The Praying Mantis.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* contains an interesting article on the mantis, or "praying insect," which belongs to the genus "orthoptera," including crickets, grasshoppers, locusts, etc. It is described as being very pugnacious; so much so, that if two of the insects be shut up together they immediately engage in a desperate combat. They do not cease until the stronger has eaten off the other's head. "And yet," says the writer of the article, "while its inoffensive orthopterous brethren have got but little credit for their virtues, and are generally reviled as nuisances, this atrocious little savage has had the fortune to acquire a peculiar reputation for wisdom and saintliness. For thousands of years, and in all parts of the world, it has borne this character. The cause has been that it habitually assumes an attitude that appears devotional, and it was supposed to spend a large portion of its life in prayer. Settled on the ground, it raises its head and thorax, clasps together the joints of its front legs and raises them as if in supplication, and remains in this posture for hours together. To our illogical and superstitious forefathers what could the upraised and crossed arms indicate but an attitude of devotion? The name mantis (diviner) was given to this insect, it is said, by the Greeks, in accordance with the notion that, when the creature assumes its peculiar attitude of meditation, it is engaged in the contemplation of futurity. Naturalists have encouraged the superstition by giving names to the different species which imply some kind of sanctity; thus, we have Mantis oratoria, Mantis religiosa, Mantis superstitiosa, etc. With the French it is the Prega Dieu (that prays to God) Le Precheur (the preacher); with the Germans it is Gottesanbetern (worshiper of God), while the English-speaking nations have dubbed it the Praying Insect. The names familiarly given to it in Southern Europe were sufficiently expressive of the veneration with which it is regarded—nun, saint, suppliant, mendicant, etc. 'In the eyes of the Languedoc peasants,' says Figuier, 'the Mantis religiosa is held sacred, and they firmly believes that it performs its devotions.' Mr. Spicer, writing in *Science Gossip*, remarks: 'Nor was this feeling of veneration confined to the nations of Europe. At the present day (and doubtless it was the same in old times also) a Mantis is an object of worship with certain tribes of North Africa.' Sparman also tells us ('Travels in Africa') that in the southern part of the same continent it is venerated by the Hottentots; and that, should one of these insects chance to settle on an individual he is looked upon in the light of a saint and as specially favored by heaven."

The Imagination and Death.

ENTWISTLE, the printer who was bitten by a dog in April last, died yesterday. Some believe he died of hydrophobia; still more believe that he died merely of the fear of it. As it is perfectly apparent that the disease is a sealed book to science, either belief may be the true one. That the imagination will kill is certain. Many of our readers will remember the case of the gardener at either Heidelberg or Gottingen. This man was working in the garden on a fresh spring morning, in the very prime of health. A student passed him with the words:

"Ah, Fritz, passed a bad night, eh?"

"No, sir. Never felt better."

"I'm glad to hear it. Thought you looked pale. Your garden looks beautiful, Fritz."

"Thank you, sir."

Comes along another student:

"Good morning, Fritz."

"Good morning, sir."

"System a little out of order?"

"No, sir!"

"You look bad, heavy-eyed and pale."

"Didn't know it, sir."

"A sure sparing debility, I suppose. Good morning."

Fritz (*solus*)—I do feel a sort of queer-like.

Comes along a Professor:

"Well, Fritz, how are the violets?"

"Beautiful, sir, beautiful."

"You don't look very beautiful. What's the matter with you? Let me see your tongue. Your forehead clammy, too. I think you'd better go home to bed, Fritz."

"I do feel queer, sir."

"I should think you would. Go to bed. Keep quiet for a few days."

"I believe I will, sir."

"I see Dr. Broeck coming this way—ask him. Good day, Fritz. I'm sorry to see you in this state.

"Good day, sir."

Up comes the doctor.

"Doctor, what's the matter with me?"

"Springoliana, Fritz, evidently. Get to bed, my man. And here, send this to the dispensary, and take a tablespoonful every hour. Don't eat till I see you again. I'll call after the lecture is over, however. Be very careful. I'll bring Dr. Wolff with me to see you. It's a curious case, very curious."

Fritz went to bed. The doctors came. They walked on tiptoe; spoke in whispers. They darkened the room. They gave him medicine—*i. e.*, spoonfuls of pure water, and pills made of bread.

They left him. That night Fritz grew weaker and weaker. And in the morning the students and the faculty were shocked with terror and horrified, in the midst of their laughter, at poor Fritz' fears, when his weeping daughter came to tell them that her stout, strong father of thirty-odd years lay dead at home—dead of a phantasy. There is no case better authenticated.

