Agriculture.

Care of Young Pigs.

The prevalent idea that young pigs should be kept constantly growing is a good one. It is not best to stuff pigs as full as they can hold, and especially those just weaned. Corn is altogether too difficult to digest, for young pigs, and at most should only be given in small proportions. A great deal better plan is to feed milk, and this sparingly, adding wheat bran scalded (pigs like warm slop); this can be increased as the pigs become accustomed to the change of diet. The wheat bran and milk supply the phosphates which build up the pig's frame, while a little corn will supply the fat-forming material. At no time should pigs be starved or stinted; but it is important to remember that they may be dwarfed by feeding too much and too rich food, and with as bad results as feeding too little. Care is needed in feeding any kind of young animals, and the pig being especially piggish in his greed, is particularly liable to injury from eating too heartily. If you have any pigs that are scaly now, give three small teaspoonfuls of sulphur to each pig, in a little milk, in about two weeks; keep them sheltered. I have tried it with good results.—*Philadelphia Practical Farmer.*

Sows Eating Their Young.

A letter from Paris, France, to the Lancaster *Farmer*, says that many plans have been tried to prevent sows from devouring their young; the mother's voracity is due to the pain the young inflict on her when first commencing to suckle, for they are littered with milk teeth, and the latter often not being sufficiently distant from one another, the teat is thus bitten. In France, the milk teeth, at the extremity of the jaw, are extracted, so the mother, not being wounded, does not become furious. Another plan is to rub the young with gin, as also the mother's snout; the odor will ward off her attacks. Or pour into her ear, at the moment of littering, some drops of a mixture composed of two parts of tincture of opium and fifteen of camphored alcohol; this will cause sleep, and when she awakens the young will have taken possession each of its teat, and the first "nips" will be forgotten.

Soil for Barley Raising.

The quality of barley is influenced by the soil, perhaps to as great an extent as any crop that is sown. The great bulk of this grain, raised at home and abroad, is used for malt; and hence the kind of soil should be selected which will give it that peculiar quality and color which will make it the most marketable. On clay lands the produce is greater than on light soils, but the grain is of coarser quality. On loams it is plump and full of meat, and on light chalky soils the crop is usually light, but furnishes the best quality for the purpose for which barley is most used. The land should be made mellow by the use of the harrow before sowing. Calcareous matter is beneficial as a manure. The land should be fertilized, if not sufficiently rich without. The plowing under of clover is as beneficial to barley as it is to wheat or other crops.—*Colman's Rural World.*

Subsoiling.

The object of subsoiling is to loosen the soil beyond the reach of the ordinary plow, and in this way subject it to the action of the air, allow the roots to go down and the moisture to come up. If the subsoil is a loose gravel, allowing a free circulation of air, there is no use for a subsoil plow. If it contains substances injurious to plants, the first crop, at least, would probably be injured by the loosening. If it is so wet that the roots of the plant cannot go down into it, it would not be worth while to subsoil it. Well drained lands are most benefited by the operation, and in nearly all cases pay well for subsoiling. By subsoiling a few furrows and comparing the crop on them with that of the rest of the land, you can best determine whether subsoiling will pay.

Care of Horses.

Few men who handle horses give proper attention to the feet and legs. Especially is this the case on farms. Much time is spent of a morning in rubbing, brushing and smoothing the hair on the sides and hips; but at no time are the feet examined and properly cared for. Now, be it known that the feet of a horse require more care than the body. They need ten times as much, for in one respect they are the entire horse. All the grooming that can be done won't avail anything if the horse is forced to stand where his feet will be filthy. In this case the feet will become disordered, and then the legs will get badly out of fix; and with bad feet and legs there is not much else of the horse fit for anything.

Cure for Black-Leg.

I do not know the cause or cure, but have reason to think sulphur is a preventive. We have not lost a creature in five years with black-leg or murrain, which is about the same thing. Previous to this time we frequently lost calves, yearlings or two-year-olds. After losing three of the latter, just one week apart, we began giving the others a tablespoonful each of sulphur, in salt, every day. In about a week a neighbor suggested that so much sulphur might kill them if the cattle took cold; we then gave it once a week for a while and now not oftener than once in three months, which I do not think is often enough. We never lost a creature with murrain that was in poor condition.—*Kansas Farmer.*

Remedy for Cut-Worm.

