Agriculture.

Saving by Handfuls.

One handful of hay is not much, nor, for the matter of that, are twenty handfuls; the saving or wasting of so much would neither make nor break a man. But with twenty head of cattle to feed twice or thrice a day, the saving of a handful apiece, every time, would amount to something before the pastures are green again upon our frost-bitten hills. Did you ever think of it? We are not hinting at stinting the cattle. But how many of us allow animals to waste a handful each at every feed for want of a little attention to feeding arrangements? How many head of stock on our northern farms require a handful more of hay at every feed to keep up the animal heat than they would require if their stables had all the cracks stopped that let in the cold winds of winter?

A handful of manure is but a trifle; yet the addition of a single handful in a hill of corn may make the difference between long, full ears and stinted nubbins when the harvest comes. How many handfuls of manure are going to waste every day about our yards and buildings? Could you not save half a bushel a day by being careful? And the liquid manure—is there not enough lost every day to make a good many long ears where we shall probably find only nubbins next fall?

Handfuls of hay; handfuls of manure! These are small matters, say you? Yet upon just such small matters depends many a man's success or failure in life. Here is one man that attends to them carefully, and at the end of twenty or thirty years he has a competency for old age; another neglects them as beneath his notice, and is always behind hand; he lives and dies short in pocket and short in comfort. We do not preach niggardliness; it is by saving when we may that we prepare ourselves to be liberal when we will. Save the handfuls.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Nervous Cows.

No observing person can have the care of a herd of cows long, without noting a great variance in the character and disposition of the different animals. The famous Mrs. Partington once remarked that "there is as much difference in folks as there is in anybody," and it is just so with cows. The feminine peculiarities that we are apt to note in our own kind may, many of them, be detected among the domestic animals. Some cows are so phlegmatic and good-natured that a moderate amount of ill-treatment does not seem to disturb their equanimity. Others are naturally vicious, and will kick and hook without provocation. There is another class that, while not vicious, are so nervous that they may easily be made to appear ugly, and in time really become so, in consequence of rough handling or carelessness. It requires a considerate and good dispositioned man to manage such cows and get along with them. They must be humored, spoken kindly to, and gently handled in milking. Swearing at them or beating them demoralizes them fearfully and makes them almost useless in a short time. It is often among the very best milkers and butter-makers that these nervous animals occur, and we cannot afford to have their value thus impaired. No violence should be allowed among the cows at any time; but if you have impatient help, or are quick-tempered yourself, let some person who doesn't get mad so easily milk the nervous cows. A cruel man ought never to have charge of any stock whatever.

—It is claimed that Ayrshire milk is rich in all the qualities which constitute good milk, butter and casein, and hence fitted to be used, as milk, and that the cream or fatty part is in such form—small globules—that it remains for a long time diffused through the whole mass. Hence its adaptation to cheese manufacture; for to hold this fat in the cheese and have none rise on the whey, to make whey butter, has ever been the problem with the cheese maker, and in direct proportion to his success in holding fast this substance has been his success in making a rich, soft, clean-favored cheese, always in demand, administering alike to the health and enjoyment of the consumer.

Agricultural Notes.

Marshal P. Wilder, the veteran Boston pomologist, has reached his eightieth year.

Grasshoppers in some parts of Nebraska destroyed the vegetables.

Nearly all the British East Indian troops have been sent home from Cyprus.

An unusually large amount of apple brandy will be made in Indiana this year.

Turkish refugees in the Rhodope Mountains live principally upon soup made of refuse bones and watermelon rind.

A Nebraska farmer reports 600 pounds of bright sugar and 153 gallons of nice syrup from two acres of early sorghum.

The San Francisco *Call* speaks of the California wheat crop as follows: "The total is certainly enormous. Allowing 10,000,000 bushels for seed and home consumption, the table shows a surplus of nearly 1,000,000 tons. This may be in excess of the ultimate yield, but a careful analysis of the statement warrants the expectation of at least 750,000 tons surplus, even should the yield in the worst counties fall to bottom estimates.

Domestic.