Another case is that of the French criminal condemned to death, and given to the doctors to experiment on. He pleaded for an easy death, and they gave it to him in this wise: They stretched him, naked, on a table, blindfolded his eyes, placed basins of water at his arms and knees, pricked him with a pin, not drawing blood even. They dropped from four vials little drops into the basins, so that the unfortunate man could hear a continuous drip, caused, he supposed, by the trickling of his own blood. The doctors held their watches.

"Another half-hour and it will be all over. You don't feel any pain, do you?"

"No, doctor, but I feel my strength going."

"Of course; of course. It will be like falling into a sleep."

In an hour and a quarter the poor fellow was dead.

Several other examples of the power of imagination over life, as well authenticated as either of the foregoing, might be cited; but these will suffice. We now come to the last case, that of the man Entwistle, who died yesterday.

In this last case Entwistle's imagination was worked on by the stir in the papers regarding hydrophobia. His imagination became excited as the narratives told him in the papers, and out of them, about its dreadful effects. The fear it begot of water, the irrepressible tendency to imitate the contortions he had read or heard of, displayed the mania that attends an imagination excited to the uttermost by fears of what it will suffer, and which accepts as present that which first it only found for the future. As the fears grew, the imagination strengthened, just as in the cases already quoted, and the result has been the same.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Live Paper-Cutter.

MANY years ago an Indian Rajah, who was a great admirer of his English masters, and who had even learned the language after a fashion, frequently visited the Viceroy of Calcutta. On one occasion he noticed a copy of the Edinburgh *Review* on the Viceroy's table, and borrowed it.

Some time after he returned it, and, upon the Viceroy's inquiry whether he found anything interesting in it, he replied: "Oh! yes, many beautiful things, but also many disconnected articles." "How so?" said the Viceroy. "See here," said the Rajah; "this begins with 'Hunting the Orang-outang,' does it not? And now turn over the page, and here you have the 'History of Mary Stuart.'" The Viceroy laughed.

The book was uncut, and his vassal had read it through without discovering it. He therefore took from his table an ivory paper-cutter, with a beautifully carved handle, and explained its use to the Rajah, who was much pleased, but could not help wondering how they contrived to print the inside of the leaves before they were cut open. This also was explained, and the Rajah departed, carrying with him the paper-cutter, which the Viceroy had given him.

About a year after, when the matter was almost forgotten, the Viceroy saw from his window a gallant troop entering the court, in the center of which was the Rajah, mounted on a young elephant. As soon as the latter perceived the Viceroy he cried: "Do you happen to have an uncut number of the Edinburgh *Review?* If so, please toss it to me." The Viceroy threw out the book, which was caught by the elephant and placed between his tusks, which, to his surprise, the Viceroy saw had been turned into paper-cutters, even to the carved handles. In a moment the intelligent beast cut open the leaves, and then handed the book to the Viceroy. The Rajah dismounted, and, pointing to the elephant, said to the Viceroy: "He is yours. I return you your paper-cutter alive."

Moths in Furniture.

LAST year a writer in a technical or scientific paper gave the following information, which is seasonable now. He says:

There are two species of moths which infest furniture. One is a large fly of silvery-white color; the worm of the same is shaped like a chestnut worm, and is familiarly known. It rarely infests furniture. The other is a small fly of a dark-drab color; the worm is about one-fourth of an inch long, and tapering from the head to the tail. It was first observed by upholsterers about thirteen years ago. This fly penetrates a sofa or chair, generally between the back and seats of sofas, or under the seats, where the vacancy among the springs affords a safe retreat. It may make a lodgment in one week after the furniture is placed in the house. If such should be the case, in two months the worm will appear; and the continual process of procreation in a few months increases the number to thousands. This moth has no season. It destroys in winter and summer alike, and it is kept in active life by the constant heat of the house. We find at the same time, in the same piece of furniture, the fly, the worm, and the eggs; thus showing that they are breeding and destroying all the time. It does not eat pure curled hair, but fastens its cocoon to it, the elasticity of which prevents its being disturbed.

The inside of furniture is used by it only for the purpose of propagation. The worm when ready for food crawls out and destroys the covering, if of woolen or plush material, and falling to the carpet destroys it. It rarely cuts through plush from the inside, as it is of cotton back, but there are instances where the worms have cut up muslin on the outside back of sofas. There is no protection against them but continual care. New furniture should be removed from the walls at least twice a week at this season of the year, and should be well whisked all round, and particularly under the seats, to prevent the fly from lodging. This is an effectual preventive, and the only one known. Cayenne pepper, Scotch snuff, camphor, turpentine, and all other remedies for protection from the large moth are of little or no avail against the furniture moths. Saturation with alcohol will not destroy them when in a piece of furniture. If the furniture is infested they may be removed by taking off the muslin from under the seats and off the outside ends and backs, where they congregate most, and exposing to the air as much as possible. Beat well with a whisk or the open hand, and kill all the flies and worms which show themselves. This done often will disturb them, and may make them leave the furniture in their desire to be left in quiet.

