A Domestic Lesson.

Saddest of all sad things is it to see two once very dear friends employing all that peculiar knowledge of each other which love has given them only to harass and provoke—thrusting and piercing with a certainty of aim that only past habits of confidence and affection could have put in their power, wounding their own hearts with every deadly thrust they make at one another, and all for such inexpressibly miserable trifles as usually form the openings of fault-finding dramas.

For the contentions that loosen the very foundations of love, that crumble away all its fine traceries and carved work, about what miserable, worthless things do they commonly begin—a dinner underddone, too much oil consumed, a newspaper torn, a waste of coal or soap, a dish broken—and for this miserable sort of trash very good, very generous, very religious people will sometimes waste and throw away by double handfuls the very thing for which houses are built and coal burned, and all the paraphernalia of a home established—*their happiness*. Better cold coffee, smoky tea, burnt meat, better any inconvenience, any loss, than a loss of *love;* and nothing so surely burns away love as constant fault-finding.

For fault-finding once allowed as a habit between two near and dear friends comes in time to establish a chronic soreness, so that the mildest, the most reasonable suggestion, the gentlest-implied reproof, occasions burning irritation; and when this morbid stage has once set in the restoration of love seems well-nigh impossible.

For example: Enthusius, having risen this morning in the best of humor, in the most playful tones begs Hermione not to make the tails of her g's quite so long; and Hermione fires up with:

"And, pray, what else wouldn't you wish me to do? Perhaps you would be so good, when you have leisure, as to make out an alphabetical list of the things in me that need correcting."

"My dear, you are unreasonable."

"I don't think so. I should like to get to the end of the requirements of my lord and master sometimes."

"Now, my dear, you really are very silly."

"Please say something original, my dear. I have heard that till it has lost the charm of novelty."

"Come, now, Hermione, don't let's quarrel."

"My dear sir, who thinks of quarreling? Not I; I'm sure I was only asking to be directed. I trust some time, if I live to be ninety, to suit your fastidious taste. I trust the coffee is right this morning, and the tea, and the toast, and the steak, and the servants, and the front-hall mat, and upper-story hall-door, and the basement premises; and now I suppose I'm to be trained in respect to my general education. I shall see about the tails of my g's at once, but trust you will prepare a list of any other little things that need amendation."

Enthusius pushes away his coffee and drums on the table.

"If I might be allowed one small criticism, my dear, I should observe that it is not good manners to drum on the table," says his fair opposite.

"Hermione, you are enough to drive a man frantic!" exclaims Enthusius, rushing out with bitterness in his soul and a determination to take his dinner at Delmonico's.

Enthusius feels himself an abused man and thinks there never was such a sprite of a woman—the most utterly unreasonable, provoking human being he ever met with. What he does not think of is that it is his own inconsiderate, constant fault-finding that has made every nerve so sensitive and sore that the mildest suggestion of advice or reproof, on the most indifferent subject, is impossible. He has not, to be sure, been the guilty party in this morning's encounter; he has said only what is fair and proper, and she has been unreasonable and cross; but, after all, the fault is remotely his.

When Enthusius awoke, after marriage, to find in his Hermione in very deed only a bird, a star, a flower, but no housekeeper, why did he not face the matter like an honest man? Why did he not remember all the fine things about dependence and uselessness with which he had been filling her head for a year or two, and, in common honesty, exact no more from her than he had bargained for? Can a bird make a good business manager? Can a flower oversee Biddy and Mike, and impart to their uncircumcised ears the high crafts and mysteries of elegant housekeeping?

If his little wife has to learn her domestic role of household duty as most girls do by a thousand mortifications, a thousand perplexities, a thousand failures, let him, in ordinary fairness, make it as easy to her as possible. Let him remember with what admiring smiles before marriage he received her pretty professions of utter helplessness and incapacity in domestic matters, finding only poetry and grace in what, after marriage, proved an annoyance.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

A Curious Weapon.

There is in the possession of John Ende, harness-maker, Clinton street, Buffalo, one of the most ancient relics owned in the city. It is an antique, two-edged sword, made in the 1385, 127 years before the discovery of America. The weapon is about two and one-half feet long, and exceedingly well preserved. The blade tapers off to a sharp point, and consists of a thick piece of well-tempered steel, about an inch and a half broad at its widest part. Several devices and figures have been cut into it, and they are nearly obscured by the stains of rust. The date, however, is very distinct, being cut in deep on both sides of the blade. The hilt is entirely of metal, and strengthened by coils of copper wound tightly around it. The hand is protected by a simple iron cross piece. That the sword is genuine is proved not only by its appearance but by its history. It originally belonged to Baron von Liechtenstein, a rich landed proprietor in Saxony, and was given to one of the ancestors of its present owner as a pledge of a patent right to sell salt among the Baron's tenants. It has been in his family for several generations, coming down from son to son with the privilege which its possession conferred. When Mr. Ende left his native country for America he took the sword along with him, and still retains it.

