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What the Birds Sang.

Little lark, little lark, down in the meadow,
What are you singing of all the day long?
"Singing of the sunlight that chases the shadow;
Singing of the love in my heart so strong
For my little mate and her six wee nestlings,
Singing in the sunshine, the dew and the rain;
Singing from the depths of my heart thanksgiving,
Just because the bonny summer's come again."

Bobolink, bobolink, swaying in the meadow,
Perched on the top of the tallest weed,
What do you sing with such a gush of gladness
That all the world is forced to heed?
"Oh, the sun shines and the breezes are blowing,
Bringing the breath of the roses to me,
And my heart is full of joy to overflowing,
I'm singing just because I'm glad to be."

Plain brown thrush in the tree-top at evening,
Wistfully warbling, as daylight fades,
What are you singing up there in the twilight
Rocked by the breeze in the cool green shades?
"I'm only singing that life is not all gladness;
Some dark days to each heart must fall.
So in my song there's a note of sadness,
Here in the tree by the garden wall."

Little bird, somewhere out in the darkness,
Stirring at midnight within your nest,
What sad dreams do your tiny heart trouble?
Why are you touched with a vague unrest?
"Ah, don't you know the heart of a mother,
Just the same through the world everywhere?
Waking, I counted my little nestlings,
One by one, to see if they all were there."
—[Emily Acton, in the Housewife.

MAID SYBIL'S LOVER.

It was a sweet summer's afternoon, towards the middle of the fifteenth century, and the inhabitants of the little village of Friars Holt were all assembled upon the green, watching the attempts of some of the younger men to send their arrows straight to the centre of the butts which stood at one end of the chosen place of recreation. "Another shaft missed the clout," laughed an old man, as the arrow stuck quivering in the turf, falling three yards short of the butt. "The king will never complain that lads of Wainwood make havoc among his deer if he hears of such shooting as this."

"Hold your prate, Gaffer Jenkyn, said the young man who had discharged the last shot, pettishly unstringing his bow; "it was a cross wind which marred my shooting unless, indeed, it was the wizard's ward," he added, crossing himself devoutly as he cast a glance of scorn and abhorrence at a young maiden standing some little distance apart from the group of rustics—a fair-haired girl of middle height, with a pair of laughing gray eyes.

Her age could scarcely have exceeded eighteen years and the merry expression of her face as she smiled at the woebegone look of the discomfited bowman had no more wizard's glamour about it than is always to be found in the rippling laughter of a pretty girl.

"Yes, there she be, sure enough," muttered Gaffer Jenkyn, with a glance of malevolent hatred at the young girl. "What business has she down here among us? Even if she can't cast spells herself, she can tell all about us to that old warlock who lives in the old ruined tower in Carnstone Castle."

By this time general attention was drawn to the beautiful intruder and threats and execrations were levelled at her head.

At first the girl appeared unconscious of her danger, but all at once a stone thrown by a lad grazed her arm, and as she perceived the threatening attitude of the crowd, a look of intense terror passed across her face, and she turned to fly.

"Do not let the witch escape," cried an old crone. "I lost two sweet grandchildren last autumn. They said it was the failing sickness, but I know better. It was through the devilments of the old wizard and his ward."

A menacing circle soon formed around the poor girl, whose entreaties for mercy were received with shouts of derison, and she would have been seriously maltreated had not a figure burst through the ranks of her assailants and loudly asked the meaning of their cowardly conduct.

The man who interposed in the girl's behalf was attired in the picturesque dress of a forester, though he wore no badge or cognizance to show that he was the retainer of any noble house, and the cloth of which his Lincoln-green doublet was composed of a finer character than that in which servitors were attired.

"Hullo, my masters," cried he, stepping between the maiden and her assailants, "what wit is this? By the bones of Jonathan, the Archer, call ye yourselves Englishmen to behave in such a manner?"

A confused chorus of explanations rose from the little crowd, but the smith, who had at first suggested violent measures, strode to the front.

"This is no business of thine, Hob of the Butts," growled he; "get ye to your own business of stealing the King's deer and leave honest men to look after their own affairs."

"We have no witches or warlocks amongst us, and this girl who lives up at Carnstone Chase with old Michael Rexthorpe shall not come down here casting her spell over us and ours."

As he spoke he laid a rough, sinewy hand upon the shoulder of the shrinking girl, but in a moment staggered back under the effects of a heavy blow dealt him by the man called Hob of the Butts, who, placing the girl's arm in his drew her through the crowd, not one venturing to manifest any opposition.

Neither spoke a word until they had left Friars Holt some little distance behind them, and then the girl said, timidly:

"I thank you, fair sir, for your kindness in rescuing me from that dreadful man. I thought I should have died with terror when he laid his hand on me."

