FOOLISH PARENTS.

The Upbringing and Education of Children Discussed.

CHICKENS THAT COME HOME TO ROOST.

Nature does not always do all things well, nor are her instincts unerring. She entices children to eat poison berries; lets girls fall in love with scamps and boys give their trust to coquettes; she permits untimely storms to destroy the harvests she herself has caused to bloom and blossom; and when she makes parents of men and women she often forgets to add even a modicum of common sense and right reason to help in the guidance of the young lives she has committed to their care. Now she inspires them with ideas of discipline which make the days long acts of torture to the overtasked brains and coerced bodies so cruelly and so ignorantly dealt with; and now she fills their hearts with so much weakness of pity as causes them to abandon all discipline altogether, and leave to chance and enjoyment only the education of those who have to make their own way in a world where every one is taxed and trained to the utmost—and only the best win. She allows women to be mothers who have not the smallest moral qualification for their office, and who, physically, can bequeath only weakness and disease. She makes fathers of men who never give a thought to their duties as fathers, and to whom their children are merely playthings while they are young, and nuisances when they are older. In a word, the parental instinct, of which we make so much account, is not universal to begin with, and it certainly does not include common sense as part of its inalienable furniture. And nature, who, it is the fashion to say, does all things well, does undoubtedly here make trips and slips, which go near to spoil the whole affair. We have known, in our own personal experience, mothers who have not the faintest shred of affection, instinctive or reasonable, for their offspring—mothers who looked upon their children as hindrances to enjoyment and diminishers by so much of the general fund—mothers who tried to forget that they were mothers, and who kept their little ones out of their sight, as they had already, from the beginning, closed against them their hearts—mothers who never forgave their children the crime they had been guilty of in coming into the world at all, and who, to the last, spoke of their maternity as a cruel, personal wrong for which there was no atonement. And we have known mothers who were as fierce as, and no more reasoning in their instincts than, so many tigresses in the jungle—who, like hens with a callow brood, lived in a perpetual state of alarm and defence where no aggression was intended—who saw a hawk in every passing wren, and who never knew an hour's true peace of mind from the first moment of the birth to the last of their own lives. Between the two we would ask, Where reason is to be found? Where has common sense her stand? and, What was our Mother Nature about when she let these two opposites undertake the most sacred office of the human race, or, having undertaken it, that she did not teach them their duty better? For the unnaturalness of certain mothers, fashion and pleasure are chiefly to blame. A child's sweet caress does not rank with these women for so much as the flattery of a fop or the envy of a rival beauty. A new frock or a gay dance is far beyond the delight of noting how well baby begins to walk and how sharp it is in knowing this and that. The world overshadows the cradle, and the ball-room is more attractive than the nursery; and so these fashionable mothers ignore their duties as completely as if those duties did not exist, and are deserters of the flag under which nature called them to serve. If the little ones are not pretty and not available for public parade, they are not dressed picturesquely and they are not taken out. Grown older, the ill-favored children of a handsome mother change, but do not drop, the burden of their sorrows. A woman with a still youthful and pretty face, trim waist and delicate shoulders, who is the mother of a rudely hewn ungainly girl, has her own self-made troubles which she takes care to pass on. If she can marry her to a man going to India or the colonies, she is thoroughly content. Then she has got rid of her; and perhaps, having got rid of her, she softens in her sentiments and speaks with friendliness of her dear daughter. But the old *habitues* and intimate acquaintances smile when they hear her, for they know the "underneath of the cards," and how the girl was first thrust to the side and then hustled away, and never at any time treated like a daughter or even as a friend. Then there are the parents whose method of education is one of excessive intellectual severity and moral coercion. However delicate the child may be, he is forced to learn more than is good for him, and is hounded to his tasks as ruthlessly as a slave-driver hounds the field hands to theirs. Sick or sorry, he has those difficult sums to do. Pale cheeks, tearful eyes, aching head, all are of no avail. His father has set his heart on making him clever; his mother insists that he shall be good. Between them the routine is one of constant imposition, detention, punishment, and overwork all round. The boy's nerves and health give way under the burden of his tasks, and with his nerves and health his temper suffers. Then he is punished, and punished again, till his spirit is broken into fragments, and he has no more manliness left in him than a plaster-of-paris image has of form after it has been pounded in a mortar. When such a boy as this grows up awkward, sickly, a pedant or a fribble, the parents are to blame, but he gets the punishment. The girls who laugh at him, the boys who thrash him, the world which politely smiles behind its hand or brutally ignores him—none of these stop to inquire, Who has sinned? The result is all with which we concern ourselves, and the *fons et origo malorum* is that with which we have nothing to do. There are houses where it is real pain to go, from the evident terror of the children and the harsh coercion manifest in the parents' dealings with them. They are treated like Spartan slaves. No weakness natural to their age is suffered to express itself. If they are hurt they must not cry—if they do they are flogged, to teach them to bear pain without wincing. Then at the other end of the scale stand the parents who do not check, still less coerce or scold, their children. From the beginning nature is supposed to be absolutely right in all her promptings, and human reason has nothing to do beyond taking care that the little creatures do not fall into the fire, nor tumble downstairs, nor choke themselves when they are eating, nor harm themselves in any way preventible by nurse and mother. But for all the rest they are free as the swallows skimming over the still lake, and no more pressure is put on them than on the lambs frisking in the meadows. "Those horrid lessons!" says the mother when the sun shines, and the boys want to go rambling up the mountain side and not to school—when the day is cloudy and they want to go fishing—when it is wet and they don't like the rain—when it is frosty and they do like the ice. Just as any stick serves wherewith to beat the typical dog, so any excuse is sufficient for that playing of truant in which the mother herself aids and abets her boys. The parents have the ultimate satisfaction of being surrounded by a horde of rough, healthy, ignorant boors, who can do nothing with their heads if a good deal with their hands, and who are fit for no office where education, manners, self-discipline or smartness is wanted; boors who, only workingmen as they are in calibre, have yet not even a workman's specialised abilities wherewith to make their bread. This is the result of indulgence without stint—of the instinct superior to reason.—*Queen.*