Typhoid from Roof-Tanks.

A San Francisco paper has the following: "A gentleman of this city was recently prostrated by typhoid fever, caused, as investigation by his physician proved, by putrid water from the tank on the roof of his house. A heavy deposit of the green, vegetable slime which so rapidly accumulates in all of these tanks was found in this case. The gentleman's doctor informed him that he had previously attended several cases of typhoid fever produced in the same way. Doctors have several times warned householders of the danger to health from vegetable putrescence in water-tanks. These tanks, are frequently not cleaned out for years, and are then found to be lined on the sides and covered on the top with a heavy coating of green scum, which is nearly as poisonous and injurious to the quality of the water as the discharge into it of the leakage from a water-closet would be. All of these tanks should be cleaned out monthly or quarterly. A few pounds of clean charcoal in a net bag left in them would tend to check vegetable decomposition."

A PHOTOGRAPHER in San Francisco made a likeness for a man who refused to take the picture, claiming that it did not correctly represent him. He thought it made him uglier than the reality. The maker sued to recover the pay, and in the trial the picture was put in evidence and shown to the jury. The jury, by their verdict, decided that the defendant was as ugly as the photograph.

A BALTIMORE doctor in using a camel's-hair brush to cleanse the throat of a little scarlatina patient dropped it into the child's windpipe, causing death by suffocation. In making out a certificate of death he gave scarlatina as the cause.

PEOPLE who have been mourning over the painful announcement that marble-top tables are unhealthy will rejoice to learn that mosquito-bites, according to a German chemist, are healthy.

The Republican Victory in North Carolina.

The Columbia *Union-Herald*, reviewing the result of the recent election in North Carolina, says:

The result of the election in North Carolina for members of a Constitutional Convention has been a signal victory for the Republicans. The Legislature which ordered the election was three-fourths Democratic, while the Republicans will have a majority of at least two in the convention, unless they are cheated out of it. On the popular vote there is at least 10,000 Republican majority. The Democrats, with their usual stupidity, have thus reawakened and consolidated the Republicans in a State which seemed but a little while ago as certain to be overwhelmingly Democratic as Tennessee or Georgia. The Republicans were divided, disheartened and defeated. They are now united, encouraged and victorious. North Carolina may as well be taken off the Democratic slate as certain for them in 1876.

The result is significant also of the waning power of the irreconcilable wing of the Southern Democracy. Finding a large party majority in the Legislature, the fire-eaters began an attack upon the present Constitution. They declared that a true North Carolina Democrat ought not to be able to breathe freely under a "bayonet Constitution—made by Yankees and niggers." It was in vain to reply that out of the 120 men who formed the Constitutional Convention of 1868 only thirty-eight belonged to either of those hateful classes. They were unable to point out any objectionable features in the instrument which could not be as well altered by the Legislature. The truth was that they desired to have a Constitution made after the old pattern by the old kind of politicians—one in which the *people* would be consulted as little as possible and the broken-down aristocrats as much as possible. After much effort these malcontents dragooned the Legislature into passing a bill calling a convention. Even then they would not trust the people. They did not submit the question "for a convention or against a convention" to the voters. They voted themselves that there should be a convention whether or not. If they could they would have elected its members also. This, however, they had to leave to the people. So that no matter how much opposed to a change in the organic law a voter may have been he could not express it by his ballot. He could simply vote for a candidate. To meet this difficulty the Republican Central Committee called a meeting of prominent Republicans to consult and adopt a policy of resistance. A large number assembled and put forth an address, asking the suffrages of the people for the Republican candidates, who would pledge themselves to an instant adjournment of the convention should that party succeed in electing a majority of its members.

The campaign was carried on with this understanding, and if a clear working majority is secured by the Republicans the pledge will doubtless be fulfilled, and the schemes of the reactionists will have come to naught. Under any circumstances they are defeated, for the Republicans are strong enough to virtually control action, even if there should be some who are willing to enter into some constitutional changes. We hope, however, that the body will meet on Sept. 6, and adjourn at once. In this manner we believe the will of the majority of the people will be best carried out, for it is evident that if the people had been allowed to vote yes or no on the question the negative would have been in a majority of at least 30,000 in the State.

The "Nigger Risin'" in Georgia.

The Georgia "nigger risin'" is explained. In Georgia they levy a poll-tax of one dollar nominally for the support of schools. They also decree that no man shall vote unless he pays his poll-tax. They also punish illegal voting by imprisonment at hard labor for a term of years. In 1870 a Republican Legislature abolished the poll-tax for the very good reason that, while it was nominally levied for the support of schools, there were in reality no schools to support. But when the Democrats came into power in 1871 they revived the tax, and decreed that it should be collected for three previous years with accrued interest. Thus was instituted a poll-tax of four dollars which people were required to pay before voting. As many of the negroes were unable or unwilling to pay this, they were practically disfranchised. Taxes and interest have increased in the same manner of these people to the amount of $13.81—an amount which they are unable to pay. It is not denied that this tax is levied for the sole purpose of disfranchising the blacks, and it is admitted that the whites "take good care to put the full rigor of the law in operation which punishes illegal voting by imprisonment at hard labor for from one to four years."

