

South-Jersey Republican

Orville E. Hoyt, Publisher.

Terms--\$1.25 Per Year.

Vol. XXI. No. 20.

Hammonton, N. J., Saturday, June 2, 1883.

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The Last GAME!

Two dead roosters in no time! mirth, sadness, and pot-pie in short order! Not a thousand miles from the intersection of Bellevue and Central Avenues lives—hardly—a lone lorn lady—that is, she is alone sometimes. She keeps, like all thrifty women, more or less chickens. She also keeps an ordinary rooster. Not many acres of land—or sand—intervene between the above lady's domicile and that of one of the best-natured professional men you could find in a day's walk. He, too, keeps—no, kept—a rooster. Alas! it was too small a space for two live roosters. They must fight it out on that line, no matter if it took all summer. But it didn't, not much! The rooster went to pot. The professional gent was saddened at the result, and being of a quiet, determined nature, cried—"go, went, gone," and bought—what? a game rooster; quietly you know he tied him loose soon after, and waited developments. The crash came, and the gentleman had more pot pie, but no game (?) rooster, to greet his vision. In fact, he is gameless, though a wiser man. He is now going into the incubation business but no more game sport for him.

Sic SEMPER TYRANUS.

Boston has issued 1000 liquor licences this year.

Recent observations show that some parts of Greenland are slowly sinking.

There are two thousand Indians in Dakota that belong to the Catholic Church.

The Mexican national Government promises a daily mail service through the frontier states.

Fourteen tons of fireworks and 10,000 separate pieces were burned at the New York and Brooklyn Bridge opening.

Governor Butler's son Paul is making a bicycle tour of England.

One of the most interesting things said at the Brooklyn Bridge celebration was Mr. Hewitt's announcement that there had been no stealings in connection with the building of the bridge.

The able editors who have been abusing the Navy Department because it had no navy, are now engaged in abusing it because it is making a beginning at building one. We know what we want—cruisers; we are at last in a fair way to have four, but the beginning of a new navy suits the old critics as little as did its absence.

On Wednesday, many thousands of people were continually crossing the new bridge between New York and Brooklyn. About five o'clock in the afternoon the crowd increased, and from causes not understood, a crush resulted, during which fourteen persons were killed and thirty injured—several fatally, many severely.

France has landed an expeditionary force in Madagascar, Portugal has advanced from Mozambique against one of the largest and most intelligent tribes of the interior on the East coast of Africa, and is extending its power over a large section on the West coast. Three separate expeditions, —an English force, the party under Stanley and the French exploring party under Brazza— are operating on the Congo. English officers are also leading a strong force, which is advancing over Darfur. These different expeditions are about as far apart as New York, Chicago, New Orleans and Cuba; but they all converge toward the unknown centre of Africa whose development is to be the great event of the next generation.

Backache, stitches in the side, inflation and soreness of the bowels, are symptoms of a disordered state of the digestive and assimilative organs, which can be promptly and thoroughly corrected by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. As dinner pills, and as aids to digestion, they have no equal. They cure constipation.

A farmer's wife in Iowa once being much troubled with "rats" stealing her traps and cures, her husband set a spring trap for the offenders and caught the hired man.

An employee of the Senate came across a rather interesting relic of Abraham Lincoln, March 20th. He was moving a box of books from the Capitol that had not been disturbed for many years. A volume of Prescott's "History of Mexico" attracted his attention, and he took it up to glance through it. As he opened it a card caught his attention. On examination it proved to be a professional card of Lincoln. The following was inscribed upon it: "A. Lincoln, Attorney-at-Law, Springfield, Ill." On one end of it was this sentence: "I am still practicing my profession on this side of the river, and shall be ready at all times to crack a joke, swop horses or split rails until the 4th of March." Was the card a burlesque or was it a genuine professional card? Those who saw it were unable to determine. It had evidently lain where it was found for more than twenty years. If it were genuine, it was probably published by Lincoln, as a sort of a joke, between the date of his election and the date of his entrance into the White House. A well known newspaper man was so well satisfied with its genuineness that he carried it away as a curiosity well worth preserving.

An incident somewhat similar to "Shoot him on the spot," is related by General Dix during his occupancy of Fort Mifflin: The condition of Baltimore was like that of a volcano intent on eruption; signs pointed distinctly to a terrible outbreak as imminent; and had blood begun to flow in the city it would have been flowing all over the unhappy state. What the commanding general would do in case of an outbreak was anxiously asked; the rumor was that in such an event he would shell the town. A deputation of ladies went to Fort Mifflin to see him and remonstrate. They were received with the courtesy characteristic of the general in his dealings with the sex. After some conversation he invited them to walk around the walls. At a certain point they came upon an immense columbiad, the largest in the fort. Here the General stopped and said: "Ladies, there will be no trouble in the city unless it is created by persons of your own social position; the common people will not rise until they see the aristocracy of Baltimore moving. The safety of the town and the lives of its citizens are, therefore, substantially in your hands. Will you oblige me by mounting these steps, looking over the top of that gun, noting the place to which it points." The ladies complied, and one exclaimed, "It points to Monument Square!" "Yes," replied the General, "and I now tell you that, if there should be an uprising in Baltimore, I shall be compelled to try to put it down; and that gun is the first that I shall fire." There was no rising in Baltimore.

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For Atco, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries 8:00 and 11:00 a. m., 4:00, 4:30, and 6:00 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m. From Vine St. only, 11:30 p. m.

For Hammonton, from Vine and Shackamaxon ferries, 8:00 a. m., 6:00 p. m. Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 4:00 p. m. Saturdays only, from Vine Street, 11:30 p. m.

For Willamstown, from Vine & Shackamaxon ferries, 3:00 and 11:00 a. m., and 4:30 p. m.

For Marlton, Melford, Mt. Holly and intermediate stations, leave foot of Market Street, week days, 7:30 a. m., 3:00 and 5:30 p. m. Sun-ays, 9:00 a. m., 5:30 p. m. From Vine St. and shack in x-m ferries, 10:00 a. m. week days.

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During a long period of unparalleled usefulness, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has proven its perfect adaptation to the cure of all diseases originating in poor blood and weakened vitality. It is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier and blood-food that can be used.

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E. F. HARRIS, River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

"Last March I was so weak from general debility that I could not walk without help. Following the advice of a friend, I commenced taking AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and before I had used three bottles I felt as well as I ever did in my life. I have been at work now for two months, and thank your SARSAPARILLA the greatest blood medicine in the world."

JAMES MAYNARD, 220 West 42d St., New York, July 19, 1882.

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin. It cleans the blood of all impurities, aids digestion, stimulates the action of the bowels, and thus restores vitality and strengthens the whole system.

