buds. Papa Gontier—A remarkable free blooming, strong and rapid growing rose of an intense shade of rich crimson. Belle Siebrecht—In color, a deep, rich pink; commences to bloom when very small; fine in both bud and flower. Sunset—Free blooming, strong and robust in growth, with large and elegantly formed flowers and buds; in color it is a rich golden amber, or old gold, elegantly shaded with dark, ruddy crimson, resembling the beautiful tints seen in a summer sunset. Niphetos—The loveliest of all white roses for winter blooming; lovely, long pointed, show-white buds; one of the freest blooming roses in cultivation.

PICKLED BEETS.

Pickled beets differ from almost any other pickle in the fact that they may be prepared at almost any season of the year and are best when fresh. Boil them till they are two-thirds done. They will require slow, steady cooking for from an hour to two hours, according to the season, whether summer or winter. The young small beets of summer require the shortest time. Cut the beets in half-inch slices or in fancy shapes, as you please. Add one slice of raw onion to every beet Throw in six cloves and two blades of mace to every quart of vinegar. Heat the vinegar with the spices boiling hot and pour it over the beets, which should be placed in an earthen crock. Add a tablespoonful of grated horse radish to every quart of vinegar used. These pickles will be ready for use in twelve hours, but they will not keep in perfection longer than two weeks.

MUSIC BY WHOLESALE.

Remarkable Instrument Equal to any Number of Orchestras.

The largest musical instrument on earth will be on exhibition at the Paris Exposition in 1900. It is called an "autoelectropolyphone," and its inventor and builder is an Italian, Antonio Zibordi, who claims to have worked upon it for fifteen years. The instrument executes every kind of concerted music, and contains no less than eight thousand different and independent musical instruments. It costs about $15,000.

The inventor has employed most varied applications of mechanical skill and electrical apparatus, which are not entirely new, but the composition of which represents an incredible amount of most careful study and human patience. The instruments will be worked by means of two petroleum motors, each of three horse power, which, by driving a dynamo, furnish the light for the inside of the instrument, showing its countless details and illuminating the hall where it is shown.

A curious combination is the small electric fountain within the instrument which will show, in vari-colored light when the lights in the exhibition hall are turned down, the music from the orchestrion continuing all the while.

There are two separate sets of instruments, which can be worked singly or together—one a perfect string orchestra, the other a military brass band of 130 pieces. They have separate sets of cylinders, but there are some pieces for both orchestras, where the two cylinders are started together.

The apparatus will be taken from Milan to Paris on two railroad cars, and after having been admired at the 1900 Exposition it is the intention of the inventor to present the instrument to Queen Margherita of Italy.

PULLING OFF HATS.

A Rough Form of Boyish Sport That Appears to be Common to All.

"I have not yet lived a million years," said Mr. Goslington, "but so far I observe that there is one form of play that all boys have alike during a considerable period of their youthful existence. This consists in pulling off other boy's hats and throwing them in the street. The desire, or impulse, to do this comes at a very early age, and it remains in the boy until he is pretty well grown.

"It is not unusual to see a boy ten or twelve years old, or even older than that, pull off another boy's hat, usually, in such instances, the hat of a smaller boy, and throw it away. Here the act is intended to be annoying and exasperating, and it is a pretty mean thing for the big boys to do; but little boys do this thing just out of sheer playfulness."

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Jones—Medical science is making wonderful strides, isn't it?

Brown—Yes, marvelous; I don't believe they'll ever discover a disease they can't find a name for.

ANIMAL ACTUALITIES.

I.

A LOST REPUTATION.

It is altogether old-fashioned and out-of-date to talk nowadays of animals a little below us in the zoological scale as being actuated solely by "instinct." This sort of thing is become mere ignorant prejudice. Let anybody fair-mindedly watch the proceedings of a moderately clever dog for one day, and then deny that dog intelligence if he can. Put the dog face to face with some circumstance, or some combination of circumstances, such as neither he nor any of his progenitors could possibly have encountered. He may not do the wisest thing on the whole, but, then, would an average human being do the wisest thing in a like case? Of course not. But whatever the dog does will be suggested by a natural train of thought, and often by a train of thought of amazing acuteness. Here is no opportunity for the operation of inherited experience, no chance for the work of mere blind "instinct." Anybody, by the exercise of a moment's thought, can recall a dozen such cases to his own memory, and probably not cases occurring to dogs only, but to other animals of all degrees. —We expect to present our readers with many instances of the sort.