Features of Teheran.

Teheran, the capital of Persia, is a place of antiquity. It was Aga Mahommed Khan, the founder of the present dynasty, who first adopted it about a century ago. A mud wall surrounds the city, but it would be a mistake to say that the place is fortified, in the modern sense of that word. The wall is distinctly pre-Vauban in its tracing. As a police boundary, or something of that sort, it may serve some purpose; but as defence to the city, if it were attacked by a modern army, it would be useless. The supply of water is brought into the town by what the Persians call kanauts. This is the same as the kareez of Afghanistan. These are tunnels simply cut through the soil, in parts at some depth, and by this means water is found, where all is dry above, and brought for large distances to irrigate fields. Holes have to be made at regular distances to bring up the earth in excavating these kanauts, and their direction can be traced across the country from the mound round each hole. This mode of irrigation exists all the way from this place to the Khyber. The making of these tunnels is a regular trade, and there are wise men who have a reputation for being able to find the underground source from which the supply of water is obtained. Some large extents of ground in Persia would be a desert were it not for these kanauts. The supply of water brought into Teheran by them is large, and the quality is said to be good. The bazaars are arched over with sun-dried bricks, which is the usual building material hereabout. The object of this is to keep out the sun. This makes them dark, but it is highly picturesque. In some places they are painted with figures and ornaments, and at one place, where two lines of bazaars cross, the seat of the kadi was pointed out, and with a cell below for prisoners. Here cases are tried before the public, and punishment is inflicted—a very eastern and primitive mode of administering justice. At one part of the bazaar we noticed nothing but shoemakers. Passing them we found nothing but hats being made; a little distance further it was tailors, then brass-workers. This grouping of each trade has many advantages, and it is not so many years since it was common in some towns at home. Kabob shops, or eating-houses, and tea-houses are to be found scattered about the bazaar. In some of the tea-houses men were sitting smoking kalians, while story-tellers were amusing them. The Constantinople bazaar has long ceased to be Oriental. Any one wishing to see a place of this kind in a still purely Eastern condition might come to Teheran. We visited the old residency in the centre of the town, where Sir Henry Rawlinson and other early British representatives lived. It is at present undergoing a complete repair. The new legation is on the outskirts, near the gate of the road leading to Gulahek. It is perhaps the best building in Teheran.—*Teheran Cor. London News.*

An Animal Apple-Gatherer.

