...estertown ...anscript.

...30 PER ANNUM. ...CHESTERTOWN, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1879. VOL. XVII.-NO. 50.

...elect Poetry.

...EN AZIM'S CREED.

...under Eastern skies
...Ben Azim, whom men called the

...youths on noble deeds intent
...unsel to Ben Azim went.

...liver silence of the night
...ld a Brahmin, strong and bright,

...Neptune when his lover-hand
...waves from the enamored land,

...within the ... "Master," he said,
...is long to ... the wiser dead;

...I come to thee. Tell me, I pray,
...what ... sufficeth for life's fitful day?

"What dreams are whitest when the day is spent,
And memory and moonlight fill the tent?"

Then rare Ben Azim, loving wider brow
And broader gaze than puny spirits know,

Made answer: "Come, O Prince; the moon is high,
Beneath its shining thou shalt find reply."

He led him onward where a glistening pile
Of marble makes the solemn moonshine smile,

And willing winds may draw the curtain's fold,
And fair and ravishing the scene they hold.

Beneath a hundred prisoned moons swung low
In alabaster vases glow on glow;

One lay in silken ease, and smiled to see
The happy dancers in their graceful glee,

And ...ghed a little with the sighing lyre,
...lul'ing seems diviner than desire;

...miled again because his Nourmahal
...ered with lifted eyes his call.

...umult save the viol's enters here,
...e cyclamen and musk are atmosphere.

...schemes make discord in that charmed air,
...e to be careless is the only care.

...l age shall wither and the dead leaves fall,
...still some amorous, fawn-eyed Nourmahal

...ll feed his heart. Ros...nd maidens die,
...love and bloom and fra...ance are for aye."

...Brahmin faced the teacher, with surprise
...swift reproaches in his eager eyes.

"...this be life, I comprehend," he said,
"...he smile upon the faces of the dead."

...Azim's glance grew fond. "I do not say
...ahma hath left us no more royal way;

But they who choose it, walk with unshod feet,
...s one I know walks yonder stricken street,

...ere dying children, feeling his caress,
... for their dead mother's tenderness;

...nd men the plague had crushed are men again,
His courage being stronger than their pain.

"Poorer than Ioan pariahs, none may leave
A gift 'twould make him richer to receive,

"Because the treasures of the gods are theirs
Whose empty hands fall free of selfish cares,

"And he who only prays for other men
Is nearest Him who gives ...or asks again;

"A ruler in a world w... is no sway
Of lives so rich they gi...nemselves away.

"...he choice of thine, O Prince; this purple state,
...hat high loneliness; the night grows late."

...et stay, my master," said the proud young voice;
... too lavish for this narrow choice.

...r poets bay, her conquerors palm,
...princes and to sages calm.

...! she holds more fair?"
...d and answered there.

...body, love, the soul,
...e a meaner dole.

..., the pure have heaven:
...ortals given?"

...in Harper's Magazine

...NDICATE.—There ...face voices that ...to utter the say... ...o tie to." The ...sure you of his ... and reliability, ...icts his speech. ...v, deep, strong ... words seem ...man owed hu... ...meant to pay ...an's opponent ... friends may ... purpose and

...e, boisterous, ...adopted ... not suf... ...erstand

...he, that ... secret ...intona...

...seech... ...nt" as ...rd. It ...words ...you;

Written for the Transcript.

A TRIP BY THE ERICSON LI...

A WORD TO THE LITTLE ONES.

BY ALICE LEIGHTON.

Having occasion to go to Baltimore recently, I took passage on one of the Ericson Line of steamers, and an incident that occured on board the boat, set me to thinking, that it would be interesting to know what per centage of mothers there were, that took into consideration the different treatment required in one family of children, or whether the greater part of them, did not see it in the same light, that a provident hen looks on her brood of chickens. If she scratches for them by day, and hovers them at night, she considers (If a hen does consider) that her whole duty is performed. And now for the cause of all my thinking.