The blacks don't like this sort of thing, and are anxious to find out why it is so, and whether there is no help for it. Accordingly one of their number, who signs himself "Joseph Morris, General Messenger," issued a call for a convention on the 10th inst., stating its objects to be the designation of a proper person for Major-General of militia, and inquire why they should "have to pay more than one dollar poll-tax and no public schools established for the elevation of our race and our children." This last certainly would seem to be a proper subject of inquiry. But the whites chose to regard the calling of a convention for such purposes as rank sedition, and they at once got out their shot-guns and revolvers and prepared for the worst.

Presently there was discovered what purported to be a savage letter written by one Harris, "by order Gen. Morris and Johnson, Gen. Rivers," commanding the blacks to commence killing the whites on the 20th of August, with axes and pitchforks and fire-arms. The genuineness of this epistle was denied. "Gen. Rivers," a South Carolina General of militia, denied all knowledge of it, and his denial appears to be accepted by the whites as truthful. But they pretend to believe that so far as Harris and Morris are concerned the document is genuine, and that a general massacre of the whites was really planned and intended.

Rumors that the woods were full of "niggers" on murder bent began to fill the air, the white military companies were ordered under arms, the Governor was applied to for troops, and arms and ammunition were freely distributed, and every preparation was made for war. Then began the arrest of negroes. A correspondent of the *Times* states that "the jails in the various counties are full to overflowing with negroes arrested upon warrants charging riot and insurrection." It is a most significant fact that in no case have these bloodthirsty rioters and insurgents resisted the execution of legal process. All have quietly submitted to arrest and are awaiting trial. The inference from this fact is plain. The whites of Georgia have been indulging in a good, old-fashioned scare, or else they have been trying to provide themselves with a convenient pretext for shooting a few score of negroes and getting rid of the pestilent fellows, who are too inquisitive about their rights. There appears to be some ground for this last supposition in the statement of the *Times* correspondent that "the all but unrestainable high temper and impetuosity of the younger men of the State, almost all of whom are embodied in military companies, . . . are portentous factors of an ever-present danger." This looks as though the "sedition" was on the side of the whites. The strong probability is that the blacks have not thought of any such thing as a massacre, and that, if they have organized at all, it has been for self-defense. This supposition is in accord with what we all know of the character of the blacks, and of their conduct before, during and since the war.

Of one thing we may feel pretty sure: If the whites of Georgia will respect the rights of the negro, and give him an opportunity to go to school and be cured of his "dense and pitiable ignorance," they will be in no great danger of violent death at his hands. But if they persist in disfranchising him, and taxing him for the support of schools that do not exist, it is possible that they may have trouble with him some day.—*Chicago Times, Aug. 26.*

A MAN falls into an error when he falls out with his wife.

Pure Air and the Children's Health.

In their report for the present year the Board of Health of Boston devote a good deal of space to the subject of the ventilation of public school-houses. It is a topic which cannot be too thoroughly discussed; and although in such a document as an official report the direct advocacy of one patent ventilating contrivance to the exclusion of others would, perhaps, be out of place, yet much good may be done by criticism of existing methods and the enumeration of wants still to be satisfied. In these two particulars the committee have discharged their duty with commendable zeal; details a little more explicit, however, would not have been amiss, for the interest attaching to their report is not confined to the parents and guardians of the 45,000 children who go to school in Boston, but extends to the friends of liberal education everywhere throughout the country. Prof. William R. Nichols, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, visited ten of the public schools, chosen with reference to their representing all ages and classes and both sexes of scholars and every variety of ventilating and warming apparatus now in use. The visit was made in each instance at the end of either the morning or afternoon session, when the air in the recitation-rooms was likely to have reached its extreme degree of vitiation. A specimen of the air was taken from the middle of the room at the level of the scholars' heads; the temperature at the floor level and at the level of the scholars' heads was noted, as was also the condition of the air as perceived through the sense of smell.