The best remedy we know is thoroughly clean cultivation, and plowing late in the autumn. Hand-picking early in the morning is the only sure means in the garden. From five to ten bushels of salt has also been reported effectual, but it is not certain that it is so. The preservation of birds is a great help. The larva is only destructive to a considerable extent in occasional years.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Agricultural Notes.

The breat bulk of the cotton crop is now grown by white labor and upon small farms.

The Massachusetts Horticultural Society appropriates for prizes, this year, the princely sum of $4,675.

A Minnesota gardener asserts that skimmed milk, sprinkled on the infested bushes, is death to currant worms.

A cow can yield a far greater weight in butter than she can store up in fat. An animal might give the product of two pounds of butter a day, while one-half that quantity could not be laid on in fat, if fed for the purpose.

There are more than 150 named varieties of wheat, but in many cases the distinctions between them are very slight.

Sheep will eat what no other stock will eat, and thus save the labor required by the thrifty farmer to keep down noxious weeds.

Good dairymen contend that milk is partly absorbed when kept for a long time in the udder, also asserting that cows milked thrice daily produce more milk and butter than if they were milked only twice a day.

"More grass and less grain, more condensing of food on the farm," should be the motto now. The plan of putting more of our idle acres into grass and of raising more live stock of a better quality, will be a step in the right direction.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Col. R. M. Littler, a pattern dairyman, feeds his cows night and morning, the year round, and in each feed puts about a teaspoonful of salt. He states that he considers this method of salting cows greatly to be preferred to the usual one of giving animals salt once or twice a week, and thought his method added largely to the amount of milk given.

Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; they make plenty of good schools and churches; there is more money made in proportion to the labor; less labor is wanted, everything is kept neat; less wages have to be paid for help; less time is wasted; more is raised to the acre; besides, it is tilled better; there is no watching of hired help; the mind is not kept in a worry, stew and fret all the time.

Domestic.

WOMAN AT HOME.—Some women, it is said, "cannot endure" the country, and others "cannot live" except away from the city. We have their own words for it, too. The country housekeeper, accustomed to free air and free movements, to the absence of restraint and to independence of fashion, declares that she never could exist in the hot and dusty town. She could not bear to be packed in a house with scarce a wall of its own, its walls being party walls, and the joint property of the next-door houses. She could not abide that her rest should be broken by the whooping-cough next door, nor could she be content while her own children disturbed the whole neighborhood. She likes to look out of doors at the trees, the grass, the flowers and the sky. She would feel like a prisoner if out of her front windows she could only look at the pavement, or the houses over the way; and out of the back windows at the man shaving in the next house, which house is separated from hers by a tall fence, with a three-foot alley on each side of it. No, no; there is more room in the world for her than such narrow quarters would imply.

On the other hand, the city housekeeper would never be content to live, as somebody has well expressed it "ten miles from a lemon." Free air is all very well, if you don't get too much of it, and country walks would be nice if you could only take the shade-trees with you all the way. Fresh eggs are unquestionably tempting, but hay-seed in the hair is not so pleasant. Country sleeping rooms generally *are* comfortable. And so they ought to be, for what is a female body to do with herself after sundown but "retire?" Sit on the porch and the mosquitoes submit your stockings to investigation. Go in doors and light the lamp, and armor-clad beetles come banging in, and bats wing their perplexing circumambient flight, keeping one in mortal but useless terror. So what can one do but go to bed in the dark and evade the tormentors?

Yet place this country woman in the city, give her a house there, with husband and household, and let her understand that it is her destiny, and it will not require years to convert her into a thorough city dweller. She may sentimentally sigh for the roses and posies, and daffydowndillies; but there is a green-house not far off, there are flower stands in the market, and, perhaps, one round the next corner. Flowers may be had for less than the asking, for it is easier to pay for what you want than to beg for it. The convenience of the city is such that for a ten cent piece you can buy ten cents worth; and for money procure money's worth, all the way up from a penny to a million. The services of every description of workman or laborer can be had, and if ever the cook starts off or the maid of all work gets sick or rebellious, there are restaurants and laundries, and plenty of women glad of a day's work, or an hour's turn. Your city housekeeper is a woman of resources. And as to country air, there is the Park within easy distance. If you desire a longer course of country air, there are your country cousins, who will be glad to debit you in August and balance the account in the two weeks before Christmas. You can go out to them and look at the brooks you once waded, the fences you scrambled over, and the trees you climbed (when the party were all girls) and wonder how you *could* do so. Or, if you dont mind expense, you can go to some fashionable resort, where the inconveniences of city and country are mixed in equitable proportion.

