"I Beat You Up To-day."

Oh, tell me what's become of you, pretty Nelly Martin,
Little Nelly Martin, with your golden yellow hair
That glistened in the sunshine of the bright, unclouded morning,
And was blown in fluffy ringlets by the wild plum-scented air,
As you stood there in your "nighty"—it was warm and nice in May,
And shouted from your porch to mine: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

Like a baby saint you seem to me as I look back with yearning,
Little Nelly Martin, with your eyes so big and blue,
To the days when hearts were pure and clean beneath our gingham aprons,
And the only bit of rivalry that came between us two
Was in getting up o' mornings—I can almost hear you say,
In that gay, triumphant voice of yours: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

I wonder where I'd find you now, little Nelly Martin,
I wonder if your hair is yet that pretty golden brown;
Is that baby love of ours by you, too, unforgotten?
Mayhap you have your little ones a-clinging to your gown,
But, though you be a matron and your locks be sprent with gray,
You're still the little girl that sung: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

WATER TELESCOPE.

How to Make an Instrument by which to See Under Water.

No doubt a good many of our boys and girls are ignorant of the fact that they can with very little trouble and at almost no expense construct an instrument with which they can plainly see what is going on under the water over which they sail their boats. The very idea of such a thing is attractive, and we propose to tell you how the thing is done. The water telescope may be made of wood or tin, whichever you prefer, and we will describe both. The tin is better because it is lighter and more easily handled. Its manufacture is very simple. Get a tinsmith to make for you a funnel-shaped tin horn about three feet long. It should be eight to ten inches in diameter at the bottom and broad enough at the top for both eyes to look into. In the bottom put a piece of glass cut to fit and make it perfectly water tight. Leave the top open. The inside should be painted black to prevent the reflection of the light upon the surface of the tin. Around the outside of the bottom solder on several sinkers to offset the buoyancy of the air in the water tight horn, and make it easier to submerge. If it is not convenient to get a round piece of glass, have the large end made square and use square glass. That's all there is of it, and when you sink the instrument down into the water and put your eyes to the small end of it you will be perfectly astonished at the plainness with which you see all kinds of fish and water animals swimming around in a state of nature. A wooden water telescope is made of a long, square, wooden box ten inches square at the large end and four or five inches square at the other. Make all the seams water tight by means of putty and paint. Put a piece of glass in the large end and leave the small end open to look into, as you do with the tin instrument. A great many of you will go on boating and picnic parties this summer, and you can imagine how much such a contrivance would add to your amusement and pleasure, to say nothing of the instruction derived from studying the inhabitants of the water at home. Using the principle of the water telescope, a well-known naturalist had a boat made with a glass in the bottom, through which he could see every movement of thousands of fish as they swam along through the clear water. Fishermen in Norway use the water telescope at their work with the best results, sometimes discovering a new kind of fish that might otherwise have escaped the notice of man.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Some Queer Negro Names.

The negroes of the Bahama Islands dearly delight in fine names, and ransack their memories in order to christen their children with sufficiently high sounding ones. The author of "The Land of the Pink Pearl" says that in the Bahama Islands there are innumerable "Prince of Waleses," "Prince Alberts" and "Prince Alfreds." There is a man named Tiberius Gracchus, a boy called Thaddeus de Warsaw Toot, and a sergeant, Duke of Wellington. They now have begun christening children Randolph Churchill. It is also a common practice to call them after the month or day of the week on which they were born or christened, as March, July or Monday. Scripture names are very common, as are others descriptive of a class, such as Evangelist, and I have heard of parents who wished to have their children christened Iniquity, Misere Lizzie and Solomon's Porch. One may also find Brinhilda, Clotilda, Cassandra, Sarelita, Malvira, Eulalia, Denisia, Daphne and a host of others, religious, classical, ordinary and Spanish, but every one of them high sounding.—*Youth's Companion.*

From a Climatic Standpoint.

