

Care of Lamps.

Considering the number and variety of kerosene lamps in use, it seems a little strange how few there are who fully understand the care of them. There is a vast difference in both the quantity and quality of light given by a well-trimmed and a badly-trimmed lamp, and it is surprising to me that any one of ordinary observation can be satisfied to use a badly-trimmed lamp or an imperceptibly-cleaned chimney. Yet it is a fact that out of the many thousands of lamps in use there are but very few that are trimmed as they should be, or have perfectly cleaned chimneys. It is not only careless housekeepers and servants who make this mistake; it is, many times, those who are careful, but fail from the want of proper knowledge upon the subject. First of all, a lamp-wick should never be trimmed with anything but a sharp trimmer, be it one of the many patented implements now in use, or simply a pair of scissors. The latter is the best. Let them be sharp, and used for no other purpose, wiping them well after using. It is generally thought the best way to cut a lamp-wick is to round the corners, thus preventing the flaring of the blaze and the breaking of the chimney. Others, again, simply break the charred wick with the fingers, supposing that it will then burn more evenly, but in both these ideas they are mistaken. Great care is necessary in the trimming. The wick should be cut below the burnt part, and parallel with the top of the burner. Then you are sure of its being straight, and of having a bright light. Now comes the care of the chimney. Unless they are well cleaned, no matter how well trimmed the wick may be, if the chimney does not receive the proper attention the lamp will give very unsatisfactory light. In cleaning chimneys, many are again mistaken, as they wash them, and, as they suppose, wipe them perfectly dry. In this they many times fail, and the result is, the chimney breaks when they least expect it. I have found, after many trials, that the best way is never to wash them. Simply blow your breath into and on them, rubbing quickly with paper, the softer the better. Do this until your chimney looks clear and clean. Then you have no fear of their being damp and apt to break, at the same time you avoid the particles of lint that are apt to adhere to the glass if cloth is used. This care given to both wick and chimney will be a thousand times repaid, if you care to have a bright and good light. Caution: Be careful to keep the ventilating tube on the burner always open and clean. Remember, also, the well-known fact that heat expands and cold contracts; so, if you would avoid having the chimneys broken, never subject a lighted lamp to a draught of cold air, nor place it where cold water may splash on the chimney; and, too, the oil should be replenished every day, and never be suffered to get below the reach of the wick. —*Prairie Farmer*.

The Red Pepper.

What ails the human throat in this latter day, and what has become of the old-fashioned red pepper? Men who are now forty years old knew little of throat troubles in their boyhood. There was a little sore throat occasionally, and once in a while quinsy, and you would hear at long intervals of putrid sore throat. Children were not as daintily cared for in those days as now. Few of them ever had underclothing to wear, and scarcely a boy who had an overcoat till he was old enough to earn the money for it himself. Croup was the parental horror of that day, and yet as alum and butter were early found a sure remedy for that trouble, warping or contracting and so breaking the false membrane as it was forming, parents had no great dread of that. Children had few colds, and no serious sore throat—and when they had, a bowl of red-pepper tea sent the ailing boy to bed sweating, and brought him out well in the morning.

The red pepper of our grandmothers—what has become of it? Who that lived in those sensible days does not remember the shining string of alternate red and green peppers that hung from the rafters over the kitchen fire, and which had been planted, raised and strung by grandmother's own hand, and hung in the place of honor, all to cure the children's colds, colics and cramps, and the older folks' congestions and chills—death to all their's. And who does not remember how perfectly the pepper accomplished its work—a little hard to take, a little hot after it was down, and yet bringing you out all right in the morning, and leading a halo of pride to grandmother's face at the breakfast-table, that the puzzled face of the modern doctor seldom shares. Ah, it was a rare old magic—the red pepper that the grandmothers raised and used. It cured all the juvenile ills we have enumerated, and many more. So great and quick was its magic that many a boy, who had such a sore attack of colic, croup or cold that he was sure he couldn't go to school, was cured at the mere sight or smell of its steaming tea, and sent bounding off to school as sound as a trivet, and as merry as a cricket. Indeed, sudden cures have been known at the mere mention of it. Older people, too, men who were a little afraid of working out all day in the damp or of digging in a well, and who now think whisky the medium of warding off possible chills, were often saved by grandmother's red-pepper tea.

