

A Dream of Rest.

In quiet nooks on Dreamland's Isle,
Mid fancy's fond and favorite bowers,
I oft the moments sweet beguile,
And lull to sleep life's restless hours.

I dream of glories woven soft,
From out the warp and woof of life;
And thus in dreaming find I oft,
My heart set free from toil and strife.

The dawn and day I leap hands and meet
To weave a garland for the noon;
Then o'er my life with joy replete,
Hangs trembling trees of smiling moon.

I dream of isles beneath the sea,
Where mermaids tune their harp to sing;
And fit their songs set free,
And o'er my Dreamland's waters ring.

And then I dream of isles afar,
Beyond our worldly care and strife;
Where nought their limping waters mar,
And drop a tear for earth and life.

I see cerulean waters nigh
The sun-bathed isles that softly rise;
And empty roan landscapes lie
Like angel dreams of Paradise.

I hear the rustling robes of spring
Trail through the bright Elysian wood;
I feel the breath of spirit wing
Sweep neath the sunlight's golden floss.

I see the trees immortal grow,
Bright flowers deck the emerald sod;
I see the streams perennial flow,
And hear the angels talk with God.

I drink these joys like drinking wine,
While all the busy world goes by;
I know a sleep whose dream is mine,
That will no more awake, to die.

THE FARM.

Poultry Points.

Young chicks flourish on hay seed.

It is said that fifty hens will make enough guano to manure five or six acres of corn.

Do not neglect the fowls now because they are not bringing in daily returns as they did earlier in the season.

Plenty of green food; corn, oats, bran, buckwheat, ground bone, oyster shells and pure fresh water, is the whole secret of feeding fowls for profitable purposes.

If you will put your chicks in fresh coops feed baked johnny-cake, stale bread in scalded milk, giving no water until two weeks old, you will not be troubled with gaps.

Many persons seem to think that poultry cannot be profitable unless they can have their full liberty, and can obtain most of their living from what they can pick up while foraging on their own account. But this is a mistake. Hens running at large, unless closely watched and cared for, seldom pay very well. They often have to scratch too hard for their living, and what eggs they lay are largely lost, or in some way wasted. Then the chickens get caught by hawks, foxes or other animals of prey.

Crop Suggestions.

The stubble in wheat fields should be burned over as soon as it is well dried, in order that the insects may be destroyed.

When a timothy sod has borne one crop of hay that is enough for one year. The after-growth is worth more to lie on the ground as protection for the roots than it can be as pasture.

Land that has had a crop of oats or barley on, it and is intended for wheat, should be broken up twice to prevent a mixture of the two grains. The first plowing plants the scattered grains of the previous crop, and it soon germinates. The second plowing destroys the sprouts.

The only proper time to use the hay tedder is as soon as possible after grass is cut. Lighten it up then, and it will very soon be in position to put into cock without injury. If clover hay is partially dried before being shaken up, its leaves, which are its most valuable part, are broken off and destroyed.

Let any farmer compute the sum which a full annual crop of apples would produce, even at a low rate per bushel, and he will be surprised to find how much more profitable his apple orchard is than any part of the farm devoted to grain growing. With good management and manuring a full crop of apples may be grown every year with as much certainty as any grain crop and with less expense.

The reason for a rotation of crops is that no two plants of different kinds require the same proportion for their nourishment. The grains and grasses may soon exhaust the supply of silica. These should, therefore, not immediately succeed each other in rotation. They ought to be followed by a crop which needs less of silica but more of potash or some other mineral salts.

The form and smoothness of potatoes are important in determining their marketable value. One with few eyes and these on the surface will be salable, though much smaller than the one which is rough and has deeply sunken eyes. The early Ohio and Snowflake varieties seldom grow to the largest size, but their smoothness makes them desirable when not larger than a hen's egg, and thus very few are unmarketable.

CUT TO PIECES BY KNIVES.

At Young North West Farmer's Terrible Death.

The other day word was brought to Fort Macleod that Bob Whitney, of Whitney Bros., had been thrown from a moving machine in the hay-field, and had received very severe injuries. Doctors DeVeber and Girard were sent for, and went at once to the spot. Young Whitney was cutting grass with a mower, and as he was on rather rough ground, the machine was set high, to avoid the lumps. It was supposed that one of the nuts which held the seat came off, and as the machine went into a rut, the horses started, and in holding them the seat swung around on the single fastening. As he was about to jump he slipped and fell on the back of the machine among the knives. His left hand was caught, and reaching out with the right to extricate it, that one also was drawn into the machine.