When the furniture is free from moths and is to be left during the summer months without attention, it may be protected by camphor in small bags or highly-concentrated patchouli. The safest way is to have the furniture well whisked twice a week. If the moths attack the carpet, which they will, they do under the sofas and chairs, spread a wet sheet on the carpet and pass a hot flat-iron over it quickly; the steam will effectually destroy both worms and eggs. If furniture is delivered in a dwelling free from moths, the upholsterer's responsibility ends there and all rests with the housekeeper, as no tradesman can tell whether the moth will attack it or not. There are cases where the furniture has been in use ten or twelve years before being attacked. It would be as fair to hold the tailor responsible for the safety of clothing from moths as to hold the upholsterer responsible for the safety of furniture.

Plucky Boys.

TWO BOYS—ragamuffins in rags and tags—came manfully trudging up the railroad last Friday, and inquired the way to G. Baylor Allen's. Their garments were tattered and torn, and everything about them showed that they had "roughed it" through a long and tedious journey. They struck out bravely on the Bardstown road. Arriving at Mr. A.'s, they asked for a drink of water, and were conducted back to the well, where Mrs. A., much to her surprise, recognized one of them as her cousin, Allen Nibbs, of Houston, Tex., aged sixteen. After the first joyful recognition had passed the very natural inquiry how and wherefore came he in this far-off land, and that, too, in such a plight. The story was soon told: Master Allen supposed himself domineered over by an older brother, and determined to emigrate. His cousin and grandmother were in Shelby County, Ky.—"just over the border a little way"—and Allen would step over there, some 2,000 miles, and find the desired freedom from brotherly constraint.

Supper was now ready, and soon the boys had filled the aching void of a twenty-four hours' fast, and were ready for a big talk.

They left Houston without a cent of money, but managed to steal rides on trains until they were discovered and dumped off somewhere in the Indian Territory, where they were forced to subsist for three days on blackberries. They then managed to get into a car of sheep, where they spent a pleasant night, throwing one of their dumb companions on the floor to serve as a pillow. When the sheep came out the boys accompanied them, much to the amusement of the railroad hands, who declared "that they never saw such *sheepish*-looking animals before." Then came several days of weary walking and watching for a chance to steal another ride. Finally they got aboard a train, and were taken a hundred miles by the kind-hearted conductor.

After various ups and downs our young heroes finally arrived at St. Louis, where they begged a meal and again boarded the first train they saw going out, hiding among the barrels to escape detection. Arriving at Alton, they found they had taken twenty-five miles in the wrong direction, but, nothing daunted, they *borrowed* a skiff, and in the night dropped down the river to St. Louis again. Here they landed and set their skiff afloat to find themselves on the wrong side of the Mississippi, and no money to pay the ferriage. They went aboard, however, and were taken safely across, but being unable to pay the passage money—a nickle each—the ferryman would not allow them to land, but carried them back again. Here was a dilemma, and the boys determined to swim out of it, but while preparing to strap their clothes upon their heads to keep them dry a happy idea occurred to one of them; he would sell his knife. A purchaser was found, and, with thirty cents in their pockets, the boys crossed the river in triumph. Here again fortune helped those who displayed such willingness and ability to help themselves. An Illinois farmer from the interior wanted hands to help harvest, and seeing that the boys were not of the kind who stand in the market-places all day idle took them home with him, paying their fare on the road and giving them $9 when the work was done. With this they paid their fare on the cars as far as it would go, and then walked or stole rides the balance of the way, passing through Louisville and walking up the railroad to this place, where, as stated above, they arrived last Friday evening, having traveled some 2,000 miles in three weeks, making the entire trip without money and, as they say, without stealing anything, except one skiff and more rides than they could count.—*Shelbyville (Ky.) Courant.*

—A Detroit father keeps his boy in nights by varnishing a chair and sitting him down. It's a novel plan, but awful tough on the trowsers.

A Small Victim.

AMONG Dickens' many pictures of social wrong may be found one of a very small boy, the nurse and brother of a very large baby. "It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiate altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay little Moloch became fractious and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out Moloch was asleep and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home Moloch was awake and must be taken out." No wonder, when the spirit of the haunted man possessed Johnny, he wanted to run away and join the army, where babies are not!

Baby-tending is not the only shrine at which small boys are sacrificed. The position of errand-drudge is not an enviable one, especially in large families, and yet Johnny, by force of circumstances, is often compelled to accept it. If anything is wanted down-stairs, Johnny must bring it down, or if up-stairs, he must bring it up. If anything is wanted from out-doors, Johnny must bring it in, or from in-doors, he must take it out. The demands made upon Johnny are marvelous; and it is remarkable how busy or tired other members of the family are when anything is wanted requiring physical exertion. It is, "Johnny, run to the garden, the neighbor's, the market," until no wonder the poor little fellow when sent for starch brings back spice.

