See saw!
Margery Daw!
Up in the apple tree Margery swings;
And I. lying under,
Watch her, and wonder
What is the ditty that Margery sings. And she goes swinging, and I go slaving, Turning the leaves of a musty book, But surely that was her white hand waving.

And surely that was my darling's look. A perfect fortress of books I sit in, Ethics, economy, politics, law, But all the pages I vow were written By that little philosopher, Margery Daw. Margery Daw! Up in the apple tree Margery swings; And I, lying under, Watch her and wonder

What is the ditty that Margery sings. The light is fading, the day grown older, And now the westering sun is gone, and Margery, I no more behold her; In the deep cool grass I lie alone. For Margery, she was a sunbeam only, And I was a fool for all my pains, But whenever I'm sad and whenever I'm

lonely, Back comes Margery, back again. See saw!

Wargery Daw!
Up in the apple tree Margery swings;
For "Life's a dream,
And I vye's a shadow!" And that is the ditty that Margery sings, -F. E. Weatherly, in Temple Bur.

BEFORE A FALL.

One Saturday evening I sat upon the door-step waiting for John and Jennie. We had been to choir-meetings togeth- so late already. er all sammer long-Jennie was such good friends with me, and John was such good friends with Jennie. She thought than she of its being late.

But suddenly I heard Jennie's voice till he came. little slowly.

you know we are late?" not with her.

"Where's John" I asked. I tell you we're late."

cooler than I was before. I just stood placent as possible. still. She shan't drive me if I do love

just for once.

walked straight on. Then you did wait awhile?

"Why, of course. Didn't I tell you it was late?"

Well, you needn't have got mad about it Jennie! sitting waiting for him. I'll never do I was saying, Jennie sang firmly for a was made as comfortable as possible for you like. I'll not expose myself to for I was frightened about her.

Now Je Seers fixed on East Side.

John was the only follow in the village whom she could not possibly induce to flirt with her, and it seemed as if for the seemed as if for flirt with her, and it seemed as if for flirt with her with that reason he was the one she most as you can, before the people get round

"You musta't say so, you know, des

creature just left to himself."

at home, and he's hardly old enough to echoed. go down there alone."

him. Tell him to get a rope. We'll minute restored her to herself. for the Sheriff."

too. But you'll feel sorry enough for back." Maggie, poor thing, when you see her. "But I can't leave you alone, so bad-And there's no time to be lost. You ly hurt. I can't Jennie!" start Maggie said: "Shure, sir, if ye body ought to come and help us."

see me cow in the road, wud ye place "But Phabe, Phabe, -don't let him drive her back forninst ye? Peter left find us-it's John!" the gate open when he come in, and I "I don't care if it is, I'm glad of giffy, and sorra a cint is Peter after too quick, Jennie, there's some mis-lavin' me to get her out again?' take." lavin' me to get her out again!"

pected in her movements. But Jennie was beginning to hurt her badly. Little and I saw her, grazing along the road- as her moan was, John was near enough side, with her head turned the other to catch it, for that instant we heard his way from home. I had a presentiment anxious voice calling: of mischief the moment I caught sight "Girls' Phoebe, Jennie, are you of her. I half stopped, saying: "There's there?" Peter McCreery's cow? How could There was a silence for a minute they let her get out? Now if the boys then I spoke out: "Yes, John, we're put her in the pound they never can here, and we want you." raise lifty cents to get her out. I've a "You want me! What is the matter great mind to drive her back a little What made you run away from me? I and blackberries are very nice in this ways, Jennie, just to get her headed to- got out as fast as I could to catch up

ward home.' But Jennie was too impatient. "Please don't stop, Phobe," she said. and how full of comfort, too, his famil-"It's not your place to do it, and we're | iar old voice sounded.