Gathering fruit is a frequent practice of animals, and yet there is a stratagem attributed to that "walking bunch of toothpicks" called the hedgehog, which is curious enough to deserve special mention. It seems that fruit is frequently found in the hedgehog's sleeping-apartment, and its presence there is explained in this remarkable way: It is known that hedgehogs often climb walls, and run off upon low boughs, and instead of scrambling down in the same manner, they boldly make the leap from the top to the ground, sometimes ten or twelve feet. They coil into a ball in the air, strike upon their armor of spines and bound away unharmed. In taking the jump, they have been seen to strike upon fallen fruit, which, thus impaled upon their spines, was carried away by them; and this has given rise to the opinion that in some such way they may have stored their winter homes.

Gen. Vogel von Falckenstein, recently deceased at the age of 89 years, fought in the Prussian army against both Napoleon the Great and Napoleon the Little—in 1814-15 and 1870-71. He also served in the Schleswig-Holstein campaign and the war with Austria in 1866.

Pedro I. of Brazil is the Doyen among crowned heads, having had 44 years of sovereignty.

Such is the universally charitable nature of women that when she finds a man who has no mind of his own, she is always willing to give him a piece of hers.

A negro brought suit in a Mitchell county justice's court for possession of two shoats and a sow and pigs, and gained it. His lawyer, as soon as the case was decided, settled the fees for himself, 'Squire A., the lawyer on the other side and the court. "Well, Joe, 'Squiro A. will take one of the shoats, I'll take the other one, the judge will take the sow and pigs and you've gained the case."—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

A WONDERFUL OPERATION.

Muscle From a Dog's Leg Grafted on a Laundress' Arm.

(N. Y. Herald.)

The Bellevue Hospital physicians are just now exchanging congratulations over the successful result of a remarkable operation in "muscle-grafting," the first of the kind ever attempted in this country. The operation consists in transferring a bunch of muscular tissue from a dog or other animal to any member of a human frame that may be incapacitated through the want of such tissue.

At Bellevue Hospital the dog was a mongrel and the patient a laundress. The latter seriously injured her right arm while at work in the laundry, and five weeks ago went to the hospital to be cured. A large section of the muscular substance between the elbow and the wrist was dead, and the sufferer could hardly raise her arm and could not use her fingers at all. Dr. Halsted, visiting surgeon of the hospital, saw that the injury could not be cured except by the operation of muscle-grafting. It was announced, therefore, that the operation would be attempted, and at the appointed hour a crowd of students were present in the amphitheatre to witness it. The dog was put under the influence of ether. The skin of the wounded arm was laid open and dissected back. The ends of the divided muscles were then found and cut off so as to freshen them. Meanwhile one of the dog's hind legs had been shaven, and as the arm was ready a section of muscular tissue about four inches long and two inches wide was cut from the dog's leg transferred to her arm and fitted to the divided ends of the muscles. The skin of the arm was then replaced and sewn together. The operation lasted about half an hour. Three weeks after it was performed the patient found herself able to use her fingers with little difficulty. Since then she has improved so much that the doctors say she will leave the hospital in a few days quite cured.

WOMEN WHO PLAY POKER.

A Story From Washington Which May Make the Hair Stand on End.

