Agriculture.

Plaster and Clover.

If the cultivation of clover is one of the foundation principles of successful American agriculture, plaster (gypsum) is its near neighbor. Western farmers—the reading and thinking class—duly appreciate the importance of the first proposition, and are year by year coming to appreciate the value of gypsum as an aid in fostering not only the growth of clover but also the true grasses, in which are included all our cereal grains.

That the feeling acknowledging the necessity of using some special application to grass and other crops to stimulate growth, is becoming general, is shown by the number of letters from farmers within the last year, asking for more specific information relating not only to gypsum, but to many others of what are known as special fertilizers. These we have answered from time to time, as they were received. For the reason that land plaster is quite common in Michigan and some other portions of the west, and comparatively cheap, and since we believe that railroads may be induced to make low rates for transportation because it would be carried in an opposite direction from their heavy traffic, and would, as does the carriage of all fertilizing substances, come back to them in enhanced freights from increased production, we give something of the nature of gypsum and its effects. In the use of this, however, as in the case of all special fertilizers, each farmer should experiment for himself and carefully note results.

Dana, in his "Muck Manual," article 151, says:

"Suppose plaster or gypsum has been applied; the effects of a bushel of plaster per acre, or even the one four-hundreth part of one per cent. of the soil, produces effects on alluvial land, which shows its good results, as far as eye can reach. It seems almost incredible that so minute a portion of mineral can act at all, yet how beautifully is this result explained by the principle that plants decompose, first, this salt; the lime, for plaster is sulphate of lime, then acts on geine, which is thus rendered soluble; while the acid immediately acts on silicates. If silicates of alkali exists in the soil, we have no changed sulphate of lime for an alkaline sulphate, and if silicate of lime is also present, the potash or alkali, having been exhausted, plaster of Paris is formed anew. So long as there is in the soil organic matter, this action continues, and will continue till the plant has gradually withdrawn, for its own use, the acid of the salt which was introduced."

That it is an important integer in the economy of plant life, we may refer to Johnson's "How Crops Grow," which says:

"*Sulphate af Lime.*—The burned plaster of Paris of commerce is this salt in a more or less pure state. It is readily formed by pouring diluted sulphuric acid on lime or marble. It is found in the ash of most plants, especially that of clover, the bean and other legumes.

In nature, sulphate of lime is usually combined with two molecules of water, and thus constitutes gypsum, which is a rock of frequent and extensive occurrence. In the cells of many plants, as for instance the bean, gypsum may be discovered by the microscope in the shape of minute crystals. It requires four hundred times its weight of water to dissolve it, and being almost universally distributed in the soil, is rarely absent from the water of wells or springs."

These extracts will suffice to show something of the value of plaster, and how it acts upon the constituents of the soil. It is also one of the most valuable substances known for the stable, or where it may be needed to fix nitrogen in its forms as found there.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Agricultural Notes.

The apple and pear crops are much under an average in England.

Baked clay fence posts are in use in Lehigh county, Pennsylvania.

The statement is repeated from many different sections that the yield of wheat is not so large as was anticipated from the growth of straw.

In hot countries and dry seasons the quantity of milk yielded is less, but the quality is richer. Cold favors the production of cheese, while hot weather augments the amount of butter.

If, by improper or injudicious feeding at any period in the life of a cow, she was made to take on an excessive amount of fat, the cow would ever after be prone to the secretion of fat, to the detriment of milk.

An experienced farmer who has fed artichokes to hogs for upwards of ten years declares that they are a perfect preventive of hog cholera. Cannot this be proved by actual trial the coming season?—*Prairie Farmer.*

The French Government, realizing that national and individual prosperity are dependent upon the development of agriculture, have introduced a bill in the Senate making it obligatory to teach the elements of agriculture and horticulture in the 30,000 primary schools of the nation.

