JOHN JONES AND I.

BY CHARLES G. AMES.

We had a tiff: "John Jones," said I,
"You shouldn't leave your cow at large!"
"You mend your fence!" was his reply;
And so ran charge and counter-charge.

A trifling thing: the cow had cropped
Some blades of grass, some heads of grain;
And yet for this a friend I dropped,
And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool,
Yet thrust my better thought aside,
And, when my blood had time to cool,
Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sate;
Two cordial wives grew shy and cool;
Two broods of children learned to hate;
Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones's pew was next to mine;
What pleasant greetings passed between!
As sacred as the bread and wine
Had our communing friendship been.

Oft had our voices swelled the song,
Oft had we bowed in common prayer,
And shared the worship of the throng
Who sat in heavenly places there.

But how shall souls in exile sing
The Lord's sweet song? The holy notes
Of fellowship, and joy, and peace,
And pardon stuck in both our throats.

Some lessened relish for all good
Made life for both to deaden down;
And nature darkened to our mood,
And answered back our settled frown.

One summer eve I sat and smoked;
Good Doctor Dean came riding by;
He said, in voice a little choked:
"John Jones is hurt, and like to die."

A sudden fire shot through my brain,
And burned, like tow, the sophist lies;
And on my heart a sudden pain
Fell, like a bolt from hidden skies.

I stumbled o'er the threshold where
My shadow had not passed for years;
I felt a shudder in the hand
A woman gave me through her tears.

When he no more the pulse could feel,
I saw the doctor turn away;
Some mighty impulse made me kneel
Beside the bed, as if to pray.

Yet not the Maker's name I called:
As one who plunges 'neath the wave,
A swimmer, strong and unappalled,
Intent a drowning life to save,

So all my soul's up-gathered powers,
In anguish of desire intense,
Sent that departing one a cry
That leaped the abyss of broken sense.

Back to the dim eye came a ray;
O'er the white face a faint smile shone;
I felt, as 'twere a spirit's touch,
The stiffened fingers press my own.

O resurrection power of God
Which wrought that miracle of pain!
From buried hearts tore off the shroud,
And made dead friendship live again!

Beside one grave two households stood,
And, weeping, heard the pastor say:
"That out of death life may be brought,
And out of darkness cometh day."

Was I chief mourner in the train?
Ah, who could guess, of all the throng,
The strange, sweet comfort in the pain
Of one who mourns forgiven wrong!

—*Christian Union.*

THE GREAT BAZAR IN FREEVILLE.

They were going to have a bazar in that town. There was a good deal of distress among the poor, for the panic came, and hard times came, and the manufacturers failed, and those who did not reduced their working force, and a great many operatives were out of employ and were wanting help. Economy and retrenchment were the order of the day. The ladies, some of them, did their own sewing. Some did with but one servant; some did without any. They kept their daughters out of school to retrench school expenses, and the academy dismissed one teacher, a young lady with an invalid mother. The ladies who kept house managed very closely indeed, and deserved much credit. Mrs. Millyun concluded not to buy the ten-dollar silk she longed for, and took one for four. Even more, she got a friend to smuggle it from Europe, and it cost even less.

Everybody said, "What a good example of economy Mrs. Millyun sets us! There it is not at all necessary, only it makes it easier for us to do it who *are* obliged to do it."

But Mrs. Jones, the dressmaker, missed the patronage of Mrs. Millyun, and thought that her work, which had always been good enough before, was good enough now. But there was no use to employ so many hands if she was not going to have the best custom, and all of it too. So two of her sewing girls were paid off weeks before the usual dull season; and even then it was not easy, with her sick husband and lame little boy, to bring her profits up to the expense point, let alone saving anything.

Then Judge Rochester set an example of economy. His barn needed repairs; but although material was low and labor plenty, it was no time to have extra expenses; so he let it go. So poor Dufftale's little boy had no overcoat, and stayed out of school. It soon became obvious that something would have to be done for the poor to keep the wolf from their doors, and "the bazar" was the talk of everybody. The tender glow of benevolence pervaded society. Judge Rochester gave fifty dollars, with a warm feeling round his heart that did him credit. Mrs. Millyun gave a hundred toward paying expenses of getting it up; and so on through society.

The young ladies worked early and late over fancy work and the pretty costumes in which they were to appear at the bazar. The wisest economy was practiced. Everybody did everything herself that could be done by unprofessional hands; and when necessity called in skilled labor it was always expected that a handsome deduction should be made, as it was a "Charity." Sometimes the employes grumbled, but dared not offend rich patrons; and so they did it, even though grudgingly.