The forester laughed merrily. "Matt Clink and I understand each other, pretty one," said he. "But tell me, who are you, why did they call you a witch and want to throw you into the pond?"

Tears started to the girl's eyes. "I am called Sybil Tressider," answered she, "and I am no witch, though I live up in Cairnstone Chase with that fearful man Michael Rexthorpe. "My father, Reginald Tressider, who believed that he could find the philosopher's stone, was the owner of the house in the Chase and Michael Rexthorpe was his trusted and familiar friend, but my poor father died and the fearsome man, Michael, has taken everything. He says I am his ward, and though I am not absolutely a prisoner, yet he has forbidden me to go beyond certain limits."

Hob of the Butts stroked his chin thoughtfully. "A sad tale," said he. "But what doth he up in the lonely tower, from whence as I have passed that way at night I have seen strangely colored vapors issue and clouds of bright sparks float away like evil demons on their errand of ill."

"He searches for two things—the secret of eternal youth and the waters of oblivion," replied Sybil Tressider.

Hob of the Butts looked puzzled. "I know not what you mean by the last," said he.

"It is the draught which brings forgetfulness," answered the maiden.

"Then Matt Clink often finds that when he quaffs the nut-brown ale," returned the forester, with his merry laugh.

"I cannot ask thee in," replied Sybil, "but from the bottom of my heart I thank thee. I have not met a friend since I can recollect."

She turned from him with a sigh and made her way slowly towards the time-worn tower, which stood like some giant sentinel watching over the bleak waste.

In a very few days Hob of the Butts again found himself in the vicinity of the tower and, with a williness which those who were acquainted with his frank and open nature would never have given him credit for, he carried on his shoulders a fat doe, which he humbly offered to Michael Rexthorpe as a tribute from one who, though ignorant, was a devoted admirer of learning.

The cunning old man fathomed the handsome forester's motive in a moment, but he was not one to cast away gifts, even though he felt in his heart that Hob of the Butts, had a magnet in Sybil Tressider. He received him graciously and accepted the present.

Sybil and the forester had now many opportunities of meeting and a strong feeling of affection sprung up between them—not unnoticed by the keen eyes of Michael.

There were times when he felt inclined to rend his snow white beard with disappointment.

And now began a new life for Hob of the Butts; his former sylvan haunts and gay companions knew him not, for he became Michael Rexthorpe's drudge, a mere hewer of wood and drawer of water, and yet he felt that this unaccustomed toil was amply repaid by the opportunity of breathing his love in Sybil's ear and hearing her shy answer in response.

One day Michael's countenance was full of triumph. "I have found them!" cried he. "I have found them. I am not quite certain of eternal youth, for that will be a gradual process; but of the waters of oblivion I have no doubt. I have, however, hit upon a sure means of testing the latter, and will do so on that jolter-headed archer, ond see if it will moke him forget Sybil."

"Have you not made up your mind yet, dearest Sybil?" murmured the archer in impassioned tones. "Will you not exchange this dull tower and the harsh words of your guardian for the sweet retreats of the merry greenwood? The prior of St. Williston's chapel is ready to join our band and my trusty comrades will give you a hearty welcome. Fly with me, then, and do not waste your young life here."

He hastened away to the keeping-room of the tower with the silver goblets, each containing a small quantity of some liquid, pure and colorless as crystal.

"I will quaff youth," said he, "while the archer shall drain the cup of oblivion to the dregs."

Meanwhile the lovers were engaged in earnest conversation beneath a pink may tree, which grew on the south side of the tower.

For a while the maiden hesitated and then with a deep blush consented to follow her lover.

They returned, and as she entered the keeping-room she saw her guardian carefully placing two silver goblets upon the table.

"Where hast thou been, gadabout?" said he, with an angry frown, "and where is that oaf of a bowman? Send him hither and I will hasten him up by partaking of a cup of strong waters with him before he goes forth on his quest."

Michael placed the goblets at separate ends of the table and then shambled out of the room. As he did so the girl caught a malicious twinkle in his eye, which raised her suspicions, and with lightning-like rapidity she reversed the position of the cups; then, hastening to her lover, she whispered a few words in his ears.

He nodded and in a few seconds entered the room, where the seeker after the mysteries of the occult was in waiting.

"You want some venison, I hear, Master Rexthorpe," said the forester. "I can lay my hands upon a fair white doe in half an hour."

"'Tis well," answered Rexthorpe, rubbing his hands, "but before thou goest drain this, 'twill hearten thee up." The forester tossed off the contents of the goblet and was about to leave the room when the old man said: "Whither goest thou?"

"To the broken cross," answered the forester.

"Good; he had forgotten all about the doe," said Michael gleefully. "The potion works already; now for my change."