In considering the vitiation which the air of a school-room undergoes, we must take into account not only the exhalations through the lungs of the children of carbonic acid gas, which, by general acceptation, becomes hurtful as soon as it exceeds the proportion of six or seven volumes in 10,000 of pure air; there is also a cloud of fine dust floating everywhere in the atmosphere, which reveals itself when a ray of light is admitted into a dark room, and is described as consisting of "the detritus of every imaginable thing used in our social economy; clothing, food, organic emanations from our bodies and those of the lower animals, shoe-leather, mineral particles, raised from the earth, besides the germs of infusorial life concerned in all the processes of putrefaction and decay;" and there is, moreover, a large quantity of matter suspended in forms too minute to be seen, but very quickly smelt, consisting of watery vapor from the skin and lungs, and possessing a power of clinging to clothing and porous walls and lodging in crevices and corners. Prof. Nichols discovered that in any room where a foul odor was perceptible an amount of carbonic acid gas several times as great as proper sanitary conditions would allow was found in company with it. This fact will seem significant to anyone who has visited a close room which a mixed assemblage of people have occupied even a few minutes. The smell, which to persons without scientific training is not exactly definable, indicates that a certain volume of oxygen has been driven out or consumed, and its place supplied by an equal volume of carbonic acid gas. It is true that there is still some doubt whether carbonic acid gas is itself a poison destructive to human life; but, whatever may be its positive qualities in this regard, we know that it has the negative power of suffocation.

A Michigan physician, Dr. Kedzie, has directed considerable attention to the question of maintaining an even temperature while ventilating school-rooms. He described scholars as sitting very often with their neither extremities "immersed in a lake of cold air," while their heads and bodies were fairly comfortable. Cases had frequently come under his notice where the temperature at the floor was from eight to fifteen degrees lower than that at the desk-level, and this difference had been known to reach as much as twenty-one degrees. The investigation conducted by Prof. Nichols failed to confirm Dr. Kedzie's observations, though in one out of the 111 rooms examined the difference reached eleven and seven-tenths degrees. The mean temperature at desk-level ought to be from sixty-five to sixty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and at the floor at least sixty-one degrees. An even temperature at all times is another highly desirable thing, and this is the reason why opening windows—even if an appliance be used to protect the children from draughts—is not to be advised. Any sudden change from heat to cold should be carefully avoided, notwithstanding the opinion of many well-meaning teachers to the contrary. In one case which came under Prof. Nichols' notice a teacher "aired" her school-room in a way that sent down the mercury in the thermometer fifteen and three-tenths degrees.

None of the contrivances for ventilation now used in the Boston schools seem to have satisfied the inspector. The one presenting, perhaps, the fewest objectionable features was employed at the Girls' High School, in Newton street. Each room in this building has two ventilating registers in its wall, one at the floor and the other at the ceiling, which open into a wooden air-shaft. The registers have attached to their lower ends and sides within the shaft short protecting hoods to direct the current of air upward. The shafts conduct the air to a large central octagonal chamber in the cupola, and the chamber is crowned by a lantern-roof. Moreover, the pupils in this institution have an advantage over those of many others in an arrangement of studies which requires them to pass from one room to another at frequent intervals.

Possibly, when a new race of men and women shall rise up who believe that the training of the young is a serious enough matter in all its aspects to call for a special education and constitute an honorable life-work, a salutary change may be effected in the sanitary arrangements of the school-room. Then the innocents will no longer be sent to their rest by a slow-poisoning process, for they will be allowed to freely receive, in common with the rest of the race, their share of that pure atmosphere which heaven has freely given.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Trout for One Dollar a Pound.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Williamstown, Mass., says that the proprietor of the Mansion House has a fish-pond in which the speckled beauties disport themselves, and in which guests are permitted to fish by paying one dollar per pound for all the fish they catch. Dr. Radway and family, Gen. Stetson and family, with scores of other well-known New Yorkers, are sojourning at "the Mansion." Fishing in the pond is a favorite amusement, particularly as very few fish are caught. The other day the whole party had tried their luck with no results, and Mr. Bailey was ridiculing their lack of skill. Finally, Gen. Stetson asked permission to fish.

"Certainly," said Mr. Bailey, wondering at his attempting where all others had failed; "certainly, you may fish for nothing; and, more than that, instead of you paying me, I'll pay you one dollar a pound for all you catch."

"All right," said Gen. Stetson, throwing a fly with all the precision of an old Adirondacker.

The crowd looked on with breathless interest. The float bobbed, the line ran out, and after a struggle of a few minutes a magnificent four-pounder was gasping on the grass. Mr. Bailey was astonished. But astonishment soon gave place to grief. Another, another, and still another leviathan was drawn from the depths by the plucky sportsman.

"Stop," cried Mr. Bailey, "this has gone far enough. Why, I won't have a trout left!"

But the General did not stop just then. He went on until 200 pounds of the prettiest trout that ever took a fly were lying on the grass. Mr. Bailey was as good as his word. He paid the $200, which was just what a banquet that Gen. Tom gave his friends the next day cost.—*Boston Traveller.*

"OF all the fools in this world," says the Rochester *Express*, "the greatest fool is the fool who is voluntarily and conspicuously a noisy, blatant fool, and who glories in his foolishness, thinking it smartness, and all the while quite unconscious of what a confounded fool he is."

PORTLAND (Me.) people have just been counted, and it appears that the city contains 16,062 males and 18,358 females—total, 34,420.