Or, transplant the city lady to the country, and tell her that is her home. She will fall in love with Brindle, the cow, and be able to tell in a week whether it is the speckled hen or the black Spanish with the white top-knot that lays the most eggs. She will become learned in sausage, deep in "smear-case," profound in Chili sauce, and studious over the agricultural paper, which teaches innocent city-country folk how they may experiment on their patience and—their purses. Those who are already acclimated watch these proceedings with a quizzical smile. But with experience comes wisdom, and with wisdom content. The transformed city-bred woman declares that she would *not* move back if she could inhabit the most splendid mansion in the lamp and watch district.

There is a secret in this. But it is an "open secret." Man is always ready to fly from the ills he has to others that he knows not of. Woman (in general of course) wherever she is—if her position is respectable, and she is surrounded by those she loves, and for whom she cares—sets herself at once to home-building, home-furnishing, home-ornamenting. This is her destiny. It is not preached into her knowledge, but is intuitive in her nature, like the architectural instincts of the birds. She loves her vocation and what it produces. She fills home with comforts for others, and thus secures her own. If removed from the old place, she adapts herself to the new. Or rather, she converts the new to her own idea, the radical sentiment in the female mind, that she is the creator and conservator of home—and that "home is where the heart is."—*Public Ledger.*

HOW TO COOK A TERRAPIN.—Put him in boiling water for five minutes to loosen the skin. Then take him out, skin him, and replace him in the hot water. When the claws become soft it is sufficiently boiled. Take him out and remove the bottom shell first, cut off the head and claws and take out the gall and sandbag, then cut up the remainder. Cut the entrails into pieces about half an inch. Be careful to preserve all juice. Put into a stew-pan, make a dressing of flour, yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a third of a pound of the very best butter, a proper proportion of salt, red pepper, a large wine glass of Madeira or Sherry (to each terrapin), and a small quantity of rich cream. All of the ingredients to be of the best quality. Dish promptly and serve smoking hot. The cow terrapin is the best, besides furnishing eggs, which are a great addition. Some persons have been known to season with spices, but this is not to the taste of epicures.

FRUIT BREAD.—A new method of preserving the juice of lemons, currants, oranges, and other fruits, has recently been patented. The juice, with or without sugar, is mixed with any kind of cooked meal, and the mass made into cakes and baked. These cakes are afterward ground up and used to make a very palatable fruit farina. The fruit juices are said to retain their original flavor and character indefinitely, and thus the fruit bread may become a valuable and convenient addition to the daily rations of soldiers in the field.

SAGO CREAM.—In one quart of milk boil three tablespoonfuls of sago until well swollen, then add three-fourths cup of sugar, and the yolks of three eggs. When done, flavor with vanilla. When cold, add the well-beaten whites of three eggs, sweetened with a little sugar. To be eaten cold.

Scientific.

The Protection and Perpetuation of Forests.—There are few subjects of more importance or that are attracting more attention among thinking men at the present time than the rapidity with which our forests are disappearing, and the inevitable high price of timber in the near future, to say nothing of the direful results of treeless plains and drying streams.

It has recently attracted the attention of State and general government officers all over the country. It was only two years ago that Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, in his annual message to the Legislature, earnestly recommended the passage of laws for the protection and perpetuation of timber. This State was originally one of the heaviest wooded portions of the country; but her timber is now virtually gone, and she feels the need of doing what should have been done a quarter of a century ago.

To the uninitiated it will only be necessary to give them an idea of the immense annual consumption of timber in this country to convince them that this move is highly proper, if not a dire necessity. We have now in this country about 90,000 miles of railroad, and as railroads are one prime cause of the rapid disappearance of forests, the annual consumption of ties or sleepers alone is 40,000,000, or thirty years' growth of 75,000 acres. To fence these roads would require at least 130,000 miles of fence, which would cost $45,000,000 to build, and require at least $15,000,000 annually to keep in repair.