He drained off the contents of the chalice and fell stricken to death, while the forester and the maiden journeyed on to where light and happiness awaited them; for love has been ever the spring of eternal youth, while it is only death's hand that can brew the liquor which fills the cup of oblivion.—[Boston Globe.

Exterminating the Food Fish.

It is a proverb in Nantucket that a native never sees a tree without having an irresistible desire to cut it down, and the result is that the trees in Nantucket are like the snakes in Ireland. They do not exist. The cupidity of the fisherman on the Atlantic coast is rapidly destroying nearly every kind of sea food upon which the people have been accustomed to rely. The complaints of the men who control the fish markets are long and loud that the supply of fish is much less for this season than it was the last. The lobster factories on the Maine coast are all closed, and one has to go down as far east as Prince Edward Island to find a lobster with a shell on his back at a fair price. The herring factories have begun to exhaust the immense schools of herring that gather around Grand Manan and work their way into the Bay of Fundy. The mackerel have been so scarce during the season, from the wholesale destruction of schools, that a single mackerel is today more expensive than a pound of beef.

The bluefish are still plenty, but there are signs that even this species of fish is beginning to be preyed upon by the methods employed by the fishermen in catching them. The fishermen say that they are obliged to use these destructive methods in order to protect themselves from the encroachments of those who refuse to keep to the old methods, and so the wholesale destruction goes on without restraint. The time has come when if the sea is to yield to us much longer the delicious food which makes life on the Atlantic coast a delight to the people of the West, as well as to the natives, different methods of catching the fish, and a protection for them in the close season, must be established by law, for which the proper enforcements must be arranged. The necessity is urgent. There is not a single species of fish used for the table which is not now in great danger of extinction. The salmon and the shad have been protected, but protection is equally demanded for the cod, the herring, the lobster and the mackerel.—[Boston Herald.

The Origin of the Tug-of-War.

The origin of the tug-of-war is clouded in the mists of the past. The popular idea has been that it originated with the Greeks, and Nathaniel Lee's oft-used expression, "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug-of-war," has always been accepted without questioning. These lines must have been inspired by false hypothesis, or else the author took advantage of the liberties of poetic license. Nathaniel lived and wrote about 1655, and, as there is no absolute record of a tug-of-war until fifty years later, it could hardly have been handed down from the inhabitants of Golden Hellas, through whose patrician veins athletic blood coursed. The tug was doubtless known in Nathaniel's time, but the first record of a competition is one between two boat crews of his majesty's brig-of-war Titania, contested in the navy yard at Portsmouth, England. An old writer, evidently an admirer of the sport, waxes enthusiastic over the result: "When with a long pull altogether the boatswain's team drew the captain of the marines and his men first to their feet, and then along their stomachs, nor ceased until they had all let go of the rope and surrendered unconditionally." It is not hard to believe that the sport originated in the navy. Its character would indicate that it did. But, be the origin of the tug what it may, the sport, once established, rapidly gained favor, particularly with colleges and universities, and the entire history of amateur athletics in institutions of learning, particularly throughout England, Ireland, Scotland, America and Canada, is full of bright pages of great deeds of strength and endurance demonstrated in the tug.—[Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Unlucky Days.

In Grafton's Manual of his Chronicles, 1565, the unlucky days, according to the opinions of the astronomers, are named as follows: January 1, 2, 4, 5, 10, 15, 17 and 20 are unlucky; February 26, 27 and 28 unlucky, 8, 10 and 17 very unlucky; March 16, 17 and 20 very unlucky; April 7, 8, 10 and 20 very unlucky; May 3 and 6 unlucky, 7, 15 and 20 very unlucky; June 10 and 22 unlucky, 4 and 8 very unlucky; August 29 and 30 unlucky, 19 and 20 very unlucky; September 3, 4, 21 and 23 unlucky, 6 and 7 very unlucky; October 4, 16 and 24 unlucky, 6 very unlucky; November 5, 6, 29 and 30 unlucky, 15 and 20 very unlucky; December 15 and 22 unlucky, 6, 7, and 9 very unlucky.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

SAD PLIGHT OF A LITTLE QUEEN.

The child Queen of Holland, brought up according to the strict etiquette of the Hollandish court, which forbids her playing with any other little boys and girls, said to a refractory wax baby the other day: "If you are so naughty, I shall make you into a princess, and then you won't have any other little children to play with, and you'll always have to throw kisses with your hands whenever you go out driving."—[New York Sun.

STYLISH UTILITY COSTUMES.

The tailor-made costumes for utility purposes—shopping, walking, etc.—are made with round skirts that just clear the ground both front and back. Soft, but rough-surfaced woolens, wide-wale diagonals, English serges, Highland tweeds and Vicuna cloths are used for these suits and they are usually composed of a clinging skirt and a medium-length jacket, with or without a vest. The costume is simply finished, either with machine stitching or rows of very narrow Milan gimp.—[Chicago Post.