A remedy for horse colic that will never fail: Take a tablespoonful of lard—not too soft—and place on it about as much red precipitate as will lay on the point of a pocket-knife blade, then give it to the sick animal, and if it fails to relieve him in fifteen minutes repeat the dose.—*Clark County* (Ky.) *Democrat.*

The *National Live Stock Journal* gives a volume of good advice in the following paragraph: "Breeding for speed alone is at best an uncertain business; and when to this uncertainty we add the expenses of training, the chances of profits are so slight that we would not advise any general farmer to engage in the business, either with trotting or running horses."

Under the mistaken idea that early exposure to cold renders the calf hardy, it is often turned out in early spring into the fields. Exposure to the sharp frosts of spring often injures the condition of young animals, and renders them more liable to contract disease. It is important that every young animal should at first be supplied with an abundance of milk.

An Ohio farmer has a pure-bred Jersey cow that recently had her third calf before she was three years old. Her first calf was dropped at fourteen months old, the second calf at twenty-five months old and the third as above noted. All were good, strong, healthy calves, and she has raised all of them. The cow is of fair size, a good milker and enjoys excellent health.—*Minnesota Farmer.*

I. P. Allen, of Elk Falls, Kansas, writes: "We were troubled with potato bugs very much when living in Illinois, and accidentally found out that the fragrance of the white petunia was a deadly poison to them, for when they came near it they would drop dead, and we could gather them up by the shovelfull. My idea is to plant the white petunia around the potato patch and scatter it through it and it will settle the bugs."

Domestic.

How to make Wax Flowers.—Wax flowers make a pretty substitute for natural flowers. They may be made with such skill as to closely resemble the natural plant in everything except perfume, and the manufacture of them affords an opportunity for the exercise of great neatness and good taste, as well as observation of the nature and structure of the flowers which it is intended to represent. But little instruction is necessary in learning to make wax flowers. The wax is sold ready prepared in small sheets of various thickness and of almost every shade to be seen in nature, and those that are not exactly the tint can readily be made to assume it by the help of powdered colors.

To begin a group of wax flowers it will be enough to procure one dozen sheets each of Nos. 1, 2 and 3 of the best white wax; three shades of yellow wax, six sheets of each; six or seven shades of green, from the light green of the primrose leaf to laurel and myrtle green, six sheets of each.

The colors are sold in little bottles; the most useful are carmine, three shades of ultramarine blue, three shades of chromo-yellow, flake-white, burnt umber, a bottle of bloom and one of liquid transparent gall.

The implements required are a pair of small, finely pointed scissors, which must never be used for any other purpose, a palette knife, six small sable brushes, some small saucers for mixing colors, box-wood tools with smooth round tops for rolling the wax, steel pins with glass heads far the same purpose, wire covered with green, in three sizes, for the stems and two shades of green down. Some people use tin cutters for the leaves, similar to paste cutters; but they are not absolutely necessary, as most beautiful wax flowers can be made from a tracing of the natural leaf by laying it on a piece of white paper and tracing the outline with a pencil.

A *Camellia japonica* is one of the easiest flowers to make, the leaves being large and of four sizes only. If the cutters are not available, take a large camellia, study well its appearance, the way in which the leaves grow and their sizes; then pull off one of the most perfectly snaped of the large outer leaves, lay it on a bit of white paper and trace the edge round with a pencil; do the same with the smaller leaves; then cut out these diagrams; take a sheet of the thickest white wax, lay the diagram on it, and cut out ten patterns or leaves of the largest size, eleven leaves of the next size, eleven of the third size, and eight of the fourth; take a piece of strong green wire eight inches long, make a ball the size of a large pea of white wax on the end of the wire, lay a leaf of the fourth size on the palm of the left hand, and with the head of the box-wood tool rub the edge of the leaf till it becomes thin; pinch and crumble it so as to resemble the natural leaf; put a slight tint of yellow, as in the real leaf, and stick each leaf round the ball of wax, pressing it close, and when all the leaves are put on of this size, bind them with the paring of the wax. Follow on with the other leaves, making each row more open, till the last and largest leaves, which almost lie back from the stem in a horizontal position.

