Agriculture.

Parasitic Lung Worms.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* writes as follows:

For everything there is a reason, although your correspondent, Gen. Noble, cannot see any good in "doctoring the stomach for a worm in the windpipe." When the true character of anything is understood, a course of treatment may be considered rational that would otherwise appear absurd. In the case mentioned by Gen. Noble, the treatment he gave his hen-house might seem to some others than himself quite unreasonable—doctoring the hen-house for worms in the throat—but there is a far closer connection between the stomach of an animal and the mucous membrane lining the lungs and throat, than between the latter and the walls and floor of a poultry-house, although even here there is a rational connection. The truth of this matter is, that "gapes" is really caused by a parasitic worm, which belongs to a family of animals well known to naturalists. One of these infests poultry, another partridges, or rather grouse—as they really are—another lambs and sheep, another calves, and another young pigs.

All these are well known, and their natural history is so far clearly ascertained as to their generation by means of eggs. How the eggs of the young worms gain access to the lungs and air tubes is not *known* with such certainty as to satisfy a scientific man who will deal only with facts—that are facts, and not suppositions. Abundant circumstantial evidence exists to make it highly probable that the eggs of the worms are taken into the stomachs of the young animals with the food—with the grass in the case of lambs, calves and pigs, and by being picked up from the ground in the case of young chicks. The ground becomes infested, most probably, by means of eggs voided by mature animals; for all these worms may be found in the bodies of mature animals, in some cases so numerously as to cause disease and death. This is notably the case in sheep, in whose lungs and air passages myriads of these may be often found, as is well known to every practical shepherd. The eggs being then introduced to the stomach, are hatched into worms, and these are sometimes so plentiful in the stomachs of animals as to cause trouble there. These worms find their way from the gullet to the air tubes and lungs, and live upon the secretions of the mucous membrane, which are increased in quantity by the irritation caused by their presence—"and thereby hangs a tale" of how "doctoring the stomach for a worm in the windpipe" may be very effective.

If the General, or any man, will take a dose of the old-fashioned sulphur and molasses for a week, he will find all his new legal-tender or other silver dollars which he may carry in his pocket, blackened by the fumes of the sulphur which went to his stomach. If he had breathed upon the silver, the blackening, which is caused by a sulphide of silver deposited upon the metal, would have been apparent much earlier, and more conspicuously, because the vapor of the sulphur escapes by the lungs sooner than it does through the skin. The same happens when turpentine is taken as a medicine, as is well known. Indeed, the action of turpentine is so effective that persons exposed to its vapor and breathing it only, are quickly affected by its diuretic qualities acting upon the kidneys; or the simple rubbing of turpentine upon the skin will show the same effects. Sulphur and turpentine are active poisons to these worms, and in the case referred to by Gen. Noble, the sulphurous fumes escaping from his fortunate application, may doubtless have done the business, "and he builded better than he knew."

If any medicine can be called a specific, turpentine is such in the treatment of these lung worms, and I believe sulphur will be found equally effective, but of slower operation. I have treated many lambs, sheep, and calves for this disease with success, by the use of turpentine administered through the stomach, and from its great volatility it rapidly enters the blood and is carried off through the lungs and air tubes; and, moreover, it strongly affects all the secretions, especially those of the mucous membrane and the skin, and is thus placed where it will do the most good, or rather the most *evil* to the parasites, which are destroyed—poisoned, in fact, by it.

Now I think I have given "some trial or reason for the use" of the remedies I propose; fortunately, I have never had any reason to try them with my fowls, because I have never had gapes among them, having used those precautions which would necessarily occur to those who knew the truth of this matter.

Artichoke.

This vegetable was introduced into Italy from Asia Minor in the 15th century, and has ever since been commonly cultivated in Europe; but in this country it is found, as yet, only on the larger private places, and on the tables of first-class hotels. Its cultivation is very simple. The plants may be raised from seed, which should be sown on a hot-bed in the latter part of February, and by proper care the plants will be ready to transfer to the open ground in the first days of May; or it may be propagated by suckers from the old plants in the spring. In either case the plants should be set in rows, three by three feet apart, in rich and deeply-prepared soil.

It is a perennial plant, and once planted, it requires no further care during the summer season than to be kept clean and to gather the crop. The heads will be ready for use in July, and continue to appear till fall. In the fall the old flower-stocks and leaves are removed, and the plants, not being perfectly hardy, are covered with leaves or coarse manure, to protect them during the winter.

French Green Globe is considered the best variety.