First we offer a case rather of audacity than of intelligence, but of a very odd audacity. It occurred in the winter of the year 1894, in Shire Hall Lane, Hendon, on the premises of Mrs. Rowcliffe. Now, in Mrs. Rowcliffe's farmyard abode a dog of terrible reputation. His savage and formidable character was famous, not only in the farm, but in the neighborhood round about. Tramps avoided Mrs. Rowcliffe's dog, and left hieroglyphics on posts, warning tramps who might come after to avoid the jaws of this terrible quadruped, and to keep outside the radius of the chain that confined him. "Beware of the dog!" stared in large letters from a board hard by the kennel, and visitors to the farmyard sidled by with a laborious air of indifference, though on the extreme edge of the path, and not that edge that was nearest the kennel. So this formidable Cerberus ruled the district, and horrifying legends went among the extreme youth thereabout as to the exact number of little boys and girls per week devoured by way of diversifying his diet. The dog himself understood the state of affairs, and abated no whit of his arrogance. Plainly, the world, of these parts, was at his feet, and he was monarch of all he surveyed. But there was a duck in that farmyard wholly indifferent to the general terror—she never thought about it, in fact. She was an adventurous and happy-go-lucky sort of duck, always ready to make the best of what luck came along, and never backward to seize her share of the good things — and a little extra on occasion.

Now, it chanced at the close of a cold day, when the snow lay thick everywhere, that this duck lagged away from the returning flock, perhaps in pursuit of some pleasant snack that it would have been foolish for a duck of business instincts to make too widely known. Anyhow, the other ducks got safely home, the pen was shut, and this particular duck, our heroine, straggling in alone after closing hours, found herself shut out in a cold and snowy world. Never mind—she made no fuss, but waddled calmly off round the farmyard to find the best shelter she could. Plainly the snuggest place was the dog-kennel. Certainly the dog was in it, and snoring, but that didn't matter—he'd have to find a place somewhere else. So in floundered the duck and out floundered the Terror of Shire Hall Lane, with his tail between his legs.

Whether the cold had affected the Terror's nerves, whether the attack of a quacking biped was so altogether beyond his experience as to dissipate his strategy, or whether the sheer audacity of the thing induced temporary paralysis is not determined; but certain it is that the farm-hands on entering in the morning found the dog shivering and crouching outside his kennel, and the duck squatting comfortably within—within the kennel, that is to say, and not within the digestive apparatus of the Terror, as everybody would have expected.

That dog's reputation was ruined. Small boys openly flouted him, and tramps chalked a different figure on gate-posts, meaning that any tramp in want of a useless, harmless dog might steal one at the place indicated. The duck left the kennel when she thought it time to go and see what was for breakfast, and thereafter used the pen with the others. But though the dog got his quarters again, he never recovered his reputation. He is a ruined, bankrupt Terror.

Of the ultimate fate of the duck there is no record. Probably it was the ultimate fate of most ducks — a twisted neck, and the rest all gravy and green peas. Though, indeed, one would almost expect this indomitable bird to arise and kick the green peas off the plate.

II.

AN UNDESIRABLE ATTACHMENT.

Three years ago "The Cricketers" at Addington, in Surrey, was the scene of a sad tragedy of love at first sight, unrequited and, indeed, jeered at. Mrs. Ovenden was the landlady of "The Cricketers" at that time — a charming old lady, who died, alas! early in the present year—and "The Cricketers" faced Addington Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury's residence.

A small farmyard was attached to the inn, well populated with the usual sorts of birds, Mrs. Ovenden made an addition to these by the purchase of a few geese—one a particularly fat one. Now, all was happy in that farmyard before the arrival of those geese. The hens agreed as well together as hens usually do, the chicks found plenty of amusements and few disappointments, and the cock lorded it over all, loved and respected by his subjects, and an ornament and a credit to the yard. But the fat goose brought strife, discord and jealousy. The moment her eye fell on the cock she conceived a violent attachment for him. The cock, a very respectable bird, was naturally scandalized, and did his best to avoid the fat goose. But in vain; for the fat goose cut him off from his family and headed him away. She urged him before her, and finally shut him safely in a corner, standing before him to defend her acquisition, while the unfortunate cock humped himself forlornly and brooded over plans of escape, and the indignant hens stared and gasped at an outrage so entirely foreign to all their experience of the world of farmyards.