The craze for playing poker has broken out among fashionable ladies in Washington. The doings of the Army Poker Club, where the lives and reputation of so many officers have been blasted, are a matter of general knowledge and gossip, but during Lent, when it was so wicked to dance, the fair dames have consoled themselves with the clatter of the chips and the excitement of "the draw." It is stated that one young society belle recently lost over $200 at five sittings. This is quite a large sum in a game where betting above 25 cents was prohibited. The favorite game among the young ladies, however, is the "penny ante 5 cent limit." This is almost exclusively confined to ladies who have only a limited and moderate amount of pin money each week, but there is said to be a heap of fun for the spectators. Very few gentlemen are admitted to this game. A much more refined and respectable form of amusement has been established for their enjoyment. The poker parties, where both sexes play, do not use vulgar chips or still more vulgar money; that would be carrying the thing too far. Elaborate and costly favors are provided—paid for, of course, by the gentlemen—and then the entire party sits down to the game of "freeze out." This is a very popular and entertaining style of amusement, and is played quite extensively. Some of the lady players have become adepts at the game. One of the most demure-looking young misses in town recently defeated an "old stager" at a party given at a certain fashionable residence, and when, a few evenings later, he came back for his revenge, she won enough kid gloves to last her a year.—*Washington Letter in Boston Traveller.*

Curious Injuries to the Submarine Cable.

The sunfish has repeatedly injured the submarine cable between Portugal and Brazil and along the east coast of South America. Splinters of bone have been found thrust into the cable through the several coverings so deep as to affect the electric wires. A small species of marine animal also appears to devote its special attention toward boring and destroying cables. A short time ago the cable in the Persian Gulf ceased to work. Examination was made, and it was found that a whale, which was entangled in the cable, had broken it. The animal was covered over with parasites, and in its efforts to free itself of them by rubbing its body against the cable the cable was broken, and one of the ends then coiled around the whale in such a way that it was unable to free itself, and suffocated.

A Determined Explorer.

Vambery, whose writings have been frequently quoted of late, was a heroic explorer. He disguised himself as a dervish, and wandered for many months as a religious mendicant among the fierce nomads and fanatical races of Turkestan. His talent for languages enabled him to assume the *role* of a Turkish dervish, but he knew that if his disguise was penetrated it would cost him his life. His ambition to promote philological studies made him content to live in the dirt and privations of mud huts; led him to Bokhara, where Stoddart and Conolly, England's first and last Ambassadors, had been cruelly done to death, and carried him to Khiva, where a few Russian captives in the jail were the only representatives of Western nations. Until quite recently the history of his remarkable travels over twenty years ago has been the chief source of information with regard to the people and countries in Central Asia that Russia has subjugated.

The *Perfume of Religion* is the overpowering title of a paper just started in Zacatecas Mexico.

Charles Gounod is at work on a new oratorio, the subject which he has selected for treatment being the life of St. Francis sis

"Sanitate! Sanitate!" is the paroxysmal but timely editorial outcry of the Memphis *Appeal.*

EVEN after Middleton's expedition reaches Batoche's, he will still be 43 miles from Prince Albert.

It is reported in London that a branch of Delmonico's celebrated restaurant is to be shortly opened in that city

Farm Gleanings.

A good, large, thrifty yearling is worth more in spring than a poor, stunted two year old, and one cow that has been properly wintered than two that are thin in flesh and hide-bound.

Make the change of cows from dry feed to pasture very gradual. Give salt to prevent injury from over-eating of succulent grass. Bring up early, and feed hay with roots, and give hay in the morning, before they go to pasture.

Feed the hen well with all she will eat of corn or dough before giving the chickens their first meal of crumbs and boiled eggs, otherwise the hen, who will be very hungry, will leave but little for the chickens. Keep the hen as quiet as possible for a day or two, until the chickens get a little stronger.

A merchant who should draw out half his bank account once a quarter and throw the money into the gutter would be looked upon as a lunatic. But is the farmer any wiser who suffers his manure heap to be exposed to all weathers, and its most important elements to evaporate or leach away? He is simply throwing away his capital.—*Vt. Watchman.*

Grass lands should be put in order for the mower by rolling; pick up fallen branches and whatever rubbish will obstruct the machine. No sensible farmer will pasture his meadows in spring. A hundred pounds of nitrate of soda to the acre will be a profitable application, as will be a bushel or two of plaster to clover.

After a winter's rest, if horses have been idle most of the winter, it requires care in beginning to work them. An excellent farmer once remarked that the first day or two of Spring work he only wanted his men to do half a day's work per day, but to be all the day doing it. Frequent rests and pulling back the collar to admit air to the spine will often save much loss from galled shoulders.