A WOMAN TRAIN DISPATCHER.

Miss Etta E. Spencer is the only woman train dispatcher who has ever attained proficiency and experience sufficient to warrant being taken into membership of the Train Dispatchers' Association of America. The association members are very proud of their only woman member, and have endeavored to secure her presence at their annual meetings ever since she joined their ranks in December, 1889. Miss Spencer dispatches trains on the Providence division of the New London Northern Railroad, at Providence, R. I. She is a first-class telegrapher, as well as an experienced dispatcher. The division over which she so successfully presides is a single track, and is considered one of the most difficult roads to dispatch for.

Previous to 1882 Miss Spencer assisted in the position of dispatcher, but when, on losing the chief, Superintendent Palmer began looking about for a new dispatcher fitted for the position, she was installed as chief dispatcher. It is said in railroad circles that during the Rhode Island Fair each autumn, when trains are running from Providence to the fair grounds at Cranston every fifteen minutes, there is not a similar piece of train service in the country. Yet Miss Spencer has been at the head of this great passenger traffic and has never had a delay or accident or held the regular train service delayed or inconvenienced.—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

WOMEN DRUGGISTS.

A number of women are engaged in the retail drug business in the United States; many of them as proprietors, others as clerks. Some have regularly taken and satisfactorily passed through the courses of study prescribed by our colleges of pharmacy, and fulfilled all legal obligations by registering before state boards of pharmacy. Others, in some states, received registration as pharmacists upon passage of the pharmacy law from the fact that they had been in business a sufficient number of years prior to the enactment to permit of this registration.

There have been numerous arguments for and against the advisability of women entering this profession, but as a rule, the objections are of a narrow nature and based upon one-sided and bigoted prejudice. There is no inherent reason for denying to woman the right to enter pharmacy. She is neat, careful and ambitious, as a rule, when she undertakes the acquisition of a professional training. She could, and does, make an excellent prescription clerk and behind the sales counter is without reproach. Some object to her presence in the drug store, alleging that the public will not have sufficient confidence in a woman druggist to place in her hands prescriptions for potent remedies for the treatment of serious affections, and it is argued that the female portion of the community will not patronize the drug store in which a woman is placed to wait upon them. We say that all other things being equal, sex should be no bar to woman's entrance into the profession, and in fact she often has many things in her favor to place her above the standard of some male drug clerks. She does not wish so many nights off, is not dissipated, is more tractable, and in other particulars is perhaps superior to her brother clerk.—[Pharmaceutical Era.

FASHION NOTES.

Black cloth ulsters have a rubber-finished lining.

Pale green is stylish for trimming white evening toilets.

Cloth and bengaline, and India cashmere and watered silk are very fashionable in combination.

Jackets for spring wear are chiefly in three-quarter length, although a few shorter ones are displayed.

Princess dresses for the street as a rule have coat fronts; they also appear with slight hip draperies. Fan-pleated backs are still popular on dress skirts.

Street heliotrope is exceedingly pretty in all shades, but it is as trying to the complexion as it is pretty. A chamois-colored vest, collar and deep cuffs, striped with heliotrope gimp, are an excellent relief for an unpatterned heliotrope gown.

Shot bengalines, new weaves in Bedford cord, crepons, vigognes, Vicuna cloths roughly woven, and English homespuns in checks, stripes, and snow-flakes are the most attractive fabrics in wool that are offered for spring gowns, both for home and promenade uses.

CAPE DIAMONDS.

A Spot That Has Been the Globe's Richest Treasury.

Digging For Costly Gems in the South African Fields.

A visitor to the busy and pleasantly situated town of Kimberly—the midland capital of South Africa and the trading center for the Transvaal, Becuanaland and the north—would hardly judge that considerably less than twenty years ago it possessed not even a name. In 1867, a trader, O'Reilly by name, and it is said by birth Irish, first discovered the diamond in South Africa; and, after the proof of the existence of the precious stone, and in numbers, the crowds that rushed to Butfonte in, Dutoitspan and old De Beers, passed right over the spot from which have been unearthed more riches than from any other piece of ground of its size on the globe. About four years later part of the Voorintzlight estate was prospected and the mine "New Rush" was opened. The finding of the richest gems and in quantities settled this place as the mining capital, and created Kimberley. The diamond fields are situated upon a plateau which has an elevation of about six thousand feet.