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE.

YELLOW stains, commonly called iron mold, are removed from linen by hydrochloric acid or hot solution of oxalic acid. Wash well in warm water afterward.

A RAG saturated with cayenne will stop a rat-hole most effectually. Neither rat nor mouse will chaw it to get at your base of supplies, and a little cayenne pepper scattered along the shelves will drive away ants and cockroaches.—*Iowa State Register.*

BAKED CORN.—Take six ears of field corn or twelve ears of sugar corn. Cut the grain partly off, and scrape the rest; add one teaspoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of sugar, and a teaspoonful of salt. Rub these well together, and add a pint of new milk. Bake in a dish that you can place on the table without disturbing it.

DR. F. C. RENNER, of Frederick County, Md., says several years ago he collected poke-root (*Phytolacca decandra*) for medicinal purposes, and placed it at various places about the house to dry. After several days he observed that there were many cockroaches lying dead, and upon examination found that they had been partaking freely of the poke-root. Some of the root was placed near their haunts and the result was that it rid the premises of these insects. Since then he has communicated the remedy to others, who have tested it with satisfactory results.

TO COOK OKRA.—Have ready two quarts of good beef stock; cut up one quart of tender okra, two quarts of tomatoes after they are skinned, half-pint of lima beans, half-pint of corn cut from the cob or grated, one or two carrots cut into small pieces or grated, an onion, if desired; season with pepper and salt; a few cloves some think an improvement. Let it boil for an hour and a half, stirring frequently. Just before serving thicken with a tablespoonful of flour and one of sugar. If the stock is not rich add a lump of butter. The okra, tomatoes and carrots should boil the longest; chop up a handful of parsley and put into the tureen before serving.

CHOW-CHOW.—One peck sliced green tomatoes and cucumbers, onions, cauliflower, peppers, radish-pods, etc., not omitting horse-radish; one ounce of cloves, one ounce of broken cinnamon, three-quarters pound of mustard seed, one pound of ground mustard. After slicing the above put them in a stone jar with salt between each layer, and let it stand twenty-four hours; then drain off the water, put it in a porcelain-lined kettle, cover with vinegar and boil fifteen minutes. Wet the ground mustard with cold vinegar and stir it in the last thing, then take immediately off the stove; it will be better if it boils after the mustard flour is added. Pack in jars and cover well.

Renovation of Old Fields.

THE renovation of old pasture lands, that produce but little grass, is a matter of interest to many farmers. We often see such fields that have remained unplowed for a score or two of years, which is very bad management, as it is folly for farmers to thus neglect land which can be made to produce good pasturage at a small expense.

Suppose one has a ten or twenty acre field, high and dry, that has lain many years uncultivated, and which affords but very little pasturage, and that little of very poor quality, what is to be done with it? Its owner is (we will suppose) a slovenly farmer, who learns nothing but what is beaten into his head by sheer necessity, to avoid starving; and he is told that such a field may be made, without any manure, to produce a ton of good hay to the acre for several years, and then pasturage for his cows the entire season, at the rate of two acres per cow. He shakes his head and begins to talk of the absurdity of "book-farming" and the nonsense in "the papers" about agriculture. At last he is persuaded to fence off an acre on which to make the experiment, but grumbling a good deal about "the expense," and the "ruin" that would result if the whole field were "treated so."

Well, spring comes, and we get the "old man" to harness up his horses and hitch on to his best plow and go to the above acre lot, where we tell him to go ahead and plow it. He commences by plowing about three inches deep. "Hold up!" we exclaim, "this kind of plowing won't do at all." He stares at us and says: "Do you think I'm going to kill my horses? I know what you want. You want me to run the plow in up to the beam, and I shall do no such thing."

We examine the subsoil and find that the land should be plowed about ten inches deep to produce the best crop of grass; so we argue the case with him, and finally persuade him to run his plow that depth, provided that we pay any damage that his team may sustain, and also all the expenses of seeding down the land, should it prove a failure.

The land being plowed we sow it heavily to clover, with no other crop or grass-seed, and the result is a good "catch" and a fair crop the first season, and a better one next year, which we plow under when at its full growth, first running a heavy roller over it; and the plowing under of this crop, with its numerous and deeply extended roots, is equal to a heavy coat of stable-manure in fertilizing the land. Early the next spring we direct the farmer to procure a half-bushel of orchard grass-seed, the same of blue-grass and a like quantity of red-top, with four pounds of clover-seed; and the whole is sown upon the aforesaid acre of land, after plowing it ten inches deep and harrowing it to a very smooth condition; then the seed is brushed in carefully, and the result is a splendid crop of grass, worth the first season five times the expense of producing it. In like manner thousands of old fields can be made very productive, when farmers shall have learned how to manage their lands in the best manner.—*T. B. Miner, in N. Y. Observer.*

Burying-Beetles.