"What a blessed thing it is," said Mrs. George Allen, her fine eyes suffused with moisture, "that we are getting on so well with the bazar! Everybody seems so willing. Thus Mrs. Johnson finds time to help us, even with her seven children; and Mrs. Trilobite has lent us her grandmother's brocade for our 'Marie Antoinette;' and Mrs. Millyun has given so much to bear our expenses. We shall not be obliged to hire anything done scarcely!"

"Humph!" said Miss Mary Bryant, who was Mrs. George Allen's single sister, and had $5,000 a year of her own, and no questions asked. As I said before, "Humph!" said Mary Bryant.

"Who makes the coffee this year?" she asked

"Oh, we are going to do that ourselves. Mrs. O'Lay asked us two dollars a night, and we are going to save that, and Mrs. Brown said she would do it."

"I'll see to the coffee," remarked Miss Mary Bryant, dryly.

"What! you make coffee! What did you say about cooking yesterday?"

"Not at all. I'm going to pay Nora O'Lay two dollars a night for coffee and frying oysters. Her husband is out of work, and she has six children. For the four nights of the bazar it will be quite a lift, and she will come 'in at the death' and help clear up."

"Well, of course, if you pay out of your own pocket, it is nobody's business, but the Relief Society won't pay any bills."

"Generally speaking, I pay my own," said Miss Bryant. "What are the girls going to make this afternoon when they come here?"

"Dress dolls. There's a great deal made on dolls if you understand it. If you dress them cheaply and showily, and sew on the clothes, you more than quadruple the cost in the profit. Don't you see?"

"I understand. I was sacrificed to such dolls in my childhood. Flimsy tarlatan and spangles, and to cut a stitch was to sacrifice a whole wardrobe. And the doll had on nothing to speak of during the rest of her natural existence. Do these young ladies propose to immolate the juveniles also on the altar of economy?"

"What a queer girl you are! I don't know what you mean! Of course they want to make all they can for the bazar. But here come the first of them, while we are talking, and here is Mrs. Johnson's man with the dolls in a clothes-basket!"

In truth, it was a pretty, a kindly sight to see the girls gathered together in Mrs. Allen's pretty rooms. Girls are so pretty in themselves that it don't matter what they do; they are always the nicest of all things to look at. But to-day they meant business. There were bright, experienced ones who cut, and industrious ones who sewed, and ignorant ones who botched, and idle ones who shirked, and busy-bodies who inspected but did *not* work, as always in such affairs.

Miss Bryant came in while they were the busiest, with her walking dress on and the brightest of smiles on her face.

"Well, girls, how many have I got to dress?"

"Just as many as you please. There's a hundred here, and each one of us can dress one nicely this afternoon," said the pretty Doll's Chair girl.

"That's only twenty. Well, I'll dress fifty."

"Fifty dolls! Oh, Miss Bryant, you are too good!" And a buzz of approbation ran through the circle.

"No, I'm not. Fifty dolls isn't much to dress for one's bleeding country. Select fifty of the prettiest and largest. Put them into the basket and I'll call for them in an hour or so." And Miss Bryant walked off.

The carriage was at the door and Miss Bryant drove away in it. She drove a long way up Washington street and got out at a droll little shop, kept by an old lady in her front parlor—a funny little old lady in a full-bordered cap.

It would have done your heart good to have seen Miss Bryant tumble over the droll little piles of goods that had lain on the shelves so long, some of them, that they were quite shelf-worn. But there were remnants of silks of bright colors, of bobbinet lace, illusions, edgings; summer silks in little checks, and small remnants of lining silks; bright merinos and wool delaines, balls of narrow ribbons; odds and ends of all sorts and kinds. The shelves looked quite bare when Miss Bryant paid the bill, and the face of the little old lady grew lovely to behold.

"How comes on the winter, Mrs. Hazard?" asked Miss Bryant.

"Pretty bad, pretty bad. You see, I'd rented my upper room to Nelly Moore and her mother. And now she's out of work, owing to Mrs. Jones dismissing her extra help on account of hard times, and I expect they'll have to move, and then what I'll do to pay the rent puzzles me."

"I'll just step up there," said Miss Bryant, just as if that was not what she intended to do.

"So, Nelly," said Miss Bryant, "you are not going to be as busy as formerly for a while. I'm ever so glad, for it helps me out of an embarrassment. I've got fifty dolls to dress for the bazar. Of course I'm not so silly as to do it myself. Here's the material to dress them. Can you do it?"