If anything goes wrong, Johnny must bear the burden of blame. "I told him to get more, or less;" or, "Johnny, I told you so," until the discouraged little victim begins to regard life as a fraud, and thinks, like Toby Veck, that he must have been born bad.

And what is Johnny's reward for all this self-immolation? The preoccupied father lends only a passing thought to the shy boy, who has outgrown the art of attracting his attention by cunning tricks of babyhood. The busy mother perhaps regards Johnny's welfare as depending on a satisfied appetite and a replenished wardrobe. Does it ever occur to the college-wise brother that small boys are morbidly fond of pennies, and, possibly, Johnny might appreciate an occasional donation? Does the conscience of the fair young lady sister ever reproach her for slighting Johnny's opinions, requests or preferences?

Johnny was enjoying a stray crumb of leisure in looking at some pictorial illustrations. Happening upon one he did not quite understand, he pleasantly asked, "Sister, please tell me about it?"

"Ask Aunt Mary," was the reply.

"She is not here."

"Well, go away! don't bother me; I'm busy tatting and don't know anything about your picture."

She did know all about it, but ignored the pleading voice and eyes. For what? Tatting was a bit of worthless thread-work. If Johnny's rights are to be disregarded, and his efforts undervalued, his friends need not be surprised to find him becoming stupid, awkward and indifferent. Nothing lessens the friction of human existence more than appreciation and encouragement. If Johnny must be the family resource for errands, let him at least understand that his position is honored and respected.—*Christian Union.*

Having a Tooth Pulled.

THE toothache—that misery to which all mankind are subject—comes upon you stealthily, by degrees, like a north-east rain-storm in the month of November.

Generally you get cold in the first place, and your head is sore, and your ears are full of bells, and your jaws are stiff, and your gums begin to swell and make themselves uncomfortably prominent, and you feel as if every tooth in your head had started out an inch or so, and as if it would be a relief to take a hammer and drive them back again.

Pretty soon the toothache sets in as if it meant business. It grows fiercer and fiercer with each succeeding moment, and by the time it has had you in its merciless grip for two days you cannot tell which particular tooth on "that side" aches most. They are all in sympathy, and each one seems trying to outdo the other.

Of course, you have tried scores of remedies. Hot drops, and cayenne, and pain killer, and salt and alum, and catnip poultices, and camphor, and laudanum, and oil of cloves, and any number of the standard remedies, but all of no avail.

By this time your nerves are "all on edge," and the slightest unaccustomed noise is agony. But nobody seems to think anything about that. The doors are slammed, it seems to you, as they were never slammed before, and the dust-pan is being continually knocked down, and the poker is constantly obeying a well-known law of gravitation and tumbling into the grate, and the house-maid rattles the crockery and sings snatches of melodies in a way that makes you wish you lived in an absolute monarchy, and that you were the absolute monarch, so that you could order your chief executioner to bring you that annoying female's head on a pike.

If you venture to suggest to any person the propriety of making less noise about the house, he will laugh at you and advise you not to be nervous and have the hysterics over the toothache.

After about a week's intermittent agony the dreadful truth is forced home to you. That tooth must be extracted. There is nothing more to be done. You feel weak in the knees and the cold perspiration bedews your forehead at the thought.

After fighting numerous conflicts with yourself you tie your face up in a handkerchief and start for Dr. Pullhard's.

Before you have got half-way there your tooth ceases to ache, but your temper is up, and you resolve to see it out literally.

Dr. Pullhard is not in, but he will return soon, the attendant informs you, and he shows you into the operating-room to await the doctor's coming.

You can amuse yourself by looking at the marble slabs under the window where the instruments of the doctor's profession are ranged in tidy rows, interspersed at intervals by upper sets of teeth on gold plate, and under sets on vulcanite, and single teeth on pivots, and teeth drawn from the jaws of some wretched human victim, which, being "hard cases," the doctor has thought worthy of preservation for future reference.

By and by Dr. Pullhard arrives, brisk and smiling. He is very glad to see you, and says it is a fine morning, and asks what he can do for you in a very animated tone of voice, and he washes his hands, and slips into a dirty dressing-gown, and fingers among those derisive instruments, and politely invites you to take a seat in a green-cushioned chair of torture.

When once he has got you there he lets down the back of a chair and your head drops back, and he sticks his fingers, which taste of scented soap, between your lips, and he puts his head so that its breath, strongly flavored with cardamon seeds, puffs into your face, and asks you if it is a cuspid or a molar.

