

DHN BULL long ago had a pain in his head, that it sent him to

And there he lay groa ing from morning til While hither and fright,

Ran nurses and quacks with their plasters and pot ons, With strife inc and conflict of no-

As always, when doctors abound very thick, The patient grew momently more and mor Till finally they were constrained to agree One thing might releive him—a strong cup of

With wild incantations and desperate haste They made it and sweetened it up to his taste. Then rushed to his bedside, plumb full of ad-And poured the hot flood down his throat in

When lo! from a crack in his cranium's top Our Goddess of Liberty sprang with a hop, All clad in the germents of wadom and might With a loud martial shout and a screech of do

Poor Johnny fell over, as scared as a goose, Quacking something or other about the "abuse.

While a mad exclamation that rhymes with the same Fell oft from his lips in a way scarcely tame; But the gods high in council, they greeted the

Declaring she shouldn't be cast in the shade By her brow-beating governor, not if they

He'd better lie low, or he'd certainly rue it. The old gent recovered, made up with his daughter. And gave her a free passage over the water.

The years came and went, and his confidence grew;

Supply her with weapons of goodly advice. And though they cost nothing, they always were nice.

Now when she does something remarkably He smiles in a way that is sweet and benign, And, chucking her under her chin, exclai

My beauty, how much you resemble your pa!" And when he is very good-natured, you know, He will joke-just a mite-of the time long ago, When he thought in his soul he should certain Of that pain in his head on the Fourth of July.

JULIA H. THAYER,

IN WINTRY WOODS.

A Romantic Tale of One Fourth of July.



[Written for This Paper.] OU can't fool a kid, fellows, and they hain't no use o' talkin'. The fust timel sees him an' her together I sets it all down in my mind that they was jest the niftiest ouple as ever walked member them days I were a reg'lar perfeshnai boothlack -a "shine 'em up,"

ye savey, and no more dreamed o' bein' "tiger" to a fine lady than you kids dream o' bein' Governer. Bet I yurned my place. my honies, and don't you forget it!

As I was sayin', when I see them two beeyootiful creachers a-walkin'side by side inter the mission-one a teacher o' boys an' one a teacher o' gals-l jest sets in my mind that God made them two fur each other, sure-and I haint got no reason to change my 'pinion as yet.

"I allus loved him-he was so grand, and tall, and strong-lookin', and fur all his grandness and taliness and strong-lookinness, thar was that gentle, sweet, kind way he had as 'ud make a kid wanter lay his poor, little, lonesome head agin the beeyootsful black shoulder, and jest stay there all night. I done that very thing wunst-honest ilnjen, kids, I anshally done it—and I haint surprised at yer 'stonished looks; 'cause I were so tifted clean outen myself by the heaven I dreamed of comin' true that I clean forgot who I were and where I were, and that my name was but mother, and Heaven, and angels, and all them kind o' thoughts—for he held me close and soft and easy, jest like mother uster, and I forgot the awful pain in my broken leg, and was 'most glad I broke it if I could keep on layin' there so close in his arms and touch his fine clo'se with my cheek, and breath the sweet stuff on his

And she kem over, too, and tooked awful solemn and pityful at me, and ax me how I kem to slip right offen the Mission steps. and how thick were the ice there and why weren't it shoveled off?

I couldn't answer her, 'cause I didn't know nothin' about it; but I watched the perty eyes a meetin' his, and his eyes a turnin' away with a queerish gook in 'em that haint never lost on a kid like me. I knowed from that moment he loved her; but he were so simple, somehow, like a in-nercent child that he never made her read the riddle in his eyes—gee, but they was daisies, kids! Great big brown eyes that jest melted alter pieces with nothin' but the warmth that kem a wellin' up from his gener's heart!

How soft he spoke ter me-how gentle he touched my poor broken leg; and when I writhed his chin, that looked like one that I wunst saw onter a marble stature in a dime museyum, shivered and shook like a hurt thing.