"In two weeks—yes, if mother will help on the plain things. It's all handwork mostly, and takes time."

"Well, they are of all sizes; some of them very handsome; some small and easy to dress. Now they must be honestly dressed, at least all the larger ones, with the clothes to come off and put on, just as little girls love them best; and if you can not do it all, tell me. Let Catharine Waters do up the clothes that need it—she is out of work too—and tell her to send me the bill."

"Well, it's hard enough on her," said Nelly; "but Mrs. Rochester says that they cannot afford a laundress this winter, and keep their cook too."

"Humph!" said Miss Bryant. "I'll bring you round the dolls before dark."

When Miss Bryant came back she felt for a moment as if she had missed her way and got into a bee-hive, there was such a busy hum.

"I'm sure I try to be economical," said one young lady, a teacher of music. "I save a dollar a week washing handkerchiefs and coilars, and that's what I'm going to give to the bazar. I feel as if I had earned it almost."

"And the bazar is to help the poor?" said Miss Bryant, with that odd smile of hers.

"Of course."

"What kind of a woman is your washerwoman?"

"Oh, she's a very respectable woman, I assure you."

"Likely to come on the Relief Society this winter?"

"Certainly not, if she can help it. But she may for all that."

"Now, my dear girl," said Miss Bryant, with her dazzling smile, "don't you think that dollar a week that you save, at, I am sure, some inconvenience to yourself, and, I am equally certain, some annoyance to your landlady, would help the Relief Society more by keeping your washerwoman beyond the need of its help, by giving her honest pay for the only part of her work on which she makes any real profit, than to put it into the soup-house fund to help you don't know who, or how needy or deserving they really are? Don't you see that you take honest bread to give to possible impostors?"

"But, Miss Bryant, don't you approve of the bazar? Don't you think the soup-house is a good thing?"

"Yes—the strikers think so, feeling sure that their families will be helped while they fight their employers. The frontier towns think so when they have foreign invasions of needy adventurers One who has depended on the soup-house will depend again; and you do much to encourage vice and idleness. No, girls! Have your bazar. Enjoy yourselves, make yourselves pretty and have your good time. God bless you all! But while you are doing it don't discharge the music teacher and teach the little sisters if you can afford to pay her, for she has a mother to support, or somebody else; nor do unsuitable work and make yourself ill, when the fee for one doctor's visit will be a godsend to some poor woman glad of the job. If you are rich enough to be generous you can be honest and help others to be. If you economize try to do it all yourself; don't crowd another's place. Don't try to teach, and take the place of a poorer girl who could do it just as well, or better, who lives on it, while you only buy ribbons with the money."

"But the example—"

"Fudge! as Burchell says. People who are needy don't want your example; they want your place. Your room in the army of teachers is far better than your company. Now there is a large class of people born and bred to better days who will grow very cold and feel very hungry and never tell anybody, who will always be decent and pinched and patient, and I hold it is the business of good Christians to help these, and help them with honest pay for honest work, and with such timely help, delicately offered, as will confirm them in their own self-respect."

This was quite a speech for Miss Bryant. But the result was seen; for although not nearly so many persons "donated" work or articles, or were asked to do so, so much was paid out for such offices that there were not so very many poor folks to help that winter, for Freeville is only a small place after all.

And the young folks had a glorious good time, and will talk of it for years to come.—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Woman's Adventure With a Mouse.

A Kokuk woman immortalized herself and wants a crown of glory of which very few of the sex are worthy. She is not afraid of a mouse. She proved that she was mistress of the situation in the very face of the mouse himself. The lady, while pursuing her domestic duties, cornered a mouse in a flour-barrel. He had been there before. The lady had been hankering after him. She slammed down the lid, plugged up a hole with the butt-end of a flour-scoop and the ravenous animal was nicely caught in his own trap. Now ninety-nine women in a hundred would have taken refuge in the garret or cellar, as most convenient, uttering piercing shrieks that would have alarmed the whole vicinity, like cries of "murder" or "fire." The Kookuk heroine in her adventure with a mouse did no such thing. She stood her ground manfully. She summoned the hired man. He came, and a council of war was held in the store-room. The man, according to the settled plan of the campaign, got a shotgun and stationed a big, clumsy bull-dog in a commanding position. Everything being ready for the attack, the lid was lifted and the lady vigorously punched the flour-barrel with a pole. Soon the mouse started across the floor—the dog in hot pursuit. The man fired; the dog dropped dead. The lady fainted and fell down-stairs. The frightened hired man, thinking the woman was dead and he would be arrested for murder, dropped the gun, ran away from the house and has not been seen since. The mouse escaped unhurt, but very much scared, and that lady walks proudly over her victorious field. There's nothing so noble as pluck in women.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Dresses and Bonnets in Paris.