It was so late that all the pews on "Jennie is hurt." the girls' side of the choir gallery were thought of starting without them, and I the same time we could sit together. I sister and mother and wife and child make three pies. sat quietly, not noticing the flight of was glad to be near her that night, and all in one! curled up beside me, and had no more occasionally she would give a little son's heart before he knows it.

calling me; it sounded so sharp, out of And oh. dear! she was a good deal not wrong for me to have taken a glance so repeat till fresh enough for taste. the quiet, that I was really startled. more uneasy a terward. For-will you at the two faces that match lighted up; Cream, butter, salt and pepper may She had paused at the gate and was believe it? who should walk in that John's so troubled and devoted, and saying: "Come, Phobe!" I knew in a door beside John but Jessie Sears! Jennie's scratched and tearful, pitiful, minute from her tone that something She did look pretty that night, wistful, questioning. had worried her. I was wondering There was no denying her good looks He spoke right out like a man to the what it might be as I rose and went even when you'd lost every bit of faith silent cry of the heart. "My darling." down the path, and I suppose I went a in her. To-night she wore a new pink he said-"my darling, what is the matmuslin dress; a thin, fleecy white ter?" "Hurry, Phobe!" she cried; "don't shawl was round her shoulders, and That was more than she could bear But, instead of hurrying, I stopped puffs on her head, but not far enough fell back in a dead faint. John sprang short, for I suddenly saw that John was to hide the pretty pink rose she had to raise her head, and I ran to the brook "I don't know," she answered, near the front, but Jessie spied where me run home at once and send the shortly. "Don't stand staring, Phobe! we were to-night the moment she came | wagon. It was plain he could not bear in. John, however, did not see us to leave her, and I ran off as fast as I the surgeon. Now some people are afraid of Jen. He pushed toward the front row, and could.

nie when she speaks that way, with her Jessie, of course, followed him. She I was back again before the horse could checks red and her eyes snapping. But did not mind it that every eye was upon lam not; it only makes me a little her. She was as composed and complor and cologne. But Jennie had re-Somebody moved up to make room heard her talking in a low voice to John for her, and John found a place across before I reached them. What he had "Suppose we are late?" I said; "I the aisle. Before she was fairly seated said to her I do not know, but she was think we might wait a little for him, she had contrived to drop her handker- meek enough now; as humble and gratest for once." chief. and John was obliged to stoop ful as possible when we lifted her into and pick it up for her. I saw his face the wagon and got her home. valked straight on. It was not gay and smiling like And how heroic she was while the looked up the road and reflected. Jessie's, but he looked pale and tired. doctor was setting her ankle! At least John was not in sight. If anything had It somehow set me considering. When they all said she was heroic; but it is bappened to detain him it was Jennie's I had first seen him coming in with my private belief she did not feel the company he would be sorry to miss, so Jessie my heart had stood still, and least pain for sheer happiness, and

my waiting could do him no good. I then I was so angry I could have shaken therefore there was no virtue whatever might as well go with Jennie. I ran my fist at him. But now I began to be in her keeping as still as a lamb. and caught her before she had gone confused in my thoughts about him. I told her the next day that she did far. I suppose it mollified her to have made me run, for she laughed a little couldn't believe he was a traitor. Yet, owned she did not. I asked her if she as I came up. "You didn't wait as what had brought him here in Jessie's was not ashamed that I, who was only long as I did!" she said. "You didn't wait as what had brought him here in Jessie's had stood up for John more however, the more sure I was it would staunchly, in my own mind, than she

be explained in some way. help Jennie at all, just now. I knew ing with Jessie at the choir-meeting. A she had jumped to her own conclusions. young man from Woodville had been "I didn't," said she;-" or at least I How she straightened up? There were over to visit her and detained her till it was only mad at myself for waiting. no sighs, and no more turnings of her was late. On his way home he had There is no reason why we should ever head. The color was fixed in two bright brought her in his buggy as far as the wait for John or expect him to come spots upon her cheeks. She looked church and le't her in the vestibule. with us every night just because he right at her book and began to sing so Right there she had met John, and had lives next door. He's never said a clear and strong that I was fairly made as much of the opportunity as she word about always escorting us. He's startled, and was afraid everybody knew how. just let it be a matter of course, and would notice the change. John knew | Would you like to hear what else I'm not going to have it so any longer. well enough where she was by this John did that night? When he had He might want to go home with some time. He gave one half-glance round, brought the doctor and gone again on of the other girls some time, and then that was all. Poor innocent John! He errands to the druggist's, and then

and slighted again. I don't doubt "I'm too wicked to sing words like her, drove her home and shut her into be gone the other way, by East Side, these," she said.

were half-way down be found hill be stop running, for I was gettly out of the path struck our feet from inder us. "If it is childish to be unreasonable"—but there I stopped. I saw Jennie's face was twitching, and her color came against the gravel beyond. The stopped against the gravel beyond. We could and went. She was always high-strung, swift and spirited, and to-night she seemed touchy and unnerved. I felt sorry for her, and thought we would spend to the path struck of the path st

I hate to have you go down there, but "I can't," she said. "It's my foot, it's dreadful to think of the poor, raving Phæbe. The cow trod upon it, and I can't stir. What shall we do?" "Where are the others?" said John. By this time I had caught her excite-"Why Bess and Mark have gone to ment and was near to giggling as inthe fair in Barton. There's only Buell sanely as she. "What shall we do?"