Oh, he were a darlin't And when I were all well again and outen the hospital, I uster watch fur him on his own partickler home-comin' street and make him let me give him a shine fur a present—and he'd smile and pat my red head and jest let me do whatever I wanted tor with his elegant

Han'some! Not any - leastways he weren't han'some in the same curiy way her really truly beau were. His mustaches didn't have no filligree trimmin's at the ends ner his hair go a wavin' from the middle of his head in alick scallops; ner he didn't wear no shinin' pale-blue neck tie, ner sport yaller leather gloves with black stitchin' all down the outside—oh, no; yer kin betcher sweet life he didn't! He'd never be obleeged ter have ter dipend sech make-ups as them fur his fine looks—not by a good deal! He were jest plain and honest good lookin'; and his heart were as perty as his big prown eyes-fur he showed it every day of his life, while the other feller hid his'n sech as it were under his

striped silk wescut. Every Sunday at the Mission I see 'em all through the cold spring and the late comin' summer; and the more I sees 'em the more I watches their goin's on; and I woman that lives!" aint come to even guess he loves

jeeminy, if the other fellar baint got the glitterin' brass on his cheeks! He jest teachin' us fellars at the Mission, and we kids know as much as he do and gives him sech points on religious questions as staggers the moke. But he keeps on a readin' Scripter ter us, though we kin see he could kill every last one of us cheerful enough; and all 'cause she bleeves in sech goin's on, and he has a eye on the rich young woman as kin afford to ride them kind o' hobbies.

And when the Fourth of July is perty nearly here, the rich young woman says as how she's goin' ter give us kids a picnic in the Wintry woods. Ole Job Wintry's her uncle and she's his sole airss, and she kin do jest what she wants ter with both of 'em. And she tells the lady and gentlemen teachers of the Mission that she shall expect 'em to help her "entertain the lambs of her little flock;" and I see the curly wolf a bowin' and a scrapin' and I makes up my mind to stay close by the fold and not git alone with him in the

Wintry woods! The fellar that runs the weather racket were kind and perlite as chips that Fourth of July. Such sunlight and big pink clouds and shinin' waters and soft warm winds! I kep' close ter my teacher, and his lovin', kind eyes kep' lookin' so glad down inter my face, that, somehow, I felt he was goin' ter do some pleasant thing fur me; and then and there I made up my mind if the chance came I'd do somethin' fur him.

The whole caboodle of us were driv out in 'busses—sech a jolly percession of 'em! But she and the curly fellar went flyin' long past us in a stylish buggy hitched onter two spankin' showy gray nags-her



owa turnout, yer mind, kids. Then a little cloud kem up, somehow, at sight of 'em, and I see it settle over my dear teacher's watchin', wistful eyes; and I filed a vow on top o' tother one that I'd just go right to her and tell her my 'pinion o' them two lovers o' hern. Seemed like she didn't have nobody to tell her nothin', or she'd a never wasted no time on that hifalutin' dandy. O' course her ole aunt were allus a trapesin' along with her-a whiein' and goin' on ridicklous; but she were worse than jest nobody at all; 'sides, I knowed she druther

have the curly man, any day, fur his looks. The wintry woods was cool and green and chuck full o' dancin' lights and shadders, and the air in it were sweeter than the lovely stuff on my teacher's Sunday hankychiff. I breathed so deep, kids, that I 'most got tipsy on the smell o' the spicy woods—I wanted ter yell, and howl, and roll over and over in all the loveliness. And I does roll over; and 'cause the air was so cool, and the shadders so deep, and the grass so soft I falls sound asleep. And when I gets ter dreamin' I thinks I hears her a talkin' soft and quiet like-and a arguin' this away and that; and, will you leeve me, fellers, when I opened my eyes, lo, if they weren't somebody talkin' right on the opposite side o' the big tree I were a

layin' under—and it were her voice! "It is true," I heered her a sagin', "it is true that I have known you for quite a while, Mr. Montressor, and that I have every reason to think you are an upright and honorable gentleman, but the question you have asked me is one that I can not answer, I fear, without giving you pain-"
"Ah, do not say that Miss Wintry!"--

kids, it were the curly man a holdin' forth. Think how dark my life will become without your sweet presence! All will be a blank to me, and my heart will be crushed and broken! Oh, Miss Wintry, I have longed for this hour-I have lived in the sweet consciousness that my suit was not displeasing to you-that my love would surely win love in return, and that -" Fellars, I couldn't help it. I got so scairt,

fearin' she would up and lissen approovin' ter that perty speech o' his'n, that I jest gave one awful yell like a Injun in a fit! My yell had two twin echoes-Mister Montressor and Miss Wintry jest screeched like all possessed, and the curly dude fore he got the right lay o' land axshully struck out and run! I crawled round through the green ferns and grass to where she were a sittin', and axed her pardon fur scarin' her, humble enough; but she jest laughed hearty, and put her dazzlin' white hand on my red top-knot, and says: "I thank you, Jim; you have done me

