

### JANET'S HAIR.

Oh! loosen the snood that you wear, Janet,  
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet.  
For the world to me has no daintier sight  
Than your brown hair behind your shoulders  
white.  
As I tangled a hand in your hair my pet.  
It was brown, with a golden gloss, Janet,  
It was finer than silk of the floss, my pet;  
'Twas a beautiful mist, falling down to your  
wrist.  
'Twas a thing to be braided, and jewelled and  
kissed;  
'Twas the loveliest hair in the world, my pet.  
My arm was the arm of a clown, Janet,  
It was sinewy, bristled and brown, my pet;  
But warmly and softly it loved to caress  
Your round white neck, and your wealth of  
tress,  
Your beautiful plenty of hair my pet.  
Your eyes had a swimming gloss, Janet,  
Revealing the dear old story, my pet!  
They were gray with that chastened tinge of  
the sky.  
When the trout leaps quickest to snap the fly,  
And they matched with your golden hair, my  
pet.  
Your lips—but I have no words, Janet—  
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my  
pet;  
When the spring is young and the roses are  
wet.  
With dewdrops in each hollow set,  
And they suited your gold-brown hair, my pet.  
Oh! you tangled my life in your hair, Janet!  
'Twas a silken and golden snare, my pet;  
But so gentle the bondage, my soul did im-  
plure  
The right to continue a slave's evermore,  
With my fingers enmeshed in your hair, my  
pet.  
Thus ever I dream that you were, Janet,  
With your lips, and your eyes, and your hair,  
my pet.  
In the darkened and desolate years I moan,  
And my tears fall bitterly over the stone  
That covers your golden hair, my pet.

### HARVESTING CRANBERRIES.

#### Scenes in the Great Marsh of Wisconsin.

By N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 20.—Berlin is  
sneeringly dubbed the Cranberry City  
by the newspapers of rival towns, and  
at picking time the visitor is impressed  
with the thought that it is no misnomer.  
All other business interests then  
seem subservient to this, for the harvest  
is of no mean importance to a  
river town of 3,000 inhabitants, the  
annual shipments sometimes reaching  
the astounding figures of 35,000 bushels  
from the large marsh of Sackett  
Brothers and that of Carey Brothers,  
whose united annual expenditures are  
not far from \$100,000.

When the picking begins, in October,  
the whole country round turns out  
en masse, for berry time is a succession  
of galads, mas, women, and children  
pouring towards the marshes in what  
seems an endless stream of humanity,  
all eager to earn the excellent wages  
that are always paid. The noisy throng  
is largely made up of Scandinavians  
and Germans by whom portions of the  
county are thickly settled, the men in  
quaint garments of sober homespun,  
high boots and awkward blue caps, and  
smoking the ubiquitous huge bowled  
porcelain pipe from the Fatherland,  
the women with gray colored shawls  
tied over the head and falling on the  
shoulders, short stiff dresses and wooden  
shoes. Children of all ages ac-  
company them, looking curious enough  
dressed in precisely the same sombre  
attire as their parents, which gives  
them the appearance of veritable Lilliputians.  
Most of the pilgrims toward the  
cranberry Mecca go on foot, but some  
ride in heavy farm wagons, canvas  
covered and drawn by sleepy oxen,  
with whose snail pace the plighted  
farmer seems quite content. It is this  
willingness to make haste slowly but  
surely in the race for wealth that has  
made substantial farmers of these in-  
dustrious foreigners. Coming to Amer-  
ica with a few dollars, and purchasing  
sandy farms on which the restless Yan-  
kee has starved, and which he is glad  
to sell for a mere song, these emigrants  
lead a life of frugality and self-denial  
which brings them a reward in causing  
the desert to blossom as the rose. It is  
a saying hereabout that what the Nor-  
wegian farmer cannot sell he feeds to  
his stock, and what they will not eat  
he gives to his family; of course this is  
an exaggeration, but the writer has  
visited the log houses of some of the  
less well-to-do people and has found  
their diet to consist largely of black  
rye bread and thickened sour milk, all  
the rest of the farm produce going  
to market. This from a mode of living  
seems to have the double effect of bene-  
fitting the family health and of gradu-  
ally filling the domestic exchequer.  
The women work in the fields with the  
men and are models of physical ro-  
bustness, never requiring a physician.  
A dentist has never yet been known to  
operate upon the molars or bicuspids  
of these people, whose teeth would ex-  
cite the envy of a pampered child of  
fortune.