Among the passengers was a lady with her two children, one a little girl of about eight years, very pretty to look at, and handsomely dressed in the latest styles, who sat demurely in one corner of the sofa, and looked for all the world, as if nothing short of an explosion would move her, for fear she should disarrange her dress. The other, a bright eyed boy, of five or six years, with mischief written all over him, and who could not possibly keep still for five consecutive minutes. As I did not see his father, I could'nt say whether he inherited his perfect shaped head from him, or if he obtained it by a freak of nature; certain it is he did not get it from his mother.

His first act to rouse the maternal indignation was to climb up on the centre table, and upset a tumbler of water, in which a lady passenger had placed a bouquet of flowers to be kept fresh.

"Now, Harry, see what you have done," said she, "I just knew you would worry me to death. You are the worst child I ever knew," and poor Harry was set down in the corner in disgrace, from which he soon slipped out, however, and in a few minutes was seen hanging down the stair way that led to the engine room, by the finger ends of one hand. He was hastily jerked up from his perilous situation, and placed again in a safe position in the saloon, with the repeated information, "that he was the very worst boy alive."

All this time the little girl had not moved from her corner on the sofa, and a good opiate would have put her to sleep.

But to return to Harry. I had just settled myself comfortably to my book again, when he came running in with the startling announcement that his hat had blown into the river. His mother's expression of countenance at that moment, would have been a study for a painter. She was utterly at a loss for words, and gazed on him in silent despair.

"Please, mamma, don't whip me," said the little fellow. "I couldn't help it. I was just looking over at the wheel and it blow'd off."

"Go away," said mamma, "I don't want to talk to you," and she looked as though she could have cried with vexation.

After this he was really quiet for a few minutes, and I could imagine, from the very expressive look of his thinking how in the world he should manage it to be a good boy. Besides he was really grieved for the loss of his beautiful hat.

Quiet once more reigned, except the murmur of voices in conversation, and Harry, in his resolve to be good the remainder of the day had climbed into one of the berth, to look out of the window at the river, when unluckily his foot slipped, and down he came. In his frantic efforts to save himself, he caught at the lace curtains, and as they broke from their fastnings with his weight all came to the floor together.

I think I had better not try to describe that mother's feelings on this occasion, as I am quite sure I could not do them justice. Suffice it to say, that having a vein of sympathy in my nature for erring children, (produced no doubt by remembering my own short-comings,) and feeling really sorry for the poor afflicted mother, I proposed to her that I should take Harry in charge for awhile, to which she very readily assented.

I soon made friends with the little fellow, by binding up his bruises, mental and physical, and as I had a friend in the captain of the boat, I sought him out, and asked as a favor, that he would take us down to the engine-room and show Harry the

...he little one, looking ...ntly, "I asked mam... ...own the cellar to ...nd she said ladies ...ere."

...d, Harry," said I, ...nevertheless." ...elighted, is just ...express his plea... ...kings of that, to ...hinery. And I ...asked among ...s, some, that ...ptain any my... ...when I told ...a very good ...o with a plea...

...aloon, and I ...ome source ...pied an in... ...a musquito ...ve should ...sure that ...t in pur... ...r way, to ...o I pre... ...s bad as ...success... ...it flew ...omfort ...to the ...as en...

...and ... my ...n for ...r a ...id, ...r!"

"...," "it catches musqui... ...them, and then they ...n."

...day School teacher says ...e the musquitoes," said Harry. "Did he?"

"Oh yes," answered I, "he made everything."

"And did he make the hawk, too," said the child.

"Certainly," said I, never dreaming where I was drifting.

After a few moments he looked up at me with those incomparable eyes, and meaning every word he said, he made answer—

"Whats the use in God's making musquitoes, and then making a hawk to eat them up?"

I was at my wits-end for an answer, and after a moment's reflection I felt that I must endeavor to satisfy him, so I told him that in all probability, God did not intend that the hawk should eat the musquito, but they liked them best of anything, and so fed on them, and that was why people called them musquito hawks.

"Oh," said he, "I thought God gave them their names, too."