What has become of the red pepper? And how did it happen that just as it went out of fashion diphtheria came in, and with it a dozen other throat diseases with long and mysterious names, and none of which medical science, which has made the slowest progress of all the sciences, is able to treat with much success? Our grandmothers kept

the young and old throats of their generation cured up with red and cayenne pepper, and warded off many other diseases with them. What, since they have disappeared, has taken their place, or is doing their work? Something, whatever it is, that doesn't cure.

A gentleman who was a boy thirty years ago, said yesterday: "The reason there is so much diphtheria is because people have quit raising the red pepper."

The man he was talking to had a sore throat, and was trying to stave it off till night, with some of the gargles and washes of the later day, so as to get his day's work done, and yet was growing worse all the time.

The apostle of the red pepper said: "Throw that stuff away and send out and get a little vial of brandy, and fill it one-fourth full of cayenne pepper, and put the cork of it to your tongue every half hour, and your sore throat will begin to heal at once, and your voice quit being squeaky." It was done, and it did.

Later in the day a gentleman trained in medical science, but not practising it, and so not concealed in its latter day nature, came in, and was asked:

"How does this red pepper cure my throat—that is, how does it act?" He replied: "It acts as a local stimulus; and in two ways strengthens the diseased parts of the throat and prevents the growth of any false matter—heats and relaxes, stimulates and tones—red pepper always does that." He added: "The world would be a great deal better off, and a great deal healthier, if it used more of it."

So, while the modern doctor stands puzzled and perplexed and unsuccessful before diphtheria, and while medical science can do no more to control or cure it than when it first appeared some twenty-five years ago, and while sometimes four or five children die of it yet in a single family, why not revive the good old plan of grandmother's of watching the children's throats all the time, detecting the first trace of trouble, and then using the old-fashioned red pepper to fight and ward off the disease while it is incipient and before it becomes rooted?

Doctors will laugh at it. But doctors always have laughed at the best people to cure the sick—and ward off sickness in the world—the good old women, wise in experience, healing in their nursing, and those who have raised large families of their own, and helped to raise and save all the weakly young children in the neighborhood, and any one of whom is worth more in the sick room of a child ill with children's troubles, than all the doctors in town.

We propose the restoration of the red-pepper to its old place in family favor, and to its undoubted usefulness. We believe grandmothers can take it, and with proper care by beginning in time, beat all the doctors yet in fighting the dread diseases of the throat, and in saving the children from their ravages.

—*Des Moines State Register.*

The Dog of Niagara.

It has always been supposed that no living being could be swept over Niagara Falls and survive the terrible plunge. Thefeat, however, was successfully performed by a dog a few days ago. The name of this able animal is unknown, and it is only too probable that he will be mentioned in history merely as the dog of Niagara.

He first attracted attention while he was in the rapids above the falls, and as he struggled with the current which was swiftly sweeping him along, it was supposed that he had only a few moments to live. He was seen to plunge over the falls, and then, to the amazement of those who had watched his descent, he emerged from the cloud of spray that rises at the foot of the cataract and climbed upon a cake of floating ice.

The news that a dog had gone over the falls and was still alive spread rapidly, and in a few moments the bank of the river was lined with people.

The dog floated down the river on his cake of ice but he had very little confidence in its seaworthy qualities, and howled loudly for help. Of course no one could help him, for it would have been impossible to reach him with a boat, and had a rope been thrown to him as he passed under the Suspension Bridge it is hardly probable that he could have caught it.

Some distance below the bridge the river forms a terrible whirlpool, and when the dog and his cake of ice reached the whirlpool they were carried around at a frightful speed. Presently the cake of ice broke in two, and the dog was thrown into the water. He struggled bravely for a few moments, and then disappeared under the waves, and never rose again.

When it is remembered that when the dog reached the foot of the falls, hundreds of tons of water must have fallen upon him, and beaten him down toward the bottom of the river, it seems almost incredible that he should have been able to rise to the surface and to reach his cake of ice. Had he escaped the whirlpool and reached the shore, he would have been the most famous of living dogs.

He was as brave as he was enduring, for he never lost his presence of mind, and instead of trying to reach the bank of the river, where the perpendicular rocks would have given him no foothold, he saw that his only possible chance was to float down the stream on a cake of ice until he should reach quiet water. It is a pity that so brave an animal should have no tombstone, and no name to be placed upon it.—*Harper's Young People.*

Black, blue and lemon-colored pocket-handkerchiefs of sheer linen, embroidered with contrasting colors, are among the eccentric novelties lately imported.