But now there were approaching "No," said John, throwing off his steps upon the walk that we both heard. coat. "I suppose I've got to go with Jennie knew them in a minute and that

have to tie the wretch and then send "Phoebe," she said firmly, "Pli tell you what we must do. You must run "It's dreadful you should have to go. home and tell father to come with the dear," said his mother, pityingly, "and wagon. I'll creep up here off the roadjust when you are all ready for meet- side, and keep perfectly still, and noing. The girls will be waiting for you, body'll know I'm here till you come

can hear Peter cursing and throwing things clear up to our kitchen door."

As John and Buell were ready to "Please Phœbe! please hurry, dear! Some body is coming!"

"I'm glad of it," said I. "Some-

was that distracted I didn't see the and just remember, if he was going craytur till she was gone. The byes over to East Side with Jessie Sears, will be havin her in the pound in a he'd not be here now. You've been

John did not see the cow. She was Poor Jennie could only give a little like the rest of the McCreerys, unex- moan of pain for answer. Her ankle

with you." Dear! how troubled, and how kind. "I'm so glad vou've come!" I cried.

"Jennie - hurt!" filled, except the two farthest back. Ah, you should have heard the tone

time. I was thinking what a lovely I knew she was glad to have me, she I guess John was pretty well worn evening it was, and that mother's was so nervous. I hoped the singing out with what he had gone through at just long enough to set the milk; then china asters were coming into bloom | would quiet her, and so it did for a lit- McCreery's, to say nothing of having | cut carefully from the cob, and to every and the crab-apples were ripening, and the while. But she could not get quite wanted Jennie's company all the even- two quarts of corn add a pint of salt that I always thought crab-apple jelly out of her flutter. Proud as she was ing and missed it. And sometimes to mix thoroughly, pack in earthen jars, the prettiest mother ever made. I was she could not help casting a glance, be tired out and sacrificed in the ser- spread a cloth over the corn with a as peaceful as the old cat that came and now and then, toward the door, and vice of others softens and opens a per- weight on top. Keep in a cool place.

sigh. She was uneasy every minute He knelt down beside Jennie and lit

one point of it was laid over the brown just then; she wavered as she sat, and stuck between them. She was all to sop my handkerchief with water and smiles and brightness. We usually sat bathe her face. I begged John to let

covered her senses before I arrived. I

who was his lady-love. But, of course, my feeling couldn't It was only an accident his appear-

just think how ridiculous we should be, told us all about it afterward. Well, as stayed by till he could learn that Jennie "What is the matter?" I whispered, anybody he got a lantern and went to search for that unhappy cow. He found Mrs. McCreery's yard. The poor wom-She did not sing another note that an did not know till long afterward who

wanted to make an impression upon. He said nothing about it and kept out of her way, but everybody knew—explain pleased—that he disliked her. So when Jennie made that insinuation thought it was my turn to be angry. I faced about upon her with the facts.

"Jennie Morris," said I, "you know just as well as I do that you're the only girl in this town John ever cares to go anywhere with. I don't see how you anywhere with. I don't see how you can be so mean as to talk about him in that way!"

Jennie's face got crimson, and she hung her head and looked quite cowed. I was glad of it.