We have now mentioned but two items of consumption for railroads, and will pass to the telegraph lines. We have 75,000 miles of wire which requires in its putting up 800,000 trees, while the annual repairs must take 300,000 more.

The little, insignificant lucifer match consumes annually in its manufacture 300,000 cubic feet of the small pine. The brick that are annually baked require 2,000,000 cords of wood, which would sweep the timber clean from 50,000 acres. Shoe-pegs are quite as important an article as matches or brick, and to make the required annual supply consumes 100,000 cords of fine timber, while the manufacture of lasts and boot-trees takes 500,000 cords of maple, beech, and birch, and about the same amount as required for the annual supply of plane-stocks and the handles of tools. The packing-boxes made in the United States in 1874 amounted to $12,000,000, while the timber manufactured into agricultural implements, wagons, etc., is more than $100,000,000.

Now here are only a few items of consumption—for it could be continued indefinitely—and is enough to give an idea of the immense and rapidly increasing demand for timber, and to prove conclusively that the timber of our country is being used much more rapidly than it grows.

Many of our forest trees are rapid growers, but such are of but little use save for the condensing and distributing of moisture, and for shade; for it is the slow-growing trees that are valuable, and little timber is of value, either commercially or mechanically, before it is from 75 to 100 years old.

The farm and rurals fences of this country consume an immense amount of lumber and timber annually, and as we grow older as a nation, this consumption may, and probably will, be reduced by the more general use of live fences or hedges. Our consumption of timber is not only daily on the increase, but our exportation of timber is also rapidly increasing. Our staves go by the million to France annually, walnut, oak, maple, and pine to England, and spars and docking timber to China and Japan. The American people are too prone to forget in the interest of to-day what is due coming generations, if not the welfare of the present. It is a simple matter of duty—if no higher influences can be brought to bear on the subject—that we pave the way for the generations that will follow us. It is a simple impossibility for the most acute vision to penetrate the vail of futurity, and is, no doubt, a wise provision of Providence. But it appears to me that the mistakes made by past generations should be a warning to the present. Millions of square miles of the Eastern Continent are to-day a barren, sandy, arid waste, that centuries ago were productive and fertile, but reduced to a barren condition by the denudation of the forests, thereby dispelling the moisture and consequently the fertility. We are doing the same thing in this country to-day.

The drying rivers of Europe are now being investigated by a commission of engineers. For a certain number of years, the Danube and other large streams, especially the Elbe and the Rhine, have been gradually diminishing. The Austrian Engineers' and the Architects' Union have decided that it is all owing to the destruction of the forests.

A country favorably situated as ours is, with a wide expanse of sea-coast, penetrated by bays and magnificent rivers; whose soil is rich, fertile, and productive; whose inhabitants are industrious, intelligent, and enterprising, whose climate is agreeably diversified by a gradation of temperature; and whose river-banks are covered with fine forests of valuable timber, furnishing the finest commercial and mechanical timber in the world, must have as her chief resources, commerce, both domestic and foreign; build our own ships, manufacture our own material, and ship it in the manufactured article in our own ships. In order to do this we must protect our forests, not alone for the sake of the timber, but for the distribution of the rain-fall and the equalizing of the opposite forces of nature. Either reason for the protection of forests is of the utmost importance to us of the present generation, and to those that follow.

The denudation of the Sierras in the past ten years is now having its effect throughout the Pacific coast. Already one great change has occurred that is evident to the most casual observer, which is the speedy melting away of the snow on the mountains. It now goes off at once, in a flood, with the first warm weather of spring, whereas, formerly, being shaded and protected by the forests, it melted slowly, and all summer sent down to the valleys on both sides constant streams of cool, delicious water. Instead of a good stage of water in the streams throughout the summer, as in former times, there is a flood in the spring, and when this is over, the rivers run down; being no longer fed from the mountains, evaporation leaves their bed dry when the hot weather of summer comes on. The mountains being stripped of their trees, there is nothing to shade the rocks and earth, and both absorb a sufficient amount of heat from the sun during the fall, and even until far in the winter, to melt any light fall of snow that might occur. The result is, that the autumn weather will reach farther into the winter, until at last there will be no winter worthy of the name.