great service!" and laughed again. "Miss Wintry," says I, a kneelin' close beside her dress of perty white stuff that was a layin' like foamin' billows all round her, "Miss Wintry, don't lissen to that man no more; he hain't wuth one sweet giance o' yer perty eyes. Turn yer 'ten-tion to one who loves yer as the flowers loves the dew-one who is as innercent and back'ard as the vi'lets theirselves, and who wouldn't dare ter speak out his love like that speechifyin' dandy, 'cause its too great

and holy and-" "Boy," and I heerd a little tremble in her soft voice, "of what are you speaking? By whose authority-"

"Don't know what that means, 'um, but I'm speakin' of my teacher, Mister John

"And can not be speak for himself?" she says, unconscious like.

"It seems as if he can not, 'um; and-"There—that will do. You are a good boy and I like you, Jim, and I wish—I wish—that what you imagine were really true!"
And, Kids, she looked away off through the wintry woods with a soft mist in her beeyootiful eyes, while her perty hand smoothed my brow like the touch of a lovin' little white cloud. I think she furget us both fur a minute or two, fur she kep' a pattin' me and a talkin' soft to ber self: "As flowers love the dew-backward as a violet-and why! Because-no, that will not serve for an excuse—this is the nineteenth century and the man is-a cow-

ard!" "Who's a coward. Miss Wintry!" says I, a jumpin' onter my teet.
"Your teacher, John Gray!"

"That's not true!" I says, stung at her words, yet not exactly understandin' 'em. He's the bravest man that ever breathed, and you will have to say so before the day is ended-you, Miss Wintry, who haint half good enough fur him-no, ner no neatest fit, kids, yer ever seen, and thanks

Kids, I left her there with her face hid in holdin', he never see me gettin' in influence in this transformation. Femily

and back'ard to up and telt aer so; but, hurt child. I were awful sorry; but she tree and watched fur the fast at the minute more nigh her. John Gray had got shinnies 'round and is all grins and to be avenged! What could he be made ter perlite bows and makes a pertendance at | do that 'ud show her he were brave and darin'! I went off by myself and thought it all out; then went and found my dear

"Mister Gray," says I, whisperin', "you it couldn't hurt him. Well, he performed done me lots o' good turns, and if you'll like a rooster with his head off a tryin' to jest foller my lead mebbe I kin do you a git some one to help him and nobody s uple er so."

"Al! right, Jim," says he, laughin', "I never take a dare—what's to be done!" "Oh, nothin' jest now. Only keep close ter Miss Wintry all day long fur one thing, save and 'ceptin' the times I need yer help. Promise me ye won't git riled at what I does, no matter how reckless it 'pears ter

"Pleasant conditions to begin with, Jim; it's a bargain-- I promise. My boy, there's a flerce light in your blue eyes-what sort of storm does it betoken?"

"Like nuff you kin tell me when the thunder and lightnin's over, sir?" And then l leaves him a-laughin', and perceeds-on the strict quiet, ye mind, fellors-to climb a tall tree near to where they was beginnin' to spread out a galorious lunch. I takes a stout piece o' rope up with me (it kem from 'round the crockery box) and makes it fast to a long bent limb. Then I slips the other end 'round my own body, safe and fast, catches my jacket up over a twig I broke off on perpose, and perceeds to hang there in the air—leastwise that's what I 'near to be doin' ter the folks below. With one direful shriek I call fur help-I pertend ter see nothin' nor nobody but Mister Montrissor, and I howl for him ter come up and help me 'fore I perish. He looks up with his mouth so full o' cheese and erackers that I 'most spoil my actin' and laugh out loud. But he didn't move anywheres near the tree, you bet, and Miss Wintry screams: "Oh, save the child!" At these words off goes one man's cost, and John Gray is shinnin' up the tree like mad, and in a twinklin' I am jerked up onter the limb

"You little monkey!" says he, breathin' and a pantin'. "You kin bet I wished I were," says I a whisperm' back; "for monkeys have got a soft snap of it-a wrappin' their tails round limbs o' trees-I had ter use this,"

and I showed him the rope that kep' me from fallin'. "By all that's marvelous-"