SMALL-WAISTED WOMEN.—If the truth be fairly stated, women have many excuses for their infatuation regarding small waists. It is Mrs. Haweis who says, "The reason why a small waist is a beauty is because, when it is natural, it goes together with the peculiar litheness and activity of a slenderly-built figure. All the bones are small, the shoulders and arms *petite*, and the general look is dainty and youthful." In other words, a small waist is only a beauty when it is in proportion to the rest of the figure. The common mistake lies in considering it a beauty in a large woman of massive proportions. A few centuries ago women did not take a scientific view of things, and fell into delusions which in this age are a disgrace to the sex. They knew nothing of anatomy, of the law of proportion or of the curve of beauty, and they misunderstood the language of admiration. The latter I suspect to be at the root of the whole matter. Poets were, as we shall presently see, everlastingly praising small waists, and women fell into the error of supposing that a small waist was, in the abstract, a beauty and an attraction. When or where the mistake originated I cannot tell, but here are the words of praise of probably a fourteenth-century lover: "Middel heo bath menskful smal," or, "She hath a graceful small waist." At a later day Master Wither included in the attractions of her who had left him,

> Her wast exceeding small,
> The fives did fit her shoe;
> But now, alasse! sh'as left me.

This suits exactly the modern view of a small waist and a No. 5 shoe.

In the well-known Scotch ballad "Edom o'Gordon" the Lady Rodes is represented as being shut up by Gordon in her burning castle. The smoke was suffocating when,

> Oh then bespaik her dochter dear;
> She was baith jimp and sma', etc.

Here it might be said that the evident youth of the girl who was dropped over the wall and fell on the point of the cruel Gordon's spear, accounts for her being "jimp and sma'." The explanation will not apply to "The Cruel Sister," as given by Sir Walter Scott:

> She took her by the middle sma',
> Binnorie, O Binnorie!

So fascinated was the rhymer by that special feature of her beauty that he returns to it after recounting how the elder sister drowned the younger:

> You could not see her middle sma',
> Binnorie, O Binnorie!
> Her gouden girdle was so bra,
> By the bonny milldams of Binnorie.

Another instance is in the opening verse of Sir Walter Scott's version of "The Lass of Lochroyan:"

> Oh wha will shoe my bonny foot?
> And wha will glove my hand?
> And wha will lace my middle jimp
> Wi' a lang, lang linen band!

The last line appears to indicate the use of a linen band, as the Roman ladies used the *strophium*, a broad ribbon tied round the breast as a support. From this it may be inferred that the "Lass of Lochroyan" did not owe her "middle jimp" to any very deadly artificial means of compression.

One of the most remarkable instances that can be adduced is in the original version of "Annie Laurie," by William Douglas, a Scottish poet of the seventeenth century. It has been so completely displaced by a later version that few are probably acquainted with the song as written by Douglass:

> She's backit like a peacock,
> She's breisted like a swan,
> She's jimp about the middle,
> Her waist ye weel micht span;
> Her waist ye weel micht span,
> And she has a rolling ee, etc.

In view of all these passages is there any wonder that it is hard to persuade women that men do not admire "wasp" waists? How are they to know that the "jimp middle" of the ballads was in its jimpness in proportion to the shoulders? The trouble is, that the early rhymesters have used up the only side of the question capable of poetical treatment. One cannot sing of the reverse; no poet could seriously lift up his voice in praise of her "ample waist" or "graceful portliness." In order to reach woman's ear, modern writers must adopt a different course, and it is curious to contrast their utterances with those of the ballad-makers. Place Charles Reade by the side of Douglas, and then what becomes of the "waist yo weel micht span"? After showing how the liver, lungs, heart, stomach and spleen are packed by Nature, the novelist asks: "Is it a small thing for the creature (who uses a corset) to say to her Creator, 'I can pack all this egg-china better than you can,' and thereupon to jam all those vital organs close by a powerful, a very powerful, and ingenious machine?"

