

YOUNG FOLKS.

Curis and Crusts.

"I don't like crusts, and I won't eat 'em," said Mamie Dolber, pushing her plate away, while her red lips pouted. "Mamma had been telling her how wasteful it was for her to leave so much good bread open her plate, while many little girls had to go without any breakfast at all."

"I'll give 'em all my crusts, if they were 'bout as good as yours," said Mamie, with a little chuckle. "Mamma went on talking not seeming to notice."

"There is another reason," she said, "I do not like the habit. It gives your face a very untidy appearance. What if Uncle Ben and Aunt Nannie and the other folks will and I should each leave a crust, with the soft bread nibbled off?"

"How do you think it would look?" Mamie laughed at the idea, and looking into her mamma's face, she said, "I don't think it would look any better than it does now."

"There'd be a lot for little hungry girls, wouldn't there?" Mamie looked at her disapprovingly, and Uncle Ben said, addressing Mamie's mamma, "Did you ever hear that eating crusts would make the hair curl?"

"No, I never heard it," replied Mrs. Frowle. "Of course, I can't say positively that it would, but I've seen it in the case of some of my friends, and I've seen it in the case of some of my own children."

"I did not see much as look towards mamma while he was talking, but the little girl looked at her two pink ears very intently indeed. "If there were any one thing that Mamie could do to make her hair curl, she would do it."

"The next minute, when Uncle Ben looked across at Mamie's plate, not a crust was left. Then he was seized with a sudden fit of coughing, and Mamie patted him on the back; and the more she patted, the more he coughed and coughed, till she asked mamma if somebody had not better go for the doctor. But Uncle Ben recovered after a time, and told an odd story, at which everybody laughed and laughed, until the tears ran down their cheeks, though Mamie could not see why it was so very funny."

"After this there never was a crust on Mamie's plate, and how the bread did curl. "I told mamma one day,—" "Somebody must be eating more bread than usual. Last week I had to buy rolls for three times, and this week, although I made an extra loaf, I shall have to take before Saturday."

"It is good bread," said Uncle Ben; and then they all laughed, and Mamie wondered what they were laughing at. "She knew where the bread went, but she did not think it was necessary to tell, and she was glad that nobody asked her about it. She thought it a little strange that not even mamma seemed to notice that she left no crusts nowadays."

"Once, when she was taking the end slice of the loaf, which her sharp eyes now always spotted out, she chanced to glance up at Uncle Ben, and she half thought he was laughing behind his napkin; but the next minute he was talking soberly enough, and she felt she had been mistaken. "Meantime, she watched her hair with great eagerness. It did not as yet show the least sign of a curl. So she tried to get more bread, in order to get the crusts; but when there was plum-pudding, or fruit-cake, or ice cream, or strawberries on the table, she was often tempted to give up the hope of curls altogether, for bread did fill up that there was not much room for the goodies she liked so well."

"At last, a brilliant idea possessed her. Nobody could like to eat crusts, she thought, though papa pretended to like them. So one day she took the big bread-tray and went into the store-room, where the bread was kept. She was there a good while, and a few minutes after she came out, mamma went in, and what do you suppose she found?"

"Mamie laid out every particle of crust she had made, and what a muss she had made on the nice clean shelf! But mamma did not scold Mamie; no, she scolded Uncle Ben instead. And I think she deserved it."

"And although Mamie did no more mischief with her mother's smooth, white hair, she did continue to eat the crusts on her slices of bread at the table; but she never had curly hair. Nor did she ever get tall years afterward that Uncle Ben was joking the day he told about curls and crusts."

ARSENIO IN THE GUM.

A Colored Lad Gives his Father Liberal Doses of Hot Pepper.

A colored boy 14 years old was the other morning arraigned in a Boston Court on the charge of attempting to murder his father by administering rat poison. The little fellow glories in the fact that he almost killed his father, and confessed with evident satisfaction. The boy says he was invited by a woman who had a grievance against his father, but his chief motive was revenge because the father refused to gratify a whim.