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HER DREAM.

sleep and dreamed that, where the sea-
gulls fly,
I saw a form to-day;
The sun seemed dropping in the western
sky,
The waves seemed sobbing as it hurried by,
"Stay, stay!"
Its golden hair, outstreaming in the wind,
Caught the sun's dying glow;
Among the curls a spray of wood-wine;
A vision you will never find.
I know.

Then as the sun sank 'ow' in the West,
Softly the form drew near;
And laid its crown'd head upon my breast,
And I cried aloud as I could not rest
For fear.

I woke from out my strange and troubled
dream;
The young moon, calm and free,
Shone through my window with a tender
beam,
Yet still a pressure on my breast did seem
To be.

I rose from out my chair where I had slept
The living afternoon;
And opening full wide my door I stoop'd
From out the house, while on, above me,
Swept
The moon.

Upon the bare cliffs where the sea-bird flies
The moon is crowned with a spray of wood-wine;
A child with golden hair and close-shut
eyes,
Lay dead.

Rocket or The Nautch Girl's Champion.

It was many years ago that I found
my lot cast with the Great Western
Hippodrome, one of the first circus or-
ganizations that had ventured into the
interior of British India.

The venture had proved fortunate
almost from the start. After perform-
ing to excellent houses in Madras, Cal-
cutta and Calcutta, on the coast, we had
pushed victoriously up the Sacred river,
capturing Patna and Benares on the
way, and were at last in the midst of a
perfectly stunning season at Agra, high
up on the Jumna, and with regal Delhi,
and thence, across the country to Ba-
noda, Bombay and Goa in golden pros-
pect.

In Agra, as elsewhere, we were
equally popular with the native popu-
lation of all castes and with the British
residents, both civil and military. In-
deed, we were intending to remain there
for a month or more, when an unfore-
seen event promised to cut us short
in our career.

At the midst of our third performance
before a vast and brilliant throng, plen-
tifully interspersed with wealthy rajahs
and their harem trains, that were fairly
lustrous in "barbaric pearl and gold,"
the feature that had proved our best
card among the natives brought about
our interruption. This feature was a
series of marvelous tricks enacted by
Seraphina, as we called her, and who
Rocket, our best trick horse, when
humored as the girl alone knew how to
humor him—a superbly beautiful, im-
mense power, snow-white stallion of
exceptional intelligence, but ordinar-
ily so ferocious that no one had been
able to make much of him until we had
fortunately engaged the services of Se-
raphina whilst in Ceylon.

There had always been a mystery
about her. We had found her a friend-
less Nautch girl, hungry and sick, in
Colombo, where she had been deserted
by the troupe of jugglers, snake char-
mers and dancing women with whom she
had traveled. There was reason for
suspecting, from a certain superiority
of language and demeanor, that she
might be a fugitive from some great
man's household; but she would never
afford the slightest inkling as to her
connections, and little did we care what
they might have been, for that matter.
An odd incident revealed an extror-
dinary and mysterious power over the
equine temperament; she was induced
to exert it upon Rocket, and was fairly
rapturous results that our enthusiastic
manager, Monsieur Conquete, had en-
gaged her forthwith at a salary that
must have inclined her straight, night-
black hair to crispness at the outset.
During the ten months of decent treat-
ment, wholesome food and immunity
from mental fret, she had, in addition,
to becoming our chief attraction, blo-
ssomed and rounded out into one of the
most lovable, bewitchingly beautiful
pieces of mid-brown femininity you can
imagine. A romantic attachment had
arisen between her and Conquete, who
intended to make her his wife at the
close of the peninsula season; and she
was as popular among her fellow-per-
formers as with the spectators, who
were attracted alike by her beauty, her
courage and her talents.

Imagine, then, if you can, the sudden

shock we underwent when, on the occa-
sion alluded to, it was suddenly and
publicly announced to us that our pre-
cious Seraphina (it was by this name
that our manager had replaced the
consonantal jaw-breaker under which
she had originally come to us) was in
all probability to be ruthlessly
torn from us, and to meet a fate the
most awful that had been evolved out
of Hindu caste-prejudice.

Seraphina, having put Rocket through a
number of astonishing tricks, was
careering on like an Amazonian vision
of delight around the ring, without
saddle or bridle, preliminary to her
startling denouement—that of linking
her ankles under the animal's throat,
and, stretched backward along the ribs
and flank near to the spectators, to
make two circuits thus—when a young
rajput was seen to suddenly run exci-
tably through the spectators to the pavil-
ion occupied by the chief rajah of Agra
and his household, together with some
distinguished foreign residents; and be-
gin to talk loudly and earnestly to that
magnate.

The rajah made some reply. Then a
trumpet sounded from the pavilion, and
an official loudly announced, in "pigeon
English," that, by reason of a startling
revelation just made with regard to the
peerless equestrienne, the performance
must come to a close at once. A sena-
tious ensued which could scarcely have
been surpassed by anything down on
the bills.

Then the official made public the na-
ture of the revelation. In brief, the
young rajput had recognized in our
Seraphina a former slave of the harem
of an uncle of his, Prince Mahapootra,
a rich but miserly old rajah of the vi-
cinity, who had died two days before.
The girl had escaped from the harem,
joining a troupe of mountebanks and
Nautch girls, from whom she had come
into our employment as has been stated,
and had succeeded in eluding pursuit
until now, when she was forthwith
claimed, and must be straightway re-
turned to the dead man's estate. But,
mirabile dictu, this was not the worst.

Not only had the avareicious old prince
outlived his legitimate wives, but he
had also, shortly before lighting out
for Nirvana, converted the remaining
members of his seraglio into his bet-
ter-beloved rupees; so that now, to the
consternation of his high-caste and
pious relatives, he lay dead, without so
much as a single wife or female slave to
serve as an heir to his pyre—that is, offer
himself (?) up to be burned alive with
his insensate old carcass, after the an-
cient and aristocratic custom of the
Hindu nobility. But I will not with the re-
covery of our beautiful Seraphina—here at
last was a solution to the difficulty, and
she was now claimed and appropriated
as a living offering to the grim oriental
moloch of suttee!