For a little while he seemed to be pondering on the inconsistencies, to him, of God's works, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the little hands droop, and soon he was in the land of dreams. And as I laid him gently down, I thanked God for sleep, when little ones, misunderstood, can roam untrammeled for at least the third of every twenty-four hours.

"Asleep at last," remarked his mother, "now we shall have some peace."

"Yes," said I, "he is good now." And she turned to the lady at her side, to discuss the latest style of dress, and I turned in, as the sailors say, to take a rest.

What I want to know is, can't we get up a society similar to one now in existence, for the prevention of cruelty to children, to compel people to study the peculiar requirements of their offsprings, and treat them accordingly. But then I suppose that would involve us in endless scientific discussions in regard to inherited virtues and vices, and incapabilities, so I conclude we shall have to leave it to the coming generations, with their accumulative wisdom, to devise some plan, whereby the little ones may have fair play. I wish I could live to see the day, but seeing that it is impossible, I must let off my superfluous steam by declaring it to be my private opinion, publicly expressed, that the large percentage of bad children, are made so by injudicious treatment.

THE NICE GIRL.—She is not very pretty, but she generally has good hair, and a fresh complexion. She is not a brunette, and yet she is not a blonde. She is neither very tall nor very short; very fat nor very thin; indeed, she is not very decidedly anything. She left school very early because she was such a help to her mother, but she can spell well, and keep the accounts, and write her mother's business letters, and play "Little Bo Peep" on the piano for the chindren, and sing "The Last Rose of Summer' and one or two other songs when there is 'company' of an evening. It is she who puts the children to bed, takes them out to walk, darns the family stockings neatly, but she is neather a wonderful cook nor a wonderful house-keeper. She likes to act under direction.

The nice girl seldom crimps her hair; it is smooth and shining and she wears it in a pretty knot of ribbon. Her dresses are small patterns and neutral tints; she helps the dress-maker make them. When she was a little girl she always gave her friends kook-marks for their birthdays. Now she works mottoes for them. They are very neat and in delicate colors.

If she were not always contented the nice girl might sometimes desire that on her own next birth-day she might be presented with something besides a very plain Testament bound in black; but somehow this is the gift invariably bestowed upon her. She has quite a collection of such volumes on her bedroom book-shelves. It has never occurred to her to wish for variety. She fancies it might be sinful.

The nice girl has read the Sunday School library through. She reverences all old people for the reason that they *are* old, and believes the story of every beggar. She has all the proper sentiments, and is sorry for those who hold others, but she never argues. She always says she intends to be an old maid, but she never is one. Suddenly, to the surprise of all her friends, it is discovered that she has a suitor. He is always a good young man of moderate means. After sundry mild attentions, and after they have partaken of ice cream at a confectioner's at least a dozen times, the young man proposes.

The nice young girl believes that it is woman's proper destiny to marry—and she replies favorably—always on condition that her parents do not object. Then papa inquires into the young man's position, and mamma says she does not know what she shall do without Sarah Ann, and the two are married.—Connubial felicity of a mild sort generally attends the nice girl's marriage, and her relatives all say that Sarah Ann has done very well.

A Scotch minister in one of his parochial visits met a cow-boy, and asked what o'clock it was.

"About tweive, sir," was the reply.

"Well," remarked the minister, "I thought it was more."

"It's never any more here," said the boy, "it just begin at one again."

The women in Kansas vote at school elections. At a recent election at Osage City one waman went up to vote, but before she got through telling the judges what a time her Willie had with the scarlet fever when he was only two years old it was time to close the polls and she had forgotten to deposit her ballot.

How to Manage a Hog.

At midnight the summons came. Maria Ann thrust her elbows cleverly between two of my ribs, and whispered in ghostly accents:

"Joshua, there is a hog in the garden.". I have lived with Maria long enough to know that she expects me to catch her ideas instantly, and although she had said nothing about it, I knew she anticipated that I would rise in my might and go for that hog.