Here and there among the prospec-  
tive pickers are a bevy of American  
girls who leave homes of comfort and  
plenty to "rough it" on the marshes  
for a week or two. Bands of Winne-  
bago Indians occasionally file past,  
gaily attired in bright colored govern-  
ment blankets, the lazy warriors or  
bucks mounted on ponies, the squaws  
trudging along the sandy roads carry-  
ing the "impedimenta," with the papposes  
strapped into a frame-work and borne  
upon the back with the other burdens.  
These Indians are the children and  
grandchildren of the chiefs who fought  
under the famous Blackhawk in what  
is now the State of Wisconsin, nearly  
half a century ago. For many years  
they have hunted unmolested, but were  
recently removed to the Indian Terri-  
tory, under military escort, by orders  
of the government, but they were un-  
happy, and refused to be comforted as  
wards of the nation, so they made their  
way—several hundred strong—back to  
the happy hunting grounds of Wiscon-  
sin, a distance of 1,000 miles; they are  
the same harmless, strolling bands that  
they have been for many years, but they  
have learned something of the rights  
of settlers and have pre-empted certain  
wild lands, which they affect to occupy,  
and thus become entitled to the privi-  
leges of citizens, and enjoy immunity  
from government interference.

It was only a mile or two from Ber-

lin to the cranberry marsh of Sackett  
Brothers, the presiding genius of whose  
fortunes is the Hon. Hobe Sackett; the  
berries grow on a marsh which is so  
wet and yielding as to preclude the  
driving of teams except on a  
corduroy road half a mile long leading  
to the buildings in the center; the drive  
is anything but pleasant, as the wagon  
goes jostling over the logs, and the  
caseway is so narrow that teams can  
not pass making it necessary for the  
driver to keep a sharp lookout over its  
entire length, to see that he has the  
right of way. Springing across one of  
the ditches or either side one can pick  
the acid berries from the delicate  
bushes which grow not more than a  
foot in height; the principal building is  
the warehouse where the berries are  
stored and afterward barreled for  
market. It is a substantial frame  
structure, recently built, is 148 by 44  
feet and four stories high. From the  
upper windows can be had a compre-  
hensive view of the marsh and its busy  
force of pickers; the eye rests upon 750  
series of marsh, not more than a quar-  
ter of which is under cultivation, over  
whose area in the busy time are scatter-  
ed not less than three thousand pick-  
ers.

A movable wooden railroad track  
runs from the warehouse to the center  
of operations, and a car is loaded with  
the boxes of berries, each person pick-  
ing into a pan which is then emptied into  
his box of a bushel capacity. The pick-  
ers receive a ticket for every bushel  
loaded on the car, and on reporting to  
the superintendent at the close of the  
day, receive credit for the whole. The  
price paid is 75 cents a bushel, and the  
average day's work is not more than  
2 or 3 bushels, and a few experts have  
been known to pick seven bushels in a  
single day. The picking being often  
hurried on account of threatened ap-  
proach of frost, a second picking is  
sometimes necessary, for which about  
a dollar a bushel is paid. The car on  
being loaded with the filled boxes is  
drawn by a team of horses to the ware-  
house, where the berries are hoisted on  
an elevator to the upper stories, and  
disposed of in such manner as to secure  
the best ventilation. The floors are  
covered with tier upon tier of boxes of  
berries, there being sometimes 20,000  
bushels under the roof at one time.  
On the ground floor large fanning mil-  
ls are in motion, into which the berries  
are running from hoppers in the upper  
stories, and all leaves and other impu-  
rities are blown out, after which they  
are put in barrels and hauled to Berlin,  
and from there shipped to the Milwau-  
kee and Chicago markets. A cooper-  
ing establishment on the property man-  
ufactures the many thousand barrels  
which are annually required.