The injuries which he received were terrible ones, and it is a great wonder that he was not killed on the spot. The left hand was completely cut off just above the wrist, and again his arm was cut off some four inches higher. The doctors were obliged to cut it again further up. The right arm, below the shoulder joint, was cut entirely to pieces, the doctors taking about four inches of bone out. The arm was nearly cut off, only a few muscles and pieces of skin remaining. The whole of the inside of his left leg, from the knee up, was cut off, and

there was an ugly cut on the chest. The right leg was slightly wounded, where the guard ran into it. After the accident, the wounded man walked about half a mile, and met his brother, who was at work near by. He was at once taken to the cabin, and the doctors sent for. During the time of his suffering, the poor fellow showed wonderful nerve and pluck. He was very restless until his brothers arrived. After that all his thoughts were of his mother, thousands of miles away. He repeatedly said that he cared nothing for himself, "but it will kill my mother." As he lived, so he died a brave, true-hearted boy.

PERSONAL.

Beaconsfield talked in a soft, low voice. Gladstone talks distinctly in a deep tone and Lord Salisbury loudly, often boisterously.

The Queen, having interposed, the old ladies, their cows and cake stalls are not to be altogether banished from St. James park.

On several days of late the Duchess of Edinburgh, with the royal children, has been seen in the Kentish hop gardens picking hops for an hour or two at a time, the princesses also entering heartily into the operation of stripping the hops.

The Scotch fishing village of Largo lays claim to the honor of being the birthplace of Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of "Defoe's Robinson Crusoe." There has just been completed life a size statue in bronze of "Robinson Crusoe," which will shortly be placed in a niche in "Crusoe's Cottage," in the principal street of the village.

Thirteen years ago a Mr. Watkins went to the city of Guadalupe, Mexico, as a Protestant missionary, and found no one to welcome him. At the end of a year he had sixteen converts. Now there are 1,600 members of Protestant churches in the neighborhood. The city itself contains nearly 100,000 people, and now has street railways, electric lights, telephone service, &c., though not yet connected with the capital by rail.

Queen Victoria drives daily to some favorite resort in the Highlands. On one occasion her Majesty visited the Glassall Shielie, staying at the cottage which she keeps for her own use in this solitary region. Occasionally the Queen takes tea with the Duchess of Albany at Aberfeldie castle. Princess Beatrice and her husband made the ascent of Lochnagar.

Just before leaving Paris, Miss Nevada received from London the souvenir sent her by the Princess of Wales in recognition of her singing at Marlborough house on the occasion of the evening spent there. It is a lace-pin in form of a bar of gold, on which are set three diamond pendants, each flower having at its heart a single round and very perfect pearl.

General Booth, who comprises within himself the whole central organization of the Salvation Army, advertises in *The War Cry* that he is prepared to furnish Salvation Army soap, with his portrait on each cake, Salvation Army china, glassware, sheets, table covers, towels, cutlery and window curtains, Salvation Army tea newly imported, and "Salvation Army serges to be inspected at the tailoring and dressmaking department."

While in Montreal, Major General Sir Frederick Middleton was put through the "interviewing" process by a Herald representative, and his remarks upon "Social customs," are thus reported:—"The North-West affair almost made me a teetotaler. For four months we were without liquor; I might have obtained them, perhaps, for my personal use, but preferred to share the fortunes with my men. I found myself none the worse for the privation, and now, with the exception, perhaps, of a little champagne at dinner, I drink nothing."

Nophokles street, one of the most crowded thoroughfares of Athens, was the scene on a recent night of an exciting shooting affray. Gabriellidis, the editor of the *Acropolis*, was attacked by a medical student, who struck him and demanded the retraction of an article reflecting upon him in that morning's paper. The editor drew a revolver to defend himself, and shot at the student, but missed, and hit instead a French newspaper correspondent, M. Delonguy, who was passing a block away. The shot was fatal, and the Frenchman died two days after, expressing the wish that Gabriellidis might not be prosecuted. The latter surrendered himself to the police immediately after the shooting.