I accordingly rose in my might, and began groping around for my pantaloons. I felt that without them I could not appear to that advantage that would command the respect of the hog. I had no idea we possessed so much wearing apparel until I begun to inventory it in the dark, while looking for my pantaloons. I got hold of articles of edging, and articles with flounces and with embroidery, and with strings, while Maria kept whispering in the gloom:

"That hog will eat up all the potatoes before you get down stairs. You are fearfully slow."

I suppose she whispered for fear the hog would hear her and become offended. She never could bear to give any offense, not even to a hog, except me. All this time I was trying on things that did not fit me, but finally I lit into some sort of a garment that had what was intended for a row of buttons on it, and I buttoned it up, although there was a lightness and cheerfulness about it that did not seem entirely familiar.

I got half way down the stair, when it suddenly occurred to me that the hog was not in our garden, for the very good reason that we had no garden for the hog to get into; still, we had a cistern, and the hog might get into that. It would be just like a hog. This thought so startled me that I rolled down to the bottom of the stairs, a feat made easier from the fact that I seemed pretty well tangled up in the garment I had adopted.

Maria Ann, who always proves equal to any emergency, soothed me a good deal by coming to the top of the stairs, and calling me an idiot and other pet titles she is in the way of applying in moments of tenderness.

I got out of the front door as soon as possible, and the hog, who was looking at the house from the front yard, apparently with a view to renting it, stood appalled. I did not wonder at this. In my haste in dressing I inadvertently put on Maria Ann's polonaise, and it stands to reason that a man arrayed in a white night-shirt and a blue polonaise, rushing from the front door of a house at the solemn hour of midnight, must present an appalling spectacle to any hog. After recovering from his momentary astonishment, the hog took three more kinks in his tail and scooted three times around the yard. The front gate was wide open, but he never thought of going through that. He seemed to be looking for a good place to jump over the fence. I tangled myself up in the polonaise again and took a flying leap into the yard, landing on my left eyebrow.

We do not give the women half the credit they deserve. I am convinced that it requires more downright genius to pilot a polonaise, cut with darts in the back and trimmed with knife pleating, than it does to manage a National Presidential Convention. The hog ran around the house three times more in the oppositie direction with four kinks in his tail. I am slow to wrath, but I am afraid I was beginning to get mad, and when I went around behind the house and got a hatchet, I am oblige to confess that it was with a firm purpose to kill that hog or die trying to.

I don't think the hog had noticed the woodshed until I went there for the hatchet, but when I returned to the front yard he immediately retired to the woodshed, and then I knew I had him cornered.

Maria had by this time recovered her presence of mind, and had got her head out of the front window up stairs, and was yelling "Fire!" with all her might, and in a way calculated to be of inestimable service to me. All I needed to spur me on to glory was some one to yell "Fire!" I entered the woodshed cautiously and found the hog completely at my mercy, unless he made a hole through the kitchen door, and escaped that way. He did not do that. On the contrary, he rushed right at me. I stepped back rather hastily, not because he scared me any, but to prevent him from tearing my polonaise. I am always careful to keep hogs off my polonaise, so far as is possible. There was a wash-tub full of suds behind me, and as I stepped back out of the way of the hog, in a fit of absent-mindedness, I sat down in the tub. It may seem curious, but my recollection now is that the tub fitted me a good deal more snugly than the polonaise had, and yet I had never tried the tub on before in all my born days. The only way out of the tub was to tip it over and float out on the suds, and that I at once did.

Maria, still true to me in my affliction, opened the kitchen door, and with her face full of wifely anxiety, and surrounded by a nightcap frill, and her mouth wide open, she really looked like a saint or something, but she was remarking "Murder" at the time, and her voice so startled the hog that he ran over me before I could get out of the suds. How he managed to step on me thirty-two times in running over me once, is a mystery both to Maria Ann and myself; but he did, for we counted the spots his hoofs made.

After running over me, he walked out the front gate as solemnly as though he was on his way to church, and it is my sober belief that he came into the yard on purpose to run over me, and for nothing else.

Maria Ann declares she won't wear that polonaise any more, and I am tolerably sure I shall not; not if I know it.—*Stillwater (Minn.) Lumberman.*

Best when rare—Family broils.