"Don't ye git excited, sir; it's the fust

trick-and you jest foller my lead all day and we'll come out ahead-that's all!" We slid down the big tree and was me by all the picnickers with cries of joy. I kep' my face straight, and when she kem up and clasped his hand I saw the blood go a flyin' to his honest face, and he turned away, shy and silent

It were a rip-snortin' good dinner, fellars, and no mistake. We, bein' the lions, eat the lion's share-leastways I did. But I managed to git through it 'fore any o' the others. You kin bet I didn't slight nothin' from sanditches ter pie; but I got through fust, as I were a tellin' yer, and went sneakin' off towards where them two grays was a munchin' their nooday oats. They was tied to a couple o' saplins', and it weren' long 'fore I were on the back o' the friskiest looking one of 'an and a goin' it slam bang through the words. I hed a good safe grip on the short rein, kin tell you, fellars; and I knowed what I were about. nothin' less'n partin' with his own hide would a throwed me! I haint rid the trick mule at the circusses, I haint, fur nothin'. Yet I 'magine I must a looked perty scarified as I kem a yelpin' past the picnic party at a fearful gait-lookin' all the world like the wax Mazepper I seen at that same musyum last summer-ouly I were 'live and kickin'! Kickin'! Well, I should remarkand a thrashin' out with my best leg like mad and succeedin' 'mazin' well in my objeck-which were ter frighten the nag clean outen his senses! Clean outen the woods we rushed like the wind, and when I'd got out o' sight behind a little hill I pulled him cleak square round ter stabbord and went gollopin' back agin. They was all lookin' anxious toards where I disappeared, and John Gray were ready fur me (as I knowed he would be), a comin' ter meet me on tother gray mag. I yelled "help!" so you could a heared me a plumb mile, and on kem John Gray toards my poor scairt beast.

O' course he cotch us easy as wink-but it looked like a wild West show-fur he rode like Wild Bill and I yelled like a Comanche! When we was a quietin' down and trottin' passive up ter the place where their dinner was a-waitin' for them poor bused hosses, I says:

"Trick number two-oh, we're a-doin' beevootiful!"

"You little rascal-what are you up to?" "I'm up to my knees in catnip, if yer please," says I, as I slid down from my foamin' steed and sniffed at the sweet smell o' crushed leaves.

Some performance of congratulatin' us

both. Some claspin' of John Gray's hand by her perty white one. Some blushin' and turnin' away of eyes-but more light in hern—and a softness and sweetness that were encouragin' to behold. All us kids run like wild through the

Wintry woods. They was a perty little stream called Silver creek, 'cause it were so clear and ripply. Jest a stone's throw from the place dinner were eaten the creek got wider 'n' made a dandy place to row a skiff in. Right on the banks of this stream we all shot off fire-crackers fur hours, pack after pack, kids; hiyi, but weren't it fun on the half-shell! I 'most furgot my avengin' business in the high ole times I



of the little spit-fires into a tin can that I see my way clear ter make a p'int. I fills a sardine box nearly full of fire-crackers, pressed down the bent lid and slips it slyly inter the gaping pocket of the curly Montressor, who sits close by Miss Wintry a holdin' her bambersol over her head and a hanging onter every syllabub she says, waitin' his chances, like snuff, ter go over the same perlaverin' I nipped in the green. green bud earlier in the day. It were the ter that same parashoot he were

made me too mad fur me to want ter stay a new skit. Dreckly the fun begun-the fuse cotch on and sech a scairt man ye never heern tell on! Give you my word he danced round like a feller in a bumble-bee's nest a yellin' fit ter kill! Hurt him! How could it? The crackers was all inside the tin box and though it did sound perty lively knowin' what on earth were the matter. Bimebye John Gray cotch on and marched up ter the screamin' Montressor and begun ter take his tony summer coat offen him, laughin' so hard that the tears went rollin' down his face. Miss Wintry, when she found there weren't no danger laughed too -though she tried ter be perlite .and sympathizin'. But her laughin' were too much fur the curley swell, and he got so outra-