"I don't see where he can be then," she murmured, after awhile. "He might have sent us word if he was not going. You'll acknowledge it was humiliating for us to sit and wait for miliating for us to sit and wait for miliating for us to sit and wait for many her head and wait for many her head and wait for many her head and looked quite cowed. I was going. You'll acknowledge it was humiliating for us to sit and wait for many her head and wait for many her head and looked quite cowed. I was going water according to the dryness or juicy chartened as if the very crick-ets were shuthered by the dark and the silence. We ran headlong, but we silence. We got well away to to can fruit is to have it quite ripe; then pack firmly in cans, adding water according to the dryness or juicy chartened as the path was pricedly dark. It was to can fruit is to have it quite ripe; then pack firmly in cans, adding water according to the dryness or juicy chartened by the dark and the silence. We ran headlong, but we some the path was pricedly as were shalf-way down were half-way down were half-way

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN. -Fast walking horses are of more practical use to farmers than fast trot-

-Tar should never be applied to fruit trees; it destroys the bark, not only where it is applied, but where it

washes down. -A mixture of buttermilk and water, two parts of water to one of butter-

milk, is a healthy drink for the field in warm weather. -Tomato Fritters. -Slice ripe ones, dip in a thick, rich batter; season with pepper and salt; fry like oysters. Or. they may be seasoned with sugar and

almost any spice, and fried as before. -To keep flies from horses, procure a banch of smart-weed, and bruise it to cause the juice to exede. Rub the animal thoroughly with the bunch of bruised weed, especially on the legs, neck and ears. Neither flies nor other insects will trouble him for twenty-four

-Green Corn Pudding.-Draw s sharp knife through each row of corn. lengthwise, and scrape out the pulp. To a generous pint of this pulp add three beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter, sngar to taste, a little salt and any spice or flavoring liked. Bake in a moderate oven two hours. Stir the pudding oceasionally at first until it thickens. -To make pickled preserves take

twelve pounds of fruit, six pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar; spice to your taste. Heat all these together and pour over the fruit. Let it stand all night, and in the morning drain of the vinegar, heat it and pour over again, then put away in jars or cans. Cherries

-Cream Pie. One cup sugar, one quart of sweet milk, half cup flour, yelks of three eggs, a little pinch of salt, flavor with lemon essence, this is the best. Put the milk on the stove and let it come nearly to a boil, then stir the eggs, sugar and flour, wetting up the flour first. Stick the crust full of lived just over the hill from our house. By going to the head of one of these I of his voice when he said that; I almost fork holes and bake, then put in the and John lived just beyond that. She could be among the altos, and Jennie, felt as if I ought not to be there to hear cream; beat up the whites, put it on waited till he came for her, and I wait- by going to the head of the other, it; why, there couldn't have been more the top, and return again to the oven ed for them both. I should not have could be among the sopranos, while at feeling in his voice if she had been his and bake a light brown. This will

-Corn for Winter Use. -Throw the ears into boiling water and let remain When wanted for use put into a stewpan, cover with cold water, let heat, a match to look at her. I hope it was turn off, put on cold water again and

-Housekeepers, mechanics and others, in handling knives, tools and other sharp instruments, very frequently receive severe cuts, from which blood flows profusely, and oftentimes endangers life itself. Blood may be made to cease to flow as follows: Take the fine dust of tea and bind it close to the wound; at all times accessible and easily obtained. After the blood has ceased to flow, laudanum may be advantageously applied to the wound. Due regard to these instructions would save agitation of mind and running for

which should be kept on every farm.

Stacking. The season has again arrived when that kind of work is done on the farm, from which there is more loss from botching than from any other from bad stacking was really known and tabulated before the commercial so much the total loss of the grain, but its reduction in grade. In too many cases it is a total loss. And yet there is no excuse for it but ignorance and carelessness. Stacking is a plain and simple operation. If the bundles it again. Next week I mean to start verse or two, then she suddenly ceased. the night, without saying anything to are so placed that the butts are lower than the heads when the stack is set tled, the whole work is accomplished It is no mystery to make a stack shed the heaviest and longest rains. - Keep the middle full enough so that there is no possibility of the straws shedding inward instead of outward, and there will be no wet wheat or oats in stack. The great error in stacking is neglecting the fact that the middle of the stack will settle twice as much as the out side, and stacking must be done in view of this fact. Neglect it and all the expense and toil of the production of the crop is lost. Wet wheat in the stack proclaims ignorance, or inattention to the business in hand. And the latter is more criminal than the former. Bad stacking is one of the most general and crying evils of our system of agriculture. In strictly wheat growng regions it has done more harm than drouth, flood, chinch bugs, Hessian fly, rust, blight, smut, blast, mildew or storms. And all we regret is that we have no power of expression sufficient to awaken all stackers to the immense waste and damage they are guilty of by their carelessness. - Iowa State Register.