The wild excitement incidental to
this announcement was indescribable.
It was tremendous. Seraphina retained
her self-control sufficiently to master
Rocket and give him in charge of the
grooms, after muzzling, hobbling and
haltering him as was her wont, and then
stood leaning against his shoulder and
facing the great high rajah, in whose
absolute decision rested her happiness,
her fate, her life itself, as in the hollow
of a hand; her delicate features
wreathed with an expression of agonized
appeal—a warm, living picture of help-
less beauty in supreme distress. The
majority of the vast assemblage roared
its disapprobation of the rajah's de-
mand, like an ocean in unrest. Poor
Conquete, livid with rage and anguish,
protested himself before the gold and
purple pavilion, wringing his hands and
screaming forth his protests like one
possessed. The English officials nobly
and earnestly seconded him to the best
of their ability, though the rajah's voice
was at that time autocratic over the
fortunes and lives of the native popu-
lation of his province, and British re-
formative measures had not then made
the progress they since made in
crushing out the hideous customs and
abuses of the caste system. But the
rajah had been reinforced by many
other kindreds of the defunct Maha-
pootra; they belonged to the Kshatriya
caste, which is second only to the Brah-
mins, and they vied with each other in
volubility and insistence upon the tight-
fistedness of their claim, that the girl
should be forthwith given up, and thus
a suttee be furnished for the crema-
torial embellishment that had been ar-
ranged for the following day.

It all lay with the great high rajah of
Agra, as he should decide. He was an
odd-looking, wrinkled little old nabob,

half buried out of sight in his jewel-
encrusted robes and turban, with twink-
ling little eyes, and a facial idiosyncrasy
when he smiled that was suggestive of
both an amused gorilla and a hyena in
hysteria.

He let every one have his or her say;
with praiseworthy imperturbability,
then corked up the entire hubbub with
an impatient gesture, and finally, after a
few whispered words with the dia-
mond-dusted chief begun at his side,
smilingly announced through his herald
that he had formed a decision.

This was awaited in an agony of
suspense. The high rajah was known
to have a penchant for cruel practical
joking, in which the throwing of un-
suspected sudras as tidbits to his favor-
ite wild beasts, and kindred oddities,
had been features, from which the
general anxiety with which his fiat was
looked for can be better imagined than
depicted.

At last it was proclaimed. The
great-high-rajah would be pleased to
grant our Seraphina absolute immunity
from all caste obligations, on the sole
condition that she would find some
beast, wild or tame, that should suc-
cessfully champion her cause in a con-
test with Jaddahor, the famous "king of
the rajah's unexampled wild beast col-
lection—the contest to take place in the
arena of the royal menagerie on the
following morning. Failing in obtaining
such a champion, or in the event of
such a champion being vanquished, he ob-
tained, Seraphina was to be given up to
be burned alive on the funeral pyre of
her quondam lord.

Such was the decree.
The rajput relatives made no at-
tempt to disguise their satisfaction,
while the sympathizers with the poor
girl were correspondingly despairing.
This can readily be made plain. Jada-
dhor, the pride of the rajah's collec-
tion, was famous throughout the upper
India as the highest, the most power-
ful and the most ferocious royal Bengal
tiger that had ever been captured—
tamed he never had been—or, as many
averred, that had ever been seen. He
was said to be five feet four inches high
at the shoulder, eleven feet in length
from tip to tip; with a capacity of
leaping a hurdle with a carcass of a
full-grown buffalo in his teeth, as an
ordinary cat would get away with a
rat, and in numerous encounters to
have killed lions, mottled panthers in
pairs, rhinoceros, other tigers, lions,
sheared double-horned rhinoceros to the
wall, and caused the most formidable
rogue elephants to squeal for quar-
ters.

No wonder that the rajah's decision
was at first regarded as tantamount to
the surrender of the poor girl to the
demand of the suttee seekers.

But the first shock of the announce-
ment had hardly passed when, to the
further amazement of every one, Se-
raphina started forward with a glad cry
of relief and gratitude.

Proudly rearing herself erect, with
flashing eyes and breast a-heave, she
spoke in a clear, ringing voice, first in
Hindustani, and then translated her
words into English.
"I accept your august highness' con-
dition," she cried; "and my champion
is here at hand, with my kind man-
ager's permission." She looked in-
quiringly at Monsieur, who, doubtless
divining her meaning, responded with
an eloquent, even an ecstatic shrug and
grin; and she then retreated, and
placed her hand caressingly on Rocket's
silvery mane. "This shall be my cham-
pion," she cried.

Another sensation! Thunders of
applause swelled up, in which the sta-
tion, arching his proud neck, snorted
and curved spite of muzzle and hobb-
les, as though with warlike in-
telligence; but the rajput contingent
didn't weaken in the least, being
doubtless wholly confident as to the
result in their favor, though Rocket's
fighting qualifications were no myth to
them. The high rajah and his train
probably more than shared this confi-
dence in Jaddahor's powers. Grati-
fied smiles beamed everywhere from the
pavilion, while the little old rajah him-
self gleefully rubbed his skinny paws
together, as if in anticipation of a
prodigious treat, compared with which
his royalist practical joke would be
nowhere.

A fight to the death between the
monarch of the jungle and the auto-
crat of the stables, with the liberty and
life of the prettiest girl in India for
the stakes! Could there be more san-
guinarily fascinating?
The assemblage broke up tumultu-
ously, Seraphina being ordered into the

custody of her late master's relatives
for the time being.

The next morning found the small
amphitheatre in the rajah's menagerie
crowded to suffocation by the elite of
Agra society, native and British, per-
sons of lower consequence not being
admitted, with the exception of the
members of our troupe, Seraphina, of
course, included. The first glance at
her made us suspect that no kindness had
been thrown away upon her by her cus-
todians.

Picturesquely clad in slight folds of
snow-white, richly ornamented jamdani,
which rather expressed than veiled her
exquisite proportions, she occupied an
isolated position near the rajah and his
party, from which a full view of the
arena was obtained. Her eyes were
lustrous with hope, and she occasionally
cast upon us, especially upon poor
Conquete, a glance full of encourage-
ment; but at the same time a nervous
twitching of her lips told of the agony
of suspense she was suffering.

This may be more fully appreciated
when I say that on her way to the place
she had been, with a refinement of
cruelty, compelled to pass the funeral
pyre already thronging the corpse of her
late lord and master, and upon which it
was confidently expected she would be
forced to immolate herself at the close of
the extraordinary trial by battle that was
about to begin.

The arena was a high walled pit, cir-
cular in form and about sixty feet in
diameter, which was brilliantly illumined
by sunlight admitted through a glazed
aperture directly overhead.

A trumpet was blown, and Rocket
was first admitted by the sudden opening
of a grated door. Superbly beautiful,
powerful and spirited, he bounded
into the centre of the arena, and stood
there pawing the sand, with his head
erect, eyes blazing and nostrils ex-
tended.

The tiger was admitted almost im-
mediately afterward. He had not been in
the least exaggerated. In size, strength
and ferocious appearance he was the most
appalling brute we had ever conceived of.
Licking his chops in silence, with his
fiery eyes never for an instant quitting
the horse, he at once set up a slow, me-
chanical pacing around the extreme edge
of the arena; while the stallion on his
part, moving around and around as
if on a pivot, with his head bent down
like a dog, was equally watchful of every
movement of his subtle and treacherous
foe.

