

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Despoiled Flower.

One day the sun shined her little golden rays and lay down with her arms across the baby's grave. She was so white and still, and the cheeks were so cold that the flowers were so cold that they had answered her prayer and called her little one home.

The next day there were two little graves side by side, and there the sunflower grows and blossoms all alone.

Once the flowers asked each other: "Where is the great ugly weed?"

"The south wind kisses the flowers just as it used to, but it never tells of the flower keeping watch over the two little graves."

THE INSANITY OF GEORGE III.

Sketch of His Case by a Great English Specialist.

George III., who was on the throne for fifty-nine years, and who died at the ripe old age of 82, had no less than five distinct attacks of insanity. The first attack showed itself in 1760, after he had been on the throne for five years, when he was only 27 years of age. From this period until 1810 he had relapses, amounting to five attacks in all. He made, apparently, complete recoveries from all these except the last, which occurred ten years before he died.

These periodical attacks of insanity were of short duration, the average being six months. The symptoms of the first were studiously kept from the world at large and from the members of his family and household. During his illness seven physicians ministered to his wants. Pitt was rather astonished at having revealed to him some important State secrets from the King. His condition was one of melancholia, attended with shedding of tears and much constitutional mischief. He was irritable; no one dared to oppose him or to contradict him in anything. He did not often realize his real mental state, but would declare that he was as well as he had ever been in his life. He would, without any reason, become despondent with his Ministers and draw up a list of fresh ones. Dr. Warren was his chief and favorite physician. This eminent Doctor was, in addition to being the royal physician, also retained as medical attendant by the leading statesmen of the time—Burke, Fox, and Sheridan. He was considered to be the head of his profession.

Dr. Warren being a general physician, it was ultimately considered desirable to have a specialist in attendance on him. The Rev. Dr. Francis Willis was chosen for this object. In addition to ministering to the spiritual wants of his parishioners, he would try his skill in brain affections, and to such an extent were his efforts successful that he established an institution for the care of the insane, and having made a name in that branch of his profession, was chosen as the "mad doctor" to the King. Though at the age of seventy years when appointed to the post of medical specialist to George III., he fully retained his talents and faculties to the very utmost, "a man of ten thousand, open, honest, dauntless, light-hearted, innocent, and high-minded." He took up his residence at the palace, being always in attendance on his Majesty.

The medical treatment was arranged in a morning consultation; and it was understood by the other doctors that that Dr. Willis was not to undertake any decided step in the treatment of his patient until after the physicians had met, the other doctors visting in stated order and rotation.

Two surgeons and apothecaries were also retained, doing their amount of duty as prescribed. The medicinal treatment was purely of a tonic and saline description, the remedy principally used being chlozobona bark. At the time of which I write mechanical restraint occupied a prominent part in the management of the insane, and to this now almost exploded form of treatment the King was subjected. There was nothing, however, in his condition which justified the use of it, judging from our present view of the matter.

The King himself did not after his convalescence regard the restraint system as harsh, for one day walking through the palace after his recovery from one of his attacks, he remarked: "It is the best friend I ever had in my life," alluding to a strait waistcoat, which had not been put away. In 1788 during his second attack, in consequence of its length and the questions before Parliament being of the most vital importance in their issue, it was found necessary to draw the attention of Parliament to the desirability

HEALTH.

Don't Check Respiration Suddenly!

A Boston merchant, in "taking a hand" on board one of his ships on a windy day, found himself at the end of an hour and a half, pretty well exhausted and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest, and, engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise, he found that he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained two years, and for a long time afterward could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposure than this have resulted in inflammation of the lungs—"pneumonia"—ending in death. Let parents explain to their children, the danger which attends the cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing in a draught of air after exercise, or of sitting at an open window or door, or pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, or going in bathing, while in a boat.

Sleep As a Medicine.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food, not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men or women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will restore to vigor an overworked brain. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard, and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we recommend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it, sadly imperfect.

Mid Gleaning Sheaves.

Mid gleaning sheaves—rich pillars fair—
In summer's high flood-tide,
Broad cheated to me with earnest care
Are swinging brassy arms and bare,
Strong-measured, side by side.

Mid gleaning sheaves of golden hue
The reapers move in line;
Their clean cut track leads winding through
Bright glades o'erarched by cloudless blue,
And vales where waters shine.