After a while the cock resolved that, at least, he would not be starved, and made a motion to go and pick up something to eat. The fat goose reflected that this desire for food was only reasonable, and allowed her pet to emerge from the corner for the purpose, but of course, under her strict surveillance. The cock, cheered a little by the concession, proceeded to peck about in his accustomed manner, and made a very fair meal, considering the circumstances. Becoming fairly satisfied with himself, and still perceiving a few grains scattered near, he raised his voice, according to habit, with a cluck and a gobble, to call his faithful hens and chicks to the remnants of the feast. They came with the usual rush, but were stopped in full career by the fat fgoose, and driven back in confusion. Reasonable refreshment she would permit, but no renewal of the old family ties.

This was the beginning of a sad life for the beloved rooster. A goose in love never listens to either reason or ridicule, and indignation meetings of the hens were as ineffectual as the open scorn and derision of the whole farmyard. The fat goose followed the cock about wherever he went, and passing travellers were attracted by the sight, and called in at "The Cricketers" to ask an explanation of the phenomenon. The unhappy hens and chicks were deserted entirely, and the persecuted rooster seemed to mediate suicide. So things went, till at last relief came from an unexpected quarter.

Mrs. Ovenden had a favorite little niece, and after this unhappy state of family affairs in the farmyard had lasted some time, the little niece had a birthday. Mrs. Ovenden resolved to celebrate this birthday by a dinner, to grace which the best available goose should come to the roosting-jack. The love-lorn goose had lost no flesh in consequence of its unrequited affection—was fatter than ever, in fact. So Mrs. Ovenden's choice fell on this goose, and this goose fell into a glorious state of gravy and stuffing, to the great honor of the little niece's birthday. The incubus was removed from the farmyard, the rooster returned to the bosom of his family, and was received with great rejoicings.

III.

A DOG STORY.

The hero of this little tale was an ordinary dog enough to look at — a common fox-terrier, and not particularly well bred—by name, Zig. But his character was extraordinary, indeed. He had a most violent temper, and a most wonderful individuality and independence of everybody and everything; and his pluck was almost incredible—fear of any sort or kind he knew not the meaning of. His great accomplishment was diving — an accomplishment entirely self-taught, and one he delighted in. He would dive to the bottom of any pond, however deep, and bring up anything he might find. Great crowds would collect to watch his extraordinary feats, and his owner, Mr. G. C. Green, now of Buluwayo, then living in Bromley, Kent, was extremely proud of him. Zig would deliberately walk into a pond from the edge, along the bottom, and then swim to the surface with any treasure that he may have found. On one occasion he dived into one of the Keston ponds and brought up from the bottom an old, water-logged hop-pole. The thing was big and heavy enough, but Zig was nowise daunted, and struggled ashore with it, almost dead with exhaustion. Nothing would make him give up his prize, and presently he set off for home by himself, dragging the pole with him, regardless of his master. He took a short cut, that was his independent way, and presently found his way barred by a paling. The pole wouldn't go through as he was carrying it, so Zig, who was being closely watched, just sat down and thought the difficulty over. Then he laid hold of one end of the pole, and backed between the posts of the fence, dragging his property through endwise, finally arriving home in triumph with the pole. There can be no question of the exercise of deliberate reason in a case like this. In addition to Mr. Green himself, the feat was witnessed by Mr. W. H. Hawkins and Mr. J. A. Shepherd.

Poor Zig was drowned at last, in course of a stroll along a pond-bottom. He never rose to the surface, and doubtless was caught by weeds.

In idleness there is perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

PEANUTS VERSUS TOBACCO

HOW YOU MAY RID YOURSELF OF USING THE WEED.

A Chicago Specialist Who Says That He Has Found a Sure Cure For the "Habit."