The Emperor of Russia has given the Imperial palace in the holy city of Kiev to the Grand Duchess Alexandra Petrovna, who intends to make it her principal residence. This palace was built within the last twenty years by the late Czar. It is a vast building in the renaissance style, with large courtyards, galleries and pavilions, all the apartments being sumptuously furnished and they contain an immense collection of valuable drawings and engravings, and some splendid china and objects of art, which were brought here from St. Petersburg in 1876 for the visit of the King and Queen of Italy. The gardens are very fine, and contain some grand old trees, while the conservatories and vinerias are not to be surpassed in Russia. The park extends to the Dnieper, and from the terrace are extensive views of the Steppes and the Imperial forest of Tchernikoff, which affords capital hunting. The old palace at Kiev was built of wood and brick early in the last century, and was burnt down in 1819. The Imperial apartment, which were occupied by the Emperor and Empress during their recent visit, are to the left of the entrance-hall, and are fourteen in number, and magnificently furnished. The Grand Dukes have rooms on the floors above.

She Answered.

The duke was visiting a charming young society lady, and as they sat on either side of an open grate fire his heart was full of a burning desire to say something not only complimentary, but brilliantly suggestive. So, after revolving the matter in his mind during a ten minutes' burst of silence, he said:

"Ah, Miss Lillie, why are those fire-tongs so like Frederick?" [He meant her to guess, or him to tell her "because they glowed in her service," or were prostrate at her feet," or something of that kind.]
Miss Lillie, looking so solemnly demure that the clock stopped, said she didn't know unless it was because they had two thin legs and a brass head. He was groping blindly for the front door before she had recovered from the shock of her own volley.

BEAUTIFUL MALLOW.

A Graphic Description of a Pretty Irish Town.

Mallow, with its soft sounding name, is a very English-looking town, beautifully situated on the Blackwater. Within a stone's throw of the station is a handsome mansion, built purposely for an hotel, where the tourist or angler will be very comfortable. There is a charming look-out from the large windows of the spacious coffee-room. There are flower beds bright with red geraniums, and a little lawn with laurels, cypresses, and araucarias sloping down to a beautiful park like meadow, with tall Scotch firs scattered about, and sheep making themselves drowsily happy in the pastures. Through the thick branches of the timber on the further boundary you catch glimpses of the roofs and chimneys of the town. Descending the long and broad main street which leads down from the railway to the bridge over the Blackwater, I was struck by the air of old standing prosperity. Scarcely in a provincial town of similar size have I seen so many excellent houses, and most of these are inhabited by well-to-do residents, who simply live on their means and have nothing to do with business. The neighborhood, too, is unusually aristocratic, and there are wealthy landed proprietors. Half the town belongs to Mr. Longueville, who has a rental of £8,000; the other half to Sir Denham Norreys, whose income is about £6,000; while Lord Doneraile, the head of the St. Leger family, has a larger rental than either, amounting to about £14,000. I saw sundry smart private carriages and handsomely built covered cars. There were fashionably dressed ladies walking in the High-street and in the pleasantly shaded suburban roads, whence great gates opened on gravelled approaches, leading into well-kept grounds. Altogether, Mallow has an appearance of easy life, of cheerful society, and quiet home comforts which is very pleasant to see, yet in former times it was infinitely gay, as it is to be hoped that it may be far gayer again. A century ago it was a famous and fashionable spot, and with in forty years it was in full swing, and frequented by the English as well as the Irish. Shortly before that Sir Denham Norreys had built a graceful pump-room, which stands over one of the fountains of the warm springs. Elsewhere I am told that when snow is lying on the ground in winter you may see the water hissing and steaming as it bubbles up, tracing black water channels down the white hillsides. The waters are said to have much the same properties as the hot wells of Clifton, and in former times, when faith may have been stronger, they wrought many wonderful cures. Now, to all intents and purposes, they are deserted by strangers, though the Mallow season had the great advantage of lasting all the year round; for the average of temperature is marvellously even, and even residents who are habituated to it may be heard to complain that in the springs and summers the air is enervating. Yet the valley, although the woods close in upon the water, lies comparatively open, and seemingly it should be well ventilated by the breezes which must sweep down from the bare grassy ridge to the north hanging over it, as the Taunns hills hang over Hamburg.