Our Young Readers.

droll conversation I once overheard-Two children, a cat, a cow and a bird. The names of the children were Eddy an The names of the others I did not bear plain How came I to bear them? I think I won't You may ruces, if you please; and if you You'll guess that I beard it as many a man With his fancy sione, and not with his cars. The children were drawing, with caution and Care, Their sweet haby-sister, to give her the air,

in a dainty straw wagon with wheels of bright red. And a top of white muslin which shaded her head.
She was only one year and a few months old: Her eyes were bright bine and her hair was like gold; She laughed all the time from morning till night.
Till Ed ty and Jane were quite wild with

Such a wonderful plaything never Like a real tive dolly, and all for their own: Two happier children could nowhere be No, not if you traveled the whole world da sice grew-White daisies, all shining and dripping with Long wreaths of the daisies, and chains, they had made; In the baby's lap these wreaths they had Dick.)

And all with bright eyes, as bright as their

mothers: Your baby's at least ten times older than

They'll take care of themselves in an ther

week. Before your poor baby can walk or speak.

things
All babies are that are born without wings;

And but one at a time! Dear me, my wife Would be quite ashamed of so idle a life!

And the lark looked as scornful as a lat

knows how, As he swung up and down on a slender

A cat had been eyeing him there for awhile.

And sprang at him now from top of a stile;

high; And oh, how he laughed as he soared in the

and cross; She looked all about her, and feit at a loss

clare, It's enough to make any mother-cat stare

run alone; They re never afraid of dogs or of rats—

new milk. A fair fight for a mouse in my family

The cat walked away at a sleepy pace.

A bird, or a kitten, or a learned calf.

For the minister said so the other day-

On a boy or a girl haif so sweet as mine? The lark, and the cat, and the cow were all

Fach baby seems best in its own mother's

A PICNIC.

ber aze.

the thread

But they are already to fly to-day;

And were laughing to watch her fat little Untwisting and twisting the stems and the Just then, of a sudden, a larisdew by And same at the top of his voice in the sky. Ho! ho! Mr. Lark, shouted Jane, "come down here! We're not cruel children. You may come without fear. We've something to show you. In all your life may be You'll never see anything sweet as our

Twas an odd thing, now, for a lark to do-I hope you won't think my story's untrue But this is the thing that Naw and beard: That tark flew right down, like a sociable As soon as they called him, and perched on a tree. And winked with his eye at the children and me, And laughed out, as much as a bird ever can, As he cried, "Ha! ha! Little woman and man: To bear that I do not think much of your Why, out in the field here I've got in my

-There is an accumulation of materialaround every farm-house and the outbuildings that is best known by the name of "rubbish." It is not fit for the compost heap, and is unsightly if left either in an ungathered state, or put in a pile; in fact, its only valuable shape is in ashes, and its proper place is in the "burn heap." Of such is the peabrush that has served its period of usefulness, the prunings from the trees of the yard-the blight struck branches, etc. The "burn heap" should be in an out-of-the way place, but still not distant, and away from all buildings, where it can be fired with safety, as the material to be burned accumulates. If any weeds have been neglected until ripened seeds have formed, they had best go to the "burn heap" rather than the compost heap—one of each of

Moo, Moo!" said a cow, coming up. " Moo, Young people, you're making a great to-do About you baby. And the lark and the eat. They're no hing but braggers—I wouldn't give that." (And the cow snapped her tail as you'd snap your thumbi For all the babies, and kittens, and birds, that come In the course of a year! It does make me To look at them all by the side of a calf! Why, my little Brindle as soon as 'twas born Stood up on its legs and sniffed at the corn; Before it had been in the world an hour It began to gambol, and canter, and scour All over the fields. See its great shining And its comely red hair that so glossy lies, class of work of the same amount. It And thick! he has never felt cold in his life; But the wind cuts your baby's skin like a is stacking. If the true amount of loss Poor shivering things! I have pitied them world, it would be frightful. It is not oft, All mutted and smothered in flannel soft.

swift and spirited, and to-night we will tallen his one seemed touchy and unnerved. I felt sorry for her, and thought we would talk about something elss.