The question naturally arises, How  
do these several thousand pickers sub-  
sist during the season, for no boarding  
establishment of sufficient capacity  
would be possible? The answer is that  
the proprietor has erected barracks of  
frame buildings for which there is no  
rental, the pickers boarding themselves;  
each house being furnished with a kitchen  
stove, and the rooms fitted up with  
bunks. The greatest hilarity prevails  
during picking time, the nights being  
given up to innocent revelry and mirth  
on the part of the young men and  
maiden, while in the neighboring  
woods the Winnebagoes dance round  
their camp fires and make night hide-  
ous with the drunken orgies with which  
cranberry time is invariably associated.

Sackett's marsh is fitted by nature  
for its present use, and its advantages  
of location could not have been im-  
proved upon by the experienced cranberry  
cultivator. It is necessary to flood the  
entire surface during the winter, and  
this is rendered easy by the fact that  
the marsh is a basin lying in a wooded  
table land, with an outlet at the lower  
end, across which has been constructed  
a dam 225 yards long and four and one-  
half feet high, with double flood-gates  
for regulating the height of the over-  
flow. As soon as the crop is gathered  
the gates are dropped and the marsh  
gradually becomes submerged by the  
autumn rains, the melting snows and  
the drainage from the higher ground  
until it becomes a lake. This often  
freezes to a considerable thickness, fur-  
nishing a skating rink that puts to  
blush the contracted affairs of that  
name found in cities. In this manner  
the soil receives its only cultivation,  
and the tender plants are protected  
from the rigors of a Wisconsin winter.  
It is not uncommon for the marsh to  
be flooded eight or nine months in the  
year, the water not being drawn off  
until June.

Of all fruit-raising, cranberry culture  
is the most uncertain; not more than  
one season in five or six escaping the  
early frost, against which there is no  
protection, and of whose approach  
there is no warning, while the vines  
are always subject to the attacks of the  
cranberry worm, which sometimes de-  
stroys the entire crop. The yield  
of 1871 was the largest ever known,  
and was successfully harvested, but it  
was followed by total failure, or  
only partial crops. Hundreds of thou-  
sands of dollars have been invested in  
the business, which is attended with  
the greatest risk, but offers the possi-  
bility of a large fortune.

### Princess Louise and Her Habits.

"Have I seen the princess?" writes  
a correspondent in the Hamilton Spec-  
tator. "Yes, and no. I have seen her  
in the street; but when walking, she is  
always heavily veiled. I will tell you  
something of her habits, but you must  
understand that in doing this I tell you  
only what is generally known in Ot-  
tawa. One of her chief characteristics  
is love of exercise. She may be seen  
in the dully gray mornings, of which  
we have so many since her arrival, at  
as early an hour as 8.30, vigorously  
walking in the romantic neighborhood  
of Rideau Hall. She comes to town  
nearly every day not in a carriage, but  
in good stout English walking-boots,  
in which she tramps through the mud  
and slush with a bold, firm step which  
puts to shame the mincing ladies who,  
if they venture out at all in bad weather,  
pick their way as tenderly as if they  
were walking on eggs. I met her last  
Sunday, at about 4 o'clock, near the  
Chaudiere. She was walking with His  
Excellency and Lady Sophia MacNa-  
mara. The Princess was dressed in

black, over which she wore a long gray  
ulster; her head was wrapped in a  
white cloud, and she carried a small  
cane—she always appears in the streets  
with a cane. I know ladies who would  
think themselves degraded by wearing  
heavy walking-boots—boots fit to keep  
out the wet, and with which muddy,  
slushy roads might be traversed with  
impunity. She delights in them, and  
is apparently as much at home and as  
happy, while doing her six-mile walk  
on any indifferent road, as she would in  
her drawing-room, and I suppose more  
so. The princess had walked from Rideau  
to the Chaudiere, and when they reached  
the Government House, on their re-  
turn, they would have covered at least  
five miles of a rough road. This was  
a Sunday afternoon constitutional.