A red camellia is made with pale, yellow wax, which is painted over with carmine; this gives exactly the deep shade of the natural flower. The leaves of the rose are the same shape as the camellia. For the green leaves it is best to buy artificial leaves of muslin and coat them over with green wax the proper shade, taking care to preserve all the veins and marking in the wax surface. The closer the imitation of nature the more beautiful the flower will be; nature, therefore is the book to study.—*Harpers Bazar.*

Quickly made Beef Gravy.—Quarter-pound shin of beef, half an onion, quarter of a carrot, two or three sprigs of parsley and savory herbs, a piece of butter about the size of a walnut; cayenne and mace to taste; three-quarters of a pint of water. Cut up the meat into very small pieces, slice the onion and carrot, and put them into a small saucepan with the butter. Keep stirring over a sharp fire until they have taken a little color, when add the water and the remaining ingredients. Simmer for half an hour, skim well, strain, and flavor, when it will be ready for use.

Rolled Veal.—Bone a loin of veal and stuff it with force-meat made of bacon, bread crumbs and eggs, and flavored with lemon peel, sweet herbs, salt, cayenne and pounded mace. Tie it up, keeping it in the shape of a large sausage; lay some slices of fat bacon on it, and stew gently for four hours in well-flavored stock. Let it cool; remove from the stock, and put it under heavy weights. When quite cold, glaze it.

Tomato Soup.—Pour over a dozen ripe tomatoes a small quantity of weak stock, and stew them very gently until quite tender. Mash them through a sieve, and add the required quantity of good strong stock; add cayenne pepper to taste. Let all boil together for a few minutes, and serve very hot. A few okras add greatly to the soup.

Scientific.

Points on the Sun.—The sun is 320,000 times as large as this earth.

The sun is 400 times as far off as the moon.

A lady who weighs 100 pounds here would weigh 2,700 pounds if on the surface of the sun.

The heat given off by the sun would melt 287,200,000 cubic miles of ice every second.

The diameter of the earth bears the same relation to its distance from the sun as the breadth of a hair to 125 feet.

A railroad train, traveling without stops at the rate of forty miles an hour, would get to the sun in 263 years.

The sun is believed to become some 250 feet smaller every year. The contraction would be sufficient to generate the enormous quantity of heat which it radiates.

Another theory is that comets and metoric matter falling into the sun may be its aliment to offset the tremendous loss which combustion certainly involves.

It would require the combustion of thirty feet of coal over the entire surface of the sun every second to generate the same heat.

The stars are supposed to average larger than our sun and to have planetary systems like his.

The nearest star is 250,000 times as far off as our sun.

It takes light eight minutes to come from the sun, but it must have required 50,000 years to come from the farthest visible stars.

When the eleven-year storms on the sun occur, the magnetic needle on the earth is variable and sometimes considerably defected.

The earth is flying round the sun at the rate of 1,000 miles a minute.

The sun and all the stars are moving through space, accompanied by their planetary systems, at rates varying from 20 to 200 miles a second.

Some of the sun spots (craters) are 100,000 miles in diameter, and one of them would easily swallow up the whole of the planets, Jupiter himself making only a mouthful.

Maedler's curious and brilliant speculation is that the star Alcyone is the central sun of our universe, and that our sun and the visible stars are swinging around it in orbit measured by millions of years.

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The Thread Telephone.—N. R. Huntley, enigneer at the Connecticut River Railroad shops, Springfield, Mass., who succeeded in operating a twine telephone across the river, a distance of 1,426 feet, has been further experimenting, and is now able to talk freely and plainly across the river, a distance of 2,450 feet, or within 190 feet of a half mile. For boxes, or mouth-pieces, he uses the same tin ones as with his previous experiment, except that for the silk disk he substitutes thin button iron. To make the experiment more complete and seemingly more difficult, he has run his line in a zigzag way, making numerous angles, but finds that it is no less effective than if perfectly straight. For hangers he uses heavy wire pins, on the ends of which he fastens small non-conductors of glass, the line being fastened to these by a loop of twine about half an inch long. Without these non-conductors the sound passed off at each support. Mr. Huntley has not the least doubt of his ability to use these lines at a distance of a mile, and perhaps further, and is also confident that for ordinary use, such as carrying on conversation between neighbors and friends, they will be brought into general use.—*Boston Advertiser.*

Humorous.