He goes over your teeth in two minutes. He sticks a probe here and there, and tells you that four of your teeth need filling; two more are on the point of ulceration, and he says there is a dreadful accumulation of tartar, and mentions the fact that Pullhard's Pre-eminent Tooth Paste will remove all discolorations and parasitical formations in ten days, or the money will be refunded.

Then he fixes on *the* tooth—tells you to open your mouth wider—seizes your head under his arm—flourishes his forceps before your shrinking eyes, and though you struggle and choke, it is in vain.

One desperate wrench—the top of your head seems lifting off—a thousand comets dance before your vision—there is a noise in your ears like the thunder of the surf on a lee shore, and then the doctor triumphantly holds aloft the bleeding cause of all your agony, and announces in the tones of a victor the welcome truth:

"It's out!"

And you rise from your seat feeling faint at the stomach, and limber in the back, and as if a load of hay had been driven through the enormous cavity which you have always thought was a very delicate and well-formed mouth; but your heart is light, and you feel, if possible, about ten times happier than a boy with his first pair of pantaloons.—*Kate Thorn, in New York Weekly.*

Silk Culture.

A SHORT description of the process of raising silk-worms will be interesting. We are to suppose that the mulberry trees are sufficiently grown to furnish food for the worms. The first thing is to hatch the eggs. This is accomplished by placing them in a case with a tin bottom, arranged with shelves like a bookcase; this case is heated by means of a spirit lamp placed underneath, at first to twenty degrees centigrade or seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit; the temperature is increased each day by placing a sheet of paper under the lamp, thus gradually elevating it until the thermometer marks the required heat. If the eggs are good they will hatch in from ten to twelve days. When they begin to hatch they will nearly all come out in one day; a few, however, will not hatch until the second day. If the eggs have been exposed to variable temperature during the winter a longer time will be required. Before the eggs are placed in the case, however, they must be bathed. This is done by placing them in salt water, in the proportion of half a pound of salt to a gallon of water, if the eggs are old; if new, the proportion is reduced one-half. They remain in the bath about five hours and then are rinsed in fresh water seven or eight times.

After the young worms are out they are placed on the shelves in a well-ventilated apartment, with the temperature kept uniform at from eighteen to twenty degrees Reaumur, and fed every three hours during the day, and at least once in every four hours during the night. In feeding young worms the mulberry leaves must be cut up almost as fine as hair; as they get older and stronger the leaves are fed with little or no cutting. The leaves are picked at least twelve hours before feeding. Every day or two a quantity of refuse leaves accumulates on the shelves and must be removed. This is done by laying over the worms sheets of thick paper perforated with holes large enough for them to pass through. On the top of the paper leaves are spread, and the worms coming up through the holes to get the feed can be lifted to one side and the shelf cleaned out. The process also serves to separate the healthy from the unhealthy worms; if a worm is not in good condition it will not have energy enough to go through the holes, and can by this means be detected and rejected. After the worms have been fed eighteen or twenty days they will begin to spin. This time is indicated by the appearance of the worm. If on holding one up to the light he appears full of water this is the time for making the web. Mustard stalks with the brush on them are set up between the shelves, the worms crawl up on them, spin a web, roll themselves up in it and spin another web on the inside, thus forming the cocoon. With good attention and under favorable circumstances this process requires about twelve or thirteen days; if the weather is very warm it will require about eighteen days. This can be ascertained by shaking the cocoon; if it rattles the worm has finished it; if not, it is either unfinished or the worm is dead; and by opening one or two cocoons you can tell what is the matter. If silk is the object, the cocoons are then picked and placed in an oven with a sufficient temperature to kill the chrysalis, but if it is intended to raise eggs the cocoons are placed on a table, the ragged ends of silk picked off carefully, and the butterfly allowed to eat its way out. As the butterflies come out the males and females are paired off and placed in a dark, cool room on sheets of paper, letting them remain about six hours. The males are then destroyed and the females placed on linen cloth, stretched vertically. They are placed on the upper edge of the cloth, about a quarter of an inch apart, and lay their eggs as they descend; each piece of cloth is marked with its weight before the eggs are placed on it, and by weighing it after the eggs are deposited the weight of the eggs can be ascertained. They are allowed to remain on the cloth but one day. One butterfly will produce about 500 eggs, and there are about 50,000 eggs in an ounce. These eggs will keep several years, and, if they are known to be good, can be readily sold for eight dollars per ounce; but if they are not well known cannot generally be sold at any price. Three average trees will furnish feed for an ounce of eggs.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

Hydrophobia.