This habit of walking exposes the  
Princess to much inconvenience, for  
there are always ill-bred people who  
stare at and even follow her in the  
streets. She seems fond of shopping,  
and has already visited a number of  
leading dry goods houses. But she  
does not confine herself to the first-class  
houses. A few days ago she was seen  
suddenly to stop before a small tin shop.  
She saw something in the window which  
attracted her attention, and after ob-  
serving it for a moment, walked into  
the very humble place. Now, what do  
you suppose struck her fancy? A small  
tin tea-pot! A little common thing,  
with a capacity of about one cup, and  
worth 25 cents. She bought it, and I  
am told, put it in her pocket, but this  
I doubt. Now, this shows the utter ab-  
sence of that false pride which makes  
so many of our women objects of ridic-  
ule. Plain, simple, unostentatious,  
affable and courteous, Her Royal High-  
ness has already won the affections of  
all who have come within her influence;  
and there can be no doubt that her ex-  
ample will be of incalculable value to  
this young country, and will go far in  
checking the growth of the pernicious  
modes of life established among our  
American consorts, which have already  
done much to make our women unwar-  
mly, and our girls idle and proud and  
unsubstantial. Let the young women of Can-  
ada watch the life of this daughter of roy-  
alty; let them imitate her industry, her  
simplicity, her pure, healthy useful life,  
as well mental as physical; let them re-  
collect that no life is happy which is  
idle; that the highest and purest enjoy-  
ment in this world is the consciousness  
that we are constantly employed in do-  
ing good and being useful, and the  
most wretched of all lives is that of the  
woman of fashion, or of the girl who  
spends her time in the whirl of social  
excitement.

### Naming the Baby.

"What shall we name the baby?" is  
an important question this year, for the  
crop, like the wheat, was never better.  
It is rather soon to undertake to grade  
them as "No. 1, No. 2, or rejected,"  
and your head and reputation are both  
safer to pronounce to the entire lot No.  
1; but the question as to names must be  
settled at once. One would think that  
nothing was easier than naming the  
baby, for the world has been full of  
names for six thousand years; yet it is  
a subject that elicits the gravest dis-  
cussion in the family, and reaches out  
to the "advisory board" of the neigh-  
borhood, and often ends in open dis-  
satisfaction, or a compromise, by which  
the poor child goes through life carry-  
ing a cognomen crushing through to  
break the constitution and make the  
life of the bearer miserable. A long  
name is always a disadvantage. For a  
boy who enters the marts of trade a  
double name is often a safeguard, and  
especially so when the middle letter is  
one seldom used in proper names. The  
leading name should be short and easily  
spoken, and the fact is too apparent to  
every one that if such is not the case  
a nickname is sure to follow. The case  
of a girl is entirely different. No girl  
should be burdened with a double  
name, no matter how many aunts or  
grandmothers are to be honored by so  
doing. A girl should have a single  
name, and that should be pronounceable  
and musical. Mehitable or Jeru-  
saba and like names may be good and  
substantial enough, but a young lady  
sooner or later revolts. Every young  
lady, as a matter of course, expects to  
marry, and should not lose her family  
name by so doing, but simply add that  
of her husband. She should get her  
double name by this important act of  
her life and not before.—Chicago Inter-  
Ocean.

### Murphy's Queer Catch.

New York City.  
Francis Murphy secured his first hear-  
ing at his Cooper Union meeting last  
evening. At the close of the speaking  
—after Brother Murphy had shouted,  
"the congregation will come up and  
sign the pledge!"—and while men and  
boys were putting signatures to the  
cards and having their buttonholes  
adorned with blue ribbons, Col. Well-  
of Elmira, caught a struggling spec-  
imen of humanity by the nape of the  
neck and hauled him over a table on to  
the platform. While the queer catch  
was dangling over the space between  
the table and the platform, the Colonel  
yelled with great enthusiasm, "Here he  
is—a heathen Chinese." Somebody  
suggested that the subject was a Japa-  
nese, whereupon the enthusiastic Colo-  
nel shouted, "Well, a heathen Japanese  
—it's all in the family." And while  
the gentleman spoken of in such fami-  
liar terms was putting his signature to  
one of the pasteboard pledges, the Colo-  
nel continued to shout that this gior-  
ious movement was gathering them  
from the uttermost ends of the earth.  
When the reclaimed follower of Bac-  
chus and late disciple of Baccus was  
permitted to regain rest his feet on the  
level of the hall, he held in his hand a  
crumpled card, to which he clung with  
the pertinacity that characterizes his  
race, and on this card was the signa-  
ture, "Japanese Tommy."