Every lady should read *A Simpleton*, and learn something of the monstrous wrong she inflicts upon herself by trying to compass an artificially-produced "middle sae jimp." It will prepare her for Mrs. Haweis's lessons upon *The Art of Beauty*. One or two passages will give a hint of their flavor: "Nothing is so ugly as a pinched waist. It puts the hips and shoulders invariably out of proportion in width. . . . In deforming the waist almost all the vital organs are affected by the pressure, and the ribs are pushed out of their proper place." "Tight-lacing is ugly, because it distorts the natural lines of the figure, and gives an appearance of uncertainty and unsafeness. . . . Men seldom take to wife a girl who has too small a waist, whether natural or artificial." "In architecture, a pillar or support of any kind is called debased and bad in art if what is supported be too heavy for the thing supporting, and if a base be abnormally heavy and large for what it upholds. The laws of proportion and balance must be understood. In a waist of fifteen inches both are destroyed, and the corresponding effect is unpleasant to the eye. The curve of the waist is coarse and immoderate, utterly opposed to what Ruskin has shown to be beauty in a curve. Real or artificial, such a waist is always ugly: if real, it is a deformity that should be disguised; if artificial, it is culpable, and nasty to boot."

No rhyming can withstand such reasoning. If the ballads really had any effect in fostering an admiration of abnormally small waists, both science and a truer conception of beauty should by this time have counteracted their influence. Women cannot much longer, with decency, plead ignorance of the results of a practice which would be ridiculous were it less pernicious.—*J. J. in Lippincotts Magazine.*

Scientific.

Change in the Earth's Axis.—The general opinion of physicists as to the probability of a change in the position of the earth's axis has recently undergone modifications. Different mathematicians who have of late gone into the question—as, for instance, the Rev. J. F. Twisden, Mr. George Darwin, Professor Haughton, the Rev. E. Hill and Sir William Thomson—all agree in the theoretical possibility of a change in the geographical position of the earth's axis of rotation being effected by a redistribution of matter on the surface; but they do not appear to be all in accord as to the extent of such changes. Mr. Twisden, for instance, arrives at the conclusion that the elevation of a belt twenty degrees in width would displace the axis by ten miles only, while Professor Haughton maintains that the elevation of two such continnets as Europe and Asia would displace it by about sixty-nine miles; and Sir W. Thomson has not only admitted, but asserted as highly probable, that the poles may have been, in ancient times, very far from their geographical positions, and may have gradually shifted through ten, twenty, thirty, forty or more degrees, without at any time any perceptible sudden disturbance of either land or water. In a recent paper, however, Prof. Haughton has maintained that the North Pole has not sensibly changed its position during geological periods.

American Paper in Europe.—It is a fact not generally known, that the paper on which the official catalogue of the Paris Exposition was printed was manufactured in a Connecticut paper-mill. The makers were awarded a bronze medal. The American paper manufacturers are making an earnest effort to create a foreign market for their products. A large number of them recently contributed a "24-hrs-run," which has been exported to London and is gradually finding purchasers, the quality being all that could be desired, and the price somewhat under the English rate. Our plate paper for receiving impressions of steel engravings, meets with especial favor over the water. The American manufacturers say there is no difficulty in equalling or excelling the English paper; it is merely a question of cost, and that the superiority of American skill is shown in making a paper as good as the English out of far inferior stock than our British cousins use. Is it too much to expect to see the London *Times* printed on American paper?

A Reporting Machine.—In the Italian section of the Paris Exhibition is to be seen a strange instrument, the invention of Signor Michela. It is not larger than a lady's work-box. There is a small key-board like that of a diminutive piano, and a reel of paper. A girl, who is entirely ignorant of stenography, sits at the little machine, and "plays" a speech three hours long. She then reads it as quickly as one can speak. In fifteen days without previous knowledge or practice, proficiency may be acquired in the working of the apparatus.—*European Mail.*

Humorous.

> —Oh, the corn, the horrible corn,
> Burning at night and aching at morn;
> Under somebody's foot half of the time,
> Throbbing with misery almost sublime,
> Paining,
> Inflaming,
> Big as your fist—
> Show me the sign of the chi-rop-o-dist!

—This country is terribly demoralized, and soon the greatest crimes will excite no wonder. We should not be surprised to hear of a young man we know of sleighing his girl before the year is out.—*Fond du Lac Reporter.*

—Mother (to sixteen-year-old-daughter): "So you enjoyed your walk, Kate. Did you go all that distance alone?" Daughter: "Oh, yes, mamma, quite alone!" Objectionable younger brother: "Then how is it, Kit, that you took out an umbrella and brought home a walking-stick?"