THE extreme rarity of well-authenticated cases of hydrophobia in human beings has hitherto prevented the medical faculty from acquiring a thorough knowledge of the nature of the disease. The recent death of Mr. William McCormick in this city has, however, given Dr. Hammond an opportunity not only to thoroughly study the symptoms of hydrophobia but to trace the disease to its true seat and to decide upon its true character. Dr. Hammond claims to have discovered that hydrophobia is not due to blood-poisoning, but is purely a nervous disease, having its seat in the *medulla oblongata*—that wonderful nerve-center of the human body. In the case of McCormick he found a distinct lesion of the *medulla oblongata*, the existence of which fully accounted for the symptoms of brain-disturbance which characterize hydrophobia.

But another and equally important fact has been simultaneously ascertained. The dog which bit McCormick is still alive and is not and has not been mad. The conclusion drawn from this fact is either that the bite of a perfectly healthy dog may inoculate a person with hydrophobia or that hydrophobia can be spontaneously developed in the human system. The former is of course the most probable theory, since, although McCormick was bitten by a healthy dog, there was almost certainly a connection between the wound thus received and the terrible disease of which the man died.

It remains to be seen whether the discovery of Dr. Hammond, which definitely settles the nature of hydrophobia, will be followed by the discovery of a method of curing the disease. We have not much reason to hope that a specific for hydrophobia will be found. In spite of the vast increase among physicians of a knowledge of the nature of diseases, there has been no corresponding increase in the resources of the therapeutic art. The modern physician knows infinitely more about the structure of the body and the origin and nature of disease than did the physician of the middle ages, but is doubtful if, after all, the methods of treatment pursued by the former are much more successful than those of the latter. But now that we know that the bite of every dog, whether sick or well, may communicate hydrophobia, there is no longer any excuse for permitting dogs to run at large in a city. No mercy should be shown to any dog that appears on the street, and if persons insist upon keeping dogs they should be made to pay roundly for the privilege, and should be compelled to keep them strictly on their own premises. The anxiety and suffering that have resulted this summer to the unfortunate people who have been bitten by street-curs is a sufficient reason for the complete extermination of the dogs that now infest the city.—*N. Y. Graphic*

—Pineapple Preserves.—Slice pineapple rather thinner to preserve than to eat, and take one pound of loaf sugar to one pound of fruit; powder the sugar and place in the kettle alternately a layer of sugar and a layer of fruit. To each pound of fruit put three tablespoonfuls of water. Let it remain over a slow fire until the sugar is all melted; then boil it slowly until the fruit looks clear; take out the fruit piece by piece and lay them on a dish until the sirup is boiled nearly to a jelly. Put the fruit in jars and pour on the sirup hot. Cover the jars carefully with paper which has previously been dipped on both sides in white of eggs; this will secure their keeping and preserve the flavor of the pineapple. The addition of the juice of two or three lemons may be considered an improvement.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

WHITE CUP CAKE.—One cup of fresh butter, two cups of white powdered sugar, four cups of sifted flour, five eggs, one cup sour cream or rich milk, soda to sweeten it, half a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful cinnamon; bake in small tins.

CATSKILL APPLE PUDDING.—One pint sweet milk, four eggs beaten to a froth, one teaspoonful soda, a little salt, flour enough to make a stiff batter, four large apples, chopped; mix well, or, rather, stir; bake in deep tins; serve hot, with butter and sugar or sweetened cream.

CARAGENE CUSTARD.—Procure an ounce of caragene moss and divide into four parts; one part is sufficient for one mess. Put the moss into water and let it remain until it swells; then drain it and put it into two pints and a half of milk and place it over the fire; let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it continually; then strain it, sweeten with loaf sugar, put it into cups, and grate nutmeg over the tops of them.

RAIN BY CONCUSSION.—The *Scientific American*, speaking of Edward Powers' proposed experiments, says: "There is reason to believe that the concussions of artillery, when sufficiently long continued, may have a condensing or aggregating effect upon the aerial vapors, and so induce the fall of rain. When the national debt is paid, or specie payment resumed, we think it might be well to burn some public powder, as suggested by the present petitioner. But we move that the experiments be postponed until then."

AN American inventor has produced a pail to destroy the peculiar odor of fresh-drawn milk. It is a tin pail, the bottom of which is perforated with one or two rows of holes three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. The pail is hung over the empty milk cans, and the milk poured in through a strainer. The fluid starts through the holes in streams, but before it falls a foot it is separated into drops, and is thoroughly purified of all offensive odors by the air, which is a good deodorizer.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST TRICHINA.—The Medical Society of Kalamazoo urge: Eat no uncooked or half-cooked hog's flesh. The raw flesh of the hog, whatever its shape or condition, whether ham, bacon or pork, salt or fresh, smoked or unsmoked, is liable to contain this parasite, full of a life and activity that may work a remediless mischief in the human body. Bologna sausage, if pork be in it uncooked, is as dangerous as any form of this meat. The heat that cooks meat utterly destroys the life and mischievous power of these vermin, and no one need fear any harm if this fact is observed.