I will explain now what had detained John. We learned about it in good time. There was an firsh family link and the seemed and seemed and the seemed an

She made of lime in putting up hay, but we have seen nothing laterly about it, save a communication in the Chatanqua Farmer recently in which a farmer says he has practiced it for fifteen years and is never troubled with mow-burned hay. He uses six quarts to the ton.—Prairie of the cake.

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This consoled Ben, and they made a limit in putting up hay, but we have seen nothing laterly about it, save a communication in the Chatanqua Farmer recently in which a farmer says he has practiced it for fifteen years and is never troubled with mow-burned hay. He uses six quarts to the ton.—Prairie

This consoled Ben, and they made a

EACH MOTHER'S BABY.

thought he must have gone to sleep. All at once a loud splash was heard. A fearful storm arose in Boston Bay, and the boat was upset. It was all that fat kitten Pudge, who had tumbled from the table into the milk-pan. bravely dragged them from the waters. As for Pudge, the children saw the end drowned. Her nice, clean clothes were

> "Now," said Fanny, "we must take Doll Midget to the kitchen fire and dry her, or she never will be fit to come to the picnic." "Oh no!" replied Dick. "She's drowned. She's dead as a - as a hairon. But I've heard Uncle John tell that they roll drowned folks on a bar-

They had drawn her this morning where rel, and then blow em up. That rusticakes em. (Uncle John said resuscitate, but this was too bouncing a word for little "Rusticakes em?" asked Fanny.

"Yes, that's what Uncle John called it. Let's rustleake Doll Midget that way. Hold on till I get a barrel?' But all he could find was a large spool. Then after Doll Midget's dress was taken off, she was rolled. Dick rolled her so hard that her sides split open.

Next he put the nose of the bellows between her ribs, for he said that her mouth was not big enough. Then he blew just as hard as he could. The first thing Fanny knew, a pull of sawdust flew out of Doll Midget's side into her eyes. She threw her apron over her head and began to cry. Dick kept shouting, "She's rusticaked! She's rusticaked!" But poor Fanny only cried the harder. So Dick proposed to wake up the fairy godmother, and eat the picnic. At this Fanny dried her You'll be quite surprised and astonished, eyes. They crept up softly to the wood-box. There lay Baby Ben fast asleep, sure enough. There were crumbs of spice cake and jam tart on nest. All cuddled up soug 'neath my wife's warm his frock, and a bit of jam on the end of his nose. The lunch was all gone. breast, Four little babies-two sisters, two broth-

"Oh, you rogue?" cried Fanny. Ben opened his blue eyes and looked so cunning that both the children laughed and forgave him at once. Then they agreed to put off the rest of the pienie till the next day .- Fouth's Com-

The Milkweed.

Almost everybody, at some time or ther, has made the acquaintance of the milkweed, or silkweed, as I have heard sir.

it called. A reason for each of these names is very apparent. If you break the stem, But she missed her aim he was qui e too a sticky substance like milk runs from it, which will stain your clothes. Why the plant is also called silkweed, I shall Then the est scrambled up disappointed explain to you presently.

I knew this weed very well in New England when I was a little girl. In What next she should do. So she took up July, it hangs out a cluster of small Of the lark's discourse, and ill-naturedly purple bells, and later, after the blossoms have gone, very large seed-pods Yes, indeed, little master and miss, I do inches long, and are pointed at the end To see what a time you do make, to be sore, Over one small creature, so helpiess and opposite the stem. If these pods were left on the plant until the seeds were As your babies are; Why, I've six of my fully ripened, they would split open day. The two pictures are intimately conown: When they were two weeks old they could themselves, and gradually the seeds nected .- Now Haves English would fly out, carrying with them enough of these silken threads, as fine in a few weeks more they'll be full-grown as a spider's web, to float them on the wind for miles away, perhaps. You must have seen them many a time. I wo gray and three black, and one white as The silk radiates in every direction from the central seed, making a gauzy, Is as pretty a sight as you'll ever see.
It is all very well to brag of your baby—
One of these years it will be something, may The seeds cluster about the opening of And without even looking at the baby's face. the pod, until the wind picks them out and carries them abroad, but if you pick some of the pods when green, and out them in a vase where they are not drink water. "- Texas Siftings. disturbed, the pod will open part way, like an oyster shell, and the ane silken threads, folded and packed so clesely in the center, will my apart and get out, in some way, so that affer a while the red will be covered with a cloud of white. This is very beautiful; and, if it stands in a corner out of the way of sudden breezes, it will be likely to remain so all winter. You now see why it is called