The restless clink of flashing steel
Resounds in accents bold;
Our hearts a tender pity feel
For plant-lives crushed beneath ruthless heel,
To gain the wealth they hold.

The nodding block of yellow grain
Is slowly chiselled round;
Behind the toilers stands a train
Of amber tows a stretching lane
Between of stubble-ground.

The throbbing hours of noonday heat
Are spent where brook-waves play;
The tossing ripples, sparkling sweet,
Seem of 'rinxes soured at Ceres' feet—
Libations crowned with spray.

When lagging at noon is past,
And robin vesper-rings,
And creaming till 't ght thickens fast,
The gleaners homeward turn at last,
Through paths where dew-pearls cling.

Do they whose eyes o' bad hat brims hide
See nature's beautiful face?
Or do they think of no right beanie
Th' small dew at ev'ning,
As up the slope they pace?

Do firm-winged larks that skyward sail
Sing the a son of joy?
Do they applaud the whistling quail?
Or do their so-ild souls annoy?

Far from the rushing world's highways
Their peaceful pathway lies;
'Tis strange if comes from them no praise
Of spreading leas and song-birds' lays,
Clear rills and glowing skies.

"No," snappishly said the Summer board-
ing-house keeper to Mrs. Culture, who was
inquiring as to the healthfulness of the lo-
cality: "No we ain't got no typhoid germs,
and there hasn't been no calls for 'em either.
Folks is wanting everything nowadays, and
ain't satisfied with clean beds and plenty of
what's good to eat."

THE FARM.

Men Who Succeed With Sheep.

Under the above head the *Espeador's* Gazette makes some sound and sensible remarks: Depressed and unpromising as sheep farming and all other farming is just now, there are, nevertheless, some who make it pay.

The men who make a success of sheep husbandry are confined to no special locality, are found wedded to no particular breed or variety of sheep, evince no characteristic in common beyond a persistent, intelligent determination to adapt their surroundings to forcing the best possible results from their expenditure of labor and money.

They are found among the owners of high-priced lands dividing the busy cities of the eastern and older states, with round-bodied, early maturing sheep, always ready to respond to the metropolitan demand for first-class mutton.

They are found on the grassy hillsides of the middle and manufacturing States, where near-by markets and fleeces and carcasses render the flock a favorite investment for those who know how to get the best results from it.

They are found in the grain growing regions, where corn and oats and hay are marketed in the form of well-fattened mutton carcasses and weighty fleeces, leaving the land as rich as they found it and reducing the toll of the common carrier by many fold.

They are found along the frontier, where free pasturage for summer and cheaply raised grain for winter are assured facts.

Scattered as they are, all over the country, addicted of necessity to adverse systems of management, nevertheless the men who have made a success of sheep husbandry will be found to possess certain uniform characteristics. They are intelligent, experienced, prudent, persevering. Intelligent enough to appreciate their own surroundings and to know the type of sheep best suited thereto. Sufficiently experienced to know that their business is not necessarily a failure because prices for its product are not uniformly high. Prudent enough to escape the panic which periodically seizes their weak kneed co-laborers, and to profit by the mistakes of those who persist in selling when sheep are low and buying when, as a result of such folly, prices again advance. Persevering, with faith in that average of results which has made sheep husbandry as good a record for profit as can be shown for any other agricultural specialty.

These are the men to whom these younger ones who think of becoming flock-owners should look for lessons, rather than that class of talkers and writers who at times occupy the public attention.

Timely Suggestions.

The old saying is that one cannot eat his cake and have it too; but it is possible to dig some potatoes out of a hill early without disturbing the plants, and then by replacing the earth have the roots throw out a new set of tubers. This is an economy in growing early potatoes that may be practiced when the first tubers ready for market bring high prices, but not enough to warrant pulling up the vines for half a crop.

Canada thistles that have an even start with either oats or barley will ripen their seed before the grain is ready to harvest. This should be prevented, if possible, as thistle seed going with grain straw into the manure heap is one of the ways in which this pest is spread. A man with a sharp hoe will cut out the thistles in the grain while it is yet small, and in many cases the gain to the grain crop will entirely pay for this expense, leaving the check to the thistles as clear profit from the operation.