A FAIRY FOUNTAIN.—The *English Mechanic* gives the following: "If twenty grains of phosphorus cut very small, and mixed with forty grains of powdered zinc, be put into four drams of water, and two drams of concentrated sulphuric acid be added thereto, bubbles of inflamed phosphoretted hydrogen gas will quickly cover the whole surface of the fluid in successions forming a real fountain of fire." Those not accustomed to experiment with the phosphorus may need a caution in regard to handling it. It is best to cut it under water.

JAMS.—"Molly," in Germantown *Telegraph*, says: "It is not generally known that boiling fruit a long time and skimming it well, without the sugar and without a cover to the preserving pan, is a very economical and excellent way—economical because the bulk of the scum rises from the fruit and not from the sugar, if the latter is good; and boiling it without a cover allows the evaporation of the watery particles therefrom; the preserves keep firm and well-flavored. The proportions are three-quarters of a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit. Jam made in this way, of currants, strawberries, raspberries or gooseberries, is excellent. The best jam I know of is made of an equal quantity of gooseberries and raspberries. Some made by us last year of this half-and-half mixture was preferred to all others."

GLUE POTS.—Nothing about a house is more useful than a glue pot, so many things may be repaired by means of it. If the knobs on the bureau drawers become loose they can be speedily fastened again by the timely application of a little glue. If the thread of the screw has become worn put on some glue, and then wind on some flax or tow if you have it, or a soft rag, then put on more glue and fasten on the knob, and it is all right. If pieces of veneering fall off the furniture, they can be replaced by means of glue and a feather, and anything else of that kind also. I can think of no present which, for the expense, would be more useful to a working housekeeper, or cause the giver to be oftener remembered with kindly feelings than the gift of one of these little conveniences.—*Farmer's Wife.*

Fertilizers for the Farm.

OUR farmers give far too little attention to the manufacture of home-made fertilizers. In many localities no attempt is made to keep up the fertility of the soil to any standard whatever, but the ruinous hand-to-mouth system of feeding each crop with some kind of concentrated manure is practiced year after year, and, as might be expected, the land grows poorer and poorer, until abandoned as worthless. We may say, without fear of proof to the contrary, that no country or region was ever prosperous for any considerable time where such a system is practiced, and it is sheer folly to hope for great results without preserving unimpaired the foundation of agricultural wealth, which is, and ever will be, a fertile soil. Whether this can be done by employing what are termed concentrated or commercial fertilizers only may be a mooted question; but that it never has been done by such means in this country is apparent to every one who has examined or knows anything of the regions wherein such fertilizers are most liberally used. The old cotton and tobacco plantations of the Southern States afford striking testimony of the folly of attempting to cultivate land without taking better measures for its recuperation than that of applying some slight stimulant to each crop.

Were it possible to fully preserve the fertility of the soil, or even increase it from year to year, by the aid of guano and similar manures, the question whether this is good policy would still remain to be decided. We are not to inquire whether these commercial manures are good, bad, or indifferent, but whether a man can afford to depend upon them during a succession of years. Then, again, is it good husbandry to constantly take from the soil, returning nothing beyond the actual and immediate wants of the plants growing therein? This is the system far too universally practiced, and the introduction and wide distribution of the so-called commercial fertilizers only encourage this hand-to-mouth, starvation style of farming. These concentrated manures are in the aggregate of immense value to the country, but are also a curse to agriculture through a perversion of use. In other words, they are so easily obtained and applied to crops that the more rational systems of soil culture and their healthy development are neglected.

Many years since we stated it was our honest conviction, after a full investigation of the subject, that there was not a county in any State of the Union which did not contain within its boundaries sufficient natural fertilizing materials to keep every acre of cultivated land rich in the elements required for the production of the various crops grown therein. There may be at the present time a few exceptions, but they are extremely rare. Where land has become worn and destitute of the elements required for the support of plants foreign elements must be obtained as a starting point or base upon which to build up fertility. Of course any system of recuperation by what may be termed natural processes will require more time than a strictly artificial one, and a man may begin with only a portion of his land, adding to this area from time to time as suits his convenience.

First of all, one of the cheapest and most certain methods of restoring fertility is that of plowing under green crops, such as clover, buckwheat, peas, or some of the coarse and rank kinds of grasses. The plants restore to the soil in their decay a portion, at least, of the elements which have been taken from the soil by successive cropping. In the Northern States the red clover is considered the best of all plants for green manuring, but where this plant does not succeed, almost any species of variety or the pea may be used instead. In the place of summer fallowing, or permitting land to lie idle every alternate year, or even for a longer time, as is frequently practiced where it is very poor, some kind of crop should be raised for turning under. By adopting such a system the land would be constantly improved, and very little, if any, special fertilizers would be required at any time. If the planters in the Southern States would practice this very simple and efficient system of rotation, they could soon save the money which at present is paid for commercial fertilizers. Lime, plaster, ashes and salt may occasionally be necessary to furnish certain elements not obtained in the green crops plowed under; but these are not expensive, nor would they ever be required in large quantities. There is no land which has ever been cultivated that cannot be rapidly enriched in this manner, and at less expense than in applying manure direct, unless the latter is near at hand and abundant.