We believe that a more extensive circulation of forestry and timber literature, with a more vivid portrayal of the consequences of sweeping the forests all away, and the great good that would result from a proper distribution of forests and vegetation, would do great good. We have in this country thousands of men of good sense who have probably never thought of the subject; but it is a matter of the utmost importance to all, for every thing depends upon it. We often note and remark the change of climate from season to season, and if our forests continue to disappear as rapidly as they are now doing, we must note more radical and sudden changes than we have dreamed of.—*Lumberman's Gazette.*

Humorous.

—A splendid ear but a very poor voice, as the organ-grinder said to the donkey.

—A man with a new watch should not hurry. He should say "I buyed my time."—*Graphic.*

—A man who is out of town don't feel it half so much as the man who is out of money.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

—A Bergen county boy says that when he eats watermelon his mouth feels as if it were in swimming.—*P. I. Man.*

—Simkins remarked that money is a great lever in the affairs of mankind. "A very great leaver indeed," replied Blinks; "I never can keep it."

—Nothing betrays the innocence of men's natures more than to see one feeling all over his coat tails to find a pocket which is in his coat at home.—*Free Press.*

—The reason why only one garter is given, instead of a pair of garters, is because the honor is not usually conferred until the recipient has one leg in the grave.—*Funny Folks.*

—By the decline of value in western mortgages, Christine Nilsson is said to have lost nearly $40,000. H'm; she'll have to sing nearly half an hour some of these evenings, to make that up.—*Hawkeye.*

—A fast walker, it is estimated, could not walk to the sun in less than 1,963 years, but O'Leary is willing to bet that he can do it in 1,741 years if somebody will lay the saw-dust.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Nevada papers, instead of speaking of a deceased citizen as being widely and favorably known, remarks: "There wasn't a saloon-keeper in the State who didn't ache to trust him."—*Free Press.*

—A Williamsburg man woke his wife the other night, and, in a startled tone of voice, informed her that he had swallowed a dose of strychnine. "Well, you fool," said she, "lie still, or it may come up."

—The Cincinnati *Breakfast Table* calls attention to the suspicious fact that "a tack points heavenward when it means the most mischief" And then, to clinch the sermon, it adds: "It has many imitators."

—A n old gentleman has just died in Illinois who held the office of postmaster in a small town for more than thirty years. He said he thought he might have worried through another summer if there hadn't been so many postal cards to read.—*Washington Post.*

—Three young men, whose names are withheld out of respect to their families, offered us 25 cents per line to publish this item: "Oregon, Illinois, July 15.—Coroner Keys held an inquest on the remains of Miss Lizzie Shelly, on Saturday. The young lady died from eating two dishes of ice cream.—*New Era.*

—A celebrated composer wrote to a friend requesting the pleasure of his company "to luncheon; key of G." His friend, a thorough musician, interpreted the invitation rightly, and came to the composer's house for a luncheon at one sharp.—*Musical Paper.*

—A Mississippi boatman with immense feet, stopping at a public house on the levee, asked the porter for a boot-jack to pull of his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows: "No jack here big nuff for dem feets. Jackass couldn't pull 'em off, massa, widout fracturing de leg. Yuse better go back about tree miles to de forks in de road an' pull 'em off dar."

—An old Irish soldier, who prided himself upon his bravery, said he had fought in the battle of Bull Run. When asked if he had retreated and made good his escape, as others did on that famous occasion, he replied, "Be jabers, those that didn't run are there yit!"—*N. Y. Mail.*

—A Boston paper says: "A butterfly was caught at the South End yesterday." It may be safe enough to catch a butterfly at the South End, but when you go to grab a wasp you want to catch it at the northeasterly end, shifting westerly toward the head.—*Norristown Herald.*

—One day while Dickens was being taken by a photographer, the result being the well-known picture in which he is shown writing, the artist told him that he did not hold the pen right, and suggested that he should take it more naturally in his fingers. "Just as though you were writing one of your novels, Mr. Dickens," said he. "I see," said Dickens, "all of 'er twist.'

—Mary asked her father if she might marry Charles, and when the old man inquired about the extent of Charles' salary, his loving daughter replied, "O he makes over one hundred dollars a day." They were married, and Mary's father has discovered that Charles does actually make over one hundred dollars a day—but he makes it in the mint, and his salary is only fourteen dollars per week.