Bare as these ridges are, they come in as very effective backing to the broad masses of wood that clothe the valley so thickly. Strolling down through the town and taking your stand upon the bridge, there are as charming sylvan views as any wayfarer need care to reveal in. Above, to the right and on the outskirts of the town, rises the gray spire of the handsome Protestant church, where there is an average congregation of about 300. But below is the more fascinating rural scenery; there is a foreground through the sparkling shallowing in the foreground, where a cart happens to be crossing; there is a park sloping down from either side, with old trees actually striking their roots and dipping their boughs in the water; and as the river turns out of sight in a gentle sweep, the vista closes into a rich drapery of drooping green curtains. And, talking of green draperies, there is ivy in profusion everywhere; and I feel that in my descriptions of this South Irish scenery the ivy will force itself in as persistently as his Majesty Charles the First in Mr. Dick's documents in "David Copperfield." There is ivy on the buttresses of the bridge itself; there is ivy on the high gray walls that here and there embank the parks against the current, and there is ivy in great masses on the walls and battlements of the grand old castle of Mallow, an ancestral fortress of the all-powerful Desmonds, which would be the most conspicuous of all the objects from the bridge were it not half hidden by the growth of the ashes and the beeches.

A Strange Accumulation.

Thomas Dick puts the hoarding of wealth in this striking way:

Suppose a man could lay up a stock of clothes and provisions sufficient to last him for 300 years, what would it avail him, since he can live at the most but from 70 to 100 years? Suppose he laid up in a store 70,000 pairs of shoes, to what end would it serve if he could make use, during his whole life, of only the one-hundredth part of them? He would be in the same condition as a man who had 100 mansions purchased for his residence, but could occupy only one. How ridiculous it would appear if all that could be said of a man while yet he lived was simply this—that his whole life had been spent in collecting and laying up in a storehouse 60,000 mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for the furniture of apartments, or 70,000 pairs of trousers which were never to be worn! And where is the difference, in point of rationality and utility, between such absurd practices and hoarding thousands of guineas and bank notes which are never brought forth for the benefit of mankind? There is no conduct connected with the pursuits of human beings that appears more absurd than such practices (however common) is examined by the dictates of reason.

It seems almost foolish for the preacher to admonish his congregation against taking "any thought for the morrow," when he ought to know that two thirds of his auditors are busy thinking what their neighbors have on at that time.

"He was naturally a man of fine education, but the friend of intemperance," said a luminous speaker recently. It was not the same eloquent individual, but one very like him, who, in describing a woman, said: "Her father was a gambler, but she went to the other extreme, and was a devout church member."

Some Later Fruit.

The late fruit which now waits its turn to be put away for winter use is greater in variety than the early fruit which claimed attention in the first part of the season, and can be disposed of in a greater variety of ways, including delicately flavored preserves, firm, delicious marmalades, translucent jellies, and spicy-smelling sweet pickles.

The most simple way to put up fruit is to can it. In this way peaches, grapes, plums, and pears may be kept to supply the every-day taste from the time when fresh fruit fails until it is again in market. In this shape and in jellies they are the most healthful, and come next to the fresh fruit, which is in winter so difficult to obtain, and of which oranges, grapes, pine-apples and bananas are the only varieties to be had in most places, and these only by the favored few who live in or near large towns.

For canned peaches select freestone, and when they are to be had give the preference to large yellow ones. They have a more attractive look than a better taste than the smaller white peaches. Remove the skins from the peaches, cut in halves, and take out the stones. Instead of paring the peaches, pour boiling water over a few at a time, and let them stand three or four minutes. The skins will then slip off with a little trouble. For each quart of peaches allow four ounces of sugar and one tea-cupful of water; boil two minutes, and skim. Add a few peaches at a time, not more than two or three quarts. Boil twenty minutes, lift out with a skimmer, and fill into glass bottles set in boiling water. Continue so until all the fruit has been used, then lift the jars out of the water, fill up with the syrup and seal while hot.

With pears proceed in the same way, using six ounces of sugar for each quart of pears, and boiling thirty minutes. Small pears may be canned whole.

To can plums do not remove the skins. Select perfect fruit, wash well in soda water, drain, and boil for ten minutes, using eight ounces of sugar to each quart of plums.