geous mad he dove into the heart o' the

woods and cut across country to the nearest

station and went home 'thout so much as

by yer leave! There were a little skift on the brink called the "Undine," or some sech heathenish sort of a name, and I rowed myself out inter the stream. 'Twere 'most time ter be a-goin' home, fur the sun had gone clean down behind some shoomack bu on the top of the high hill near by, and the frogs and the katydids began to croak louder fur the night. There were only one thing more ter be done in the avengin' line, and I done it. I began ter rock the tipsy little craft as I stood up on the seat in the very middle of the boat, and when I got her into full swing, jest gave one unearthly cry and upset her before their eyes. Down I went like a regular shot and there I stayed till I knowed they must be gettin' clean crazy about me. I hadn't paddled round our docks at home fur nothin'-po more 'n I'd ride the trics mule every chance I'd git, and I jest kep' under water till I could'nt stand it no longer, then bobbed up sereenly kersiap agin John Gray's arm. I knowed he'd be there and I jest played faint and laid as limp and still as I could over his strong right arm

"Are you crazy, boy-what have you done this for!" I heerd close into my ear.

"Fur effeck," I whispered without openin my eyes." I kin swim like a whale, boss, but you jest hold onter me and lug me ashore. When you git me thar roll me fur more effeck, and I'll come to."

He were very obejint. And when I, slow and solemn-like, opened my eyes, there stood Miss Wintry a cryin' over us both. see she cried most over John Gray, who never were in no danger, and took ter wringin' him out-now this drippin' sleeve, now that, and a declarin', between breaths, that he were the bravest man she ever

Well, fellars, the other gentleman there hitched the hosses up in a hurry, bundled us wet folks inter the stylish wehickle, and she told John Gray to drive as fast as he could ter ole Job Wintry's and wait there fur her. My teacher were rigged up in a ole suit o' Job Wintry's and I were fixed up in togs jest like this very same harness, kids -braid down the pants, brass buttons and all.

Then I heerd how the 'busses kem and took the other kids home. The ole uncle sent his big keeridge over fur Miss Wintry and her aunt, his sister. And then we stayed all night—and there I'm stayin' yit. So's John Gray.

Yer never see any thing work so slick as them schemes o' mine! When Miss Wintry kem softly inter the great hall whore a fire had been made ter warm and dry us, she went straight over to where John Gray sat and stood before him. He jumps up when he sees her there, but she makes him jist sit right down again, and fetches a little stool from the corner herself and

sits down 'most like it was at his feet. "Do you know," says she, in sech a tremblin' voice, "that a little fairy-a prownie-came to me in the woods to-day? Ah, I thought not! And he told me so many things-told me of a great soul, so brave, and tender and true-yet so modest, withal, that he dared not give utterance to the ome wish of his heart! Who loves a kindred being, the brownie said, as flowers love the dew; who is backward as a violet, and for whom Miss Wintry is not half goed enough-no, nor any other woman that

"Miss Wintry!" "That is what the brownie said, ste! And when I called the man a coward toe his silence, this fairy rebuked me and said I should take it all back—as I do, John Gray, as I do now, with a thousand apologies for the wrong I have done you in my

"Hooray," I yells, "it's all comin' out jest like a dime novel—herowine and all! Haint ye goin' ter answer her, Mister Gray!"

"With all my heart, Tim, when you have given me a chance. But-but-I fear I de not understand-"

"How hard you make it for me-John?" Well, there weren't much trouble after that, I kin tell yer. And I been "tiger" for Missus Gray ever since that day two years ago, with money o' my own in bank and a yearly liberal 'lowance o' crackers 'n' torpedoes to celebrate the anniversary of that Fourth o' July, when my master, John Gray, followed my lead!

EVA BEST.

We All Have Our Influence. Some persons fall discouraged on the highway of life, because they can not be this or that great or eminent person. Why not be willing to be themselves! No person who ever has lived, or ever will live, is without influence. Why not make the most were hevin', and 'tweren't till I put some of that? Since you can not grasp that which you wish, why let what you have slip through your fingers! No person in the world is exactly like you. You have your own faults, but you have also your own excellencies individual to yourself. Gire them air. Because you are not a poet, should you not be a good merchant? Because you can not go to college, should you therefore forswear the alphabet? Because you can not build a palace. should you not rejoice in your own humble roof, and that because it is your own! Will not the sun also shine into your windows if you do not obstinately persist in shutting it out! If you can not have a whole hot-house full of flowers, may you not have one sweet rose!-N. Y. Ledger.