Suddenly, without so much as a growl
of warning, and as if impelled by elec-
tric springs, the red-and-black-striped
bulk of the tiger was seen hurrying
through the air towards his silvery antag-
onist. The latter, however, was both
the quicker and warier. Wheeling in a
flash, he caught the tiger full in the
breast with his lashed out heels, driving
him with a crash against the wall of
the pit, when he again, with lowered
head confronted him pivotally as before
the tiger resuming his silent circling
tread as if it had not been interrupted
at all.

"In the net, or at least in the third
spring, Jaddahor will kill him!"
cried the rajah, in a voice we all could
hear.

But it was to be proved that his predi-
lection for the tiger was blinding his
better judgment. In a few minutes the
spring was repeated, but with even less
success than before. Again the lashing
hind hoofs of the stallion hurled back
the assailant, this time with a shock that
the latter did not so promptly recover
from, though his silent footed circlings
were speedily resumed, and apparently
with undiminished watchfulness and
energy.

For the third time did Jaddahor launch
himself towards Rocket with the force
of a catapult. But it was a last effort.
Not only did the heroic stallion hurl him
across the pit, this time with a broken
jaw and dislocated shoulder, but he also
followed up the repulse with repeated
shocks from the terrible heels, wholly
completing the discomfiture of the
jungle lord.

Indeed, from that instant Jaddahor—
evidently jaded by his heart's content—
did nothing but run limpingly and whim-
peringly around the arena, intent only
upon effecting an escape; and with a
triumphant snort followed by a shrill
whinnying cry, like the voice of a trumpet,
the glorious deed remained indubitably
the victor.

In spite of the fear in which the rajah
was held and his undisputed chagrin
at the result, the majority of the natives
present joined in the ringing cheer that
rushed from every British throat; while

Seraphina, without a movement on the
part of the chrysalis rajput to detain
her, rushed ever to our part of the
benches and fell sobbing with joy into
the transported Monsieur Conquete's
arms.

Well, though the rajah made it too un-
pleasant for us to continue our perform-
ances in Agra, he could not go back
on his word, and the fame of Rocket's
gallant championship of our little Nautch
girl went before us in the shape of an
advertisement such as bill posters or
advance agents combined had never or-
ganized.

Old Mahapootra's funeral pile was
dred up, performed, without so much as
an apology of a suttee to do him rever-
ence. We opened in Delhi and else-
where to a tremendous business, and
at the close of the Indian campaign
Seraphina became the happy wife
of Monsieur Conquete. They sub-
sequently went out of the show business,
and opened a hotel in Singapore,
where, it may well be believed, Rocket
remained with them an honored and
gratuitous guest to the day of his
death.

Origin of The Calendar.

The word "calendar" is derived from
calendarius, denoting the commence-
ments of months, which, in the language
of ancient Rome, were called *calendes*,
or simply *calende*; i. e., days on
which "calling out," should occur, from
"calo," i. e., call. This "calling out" took
place upon the reappearance of the
small crescent after new moon, and at
the present day remains the custom
among those people who, as for instance
the Turks, reckon time wholly from
recurring phases of the moon. This
was loudly proclaimed from the roofs of
public buildings by appointed priests or
seers, who were required to seek for the
moon's crescent in the evening sky
either two days after new moon, or four
or five days after the last appearance of
its light in the morning sky; this, then,
was established as the beginning of the
month, the single days being reckoned
by counting backward or forward from
the night, or from the intermediate day
of full moon. The method of reckon-
ing time from the revolutions and phases
of light of the moon has been long
practiced in those countries in which
the constant clearness of the heavens
enables people to determine with con-
siderable accuracy the first appearance of
the moonlight, the so-called "new light,"
and, again, among those whose limited
intercourse with other nations afforded
no comparison of fixed standards. In
countries, however, where continued
clearness of the sky was not afforded, or
where the necessity was urgently felt
for a regular determination of future
dates, the seers at length desired that
they be permitted to calculate upon the
basis of the past determinations of the
duration of the regular months, the
recurrence of the phases of the
moon for a certain time in advance,
and therewith the regular succession of
the months, and to publicly record the
number and the method of counting
the days of the single months. Thus,
in place of the public proclamation from
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ances, the calendar now came to use,
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Insanity in Criminals.

The opponents of capital punishment
in France have just been furnished with
a new weapon. The last time that the
guillotine was set up in the Place de la
Roquette the criminal upon whom it
was employed was a youth named
Menesclou, who murdered a little girl
under circumstances of appalling atrocity
about two years since. His conduct
was so abominable that even a Paris jury
could not discover any extenuating
circumstance for him, although it was
submitted that his intelligence was the
lowest order. When, however, he was
deceased at the Ecole Pratique d'Ana-
tome certain cerebral lesions were
traced to light and those who were
against the guillotine declare that
he was not responsible for his actions.
This view has been greatly strengthened
within the last few days by the fact
that the convict's mother has become a
lunatic. It appears, moreover, that her
sister is also insane and that her father
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the endless controversy respecting mental
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Horticultural.

The Moss Rose.
The angel of the flowers one day
Beneath a rose tree sleeping lay,
That spirit to whom the gods have given
To breathe young buds in dew of Heaven.
Awaking from his light repose,
The angel whispered to the rose,
"O, fondest object of my care,
Still fearless grow, where all are fair,
For the sweet shade thou givest me,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee."
Then, said the rose with splendid glow,
"On me another grace bestow."
The spirit paused in silent thought—
What grace was there that flower had not?
Two but a moment—'twas the rose
A veil of moss the angel throws,
And, robed in nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?

Orchard Management.
As the last snow drifts dwindle away
and the ground dries off, the farmer
takes a stroll through his orchard, and
begins to make plans for a spring cam-
paign. To decide just what is the best
thing to do depends on circumstances,
and often requires all the judgment of
an expert horticulturist. Very likely
the apple orchard has not been trimmed
for some years. The tops are thick,
and some of the lower limbs are dead
or dwindling, the fruit small and of in-
ferior quality. Instead of using an axe
or hand-saw and removing a quarter or
more of the large, lower limbs, thin out
a number of smaller limbs all over the
outside of the tree. Avoid cutting any
limbs over an inch in diameter. This
takes a longer time to each tree, but
the experience shows that it is best for the
health, long life and productivity of
the trees. The more you cut out of the
top, the more vigorous in the centre
will be the young vigorous in the centre
of the tree. In the hurry of summer's
work the average farmer is not likely
to rub out or cut off these sprouts. In
our severe climate where the sun's rays
are let into the top, the bark on the
large limbs is likely to die. A little
shade is preferable. A little trimming
every year is far better than a heavy
trimming once in two or four years.