Return equity and justice for evil  
done to you, and pay goodness by good-  
ness.

Both houses of the Nebraska Legisla-  
ture were permanently organized, January  
7th. C. H. Mathewson, of Madison county,  
was elected Speaker of the House, and B. D.  
Slaughter, of Lancaster county, Chief Clerk.  
In the Senate, Sherwood Burr was chosen Sec-  
retary, and C. H. Babcock, Assistant Sec-  
retary.

### EDUCATION.

#### A Dialogue on That Topic.

Detroit Free Press.  
"Now, children, you have told me  
how many members we have in the  
legislature, who presides over each  
body, how laws are made, and how  
often a United States senator is elected,  
and in return I will—"  
"I had reached this point the other  
evening when there came a ring at the  
door-bell, and after a minute I dis-  
covered that Mr. Old Foggy had decided on  
another attack. He meant to give me  
fits this time. He brought along two  
or three teachers with him, and they at  
once walked into my school room. I  
did at first have a sign of "State Prison"  
over the door, so as to make it seem  
like a regular school house to the pu-  
pils, but, as they insisted upon regard-  
ing it as a novelty, I removed the sign.  
"Well, you have been teaching, I  
see," observed Mr. Old Foggy.  
"Yes, six of these children belong in  
the neighborhood, and don't attend any  
regular school."  
"We don't exactly agree on the school  
question, you know," said Mr. Old  
Foggy. "You did rather stump me the  
other night, but I'd like you to ask  
some of those teachers a few questions."  
"Very well, Mr. Blank, how many  
bushels of wheat will make a barrel of  
flour?"  
"Why, that isn't a regular question,"  
he replied as he looked around.  
"Isn't it? Your arithmetic says that  
sixty pounds of wheat make a bushel,  
and because it does not say how many  
bushels make a barrel of flour the  
farmer who is figuring up his year's  
supply must be left in ignorance. Here  
is Charlie—only nine years old—he may  
answer."  
"Now Mr. Blank, can you name the  
more prominent stars?"  
"I can sir."  
"I thought so, but can you tell me  
how many spokes there are in the front  
wheel of a buggy—can any of you?"  
"I protest," cried Mr. Old Foggy,  
but they didn't answer for all that.  
"Well, Mr. Blank, can you translate  
Latin?"  
"I can sir."  
"No doubt of it, but can you tell me  
how to preserve cider?"  
"There you go again!" cried Mr. Old  
Foggy, but none of them could tell.  
"Are you familiar with cube-root,  
Mr. Blank?"  
"I am."  
"But can you tell me the salary of  
our Governor?"  
None of them could.  
"Try some of the ladies," suggested  
Mr. Old Foggy, after a few more ques-  
tions.  
"All right, Miss Blank, are you  
good in algebra?"  
"I think so."  
"And can you tell me how many  
yards of cotton to buy for a pair of  
pillow slips?"  
"Why, no."  
"Do you know what will take stains  
out of a table-cloth or grease spots out  
of a carpet?"  
"No, sir."  
"Can you mix a mustard plaster, tell  
me a ready family antidote for poison,  
suggest a family remedy for a cold or  
sore throat, tell me how many yards in  
a bunch of dress braid, the number of  
yards of ticking to make a bedtick, a  
way to remove paint from windows, or  
how to make gruel for the sick?"  
"No, sir."  
"What are you driving at?" indignantly  
demanded Mr. Old Foggy.  
"I'll let my class go and tell you.  
Let me first remark that I haven't asked  
a question which these children here  
can't answer. This little girl will prob-  
ably answer everything I have asked  
Miss Blank, and yet she is not ten years  
old. A month ago I told her that alum  
and brown sugar mixed together would  
relieve cramp. A week ago, at dead of  
night roused from sleep by her parents  
and the wails of her sick brother, she  
prepared the remedy while her father  
was after the doctor and her mother  
was excited and helpless, and in half  
an hour the cramp was gone. You ask  
me what I am driving at? Women are  
called helpless, and we do not look to  
see them have presence of mind. Why  
are they so? Simply because they may  
know algebra by heart, and yet not  
know what is an antidote for almost  
every poison. They learn astronomy,  
and yet don't know what is good for  
a burn, or how to stop the nose bleed.  
They know all about botany, and yet  
cannot tell what to do for a person who  
has fainted away."  
"But I'm not a housekeeper," pro-  
tested Miss Blank.  
"No; well, every woman looks for-  
ward to marriage; they were born to.  
Every female expects to marry rich,  
but not one in five hundred can so mar-  
ry as to throw the entire responsibility  
of her house on hired help. Six out of  
ten may have a servant, but, unless the  
mistress knows how things should go,  
what can be expected of the girl? As  
the lady sits in the parlor and realizes  
that she can draw, play the piano, read  
French, the help left to experiment  
and having no interest, breaks, smash-  
es, and throws away, and the family  
are soon looking for a cheaper house.  
Miss Blank here may marry and never  
lift a hand, but if she knew every duty,  
—if she knew remedies and recipes—  
wouldn't she have more self-reliance  
and be better prepared for the respon-  
sibilities."  
"Can you name any married lady in  
Detroit who makes use of algebra? Can  
you name one who is ever inconven-  
ienced for the want of a knowledge of  
geometry? Do you know of one who  
wouldn't trade off all her Latin for a  
cure for corns?"  
"Mr. Old Foggy said that he thought it  
looked as if we would soon have a snow  
storm."  
Then take the other side. We do not  
teach our boys to be observing, and  
then we turn around and call them  
heedless. We pass the things of ev-  
eryday life to let them grasp at the ab-  
stract; they thus become helpless; they  
can name the planets, but they cannot  
tell the size of a brick; they can name  
every ancient philosopher, but can't  
put up the stove-pipe; they can figure  
in cube root, but they can't tell all wool  
cloth from half cotton. We let them  
attend school for years, are proud to  
find that they know so much, and then  
discover that they can't tell why hick-  
ory wood will burn longer than pine,