The next most important source of manure is to be found in our extensive peat beds or other vegetable deposits found near almost every pond and stream throughout the country. Many of those deposits are inexhaustible, and of incalculable value, although it appears that few farmers who own impoverished upland adjacent ever think of using this material for manure. Cold, raw muck, as drawn from the swamps, without any previous preparation, seldom shows any beneficial effects the first season, simply because it is not in a condition to be appropriated by plants. But when composted with barn-yard manure, ashes, lime, waste lye from a soap factory, in fact, with almost any substance which will promote fermentation and decomposition, it soon assumes a condition which renders it available as food for plants. Near any of our large cities there are always more or less waste materials which are of great value for adding to the compost heap, and in the country lime, ashes, or even a little fresh stable manure can usually be obtained to excite fermentation in the muck heap. Cotton seed, or cotton seed meal, or even corn meal of the best quality may be employed for this purpose whenever a man can afford to pay sixty dollars per ton for any commercial fertilizer. The time to make compost heaps is in the spring or summer, and not late in the fall or winter as is usually practiced, because the object is decomposition, and this takes place more rapidly in hot than in cool weather. The materials used in the compost may be obtained when most convenient, but the principal chemical changes which, in a great measure, give to it its value take place during warm weather.

Of course there are hundreds of other sources of cheap and valuable fertilizers, but these we have named are, as it were, universal, and there is no good reason why they should not be drawn upon to an unlimited extent, and lands which are now constantly growing poor be made to produce double what they do at present, and increase in fertility at the same time. If every farmer and planter would pay more attention to home-made fertilizers, and less to the commercial, they would soon find the products of their farms increasing and their debts decreasing.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Dogs and Their Cost.

THE St. Louis *Globe* has been making some calculations from recent statistics on this question, and sums up, in reference to the State of Missouri, as follows:

"Our 400,000 dogs furnish one of the most important economic considerations now affecting the State. In the first place they militate against the mutton crop annually to the extent of at least $5,000,000; secondly, they cost, at an average of 25 cents a week each, $6,500,000—enough to run all our common schools and leave a large stealable surplus; thirdly, they slay annually through hydrophobia at least 120 persons, which, at $5,000 each—the average price paid by railroads for the very poorest of brakemen—amounts to the further sum of $600,000. Here is a direct expenditure of $600,000; fourthly, our dogs, not to mention the fines, costs and more remote sentimental damages resulting from lawsuits about dog-fights and severance of friendship between the owners of the combative curs. Capitalized, our dogs represent a waste of $80,000,000, and invested at compound interest their worthlessness would pay off the national debt before 1900."

New United States Currency.

IN future issues of greenbacks, by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, the words "United States legal-tender note" and "Treasury note" are to be omitted, and the title changed to "United States notes." The new $500 bill, now ready for issue, will have a vignette of Gen. Mansfield on the right, and on the left an elaborate vignette of Peace. The new $50 note will have a vignette of Franklin and the Goddess of Liberty, the latter being considered a remarkable specimen of engraving. The new twenty-five cent note will conform in size to the new series, of which the ten and fifty cent notes are already in circulation, and will be issued as soon as the Treasurer makes a requisition for fractional currency of this denomination. Instructions have been issued for the immediate preparation of a vignette of Charles Sumner.—*Peterson's Counterfeit Detector.*

—There is nothing pleasanter, when in the declining years of life, than to have the boy who used to catch all the fish and find all the berries come to you for the loan of a half-dollar. Time works its revenges.

A Few Words to Female and Delicate Women.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician, who is daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly discouraged and have almost made up their minds never to take another dose of medicine nor be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering and are only made worse by treatment. Of anything more discouraging we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their cases would be deplorable indeed. But, lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful plan of treatment for you; more in harmony with the nature and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating, caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription, which has received the loudest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tired sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs, that continual drain that is sapping from your systems all your former elasticity and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper workings of your systems are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use is kept up for a reasonable length of time the special cause these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from my pamphlet on diseases peculiar to your sex, sent on receipt of two stamps. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

WILHOFT'S ANTI-PERIODIC OR FEVER AND AGUE TONIC.—This invaluable and standard family medicine is now a household word and maintains its reput