silkweed. My sister and I yearly collected sev eral of these silkweeds for our play house by the stone wall, where we kept our bits of broken china, and transformed the pods into domestic animals. Often, a pod would be well shaped 'or a chicken, requiring only feathers to be stuck into the pointed tail, and the Ha! ha! I am sure the stupidest gaby Can see that a calf's ahead of a baby!" And the cow called her calf, and tossed up stem to be broken off short at the other end and sharpened to represent the Like a pers in quite sure of all she has said. Then Jane looked at Eddy, and Eddy at bill. Two sticks put in served for legs. so that it would rest on these and on Said Eddy: "How mean! I declare they're the point of the tail. When we played that Thanksgiving Day had come, and wanted chickens for dinner, we had only To live-preposterous things! They don't to pull out the tail-feathers of a pair of "fowls," and, of course, take off their What they're talking about! I'd like them legs; and, when they were ready for That can kiss I ke our baby, or smile, o the table, instead of carving, we split Yes indeed, so should I:" said Jane, in a open the pods, as you do those of the pea or bean, and behold! there was the raze; "The poor little thing! She's advanced for most tempting-looking "white" and "dark" meat within. The white meat She's worth a bundred kittens or calves to | was fibrous, like silk, and lay in the center; over it were flat brown seeds, And as for young birds-they're pitiful overlapping one another like the shin-

gles on a house roof, and making our I saw a whole nest once, all mouths and bare "dark meat." And they looked as if they'd been picked by We not only transformed these pods To broil for breakfast. I'm sure that they into poultry, but also into quadrupeds of all sorts. Put in four legs, a pair of horns and a tail, and you have your cow, and one, too, which really gives I'm giad we have flannel, and wrap babies milk! Leave off the horns, take a bit So the children went grumbling one to the of your own hair to use for a tail, and

And when they reached home they told their you have a horse. But these are only a few hints, and will let you experiment for yourself this The dear baby, asieep in its crib she laid, And laughed as she kissed the children, and season, and find out what you can do beyond this in making animals and Do you think I believe that the sun can other figures. - St. Nicholas.

Americans as Bugabocs.

told some very foolish stories about the There was a picnic in Farmer Blake's sought to create a prejudice against attic. The farmer and his wife had gone to the village, and left little Dick and Fanny to take care of Baby Ben. terest it is to keep Americans out of so the children thought they would have a picnic. It was Doll Dink's birthday. Doll Dinks was a black baby, six months old, and he squeaked. He had a birthday twice a month. Doll Midget had blue eyes and yellow curls. She was invited to the picnic. Dick got a great milk-pan and filled it full of water. This was Roston Ray. The dolls were This was Boston Bay. The dolls were arrived a party of engineers for one of the railroads. They sallying out from they were to have lunch. The lunch their hotel in the cough dress they as was a large piece of spice cake and two sumed, big hats, pants in their boots, jam tarts. Pudge, the fat kitten, was red sashes about their waists that open invited to the picnic, too. To begin at the neck with wide collars, were obwith, they put her on a small table, served by the people, who gathered close to Boston Bay, so that she could about them to the number of 200. look on. There was not room in the boat for three of them.

The lunch was laid by in an old woodbox. As soon as the boat was ready.

When it was soon whispered that they were a party of the child-eaters they had been told of, stones were thrown, and had it not been that a considerate box. As soon as the boat was ready. Doll Dinks and Doll Midget went on board. The boat was one of Grandpa Blake's old slippers. Then they set sail. Dick made the wind blow with the beliows, and Fanny puffed out her rosy cheeks with all her might. But the trouble was that Baby Ben wanted to help with a fire shovel. So the children told him he had better be the fairy godmother. The fairy godmother always hid in the wood-box, and popped out at just the right moment. Baby Ben thought he liked best to blow the boat with the fire shovel. But Fanny promised to give him a bite of her share of the cake.