Dresses longer and longer, and clinging closer and closer, with all the trimmings imaginable and not yet imagined—such is the aspect of the present toilets. Large perpendicular pleats, some in the middle of the back and others on the sides bordering the tablier and forming its revers—such are the most popular features, if any preference can be discerned amidst so much variety. Bows made either of ribbon or of the material of the dress, flounces, puffs, ruches, bias folds, fringe and lace—such are the elements from which are combined the trimmings of dresses. Steel buttons in the form of a star are new, and form a simple and effective ornament of gray velvet toilets.

The association of two shades of the same color, one very dark and the other very light, or else of two different colors, will be largely used during the coming spring. Very dark blue-gray and very light blue-gray are the fashionable shades. Among the different colors that are combined in a dress, those which are seen oftenest together are gray and blue, olive bronze and blue, flesh pink or salmon and garnet, and violet and light green. The dressmakers of the day are forced to study painting, or at least the works of colorists, for the least doubful combination would make this fashion a ridiculous fright.

If every dress has a different trimming it must be added that there has never been seen so great a diversity in the shape of waists and sleeves. Although the cuirass or armor waist is universally worn for street dresses as well as for evening toilets, it must not be concluded that these are all alike. It is true that all participate in the same style; but as every lady has a number of dresses, she naturally wishes them to vary in style. The waists are therefore made with round points in front and basques turned up behind; with revers, single or double breasted, and buttoned at the side; with heart-shaped or square necks, or closed at the throat and opening below over a vest; but always, and above all, with a profusion of jet embroidery or jet braid. And this is by no means the old-fashioned passamenterie braid mixed with jet, but the braid is entirely composed of jet, the long, hollow beads of which, in the shape of tubes, are strung together without interruption, so as to form long, glittering ribbons, with which waists of all materials are striped, evening and ball dresses being covered with them, as well as those for the street.

Bonnets are decidedly, though imperceptibly, increasing in size. Each new bonnet is a little larger than its predecessor; and this progress will lead us on, without suspecting it, to the large brims which we have announced for straw hats. For spring bonnets there is in preparation the ancient Fanchon shape, but enlarged and modified, and covered with a mantilla of black lace embroidered with jet, and confined on one side by a cluster of roses without leaves—a true Castilian bonnet, which is appropriately termed *l'Espagnol.*

There is also in preparation both for the present season and for the earliest spring-time a great variety of felt bonnets. Fashion has just decreed that felt is more elegant than velvet; nothing, moreover, is prettier when the bonnet is well made and wisely chosen, without exaggeration of any kind. The Charles II., a black felt bonnet with a broad brim, turned up on one side over a large black feather, which falls backward, is charming for a pretty blonde. Mixed bonnets—that is, of faille and velvet, or gauze and velvet or faille—are trimmed with jet (leaves and flowers), and also with flowers and fruit; there are branches of cherries, bearing at the same time the blossoms, the green and half ripe fruit, which are charming. I know well that this is heresy from the botanical standpoint, but fashion never troubles itself much about the exact sciences, but lavishes on coiffures grapes of all colors and kinds, even of gold, which have never ripened, that I know of, on any vine, and perches a tropical bird on a European plant, without caring for probability.

The fashion of woolen fabrics continues, and is adapted to all occasions. For instance, a dinner dress which I saw yesterday in preparation, and which is destined for a very wealthy and extremely elegant young married lady, was composed as follows: Very long skirt of pink faille, trimmed with ruches of the same faille raveled out on each side almost their entire width, thus resembling so many bands of feathers, but lighter even than feathers themselves, and, at all events, more brilliant. In front these ruches were arranged in curves on the bottom of the skirt, while in the back they extended up very high. Tablier of satin cashmere of a paler shade of pink than the skirt, trimmed with similar ruches and tied behind under a bow of pink faille ribbon three-eighths of a yard wide. Corsage open *en carré*, but arranged in such a manner as to simulate a faille corsage, over which was worn a cashmere corsage shorter than the first. Faille sleeves with cashmere trimmings, reaching to the elbow, with full under-sleeves of fine lace. The same lace edged the neck of the corsage. The dress was completed by a parure of diamonds and garnets *en cabochon*, composed of a necklace with pendants and a large breast-plate. These garments are considered as representing the dark shade of the toilet. In the hair was worn simply a rose supporting a butterfly of diamonds and garnets.