—Some recently discovered inscriptions on burned bricks bring to light the astonishing revelation that King Ashasuerus hanged Haman because he invented the accordeon and put the price down to one dollar and twenty-five cents, so that every young man might have one.

—A young lady hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor, said, "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but—" "Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think that pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

—When poor Sam Sharpley, the once-noted minstrel, was near his end, an old friend called to see him, and thinking to cheer him up, said: "Keep up your courage, Sam; you'll soon be on the road again." "Yes," said Sam, with grim humor, "I'll be on the road soon, but I'll be in the head wagon."

—A Mother-in-Law's Neutrality.—Brown, who has married the eldest of seven girls, tried to quarrel with his mother-in-law the other evening.—"Brown," said she, "I am not going to ruin my reputation by quarreling with you. Wait till my other girls are married. At present, as a mother-in-law, I am only an ameteur."

—Eyes Right!—"What ought you to do with your eyes?" asked a young lady of her lover, who was regarding her very speakingly. "Use them for looking at you," he replied. "Oh, no," she answered—"dot them!" "Why should you not dot your eyes?" he inquired. "I don't know," she replied. "Because they're capital ones," he rejoined.

—When Mr. Billeny went home and saw a handsome bouquet reposing on one of the parlor chairs he mentally observed that it was a shame to let such beautiful flowers lie there and whither; so he took them up tenderly, procured a basin of water and placed them carefully therein, and the same instant his wife gave a piercing shriek and fainted dead away. But it was too late. Mrs. Billeny's new bonnet was utterly ruined.

—A Detroit girl picked up a new beau the other evening at church, and when they reached her father's gate he accepted an invitation to go in. He was perfumed to kill, and it wasn't long before the musk reached the back room in which the old man was heard stumbling around, muttering and growling, and presently he opened the door and passed out and walked around the house. He came back after snuffling around for a few minutes, and pounding on the parlor door he inquired:

"Evangeline, where's the piece of candle?"

"I don't know, father; why?" she inquired in return.

"There's a skunk or something under the addition, and I've got to hunt him out, or we can't live here over night."

The young man didn't stay long after that.

—The Whitehall *Times* didn't half finish that story about the trout in a gentleman's trout pond, saving the life of a little girl who was accustomed to feed them, and who had accidentally fallen into the pond, by forming themselves into a solid body and supporting her in the water. We have later advices about it. The trout not only raised her to the surface, but they floated her ashore, after which they took her on their shoulders and carried her up to the house, over half a mile, across lots, being compelled to take down several fences in order to do it. When the father of the little girl came to the door in answer to the bell (rung by one of the trout), he discovered a lot of the trout rolling the child on an old salt barrel to get the water out of her. When she was finally resuscitated the trout united in giving three cheers, and declining to step into the house and take suthin', they trotted back to the pond. Why don't you finish a story when you commence it?—*Cincinnati Sat. Night.*

A POEM

FROM THE SPANISH.

O! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life, with its glory, glides away,
And the stern footsteps of decay
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flowing minutes glide
Away so fast,
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright
Like them, the present shall delight—
Like them, decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doom to fall—
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble rivlet's glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels property and pride
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal:
There all those glittering toys are brought,
The path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say, then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here?
Dreams of a sleep that death must break,
Alas! before it bids us wake,
Ye disappear!

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

BY WILL E. SHARP.

Lilian Haines was very low with brain fever—the result of overtasking her mental faculties in order to become a brilliant star in the literary circle. Her condition had baffled the skill of the country doctor, and Mrs. Haines, her vigilant mother, almost despairing, had summoned her husband to the bedside for the purpose of asking his advice concerning what must be done next.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," said Mrs. Haines, who seemed animated by a new hope. "I will send to town for a physicin."

"Do! immediately!"

Mr. Haines went to dispatch a servant for a physician at Peltville; and, on returning, said:

"My opinion of old Dr. Boyle is that he does not know as much as he pretends. What is your opinion, Ma, eh?"

"Pretty much the same as yours," answered his wife, whom he called Ma.

The doctor came. He was a young man—far too young for such a case; but, as he said, he was an experienced physician—his father before him having the same profession. Dr Mayne was by no means a handsome man; on the contrary, he was simply ugly; but then, he had a good heart, and "handsome is as handsome does," was his maxim.