and we hear somebody say of them,  
"He has a fine education, but no horse  
sense."

Mr. Old Foggy mentioned that it was  
getting very late.  
"Now, then, some of you tell me of a  
business man who has made his money  
through a classical education. Tell me  
one lawyer who wins by flowery speech-  
es and I'll name you a dozen who win  
by arguments which even boys can dig-  
est. Name a merchant who buys at  
random, as we educate children, and I  
will name the day of his failure. Name  
one who can tell you how to saw out a  
boot-gate, build an ice-box, putty in a  
pane of glass, mix paint, or hang a  
gate, and I'll show you that he is do-  
ing a safe business, dictated by obser-  
vation and common sense. Last year a  
gentleman with a fine collegiate edu-  
cation opened a grocery store on an  
certain street in this city, asking no  
advice as to location and making no  
observations on the movements of the  
public. He had got nicely opened  
when a bootblack called in one day and  
bluntly said:  
"Gimme a cent's worth of peanuts!"  
"Peanuts! Boy, I don't keep a pen-  
nut stand!" was the indignant reply.  
"You won't keep even a peanut stand  
here two months from now!" chuckled  
the lad, as he lounged out.  
In five weeks there was a failure, and  
the grocer was \$3,000 out of pocket  
in seven week's time. The observ-  
ing boy knew that store was too far  
down town, because he had watched  
the movements of the people who  
bought at retail. The grocer had been  
at Yale college, and he didn't deem it  
necessary to know a lamp post from  
a salt barrel in order to establish a  
trade.

The other day a lady, who can speak  
several languages, and who graduated  
with high honors at Vassar, wanted  
some mince pies made, and put away  
for New Year's. Neither of her ser-  
vant girls knew how to make them, and  
so the lady went out among her neigh-  
bors. She tried to remember what  
they told her, but her pies were made  
without sugar or salt, and with only  
one crust. When told why "they  
tasted like basswood chips" she burst  
into tears and sobbed out:  
"They educated me to be an idiot in-  
stead of a woman!"