Fancy Milk.—The New York *Times* has the following in regard to the experience of a correspondent: Having a few high-bred costly cows, a finely-appointed dairy-house, the newest and best facilities for keeping milk, and keeping and feeding cows regardless of expense so long as it would bring profit, I [illegible] hard to find customers who [illegible]y a few cents a quart more for [illegible] and purest milk, put up in [illegible]tles and handled with the [illegible] cleanliness. The [illegible] disastrous failure. Not one [illegible] the whole city of New [illegible] found who would under[illegible] at the price of 10 cents per quart, delivered. Not that there were no persons who could afford to give five times that price for it, but that there was no desire to pay a few cents a quart extra for purity and excellence in the milk. So that much-talked-of myth of "Parisian bottled milk" in New York was driven to earth and found baseless.

Domestic.

LABOR-SAVING DEVICES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.—It is very refreshing to see the gentlemen of a house taking interest in the domestic conveniences that are strength-savers to those members of their households who have the household work to do. There is nothing more useful in a kitchen than a man who can use a hammer and nails to advantage, put up shelves or take them down, mend a broken chair or the leg of a table as need be, and do it with a pleasant manner, and not as if he were conferring a favor. Some men have an exasperating way of assisting in any household matter, making it appear that they stooped from their high dignity to work that was beneath them. If you trace back you will generally find that as boys, they had not been made helpful in domestic affairs, and consequently their manner was the result of wrong training. But just assuredly as labor-saving machinery accumulates in the barn, ought it to be in use in the kitchen. First of all, water in the house is a grave necessity, then the washer and wringer, a clothes dryer, and small mangle. There should be a mincing machine, the latest improvement in irons and ironing-board, an apple parer, raisin stoner, potato washer, and anything else that comes under the notice of the housekeeper as a need. Of course, they cost money: so does tobacco, yet I do not think I ever knew any one compare the two in point of usefulness, while we all know houses where there is money enough for the "weed" which does no good; but not enough for household conveniences.

It is a hopeful sign when there are men who wish to give their opinion on this domestic problem; who sympathize with, and help wife, sister, or mother in the ceaseless round of duties that fall to their lot. The one idea of a Chinaman will not answer in the varied work of a woman's life; her tasks are heavy, and many. All honor to the man who will try to make the kitchen as it should be—the brightest room of the house, with cheerful, sunny windows, and among other things a baking table that can be shut down when not in use and serve other purposes. By supplying things like this, an ordinary mechanic can lessen materially the labor of the household.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Household Receipts.

POP-OVERS.—Two cups of milk, yolks of two eggs, a little salt, two cups of prepared flour. Add the whites of the eggs last, well-beaten. Bake in small tins—for breakfast or tea.

ORANGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, two cups of prepared flour. Bake in four layers, as for jelly cake.

Mixture to be put in between layers.—The grated rind and juice of one orange, whites of two eggs, two cups of sugar; spread between the layers and frost the top of the cake.

JELLY CAKE.—Three eggs, whites and yelks beaten separately, one cup of sugar, one heaping cup of prepared flour, a piece of butter the size of an egg, three tablespoons of sweet milk. Bake in four layers.

RAW PUMPKIN PIE.—One pint of new milk, three well-beaten eggs; sweeten and spice to taste; then stir in gradually four heaping tablespoons of grated pumpkin. Place the crust in a deep tin, then pour in the mixture and bake brown.

BARLEY SOUP.—Wash and soak one-fourth pound of barley in a quart of water over night; in the morning turn off the water not absorbed and add three quarts of boiling water; a teacupful of bread crumbs and salt to taste; boil *slowly* four or five hours; add a tablespoonful of butter and a little chopped parsley half an hour before serving.

CHEESE TOAST.—Take half a teacup of grated cheese—use crumbs and dry pieces—mix with it a teacup of grated bread, the yelk of one egg, a spoonful of butter, three spoonfuls of rich cream, pepper and salt and a little mustard if liked; toast some slices of bread, spread the mixture on, place in a quick oven for three or four minutes and serve hot.

EXTRA GOOD COOKIES.—One-half cup of butter, one cup of white sugar, one-half cup of sour milk, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of saleratus. Melt the butter, mix all soft together with a spoon, and set away for one-half hour in the winter and one whole hour in summer where it is cold. Then the dough can be easily rolled without adding very much flour (the less the better), sprinkle the dough after rolling with sugar, cut and bake in a quick oven, watching carefully. The ingredients mentioned in this recipe make two dozen cookies. Add caraway seed if liked.