> Stay in the Sun-Light. Sleepless people, and there are many in America, should court the sun. The very worst soporific is laudanum, and 'he very best sunshine. Therefore it is very plain that poor sleepers should pass es many hours as possible in the sunshive and as few as possible in the shade. Many women are martyrs, and yet they do not know it. They shut the sunshine out of their house and their hearts, they wear vails, they carry parasols, they do all possible to keep off the subtlest and yet most potent influence which is intended to give them strength and beauty and cheerfulness. It is not time to change this, and so get color and roses in their pale cheeks, strength in their weak backs and courage in their timid souls? The women of America are pale and delicate, they may be blooming and

strong, and the sunshine will be a patent

A MINUTE'S WORK.

Things That Can Be Done in

"Well, well, don't fret: I'll be there n a minute."

But, my friend, a minute means a good deal, notwithstanding you effect to hold it of no consequence. Did you ever stop to think what may happen in a minute? No. Well, while you are murdering a minute for yourself and one for me, before you get ready to sit down to the business we have in yards The birds scratch it in, and hand. I will amuse you by telling you when it grows up it is good for the things that may happen meantime.

In a minute we shall be whirled around on the outside of the earth by dered handkerchiefs, soak them ten its diurnal motion, a distance of thir- minutes previous to washing in a pail teen miles. At the same time we shall of tepid water, in which a desserthave gone along with the earth, in its spoonful of turpentine has been well grand journey around the sun, 1,080 miles. Pretty quick traveling you say? Why, that is slow work compared with the rate of travel of that ray of light which just now reflected from that mirror made you wink. A minute ago that ray was 11,160,000 miles away.

In a minute, over all the world, about eighty new-born infants have each raised a wail of protest at the fates for thrusting existence upon them, while as many more human beings, weary with the struggle of life, have opened their lips to utter their last sigh.

In a minute the lowest sound your ear can catch has been made by 990 vibrations, while the highest tone reached you after making 2,228,000 vibrations.

In a minute an express train goes a mile, and a Cleveland street car 32 rods; the fastest trotting horse, 147 9-13 rods, and an average pedestrian of the genus homo has got over 16 rods.

In each minute in the United States. night and day, all the year round, twenty-four barrels of beer have to go down 12,096 throats, and 4,830 bushels of grain have come to bin.

If there were a box kept at the city hall in the city of Cleveland into which every minute a sum sufficient to pay the interest on the city debt had to be dropped, the sum so dropped each minute of the whole year would be eighty-seven cents.

How about the National finances? Well, sir, in the same way, each minute, night and day, by the official reports for the year 1886, the United States collected \$639 and spent \$461. \$178 more than necessary. The interest on the public debt was \$96 a minute, or just exactly equal to the amount of silver mined in that time.

Now, in the residue of figures I give, you will remember that they represent so much for every minute in the year. All the preceding figures should be so considered. And remember, also, that we are all the time, hereafter, talking and dries so that the wood-eating United States.

The telephone is used 595 times, the telegraph 136 times. Of tobacco, 925 pounds is raised, and part of it has been used in making 6,673 cigars, and some more of it has gone up in the smoke of 2.292 cigarettes.

But I am afraid that you will forget that we are talking about a minute. sixty seconds of time. No? Well, then, every minute 600 pounds of wool grow in this country, and we have to dig sixty-one tons of anthracite coal and 200 tons of bituminous coal, while of pig-iron we turn out twelve tons and of steel rails three tons.

In this minute you have kept me waiting fifteen kegs of nails have been made, twelve bales of cotton should have come from the fields and thirtysix bushels of grain gone into 149 gallons of spirits, while \$66 in gold should have been dug out of the earth. In the same time the United States Mint turned out gold and silver coin to the value of \$121, and forty-two acres of the public domain have been sold or given away.-Cleveland Press.

Hearts That Are Always Young.

A pleasant, cheerful, generous, charitable-minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passion, and feelings of an unsocial and ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits and withered their souls. They are heartless, dull, cold, indifferent; they want the wellspring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labor of love that is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is any thing old about them, and there is a youth which never grows old, a lover who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.-N. Y. Ledger.

An Atrocious Memory.

The conversation had turned on the husband's shortcomings.

"You have a bad memory, Mariaan atrocious memory," said the husband, wrathfully. "A bad memory, John?" replied the

wife. "how can you say so? You know I never forget anything, and you know every word I have said of you is true. There isn't a woman alive with a more acccurate memory than mine."