Stuffs, laces, passementerie, fur and feathers are no longer deemed sufficient for the trimmings of dresses. Metal even is mixed with them. Large plates or buckles of gold or silver are used to fasten the drapings of over-skirts and tablicrs. And even these are not enough; little chains of gold and silver are added, according to the dress and its ornaments. I mention the fact only to fulfill the duty which makes it incumbent on me to chronicle everything that is worn, but I refuse my approbation to this strange fashion and hope and believe that it will continue to be stamped an extravagance. It would be strange if we should choose the instant when we have become a republic to cover ourselves with chains.—*Harper's Bazar.*

If we cannot bury our dead in the ground for fear of unwholesome gases generated from them, nor yet burn them and let the odor be wafted into the air, what shall we do with them? A London medical journal now tells this story about cremation: "The remarkable statement has been recently made that the immense number of corpses burned by the Hindoos, who are compelled by the worship of Brahma to burn their dead, is the real cause of Asiatic cholera. The poisonous gases generated in this way hover in the air during the day, but at night sink into the lower atmosphere, mixing with the water and the various kinds of food, and permeating the lungs in the process of respiration. In Hindostan the Asiatic cholera is endemic, yet subject to certain influences in the atmosphere, it becomes epidemic, and then causes ruin and destruction in the remotest countries."

—The young folks are having it all their own way. Look at the young sprig on the throne of Spain and the five-year-old that is coming up in China.

AGRICULTURAL AND DOMESTIC.

—The Court of Appeals of New York State has recently decided that a man has no right to the fruit growing upon branches overhanging his land where the trunk of the tree stands wholly upon the land of his neighbor. But the law regards the overhanging branches as a nuisance, and they may be removed as such, or the owner of the land shaded may remove them if he is careful not to commit any wanton or unnecessary destruction in so doing. Where the trunk of a tree stands on the line they have a joint ownership in the tree and fruit, and neither has the right to remove it without the consent of the other. This question, which has been the source of much litigation and many personal quarrels, is now finally settled by the court of last resort, and interested parties can now know their rights and also their remedies in all such cases as may arise in the future.

—The *Scientific American* mentions a new "steak tenderer" which is thus described: It consists of two toothed plates which are hinged at one end, to be adjustable to greater or less thickness of steak, and closed by means of a lever, with sectional pinion pivoted to the inner plate and gearing with a toothed stationary arm of the lower plate. Both plates are carried toward each other by swinging the lever to the front and act with considerable power on the steak placed between them.

—Rye Griddle Cakes.—Take one quart of rye flour and one cup of wheat flour, wet it up with sour milk or buttermilk until the batter is thick enough to cook easily on the griddle. Add to it a pinch of salt, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, dissolved in warm water, and one well-beaten egg.

—All plants placed before an ordinary window will grow one-sided unless frequently turned round, giving both sides an equal chance for the light.

Nut-Bearing Trees and Shrubs.

It is to be presumed that most persons have at some period in their lives derived more or less pleasure in cracking and eating hickory and butternuts. It is said of Washington that he always kept his camp-chest well supplied with hickory nuts in winter, passing many an after-dinner hour over this primitive but, doubtless, healthful dessert.

Our forests have, and do still furnish, quite an abundant supply of the various kinds of native species of nuts—such as the chestnut, hickory, and butternut; but they are constantly decreasing, and many a boy is obliged to travel a goodly distance from the spot where his father once filled pockets and hat right speedily. The fact is quite apparent that the planting of nut-bearing trees has been to a great extent neglected in this country, owing, no doubt, to our free forests as well as their abundance.

The residents upon our Western prairies feel the loss of the nut-gatherings and nut-crackings far more than those of the Eastern States; but they need not be long without these pleasant adjuncts of country life, for the trees can be obtained and will grow rapidly if planted carefully and then given good culture. But, when her a man is located upon a prairie or in a region where forest trees are abundant, a few nut-bearing trees and shrubs will surely add to the value and pleasures of his home.

In many localities the young trees of various kinds may be obtained from the woods, and by carefully transplanting they may be made to live and grow vigorously. In searching for young trees of hickory, butternut and black walnut one should look for those which are supplied with side or lateral roots and a short perpendicular or tap root. I have usually had better success with trees found in low, rather wet, soils than from high ridges and heavy clay soils; for it is well known that trees growing in swamps usually have an abundance of small, fibrous, surface roots, and few which penetrate very deeply. In digging up such trees it is a very easy matter to follow out to the end and preserve the roots almost if not quite entire. It will not be necessary to dig holes for the reception of the tree as wide as the roots would extend if stretched out their full length, because if only a few are very long they may be bent about the stem or a shallow trench dug for their reception, thereby laying them in a natural position when again placed in the earth. In transplanting the butternut and hickory, especially, it is quite important to preserve all the small fibrous roots; hence the necessity of following the laterals to the very end, not cutting them off at a convenient distance, as is generally practiced with apple and pear trees.