THERE are many of the carrion-eaters which are strong-toothed, and can eat almost any animal substance that is less hard than bone; but those of the burying-beetles cannot do so, and must have their food kept soft for them. For this purpose there is nothing better than burying it in the ground, where it cannot be dried up by the hot sunbeams or liquefied by the wet, and absorbed into the ground before the grubs have lived their full larval life. That wonderful substance, earth, is the best preservative that can be found. The body of an animal, if covered with only a few inches of earth, decays but very slowly and preserves its softness and moisture to the last. Of this property the beetles in question are taught by their instinct to avail themselves, and, inadequate as their bodies may seem to be for such a task, they manage to bury beneath the surface of the ground any small animal that may be lying dead upon it. This they do, not by digging a hole and putting the animal into it, but by scooping away the earth from beneath it, and so letting it gradually down. Even in our own country, where land is extensively cultivated, and where in consequence comparatively few carcasses are allowed to lie unburied, the burying-beetles are very numerous, and their work is really valuable. It is chiefly owing to their labors that a dead bird, mouse, rat, or any similar creature is so seldom seen. In the first place all wild creatures, on feeling the approach of death, seek out some retired spot wherein to breathe their last; and, in the second place, their bodies are mostly found and interred by the burying-beetles before they become offensive to the nostrils. The sensitive organs of these insects detect decaying animal matter at wonderful distances, so that if a dead bird be laid on the ground and left undisturbed it is mostly beneath the surface in four or five days. When collecting these beetles for the purpose of dissecting them throughout their various stages of existence, and watching the development of the various organs, I used to take dead birds, mice, rats, or even pieces of butchers' offal, and hide them away in fields, taking care to place them on soft ground, and always covering them with a flat stone so as to prevent them from being seen. The stone was no impediment to the beetles, who are directed by their olfactory and not their visual organs, and in the course of a single summer I thus obtained as many specimens as were needed. Abroad, however, and especially in those vast tracts of land which have never been subjected to man, the burying-beetles are, as might be supposed, larger, more powerful and more numerous than they are with us, and perform good service in placing beneath the ground those dead animals which would otherwise be allowed to decay upon its surface. Thus they are not only scavengers, but agriculturists, for they enrich the soil by burying beneath its surface those substances which would only be wasted if allowed to decay above ground.—"*Insects Abroad," by the Rev. J. G. Wood.*

Feeding and Care of Stock.

AN animal well wintered is sometimes said to be half summered, and at the latter half of the winter season especially stock require their status to be well kept up. The great point is always to keep up the thrift, which does by no means imply that they must be fed to the standard of taking on fat. No absolute rules for feeding can be well given, as this necessity depends on the kind of stock, the object to be secured, the amount of shelter and protection from the weather, and a variety of other causes. Nothing requires more constantly critical perception and experienced judgment, and the whole management should always be under the care and control of some one competent person. Too much given at a time, whether of hay, meal or coarse fodder, impairs the appetite and interferes with proper thrift, besides being a waste of material.

Animals differ much in their capacity for consumption, quite as much as people, and what is a liberal supply for one will be a very scanty feed for others. They also have their likes and dislikes for particular kinds of food, and differ in their powers of digestion. All these points should be under the observation of a skillful feeder, and require no little tact and judgment. In the winter season milk and butter are of more value than in summer, and as without giving the cows good feed and treatment the milk and butter will not be forthcoming, cows in milk have their remedy for bad treatment by stopping off the supplies.

This is not the case with dry cows. They are often fed on the roughest fodder, doled out to them in the scantiest manner, and we have seen them go from their winter quarters to the pasture-field not much else but skin and bones. They often do not recover from this till summer is half over, and are sometimes then sold for being poor milkers, when the fault is their previous winter treatment. That mythical disease called "hollow-horn" often ensues; the horns are bored because they are called cold, turpentine is rubbed on the head and along the spine, the poor animal, already deficient in blood, is farther reduced by being bled by the neighboring cow-doctor, when all the symptoms indicate nothing but a deficient vitality.

The same general rules apply to neat cattle preparing for the butcher as to fresh and dry cows; and supposing that a proper quantity of meal and roots are given daily to each animal, proportioned to the object to be attained, we have always found three things to be great aids to thrift, and promotive of sound health, good appetite and condition, viz.: First, that in every barnyard and in every trough accessible at all times to sheep, horses and cattle, of all kinds, there should be a lump of rock salt for the animals to lick at pleasure; second, that there should be ample shedding and protection in every barnyard from cold, rainy and stormy weather, while on the other hand close, badly-ventilated stables should be avoided; third, that every cow and steer, besides being kept well littered, should be daily curried with the cattle-card. We have never been able to see why this should be attended to with the horse more than the cow, and the reason assigned that there is no time for it applies equally in both cases, and the results will be found equally to pay for the labor.—*Cor. Practical Farmer.*

Rag Carpets.