ANOINTING IN INFANTILE DISORDERS.—More than twenty years ago a correspondent communicated to the *Scientific American* the following simple treatment for scarlet fever:

"When the first symptoms of the disease appear annoint the flesh of the victim from head to foot with the inside of the rind or fatty portion of a smoked ham, and renew the application as often as the flesh becomes dry. The writer had saved his own children, and after our publication we received a number of letters from persons who had tried the simple remedy in their own families with satisfactory success.

We are reminded of the above by reading in a recent number of the *Lancet* the following testimony of H. Guard Knaggs, M. D., F. L. S., on the value of anointing in infantile disorders of various kinds, reporting a number of remarkable cases in support of his theory:

"During the past eleven months I have been testing, with uniformly successful results, the value of a very simple method of treating such infantile complaints as trophy, bronchitis, convulsions, diarrhea, febrile disturbances generally, and indeed all disorders of childhood which are accompanied by an unnatural condition of the skin.

"The treatment simply consists in smearing with salad oil the whole surface of the body, from the crown of the head to the tips of the fingers and toes, the process being repeated every twelve, six, or even four hours, according to the urgency of the case. Of course, the use of a long flannel gown or small blanket is obvious, and the fluid should be slightly warmed.

"The application of oil possesses the following immense advantages over the ordinary warm bath:

"1. Skin-action is more completely and permanently restored.

"2. The danger of reaction is avoided, for there is no sudden change of temperature; and, moreover, the sheet of oil protects the surface from atmospheric influences.

"3. It acts as a fuel-food, not only preventing waste of tissue, but actually increasing the bulk of the little patient.

4. "It does not depress, but, on the contrary, appears to exhilarate.

"It will scarcely be credited by many that the formidable affections above mentioned will frequently yield to this treatment, or, at any rate, show signs of abatement in from twenty minutes to four-and-twenty hours; but such is the case, though sometimes forty-eight or even seventy-two hours will elapse before any decided signs of improvement occur."

SUCH GOOD FRIENDS.—When we left St. Louis, says Burdette, five young men climbed into the "varnished cars" who had been having a good time. They all tried to sit in one seat, and when the conductor scattered them they wept. One of the young men, whose collar was clinging desperately to one button, told me the other four young men were his friends, and they "would see him through," and further that in every possible, however improbable, contingency, they would "stand by him." It seemed to me, however, that if he couldn't stand in one place better than he was doing just then, his friends would have to move with the speed and eccentricity of so many comets to stand anywhere in the immediate vicinity of him.

Presently another young man lurched up to my seat, and in very husky tones assured me that those four young men were his friends, and whoever tried to ride over them would have to fight him. I looked at the four swaying and restless bodies of the young men, and could imagine how it would puzzle a man with sixty-four legs to run over all of them at once.

And yet a third young man came and tried to sit down in my lap, or on the ceiling of the car, it was hard to tell which objective point he was aiming to reach, and told me he would die for any or all of the other four young men. I was greatly affected by this touching display of friendship, and when the fourth young man came to me and assured me that he regarded all the other young men as his brothers and sisters, I was too deeply moved to speak. The last of the happy five tried to come and tell me of his affectionate regard for his friends, but he was unable to get up from his seat.

In about ten minutes after the last of my new acquaintances left me, there was a great uproar in the car. I looked, and three of the five friends were lustily pounding the other two. Then the scene changed, and another combination of four mauled the other one. And so they were bounced off the car, and the last we saw of them, out on the prairie, four of them were standing on one, fighting each other. Friendship is a lovely thing while it lasts.

THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.—A fence made from the railings of a scolding wife.

A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

The small coins in "the change of the moon."

The original brush used in painting the signs of the times.

The latest contract with the trade winds.

The chair in which the sun sets.

A buckle to fasten on a laughing stock.

The animal that drew the inference.

An egg from the nest of thieves.

A bucket of water from "All's well."

Soap with which a man was washed overboard.

The strop used to sharpen the water's edge.

A portion of the yeast used in raising the wind.

The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.

Hinges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.

A feather from the wings of a flying report.