No such failure of winter wheat over so extensive a territory has ever been known, embracing, as it does, twenty States. Every circumstance seemed to favor it up to the 1st of January, with the exception of heavy snows in the month of February, since which time everything has gone against it, and the almost certain outcome will be, compared with 1879 and 1880, not more than half the acreage, and three-fourths of that half wiped out of existence by dry, cold, frosty and windy weather.—*Illinois Correspondent of Country Gentleman.*

When the hens become broody, they may, with care, be moved after dark to secluded nests provided for them, where they will be away from the sound of other fowls and be in partial darkness. Make the nest of fine hay, cut straw, pine needles, or any soft material, a little soil being placed in the bottom to keep the shape; many scatter on flour of sulphur to keep off lice. Set but few eggs, nine or ten at the most, until the weather is warmer, then the usual number of thirteen will be quite safe from injury by chilling. Be careful to select large, well-formed eggs, and tap them together lightly, to make sure of the soundness of the shells. Do not now leave all the responsibility with the hen, but look after her each day. See that she leaves the nest regularly, for food and drink, and at the same time, if the eggs are not clean, wash them with lukewarm water.

Delaware Peach Crop Safe.

We congratulate our readers over visions of peaches and cream in abundance next summer. Never have our peach-growers united in more favorable prognostications than those we published to-day. From all quarters of the Peninsula comes promise of a full crop; the only apprehension expressed being for the late yellow varieties in some localities. The crop is not yet entirely out of danger, but there is no good reason to apprehend any further damage.—*Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening.*

Want Mr. Gaetz.

The trustees of Zion Church, having failed to secure Rev. Mr. Ross, of Ontario, owing to him not being transferred to the Manitoba Conference, are now endeavoring to secure the services of Rev. Leonard Gaetz, formerly of Ontario, but now of Red Deer, near Calgary. It is not yet known whether or not he will accept the appointment.—*Winnipeg Times.*

The Men Who Are Promoted.

The young men who receive promotion are the men who do not drink on the sly. They are not the men who are always at the front whenever there is any strike, nor are they the men who watch for the clock to strike 12 and leave their picks hanging in the air. They are not the men who growl if they are required to attend to some duty after the whistle has sounded. They are the men usually who pay the closest attention to the details of their business, who act as if they were trying to work for their employer's interest instead of to beat him at every crook and turn. They are the men who give the closest attention to every practical detail, and who look continually to see whether they can do any better. This class of men are never out of a job. They are scarce. They never strike, they never loaf, and they do not ask for their pay two or three weeks before pay day.—*Manufacturer's Gazette.*

She Wanted Time.

"It is my unalterable decision, Clara," he said finally; "I cannot walk on the avenue with you if that poodle is to accompany us. You must choose between him and me. It rests with you, Clara, if our engagement shall be broken off." "Oh, George!" the girl replied, and her face assumed an ashen hue, "this is all so sudden. You must give me time to think it over. One week, George, and you shall have your answer."—*Ingleside.*

A correspondent of the Cleveland *Leader*, who is journeying southward, notes that white men are seldom seen working in the fields. The negroes still do the work. The picturesqueness of plantation scenes has not altogether departed. Negro women were ploughing, hoeing and planting, and the gay colors of their head-dresses—handkerchiefs chiefly—and the laugh and joke of their swarthy fellows of the other sex, gave the impression of another land as the cars whirled by.

Rev. Von Schluembach, "the German Moody," is journeying in the Southern States.

JEWISH LONGEVITY.

How the Observance of the Mosaic Law Has Preserved the Vigor of a Race.