BE CAREFUL OF YOUR TIN-WARE.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* warns housekeepers against "tin" vessels where an alloy of lead and tin has been used by scampish makers to coat the sheet-iron plate. The alloy is readily acted upon by acids, and salts of lead are thus introduced into the food. In Michigan several cases of paralysis agitans have been traced to this sort of poisoning, and it has been discovered that children have died of meningitis, fits and paralytic affections caused by drinking milk kept in such vessels. Analysis of a large number of specimens of tin plate used in culinary articles showed the presence of an alloy with lead in almost every instance, and often in large quantities, and it is asserted that a large proportion of the tinned wares in the market is unfit for use on this account.

HOME INFLUENCE.—Few can withstand the influence of home. That is why it should be the youth's idea of purity; his father just and honorable, his mother an angel and his sisters divinities. The woman that a man brought up among ladies chooses for his wife is sure to be a lady. She may be humble, even, but she will be refined. He has had his model always before him, and they have fashioned his taste instinctively. In fact, his whole conduct through life toward men and women will be better for a refined home. It is a fact that all parents ought to realize, that to provide a happy, contented and cheerful home is as much a part of their duty to their children as to educate them. If they are to learn that there are many unhappy marriages in the world, bickerings and discontent, the knowledge should not come from the example of their own parents. If they are to hear profane and violent language, it should not come from the mouth of their father, and the lad should not be initiated into the wiles of a coquette by the painted face or extravagant dress of his own mother. How can he be expected to choose a good wife when the conduct of his sisters teach him that women are shallow, vain and conceited—that husband hunting is the one idea of their life—and that doing one's duty is to do the best for one's self in this world? It is because of such training as this that so many men's lives are failures.

Humorous.

—The Portland *Argus* says there are sixty-two "cradles" on one street in Biddeford. Probably a very rocky soil.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

—"See how I ride o'er the raging mane!" exclaimed a man who was thrown over his horse's head into a ditch on the other side of the fence.

—We saw a young man with two heads on his shoulders the other day, but didn't consider it much of a curiosity—one belonged to his girl.—*College Argus.*

—A thief made a hit the other day, in the Tombs police court, when confronted with his plunder, by saying: "I never saw the Pina-fore!"—*Court Journal.*

—The Whitehall *Times* asserts that the man who wrote "nothing was impossible," never tried to find the pocket in his wife's dress when it was hanging up in the close-press.

—If Ajax had only booted a lightning-rod agent at the time that he defied the thunder bolt, his renown would rest on a more solid basis than it does now.—*Stamford Advocate.*

—"Now if you got any weeding you want done, I'm your man," earnestly exclaimed the tramp who was at the back door of a Danbury house Thursday, looking for work.—*Danbury News.*

—In this country a boy has too much to fight against. First, it's his mother's slipper: next, Fourth of July; then green apples; and, finally, Santa Claus, a rickety pair of skates, and an airhole in the ice.—*New York Press.*

—In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

—"Why are you looking at me so intently, Alice!" said Theodore. "I was gazing at vacancy," replied Alice, dreamily; and yet there is a twinkle about her mouth that shows her appraisement of the young man.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"What is sweeter than a winter sunset?" asks an exchange. Really, we don't know; but if it's a very cold night, and there's a vacuum in the region of the vest, an oyster-stew will lay way over the sunset."—*New York Express.*

—"Were there cats in the ark?" is a question that is troubling the religious editor of an exchange. Certainly there were, and the first thing they said after leaving the ancient craft was "If there's Ararat 'round here we want to gopher it."—*Waterloo Observer.*

—Pedestrian (who has just dropped half-a-crown in front of "the Blind"): "Why, you confounded humbug, you're not blind!" Beggar: "Not I, sir! If the card says I am they must have given me a wrong one. I'm deaf and dumb!"—*Funny Folks.*

—An exchange says: "Kerosene will make tea-kettles shine as bright as new." "Yes," remarks another paper, "kerosene will do wonders; it will make a whole house shine so that it can be seen for miles, but it is dreadfully destructive to paint."

—There was a tide in the affairs of Noah, taken at the flood, which did not lead on to glorious fortunes, though the patri-ark managed to keep his head above water, and save "the only complete collection of wild and trained animals in the world."—*New Orleans Picayune.*

—A Bridgeport cat was in the cellar one day, and, seeing a crab, went up to examine it. A moment later the cat was helping the crab up stairs at the rate of a mile a minute. To a crab, such a rate of speed must have appeared extremely unique.—*Danbury News.*

—If the young ladies attending church would give more attention to the number of the hymn the pastor gives out, and not so much attention to the number of hims that are in the church, they would not be so apt to sing one hymn while the congregation are singing another.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—"Mamma," said a wicked youngster, "am I your canoe!" "No, my child, why do you ask?" "Oh, because you always say you like to see people paddle their own canoe; and I didn't know but may be I was yours." The boy went out of the door with more reference to speed than grace.