The boy walked into Station 3 closely followed by his rheumatic father, Joseph Frowle, who keeps a newspaper stand and fruit store. Joseph's son John, according to the father's description, is "the smartest little nigger in the city, only he'll lie as fast as he can talk and steal everything he can lay his hands on." Frowle was a slave before the war. For a few weeks the boy has been at work in his father's fruit store. The father noticed that the receipts began to diminish from the first day and soon learned that the boy was helping himself to the change. He remonstrated but without avail. The boy kept on stealing. Then the father got out all but one of the boy's pockets, and every night he searched that pocket for money stolen during the day.

About six weeks ago the father was suddenly taken ill and nearly died. The case puzzled his physician. He thought it looked like arsenical poisoning, but he could not learn that there had been arsenic around the house. The patient recovered and seemed to be regaining his strength, when he was again prostrated with the same symptoms. Again he rallied, and again he was taken ill.

All this time Mr. Frowle chewed gum and wondered what it was. There was no one else to the cause of the trouble until last Friday. That night Mr. Frowle found a lot of blue powder in the lad's handkerchief, and some large grains of the same substance in his pocket. Mr. Frowle called the boy and said to him:

"What are you going to do with that stuff?" "I was going to put it in that feed to poison you," was the reply, as the lad pointed to some food on the stove. Then the boy confessed that he had taken rat poison and carried it in his pocket two days before he made up his mind to use it. "Then," said he, "I put it in your bread and in your gum. You thought the bread was mouldy, but it wasn't. It was the poison."

Frowle does not chew tobacco, but he is very fond of gum. When a customer entered the store he would lay the gum up on the most convenient spot, and then forget it for an hour or two. The boy would improve the opportunity to put poison in the gum. Frowle was greatly alarmed when he found that he had been swallowing arsenic. He sent for three doctors. They agreed that he had had a narrow escape, but that he was now out of danger.

At first Johnnie took all blame upon himself but when he was again called before Capt. Hurley, he said that a woman, whose name was withheld, had incited him to the crime. The woman once worked for Mr. Frowle and had had trouble with him. Johnnie has gone to jail, and the police are investigating the story about the woman.

De Evils Ob De Day.

A LEARNED DISCOURSE ON FASHION.

You all needn't be lookin in de book. Cause hit ain't from dar my tex is took; De subject dat I've gwine ter talk on is right yere on dis no' you walk on.

De sinful way dis worl' is gwine on. Will soon reach up de judgment morn. De good Lord will send de worl' to burn. Unless for good hit takes a turn.

You young gals settin' by de doah. Come up whar you kin hear a delect moah. De sarmon's gwine ter be on Fashion. An not about de hearts yo's in a mashin'.

You know de Good Book tells us all Dat pride is settin' sure to go befo' a fall. Dar's pride a plenty in yo' heart. De fall will come unless wid it you part.

Spoin you was to fall ter day; Wh'd you drap, I say? Dea like a star, at night a shoothen. To de Debbil you'd go a oolly hooten.

In your wickedness you've been gwine on Eber since de day dat you was born. For 'kingdom come and glory kin a shout. Repeat ter day an dem fer heaben set out.

On Sunday morn to church you go. All ter make a mighty sho'. On dat new cloak you minds is set. Or to see de hat what Sister Jane is got.

Wh'at use is niggers got for velvet cloaks. Dav's out an' made fer rich white folks! In dem you look dese lak de crow. Dat tried de peacock's feathers in his tail ter grow.

You men settin' in de rear. Ise also got a word for you to hear. All de week you open in workin' hard. Haulin' loads ob meat, an' flour an' lard.

When Saturday night comes aroun' How much meat in your safe is foun'? You know hits hard to answer dat. Cause your money's gone for dat new beaver hat.