The stones are found in a hard, chalky grit called "blue," and bound together in lumbs varying in size from a marble to a football. This "blue" is what deceived the pioneers of the of the Kimberley mine when, in digging, they reached this hard ground. Thinking they had struck the hard pan and found nothing, they threw down their picks in disgust, many of them selling out their claims for a trifle. But lumps of this very hard pan, when exposed to rain and air, fell to pieces and disclosed the treasures. The Cape diamond differs very materially from the Brazilian or Indian. It is completely free from the coat or skin with which the others are covered. Under this skin the gem appears to have an opaque color, and it is seldom that these stones possess a natural polish, while on the contrary it is rare to find one not more or less polished in South Africa.

Another thing that is distinctly peculiar to the African stone is its liability to spontaneous explosion. A stone of even surface and more than ordinary brightness was always suspected by the wise digger of being one of this class; and as it was not safe to hold one an hour, he would promptly dispose of it for what he could get. Many a dealer has laid by, at night, his greatest bargain, to find it split into a dozen fragments in the morning. With the Brazilian and Indian diamond carbonate—such as is used in drill points and teeth of stone-cutter's saws—is found the nearest approach in the Cape fields to this article, called "Boart." It is too brittle to be of any mechanical use. It is impossible to arrive at more than an approximation of what the entire yield of the diamond fields have been since 1870.

The Government returns show for the years 1881 to 1888 an average exportation of about fifteen million dollars per year; but, when are taken into account the parcels that hundreds of diggers and buyers carried away themselves, the actual findings must have far exceeded that figure. The labor was done by Kaffirs and men from Becuanaland and the countries of the Transvaal, twelve men generally comprising a digger's gang. It was usually profitable work; the fortunes made were not generally very large, but they were pretty evenly distributed, and it was reckoned that two-thirds of those engaged in digging were lucky finders. For a good few years everybody throve; but first the glutting of the diamond market, and then the failure of the crop, created a panic, and an exodus from the diamond fields began about five years ago, the majority of the diggers moving on to the gold mines which had been discovered in the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

The "fields" were never characterized by that lawlessness which marked the early days of California or Australia. On the contrary, social and business custom prevailed and one could be as well entertained and as safe in Kimberley as in any large metropolis. Robberies were not frequent; and, with the exception of illicit diamond buying, no class of law breaking was common. It did not take the African long, after his arrival among his white brethern, to learn how to steal; and, by secreting stones and disposing of them to outside buyers he could easily increase the income of about five dollars per week, which the the mine-owner paid him. To prevent this, a law was passed forbidding, under the penalty of five thousand dollars' fine and five years' penal servitude, any white man purchasing or reciving an uncut stone from any coolie or colored person. Large rewards were offered for convictions and catching illicit diamond buyers became quite a business. Many are the stories told of the escape of buyers with their purchasers, as also of the convictions of men ignorant of the law, and merely the victims of those who wished to earn the reward.—[Once A Week.

He Knew Human Nature.

Stranger—Here is a little poem which I submitted to a number of my nearest and dearest friends, and they all said it was worth printing.

Editor(who has friends himself)—I am delighted to get it, sir. A thing which a man's bosom friends fail to criticise must be about perfect.—[New York Weekly.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It is a little that leads to a great deal.

A good resolution is better than nothing at all.

There is always precious little of anything precious.

Avoid the shoals, but do not get into too deep water.

You can often measure a man's debts by the size of his diamonds.

Some bad habits must be very much disgusted with the men they have caught.

Using a vote to spite an enemy is loading a gun with gold dollars to shoot rats.

One reason you can't bleed a turnip is because the turnip wasn't intended to be beet.

Taxes aren't quite as sure as death, but they sometimes make almost as clean a sweep.

A man set in his way is like old plaster of Paris. You can't sell him or make him over.

When you've picked the bird of hard times, you find that there are more feathers than meat.

The most expensive luxury in life is getting mad and using physical capital that can never be replaced.

A rogue can't escape his own meanness any more than a locomotive can run away from its own smoke.

More young men are hit by the boomerang of over-smartness in making money than are killed by the cars.

If you really know more than other people you doubtless have sense enough to keep some of it to yourself.

Every ugly man thinks while he may not be pretty, there is something distinguished looking about his face.

The man who smiles in a funeral procession is not heartless; but he's thinking how much cheaper it is than keeping one's own carriage.

You will never offend anyone by ridiculing the average man, for the reason that everyone who hears you thinks he is above the average.

Trichiniasis.

About the year 1835 a great discovery was made. A medical student in London, England, found a number of little cysts in the muscles of a human being, each of which contained a minute worm. The parasite was described by Professor Richard Owen, under the name of "trichina spiralis," and he expressed the opinion that it was harmless. But not long afterward an epidemic of what is now known as trichiniasis occurred, and it was found that all the victims had eaten pork which proved to contain cysts with worms in them. At last the secret of this dreadful complaint, which had so long been regarded as an insoluble mystery, was out, and the result was of vast benefit, because science was set to work at hunting among other diseases to see if they were caused by parasites. Hence originally came the first knowledge of the ill-doings of certain bacteria.