If the bark is scraped off the old
trunks, be careful not to dig too deeply
and disturb the portion which is alive.
So far as the health of the tree is con-
cerned, no doubt the rough bark does
some good and no harm except to har-
bor a few insects. As the weather be-
comes warm scrub the trunks and large
limbs with soft soap as thick as it can
be well used.

If the rains are severe, a repetition
will be valuable. Look out several dif-
ferent times during the growing season
for borers at the surface of the ground
and all along the trunk and large limbs.
If any traces of them are found or any
dead bark is seen, cut away with the
knife. Dig out the worms or punch
them to death. As the blossoms are
about through falling, place some lar-
ges of water in a wagon in which is
mixed some London purple or Paris
green, the same as for potato beetles.
level tablespoonful to a pint of water.
with a force pump or large syringe
shower the trees all over. Repeat the
operation after every heavy rain or wind,
perhaps two or three times, being sure
that the apples are not large enough to
hang down with cavities about the
stems. The poison is to kill the young
apple worm.

If the apples are very thick on any of
the trees by no means stop them up, but
pick off many of the smallest specimens
of fruit. It is not so tedious a process
to thin fruit as many imagine till they
try the experiment; and it pays, by se-
curing better fruit and husbanding the
resources of the tree for future crops.
A very heavy crop generally weakens
the tree; the apples are small during
this crop and for years afterwards. The
tree is checked in growth and comes to
a premature death.

So much for the top, now for the root
of the matter. Very likely the trees
have not done well for some years, and
the owner is puzzled to know what to
do with them. If the soil and cultiva-
tion are correct and the trees are of suit-
able varieties, they will produce a good
deal of fruit whether they are trim-
med or untrimmed. Many trees are
planted in soil which is too black and
loamy, or soil which is too dry for trees.
A pasture or meadow all the year around
and scrubbing you can give them no
good trees by drainage, if they ever
suffered on this account, and many
have suffered, even where little sus-
pected. Such an orchard may be left a
few years longer till the young orchard
on the hill or well drained plateau of
strong wet land comes into bearing,
then convert the old trees into firewood.

If they are on suitable well-drained, soil
and have borne or have not borne fruit,
it will be well to top-dress the land
with wood ashes, superphosphate, or
barnyard manure, composted or not
composted. Pile up the limbs as soon
as they are cut off, chop them up short
and leave on the ground or remove to
piles away from the trees, where they
may be burned.

Pear trees need but very little trim-
ming, except dwarfs, which the general
farmer seldom attempts to raise. Start
the limbs very low and let them
grow to grass, after they have had
cultivated, not later than Aug. 1, for
three or four years. Plum trees need
about the same soil and cultivation as
peach-trees, and not much trimming.
To save the plums, remember what has
often been written about jarring the
trees to kill the curculio. It is a sure
thing and when economically done it
only costs about six to ten cents per
tree for the entire season. There is,
probably, no better way than the old
jarring process. Cherry trees need but
little trimming and cultivating, about
the same as for plums.

Sanitary.

TREATMENT OF TYPHOID FEVER.
In an editorial on the recent epidemic
of typhoid fever in Paris, the *Medical
Record*, January 8th, 1883, says that
the conclusion to be drawn from the
Paris epidemic, as regards the therapies
of typhoid fever, is that the disease
must be watched, not actively treated.
We believe that the sooner this view is
taken, and typhoid fever is looked upon
as a disease like small pox or scarlet
fever, whose course the physician can-
not greatly modify, but whose danger

For the Fair Sex.

Orange and flame colors in vanishing effects are seen in many of the silks and novelty goods.

The dressiest silk wraps are dolman styles and mantles of rick Ottoman silk, plain or brocaded.

Large puff crowns and plated brims are features in some of the most becoming spring bonnets.

An eccentric fancy is to cut the ends of all ribbon bows, strings and sashes into long forks or notches.

Cats are the fashionable animals at present, and cat-head and cat-paw ornaments are in high favor.

Brown and dark (almost invisible) green are favorite colors for spring wraps when of woolen cloth.

The new wraps, peleries, scarfs, dolmans and vesties are all made bouffant on the top of the shoulders.

Merinoes are again in favor, and combined with velvet, bid fair to rival cloth for dressy street costumes.

The long nurse apron front, with panels above it around the hips, is a favorite style for spring costumes.

Among the designs in the new satens are red and green pepper (capsicum) pods, with foliage and stems.

Embroidered costumes of black cashmere will be still more dressy with trimmings of the new soutache laces.

New China crapes of the finest quality are beautifully embroidered (by hand, of course) in palm-leaf and other Oriental figures.

One of the loveliest dresses for mid-summer or spring festival wear is of white velveteen, closely dotted with silk brocade dots.

Corn-dower and royal French blue, orange, flame and gold-yellow, or blood, and cardinal-red crop out in most of the new fabrics.

Large palm-leaf patterns appear in involved designs, covering the entire surface of new cashmere brooches of the finest quality.

The new fraises and ruches for the neck are very wide and full, are nearly a yard long, so as to form a jacket down the front.

Lady Habberton continues to wear and advocate her divided dress skirt in spite of the disfavor shown it by the Princess of Wales.

Waistcoats of all kinds, Directors, Louis XIV, Continental, and D'Orsay are all in high favor on ladies' basques, jackets and bodices.

Straight coats of black Sicilienne, lined with old-green plush, are worn over black velvet dresses, and are trimmed with feathers.

Hand-run Andalusian lace with figures as heavy as those of embroidery, is the fashionable garniture for black Ottoman silk dresses.

The new printed satens are very attractive. Some of the latest patterns are quite indescribable, showing a number of dull tints enlivened by a few touches of old-gold or Japanese red.

Others show rich, dark-colored grounds, over which are thrown masses of soft, white foliage, clusters of laurel blossoms, arabesque flowers, scarabaei, geometrical figures and tiny moons and crescents. These fabrics are to be used this season in conjunction with self-colored materials, and great taste and tact are necessary in combining the two fabrics. The printed satens are used for panels, tabliers, facings and corsage trimmings.

No one but the very rich or the inexperienced housewife enjoys using ties that will not wash, and there are few women who have not suffered pains of grief in finding some delicate but useless article of this description hanging by one pin in undistinguishable ruin from the back of a chair after the exit of a "gentleman friend."

The ties made of macramé and of the lighter fish cord, embellished with bright ribbons, are really pretty, and can be used with unconcern. Those crocheted of the fish cord are very easy to make. After making a chain of proper length for the width of the tie, make alternate rows of thick stitches and of chain, so that spaces will be left in which to run ribbons; the ribbons should be of the exact width of the spaces; black velvet ribbon is also pretty to run in. When it forms a block on the right side work a star in yellow and scarlet silk.