Et dat's de way you open yo' labor. You'll soon be lookin' in de hen house ob your nabor. You needn't grin at what Ise tellin' you. Fer ebry word you know is true.

In yo' safe dar's not a dust ob meal. Yo' chillun is learnin' how ter steal. Lay aside yo' fancy dressin's. An larn dem chillun bones' lessins.

Wile we all jines in singin' ov de hymn. Jesus Lover of my soul, Bruders Dick and Jim. Will please ter pass aroun' de hat. Hit will sanctify yo' sin er drop a dime in dat.

It Wasn't a Sickly Country.

"Isn't this a sickly country?" said a stranger to an Arkansas man.

"No, sir."

"Then why is it that nearly every one I see is sick?"

"Oh, the people is sarter sickly, but the country never gets sick. Never heard o' sick a thing all my life."

He Was a Cool One.

Neah (discovering the last man on the summit of the top-most mountain)—"Halle, there!"

The Last Man—"Halle, Uncle Neah, a little sloppy!"

THE FARM.

Fowls—Keeping Large Numbers.

By careful feeding and proper care, a good laying hen may lay as many as one hundred and seventy-five eggs in a year, or when hundreds of hens are kept together on the farm, the average seldom reaches one hundred eggs per annum. A comparison of the treatment accorded large and small flocks shows that, as a rule, the smaller flock the greater is the variety of food furnished to the individual, while the competition for existence is increased with the number of hens in the same flock. Division into families seems to be a natural and necessary condition of all animals, and though congregating and herding for mutual protection, they pair and separate during the breeding seasons. It is unnatural for poultry to be kept in large numbers together, especially during the times of laying and hatching. The small flock secures generally all the scraps from the kitchen and the table, and, as a rule, these contain a larger share of the nitrogenous elements (meat, etc.), than is generally fed to large numbers, which partially accounts for the greater production of eggs from the smaller flock. With a large number, the cost of labor is lessened proportionately, and as but few really estimate the labor of caring for a small flock, the keeping of strict accounts charging labor as an item would demonstrate, that there is not such a wide difference in the proportionate profit as may be imagined; yet, as the labor is of but little value until the flocks are large, it is safe to admit that small flocks are more profitable.

The capital necessary for keeping 1,000 hens need not exceed \$5,000, and even less will answer, yet but few would be satisfied with a profit of only twenty-five cents a year from each hen, although it amounts to \$250, or over eight per cent. Fifty cents per hen annually is not considered an extravagant profit, and it is conceded that a hen should pay one dollar. It depends, however, entirely upon the management, and not the amount of capital. If a large number be managed, that eggs and chicks are marketed, and the expenses be brought to a minimum, the capital invested in poultry will bring a large dividend. If a small flock can be made to give a large profit, a number of small flocks should be managed in the same manner, with proportionate results. Properly managed poultry pays better profits than any other farm stock, but it is unreasonable to expect poultry to return in one year the entire capital invested.

Timely Suggestions.

It is reported as a common thing in open fields in the west to see in spring ground wheat near the fences while the rest is green and out. At that rate it seems as if it might be profitable to have hedges for screens across the course of the prevailing winter wind, even but a few rods apart. They do good by silencing violent, tearing winds anywhere, for everywhere fierce winds are a most serious check to tender vegetation.

The economy of pushing on the growth of young animals from birth and fattening at an early age cannot be questioned—where market profit is the only object. But those who fatten an old animal have the compensation—especially if the meat is for home use—that each pound of it contains more of solid nutriment and mere of appetizing flavor than can be found in the softer and mere young pig meat.

A French writer says: "Few cells are born with defective heels, and if, in ripen years, such appear the cause must be attributed to the farrier's vicious handiwork. It may arise from his ignorance in this respect. The first shoeing ought to be done by an experienced farrier, one not likely to coerce or torture the cell, and so have an unhappy influence on its temperament forever."