Youths' Department.

THE SELFISH OYSTER.

There once was a selfish old Oyster,
Who lived like a monk in a cloister,
Safely housed in his shells
Like the monk in his cell.

Though the bivalve's apartment was moist.

Anchored tight in the mud of the bay,
This lazy old fellow did stay,
For certain he to remain
For exertion, he thought, did not pay.

And you will be wondering, I think,
What he did for his victuals and drink.
Well, the Oyster was sit,
And when young crabs came by.

He would catch them as quick as a wink.

Then in him the poor crabs had to stay,
Till in time they had melted away.
So the Oyster got fat.

And the crabs—but no matter—
For crabs have no souls, people say.

"And who," said the Oyster, said her,
What a fancy old monkey too!

He sat here, and the tide
Every day brings my living to me."

But there came a grim Star-fish, who spied
Our friend lying on his side;

For the greedy old sinner
Had just had his dinner.

And now could not run had he tried.

With a spring to the Oyster he came,
And he threw his five arms round the same.

He shut off his breath,
And he squeezed him to death.

Then he ate him, nor felt any shame.

The point of this story, my dears,
Just as plain as a pikestaff appears.

White-baiting gives attention.

White-baiting I mention,
The moral again, for your ears.

Don't be greedy and live but to eat,
Caring only for bread and meat;

Nor selfishly dwell,
All alone in your shell—

Don't be aysler in short repeat.

But you'll find it much better for you
To be kind, and unselfish, and true.

Then you'll not lack a friend
Your cause to defend.

When a Starfish rolls into your view,

—George J. Webster, in *St. Nicholas*.

RAISING HIS OWN FRUIT.

An Example for Boys in the Country.

"I think there never was a boy who did not love to eat every kind of fruit!"

This sage remark was made by Fred Canfield to his elder brother as they looked wistfully over the fence between their own fruitless garden and Mr. Black's very tempting orchard, which in the proper season produced abundantly apples, pears, grapes, peaches, plums, apricots and all the small fruits known to the intelligent gardener. Just at that moment Mr. Black himself appeared among the trees, and Fred, forgetting his usual modesty, called out: "Mr. Black, may I take some of these apples that hang over the fence?"

For some unaccountable reason the gentleman spoken to was not in his usual mood of generosity, and, answering the boy quite roughly, replied: "Why don't you grow apples for yourself?" Poor Fred, who was already moving towards the attractive tree, turned quickly away, and the tears started in his eyes.

"I told you not to ask him," said his brothers, reproachfully, "but you paid no attention to me; you will mind me, next time, I think."

"I will have fruit of my own, next time!" said Fred, suppressing a sob and drying his tears lest any one might see his mortification; for a spirit of independence had been awakened by the late affront.

"There is not a tree in our garden," said his brother, "and you know the place is not our own; if you were to plant trees you might never eat the fruit." "It will be good for other boys then," said Fred, with determination in his tone. "I will plant them, and I may eat of the fruit, too!"

His brother laughed at this newly-formed resolution; but it only fixed more firmly Fred's manly and independent decision, and he began at once to learn the season for planting the different kinds of fruit-trees. Without losing a day, he was soon at work laying out a field for strawberries. The plants were procured from a neighbor, who was digging up some of his and who said that any one who wanted them might have them.

Fred next found two nice apple trees growing wild in the wood. As they were just the size for transplanting, when November came he removed them to his little garden. A young plum tree was dug up from the fence, with his neighbor's permission, and several peach trees, which came up of themselves the spring before, and stood in a cluster in the back yard—all were transplanted to the new garden. Some grape-vine cuttings were carefully planted in a damp corner near a high wall, and a cherry tree from the roadside found its place in Fred's orchard in the early spring.

Our little gardener was more and more interested day by day, as he watched the growth of his trees. His delight was boundless, however, when he saw the strawberries put forth blossoms. "Now," said he, "I shall say nothing about them till they are ripe, and then surprise mother with a dish of strawberries and cream."

Fred was not sparing with the watering-pot, and when other boys were romping along the street, he was found in his garden pulling up weeds, training his grape-vines, or, after sunset, sprinkling the young plants with water. In the meantime he learned how to graft and bud his trees and, when an opportunity offered, he added another tree or picked up some new information about the cultivation of fruit.