Everybody, they say, has a mental estimate of his own of heaven and hell. My estimate of the former place is an October morning on a cliff of golden furze that fronts a shining sea, with nothing but a soaring bird between me and the crystal brightness of the sky, and a friend within arm's reach. Of the latter place I seek no drearier prototype than to be one of a perspiring crowd of people not yet educated up to the bath reform on a day like this in a Chicago West Side street car. For the imp to poke up the flames of my torment, let the car be an open one, and let my back to back neighbor be a lout clad in a greasy coat and last year's underclothing.—"*Amber*" *in Chicago Journal.*

The Times Against Him.

Tramp—I know it, ma'am; I'm always out of work, but it's all my cussed luck.

Woman—How is that, po r man?

Tramp—I'ts this way, ma'am. In the winter I feel like mowing lawns, and in the summer I just actually crave to shovel snow, and nature continually balks me. Have you such a thing as a pie in the house?

Then Come What May.

Niagara Falls Landlord (to guest)—Shall I have your bill made out, sir?

Guest—Ah, no, not yet, not yet; let me have one more look at the Falls!"—*Epoch.*

FARM AND GARDEN.

Shelter Belts and Pear Trees.

Additional evidence is continually coming to our knowledge of the value of timber screens for fruit trees in exposed localities. A two-acre orchard of the Lawrence pear, planted on a modern slope facing the west, was exposed to the strong west winds. A double line of Norway spruce was planted on the west side of the orchard, about the same time that the youngest pear trees were set out, or a few years sooner. They afforded an excellent screen to the pear trees for eight or ten rods, while more remote from the screen the trees were much exposed, and showed less vigor in growth. Strong, healthy trees will withstand disease better than feeble ones, and when the blight swept through the country very few of the pear trees in this orchard perished where they were well sheltered by the screen; but, of the less vigorous trees more remote from it three fourths perished by the blight.

Wild Mustard.

The above weed is becoming very common in many parts of this country. In Ops, near Cunningham's Corners, whole fields are one mass of yellow; in Emily in places it has a firm footing, while few districts are entirely freed from it.

The farmers should "get up and get" rid of it in some way, else the record here will be the same as elsewhere—a great depreciation both in the annual crops and in the value of the farm.

Let the Farmers' Institutes take up such questions as "How to destroy wild mustard," and dabble less with factious politics, and every one will be more benefited.

Meantime, the appearance of many farms from wild mustard is disgraceful.—*Victoria Warder.*

Seldom Lie Down to Sleep.

It is a fact not generally known that at least four out of every ten horses do not lie down to sleep. The horse that sleeps in a standing position rests one leg at a time, depending on the other three to sustain the weight of his body. The habit is a very dangerous one for the equine as well as the human somnambulist. Only last week a fine horse in the stables of a big manufacturing concern in the city went to sleep while standing in his stall and fell heavily to the floor, breaking one of his legs. A great many horses are permanently injured as a result of somnambulism, and there is no way of curing them of the disease.—"*A Horseman*" *in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Shade for Poultry.

Poultry, as well as other kinds of farm stock, require shade in the extremely hot weather. If they are allowed their liberty, as they are upon some farms, they can secure this themselves; but if they are confined to yard and henhouse they are liable to suffer from extreme heat. To remedy this it is a good plan to set one or two shade trees in the fowl yard that will furnish the desired shelter from the sun. For this purpose the fir tree possesses some peculiar advantages. It is a rapid grower, the lower branches are wide spreading and droop to the ground in such a manner that the tree, though trimmed to the height of three or four feet, forms a perfectly shaded bower, under which the hens will rest in comfort. Another thing, the tree being green and of thick foliage also affords protection from winds in winter, furnishing a lee in the sun, in which fowls will stretch themselves with a great degree of comfort.

Value of Woodlands.

The Pennsylvania Forestry Association, in a recent publication, desires every farmer and every owner of woodland to know:

That his wood lot contains a valuable crop, which it will pay him not only to cut down and slaughter but to manage and utilize judiciously.

That it is possible to utilize the old trees in such a manner that a new, valuable crop is produced, instead of the inferior crop which now so often takes the place of the virgin forest after indiscriminate cutting.

That, as an intelligent manager and husbandman, he would do better to see to a natural reproduction of his wood lot, to cut with regard to the spontaneous young growth, rather than to clear indiscriminately.

That the time has come when forest destruction must give way to forest management, for timber is becoming more valuable every year as it grows scarcer in the country at large.