—Mrs Dunshudder fed a tramp yesterday because he wore an old army coat of faded blue. "You went through the war!" said the sympathetic soul. "Yes'm; I was drummer," and when the fellow reached the sidewalk he concluded the sentence, "for a hardware store in Chicago."—*Utica Observer.*

—Oliver Wendell Holmes says, "The true girl has to be sought for." And Oliver is right. We accompanied her to the Centennial Exhibition September two years ago, and becoming separated in the great crowd, we sought for her two hours and a half before our search was rewarded with success.—*Norristown Herald.*

—From the British fleet in Eastern waters: A young midshipman went out to join his ship, commanded by a gallant officer, or otherwise rather a Don. He was met on deck by the captain, who said: "Well, youngster, so you've come to join us. I suppose it's the story—the fool of the family, eh? Haw, haw!" To which the middy replied, in a squeaky voice, "Oh, no, sir! it's all changed since your day." Exit captain.

THE DOUBLE DISGUISE.

"Lillie, do you love me? Can you love me? I *love you*, and *you* only!" I exclaimed, passionately, as I sat beside Lillie Whately, with her one little hand clasped in mine.

We were sitting in the large bay window of her father's house. The moon was just rising in the east, spreading a glow over the horizon. The wind was playing gently in among the girl's golden hair, sitting by my side. She was an angel in my eyes. I loved her with all my life; and what if she should reject me?

"Charlie," she said, "I cannot tell you; there is one reason—"

"And that is—I am poor," I interrupted, in a low, disappointed voice.

"No, no, not that; I can't tell you now, but I will before long."

"But do you *love* me?"

"Yes, Charlie; yes, oh! so much."

"Then, darling, what do you mean?"

"I mean that I cannot promise to be your wife; not until I find out something."

I pressed a lingering kiss upon her pouting lips, which sent a thrill through my veins, and I clasped her to my heart.

"I am poor, Lillie, and you are so much higher in life that I am almost ashamed of myself at times. I have often cursed myself for not being better to do in the world."

"Why, Charlie, you ought to be ashamed of yourself now; I am sure many a man would willingly give half his wealth for your handsome eyes and your—"

"Flattery! Remember that flattery is the worst kind of deceit," I interrupted, playfully.

Thus we chatted on, unconscious of how fast time was flying; and when I arose to leave, the moon was high in the heavens, and the clock in the room was striking—well, never mind, I am not particular about telling just now.

I left her with a loving, warm kiss stamped upon my lips. I left her standing at the door, watching me as I walked down the path, and when I reached the gate, the wind wafted to my ears the words, soft and sweet—

"Good bye, darling."

I went home with my heart overflowing with happiness and love, and as lovers generally do, I dreamed of adventures with rivals and robbers; Lillie was heroine of my sweet dreams of course.

She was my first love, and I was wild, passionate, absent-minded, and this love was burning me up.

I worked steadily next day until noon, when the foreman informed me that my labor was needed no longer, and paying what was coming to me, he discharged me without even deigning to thank me for my former services.

How miserable I felt, knowing that I could find no more work in the city, and must leave for another one, or starve. Leave *her!* how could I? I could not tell her how matters stood! She would help me, I knew, but I was too proud to ask a woman for assistance. A mechanic can generally find work, even when the professional men are out of employment; but now times never seemed duller—workmen never were more plentiful, and men were never scarcer. I went everywhere in search of work, but in vain did I ask.

My landlord must have his pay, and pay him I did, leaving me nearly penniless in a great hard-hearted city.

What should I do? Where must I go? To leave Lillie would be too much; I could not think of such a thing. I must tell her; I could not no other alternative. Her father did not know who his daughter was loving—whom she vowed to love. Perhaps if he had, there would have been an end of it; but he did not, as he was away on business for months together.

I must call on her this very evening, I thought; although uninvited by her. I must explain all; tell her that I must leave in search of employment. I had never told her of my situation.

She did not know but that I had relations and friends in the city.

I was in a strange fix, and hardly knew what to do. I wandered down the streets with my head hanging low, not noticing things heretofore so attractive in my eyes.

I unconsciously reached Lillie's house I started with surprise on looking around me. I was not aware of how fast I had been walking toward her residence.

As I was there I resolved to go in, and stepping inside the gate I walked rapidly up the path leading to the house.

I rang the door-bell and a servant came to the entrance.

"Is Miss Lillie in?" I asked.

"Yes, walk right in please," she answered, pointing to the door opening into the parlor.

I hung my hat upon the stand, and going to the door I opened it and entered.

What a sight met my eyes as I went in! How my blood boiled in my veins. Oh! I was nearly wild, and it was with difficulty that I controlled myself.