The fourth of July had come, bright and lovely, after a heavy rain of the night before. Fred was out in his garden at sunrise, for he expected something of interest there. Imagine his delight when he saw his strawberries red with ripe clusters. He gathered some of the finest, and by the time breakfast was ready he had a dish of beautiful berries placed by his mother's

plate. She, too, was delighted, and praised the fruit. All the family tasted them, of course, and his little sister clapped her hands and said: "How nice, to have fruit growing in our own garden!"

Fred's vines bore some bunches of grapes the second year, and the grafts which he set in the young trees all did well. His garden was a source of great pleasure to him, and he never tired of showing to his friends his thriving and promising orchard. In a few years he had apples and pears, cherries and plums, apricots and peaches, and different kinds of small fruit. No wonder the boy was proud to hear his mother tell a friend from a distance: "We seldom buy fruit now; Fred grows it all in our own garden."

This little gardener had now grown up to be a young man, and his father had procured for him a situation in a business house in a distant town. "I want to go very much," said he, "but what will become of my garden when I am away?"

"I will take care of it," said his little brother, "and if it is not as fine when you return as when you leave it, you can blame me for neglect."

Though Fred grew up and prospered in other pursuits, his garden never lost its attractions and pleasant memories, and when, in after years, he revisited the home of his boyhood, before taking a seat in the house, he had to take a ramble through the garden, to look at the trees which his own hands had planted years before.

If the thousands of boys who read this would follow this boy's example, they would find a useful and delightful occupation for their spare moments, and their work would be a source of inexhaustible pleasure to the end of life. The fruit is sweetest of all when the trees that bear it have been planted by our own hands. —Rev. R. H. Craig, in *N. Y. Observer*.

The Best Kind of Fooling.

Jack and Kitty sat by the fire one windy March evening, popping corn.

"Tell you what, Kitty," said Jack. "I've thought of a boss April-fool joke to play on that new boy across the road. He's so honest and solemn, you can fool him just as easy."

"Oh, I'll take a chip and write on it April-Fool, and wrap it in a paper, then I'll put another paper on the outside of that, and so on, lots and lots of papers till I have a big bundle. I'll write on the outside, 'Henry Johnson, from a friend,' and the last thing before I go to bed the night before April-Fool's day I'll run over and hang it on their door-knob."

"Won't some of them see you?"

"No danger. They always go to bed early over there. I suppose because his mother is too poor to sit up and burn out wood and lights. But they get up early in the morning. He'll go out to the pump for some water, and find the bundle, and he'll think he's got something nice. Won't he be well fooled when he gets it all undone and finds nothing but a chip?"

"He's got a sister not quite as big as I am," remarked Kitty, not seeming to enter into the sport as heartily as Jack did.

"Come here, children," called their mother from the sitting-room; "and I'll suggest an improvement on Jack's plan. I dare say Mrs. Johnson would remember that it was the first of April, and tell Henry not to expect to find anything in his bundle. So a sure way to fool him would be to put something inside. There are the rubber-boots you had last year, you know, Jack, and they were so small you only wore them a trifle. You might do them up for Henry, and they would be very nice for him to wear in this spring mud."

"Mother," said Kitty, "there are my copper-toed boots that I outgrew last year. Couldn't I put them in for the little girl?"

"Certainly, dear."

Not many evenings after, you might have seen Jack and Kitty very busy in the kitchen. The rubber-boots and copper-toed ones were tied up in a snug package, and over that was wrapped no end of papers, till the bundle was almost as large as Kitty herself. Jack wrote the address, and ran over with it at bed-time, as he proposed. The widow Johnson's light had been out for an hour, for the children had kept watch.

She found the bundle when she first got up the next morning, and carried it to the children. "You must remember it is the first of April," she said, with a smile, "and you mustn't expect to find much in this, if it is heavy."

"Oh, yes, it is April-Fool's day, isn't it?" laughed Henry. "Well, they can't fool us now, can they, Sis? But we'll undo the papers. They'll come handy for a good many things, and we shall find a stone or a brick at the last end."

So the children had lots of sport untying the papers, and they were most thoroughly fooled when at last the very boots they had so much needed came to view.

"I'd like to be fooled this way every year," cried Henry, storming about in his new boots.

"So would I," chimed in his little sister, looking happily down at the