Grapes should be about two-thirds ripe. They are often canned with the seeds left in but the most desirable method is as follows: pick the grapes off the stems; slip the pulp out of the skin, place the skins in the preserving kettle with enough water to cover, and boil slowly; stew the pulp about three minutes, add only enough water to keep from burning. The seeds can now be easily lifted out with a skimmer, or the pulp may be put through a sieve. As soon as the seeds are removed, add the pulp to the skins, and put in eight ounces of sugar to each quart of grapes. Boil two minutes, pour into glass jars, and seal up while hot.

Grapes, plums, and crab-apples make excellent jelly. Grape and plum jelly is tart, and very good with meat and game. Crab-apple is milder flavored and much sweeter than the first-named. Catawba grapes make a particularly rich flavored jelly, as do also the small Delaware grapes.

To make grapes into jelly select such as are ripe, but not overripe. Pick them from the stems. Place in a kettle, with as little water as will keep them from burning. Stew quickly, stirring them with a wooden spoon until the skins and pulp begin to separate. Strain through a crash jelly-bag, then through one of thick flannel. Measure the juice, return to the kettle, and boil for twenty minutes; add as many quarts of sugar as there were of juice when measured, and boil for ten or fifteen minutes.

Grape jelly to be eaten with meats is very nice spiced. To spice four quarts of jelly, tie up in thin muslin one tea-spoonful of ginger, same of cinnamon, half a tea-spoonful of cloves, and the same of allspice; place in the kettle with the juice, and remove when ready to pour into the glasses.

Tomatoes make a pleasant-tasted preserve. The small egg shaped tomatoes are preferred by some, but the other kind well prepared is quite as good. Select smooth, half-ripe tomatoes, peel them without scalding, place them in jars, and sprinkle sugar over them, using two-thirds of a pound of sugar to a pound of tomatoes. Let them stand until the sugar has drawn out all the juice, then put in a preserving kettle, and boil slowly until the tomatoes are tender and of a dark color. Remove the tomatoes into jars, and unless the syrup is quite thick, boil it longer before pouring it over them.

Citron preserves are much liked by many persons. Cut the fruit into quarters, and remove the rind. Boil it until tender in a syrup made of water and the weight of the fruit in sugar. Remove the quarters to a platter, and cut them carefully into inch-wide strips. Cut the strips in two, and pack in jars. Boil the syrup thick, and pour over them.

Citron can also be made into a very nice sweet pickle. Cut the citron in pieces an inch thick by two long. Steam until tender. Make a syrup of sugar and vinegar, allowing one pint of not too sour vinegar and one and a half pounds of sugar to every three pounds of fruit. Boil five minutes, then pour over the steamed fruit which has been placed in jars. Let it stand overnight. Then pour off the syrup, boil, and while hot pour again over the fruit. Repeat again, adding spice to taste to the syrup. If the syrup has boiled down so that the quantity is not sufficient to cover the fruit, add more vinegar and sugar.

Peaches, pears, crab-apples, plums, or any kind of fruit may be made into a sweet pickle by following the above directions. Watermelon rinds make a nice pickle when treated in the same way, and much resemble citron pickles.

Sour apples should be selected for apple marmalade, peel, core, and cook slowly in little water until it is a thick pulp. Measure the pulp, and return to the same kettle. To each pint of pulp take one pound of sugar. Melt the sugar into a thick syrup; pour into the apple pulp; stir and cook until thick. Take up in small bowls. Marmalade made in this way will in a week or two be firm enough to cut with a knife.

"Why is an apple pie," said Fogg, eyeing the remarkably flat specimen before him, "like a spring?" Nobody ventured an answer, and Fogg was forced to break the painful silence by explaining that it could not rise higher than its base.

An old Scotch lady was told that her minister used notes; she disbelieved it. Said one: Go into the gallery and see. She did so, and saw the written sermon. After the luckless preacher had concluded his reading on the last page, he said: "But I will not enlarge." The old woman called out from her lofty position: "Ye canna, ye canna, for your paper's give out!"

MIRTHFUL RIPPLES.

Every toper has a glass eye.
A coat of paint has no buttons on it.
A telephone office should be located in a 'holder' square.

It is not uncommon to see an old rip on a long tare.
A crowbar must be the place where they get rowan drunk.

A fly in your butter is worth two on your head, if it is bald.

A temperance movement—Shoving the jug under the counter.

The locks on a door are worn perfectly plain. It is the door that is banged.