Last make excellent bean poles. Drive in two to the hill, starting at an angle of say 75 degrees, remembering that 90 degrees is a point directly overhead. Let these lath meet at the top. When the vines reach the ends allow them to lap over a foot, and then pinch them off. You will get more beans, even of Lima, than if allowed to grow six or eight feet high. Try it in a small way and see me right if I am wrong. I have made mistakes a few times in my life and hope to again.

Thin out the fruit. If we would have large, fine fruit, a certain proportion of leaves to fruit must be established. It seems a waste to cut off a dozen bunches of grapes upon a single cane; a waste to destroy six young apples where there are but nine. Still a green plant can only do so much work. Take your choice between an abundance of inferior fruit or less of the best quality.

John Tucker says, in the *Farm Journal*, that it does him good to hear people talk about clever and hogs. There is no way a farmer can improve a field faster than by seeding it down and pasturing hogs on it—unless it is to sow peas in a lot and then let the hogs eat them on the ground. A pint of corn fed to a hog every day in a clever pasture will make it fit for killing before cold weather. Two quarts of middlings a day wet up and fed to a hog, wintered over, in connection with good pasture, will make it ready for the market in autumn. In this cheap way the hogs may be fitted for market early and the land fitted for a good crop of corn the next year. The shut-up system of making pork is mighty poor economy. The hogs will do a great deal for us if we only give them a chance.

Earthquakes and other Earth Movements.

We are accustomed to think of the earth as something solid and fixed; and, as a testimonial in this impression, the Latin phrase *terra firma*, firm land or solid ground, has been naturalized in the languages of nearly all civilized peoples. On the other hand, we speak of water as unstable. But the geological history of the earth and the more careful observations of modern times have taught us that these ideas do not correctly represent the qualities of the land-masses and water-masses of the globe as compared with one another. The ancient shore-marks on the continents and the phenomena of elevation and subsidence that have been observed in historic times, confirming their evidence, shows that the land and the ocean are continually changing the level as one another; and it has further been made evident, by experiment, as well as by a priori reasoning, that it is not the ocean that changes, but the land which undergoes alternate movements of elevation and depression. An earthquake shock is a phenomenon well adapted to destroy the faith of any person who feels one in the fixedness of the earth; and such, by the evidence, is the effect for the time on all who experience these shocks. Even the light pulsations which sometimes pass over part of the country occasion panic and excite a momentary impression that everything is falling over or sinking away; while the more violent shocks that are felt in earthquake-infested countries produce indescribable terror; and such catastrophes as these historical earthquakes of Lisbon and Caracas, and the more recent ones of Iachia and the Strait of Sanda amount to a demonstration that the reason for such terror is real, and that the continents also cannot escape the general law of change and perishability.

Earth-movements—the name by which these phenomena may be most conveniently described—are various, and comprise, so far as they are now considered, earthquakes, or sudden violent movements of the ground; earth-tremors, or minute movements which usually escape attention by the smallness of their amplitude; earth pulsations, or movements which are overlooked on account of the length of their period; and earth oscillations or movements of long period and large amplitude—like the shifting of levels of land masses—which attract attention from the geological importance. Some of these movements have only recently begun to attract attention. They are all intimately associated in their occurrence and their origin.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

She: "ONLY GIVE UP SMOKING FOR ONE YEAR, AND I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH TOBACCO AGAIN."
He: "WELL, I DON'T KNOW; I DID NOT SMOKE ONCE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, AND WHEN I BEGAN AND ENJOYED IT HEUGELY."
She: "FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN VERY YOUNG WHEN YOU BEGAN."
He: "I WAS FIFTEEN."

"Tinkled by a straw"—A woman with a new bonnet or a man with a sherry cobbler.

"Lo Ddg, here's an item I wish you would read to our landlady," remarked De Wigg. "What is it about?" "About a man in Mississippi who sold a petrified chicken for twenty dollars." "What do you want that read to her for?" "Why, don't you see, if she finds out she can get twenty dollars apiece for petrified chickens she won't serve any more up for dinner."

"Pretty girl that." "Yes." "She looked at you as if she knew you." "Yes." "Does she?" "Well, the fact is, my boy, she's my sister. But she married a fellow that was a stow, aw something of that sort, and they live in a building house, so I can't afford to recognize her in public. But I always send her my card on New Year's. Faw girl! She has been feebler wathew than criminal, don't cheer know."