It is easier to keep an animal fat than to make it fat, and consequently it is the wisest plan to make a young animal fat as soon as possible after birth, and then never allow it to get poor.

If farmers would make it a rule to veal the poorest calves and raise only the best ones they would find their profits materially increased. Feed given to unworthy animals is largely thrown away.

Any farmer who pays 6 per cent interest disburses more than he can afford to pay out for legitimate purposes. If he pays more—and a large number do—he is deemed and might as well give up first as last. His downfall is inevitable. The spider money lender will hold him fast as long as there is a bit of substance left in him. Then he is mercilessly thrown aside as a financial corpse.

An Extraordinary Murder.

A murder has just been committed at Frontenriani, near Brancos, telegraphs our Paris correspondent, under very extraordinary circumstances. Two sisters named Maria and Catherine Ollagnier, aged 45 and 47 respectively, lived together at that place. They were in comfortable circumstances and were most attached to each other. Much of their time was devoted to religious exercises and good works and they were esteemed far and wide. It seems that on Monday Catherine Ollagnier told her sister that the Lord had appeared to her in the night and had asked her to sacrifice for a proof of her devotion. Maria Ollagnier saw nothing strange in this, and consented to be offered up as a victim. Accordingly, on the following day, after attending mass, the two sisters returned home, and after taking a cup of coffee, Catherine made a deep gash with a razor in Maria's arms and feet.

Catherine Ollagnier relates that as she was bleeding to death, her sister repeated, "Jesus, Mary, my hope, my Saviour!" while for her part she carefully collected the blood which flowed from her wounds as a precious relic. As seen as Maria had breathed her last Catherine laid her out, sitting her in a white robe. She then proceeded to a notary at Brancos with a copy of her sister's will. She assured the notary that God had bidden her to kill Maria, and to burn all the securities she possessed, and that she had obeyed his will in every particular. Catherine Ollagnier was of course arrested on the spot, and she is to be examined by a medical expert with a view of ascertaining whether she is sane.

ORUEL, FAITHLESS EMILY.

A Young Wife Deserts her Old Husband and Hopes to Marry as a Nun.

A little over a month ago, in a small town near Parsip, Kan., Luke Moore and Emily were married. The groom was a man about 65 and the bride not yet 18. She was visiting from an Eastern city and he was a rich farmer. Taken by her city ways, he proposed matrimony, and the knot was tied. Mrs. Moore tired of her old spouse quickly, and, repenting her hasty marriage, with all the impetuosity of youth plunged into the wildest excesses, until her actions became the talk of the little town. She was on one of her freaks when she ran across a well known travelling hardware man from Chicago, giving his name as Pollock. She confided in him her troubles, and he easily induced her to run away. They came to Kansas city and concealed themselves, intending in the morning to take the train west.

When the Southern Kansas came in a man with a flowing white beard, and bearing every evidence of being a well-to-do farmer, jumped off the train and commenced a systematic search through the remaining trains at the depot. People wondered at the old fellow going through the trains and peering into every one's face. Going through the one in which the guilty pair were seated—the male companion several seats back of his guilty partner—he passed a quiet looking Sister of Charity, giving her a mere look. Something must have attracted his attention, for, as he reached the door, he turned round and gazed a few moments at the Sister's back. She turned around, evidently thinking he had left the car and she had escaped suspicion. He recognized the face, and, with a heartrending cry, "Oh, Emily!" rushed to her seat.

She repulsed him, but he tried to take her in his arms and carry her away. The passengers in the car, seeing the indignities the supposed Sister was undergoing, and thinking that the old fellow's wails of "my wife Emily" were those of a crank, they became indignant. One man, Pollock, who was sitting several seats behind, jumped up and attempted to eject the old man. The conductor ordered him to leave the car or an arrest would follow, as he believed him a crank.

"But, my God, sir," cried the aged farmer, "she is my wife. I married her not a month ago."