Pruning a portion of the branches (and I might say the more the better) is also an important matter in transplanting all the different kinds. When nursery-grown trees can be had they will be found preferable for removal to those from the woods, and the smaller they are the more certain to grow.

The American sweet chestnut is well known as a beautiful, rapid-growing tree, valuable for its timber as well as the nuts.

The European, or French chestnut, as it is usually called, succeeds in the Middle States, but is very liable to disease further north. The nuts are much larger than our native sort, but inferior in quality, being scarcely eatable until roasted. The foreign varieties may be readily grafted upon our native stocks. The operation may be performed early in spring, and precisely as with the cherry or other kinds of fruit trees.

Of the hickory we have two species which are especially desirable—the shellbark and the pecan. The former is a native of all the Northern States and will thrive in almost any soil not too light and sandy. The pecan is found in Southern Illinois and southward; but it appears to be quite hardy further north, although its productiveness in colder climates has not been fully determined.

There are also many native varieties of these, some of which are very much superior to the general type of the species; but thus far all attempts to propagate them have failed. The Hale's hickory nut is a splendid variety, found growing wild in Bergen County, N. J. The nuts are very large, thin shelled, and have a rough, uneven surface, somewhat like the English walnut. Quite extensive experiments have been made to propagate this sort by budding, grafting, and cuttings of the root; but out of several thousand placed in the hands of an excellent propagator of other plants all failed except three. One seedling raised from the original tree has borne fruit for several years, but it is not different from the common wild sorts, showing that variation in our nut-bearing trees is as natural as with our cultivated fruits.

When our nurserymen are able to show us how to propagate the hickories by budding, grafting, or cuttings, then we shall be able to select the very best varieties for cultivation.

The black walnut and butternut are two well-known nut trees, worthy of a place on every farm, as they grow readily in almost any good soil and up to our northern borders, except, perhaps in the Northwest. The young trees can be had of almost any nurseryman and they are not difficult to make grow.

The English walnut belongs to the same genus and succeeds moderately well in the latitude of New York city and in some favored localities a little further north. The tree grows rapidly and bears abundantly if the climate is favorable; but I have known quite large specimens which seldom produce a nut, while others not more than a mile or two distant seldom fail to bear a full crop.

The common beech produces an excellent although quite small nut; but the tree is a beautiful one and valuable for timber. It has been too generally neglectedfor ornamental as well as other purposes.

Of the nut-bearing shrubs we have but a few native kinds The two wild species of hazel nuts are about all that are worthy of attention and very few attempts at cultivation have been made with these. There are, however, wild varieties, some much larger than others and worthy of propagation. Hundreds of varieties have been raised from the European hazel nut or filbert (*Corylus Avellana*), and the same might readily be done from our two native species (*C. Americana* and *C. rostrata*). They propagate readily from suckers and thrive in any good, rich soil. New sorts may be raised by planting the nuts soon after gathering in the fall.

Many attempts have been made to grow the European varieties of the filbert in this country; but in the Northern States they appear to be attacked by a kind of blight soon after if not before the plants come into full bearing. I have cultivated several varieties and know of a number of persons who attempted filbert culture on a large scale; but the blight has "wiped out" every plantation and I do not know of one now remaining.

We have an abundance of native materials of this kind and it is quite time that we make the best use of it possible.—*A. S. Fuller, in N. Y. Independent.*

Diphtheria.

At a meeting of the Public Health Association of New York, Dec. 10, 1874, the cause, nature, history and proper treatment of diphtheria were discussed by the physicians present. A paper read by Dr. Elisha Harris brought forward evidence showing that diphtheria is not a new disease, but, under various names, has been known since the very dawn of medical science. Four centuries ago it was described in Europe under the titles of "putrid sore throat," "malignant angina," "angina suffocative," etc. It was this disease which carried George Washington to the grave in 1798. Upward of 100 years ago it prevailed extensively in the city and colony of New York.