—The women of Cyprus, like all the Greek women, chew great quantities of mastic, imported by the island to Scio, and deem it graceful to appear always biting this gum, and it will soon be in order for a later Byron to remark: "Maid of Cyprus, now we've come. Leave, oh, leave off chewing gum."—*Albany Journal.*

—Mamma (who has been screaming at the top of her voice for over ten minutes, to Johnny, who has just crawled down from the hay-loft)—"You naughty, naughty boy, why didn't you answer me before?"

Johnny (very innocently)—"Weally and truly, mamma, I didn't hear you till you called free or four times."—*Puck.*

—Inspector of Schools: "It strikes me that teacher of yours retains little or no grasp upon the attention of children—not hold enough, you know—not hold enough." Lancashire magnate (who takes great interest in the educational movement: "Not hold enough! Lor' bless yer—if she ever sees forty again, I'll eat my at!' —*Punch.*

—"Maxims is what ails me," he said to the police Judge—"maxims busted me wide open!"

The court said it would like an explanation before fixing the fine.

"Well, your Honor!" said the prisoner. "I drank rye whisky and didn't get drunk. I remembered that maxim, 'Try, try, again.' I tried rye again—"

"Here, that's enough of that!" thundered the Court, "this ain't no circus ring. Ten dollars and costs?"

—The colonel—it was in the Guards—was unaccountably late in returning, and the orderly, who had been with him for twenty-two years, got ravenously hungry, and, knowing that his kind-hearted master would not object, slipped away for a snack, writing a note to explain the cause of his absence and pinning it to his huge bear-skin shako, which he left on a chair, being thus satisfied that it would meet the eye of any one entering the room.

He was right. The colonel's wife entered the room, saw that her husband was absent and likewise missed the orderly. The orderly's shako met her eye; then she saw the note. She opened it, and had no longer any reason to wonder that her husband was not there and that the only thing left of the orderly was his shako. There it was in the soldier's plainest and most painful handwriting:

"I am eaten."

—A very amusing incident occurred at the corner of a certain well-known business street in London. A lady about entering an omnibus saw, as she supposed, her husband taking leave of another woman at the point in question. With a rather hasty judgment, she rapidly regained the street and approached the lady, who, standing at the corner, was still looking after the gentleman, who had gone into a shop.

"You seem to be very well acquainted with that gentleman," was her sudden and unexpected salutation.

"Madam," was the surprised rejoinder, accompnaied by a look which clearly denoted her suspicions of the questioner's sanity.

"I say you appear to be well acquainted with that gentleman."

"Well, yes, I think I ought to be."

"How long have you known him?"

"A number of years. He's my husband."

"Indeed! He's mine, too."

"What do you mean?" cried the lady, evidently greatly excited.

"Just what I say. He's my husband."

The lady darted into the shop, and the next moment reappeared with the unfortunate Benedict.

"William, this lady says that you are her husband."

One glance, however, was sufficient; the lady saw her mistake, and, crying with vexation and shame, frankly confessed her error.

Youths' Department.

A Stir Among tho Dasies.

Pretty Lill of Littleton sauntered through the grass;
The very birds and butterflies stopped to see her pass:
All the daisies nodded to the maiden coming by,
And leaned across the pathway left behind her.
"Art hurt?" they asked each other. Each gayly laughed, "N ot I!
We bowed too low; but really we don't mind her.
To see so fair a maiden pass has really quite unstrung us:
But we'll straighten up and ready be when next she comes among us."
—*St. Nicholas.*

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LITTLE LILY.