A peasant in Sweden never passes a fellow-peasant without a polite lifting of his hat. This explains why so many Swedes come to this country. They come to avoid catching cold in the head.

Flight or Wrong; is the Lesson of the Clock.

"Tick! tick! went the old eight-day clock. Polly Marsh and her little brother Tom were playing happily, and hardly noticed it. But the clock did not mind that, for it knew that there was some one in the house who would hear in a moment if it were ticking properly or not; and as that day came, Dame Marsh would take the key from a little hook and wind up the old clock.

But besides being Thursday, it was New Year's day, and Polly was teaching Tom how to spin a new top, which had just been given him.

Dame Marsh was busy getting the dinner ready, and was saying softly, as she glanced at the happy children, "I wish he would come. He said he would try to begin the New Year with us. I wish he would come."

So deep in thought was she, that it was actually a quarter to two before she remembered the clock.

Tom just then flung down his top and cord in a temper.

"I can't do it!" he said, "Shan't!"

"Hush, hush, Tom, dear!" said Grandma as she took down the clock key. "You shouldn't say 'can't,' or you will never learn to do anything; and you shouldn't say 'shan't,' or nobody will teach you. You are only a wee boy yet, and have hardly begun to try to do anything; so you must not give up so soon."

Tom hid his blushing face in his grandmother's apron, for he knew it was naughty to kick his top and speak crossly to his sister.

"Come and see me wind up the dear old clock," said Dame Marsh. She was a wise and loving woman, and tried to train the two motherless children for heaven.

In a moment Tom's face was all smiles, as he watched the heavy weights being drawn up, while the big pendulum swung gravely from side to side as if it never meant to stop.

"Why do I wind up those weights, Polly?"

"It wouldn't go if you did not," said Polly, gravely. "Grandfather told me all about that on Christmas day."

"That's just it, dear; and so every week since it was bought the weights have been wound up, and the clock has gone on doing its work. But if I forgot to wind it up it would stop ticking, and be of no use to any one. I think men and women, and boys and girls, are very much like clocks, only we want winding up more often. When we say our prayers, and ask God to help us, we are being wound up to keep on doing the work he has given us to do."

"But I haven't got any real work, no more has Tom, yet," said Polly.

"Yes, dear, you have. Your work now is to be obedient and gentle, and to learn your lessons well. Then besides ticking and striking, which we may call the clock's hard work, it has a face which shows us the right time. So all little children, as well as big people, can show by their faces whether they are doing God's work. When you look cross and pout, as some one did just now, you are like a clock, which is pointing to the wrong time; but when you are bright and smiling, you are telling the right time, and are like a little sign-post pointing to heaven.—*Child's Companion.*

Valuable Advice.

HINTS FOR BUSINESS MEN.—Be polite to everybody. Give prompt attention to all customers. Do not disagree or dispute with customers. Give marked attention in taking orders. See that orders are executed and goods delivered promptly. Never disappoint or delay, if possible to avoid it. Attend strictly to business; no useless debate or trifling. Time is precious; do not waste it. Never allow social converse to interfere with immediate attention to customers. Keep stock in order. Make memorandum of goods or stock wanted. Charge first and make invoice from the charge. Loan nothing without the consent of the owner. Make collections promptly. Keep fully insured.

A COURTEOUS MANNER.—Brusque people undertake the importance of a pleasant manner. Look beneath the surface, they say, to the roots of character; pay no attention to outward appearance, to voice or gesture, tone or manner; they may be all deceptive, and they must be all superficial; it is what is said or done, and how it is said

Religious Sentiment.

Duty is the only thing really worth living for. The only thing that will pay a man, either for this life or the next. The only thing which will give a man rest and peace, manly and quiet thoughts, a good conscience, and a stout heart in the midst of hard labor; anxiety, sorrow and disappointment; because he feels at least that he is doing his duty, that he is obeying God and Christ, that he is working with them, and that they are working with him and for him. God, Christ and duty, these and more will a man see if he will awake out of sleep, and consider where he is by the light of God's Holy Spirit.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous, and lose not the glory of the mite. If riches increase, let thy mind hold peace with them; and think it not enough to be liberal, but munificent. Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil, for the wounds of the distressed; and treat the poor as our own. Saviour did the multitude, to the riches of some baskets.—*Diffuse thy benevolence* master, and while thy treasures call thee covetous, there may be an atrophy of thy fortunes before that of thy life, and thy wealth cut off before that of thy health when all men shall be poor; for the justice of death looks equally upon the dead, and Charon exerts no more from Alexander than from a poor man.—*St. Thomas Brown.*

One Sure Defence.

All thy paths may not be peaceful: All thy ways may not be bright: All thy days may not be bright: Springs the blade in only sunshine: Blooms the flower in only light: None but storms that will last best: Bathed in dew that fall at night.

All thy friends may not be faithful: Nor thy fellows all prove true: E'en thy chieftest boon companion May with thorns thy path way strewn: But thy trust should be above thee.—*Trusting, should'st thou ever fall, God Almighty aid will lend thee: Aid to rise and conquer all.*

Were men so enlightened and studious of their own good, as to act by the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the opinion of others, conscience would be the steady ruler of human life, and the words of truth, law, reason, equity and religion could be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favor and approbation.—*Sir Richard Steele.*

The joys and sorrows of this world are so strikingly mingled! Our mirth and grief are brought so mournfully in contact! We laugh while others weep, and others rejoice when we are sad! The light heart and the heavy walk side by side and go about together! Beneath the same roof are spread the wedding feast and the funeral pall! The bridal song mingles with the burial hymn! One goes to the marriage bed, another to the grave; and all is mutable, uncertain and transitory.—*Longfellow.*

Patience makes the soul to be of one mind with God, and sweetens all the ills of life. It casts the light of heaven upon them, and transforms them into good. It makes the bitter waters sweet, the barren and dry land fruitful. Desolation it makes loveliness with God; the parching of sickness to be the fire of His love; weakness to be His strength; wounds to be health; emptiness of all things to have all things from Him; poverty to be true riches; his deserved punishment to be his rainbow of mercy; death to be His life.—*Dr. Pusey.*

THE SABBATH SAVES AMERICA.—It is not enough considered by students of progress, how great a gift to the laboring classes, and to the whole world, is the Christian Sunday. It has become so great a necessity to the civilized world, that the wonder is how the non-Christian races, or classic people, were able to do without such a day.