"Oh, get off the train, you crank, or I'll fire you off," said the conductor. The old man was forcibly ejected from the train amid the indignation of many and cries of "Send the crank to an asylum," and his own cry, "My God, Emily, you're cruel!"

He left the depot hurriedly to invoke the law, but when he came back the train had pulled out and the bird had flown. As it pulled out Pollock came up and took a seat beside the fraudulent Sister. They chatted and smiled pleasantly together, while the remaining passengers commenced to smell a rat. It was these actions that subsequently gave credit to the story of the deserted old man, as he spoke feelingly of his child wife. She took considerable money.

Scotland and England.

Scotland was an independent kingdom from the earliest times. The first attempt to assert the supremacy of England was made by William the Conqueror, who, in return for predatory raids by the Scots over the border, invaded Scotland in 1072, and made King Malcolm acknowledge him as overlord. This acknowledgment was the cause of much dissension, but the national interests of the two kingdoms were believed to be indissolubly united by the marriage of the daughter of Malcolm to Henry I., king of England. In 1286 the direct royal line in Scotland became extinct, and there were several claimants to the throne. These made King Edward I. of England the arbiter of their claims, and he decided in favor of John Balliol. In return for his favor Edward compelled King John to swear allegiance to him as his overlord. John being forced by his subjects to disavow the allegiance, Edward resolved upon the conquest of Scotland. He invaded the country with a great army, deposed the king, and finally took possession of the kingdom. Then followed the twenty years' struggle for independence on the part of the Scots, headed first by William Wallace and after his death by Robert Bruce. Edward died in 1307, on the eve of his third invasion of Scotland, and his successor, Edward II., inherited neither his military ability nor his determined energy. The struggle ended with the complete overthrow of the English army at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314. England acknowledged the full independence of Scotland by treaty in 1328, and from that time the aggressions of the stronger kingdom were only those provoked by the Scots themselves. To gratify her antagonism to England, Scotland formed an alliance with France, and whenever war was declared between these hereditary foes, hastened to invade England in behalf of her ally. The Stuarts came to the Scottish throne in 1376, in the person of Robert, a son of Marjorie, the daughter of the famous Robert Bruce. The two royal houses were united by the marriage of James IV. of Scotland to Margaret Tuder, daughter of Henry VII. of England. The great-grandson of this union, James VI. of Scotland, succeeded to the throne of England also as James I., in 1603, and the two kingdoms were peacefully united. The Scots continued to have a separate parliament until 1707, when the legislative union of the two kingdoms was accomplished.

The One Thing.

"If it wasn't for one thing, boys," said an old farmer, as he got down from his wagon, "I'd bet any amount o' money on that bay colt's mine trottin' a mile in 2:16. I'd bet a million dollars if I had it." The crowd laughed derisively.

"What is the one thing?" asked one of the crowd.

"The distance is too far for the time."

Barrin' the Ice.

Housekeeper (to new cook just imported)—"Bridget, how do things keep in the new refrigerator?"

Bridget—"Well, mum, they all seem to keep poorly well, barrin' the ice, which 'pears to melt ivery blessed day."

HEALTH.

The Sleeping Habit.

The ability to sleep well is one of the most excellent qualifications which can be possessed by a hard worker in any sphere of life. Sleeping is very much a matter of habit, and there is no doubt that the taking of sleep at regular hours is one of the most excellent means of preserving health; but there are many professions and provisions in life that do not admit of absolute regularity in respect to rest or sleep. Physicians, and in fact professional men generally, are called upon to discharge duties which necessitate long periods of severe labor and insufficient and irregular sleep. Such persons may to a large degree atone for the transgression of the physical law requiring regularity of sleep, by acquiring the habit of sleeping whenever opportunity affords, even though the hour may not be the one usually devoted to rest. Napoleon and Wellington have often been quoted as persons who took little sleep. It is said of both these men that they rarely slept more than four hours at night. This is unquestionably an insufficient amount to maintain the wear and tear of an active body, and numerous anecdotes support that belief that both Napoleon and Wellington really secured a much larger amount of sleep than is generally supposed.