The first fatal case recorded under its present name occurred in New York, Feb. 20, 1850. Before the close of the year fifty-three deaths had resulted from the malady in that city. In 1858 and 1859 it again prevailed in New York in a mild form, but in January, 1860, fourteen deaths were registered in the Bureau of Vital Statistics, and the disease became epidemic and, in certain localities, exceedingly malignant. The abstract from the mortality of the disease shows that, from this time until 1864, diphtheria had become a serious enemy to human life in New York. In the spring of 1858 the disease appeared in Albany, and 2,000 cases were recognized in the first ten months of its prevalence, and 179 deaths were registered. During all this period not a case occurred in Troy, a city only seven miles distant. During 1860 and 1861 diphtheria prevailed as a local epidemic in many towns throughout the Union, and the fact was gradually acknowledged that it was, in a certain way, infectious. The actual deaths charged to the disease in New York in 1874 were, up to Dec. 10, 1,665, being 514 in excess of the number registered in 1873.

A paper read by Dr. Lewis Smith gave a review of the cause and nature of diphtheria. The malady is contagious through exhalations from the surface and from the breath of the patient. The theory is pretty clearly substantiated that the disease owes its origin to the presence of *bacteria*—small vegetable parasites. The grayish-white spots that appear upon inflamed surfaces at the beginning of the disease are entirely composed of bacteria, which, if not prevented, multiply rapidly, and, by burrowing in the tissues, infect the whole system. This bacterian theory, developed by microscopical investigations, is supported by the fact that diphtheria prevails most in localities favorable to the development of low forms of animal and vegetable life, as in crowded and filthy rooms and in low grounds. Confirmation of the theory is also found in the fact that the disease begins in a single spot and may then be easily cured. It is only in later stages that it becomes a dangerous malady. But Dr. Smith considers that an important factor in the propagation of the disease is a predisposing condition of the system. Bacteria sometimes exist in the atmosphere without producing diphtheria and are even found occasionally in the mouths of well persons and when breathed sometimes cause no injury to the lungs. These, with other considerations, indicate that diphtheria is in certain cases a constitutional malady in its circumstances, though in the majority of instances it is primarily local and only subsequently constitutional. When diphtheria spreads from house to house or from room to room it is never carried by the clothing, but by the visits of persons infected with it.

From these facts it is obvious that in cases of diphtheria there should be an entire separation of the sick from the well. Children should be especially protected from contact with diphtheritic patients. The same sanitary precautions should also be adopted in treating the disease as in dealing with low fevers.

Regular Eating.

Half of all ordinary diseases would be banished from civilized life and dyspepsia become almost unknown if everybody would eat but thrice a day at regular times and not an atom between meals, the interval not being less than five hours, that being the time required to digest a full meal and pass it out of the stomach.

If a person eats between meals the process of digestion of the food already in the stomach is arrested until the last which has been eaten is brought into the condition of the former meal, just as if water is boiling and ice put in the whole ceases to boil until the ice is melted and brought to the boiling point and then the whole boils together.

But it is the law of nature that all food begins to decay, to rot, after exposure to heat and moisture for a certain time. If a meal is eaten and in two hours another the whole remains undigested for several hours, before which time the rottening process commences and the man has his stomach full of carrion—the very idea of which is horribly disgusting; but that such is the case the unendurable odor of the belching demonstrates.

As, then, all the food in the stomach is in a rotten condition, in a state of fermentive decay, it becomes unfit for the purposes of nutrition and making pure blood in the whole body; hence the nerves, which feed on this impure and imperfect blood, are not properly nourished, and, as a consequence, become diseased. "They complain" they are hungry—and like a hungry man they are peevish, fretful, restless. We call it nervousness, and no one ever knew a dyspeptic who was not restless, fidgety, fretful, and essentially disagreeable and uncertain.

The stomach is made up of a number of muscles, all of which are brought into requisition in the process of digestion. But no muscle can work always. The busy heart is in a state of perfect repose one-third of its time. The eye can wink twice in a second, but this could not be continued five minutes. The hands and feet must have rest, and so with the muscles of the stomach; they can only rest when there is no work for them to do—no food in the stomach to digest. Even at five hours' interval, and eating thrice a day, they are kept constantly at work from breakfast until the last meal is disposed of, usually ten o'clock at night. But multitudes eat heartily till within an hour of bedtime; thus, while the other portions of the body are at rest, the stomach is kept laboring until almost daylight, and made to begin again at breakfast-time. No wonder is it that the stomach is worn out—has lost its power of action. Many girls become dyspeptic before they are out of their teens in consequence of their being about the house and nibbling at everything they lay their eyes on that is good to eat.—*Hall's Journal.*

Economizing the Heat of the Body.