On the sofa sat Lillie, and by her side a young man; his arm was around her waist; his lips were pressed to hers. I became calm in an instant, and bowing myself out of the room, I said—

"Ah! excuse me. I see I have made a mistake."

Seizing my hat I rushed down the steps and out through the gate.

"Charlie, come back," I thought she called; but I went on, whither I knew not. I came up the river, dark and rapid. How easy 'twould be to end my life of misery here. She would not care. No one would mourn my loss. But I was not fool enough to destroy my life now. I consoled myself with—

"It is better to love and lose than never to love at all."

I went to my home, or rather boarding place, and passed a sleepless night; a far different night from the one I spent before.

I received a note from her, but I returned it unopened.

On the evening of the next day I received another note from her, and it was treated the same as the other—returned without being read.

I had just money enough to pay my passage for a foreign port, and concluded to do so that very night.

All night long we steamed onward, and every minute I was further from her I had loved and lost. I cared not how far I was carried from her now, as I did not wish to meet her again; no, never.

I obtained work in a certain city and soon became prosperous in business.

Weeks rolled into months; months grew into years, and in this time I was made an heir to a large fortune. My uncle died, leaving his worldly wealth to me.

I received a letter, and on opening it, found it to be from Lillie. She said that she could explain it all to me if I would return to her.

"Do come to me, Charlie," she said in her note.

I resolved to return the following day, and call on her. I would see her again—would touch those rosy cherry lips once more. So I began to feel as happy again as I did on the evening when we sat in the bay window. The same sweet old feeling was overpowering the despondent one.

I took passage on a steamer bound for her city; I would soon see her again.

Who was my rival? I was determined to find out. Was it true she had written that I had no one to call rival; but had I not seen enough to prove that I had one?

Perhaps it was her brother whom I had seen sitting by her side. No! it was not. She was the only child.

Who was it?

I was sitting on the promenade deck of the steamer musing, when I was aroused from my reveries by a girlish voice, saying—

"Oh! now, Fred, don't tease me"

I turned half around.

"*Lillie Whately!*" I muttered.

She was walking with a handsome young man; her arm was in his; and she was looking up sweetly into his face.

I looked closely at him as they passed me. Who was it? I thought.

Was it the same young man whom I had seen that night sitting so lovingly by Lillie's side? Yes, it was he! It was my rival!

This was the reason she would not promise to be my wife; this fellow had some claim upon her, no doubt.

She had said, "I must find out something."

I thought I knew now what that something was. She must first find if this man loved her, and if he did, why—I could go to the winds.

This was a weak conclusion; but you know lovers are apt to be rather weak-minded at times.

They passed me again, and this time I heard the young fellow speak.

"Lillie, dear," he said, "don't think any more of that worthless fellow."

"I cannot help but think of him. I loved Charlie and love him now."

"But don't you love me, little one? Don't you love your old schoolmate one bit? I want you to love me only as——"

"Crash went a box on the deck, let fall by some careless fellow, and it was the end of my hearing more. I lost the latter part of the sentence.

The two disappeared from my sight.

There was to be a grand ball that evening on board.

The steamer was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, dressed *a la mode*, and I was invited by a friend to participate in the pleasure.

I procured a false beard, and added numerous little changes to disguise myself.

I never was very bashful about entering the society of ladies and gentlemen of higher standing than myself; but now there were strange misgivings at my heart. I felt as if I ought not to go in; but I soon conquered that feeling, and arm in arm with my friend I walked into the room.

I was introduced as *Mr. Bideaux*, an assumed name for the occasion.

"Lillie Whately is the belle this evening I am sure, Mr. Bideaux," said my fair partner, in one set.

"She is a lovely girl. There's many a man in love with her now; yes, yes, she is so—oh! so beautiful," I answered, hardly conscious of the stress I laid upon the words.

"Why you seem to be smitten with Lillie," said my fair companion, as she caught me looking earnestly at her.

"Oh, no! far from it."

"Are you acquainted with her?"

"Well—that is—no, not——"

"Come, then, Mr. Bideaux, and allow me to make you acquainted with her. I am sure you wish an introduction."

"No, no, Miss Larelle, I beg to be excused; I am not anxious to become acquainted with her."

"Well, come then, let us sit down."

"Certainly," I said, leading her to a seat, away from the noisy throng. "Are you well acquainted with her?" I asked.

I ought to be—Lillie is my cousin, and I am visiting her now."

"Ah! you are?"

"Yes—she is very sad now, and, it is a wonder that she dances to night.

"If it is any of my business, Miss Larelle, allow me to ask why she is sad!"