—Woman is naturally gifted with quicker wit, better judgment, greater self-possession than man, but there are very, very few women who can appear at ease and look pleasant when unexpected callers suddenly surprise her with a set of teeth in each hand and none in her mouth. And it is pretty difficult for the callers to look unconcerned under such circumstances, too.—*Hawkeye.*

A TWILIGHT IDYL.

Last Friday evening Mr. Ellis Henderson, one of our best young men, went out walking with two of the sweetest girls in Burlington. They were nice girls. Beautiful, accomplished and modest. And Mr. Henderson was a nice young man too. He wore that evening a little straw hat with a baby blue band, a cutaway coat, a pair of light, wide pantaloons, a white vest, a button hole bouquet and fifteen cents. The evening was very warm, and as they walked these young people talked about the base ball match, the weather and sunstrokes. By and by one of the young ladies gave a delicate little shriek.

"OOoo! What a funny sign!"

"Where? Where? Which one, Elfrida?" asked the other young lady eagerly.

"Ha—yes," said Mr. Henderson, in troubled tones, looking gently but resolutely at the wrong side of the street.

"There," exclaimed Elfrida, artlessly, pointing as she spoke. "How funny it is spelled; see Ethel."

"Why, said Ethel, "it is spelled correctly. Isn't it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Ha—why—aw—why, yes, yes to be sure," said Mr. Henderson very luckily, staring as hard as he could at the window full of house plants.

"Why, Mr. Henderson," said Elfrida, in tones of amazement, "how can you say so? Just see, 'i-c-e, ice, c-r double e-m, cream,' that's not the way to spell cream."

"Oh, Elfrida," cried her companion, you must be near-sighted. That isn't an e, it is an a. Isn't it Mr. Henderson?"

And Mr. Henderson, who was praying harder than he ever prayed before that an earthquake might come along and swallow up either himself or all the ice cream saloons in the United States, he didn't much care which, looked up at the chimney of the house and said:

"That? Oh, yes, yes; of course, why certainly. How very much cooler it has grown within the past few minutes;" the young man suddenly added, with a kind of inspiration, "surely that cool wave the signal service dispatches announced as having entered this country from Manitoba, must be nearing us once more."

And he took out his handkerchief and swabbed a face that looked as though it had never heard of a cool wave nor even looked into the face of a man who had heard of one. He knew when he talked of its being cooler, that his face would scorch an iceberg brown in ten minutes.

By this time they turned the corner and the appalling sign was out of sight. Mr. Hendersen breathed like a free man.

"I always like to stroll along Jefferson street in the evening," said Ethel.

"It's so lively. My! just look at the crowd of people going in at that door. What is going on there, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson looked across to the other side of the street, as usual, and said:

"Oh, yes; that was Raab & Bros.' clothing house."

"Why, no, Mr. Henderson," exclaimed Elfrida; that's an ice cream saloon."

Ethel laughed merrily. "Do you know," she said, "I wondered what so many young ladies could want in a gentleman's clothing house?

Mr. Henderson said, "Ha, ha! to be sure." And oh, the feeble, ghastly tincture of mirth there was in his nervous "ha ha." It sounded as though a boy with the earache should essay to laugh.

"Is it true, Mr. Henderson, asked Ethel, "that soda fountains sometimes explode?"

Mr. Henderson, gasping for breath, eagerly assured her that they did, very frequently, and that in every instance, they scattered death and destruction around. In many of the Eastern cities, he said, they have been abolished by law, and the same thing should be done here. In New York, the young man went on, all the soda fountains had been removed far outside the city limits and were located far in lonely meadows side by side with powder houses.

"I am not afraid of them," said the daring Ethel, "I don't believe they are a bit dangerous."

"Nor I," echoed Elfrida. "I would not be afraid to walk up to one and stand by it all day. Why are you so afraid of them, Mr. Henderson?"

Mr. Henderson gnashed his teeth and secretly pulled out a great sheaf of hair from his head in a nervous agony. Then he said that he once had a fair, sweet young sister blown to pieces by one of those terrible engines of destruction while she was drinking at it, and he had never since been able to look upon a soda fountain without growing faint.

"How sad," said both the young ladies, and then Ethel asked,

"How do they make soda water, Mr. Henderson?"