That in the woodlands in proper proportion lie to a large extent the conditions of a favorable climate and successful agriculture.

That upon forest growth depend healthfulness and equableness of climate.

That the forest breaks the force and tempers the fury of the northern and cools and moistens the breath of the southern wind.

That by its own cooler and moister atmosphere in summer and warmer atmosphere in winter it tends to equalize temperature and humidity over the intervening fields.

That while the open, treeless, heated prairie prevents the fall of rain, allowing moisture-laden clouds to pass over it undrained, we must thank our forest-clad hills and mountains for our more frequent, more gentle, more useful showers, and, above all

That the forest cover of the mountains preserves the even water flow in our springs, brooks and rivers, while its destruction or even deterioration increases the danger of floods, washes off the fertile soil, and then brings down unfertile soil into fertile valleys, lowers the water level, and, in general, throws out of balance the favorable conditions for agriculture.

That while we advocate the cutting and using of the wood crop as we need it, we must not any longer, as we have done, squander and waste it; we must not clear where clearing produces danger to the surrouning country.

Other Farm Notes.

A correspondent tells of a farmer of his acquaintance who sows parsley seed with his clover and timothy for hay and pasture. His sheep and cattle are very fond of the parsley, and he thinks they thrive the better for eating it. Too much of it will render sheep so fat that they will not breed. It gives an aromatic odor to the hay and makes it more palatable.

A cow should be milked out in five to eight minutes. It is hard work on the wrists and muscles, but it must be done or the cow will get a habit of dribbling the milk, which is very tiresome. To cure this habit, which has been brought on by slow milking, the milking should be done more quickly, and in time the trouble will disappear.

I feed mangels principally to hogs, says a writer in the *Ohio Farmer*, and can winter a sow in good enough breeding condition on four quarts of cut roots, with one pint of meal, twice a day, and when thus fed hogs require no water. Taking one year with another the expense of this ration is about 2¼ cents a day per hog; and if any one knows of a cheaper food I would be pleased to hear from him.

Professor Maynard, of Amherst, according to the *Michigan Farmer*, finds that pyrethrum applied to trees and vines at the rate of 1 pound to 100 gallons of water will destroy many small young insects and paralyze the old ones so they will fall from the trees. Canker-worms or other insects which crawl may then be kept from returning to the trees by bands of tarred paper wrapped around the trunks.

Animals cannot thrive their best on dry food alone, however rich and plentiful. Such food cannot keep the system clear and in free, wholesome action. Animals so fed may take on fat very readily. The most clogged and diseased system tends to that excess, as we frequently notice in diseased corn-fed hogs. The rapid taking on of fat is no indication of health and thrift—quite the contrary.

The farming of the future must be gradually contracted in the number of acres. Higher cultivation, more remunerative crops. Less hard work over broad fields and closer attention to special paying crops on the fields that surround the house. More pasture, more stock and plenty of ensilage—this ensures the purchase of less commercial fertilizers and the very best results from the contents of the barn-yard.

Several New England co-operative creameries have reduced the cost of butter-making to about 3 cents a pound, and last year returned their patrons an average price of 25 cents a pound.

Care of a Cold.

A cold is a departure from health, and should really be attended to at once. Do not let it cure itself. Get rid of it soon. Do not feed it, though, but starve it. One cold after another nearly always ends in thickening of the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, and before you are aware of it you become the victim of a winter cough. The morning tub (cold, I mean) is a very sure preventive of colds. Never overclothe nor overheat yourself. The neck should be kept cool. Keep away from fires indoors if you are subject to colds. Cough, if not the result of simple laryngeal bronchial catarrh, may mean a very serious departure from health, and the sooner one sees a doctor in such a case the better. Do not be afraid to consult him. Remember, it is only those that delay who suffer in the end. I do not advise you to rush away to a physician with every trifling ailment, but—it is better to be sure than sorry. Many people would benefit much by taking cod-liver oil for a month or six weeks about the changes of the season. Probably the diet would have to be lowered a little and an occasional mild aperient taken. Getting thin is another serious departure from health. One generally does lose weight in winter, and regain it in summer; but a slow and steady decrease in weight calls aloud for medical interference. Want of sleep and restless nights are symptoms which cannot be overlooked. The cause must be found and removed. The trouble may certainly arise from overwork and worry combined, but in most cases the stomach and digestive system are the roots of the evil. Nervous people worry most, but they also work most. Well, the question one is inclined to ask himself when he feels something wrong with himself is: "Am I overworking myself?" I would answer thus: If you really enjoy working it cannot injure you very much; but, on the other hand, if it is force work, and you find little pleasure in it, then it will tell on your constitution. But many people cannot afford rest. Well, but wonders can be done by taking exercise; by breathing only fresh air night and day, indoors and out, and by careful regulation of the diet. In conclusion, let me entreat of you, as you value your happiness, not to neglect first departures from health. The story of the reservoir has really a moral for every one of us.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Elephants Playing Ball.