THERE are many ways to make them. A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Times* gives an easy method:

If you wish to have a nice, smooth carpet, use six knots of warp per yard, but if you care more for durability less will do, as the warp usually wears out first, and the less you use the more it will bed down into the rags, causing the wear to come more upon them; but I never use less than four and a half knots to the yard. The more warp we use the less rags it will take. We all have our own peculiar notions and tastes. I never use blue nor yellow, only in hit-and-miss, as I think it makes a carpet look cheap. The most perplexing question (especially to the inexperienced) is, how shall I stripe my carpet? As I have a very pretty one, which has been pronounced by my friends the prettiest rag carpet they ever saw, I thought I would tell you how it is striped. I always make center stripes, because we often wish to change ends with a breadth when partly worn, and you cannot do so with side stripes.

My carpet is composed of a light and dark fancy stripe. I will begin at the center and give you a draft of each. The center of the light is what I call a candy stripe. I tore fine white cloth into fine rags, then tore bright pink the same width, twisted each, then doubled and twisted them together; there are four threads of this, then three of salmon, and three of cochineal red, and two of redwood red, then six of black and green threaded, first a thread of one and then the other. Then seven of dark green and nine of light, then four threads of calico, which divides the light, fancy stripe from the dark one—the center of this, the dark one, is composed of five threads of beautiful hit-or-miss—then three of purple and two of black, then three of nankeen color, and nine of light and five of dark brown, then four of black, which joins the calico. But the wide stripes, like the green and brown, must be measured, of course, as it would not do to count thread in such wide ones. One can loop rags much faster than they can sew them, and some will do very well looped, but I always sew mine, and my carpets are so smooth they sweep almost as easy as a bare floor.

Yard for Pigs.

I BELIEVE that one great reason why pigs do not prove more profitable on a great many farms is because they do not have enough clean yard-room in which to run and forage. Too often they are confined to a small pen and a very small yard, both of which are dirty. They have not even a clean grass plot, or grass or other green food to eat, but must constantly stay in a close yard or pen. For large hogs this restriction is injurious, but for little pigs it is very much worse. Young animals want liberty to exercise their muscles and clean grass on which to feed. A few farmers let their pigs run out at will, but they are apt to do a great deal of mischief.

One of my neighbors, who raises a great many pigs, used to let them run into my garden, corn and potatoes, tread down my grass, and they did a great deal of damage to my crops; but he always had nice pigs, and there was no evident reason except that he allowed them full liberty out of doors. Now, I do not approve of having a drove of pigs running through gardens and crops, but I think it would pay even small farmers to fence in an eighth or a fourth of an acre of land adjoining their hog-yard, and let their pigs run a part of the time every day in this inclosure. When they get large enough to root turf land they can be shut into their ordinary yard, or else have the tendons of their noses cut or rings put in to keep them from doing mischief. But whether it is used for large hogs or not it will certainly pay farmers who raise many pigs to furnish them such a yard.—*Cor. Buffalo Live Stock Journal.*

—A tramp who was refused cider by Josiah B. Corbin, of Cornwall, Conn., the other day went to a fine tobacco bed and rolled over in it, tearing up the plants; whereupon Mr. Corbin set his dog upon him. But the tramp whipped the dog and then pummeled Mr. Corbin, who went to its assistance; after which he fled, and though Mr. Corbin pursued him several miles with a musket was not overtaken.

—It is believed that a good many more people could increase the conscience fund if they only would.

NOW IS THE TIME.—It is always the right time to do a good act, and every man with a family should regard himself short of his duty until his home is endowed with a Wilson shuttle sewing machine. Let it it be understood that this admirable machine captured the prize medal and diploma of honor at the Vienna Exposition in 1873, and has everywhere demonstrated its superiority over all other machines. Machines will be delivered at any railroad station in this county, free of transportation charges, if ordered through the company's branch house at 197 State street, Chicago. They send an elegant catalogue and chromo circular free on application. This company want a few more good agents.

CHILL CURE?—SAFE AND SURE.—Dr. Wilhoft's Tonic is curative and protective. It will cure Chills and protect from further attacks. Its reputation is established. Its composition is simple and scientific. It contains no poison. It acts promptly and its effects are permanent. It is cheap, because it saves doctors' bills. It is harmless, speedy in action and delightful in its effects. Try it and prove all that's said. WHEELOCK, FINLAY & CO., Proprietors, New Orleans.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

EDWARD BAYER, Esq., Horton, Kings Co., N. S., writes that an astonishing cure has been effected on his daughter by the use of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment.* The whole spine became diseased, she lost the use of her limbs, and her back was rounded up like a bow, in consequence of taking cold after having been inoculated for the kine-pock. She is now well.

WE pledge our reputation on the assertion that any educated physician, after a careful examination of the recipe, will say that *Parsons' Purgative Pills* possess more merit than any other pill now offered for sale.