And while the young man was getting ready to recite a recipe composed mainly of dirt and poison, Elfrida read aloud four ice cream signs, and read on a transparency "Lemon ices, cooling, refreshing and healthful," and Elfrida read "Ladies' and gentlemen's ice cream parlors' twice, and Ethel looked in at the door and said. "Oh, don't they look nice and cool in there! How comfortable and happy they do look!" And then Elfrida said, "Yes, indeed. It makes this dusty street and scorching sidewalk seem like an oven, just to look at them even," and then young Mr. Henderson, who for the last ten minutes had been clawing at his hair, and tearing off his necktie and collar, and pawing the air, shouting in tones of wild frenzy:

"Oh, yes, yes, yes! Come in, come in and gorge yourselves. Everybody come in and feed up a whole week's salary in fifteen minutes. Set 'em up! So'y, ice cream, cake, strawberry cobbler, lemon ice and sherbert. Set 'em up! It's one for me. Oh, yes, I can stand it. Ha, ha, ha! I am John Jacob Vanderbilt in disguise. Oh, yes; it don't cost anything to take an evening walk in Burlington. Put out your frozen pudding: Ha, ha, ha."

They carried the young man to his humble boarding house, and put him to bed, and sent for his physician. He is not entirely out of danger, but will probably recover, with care and good nursing. The physician does not know exactly what ails him, but thinks it must be hydrophobia, as the sight of a piece of ice throws the patient into the wildest and most furious paroxysms.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Job, of boil and biblical fame, owned 7000 sheep, 3000 camels, 1000 yoke of oxen, and 500 asses. Job must have found it a great job to take care of them; and if two or three thousand sheep took a notion to stray off now and then, and a few hundred of his oxen broke out and got into his neighbor's grain field, and a thousand or two camels got their backs up and run away, and his asses kicked the end of the barn out once in a while,—if all these troubles were experienced by Job, we are not surprised that he "boiled over" occasionally.

A SHEPHERD'S FIGHT WITH FIVE MALE BABOONS.

The particulars appended are taken from a South African paper: Mr. John Pringle, who lives with Mr. Christian Neser, in the Hantam, went a few days since in search of a stray sheep, taking his double-barrelled shot gun with him. While climbing a mountain he suddenly came upon five full-grown male baboons, and thoughtlessly fired and disabled one of their number, the others beating a retreat. Pringle then went up to the disabled animal in order to put it out of its misery, when two of the others made a rush to their wounded comrade's assistance. Pringle saw them coming when only twenty yards off, and fired his remaining barrel, in his hurry missing both, but scaring one of them away. But the other made for his human antagonist, and sprang upon him, gripping him by the shoulders with one pair of hands, and holding to his wrist with the other. In a jiffy the animal had torn off Pringle's upper clothing, and was gnawing at his throat, which was fortunately protected by several folds of a silk handkerchief, and the animal's teeth being very long, prevented him from opening his mouth wide enough to get a good hold. A struggle ensued, but Pringle could not get rid of his assailant until he (Pringle) tripped and fell on his side, when, as he lay, he caught the baboon by the throat with his right hand and succeeded in getting him under. He then siezed a stone and battered the animal's head until life was extinct. Fortunately for him the remaining three held aloof, or the consequence might have been serious. Mr. Pringle, who is a strong and active man, standing several inches over six feet in his stockings, tells us he had several times had to struggle hard with strong men, but he never had a tougher job than to master that baboon. These animals are very destructive, and do great damage to lands and gardens. Mr. Moolman, of Zaaifontein, Hantam, had a fine lot of watermelons, which he had intended to bring to market. When he went to pick them he found that the baboons had been before him and scooped out the pulp of every ripe mellon on the land.—*San Francisco Call.*

REGISTER'S LINIMENT is unequalled for man or animals.—See advertisement in another column.

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To F. Crosby, No. 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.

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Every lady should send for Messrs. James McCall & Co's Bazar Fashion Plate and Book, just out for September. The styles shown are the very latest, and can be had for the trouble of sending for them. See other column.

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In writing to parties Advertising in these Columns please mention this paper.

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Contain no quinine or any noxious compounds that injure the constitution. Most other remedies leave the system in permanent disorder, and a prey to disease and premature death.

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