For instance, it was reported of Wellington that it was not an infrequent thing for him to fall asleep at the dinner table in the midst of a meal. In one instance he fell into a profound slumber in the midst of a repast to which a number of his friends had been invited. Out of deference to the Iron Duke, all the guests suspended eating, and maintained the utmost silence until he awakened. On another occasion his son, while riding with him, was astonished to discover that his father was sound asleep. The horse, a fast trotter, was going at a high rate of speed, and the Duke held the reins. His son was obliged to awaken him to save a disastrous collision, but received no other recognition for his service than the angry exclamation, "Mind your own business, young man!"

Napoleon was famous for "taking forty winks" when riding in his carriage or whenever opportunity afforded. Both of these men probably managed to get nearly the average amount of sleep. For a man whose habits must necessarily be irregular, it is a valuable acquisition to be able to fall asleep at almost any time when opportunity affords—when riding on the cars, waiting in a railway station, or at any other time when necessarily disengaged, to improve the chance to put in the time in sleeping, providing nature has been defrauded of the necessary amount of time for repair and recuperation. By this means, one who would otherwise break down under a constant strain of mental activity, may be enabled to prolong his usefulness, when otherwise he might meet the expectations of his friends in a complete physical break down.

Cause of Short Life.

Dr. Hitchcock, the eminent professor of physical culture at Amherst, believes that the reason why the average length of life is only forty years, is that men and women live too fast. Their heads are prematurely bankrupt; their stomachs are worn out; their hearts, kidneys and muscles are overworked. If the use of tobacco increases the next as it has during the past twenty-five years we shall not only know of sudden death from heart and brain injuries consequent upon it, but we shall see in the Anglo-Saxon race, man emasculated and sorely deficient in muscular strength. A lack of control over our bodily and mental functions is one reason why we live forty instead of seventy years.

One of The Mysteries of Paris.

A very singular affair has just found its denouement at the Morgue in Paris. Some days ago the body of a little girl, between 4 and 5 years of age, enveloped in a sheet and lying on a pillow, was found on a staircase in a house on one of the minor streets of the city. The little creature was extremely pretty, she was neatly dressed, and had evidently been well tended and taken care of during her short life. The first idea naturally entertained by the press and the public, as well as the police, was that a crime had been committed, and that the child had been murdered, by some person or persons interested in getting rid of her. Yet a careful examination of the little corpse by skilled physicians failed to reveal any trace of violence. It was then subjected to a refrigerating process, and was exhibited for several days at the Morgue, but though thousands came to see the poor little creature, no one could recognize her. Finally a thorough post-mortem examination was undertaken, and the cause of her death was at once revealed. The case is an extremely rare and curious one. The little girl had been troubled with that very common infantile affection, worms in the stomach. One of these parasites of unusual size had forced its way into the child's throat, a fit of coughing had ensued, the worm had entered the windpipe and suffocation had terminated the life of the little sufferer. It is supposed that she was not with her parents, whoever they might be, but was under the care of a nurse, who, on witnessing the child's sudden death, had become terrified for fear of the consequences to herself, and who had then abandoned the body in the place where it was found. It was therefore thought that as soon as the real facts of the case were made known, the persons who had had charge of the child finding themselves thus relieved from all responsibility, would come forward and reveal the facts concerning her. Nothing of the kind took place. The little one thus strangely deserted by her relatives and guardians, had been quietly interred, and her name and identity must henceforth be cited among the undiscovered mysteries of Paris.

A widow owned a large gravel bank which a certain railroad company was very anxious to secure. Several propositions were made and rejected, and the president finally sent his private secretary down with instructions to offer up to \$14,000. The young man returned after a couple of days and, when asked how the business had turned out, replied: "I will accept your offer." "You?" "Exactly, I married the widow and own the bank."