This consoled Ben, and they made a land had it not been that a considerate party took them into his store, shut the doors and sent for the police, who in turn sent for the troops, who dispersed the mob, lives would have been lost. The same report has come to Tepic, and just now the American residents are looked upon as cannibals, except by the more intelligent. Indeed, in passing through the streets I have seen mothers gather their children close until I passed by, as though I was an ogre, instead of the benign-looking old gentleman I supposed myself to be, and upon returning to my home I have been forced to exclaim, like Nicodemus, "How can these things be?"—Tepic (Mexico) Letter.

-An ecceptrie etta place for him in the wood-box. There he kept so very still that the children who has no confidence in the cor, Me . architecture, placed a new water t.o. ment house, and subsequently found that the end which should have been the lower was in reality the higher, and that water would not run up hill. The dis-What an uproar! The colle had no covery was embarraming in its results. life-preservers, but Dick and Fanny and the old fellow cognitated long and deeply in an effort to remedy the blunder. Finally he came to the conclusion of her tail going down stairs, with a that the best way to overcome the diffistream like a small Charles River drip- culty would be to remove the underpinping of behind. Doll Dinks, being ning from the end of the house at which hollow, could foat, and he squeaked as the gutter was too low, and then raise oud as ever when he was pulled out this end of the house by means of jack-But, after all, poor Doll Midget was acrews. The result, so far as the water was concerned, was entirely satisfactosoaked, and her lovely hair all came ry; but the owner of the other tenement was put to considerable expense and annoyance by the ceiling in his part cracking and the doors springing on of balance so they would not shut.

> -A few years ago a soit at law was commenced in Jones County, lows, over some calves. The case was tried several times and has been traveling about from one county to another, until at present it is in the District Court of Blackhawk County. A few days ago the Bittery the costs were footed up, and they amounted to \$2,303.75.

Truth and House. Query :- What is the best family medicine in the world to regulate the bowels, purity the blood, remove confirences and biliness. ness, aid direction and tone up the whole system? Truth and honor compels us to anower, Hop Bitters; being pure, perfect and harmless. See another column. - Totale

Inon Even, the father of Bright Eyes, has alk wives. Did Editor Tibbies realize when he married how many mothers-in-law be was getting !- Bucton Post.

Tell the Steh. Thousands of lives are destroyed by diseases of the kidneys and liver. Kidney-Wort would save them. Tell the sick of it, and that it is for sale by all drugglets in either dry or liquid form - London Times. A MAN never knows what pluck is until

comes to pop the question to her father. That is, we've been told so .- Boston Post. Files and Mosquitors. 15c. box "Rough on Rate" keeps a house free from files, bed-bugs, roaches, rais, mice, &c. Ir afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isane

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE is unrivalled for its speedy healing qualities. Price 35c. Jouxus says that, after trying for years to photograph his girl upon his heart, all he got from her in the end was a negative.

Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 254.

"I DECLARE I never was so impressed in unitary a point each on which to see my life with the f-nishness of flies," ex- and received elainted the boarder to his landlady, as a couple of winged voyagers embarked in his she added haughtily. explained, "those two poor creatures undoubtedly supposed that this stuff was thick enough to float 'em."

Ron Ingresora says that the State Prison is full of "only children"

harnmock swinging teneath, and she on whom your heart is fixed largey swinging in the same, is a very pretty picture, your man, very pretty, and we don't blame ve for being attracted by a magnet of such wondrous power. But consider if your are formed, which grow to be several | means will enable you to keep that picture all your days, or whether in the coming time it will not be supplanted by a chremo of a wormout, Juled woman frying doughauts over a bot fire in the middle of a bot summer

> A MAN must be mighty hard up who would climb Mount Blane for ascent.

shoot dat dog. He is gwine ter hab hydro-phobia, sure, said Jim Webster. Unde Mose, somewhat slarmed, saked what were filmy sphere, with a small, dark center. the symptoms. "He am sleard to drink water. Dat am a certain sign. "G way, fool nigger! You hain't drunk no water yersef in de last ten years, and you hain't bit nobody yet. Does ye want me to take a gun and shoot hofe of ye bekase yer don't

No noom was ever made large enough to

hold both a fat man and a mosquito. ALPHONSE CARR, referring to food adulterations in France, once said: "If I poison my grocer I shall be sent to the peni-

with sie fine." WOMAN'S TRIUMPH! MRS. LYDIA E. PINKNAM, OF LYNN, MASS.

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gastion.
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