Plato says, somewhere, that leisure is necessary to the acquisition of virtue, and that, therefore, no workman can acquire it. Plutarch calls it one of the most beautiful and happy inventions of Lycurgus, that he obtained for the citizens the greatest leisure by forbidding them to occupy themselves with any mercenary work.

Christianity early obtained for the working classes of the Roman empire this great blessing, and not through the Greek method of creating a class of helpless helots, but by the institution of the Lord's day.

Under the prodigious impulse of the leading races of modern times toward

Home Economies.

The brilliancy of gold can be imparted to brass ornaments by just washing them with strong lye made of rock alum, one ounce of alum to a pint of water; when dry, rub with leather and fine tripoli.

PASTE FOR WALL PAPER.—Take sifted flour, add sufficient cold water to wet it, mixing well. To each quart, add a teaspoonful of salt, and the same of powdered alum, then pour on boiling water, stirring all the time until the mixture thickens. Pour on boiling water slowly, and stir briskly.

As a material for fire-proof stage curtains the New York fire commissioners have experimented with asbestos and found it satisfactory. It is claimed that curtains prepared with this material will resist heat, without burning, long enough to allow any theatre audience to leave the house before the fire could break out beyond the stage.

SAVE THE CHILDREN'S STOCKINGS.—How many mothers know they can knit up as well as down? When children have reached the age when they wear out the knees of their stockings, and the heels and toes also, the ingenuity of woman must be exercised. In the most hopeless looking stocking, there is usually a strip at least an eighth of a yard long which is too good to throw away, and yet is too much worn to travel out and knit over; from this then cut off the ragged top and bottom, and knit up as well as down. If you cannot match the color use another shade, or to a brown strip knit a scarlet or grayish brown top.

YOUR OWN BLACKING.—An English receipt recommends the following: Put into a large basin one pound of ivory black, one pound of treacle, and a quarter pound of sweet oil. Stir these ingredients up with a stick, and let it stand for twenty-four hours; then add a quarter pound of vitriol, mix with three times its weight of cold water. Stir well and let it again stand for a few hours, then add a quart of sour beer water. Pour it into a stone jar, which keep in a dry place. Before pouring some into the small bottle for daily use, thoroughly shake the contents of the large jar for several minutes. Some of the cheap "blackings" sold are very injurious to shoe leather, as they crack and burn it.

The editor wrote that "he was a member of an old family of musicians," and when it appeared in the paper it read "a member of an old family of musicians." One assertion, was just as true as the other; the editor nearly swore.

Telegraphing in Japan and China is no slouch of a job. There are 44,000 characters or hieroglyphics in the language, and no telegraphic alphabet is equal to the task of representing them. A system has been devised by which only 6,000 characters, divided into 214 classes, need be used, and by the aid of numbers they can be transmitted by wire. But imagine a lightning operator in America trying to send several thousand words of a newspaper "special" by such a method as that! The operator, the message and the telegraph editor would all probably be badly "broken up" in the operation.—*Petaluma Argus.*

Culinary.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Custard is simply milk thickened with eggs.—When a custard is required rub lumps of sugar over the rim of lemons to get the zest.

This is a more delicate way than using the juice of the lemon, which is apt to curdle the custard. From the lemon rind you get the oil, which makes a better combination. Take half a pint of milk, beat in a small saucer, and pour it into a jug. Put a large saucer on the fire half full of boiling water. Break two eggs into a bowl and beat up yolks and whites together, adding the hot milk (which has been sweetened) a teaspoonful at a time, and beating so thoroughly that all the glair of the egg is broken up. When all the milk is added, set the bowl in the saucer of boiling water and stir until the custard thickens. Pour into cups and set aside to cool. English cooks stir the custard until it is nearly cold.—*Very delicate custard* can be made with rice, flour or corn starch, the recipe for which comes with the package.

AN EXCELLENT SOUP.—An excellent soup can be made by taking one can of corn and boiling the corn in one quart of milk and water in equal proportions; season with salt, pepper and butter. After it has boiled for about ten minutes stir in three well-beaten eggs. Serve hot, with a little rolled cracker, added just before sending to the table.

CHICKEN AND TURKEY LIVERS.—The livers of chickens and turkeys are nice fried with a few thin slices of bacon. Cut the liver and bacon very thin; season with pepper and salt. This is a good breakfast dish.

DELICIOUS PUDDING.—A delicious pudding is made thus: sift two table-spoonfuls of flour, and mix with the beaten yolks of six eggs, add gradually one pint of sweet cream, a quarter of a pound of citron cut in very thin slices, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar; mix thoroughly, pour into a buttered tin, and bake twenty-five minutes. Serve with vanilla sauce.

EASILY PREPARED DESSERT.—An easily prepared dessert, is made of tapioca. It hardly seems appropriate to call so dainty a dish a pudding. Soak a cupful of tapioca for an hour in cold water, then boil, adding warm water enough to allow it to expand; when tender, sweeten it, and take it from the fire; add an orange cut in small bits for flavoring. Serve with cream.

The following receipt for corning beef is said by reliable authority to be good: For 100 pounds of beef, take eight pounds of salt, two quarts of molasses, one-fourth pound of soda, the same of saltpetre. Heat until it needs skimming or nearly boils; skim; put upon a hot fire, and let it remain. In the spring or summer scald, or make new brine say in June. This pickle makes beef tender and just right for drying. For hams and shoulders put on cold. Let animal heat be out of meat.

SPANISH SHORT CAKE.—Spanish short cake is excellent for tea. Take three eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk, a little cinnamon, two cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder; stir the flour in, do not knead it; the eggs, butter and sugar should be beaten together until very light. Bake in a shallow tin; when it is done spread a thin frosting over the top; make up the white of one egg, a little pulverized sugar, and a teaspoonful of cinnamon; set it in the oven to brown.

Fancy flower pots for house plants are much more expensive than the plain ones. But with a little Chinese vermilion and black paint the common pottery can be made quite ornamental. Paint the body of a pot with vermilion, and edge it with black. The effect is much prettier than that of the burnt clay, and you have fancy pots at a trifle more than the cost of the common ware.

A correspondent of the *British Medical Journal* (Jan. 13, p. 98) states that he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid, three or four times, by means of a camel's hair pencil, to be the most efficient and easy method of removing warts. They become black and soon fall off.

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Agriultural.

Sheep give two crops a year, one in the fleece and one in the lamb. Some times three, for in California and Texas they shear twice a year.

On land that is worth \$100 per acre the product of each cow ought to be \$75 per year. If she will not do a good cow is not up to the mark of a good cow.

The best grass for wet land is red-top; to this may be added meadow sweet, grass, fowl-meadow grass, and perennial rye grass. Of these about six pounds each may be used to the acre.