"How is she, doctor?" inquired the anxious parents, after she was examined.

"Her case is not hopeless, although she is, indeed, very low," returned the physician.

Mayne wrote a prescription, gave orders to the attendants, and left for Peltville.

"She is a perfect fairy! more—she is an angel!" said Dr. Mayne to himself as he rode towards the town. "With heaven's aid I shall restore her health, and then—pshaw! she cannot be as romantic as I think. Had I an Apollo's face, I might stand some chance. Some handsome, brainless fop will carry off that prize, so I might as well content myself to be without it," he continued, putting spurs to his horse to gallop the thoughts of Lilian Haines away.

But the thoughts of her were not easily banished; and, for the first time in his life, Mayne found his heart, which had previously been so strongly fortified, pierced by Cupid's golden shaft, and the iceberg of misanthropy that floated within melted into a stream of love.

Days came and went, but each found Dr. Mayne at the bedside of Lilian Haines, as vigilant, aye, more so, than her loving mother. By and by, he pronounced her convalescent, and left her to the care of old Dr. Boyle, no one but himself knowing why he did it. He loved her, but feared a refusal.

Six years had passed since that ever-to-be-remembered summer of Lilian Haines' sickness, and Dr. Mayne sat in his office alone, with the exception of a servant, who made fires and did such work as tend the doctor's horse. Presently the door opened and in came Frank Bogle, an intimate friend of the doctor's.

"Have a seat, Bogle. Joe, stir up the fire and go water my horse."

"Well, doctor, are you going to the ball this evening? I have cards of invitation for us both," said Bogle, handing a card to Mayne. "Come, now, old fellow, don't say no."

"At Judge Diamond's! I'm too poor to go there. But, yes, I'll go to please you, Bogle."

"By the way, doctor, I wonder you never married."

"Pshaw, I'm too ugly for that; but, to tell the truth, I loved once."

He then proceeded to tell the story of Lilian Haines' sickness.

"'Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.' Pluck up courage, old fellow, and propose to the next handsome woman you become acquainted with, and, two to one, you will succeed. I'll come by early." With this he left Dr. Mayne alone again.

True to his word, Bogle came early, and the twain went to Judge Diamond's elegant mansion. During the fore part of the evening Dr. Mayne enjoyed himself "hugely," as young ladies say; but, not being accustomed to ladies' society much, he soon grew tired of them; and he and an intimate friend, a young lawyer, sat down for a newsy chat.

"What lady is that in white, Lake?" asked Mayne, after he had grown tired of news.

"With black eyes and dark hair?"

"The same. Isn't she lovely?"

"The prettiest woman I ever saw. She is visiting Miss Diamond, and is known to the literary world as Ada May; but that is her *nom de plume*, I suppose. Her real name is Miss Haines, I think."

"Miss *Haines!* Did you say Miss Haines, Lake?"

"I did, my dear doctor; and loud enough for the lady to hear, had she been listening."

"I beg your pardon, Lake. I used to know Miss *Lilian* Haines, and probably this may be she. Will you introduce me to her?"

"You said you knew her; then you need no introduction."

"But she may not recognize me; it has been six years since I saw her last."

"Gladly would I do so, doctor, were *I* personally acquainted with the lady; but I am not."

So many admirers were crowded around her, that Mayne had no opportunity to speak with Lilian.

"I will see her to-morrow," he mentally resolved, as he left Judge Diamond's. "I am truly glad I came with Bogle."

The next morning early, Dr. Mayne rang Judge Diamond's door bell; and when the servant appeared, he handed him a card for Miss Haines, on which was written:

"An old friend wishes to see Miss Lilian Haines, if agreeable to her."

"Walk into de parlor, sah, while I takes de note to de leddy," said the servant, showing the way. Miss Haines soon came down, looking lovelier than she did the previous evening.

"Good morning Dr. Mayne," said she, extending her hand. He arose and took the proffered hand, and she went on, "This is a pleasant surprise, I assure you. I could not imagine who 'an old friend' could be."

"I did not think you would know me, Miss Lilian, after six years."