Decrease in the Belief in Witchcraft.  
A doctrine, the denial of which two  
centuries ago in New England would  
have been considered proof positive of  
infidel tendencies, and a long stride to-  
ward atheism; a doctrine which the  
most revered divines identified with a  
standing or falling Bible; which was  
commended to favor by the almost con-  
current voices of the learned of pre-  
ceding Christian ages, which bishops  
and councils had stamped with a sol-  
emn approval; on the ground of which  
death had been inflicted on thousands  
upon thousands of men and women, es-  
pecially from the thirteenth century on-  
wards—this doctrine has now disap-  
peared. It is alien to our consciences.  
It is no longer included in the stock  
of religious beliefs. The first skepticism  
respecting it was resented and deplored  
by good men, as an evidence of the de-  
generacy "of the present age"—that  
bad "present age" which good men in  
every generation have pronounced to  
be worse than any other before it. The  
first signs of the obsolescence of this  
ancient belief were observed with dis-  
may by sincerely pious men, who ralli-  
ed for the defense of the faith, and  
grasped the ark more tenaciously the  
more they saw it in danger. They hurled  
their proof-texts—"Thou shalt not  
suffer a witch to live!" they spurned  
the novel interpretation which made a  
witch to be a mere juggler; they shout-  
ed "Sadducee;" they scattered their  
sarcasms on the offery of the new  
lights who fancied themselves on a loft-  
ier pinnacle than the generations be-  
fore them. All was in vain; the obso-  
lescent belief soon became obsolete; the  
eighteenth century smiled at the credu-  
lity of the seventeenth; and the nine-  
teenth century does the same. Witch-  
craft, along with faith in it, has van-  
ished; the devil who helped their hu-  
man allies to pine and prick sleeping  
children, sometimes to poison cattle  
and upset milk pails, have taken their  
flight. Salem is quiet from the incur-  
sions of Tartarus; it is actually, as  
well as nominally, a city. Gradually,  
and yet rapidly, men came to disbe-  
lieve what they had before believed.  
Emancipated from the old tenet, they  
began to deride it as a weak supersti-  
tion. Spasmodic efforts to save the  
dying doctrine proved useless. Even  
the potent voice of Wesley fell on list-  
less ears.—Sunday Afternoon for Jan-  
uary.

### How the English Boys Used to be Punished.

There were two curious bits of dis-  
cipline at that school; one, that when-  
ever a boy committed a grave offense  
every boy of the school was made a  
party to it; and a penitential letter was  
written home by every boy precisely in  
the same terms. Here is an instance:  
"One night, as we followed the ushers,  
two and two down a passage from the  
school room to our bed room, William  
said to me:  
"George, I hate that usher fellow."  
"So do I," I said.  
"I shall spit on his back," said he.  
"Please don't," said I, "we shall both  
be strapped."  
[Strapping was administered with a  
piece of carriage trace with buckle-  
holes in it, through which the air rushed  
as it descended on the hand.]  
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and, as I expected, the usher having, I  
suppose, heard whispering, turned  
round, and he was caught in the act.  
The next morning, after due person-  
al treatment of the leading culprit by  
a process more painful than strapping,  
we were all drawn up in single file in  
the school room, and every boy, older  
and younger, had to write from dicta-  
tion, and then to copy from his slate,  
on a piece of letter paper, the letter  
following. (Letters then cost eight  
pence each):

"MY DEAR PARENTS—We have com-  
mitted a great sin. For William Dis-  
son spat on the usher's back when we  
went to bed. I remain your affection-  
ate son, ARTHUR SHIRT."  
There were four Shirt brothers in the  
school—Arthur, Lionel, Frederick and  
Augustus Shirt. I draw a veil over  
the feelings and expressions of the  
Shirt parents upon opening the four  
letters, price two shillings and eight  
pence.  
The like thing happened again while  
I was there, upon the occasion of buy-  
ing apple tarts from an old woman  
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The other point of discipline was,  
that every boy who had not conducted  
himself well during the week had no  
mutton pie on Saturday. Now, this  
gave the mutton pie a moral eleva-  
tion in its own nature it did not deserve,  
being composed of what was left on the  
plates the preceding days of the week.  
William had been at school at Esber,  
with our elder brothers, Evelyn and  
Edward, before Sunbury. There, one  
Sunday morning, having lost his hat,  
he was made to walk to school in a  
straw coal-scuttle bonnet of one of the  
daughters of the house. The ways of  
discipline are various.