Flies are putting on their specs and looking over the hotel arrivals to see if Jack Frost has come.

A petrified mule has been found. This surprises us. We had no idea a mule could keep its hoof still long enough for that.

"You shouldn't drink liquor; it's nonsense." "Yes, I know, but a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men."

Fall bonnets are smaller than ever. While this may be a boon to hat-makers, husbands will find the bills just as large as heretofore.

An exchange thinks that whiskey will soon be made out of old rags. Hardly. Old rags don't make whiskey; it's whiskey that makes old rags.

Prohibition does not always prohibit; but if all the rum shops of a country town were closed a great number of lazy men would not take the extra trouble required to get drunk.

An esteemed contemporary announces that "the milk-punch is very unhealthy." We have long suspected this. The milk-punch never looked as though it were entirely well.

A swarm of bees invaded a Maryland church on a recent Sunday, and the pastor had to admit, with tears in his eyes, no congregation was ever so moved by his very best sermon.

It is said that 50,000 of the inhabitants of Glasgow go to bed intoxicated every Saturday night. This shows the hard sense of the Scotch. In Canadian cities instead of going to bed, they would roam the streets until Sunday morning.

We defy the scientists to explain why a plagued fly, no matter how often you shoo it away, comes right back and settles on the end of your nose, as though he knew to an iota just how much it tickled your sniffer and worried you in spirit.

A collection was taken up in one of our churches recently, and when the hat reached the seat occupied by a lady, her daughter, and little son, the two ladies found themselves without a cent of money, but young Canada reached over and deposited a cent in the hat, and then whispered to his sister: "There, I just saved this family from being whitewashed."

An old darkey was preaching some time since and he saw one of his congregation asleep, so he began: "You remember when Paul was preaching in the temple a dame was asleep in the fourth story, and she fell down, smashing all the smashers, and the fragments they picked up twelve basketful, and whose wife will she be in de resurrection?"

Some Curiosities of the Language.

There are a great many phrases in our language, in common use, whose meaning is entirely different from that which the words composing them have.

When a young man says of his sweet heart, "I think a great deal of her," he means that he loves her very much; but his words really mean that his mind dwells upon her a great portion of his time.

Young Jones, of Jonesville, has inherited some money from his uncle. A neighbor says, "He'll soon run through that." He means that Mr. Jones will soon spend his money; but his words mean that he will pass through it on horseback, or on the train, or by some other rapid means of traveling.

A farmer is looking at a Flying Dutchman plow, intent on purchasing. The dealer names his price; the farmer remarks that it is "rather steep." He means that the price is greater than he thinks it should be; but his words are really absurd, when looked at in their real meaning.

A contractor is building a house for a man. He is requested to finish the job as soon as possible. "Oh, yes," says he, "We will push it right forward." He means that he will use all diligence, and soon finish it; but he employs words that mean that he will push the house forward, into another position.

Speaking of a rich man, we may say, "O, he is rich, but by no means benevolent." We simply mean that he is not charitable; but our words imply that means have been used to induce him to be benevolent, but that the means have failed, and he is still stingy.

A little boy is anxious to go fishing, but his mother fears that he might fall into the water and tries to persuade him not to go. "If you are bent upon going, go," says she, "but I would not if I were you." "I don't know whether I am bent or not," says he, "but it would be a funny to see you go fishing, wouldn't it, Ma?"

Baby Elephant's Leg.

The most interesting patient in Dr. De-Port's hospital is now at Barnum's quarters. It is the little trick elephant Tom Thumb, whose leg was so badly injured in the collision which killed Jumbo. The leg has been bound in plaster of paris to keep it in position, but the antics of Tom Thumb render a constant surveillance by his keeper, Mr. Scott, necessary.

This morning Tom Thumb heard a band playing on the street and he attempted to perform his laughable feat of standing on his head. In doing so he threw his plastered leg out of position, and his piteous cries brought Scott to the rescue. The little elephant looked at his injured leg in a comical, humorous manner, and big tears rolled down his cheeks.

He is allowed to sit in a large chair and nurse the injured member, and his attentions to it provoke a smile from the on-lookers.

"He handles his injured limb as if it were a baby," said Mr. Scott. "We think it will be healed in a short time if we can keep Tom Thumb quiet long enough to give it a chance."