THE largest Vinegar Works in the world are in Chicago. E. L. Prussing & Co., Prop's.

—In this country ten mills make one cent, but in England, while the present lockout continues, thirty mills won't make that amount, it seems.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—The *doryphora decem lineata* is all around us. The reader needn't pack up for Europe—it is only the potato-bug

—Boston papers are rejoicing over the fact that the health of that place, compared with that of other great cities in this country, is very good.

—Too many sales "on time" have necessitated the closure of several Connecticut clock manufactories.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES. The best investment—Silver Tipped Shoes. Five cents laid out for Silver Tips adds one dollar to the worth of a pair of shoes. Also try Wire-Quilted Soles.

Bound to go because every body wants them. Cable Screw Wire Boots and Shoes. They are durable, easy and dry. Also try Wire-Quilted Soles. CABLE SCREW WIRE.

$30 per Week Salary. Male or Female. Circular free. Address Crystal Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

$20 DAY. HOW TO MAKE IT. Sample FREE. COL. YONGE & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

NEW BOOK, "Gleanings." Now ready. Agents address LOUIS LLOYD & CO., Chicago.

$45 A WEEK made by agents selling our New Novelties. Address MILLER & CO., Chicago.

GROCERS, money for you. Particulars free. Address Wilson & Co., McCormick Block, Chicago.

$10 to $25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. J. H. BUFFUM'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

40 Bristol Cards, 5 finds, with name, 20c., post paid. J. B. HUSTED, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y.

EVERY FAMILY WANTS IT. Money in it. Sold by Agents. Address M. N. LOVELL, Erie, Pa.

OVER 300 per cent. profit to Agents! Terms, etc. FREE. Smithograph M'f'g Co., St. Louis, Mo.

ALL kinds of Drawing Material sold low. Price list FREE. L. LEWIS, St. Louis, Mo.

11 MORE SITUATIONS for BOOKKEEPERS and TELEGRAPHERS. Salary while learning. Send stamp to BUCKEYE BUSINESS AND TELEGRAPHIC COLLEGE, Sandusky, Ohio.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED. Address GOODSPEED'S EMPIRE BIBLE, BOOK AND MAP HOUSE, Chicago, Ill.

DR. BLOOD'S Oxygenated Air Cures Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption, General Debility, etc. Send for free circular. C. L. BLOOD, 77 Madison St., Chicago.

FOR SALE. Chicago Suburban Lots at $100 each—$25 down and $5 monthly for balance—within a short distance of city limits, with hourly trains and cheap fare. Send for circular. IRA BROWN, 114 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED for the fastest-selling book ever published. Send for circulars and our extra terms to Agents. NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

SOMETHING FOR YOU. Sells at sight. Our Agents coin money. We have work and money for all, men or women, boys or girls, whole or spare time. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address FRANK GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.

$25 TO $50 PER DAY to good Agents to sell WELL-BORING MACHINERY. A Horse bores from 12 to 38 inches diameter. Send for pamphlet. PUMP & SKEIN CO., Belleville, Ill.

Prof. D. Meeker's Painless Opium Cure! The most successful remedy of the present day. Send for Paper on Opium Eating. P. C. Box 475, LAPORTE, IND.

TEAS.—The choicest in the world—Importers' prices—Largest Company in America—staple article—pleases everybody—Trade continually increasing—Agents wanted everywhere—best inducements—don't waste time—send for circular to ROBERT WELLS, 43 Vesey-st., N. Y. P. O. Box 1287.

CINCINNATI DOLLAR WEEKLY STAR. An Independent Family Newspaper. 8 Pages, 48 Columns. Sending $1 PER YEAR. Specimen Copy FREE. $1 Free of postage. Address The "STAR" Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED for Dr. March's NIGHT SCENES IN THE BIBLE. And a magnificent NEW BOOK just from the press. Address J. C. MCCURDY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address JOHN WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED, AGENTS.—Everywhere, for the World's Centennial Historical Work. 240 engravings, selling well. Address H. O. HOUGHTON & CO., 1 Somerset street, Boston, Mass.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless; no publicity; no pay until cured. Particulars, Dr. Carlton, 187 Washington-st, Chicago

AGENTS—20 ELEGANT OIL CHROMOS, mounted, size 9x11, for $1; 120 for $5. Largest variety in the world. NATIONAL CHROMO CO.

WORK that PAYS! $150 per month. Agents selling our splendid assortment of NEW Maps and Pictures. Catalogue free. E. C. BRIDGMAN, 5 Barclay St., New York, and 179 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GOODRICH & CO. CHICAGO, ILL. Farmers for a mile! Agents wanted. Quick sales and $7 Large Profits Guaranteed. Send for Catalogue.

HOUSTON, 70 Adams St. $7 Have the best and best-selling Chromo in the world. Quick sales and $7 Large Profits Guaranteed. Send for Catalogue.

FREE 5 Beauti