In enumerating the causes which have made the Jewish people so strong and vigorous, particular mention must be made of their observance of the Sabbath. This day was appointed for the double purpose of securing a set portion of time for the worship of God and affording rest to the body wearied with its six days' labors. Obedience to this primeval law is held by the Jews to be as strictly binding on them as any other religious obligation. In Christian countries where the Sunday is kept sacred or observed as a holiday, another day of rest in addition to their own Sabbath is obtained, thus fortifying them against the crushing toil and nervous strain of modern life. The loss accruing from this enforced abstinence from business worries is more than counterbalanced by the gain in nerve power with which periodical cessation from any harassing employment is compensated. This is doubtless one of the factors which have helped to invigorate both mind and body, and to develop in them those high qualities for which they are justly distinguished. To sum up: the longevity of the Jew is an acknowledged fact. In his surroundings he is on a par with his Christian neighbor. If the locality in which he dwells is unhealthy he also suffers, but to a less degree. If the climate is ungenial, its influence tells on him, too, but with less injurious effect. His vigorous health enables him to resist the onset of disease to which others succumb. These advantages are for the most part owing to his food, his temperate habits and the care taken of him in sickness and poverty. No doubt he is specially fortunate in inheriting a constitution which has been built up by attention for many centuries to hygienic details. His meat is drained of blood, so by that means morbid germs are not likely to be conveyed into his system. It is also most carefully inspected so as to prevent the consumption of what is unsound, hence his comparative immunity from scrofulous and tuberculous forms of disease. The Bible is regarded by some scientists as an old-fashioned book; but its teaching in relation to hygiene, even they will confess, has not become antiquated. It must be credited with having anticipated and recorded for our instruction and profit doctrines which are now accepted as beyond dispute in this department of knowledge. In the Mosaic law are preserved sanitary rules, the habitual observance of which by the Jew, from generation to generation, has made him superior to all other races in respect of health and longevity.—*Leisure Hour.*

The Dry Goods Bill.

Nothing seems more unreasonable than the dignified superiority of the husband or the brother who first preaches the unimportance of dress, perhaps consistently fortifying his words by his own example, and then turns to criticise his wife or daughter for being less well dressed than some fair neighbor who gives her whole mind to that absorbing department. Does he really suppose that a woman can be *bien mise* by giving to it three-quarters of an hour in the spring and three-quarters of an hour in the autumn, which are all, as James Parton boasts, that a man now needs to devote to his tailor? Let the wife neglect what has been called the "gospel of good gowns" as completely as the husband disregards that of good hats, for instance, and let him see how he likes it. But whether he adopts the policy of indifference or not, let him at least be consistent. If we hold it the duty of intellectual women to be well dressed women also, let us give them full credit for doing the double duty. If, on the other hand, we make no such demand on them, let us omit all the jeers at the faded "water proof" of the literary woman and the dyed and turned dress, and even the short hair—cut off, let us charitably suppose, to save time for study or for work. In the same way, if the husband expects his wife to be well dressed, let him not sneer at the time mercilessly spent in shopping, or even groan at the bills when the results of shopping come in. Let him not complain, as I heard a young husband the other day, that two women when they meet always talk about dress, when perhaps the very point under discussion was the question how to dress as their husbands wished without it costing those husbands too much money.—*Harper's Bazar.*

An Extraordinary Bill.

The following Bill, read a second time in the Quebec Legislature, and is likely to be carried, is worth printing in full:

An Act respecting oaths and the administration of oaths.

Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature of Quebec, enacts as follows:

1. In all Her Majesty's Courts of Justice in the Province a crucifix shall be placed in a conspicuous place, opposite the witness box or the place in which witnesses stand during examination, and such crucifix shall be of the size determined by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council.

2. Every court, judge, magistrate, prothonotary clerk and other person entrusted with administering oaths shall, before a witness be allowed to swear and give his testimony, call upon him to lift his right hand in front of the cross and to place his left hand on the book of the Evangelists, and to cause him to swear before the crucifix and upon the Holy Evangelists to tell the truth and the whole truth in the cause in which he is to be heard as a witness.

3. Every sheriff shall place or cause to be placed a crucifix in the manner above indicated in each and every of the court houses within the limits of his district under a penalty of forty dollars for each day in which he neglects so to do.

4. Such penalty shall be recovered from such sheriff by any person suing for the same before any circuit court of the district in which the offence has been committed and shall belong to the prosecutor.

Trousers with two legs are a pair; a shirt with two arms is only one shirt. Philosophers had better give up trying to find out whether the moon is inhabited with spooks and clear up some of the dark mysteries of his life.

A gentleman who was making a drawing in his sketch-book in Central Park, New York, the other day was informed by a policeman that "sketching is not allowed without a permit."