The elephants had their bath and game of ball at the Zoological garden yesterday. Empress and Jennie with shrill trumpetings jumped into the big pool and enjoyed themselves like two school boys out for an afternoon swim. Empress was the first in the water and Jennie soon jumped in after her companion. They rolled over and over, climbed on each other's backs and plunged together below the surface, coming to the top with snorts of delight and shooting out from their long trunks great streams of water. Keeper Pendergast stimulated the sport by casting two inflated bladders into the pool with which the elephants sported for a long time, catching them and throwing them at each other's heads. When the keeper thought the fun had continued long enough he prodded the unwilling beasts out with a long pole. Then he threw a score of inflated bladders on the brick pavement surrounding the pool which the elephants pounded with their feet till all of them had been exploded, a proceeding in which they seemed to see almost as much sport as in their bath.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Shadow and Substance.

The Quakers have many habits and customs that "worldly" people would profit by imitating, says *Fibre and Fabric*. They do nothing unnecessary, and save labor and wear and tear of mind whenever they can. When tools are hung up against a wall, there the shape of a tool is painted against the wall, so that when a tool is removed and not returned the silent monitor remains. When a hammer, saw or monkey wrench is hung up there its shadow is painted, so that if the real hammer is gone, the painted hammer remains to remind the owner that the borrowed tool has not been returned.

A Blow for Protection.

Citizen (to leader of a street band)—Why do you play that big horn?

Band leader (winking slyly)—Vell you see, dose blayers in mine pand ish ferry bad. I blays der pig horn und drowns der whole caboodle. Ef it vasn't for dot der beebles would lynch us pooty quick out. I knows mine pisiness, ain't it?

SOME SUMMER DRINKS.

Zinc and Citric Acid Don't Go Well Together.

"Wait a moment, doctor; let's have a glass of lemonade."

A large crowd was pushing and elbowing its way toward the grand stand at a nearby resort when the above remark was made to a tall, fine-looking man who seemed to be suffering from the excessive heat. His shirt-collar was unbuttoned at the throat, his cuffs were turned back over his wrists, and his appearance was that of a man in the last stages of "wilt." The invitation to partake of lemonade seemed agreeable to him, but he no sooner got to the stand where light beverages were dispensed than he gave a gasp and started back, saying: "None for me. I admit I am thirsty and a glass of lemonade would be very refreshing, but look—that settles it."

With the handle of his palm leaf fan he pointed to the huge lemon squeezer made of galvanized iron.

"Why, doc', that's all right. They make the drink to order. That won't go off—it's only a lemon squeezer."

"The law should prohibit its use. Rather than drink lemonade made by that machine I would drink the water from yonder horse trough. That lemon squeezer is made of galvanized iron or iron coated with zinc. Every time a lemon is equeezed by it the citric acid of the lemon coming in contact with the metal dissolves the zinc and forms an unwholesome and poisonous salt. Zinc is a metal which is readily attacked by the weakest acids and no article of food or drink should ever be allowed to come in contact with it. Find me a place where they use the old-fashioned wooden squeezer or where the lemon is macerated in a procelain or glass vessel and I'll gladly join you in a glass of lemonade, but here, where they use the death-dealing zinc machine—never!"—*New York Mail and Express.*

VAST VARIETY OF COLD DRINKS.