"That's the trouble with it, Maria." replied John, as he jammed his hat down over his eyes and started down town through the pelting rain, "you remember millions and millions of things you ought to forget. Darn such memory!"-Chicago Tribune.

-"Are there too many doctors?" asks an exchange. No, there are not half enough, but there are too many men pretending to be doctors who are not .- Philadelphia Inquirer.

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-If the boiled potatoes are done a little too soon lay a towel over the kettle or dish, but do not put a tight cover over them.

-When stung by a bee or a wasp, make a paste of common earth and water, put on the place at once and cover with a cloth.

-Hayseed swept from the barn floor is a good thing to throw into chicken stock. -To set delicate colors la embroi-

stirred.

-The best method of destroying moss on lawns is an occasional dressing of freshly slaked lime, which may be mixed with a small quantity of soot to make its whiteness less conspicuous. Both should be sifted through a fine

-Tomatoes trained to stakes give the sweetest fruit and remain in bearing longest, though many cultivators who grow for size and quantity only believe they have the best results when growing them on the level ground.

-A new recipe for sandwiches: Spread rye bread with butter and put a good layer between the slices of raw beef chopped very fine, a slice or two of chopped raw onions and green leeks. This sandwich will make the dullest picnic an appetizing occasion.

-Lime may be made from shells, and such lime is the purest kind. The shells may be put up in round heaps upon a quantity of fine wood, which may also be mixed in layers through the heap. No covering is needed except some earth around the sides to moderate and lengthen out the heat. which should be kept up for three days.

-A poultryman advises that eggs should never be placed near land, fruit. cheese, fish or other articles from which any odor arises. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing power, and in a very short time they are contaminated by the particles of objects in their neighborhoods, by which the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new-

laid egg is destroyed. -The general belief is to the effect that hard woods should be cut in June. July or August and left untrimmed until the leaves have drawn the sap from the trees. If cut in June, the newlyformed wood is arrested in its growth and the bark becomes separated from the solid timber and loosened so that it is easily removed. The wood hardens timber is thus freed from this injury which is known as "powder pest. Timber thus treated seasons with great rapidity and is most durable.

-Rice Cream: Boil two ounces of fine rice in water for five minutes, strain it in a quart of new milk and boil until tender. Ruh the rice through a sieve to a pulp. and add to it any milk not ab. sorbed in the boiling. Add one-half ounce of gelatine soaked in milk or water, to a pint of the rice and milk. Stir over a fire until mixed. Sweeten and flavor to taste. Stir the eream occasionally until cold. then lightly mix in the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. When on the point of set-

ting put it into a mold. MAKING RAIL FENCES.

Some of the Woods Which Have Good Lasting Qualities

To make a good fence, good materials and good workmanship are required. This is well illustrated in the making of Virginia rail fence, which I believe is the most extravagant fence ever made, and yet there is now, and is likely to be for some time, as much of this as of any other kind of fence. It is a pity, that the man who discovered (not invented) Virginia rail fence and bars, did not die when he was an in-

Some woods last better on or in the ground than others, and in building rail fence this should be kept in mind. Thus, the hickory, cut when the bark peels off, makes a very durable rail off the ground, while it soon rots on the ground. For the ground rails, we in this locality find nothing so good as the white oak. Red, or "slippery elm," is like hickory. A fence, the ground rails of white oak, the rest of hickory and red elm, all cut when the bark will peel off and the rails set up to season, will, when well built, require scarcely any repair for fifteen years. White elm, wild cherry and dead pinoak, make such poor rails that it does not pay to cut them for this purpose But if pin-oak is cut while yet alive and while the bark will peel off, it makes a very durable rail if kept off the ground.

A good rail fence can not be built unless the rails are laid directly over each other, making upright corners. Split rais should be laid, as much as possible, with the heart wood up. A rail so laid will last almost twice as long as when laid with the sap wood up. The weakest rails, or those likely to rot soonest, should be reserved for the upper courses, as in those courses a broken rail can be replaced more easily than in the lower part of the fence. It pays to put down good, durable ground-chunks; and a man careless about setting the stakes will not make a good fence. The stakes should be set deep (a mattock is much better than a spade for digging the holes). and at such an angle with the fence that the rider will lock them down on the rail beneath them. - John M. Stuhl,