Taking Indian corn as the basis of comparison, we learn that 100 pounds of corn is equal in nutriment to 45 pounds of peas; 76 pounds of wheat; 83 pounds of oats; 90 pounds of rye; 111 pounds of barley; 153 pounds of pea vines; 333 pounds of corn stalks; 460 pounds of oat straw; 500 pounds of wheat straw; 600 pounds of barley straw; 500 pounds of Irish potatoes; 625 pounds of rutabagas; 666 pounds of rye straw; 907 pounds of beets; and 1250 pounds of white turnips.

POTATOES.—A correspondent writes us, over his own name, from Beloit, Kansas, as follows: "In your paper, February 1, you call attention to some potatoes raised in Dakota, which weighed 24 pounds. While in California, last October, I saw Irish potatoes that weighed some larger than those I saw in Dakota. They were in Santa Barbara county. At Los Angeles, I saw a sweet potato that weighed 15 1/2 pounds. They say they have raised some that weighed 20 pounds. At Santa Barbara I saw a pumpkin that weighed 22 1/2 pounds, four feet long, and six feet in circumference.

GENERAL ITEMS.—Sowing clover with wheat in the spring, to be turned under in the fall, will pay. One bushel of clover seed is enough to sow eight acres. Experience proves that the turnip is the best red raspberry, and the Gregg the most productive and profitable of the black caps. Both are indispensable. Now is the time to push trimming apple trees. When cutting off the limbs, cut each one off far enough out so as to leave the stump as long as the diameter of the limb whether it is a large or small one. When working on small fruits the old wood should now be cut out of the raspberry and blackberry rows and the canes tied with carpet yarn to the wires. If stakes are used, twine for tying wool will be required.

GREEN PEAS.—To raise green peas in perfection requires good garden land; a dry, sandy loam will bring them earliest, but in time of drought, the quality of the crop upon such land will be very inferior; still, since earliness is a very desirable, it usually pays to risk a small piece of early peas upon poor, sandy soil, and to depend upon better land for the later crop. Peas being perfectly hardy, may be sown as soon as the land will work mellow; sometimes this can be done in March. The manure for peas is usually spread along the furrow from the cart, and covered lightly with the hoe, before sowing the seed, which is then covered with a rake or hoe about half an inch deep. The manure should be as dense as it is possible to get. The pea called Champion of England is also the champion of America, as a late pea for the private garden. It is the sweetest and best of all; but it makes long vines, and does best when staked with brush, which of course cannot be done on a large scale profitably.—*New England Farmer.*

Don't begin to work the soil until there is some warmth in it.

Don't uncover the strawberries too soon. Let them be protected until we have a bright sunny day.

The weeds found on our farms come largely from the grass seeds which the microscope not only reveals to the eye but the worthless seeds of the weeds, but by careful use it detects the weed seeds. Bad seeds are a source of great injury to the farmer, and the subject should not be neglected.

Dr. Sturtevant, director of the New York agricultural experiment at Geneva, says: "That broadcast fertilizing is a better way for corn than hill fertilizing seems in accordance with my own observations. I have known many farmers to pass from hill manuring to broadcast manuring for corn, but I have never known a farmer to change his practice from broadcast manuring, after once having given it a fair trial."

The quality of milk is impaired by allowing cows to drink foul water and

A Story with a Moral.

Ten years ago there was a religious revival in a Rhode Island village. The blacksmith of the place returned from his forge one night, and seeing his wife pumping a pail of water took the pail from her, finished the pumping, and carried the water into the house. The wife fainted on the spot, the result of the shock occasioned by her husband's attention. It was the first time in a married life of twenty-three years that the immense brawny fellow, six feet two in his stockings, had lifted a finger to help in any domestic duty the slender little wife whose head hardly reached his shoulder. The blacksmith had "got religion," and with that getting had got understanding also—embodying both in a most practical matter and manner.

This story, with the illustration the hearer can hardly fail to furnish for himself, may bring a smile from the telling or the picturing, yet it suggests more than a laughing matter.

John Smith was working at his forge, his bench, or his desk all day long. He had had an hour's leisure at noon, but he tired, and glad of his six o'clock relief. He thinks of home as the place of his comfortable supper, his old slipper, his easy chair and daily paper; a legitimate as well as pleasant prospect.

Mrs. J. Smith worked at cooking-stove and wash-tub all the forenoon, and at the sewing machine the rest of the day. She has tended the baby, dressed the children, made beds, filled the lamps, mopped the kitchen, planned the breakfast, dinner and supper, set the table twice, washed and wiped dishes twice, answered the door-bell a countless number of times, in addition to the cook-stove, wash-tub and sewing machine.

John Smith is tired at six o'clock at night. Is Mrs. Smith less so? But the table must be set again and cleared again, the dishes washed and wiped and put away again. The children are to be undressed and put to bed. The clothes must be brought in from the yard, sprinkled and folded for the next day's ironing. Bread must be mixed and set to rise for the next day's breakfast that Mr. Smith may not miss his favorite item of the meal—hot biscuits. There are a few buttons to put on John Junior's jacket, a torn apron to mend for one of his sisters. The clock strikes seven before Mrs. Smith can think of rest.

Meanwhile Mr. Smith reads his paper, goes into a neighbor's for a social call, or down the street for a little walk. She is as much interested as he in the paper. She would be as glad as her husband to hear about her neighbor's trip and see the fine pictures he has brought home. Above all things she would enjoy a walk with her husband, and the chance to get a little fresh air; but while "man works from sun to sun, woman's work is never done"; and Mrs. Smith's is no exception to the rule.

It is not always washing nor yet ironing day in the Smith household, but there is sweeping day, and baking day, which count two more out of the seven. The baby tending, the cooking, the bed-making and the dishwashing belong to every day in the week, in addition to whatever extra work the day brings with it.

Mr. John Smith is an industrious and often a very tired man. Mrs. John Smith is an equally industrious woman. Is she any less tired than her husband? It is one of her discouragements that certainly seems to think so. She certainly is not happy, and she is breaking down and growing old at an alarming rate of progress.

Suppose Mr. Smith—by way of variety as well as experiment—should help undress the children some night before he turns his attention to the newspaper; or help clear the table while she is doing it; or even wipe the dishes in order to give her time for half an hour's walk with him out of doors? In all probability she will be too tired to go, but the tired heart will be rested, even if the feet are not, and gladdened through many days to come by the mere fact that he considered such a thing possible and desirable.

Richelleu's Skull.

The Curious Adventures that have Befallen the Great Cardinal's Remains.

Cardinal Richelleu, the king of the king, as the people had nicknamed him, was entombed in the fulness of his glory in the vaults of the Sorbonne church. One day, some sixteen years ago, the mayor of a little village in

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