After several epidemics of trichiniasis had occurred several nations of Europe, and particularly Germany, came to the conclusion that all meats should be inspected. In Germany today no meat of any kind is sold which has not been subjected to official examination. A few years ago there was an epidemic in that country, which was traced to American pork. No mistake could exist, because the parasites were found in the pork, from Chicago, which the victims had eaten. Therefore it was decided that the American hog should be excluded. Since the Agricultural Department has begun to inspect the pork intended for export from this country the objection has been withdrawn.

Owing to the commercial importance of the American hog this government has taken especial interest in the trichina spiralis. There is much that is surprising to be told respecting it. About three days after infected pork has been eaten and digested the little worms become free in the intestines and proceed to breed, being males and females. A single female gives birth to from 150 to 15,000 young. The latter, as soon as they are hatched out, crawl through the walls of the intestines and get inside of the fibers which compose the muscles, where they feed upon the contractile substance. They may find lodgment in any muscle in the body, but they chiefly attack those of breathing and swallowing. Thus the patient dies of suffocation. If only a hundred or so of the creatures have been taken into the system the person is likely to recover, but a single bite of thoroughly infected meat will contain a sufficient number of parasites to prove fatal. Medical treatment is of hardly any avail, the physician's efforts being limited to sustaining the vitality with stimulants until the crisis shall have passed. This time arrives when the trichinæ have ceased feeding and are inclosing themselves in cysts with a view to permanent residence. After that they can do no more harm, unless the individual should be himself eaten by a cannibal, in which case the latter would be apt to contract the complaint.—[Washington Star.

A Good Lung Exercise.

Hold head up, shoulders back and chest out; inflate the lungs slowly through the nose until they are brimful; hold until you have counted ten, without opening your lips; exhale quickly till your lungs are as nearly empty of the bad air as it is possible to get them. Repeat same exercise, trying to hold the lungs full while counting twenty. Try it again, and see if you can hold your breath half a minute. Finish with three or four deep, long drawn inspirations.—[Nature.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

PALATABLE PIE CRUST.

To prevent that unpalatable and dyspeptic condition of pie crust which results from such soft fillings as custard and pumpkin sinking into the crust, it is best partly to bake the lower crust first. If it is well pricked with a fork and has the white of an egg turned over it, it will then be tender, crisp and with an even surface. The white of one egg may be used for several pies, and the pricking with a fork will prevent the crust from rising in bubbles. Those who make puff-paste often bake a number of shells and add the filling as they are needed. Some famous cooks use ice water for mixing the paste; others add the yolk or the white of an egg.—[New York Post.

SUCCESS IN TEACHING HOW TO COOK.

Superintendent Joseph of the public schools of New York city reports that the teaching of cookery has been wholly successful in the schools. It forms a part of the work of the girls in the second and third grammar grades. The real object of the study is commendable. It is not so much the ability to make palatable dishes, though that is certainly to be desired, as it is the thorough understanding of food values, the choice of raw material with reference to their nutritive qualities, their composition and chemical changes together with their effect upon the body. All these, and much more are taught. The physiology of feeding is another topic of instruction, and the young girls in these classes understand as well as any of us do that wonderful chemistry of the body which transmutes bread into blood and even into thought.—[St. Louis Republic.

HARD SOAP FROM SOFT SOAP.

You can make hard or bar soap from your soft soap by heating up and boiling it again, as follows: Take four parts of the soft soap and put it into a large kettle and stir in two quarts of common salt, and let it stand over night, to become dissolved and diffused through the soap. The next morning heat up the soap and let it simmer for half an hour and then allow it to cool and remain in the kettle until the following morning, when the soap will be found in a thick crust at the top, and the lye at the bottom. Remove the soap, wash out the kettle, and then return the soap and put in another quart of salt, a pail of soft water, and a half pail of weak lye, made either from ashes or concentrated potash, which can be purchased at almost any grocery. Bail the soap, lye, and water for a half hour, then remove from the fire and set aside to cool. When cold the soap may be cut up into cakes and set on boards to dry, and it will be found much better than the ordinary yellow hard soap sold by grocery men.—[New York Sun.

RECIPES.

Macaroni—Simmer half a pound of macaroni in plenty of water till tender, but not broken; strain off the water. Take the yolks of five and the whites of two eggs, and one-half pint of cream, white meat and ham chopped fine, three spoonfuls of grated cheese. Season with salt and pepper. Heat all together, stirring constantly. Mix with the macaroni; put into a buttered mold and steam one hour.