"I can confide in you, I think, and I will tell you a little episode of her life. I am positive it will do no harm, as I will mention no names."

"As you like," I said, anxious to hear anything concerning Lillie.

"Well, to begin with, let me say that Lillie loved a young man in poor circumstances, when she could have married the most wealthy man in her city. This shows the nobleness of soul.

"On the evening of the day I came (the day was April fool's day) to visit her, she proposed that we have a little sport. My brother was along with me, and as we were very much alike in appearance, I donned his clothes, and sat in the parlor with cousin Lillie.

"Pretty soon we heard brother come in, and then he came toward the parlor door. I began to play the lover, thinking we would have some sport with Fred. The door opened, and he stepped in; not Fred, but her lover.

"He was surprised as much as we, and he rushed from the room madly—why, Mr. Bideaux, what is the matter?"

"Nothing of any consequence—only this heated room is a little suffocating to me. Please go on; never mind," I answered, and I knew that my face was a crimson color, for I always blushed very easily.

"You look very much affected," continued my companion. "Well, cousin Lillie was very sad, and sorry she had done so. She cried so hard that night. She wrote several notes to her lover, but they were returned unopened. She is still in hopes of meeting him some time"

"And she shall meet him!" I exclaimed.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Nothing at all. I will take an introduction to her now, if you please."

"Very well, but it seems to me you act very strangely."

I was introduced to Lillie, and engaged her as a partner in the next set.

After dancing, we seated ourselves to take some refreshments.

Several parties had gone out on the promenade deck, as it was a beautiful moonlight evening.

"Miss Whately, will you promenade with me?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, placing her arm in mine.

We walked out in the open air, and paced up and down the deck.

We heard a sweet voice singing one of Moore's Melodies; we listened—the words were—

"Then fare thee well! my own dear love,
This world has now for us
No greater grief, no pain above,
The pain of parting thus, dear love!
The pain of parting thus!"

I looked into the face of Lillie. She was crying. I knew why she was weeping.

"Lillie," I said, "I know why you are crying now."

"Sir?" she said, looking up.

"You are crying for your Charlie."

"What do you mean."

"I mean," said I, throwing off my disguise and turning to the light, "that I am your Charlie—don't you know me?"

"Oh!" was all she said, and she fell into my arms—not fainting; no, kind reader, do not think that, for Lillie was none of your weak, affected girls. She was clasped to my heart with fervor.

I am near the end of my story, and I hope the reader will excuse me if I do not close with a steamboat disaster, or some other horrible accident. She explained to me as did her cousin. I told her the words I heard a young man say to her, and she said—

"That was cousin Fred; he is always teasing me, although he is married."

We reached her home that evening, and the next day as we wandered in the grove near her residence, I was sitting on a rustic seat, I appealed to her for forgiveness of the pain my foolish jealousy had caused her. She cheerfully conceded this, and then I received her promise to become my wife, and also the consent of her father.

We were married soon after, and many a laugh do we have about my rival.

POISONOUS CHEESE.

It is a well-known fact, not unfrequently brought to public notice in the newspapers, that occasionally a cheese is found which possesses poisonous properties. Record is made of very severe and occasionally fatal cases, where the symptoms could be attributed to no other cause than the eating of cheese,—where, indeed, every individual partaking thereof was more or less affected. Some five years ago almost the entire Legislature of the State of Vermont, on the occasion of an entertainment offered to its members at adjournment, were thus made sick, and, albeit some sport was made of it at the time, it was by no means a laughing matter, though all who were affected by the poisonous cheese, recovered.

The symptoms of this cheese-poisoning are: nausea, followed by voilent and protracted vomiting; pain in the bowels; strong purgative action and great prostration, with fever. When the patient recovers there remains for some time a tenderness and soreness of the bowels, indicating continued inflammation. The attack, to the inexperienced eye, very closely resembles one of cholera morbus; while to the physician it bears some of the marks of arsenical poisoning. These facts have very much misled the public, so that in one case the idea has prevailed that no real poisoning occurred, but that the symptoms simply indicated the over-eating of indigestible food, or the indulgence in unaccustomed beverages; while, on the other, the attending physician has been led to suspect carelessness in the use of Paris-green, or in the application of arsenical fly-poison to the outside of the cheese.

My attention, both as a farmer and as a physician, has been repeatedly called to cases of this kind, and I am fortunate now in being able to lay before the readers of the *Rural* the account of a case in which the circumstances give a very satisfactory clue to the real nature of the poison of cheese.