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

One cold winter day, when the snowflakes were falling like feathers from the sky, a good queen sat sewing at a window which had a frame-work of black ebony. And as she sewed and looked through the black framework at the snow she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the white linen. Then thought the queen within herself—"O, that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the ebony framework!"

Not long after, a little daughter was given to her that was as white as snow, as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony, and therefore was called "Little Lily."

Soon after, the good queen died; and when a year had passed away, the king married another lady. She was a beautiful woman, but vain and tyrannical, and could not endure that there should be any one in the world that should be thought to be more beautiful than herself. Now she had a wonderful looking-glass, and when she went and looked at herself in it, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

the looking-glass answered:

"Lady queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then she was content, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth.

Now little Lily grew apace, and became every day more lovely, and when she was seven years old she was as beautiful as day, and more beautiful than the queen herself. So it was that when one day the queen asked her looking-glass again:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

it answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as fair may be,
But Lily's a thousand times fairer than thee!"

When the queen heard this, she became pale with jealousy and anger. From that hour forward, as often as she looked upon little Lily, her heart burned within with hatred towards the maiden. Her jealousy and pride increased daily, and at last became so great, that she could not rest even at night. Then she sent for a servant, and said to him:

"Take the child out with you into the forest; I cannot bear the sight of her. And when you get to the forest, kill her, and bring me back her lungs and liver as a token that you have done so."

The servant did as he was bid, and carried little Lily away to kill her. But when he had drawn his dagger, and was going to plunge it into the child's heart, she began to weep, and said:

"O, good man, spare my life! I will run about in the wild wood, and never come home again."

Little Lily was so young and so beautiful, that the servant had compassion on her, and said:

"Run away, then, my poor child. The wild beasts will soon have eaten thee up."

In his heart, however, he was right glad he had not killed the child; and as a young fawn just then came bounding past, he struck it down, took out its lungs and liver, and brought them to the queen. The cook was ordered to salt and dress them, and the wicked woman ate them up, and thought she had eaten little Lily's lungs and liver.

The poor child was now all alone in the forest, and in such distress, that she trembled all over. She looked and looked at the leaves upon the trees, and did not know how to help herself. At last she began to run over the sharp stones, and through the briers and thorns; but though the wild beasts passed her on her way, yet they did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet could carry her, and night was about to close in, when she saw a little house, and went in to rest herself. In the house everything was small—small, but pretty and neat, as nobody can tell. In it stood a little table spread with white, and seven little plates upon it, every plate with its spoon, and seven little knives and forks, and seven cups besides. Against the walls were seven little beds ranged all along, and seven little sheets on them, white as snow. Little Lily, being very hungry and thirsty, ate out of every plate a little cresses and bread, and drank out of every cup a drop of wine—for she did not wish to take the whole away from one only. After that, because she was so tired, she lay down on one of the little beds; but none of them fitted—one was too long, another was too short, but at last the seventh was just the size. She laid herself down in it, and after saying her prayers, fell fast asleep.

When it was quite dark, came the masters of the house, who were seven dwarfs who dug and delved for ore in the mountains. They lighted their seven little candles, and by the light they saw that somebody had been in the house—for nothing was standing in the same order that they had left it. The first said—"Who has been sitting in my chairie?" The second—"Who has been eating off my platie?" The third—"Who has been taking a bite out of my cookie?" The fourth—"Who has been eating my cresses?" The fifth—"Who has been using my forkie?" The sixth—"Who has been cutting with my knifie?" The seventh—"Who has been drinking out of my cuppie?" Then the first looked round and saw a little hollow in his bed, and said—"Who has been in my beddie?" The others came running and cried—"Somebody has been lying in mine, too!" But the seventh, when he looked into his bed, beheld little Lily, who was lying there fast asleep. Then he called the others, who came running up and cried aloud for very wonder, and held up their seven little candles to look at little Lily. "O, goodness!" they exclaimed, "what a beautiful child!" And so great was their delight, that they could not think of waking her up, but let her sleep on in the little bed. And the seventh dwarf hove about, slept with his companions, and so passed the night.