However fantastic my particular method of dealing with the tobacco habit may seem on paper, it will effect a cure if faithfully carried out, writes Sydney Flower, LL.D. In the first place, be sure that your patient really desires to break off the habit of using tobacco. In the second place, remember that your patient will react according to the impression your manner makes upon his mind. If you speak lightly of your method of treating him he will hold that method in small esteem. Therefore, speak impressively, and if he smiles at your modus operandi frown him into a decent humility.

Suggestion alone is not sufficient to hold the average tobacco user, and you will therefore add a material medicine in the shape of—peanuts! Yes, my friend, ludicrous as the idea seems, there lies in the vulgar peanut a charm to sap the power of My Lady Nicotine and free the fettered slave.

In all drug habits there are two conditions to combat—physical and mental, or physiological and psychological. I use peanuts to offset the physical craving and suggestion to calm the mind.

What is the condition of the user of tobacco if the weed is withdrawn? It is important to understand this, because there is but a slight variation in one dozen cases from the average.

The condition is one of mental unrest, some physical sensations and nervousness. The withdrawal of tobacco acts as a withdrawl of a powerful tonic, because this weed, used first as a nerve sedative, becomes by force of usage

A NERVE STIMULANT.

Let us take the mental condition at first under consideration, I do not try to put a tobacco user to sleep, because it is an unnecessary performance, but give him positive suggestions while he is sitting opposite me to the following effect:—

1. That it will be easy to break him of the habit.

2. That he will not suffer, despite the fact that he has tried to break off previously, but has failed on account of the discomfort ensuing.

3. That he is not a hero or a being to be pitied or sympathized with, because he will not be called upon to display any heroic qualities of endurance.

4. That if he follows directions he will not suffer from nervousness or "sinkings" at the pit of the stomach.

5. That he will begin at once to gain in weight; that his memory will be sharper and more tenacious, and that his digestive organs will regain tone; that his nerves will be as steel, his muscles as iron, and his complexion will lose the muddy hue which mars its comeliness.

6. That the habit is uncleanly,—in fact, degrading—and that its gratification entails a gross waste of money. What right has he to literally burn his income when his wife is compelled to wear a gown that is out of date? In the event of the operator being himself addicted to the habit of smoking it is wiser to omit No. 6.

Thus, then, do I prepare the patient's mind for the lightness of the task before him, laying special stress upon the fact that he will at no time consider himself an object of compassion or self-pity, for if he believe himself to be performing a deed of no small heroism, he will suffer agonies, whereas if his abnegation is ignored and taken as a matter of course he will react accordingly,

Now as to the physical symptoms. They will be but slight if the above preparation of the mind is properly done, and will show themselves in occasional pains about the region of the heart, sinking at the pit of the stomach, a lassitude, weak and accelerated pulse and

MUSCULAR TWITCHINGS.

Nervousness, jumping at a sudden noise and irritability off temper will be in evidence, but will be greatly modified by suggestion.

Prescribe peanuts, to be eaten slowly, constantly and continually. He must be occupied; busy him therefore with peanuts. He would, if left alone, think tobacco; he must, on the contrary, think peanuts. Has he a loathing for peanuts? All the better. He will learn to love them for their nutritious qualities and intrinsic flavor. Does his stomach rebel on the second or third day? Has he biliousness or colic? It is still well, because no man when bilious desires tobacco,

Observe that you are supplying him with material for his digestive organs to work upon, and that his jaws are not idle. There is no vacuum, and there will be, under his regimen, no sinking at the pit of the stomach. A feeling of fulness, perhaps; a plethoric condition; a sense of satiety; but this is exactly what we desire to bring about. Keep the system busy and at work; keep the mind at rest.

Ah, my friends, how true it is that the mouse, may gnaw the ropes that bind the lion! Even the plebian peanut may be the means of restoring harmony to an afflicted household. I have known this humble agent, taken according to directions, stretch strong men upon beds of sickness from which they rose in the course of a day or two clean of heart and purged of the craving for tobacco. I have known of others whose stomachs were not upset, and who went their way rejoicing and waxed fat speedily.

I have never known of a failure if the above directions were carried out. The tobacco habit is not worthy to be classed as a drug.