The correspondents of the London *Times* have been discussing several matters connected with the weather, one of whom makes the following very sensible remarks in regard to economizing the heat of the body: He warns persons against allowing themselves to be unnecessarily cold within doors, comparing it to the act of a spendthrift who wastes his capital in his youth and has no income left for his old age. To keep warm, to retain heat within the body instead of spending it, is just as judicious as to husband money with proper economy, and every one who wishes to be able to face cold with impunity should regard the avoidable expenditure and loss of heat as foolish extravagance. To attempt to "harden" people, and especially children, against cold is all nonsense. Cold can only be resisted by vital combustion within the body, and the body can only burn what is supplied to it, and that only in the measure of the capacity of the furnace. Every one who is exposed to cold draws upon his heat-producing power for his means of resistance, and has so much less remaining with which to meet the next demand. Persons who live in warm houses, and who wear warm clothing, may go out into any degree of cold with impunity, while those who suffer themselves to be half-chilled at home must expect to be half-frozen when they are abroad.

In regard to food, adults would do well systematically to eat more fat than usual in winter; and children may often be induced to do so if it is concealed by any of the familiar artifices of cookery. The thick gravy of an Irish stew, for example, may be made to carry much fat that would otherwise be wasted; and if the matter cannot thus be managed it will be found that nearly all delicate children will readily take cod-liver oil during the colder months.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Making Money Out of Pancakes.

The Belfast (Me.) *Journal* tells how an enterprising woman is making money there: "It is not of that article of diet made by our grandmothers that we are to speak, but a pancake of a less digestible nature, manufactured at the Belfast shoe-factory. Nothing in the shape of leather is allowed to go to waste in that institution. Even the shavings from sole leather have their use, and from them the pancakes are made. These shavings are placed upon a table before the operatives, who separate and carefully spread them out within a small casing with paste, in layers, like raisins in a box—first leather, then paste, and the whole patted down compactly. When a cake is completed it is about one foot in length, four inches wide and half an inch in thickness. They are then laid away to dry, and in three or four days are ready for use, which is to be cut up into inner heel lifts. Their manufacture is not a very pleasant lot, as the girls who make them are up to their elbows in paste. When the factory first started, this work was given to Alma House, at four cents per cake. She became so expert that she could easily make 100 per day. Being an enterprising woman, and seeing money ahead, she closed a contract with the proprietors for the sole manufacture at four cents apiece, and then hired help. To-day she has an apartment off the sole-room, and employs six women, who turn out from 300 to 400 a day."

—Poor Irish woman with six children to railroad ticket agent—"Plase, sir, can't you give a poor widdy with six orphan children a ticket to Milwaukee?" Ticket agent—"What have I got to do with your orphan children? I ain't their father, am I?" Woman—"That ye ain't, sir. Their father was a decent man."

A Chicago paper says that "no gentleman or lady will leave an opera house until the curtain is down and all the audience has passed out." An Irishman couldn't do better than that.

A Nation of Dyspeptics.—We live fast—dissipate in everything except righteousness, and fill early graves. We drink all kinds of poisoned alcoholic spirits, and swallow without mastication pork, grease, and every conceivable carbonaccous, soul-dwarfing, life-destroying, system-clogging, indigestible food. Dr. Walker's Vegetable Vinegar Bitters cannot stop this in a radical manner—but it will remove the evil effects, and the recovering patient, with fresh, pure, vitalized, electrical blood flowing through his arteries and veins, will have a clearer head and a cooler judgment, which, coupled with experience, will cause him to abstain in the future. Good, nutritious, digestible diet, which the most delicate stomachs may take, can be found in cracked wheat, corn bread, tomatoes, raw or soft-boiled eggs, baked apples, boiled rice, plain rice pudding, corn-starch, rare beef, mutton and poultry. With Vinegar Bitters and moderation in eating and drinking there is no incurable case of dyspepsia. 21

Treating the Wrong Disease.

Many times Women call upon their family physicians, one with dyspepsia, another with palpitation, another with trouble of the breast, another with pain here and there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent doctors separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all symptoms caused by some uterine disorder; and while they are thus only able perhaps to palliate for a time, they are ignorant of the cause, and encourage their practice until large bills are made, when the suffering patient is no better in the end, but probably worse for the delay, treatment, and other complications made, and which a proper medicine directed to the cause would have entirely removed, thereby instituting health and comfort instead of prolonged misery.

From Miss Lorinda E. St. Clair, Shade, Athens County, Ohio:

"Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Favorite Prescription is working almost like a miracle on me. I am better already than I have been for over two years."

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