When it was morning, little Lily awoke, and when she saw the seven little men, she was greatly afraid. But they were kind and gentle to her, and asked—"What is your name?"

"My name is little Lily," she answered.

"How did you come into our house?" asked the little men once more.

Then the child told how her stepmother had tried to put her to death, but that the servant had spared her life, and after that, she had run the whole day, till at last she had come to their little cottage.

"If you will manage our house for us," said the dwarfs, "cook, make the beds, sew and stitch, and keep everything clean and tidy, you may stay with us, and you shall never want for anything."

Little Lily promised, and remained with them. She kept their house in the best order. Every morning they went to the mountains in search of ore; in the evening they came back, and their meal must be ready for them. All the day through the maiden was alone, but the good little dwarfs warned her, and said:

"Take care of your stepmother, who will soon learn that you are here. Therefore, let nobody in."

Now the queen, who thought she had eaten little Lily's lungs and liver, never dreamed but that she was the first and fairest lady in the world. So she stood before her glass, and said:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

But the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as may be;
But little Lily who lives in the glen,
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

Then she was afraid, for she knew that the glass never spoke untruth. She also saw that her servant had deceived her, for that little Lily was still alive. So she hated poor little Lily so much the more, and set about devising some fresh plan for her destruction; for as long as she was not, for certain, the fairest in the land, she could not rest. She colored her face, put on the dress of an old peddler-woman, and made herself so that no one could have known her.

In this disguise, she went across the seven mountains to the cottage of the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried:

"Fine wares to sell, cheap and good—fine wares to sell!"

Little Lily peeped out of the window, and said:

"Good day, my good woman! What have you got to sell?"

"Good wares, pretty wares," said she; "snoods of all colors, my pretty maid."

With that, she took out one that was made of parti-colored silk.

"I may let the honest woman in," thought little Lily, and thereupon undid the bolt, and bought the pretty snood.

"Child," said the old woman, "how pretty you look! Come, I'll put it on very nicely for you."

Little Lily had no suspicion; so she stood up and let her fasten on the snood. But the old woman threw it hastily over her neck, and pulled—and pulled so hard, that at last little Lily lost her breath and sank down as if she were dead.

"Take that, for being the fairest!" said the old lady, as she hurried away.

Not long after, at eventide, the seven dwarfs came home, and great was their dismay to find their dear little Lily lying on the ground as if she was dead. They lifted her up and cut the snood asunder, upon which she began once more to breathe, and by little and little came back to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said:

"The old peddler-woman was certainly the queen—take care not to let anybody in when we are not with thee!"

Now the wicked woman, when she got home, went to her glass and asked:

"Glass glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as may be;
But little Lily who lives in the glen,
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

When the wicked queen heard this, all the blood ran to her heart, she was so dismayed; for she knew well that little Lily was alive again.

"But now," she said, "I will fall upon a plan to destroy her without fail." And with the witch's arts, she made a poisoned comb.

Then she dressed herself in the disguise of an old woman, and away she went over the seven mountains to the house of the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried:

"Fine wares to sell—cheap and good!"

Little Lily looked out, and said:

"Pass on your way, good woman; I dare not let anybody in."

"Nobody can blame you for looking, at least," said the old woman, as she drew out the poisoned comb and held it up.

The simple child was so taken with it, that she let herself be befooled, and opened the door. When she had looked at the comb and fingered it in every way, the old woman said:

"Now I will put in the comb nicely for you!"

Poor, innocent little Lily gave the old woman leave; but scarcely had it been fixed in her hair, when the poison began to work, and she fell senseless on the ground.

"Thou paragon of beauty, now is thy fate sealed!" said the wicked woman, and went away.