"How many kinds of drinks do you sell, anyhow?" asked a reporter of a druggist.

"I can serve you now with 136 different cold drinks," said the druggist, "and 20 hot drinks, and won't charge you over 25 cents for any."

The reporter looked upon this as a skilfully served hint, and modestly called for a pint glass of lemonade—5 cents.

"Guess how much of that lemonade I have sold in a day?" said the druggist, taking a turn at questioning.

"About 300 glasses."

"Way off. Why, on a warm day I empty that vessel, well, a dozen times, and it holds 150 glasses. Then orange phosphate comes next, and after that vanilla soda, of which I sell about 100 glasses a day."—*New York Sun.*

"Smelt Like a Bar-Room."

The young woman who determined to shame her husband by taking to tippling, says *Neal's State Gazette*, began operations on Wednesday by setting out an exceedingly vulgar, red-labelled bottle on the back parlor table in the most unostentatious way. About the hour her husband was expected home she took a good gulp of the liquor, and when she heard what she supposed to be his footsteps on the stoop she drank another finger of it, and, putting some more in her hand, rubbed it over her lips. Then she fled up to her room to wait for him. She was intensely gratified by the consciousness that, as she expressed it, she "smelt like a bar-room." To her surprise the door-bell rang, and she went to the head of the stairs and peered over the rail to see who had come in place of her husband. It was her mother, her father and a cousin or two from the country. The old lady spied her, and there was nothing to do but come straight down and kiss and be kissed all around. She was mortified, for her parents are very straight-laced, pious folks, and could not help but smell the gin with which she had perfumed herself so liberally. Worse still, while she was assisting her father to rid himself of his overcoat the rest of the party filed solemnly into the presence of the red-labelled bottle in the back room. Nothing was said about the odor of the bottle, and she was too proud to try to explain what looked so badly for her. She told her husband, however, and he was so impolite as to throw himself on the bed in convulsions of laughter. She was so angry that she theatened to leave him. "You can't," said the monster, "your folks would not receive you. The most they would do would be to put you in the inebriate asylum."

Curved Caterpillar in the Air.

There was a waterspout over Witenham woods, Dorchester, yesterday. A line black clouds hung about 30 degrees from the horizon, and depending from it was a funnel-shaped cloud of the same color about 8 degrees in length and about 2 degrees in apparent diameter, tapering to a point. Soon the funnel assumed a wavy form and its diameter at the top lessened in about four minutes it looked more like a curved caterpillar than anything else, with a well defined head at the lower end of what had been the funnel, and in length, if straightened, about 10 degrees. Then it faded, leaving the head for a longer time visible, as a separate speck of blackness on a gray background. A thunderstorm followed, which continued throughout the day.—*London Star.*

A Very Cruel Man.

Judge (to prosecuting witness)—"Have you any real cause of complaint against your husband?"

Wife—"Yes, sir. He refuses to buy me a new bonnet, and I haven't had a silk dress for two years."

Judge—"But I thought he came home drunk and beat you over the head with a chair?"

Wife—"Well, he did; but I wouldn't count that if I could get the dress and the bonnet."

A bear was shot up in Bay county the other night as it was trying to lug off a 200-pound hog, and the body of the bear was found to weigh only 194 pounds. It is conceded that the bear was the biggest hog of the two.

In the vicinity of Montreal the depredations committed by the sparrows have arrived at such a pitch that the farmers of the neighburing municipalities have banded themselves together into an extermination society.

STORIES OF PICTURES.

Some Exceedingly Interesting Things Seen in Europe by Bishop Beckwith.

Among the many beautiful things brought from the other side of the world Bishop Beckwith has the photograph of an old picture in one of the art galleries, which represents the "Last Supper." The original has a history, which is this: A monk was incarcerated in prison for some grave offence, and doomed to die upon a certain day. If he could paint the "Last Supper" in a certain length of time he would receive his freedom. If he failed, the following night he would die. The monk worked upon his canvas, putting heart and soul into his work and wasting away as he did so, until he became weak, nerveless and perfectly prostrated. The day before the expiration of his sentence the canvas was complete with the exception of the face of Judas. Try as he would, no inspiration came to him for that face. In the same prison was another monk who hated the artist. On the last day he entered the cell and asked the poor, nerveless, trembling, almost dying man if his picture was done.