Mr. Edson Tracy of Browningto, Orleans Co., Vt., is one of the best dairymen of his locality. This is attested by the fact not only that he has had a large experience as a cheese-maker, extending over a period of 20 years, but that cheese of his make is in great demand by private families for home use, and has repeatedly received the highest award when exhibited at the Country Fair, where the committee is composed of skilled buyers of dairy products. On the third day of July, 1877, Mr. Tracy began to make cheese, and continued the manufacture for forty days, making twenty single and ten double cheeses. When these cheeses were suitably cured for market—about the 25th of Sept.—they were sold, and out of the number five of the twenty single cheeses were found to be poisonous. The symptoms produced were those usually noted, and the severity of the attacks varied, in some instances being so severe that fatal results seemed imminent; but, fortunately, all those affected finally recovered.

By reference to Mr. Tracy's day-book it was shown that all these five cheeses were made in one week. The same record shows that the next week one of the cows of Mr. Tracy's herd began to give bloody milk, and that this milk was not afterwards used. This was on the 15th of July. The cow became very sick, and was near losing her bag, which, after swelling to the size of a six-quart pail, broke, with a profuse discharge, after which the animal slowly recovered. This abscess Mr. Tracy attributes to an external injury to the cow's bag. *Every cheese made from milk of which that from this cow constituted a fifteenth part*—there being that number of cows in the herd—*for five days before the milk itself gave evidence of anything wrong, was poisonous cheese.*

Now, a pathologist knows that, in all probability, before *blood* appeared in that milk, warning Mr. Tracy of its unfitness for use, and that something ailed the cow, *pus* had existed, and had passed from the diseased gland into the milk ducts, and thence to the pail and the cheese vat. In this pus the microscope would undoubtedly have revealed organic germs capable of multiplication to an indefinite extent. The milk in cheese-making, is not subjected to a heat exceeding 130 degrees, and consequently these germs are not destroyed. On the contrary, they are placed in condition eminently favorable to their growth and multiplication, so that we cannot doubt that each cheese made from this milk, became intensely charged with them, producing a mass of substances similar in nature to that putrescent animal matter upon the action of which in the blood, is dependent that class of so-called zymotic diseases of which typhoid fever and diphtheria are examples. I say "similar," because as yet we have no certainty that these poisonous germs are the same, no matter what form the disease produced by them may assume; neither are we sure that they are different. We only know that when they are taken into the body in sufficient quantity, and under ordinary circumstances, serious disease follows. We have had a striking illustration of this in the severe epidemic occurring, the past summer, in the town of Richford, Franklin County, Vermont, among those using water from a public well in the village street, into which sewer water obtained access, occasioning the death of many individuals.

It is something to know *whence* comes the poison of poisonous cheese. The history of the case I have given, shows that it comes from disease-germs in the milk itself, originating from suppurative inflammation in the milk-producing organ—the cow's udder. The lesson to cheese-makers is plain:—never use milk from a cow which shows tenderness, redness, or swelling of her bag, even though the milk may exhibit no ill signs to the eye. *The germs of disease are there before blood appears in the milk.* Run no risks; for serious consequences to health, life, and your own pocket and reputation may ensue. Customers are very shy of buying again from a dairy that has once produced and sold "Poisonous Cheese."—*T. H. Hoskins, M. D., in Rural New Yorker.*

—A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another.

"Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I've eaten already."

"I do!" unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight; I've been counting."—*Transcript.*

"THE BOY'S NEST."—Several years ago a farmer in the State of New York sent his son Rollin to drag a newly-plowed field. He was to drive a young ox-team, and his father in quite a pompous manner said: "Now, remember, no boy's play with *this* team!" Rollin said he would do as good as he could, and started for his work. After the farmer had looked to other matters on the farm, and assured himself that all was moving along properly, he started for the field to look after Rollin and the team. Now, Rollin had done well, and everything had gone along nicely until just as the farmer reached the corner of the field, when the drag caught in an old stump, tearing a part of it off and bringing out an active nest of yellow-jackets. When the farmer came in sight, what was his astonishment and vexation to see the oxen kicking and jumping and plunging ahead, and Rollin apparently imitating their movements! "Here, boy! what are you doing there?" screamed the farmer in no very gentle manner. "I guess we're in a hornets' nest," answered the frantic Rollin. "In a boy's nest, I guess! Here! give me that whip," said the enraged father, "and I'll see what this hornets' nest amounts to!" So away he started after the frightened team, intent upon hastily bringing order out of confusion. He had gone but a few steps, however, when the hornets met him, and he evidently forgot the team and all former intentions, threw away his whip, and, to all appearance, became absorbed in the one idea of dancing a jig, at the same time furiously slapping his unoffending trowsers, and now and then his ears, in a most frantic and shocking manner. Rollin, who had found peaceful quarters over the fence, now shouted back: "How do you like 'a boy's nest,' father?" Rollin is now a man, and the farmer is bowed down with the weight of over fourscore years, yet he laughs in a very quiet but amused way whenever Rollin refers him to "the boy's nest."