### A Chapter on Stings.

The pain caused by the sting of a  
plant or insect is the result of a certain  
amount of acid poison injected in the  
blood. The first thing to be done is to  
press the tub of a small key firmly on  
the wound, moving the key from side to  
side to facilitate the expulsion of the  
sting and its accompanying poison.  
The sting, if left in the wound, should  
be carefully extracted, otherwise it will  
greatly increase the local irritation.  
The poison of stings being acid, com-  
mon sense points to the alkalies as the  
proper means of cure. Among the  
most easily procured remedies may be  
mentioned soft soap, liquor of ammonia,  
(spirits of hartshorn), smelling salts,  
washing-soda, quicklime made into a  
paste with water, lime-water, the juice  
of an onion, tobacco juice, chewed  
tobacco, bruised dock leaves, tomato  
juice, wood ashes, tobacco ash and  
carbonate of soda. If the sting be  
severe, rest and coolness should be ad-  
ded to the other remedies, more especi-  
ally in the case of nervous subjects.  
Nothing is so apt to make the poison  
active as heat, and nothing favors its  
activity less than cold. Let the body  
be kept cool and at rest, and the activ-  
ity of the poison will be reduced to a  
minimum. Any active exertion where-  
by the circulation is quickened will in-  
crease both pain and swelling. If the  
swelling be severe, the part may be  
rubbed with sweet oil or a drop or two  
of laudanum. Stings in the eye, ear,  
mouth or throat sometimes lead to  
serious consequences; in such cases  
medical advice should always be sought  
for as soon as possible.

### Hon. James Miller Was Named.

Hon. James Miller writes as follows  
to the editor of the Kalamazoo (Mich.)  
Telegraph: "Kalamazoo is a name  
particularly unique, peculiar and  
noticeable, and the people of the town  
bearing it may well regard it as a cause  
of felicitation that so early in their  
history they lost the name of Bronson  
and found this for a substitute; nor will  
I quarrel with the logic which asserts  
the rose to smell as sweet if bearing  
Kalamazoo would lose something of its  
popular aroma if its original name  
continued to adhere to it. The fact  
that the word Kalamazoo is found in  
the fancy phrases of the boys of the  
period, in the names of monitors and  
Thames steamers, and, in a word, is  
among the popular words of all people  
who talk English, settles the question  
that it is a good name, and also that  
a name is a good thing—better than  
riches. I think somebody said, You  
are a little fast, however, Mr. Editor,  
in assuming that 'Kalamazoo was also  
far-famed before the white man had  
ever seen the river that bore that liquid  
name.' You ought to know that the  
aborigines, however food they may  
be of 'liquids,' had none in their lan-  
guage, and that in the fixing up of Kal-  
amazoo the nasal letter was extracted  
therefrom and the liquid 'l' inserted.  
The Indian name of your river was  
'Ke-Kamazanoo.' The Indian never  
was able to pronounce the sound of the  
letter 'l,' as, when a boy, I often caused  
him to attempt to do, but without suc-  
cess. It is a matter which I much re-  
gret that the names given to our Mich-  
igan localities to so great an extent have

passed by the words which might ap-  
propriately have been taken from the  
vernacular of the Indians for the  
while these places like Muskegon,  
Newaygo, Manistee, Mackinaw, Pes-  
tosky, and the like, afford pleasing ex-  
amples of the correct principle of no-  
menclature in this regard; others are  
miserably affected in that some early  
bumpkin proprietor of a platted quar-  
ter section or a river fraction has been  
able to pass his interesting (to himself)  
patronymic adown the ages; or else,  
equally unfortunate for its future in-  
habitants, some wide-awake founder of  
a city or posse has sought to hasten its  
growth by giving it some adjective  
significance by dubbing it Grand Haven  
or Grand Rapids, when both towns were  
only made possible by being on the  
banks of the beautiful river, known by  
the red men as Ojashenong."

### OLD SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

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