No, he could find no face for Judas, he was answered.

The monk, exultant because of the artist's failure and the certainty that he would die, turned with a look of demoniac exultation and left the cell. As the artist watched his face he sprang up in ecstatic excitement, rushed to the canvas, painted the face of the vanishing monk, and so regained his liberty, and at the same time gave to the world one of its grandest pictures.

Bishop Beckwith says one of the finest pictures he e'er saw was in one of the picture galleries in Italy, and was "Napoleon in Hell." Napoleon wore the same frown as in life, and the devil, the most conspicuous figure on the canvas, was represented as having the most strikingly beautiful face imaginable. In the background were figures and faces of women taunting the great emperor with having bereft them of their loved ones, while he, cowering 'neath the guilt of uncontrolled ambition, was suffering remorse in the nether regions.—*Atlanta Journal.*

The Honey Extractor.

A foreign paper notices the death at Venice, Italy, of Major Von Hruschka, the inventor of the honey extractor. He was a retired Austrian officer, and the invention of the honey extractor occurred in this way: His apiary was in Italy, and one day when he was in his apiary his little boy came there. The boy had a small tin pail tied to a string, which he was swinging in a circle, holding the end of the string in his hand. The indulgent father gave the youth a small piece of comb filled with honey, putting it into the little pail. The boy after a while began to swing the pail again as before, with the honey in it. A few moments after he became tired of that amusement and put the pail down to talk to his father, who took it up, and, by chance, noticed that the honey had left the comb and settled down into the pail, leaving the comb perfectly clean that had been on the outside of the circle when the boy was swinging it around. The major wondered at the circumstance, and turning the comb over bade the boy swing it again, when to his great astonishment the other side of the comb also became perfectly clean, all the honey being extracted and lying at the bottom of the pail. During the following night Maj. Von Hruschka, after going to bed, commenced to think the circumstance over. On the morrow he commenced a series of experiments which resulted in his giving to the world the first honey extractor, which by whirling, something like his son whirled that little tin pail, gave him the pure liquid honey, extracted by centrifugal force, leaving the honeycomb entirely free from the liquid sweet, which he gave again to the bees to fill, allowing him the pure honey for making wine, mead and metheglin or honey cakes as desired, without employing the troublesome and primitive method in use up to that time of mashing up the combs containing the honey, pollen, and sometimes brood, too, to let the honey drain through the cloth in which it was placed, giving what was formerly known as "strained honey."

Too Much Proverb.

While the prisoners in the Austin jail were out in the yard a few days ago, two of them who were under sentence to the penitentiary were heard comparing notes about as follows:

"I don't believe in proverbs," said prisoner number one; "it is believing in proverbs that brings me here."

"How so?" said number two.

"Well, you see when I was a boy I often seen folks pick up pins, and when I asked them why they did it they said:

If you see a pin and let it lay
You will have bad luck all the day.

"Yes, that's so. I've heard that myself."

"Well, it don't work. I have picked up a pin, and I've had bad luck ever since. I was arrested the very same day, and now I've got to go to the penitentiary for three years."

"What has that to do with picking up pins?" asked number two.

"Well, you see the pin I picked up was a diamond pin worth $150. I believed in the proverb about having good luck, so I picked up the pin in a show case, but they telephoned for a policeman, and here I am," and he winked at the jailer.

The other prisoner thought for a moment and then he said:

"When I come to think of it, proverbs are what have brought me into this fix."

"How so?" asked the man who had picked up the pin for good luck.

"Well, I had heard about horseshoes bringing you luck, so I picked up horseshoes. Horseshoes are my weakness."

"Them horseshoes you went off with were fastened onto another fellow's horse, weren't they?" queried number one.

"Jess so."

"When I get out I'm not going to tamper with any more proverbs," remarked number two.

"Me neither," responded number one.

"Fall in, boys," said the jailer, and they went back to their cozy retreats on the inside of the jail.

Mme. Janauschek's repertoire for next season will consist of "Mary Stuart," "Macbeth," "Guy Mannering" and "Mother and Son."