Sponge Cake—Beat whites and yolks of four eggs separately, add two cupfuls of powdered sugar. Mix well two cupfuls of sifted flour, one-half cupful of cornstarch and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; add to the eggs and sugar. Pour over the whole, stirring briskly, one cupful of boiling water. Flavor. Bake in two pans about 1 1-2 inches deep. If desired, spread blackberry or other jam between the cakes.

Apple Batter—Put in a bowl one-half pound of flour, add one-half saltspoon of salt, stirring in very gradually two gills of new milk. Beat until quite smooth and add three eggs. Pour about half the mixture into a buttered pie dish and set in the oven to get firm. Then nearly fill the dish with apples pared, cored, sliced and slightly stewed with a little sugar and lemon rind. Pour over butter and bake steadily one hour and a half.

Ether as an Assistant of Digestion.

The effect of ether on the digestive process in healthy subjects has recently been investigated by Dr. Gurieff, who gave thirty drops of sulphuric ether to six healthy persons during dinner, which consisted of about half a pint of soup, four ounces of meat, and six ounces of bread. It was found that the ether had the effect of stimulating the action of the gastric glands, increasing the free hydrochloric acid in the gastric juice and causing the peristaltic movements of the stomach, together with its power of absorption, to increase; thus on the whole exercising a favorable effect upon the gastric digestion. The same result was obtained when the ether was administered by means of hypodermic injections. It would appear, therefore, that the effects must be ascribed to a general rather than to any merely local action on the mucus membrane of the stomach.—[London Lancet.

A Warning.

Beggar—Sir, I am starving.

Croesus—Here take this cent and tell me how you became so miserably poor.

Beggar—Ah, Sir, I was like you. I was too fond of giving away large sums of money to the poor.—[Epoch.

A man never knows what a great influence he has on those around him until he has tried to use it to accomplish something that is evil.

WOODEN SHOES.

Skilled Workmen Fashion Them From Basswood.

Used by Persons Employed in Damp, Sloppy Places.

There is considerable demand for wooden shoes in this country, especially in the Western States and Territories. They are worn by those who have become accustomed to the use of that kind of foot covering in the land of their birth and have not yet adopted the shoes generally worn here, and they are also used by persons who are employed in damp, sloppy places. Workers in tanneries, dyeing establishments and chemical works find them a better protection for the feet and more comfortable than shoes made of leather or india rubber. They are also worn by women when doing their scrubbing, and also on wash days.

The largest manufactory of wooden shoes in the United States is located at Grand Rapids, Mich., and there are two similar establishments in the same city.

The products of these factories are shipped to nearly every state in the Union and to various points along the Pacific coast. The shoes are made from basswood logs sawed into suitable pieces for the various sizes. These blocks then undergo the process of shaping; the tool used being a very sharp, short-handled carpenter's axe. They are then brought under a trimming tool fastened into a block not unlike a butcher's block. The last-named tool, or knife, is about two to three feet long and shaped like a cooper's paring knife. Some workmen acquire a great deal of skill in manipulating the shoes, and the process of manufacture attracts visitors.

After being properly shaped, the shoes are fastened for boring the cavity, which is done with odd-shaped tools, very sharp, and which are imported from the Netherlands especially for this purpose. These tools can only be handled successfully by the most skilled workmen. After shaping and boring the shoes are rubbed with sandpaper and in some instances polished. Some wooden shoes are made to order in most elaborate style, being engraved or painted and made very light in weight.

A good workman is able to produce from ten to twelve pairs of the ordinary shoes per day, and the principal factory at Grand Rapids has made between ten and twelve thousand pairs during the past year. Wooden shoes are not packed in boxes for shipment, like those made of leather, but after joining them in pairs with twine, they are strung on sticks, a dozen pairs together, each lot bearing a tag with the name of the person to whom they are consigned.

The wholesale price for the ordinary shoes is $3 per dozen pairs, while the small sizes vary from fifteen to twenty cents per pair, and there is also a common grade of toy shoes which sells at the last named price.—[Scientific American.

Going to Bed Hungry.

Dr. W. T. Cathell has entered a strong protest against the old-fashioned idea that people should go to bed comparatively hungry, says the Philadelphia Press. He is of opinion that fasting during the long interval between supper and breakfast, and especially the complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep, adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met with. It is well known that in the body there is a perpetual disintegration of tissue, sleeping or waking; it is, therefore, natural to believe that the supply of nourishment should be somewhat continuous, especially in those in whom the vitality is lowered.

As bodily exercise is suspended during sleep, with wear and tear correspondingly diminished, while digestion, assimilation and nutritive activity continue as usual, the food furnished during this period adds more than is destroyed and increased weight and improved general vigor is the result. All animals except man eat before they sleep and there is no reason why man should form an exception to the rule.