A Visage Rivalling in Yellowness

That of a "heathen Chinee," if belonging to one of our race, can scarcely be described as attractive. But worse than this, it is the index of a disordered liver, of a liver that needs arousing and regulating. The remedy is at hand, prompt, efficacious. A course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will expel the misdirected bile from the blood and divert it into the proper channel, open the bowels, remove the dyspeptic symptoms which invariably accompany biliousness and counteracts the rapidly developing tendency to dangerous congestion of the liver, which must always exist when the skin and whites of the eyes assume this yellow hue. The pains through the right lower ribs, side and shoulder blades, the nausea, furred state of the tongue, and unpleasant breath which indicate liver complaint, in short all its disagreeable concomitants are soon remedied by this sovereign corrective, which in addition to its regulating properties is a superb invigorant, and a pure and agreeable medicinal stimulant, appetizer and nervine.

LOVEJOY'S Weather Houses are reliable and ought to be in every family. See adv't.

Advertisements.

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

CUSHING'S MANUAL.

The recognized authority in all the States on rules and order of debate, and is an indispensable hand book for every citizen. New and revised edition recently published. Price, 75 cts. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

THOMPSON, BROWN & CO., Publishers, 25 Hawley St., Boston.

FASHIONS---A GREAT WORK.

MADAME A. BURDETTE SMITH'S "ILLUSTRATED LECTURES" on Dressmaking, Lace making, &c., bound in book form. Price 30c. This is the most valuable hand-book any lady can possess.

The Elite Fashions Monthly, $1.50 a year.
Smith's Pattern Bazaar, $1.10 a year.
Smith's Instruction Book & Catalogue 10c.

Catalogue of Latest Styles, FREE. Send to A. BURDETTE SMITH, 16 East 14th St., N. Y. City.

Best Sewing Machine in the World

Beautiful, Durable, Strong, Silent. Swift, Simple, Light, Easy.

AUTOMATIC

NOISELESS SEWING MACHINE.

The great popularity of this machine has induced dealers in common tension machines to claim automatic and other features belonging exclusively to us. Examine and judge for yourself before purchasing.

W.&G. Pat. Mar. 19, 1861. } Every genuine needle is thus stamped. Buy no other. Needles, &c., sent by mail.

Send for Illustrated Leaflet and Descriptive Circular.

WILLCOX & GIBBS S. M. CO., 658 Broadway, N. Y.

Lovejoy's Weather Houses

Are elegant mantel ornaments, 8 inches high, giving the heat of your room and showing by the walking out of the man or woman when the weather will be fair or foul every day. Will be sent to you prepaid by mail, safely packed, upon receipt of only $1.00, by the manufacturer, ALVAN L. LOVEJOY, Importer of Fancy Goods, 233 Washington St., BOSTON, Mass.

Smooth Faces and Bald Heads, Attention. For a sure & rapid growth of Hair use COSMETIC PREPARATION, the results of a life-long study. We have yet to learn of ONE out of the many thousand treated where it failed to produce a soft, heavy luxuriant beard within 6 or 8 weeks, on the smoothest face, no injury. Satisfaction guaranteed. Mailed free, price 25 cents. H. H. WITHERSTINE & CO., Herkimer, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE ILLUSTRATED
UNIVERSAL HISTORY
A Clear and Concise History of all Nations.
Commencing with the Earliest Periods and ending with the most recent Important Events, including the Turco-Russian War, the Administration of President Hayes, &c. 3 BOOKS IN ONE. Low price, quick sales, extra terms. Address,
J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philada., Pa.

100,000 Men and Women will send 25 cents for a fine Kid Money Purse, and learn how to make from $2 to $10 a day sure. Rev. S. T. BUCK, Milton, Pa.

AN EXCITING BOOK!! 20,000 SOLD!!! The "Wild Adventures" and "Triumphs" of
STANLEY—IN—AFRICA
This only *authentic* and *copyrighted* cheap edition is selling faster *than any other book in America*. Gives a full history of his "Down the Congo." AGENTS WANTED. For full particulars and terms address HUBBARD BROTHERS, Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

PINAFORE Every popular melody in the Opera arranged as an Instrumental *Potpourri*, complete in Stoddart's Opera Series, "MUSICAL LIBRARY." Only 10c. By mail, 12c. Address J. M. STODDART & CO., Pubs., 727 Chestnut St., Phila.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE
PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD
Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the growth of the nations of modern Europe, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc. [illegible]

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0730