"How could I forget one who saved my life? By the way you must prescribe for me again. I have a very bad cold,"

"Must I? Well." He wrote on a scrap of paper the following words "You must take Dr. Albert Mayne."

"It is a bitter pill," she said, smiling, "but I suppose I must take it."

Whether it was a bitter pill or not, she never regretted her marriage with homely but good natured Dr. Albert Mayne.

AN AMBASSADOR'S CURIOSITY.

In 1785 the Sacred Standard of the Mussulmans was unfurled at Constantinople, and in accordance with the usual custom, proclamation was made three days in advance that no Christian should look upon it under pain of death. The Austrian Ambassador—so at least the *London Magazine* of that time reported—trusting to his immunity, bargained with a man for the occupation of a chamber lying in the route of the cortege, but subsequently obtaining one for less money repudiated the contract and insulted the Turk on his venturing to complain. In due course the Ambassador, with his wife and daughters, watched by the man they had made their enemy, took possession of their apartment and saw the show. But when the holy banner arrived opposite the house in which they were a cry arose that it was profaned by the gaze of the infidels, the soldiers broke open the doors, knocked down the Imperial Minister, plundered the ladies of their jewels, and, stripping them almost naked, left them more dead than alive. The Sultan expressed great sympathy with the sufferers, paid the Ambassador a large sum of money, restored to the ladies jewels of four times the value of those they had lost, and beheaded 300 of the soldiers concerned in the affair, then asked the diplomatist if he was satisfied. The answer was that, personally, he had no further reason to complain, but the matter had been brought under the notice of his Government, to whose directions he must conform. Whatever the terms of the despatch, which soon came from Vienna, they had such an effect upon the Ambassador that his death ensued very shortly, it is supposed, as a consequence of his own act. The ladies returned to the Austrian capital, whence they were ordered to retire to a convent for life.

COFFIN ROCK, OREGON.

About fifty miles above Astoria, we passed the far-famed Coffin Rock, the indirect cause of the great Yakima war of 1856. It is a huge granite stone just in the edge of the river, on the Washington side, and was used from time immemorial as a place of burial by the Indians. It rises about 200 feet above the water, is several hundred yards in length, covered with a dense forest of pines and fir trees at its base, and on top is bare and broken with immense fissures. A single fir tree stands upon its points like a solitary sentinel above the resting place of the Indian warrior. The Indians were accustomed years ago to bring their dead here for interment. The corpse was placed in the canoe used by the departed in life, and at his side his bow and arrows, his pipe and blankets, and all he owned on earth, and then he was laid away in some cleft of the rock. Afterward the friends of the departed would return to bring supplies of dried salmon and other edibles, which they imagined the dead needed in the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. Finally the sacrilegious pale-face, being in need of canoes for mundane purposes, found it more convenient to borrow those of the dead braves than to make his own, and acted accordingly, dumping the bones of the departed chiefs into the crevices of the rocks and bearing off their blankets. This, of course, incensed the red man, and finally brought on the Yakima massacre and subsequent war.—*Letter to San Francisco Chronicle.*

—The pretty maid milking her twenty-three cows in an hour and forty minutes was a sight recently to be seen at East Zorra, Ont. She carried the milk upon the stands as well.

—Wonders nevercease. A farmer in Wyoming county has owned up that he used to water his milk, say about one quart of water to four of milk.

Vitalized Phosphates.

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

Dr. Taylor of the "Comsumption 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.

DON'T IRRITATE YOUR LUNGS WITH A STUBBORN COUGH, when a remedy, as safe and certain as Dr. Jayne's Expectorant can be so easily procured. Sore Throats and Lungs are speedily helped by it.

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

THE ART OF DECEPTION.

One of the most singular inconsistencies to be observed in everyday life is found in the different manner in which the habit of deception is regarded, according to the age and position of those who practice. Children, as soon as they become capable of distinguishing right and wrong, are taught to look upon deceit as one of the worst sins that can be committed. Boys at school are not only taught the beauty of truth by their masters, but, in a certain rough fashion, reverence it among themselves. A boy, for instance, who parades ostentatiously to his master an assumed steadiness of principle and submissiveness of demeanor, is very soon branded with the odious title of "sneak." On the other hand, occasions arise in schoolboy life when, by sticking to a deliberate falsehood, a boy may gain for himself the reputation of a hero among his fellows. This, however, is a detail of the curious system of schoolboy morality, the unwritten laws of which might afford an interesting matter for study.