Dr. Cathell is satisfied that were the weakly, the emaciated and the sleepless to nightly take a light meal of simple, nutritious food before going to bed, for a protonged period, nine in ten of them would be thereby raised to a better standard of health. He has found that after digesting a bowl of bread and milk or a saucer of oatmeal and cream before going to bed, for a few months, surprising increase in weight, strength and general tone has resulted. Persons who are too stout and plethoric are recommended to follow an opposite course.

Use of Thyme in Whooping Cough.

Common thyme, to which attention was some time ago called by an English physician for use in whooping cough, has lately been advocated earnestly by Deovins, in a Finnish medical journal, as almost worthy to be pronounced a specific. During an epidemic of whooping cough he had ample opportunities of observing its effects, and he came to the conclusion that if given early and constantly it invariably cuts short the disease in a fortnight, the symptoms generally vanishing in two or three days—liable to return, however, if the thyme is not regularly taken for at least two weeks. He gives from one ounce and a half to six ounces per day combined with a little marshmallow syrup, and has never known an undesirable effect produced, except slight diarrhœa. The drug should always be used quite fresh.—[New York Tribune.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

MUCH FROM LITTLE.

Trifles are worthy—
Hold them as such,
Many a morsel
Maketh much.
—[Detroit Free Press.

BUILT IN A DAY.

A remarkable feat was lately accomplished in England, namely, the complete building of a locomotive engine and tender in a working day of ten hours. The locomotive was begun at the Great Eastern Company's works at Stratford at 9 o'clock, and was turned out complete next day at 9.15 a. m. The locomotive was a six-wheel coupled engine and tender, weighing, in working order, 67 tons 1400 pounds. It was in full running order and had been built in ten working hours. This, it is said, is the shortest time in which such a work has ever been done. Of course, the parts were all ready to be put into their places. Four gangs of men were engaged on the work, consisting in all of 85 men and boys. Every precaution was taken to see that the work was as well done as in the ordinary way, and that nothing was slighted.—[Harper's Young People.

CANINE FIDELITY.

A very pathetic story comes from the State of Oaxaca, Mexico. Some weeks ago, says the Two Republics, a Mexican messenger named Anselmo Garcia, who was in the employ of Mr. McGurdy, a division engineer of the Southern Railway, was traveling on horseback on the trail between Comitlan and Nochistlan, when both horse and rider fell over a cliff and were instantly killed. At the time Garcia was accompanied by two dogs. As if by an arrangement between them, one of the dogs went back to the camp to communicate the sad intelligence, but was not able to make himself understood.

The other dog remained to guard the body of his dead master and right faithfully he performed that duty. The carcass of the horse, when found about a week after the accident, had been torn to bits and almost entirely consumed by the coyotes and buzzards that were swarming around, but the body of the ill-fated Garcia was discovered whole and untouched with the poor dog, lean and thin, by its side, keeping watch over it; Garcia had been in the employ of several railway companies in this republic during the last ten years and was particularly voted for his honesty, faithfulness and intelligence. His death will be sincerely regretted by all.

HOW NATURE TEACHES THE BIRDS.

On the Island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odor of the leaf is said to be so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near to the tree in their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveler on the island noticed one day, a peculiar fluttering and a cry of distress from a bird above his head. Looking up, he saw a mother bird hovering round a nest of little ones in such a frightened and perplexed manner as to cause him to stop and examine into the trouble. Going around to the other side of the tree he found a large snake climbing slowly up the in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach; and, since he could not help the little songster by dealing the death blow, he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the piteous cry of the bird ceased and he thought, "Can it be possible she has left her young to their fate, and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No; for again he heard a fluttering of wings and, looking up, saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this tree of poison and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then alighting on a branch high above her nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along, nearer and still nearer, until within a foot of the nest; then, just as he opened his mouth to take his dainty breakfast, down he went to the ground so suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond.—[Picayune.

Language of Turkeys.

In countries where flocks of turkeys are raised one can learn very quickly from their gobblings when they have captured a hare. If they meet him standing still or lying down, they form in a circle around him, and, putting their heads down, repeat continually their peculiar cries. The hare remains quiet, and it is sometimes possible to take him up, terrorized as he is in the midst of the black circle of gobbling peaks and heads. The language of the turkeys is at that time incontestably significant. It is warlike, and similar to that of the males when they are fighting. In the present instance, they have joined for war, and they make it on the frightened hare.—[New Orleans Picayune.

A Delicate Refusal.

A literary man relates that he made a proposal of marriage to a charming young woman, and she asked for a day or two in which to consider the matter. The next afternoon he received from her a package accompanied by a note, inquiring: "Do you think it safe?" Opening the package he found these books: Froude's "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," Daudet's "Artists' Wives," "The Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius" and a copy of Longman's Magazine, containing an essay of Mr. Lang's advising young women not to marry literary men.—[Hartford Times.