By good luck, it was not far from evening when the seven dwarfs came home. When they beheld little Lily lying on the ground as if she was dead, they at once suspected her wicked stepmother. They therefore made a search and found the poisoned comb; and when they had drawn it out, little Lily came to herself again, and told them what had passed. Then they entreated her once more to be on her guard, and not to open the door to any one.

As soon as she got home, the queen stationed herself before the glass, and said:

Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is fairest of all?"

Then it answered as before.

When she heard the glass speak this way, she trembled and shook with rage.

"Lily shall die," she exclaimed, "though it costs me my own life!"

With this, she went into a secret chamber and there made an apple that looked beautiful on the outside—white it was, with rosy cheeks—so that whoever gazed on it, longed for it; but inside one half of it was so poisoned, that whoever took the smallest piece into his mouth was sure to die.

When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and so away she went to the cottage of the seven dwarfs. She knocked, and little Lily looked out of the window and said:

"I dare not let anybody in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me."

"Very well," answered the peasant woman; "I only want to get quit of my apples. There is one as a present for you."

"No," said little Lily, "I dare not take anything."

"O, I suppose you think it poisonous!" said the old woman "Look you! I will cut the apple in two. Do you eat the red cheek, and I will eat the white." And as she said this, she held out the poisoned half of the apple.

Little Lily felt a great longing for the beautiful apple; and when she saw the peasant woman eat a piece of it, she could resist no longer, but took the poisoned half. Scarcely had she taken a bite of it, when she fell down dead. The queen laughed, and said, triumphantly:

"White as snow—red as blood—black as ebony! this time the dwarfs cannot waken you again."

And when she inquired as before of the glass at home, it answered at last:

"Lady queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then she was satisfied.

The seven little men came home at night, as usual, and found their dear little Lily lying dead on the ground. Their grief was excessive. They placed her on a bier, and they all seven sat around it, mourning for three whole days. After that, they would have buried her, but that she still looked fresh as a living creature, and still retained her beautiful red cheeks.

"We cannot bury this still lovely creature in the black earth," they said. And so, by their art, they made a transparent coffin of glass, where you might see in from every side.

In this coffin they laid little Lily, and upon it wrote her name in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they set the coffin out upon a mountain, and one of them always sat beside it and kept watch. And the birds came, too, and mourned for little Lily—first an owl, then a raven, and last of all, a dove. Little Lily lay a long time in the coffin, and did not change, but looked as though she were asleep—for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony.

Now it fell out that a king's son went to hunt in the forest, and came to the house of the seven dwarfs to pass the night there. He saw the coffin upon the mountain, and the beautiful child inside. Then he said to the seven little men:

"Let me have the coffin; I will give you whatever you desire for it."

But the little men answered:

"We would not part with it for all the gold in the world."

Then he said: "Do give it me, for I cannot live without seeing little Lily—I will honor and esteem it as the thing nearest to my heart."

Hearing him speak thus, the good dwarfs took compassion on him and gave him the coffin, and the king's son ordered his attendants to bear it away on their shoulders. It so happened that they stumbled over a bush; and with the shock, the piece of the poisoned apple which little Lily had bitten fell out of her mouth, and she came to life again. Then she raised herself up and said—"Kind heavens! where am I?"

"Thou art with me!" cried the king's son, full of joy; and he told her what had happened. "Come with me to my father's castle, and thou shalt be my bride."

Little Lily consented, and their marriage was celebrated with great solemnity and splendor.

Now little Lily's step-mother was invited along with the rest to the feast, and when she had decked herself in her finest attire, she said to her glass:

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

Then the glass answered:

"Lady queen, thou art fair as fair may be,
But the young queen's a thousand times fairer than thee."

At this her rage was terrible. When she entered the castle and saw little Lily, she stood stock still with terror and dismay. Meanwhile a pair of iron slippers, heated in a fierce fire, were brought in; and in these fiery red shoes, the queen was made to dance. Nor was she permitted to stop, until she had danced herself to death.