Girls, it would seem, are by nature more inclined to untruthfulness than boys; but this inclination is really very often the result of moral cowardice—a defect which it may be said is as common to boys and men as to girls and women. But in the one case there are deterrent influences, absent in the other, which often lead to the attempt at overcoming, or at any rate concealing, this fault. A boy who has invented a story to save himself from a scrape, and is found out, is generally made to feel in some tangible way that he has been guilty of a gross blunder, if not of a crime. He becomes conscious that his conduct has gained him nothing but a punishment and the scorn of the community. With girls the matter is somewhat different. Some form of punishment may be inflicted, but the sense of having done a shameful thing is less frequently and less strongly inculcated. A girl who has been detected in a falsehood may be teased on the subject by her companions, but she will not be shunned and despised. Thus she is very likely to learn early in life the great maxim that it is not crime, but detection, that one ought to avoid.

Among a certain class of grown-up women there is a little more disgrace attached to untruthfulness than among girls; and this, it must be said, is to a great extent the fault of men, who so diligently assure women that they are by nature untruthful that it is small wonder if they end by believing the assertion and acting upon it. It also occurs that certain women who have cultivated a love for truth become disgusted at the general weakness of their sex in this respect, and fly in consequence to the opposite extreme. They judge it necessary to employ some striking means for convincing the world that they are not as other women are, and that whatever they say is trustworthy; and they therefore affect an irritating sharpness of manner and an uncomfortable habit of saying the most disagreeable things they can. In order to avoid flattery, they overwhelm one with bitter criticism. Perhaps they are, however, more tolerable—inasmuch as they at least act from principle—than the women of the world who are accomplished in the art of deception, and employ all its resources to wound any one against whom they have a grudge. Their words are to those of the woman who flaunts her truthfulness in one's face as the bite of a snake to the chance blow of a bludgeon. Both, however, may be said to be results, in opposite directions, of the same system.

The most dangerous woman, probably, in the matter of untruth, is she who, with a frank manner, a pleasant smile, and the honest appearance of Iago, will look you full in the face and tell you what she knows to be a deliberate lie. And such people are commoner than may be generally supposed, inasmuch as the fallacy that a person skilled in the art of deception cannot look others in the face is still very generally entertained, although it has been often enough exposed. Among men the practice of falsehood is perhaps not more rare than among women, but it is apt to take a less harmful form There are many women who are known to devote themselves to the propagation of untruths, or, what are more dangerous, half-truths, and who suffer very little in social estimation or position. But a man—and there are of course many such—who spends his time in circulating malicious reports, in collecting the raw gossip of clubs, decking and adorning it after his own fashion, and sending it out again in a complete and finished form, is likely to get little for his pains but contempt, except, indeed, among a circle of scandalous old women, who are always ready to welcome him. The men who lie with success—if so hard a name as "lying" ought to be given to their practices—are those who have some resemblance to Corneille's Menteur, who are led away by force of imagination, and also by a certain feeling for artistic effect. These men are most usually found among Irishmen, and their method was pretty accurately hit off by a late English Judge, who observed that Irish witnesses could never be trusted. "But, my lord," said one of the counsel, "your lordship's father was Irish." "Yes," was the answer, "I meant that they had a picturesque, roundabout way of putting things. They are all very eloquent."

—Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, a widow, of San José, is the first woman admitted to the Bar of California, the Legislature of that State having at its last session passed a bill granting such right to the sex. She has pursued her studies under difficulties that would have discouraged most men, having no property to speak of and five small children to provide for. Most of the time she has done her own housework, and has occasionally delivered lectures to eke out subsistence. The committee appointed to examine her, consisting of the best lawyers in the town, unanimously testified to her entire fitness for the profession.

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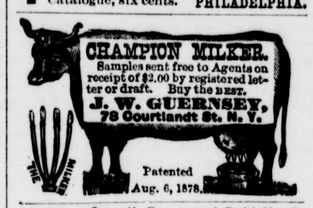

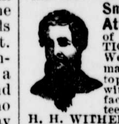
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