◆

Twenty Impolite Things.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading while others are talking.
3. Talking while others are reading.
4. Cutting finger-nails in company.
5. Joking others in company.
6. Gazing rudely at strangers.
7. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
8. Making yourself hero of your own story.
9. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
10. Spitting about the house, smoking, or chewing.
11. Leaving church before worship is closed.
12. Whispering or laughing in the house of God.
13. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
14. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
15. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
16. Not listening to what one is saying in company.
17. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
20. Laughing at the mistakes of others.

◆

Vitalized Phosphates.

A Brain and Nerve Food. Prepared from the Germ of the Wheat and the Brain of the Ox.

Dr. Taylor of the "Consumption Hospital," England, says: "The introduction of these hypophosphites into the system produces a glowing influence, expanding the chest, increasing animal power, nervous force and removing pains; it increases appetite and cheerfulness. These points I have repeatedly proved. "Drs. Bennet and Williams of London acknowledge that with *Cod Liver Oil* they had not cured two per cent. of their patients; whereas with these hypophosphites they had cured seventy-five per cent. Churchill uses it for all diseases of debility and nervous weakness. V. P. for sale by all Druggists. F. Crosby 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.

◆

Register's Liniment is unequalled for man or animals.—See advertisement in another column.

—The young ladies who form the lovely half of archery clubs will be interested to know how Indian squaws shoot. The noble red man lives on venison which he secures with the bow and arrow, of course, and therefore his wife must be a good shot. A Nevada newspaper tells how a Piute squaw shoots: "She will throw herself on her back, clap both feet to the bow, draw the arrow with both hands and, letting drive, send it clean through the body of the deer."

—"A reader" asks: "How do you tell a ripe watermelon?" We don't tell it. A ripe watermelon doesn't want to be told anything. Its inherent goodness prevents it from asking questions. But when a green watermelon comes into your house you want to tell it to "get out." And if it doesn't go, kick it out.—*Norr. Herald.* And is that all you know about watermelons? Why, a green one is the only kind fit to eat!—*Phila. Bulletin.*

—It was on the train and he was trying to read There was a crowd in the cars, and amongst others a lady with a very sprightly little girl that had blue eyes, a head of glistening gold, and inquisitive tongue. She plied him with questions and toyed with his watch chain. The mother, who was a widow, fairly beamed upon him. He, nervously, to the mother: "What do you call your little darling?" Widow, smiling: "Ethel." He: "Call her then." Indignation. Reading resumed. —*Raleigh Observer.*

—"Memory and hope are set like stars above the soul—the one shining dimly through the twilight of the past, the other lighting the archway of the future." You never realize this so full as when late at night, in a strange city, you for got the number of the house at which you are residing.—*Puck.*

—More than five million cans of corn are now packed in Maine annually and sold in every part of the world, yielding a business to the State of about $1,150,000, and giving a profitable employment to from 8,000 to 10,000 people during the packing season.

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W. A. COONS, Druggist,
51 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

FRECKLES, PIMPLES etc., will be removed by using one bottle of Mrs. Shaw's Freckle Lotion. Every imperfection of the skin radically cured. *Only sure cure.* Fully *warranted.* May be had of your druggist. Price reduced to $1.00. Full particulars free. Address Mrs. Dr. L. R. SHAW, 140 East 28th St., N. Y.

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THE NATIONAL TYPE CO.
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It cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Cuts, Burns, Pains, Sores, Swellings, Injuries, Lameness, etc. Try it. Sold by Druggists and General Merchants everywhere. 25 and 50 cents a bottle. Laboratory No. 324 South 5th Street, Philadelphia.
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MERCHANT'S
Gargling Oil Liniment
Yellow Wrapper for Animal and White for Human Flesh.
IS GOOD FOR

Burns and Scalds,	Sprains and Bruises,
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Scratches or Grease,	Foot Rot in Sheep,
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