All Sorts of Clippings

Gas-makers get light pay.

An upstart—Beginning to prosper.

"Sociables satisfactorily oystered," is a quaint advertisement.

The tramps can afford to laugh at railroad accidents.

The correct thing in shoes this summer will be stockings.

Genius builds the ladder which luck climbs.

A miserable backbiter—the wicked flea, when no man pursueth.

Why should landlords growl when his tenants pay his taxes?

The more whiskey straight a man takes the more crooked he becomes.

We are not liable to be overrun by rats after all. The Chinese will stay.

Those who always save old letters and never destroy them, like to live in the past.

We seek for riches and do not find them; we do not seek for death, but alas! he comes.

Men show their character in nothing more clearly than by what they think laughable.

In the race for matrimony it isn't always the girl that covers the most laps that wins.

When a gardener throws orange skins on the sidewalk, can he be said to be setting out slips?

If you want a child to love you, don't do too much for him. Make him do something for you.

When the old folks try to sit out a young fellow and his girl they get discounted every time.

When did the alphabet get into a row? When B fit, D cried, N raged, Q bit, and X pounded.

It will be fashionable this season for organ grinders to wear their monkeys with tails looped up the back.

Vice is the only monster we know of that is not arranged with prominence in a circus bill, says the Oswego Record.

The early stomach-ache apples have not got along yet, but there is an article of cheap sour oranges that is a very good substitute.

Solomon was the first man to suggest parting the heir in the middle. The suggestion was made to two women in a famous lawsuit.

Sir Boyle Roche said: Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortune is generally followed by a greater.

The Hartford Journal gives the following recipe for how to get rich: Take a bank-note, fold it up, and you will find your wealth in-creases.

A man was boasting that he had an elevator in his house. "So he has," chimed in his wife, "and he keeps it in the cupboard in a black bottle.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part the kindness should begin on ours.

To know a man, observe how he wins his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fail, our pride supports us—when we succeed it betrays us.

Notwithstanding the fair business prospects all over the country, it is said that a great many farmers will break up this spring—with two-horse plows.

A young woman at Williams, Iowa, in returning her beau's ring, sent it to him through the mail with a tag tied to it, saying on its reverse, "I hate to, but I must."

A Japanese student of New Haven went to spend the evening with a young lady. On coming away she invited him to come again soon. He called again in about an hour.

A son of the Siamese twins is achieving high honors in an Eastern college, which leads a funny man to ask: "Why shouldn't he rise in the world? His father was well connected."

The walking mania is producing all sorts of challenges—here is a tailor challenging a customer to "foot" a bill that has been "standing" five years, insisting that "steps shall be taken," etc.

Said a saloon-keeper to a reformed man whom he met on the street: "How drunk you have been in my place before now." "Yes," replied the other, "but remember how sober I have kept out of it."

It is said that one of the members of the Indiana Legislature had his curiosity excited by observing the nut-crackers at the hotel table, and asked, "What'n the thunder is them bullet-moulds doin' here?"

Patent-medicine dealers are using so many tricks now to have their advertisements read that a man never begins an item, not even a sermon, without looking at the bottom to see if the words "For sale by all druggists" are there.

We cannot approach beauty. Its nature is like opaline dove's neck lustre—hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have—this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use.

Bayard Taylor walked all over Europe, but he never made any thing out of the "gate money," and so he died in poverty, and was buried a short time ago, just about the time that a brilliant genius was making $30,000 by a right use of his legs.

There was an ingenious amount of devotion implied in the remark of a love-sick millionaire when the object of his affections became ecstatic over the beauty of the evening star: "Oh, do not—do not praise it like that!" he cried; "I cannot get it for you."

The superintendent addressed the school on obedience to the moral laws, and urged the keeping and not breaking of the commandments, and to fasten the impression, asked:—"Is anything better for being broken?" "Yes," said a little boy, "a nag." The address proceeded no further.

Farm and Household.

Beet Sugar.—The Maine Beet Sugar Company say to the farmers of that State that the question of future operations "all depends on the 1,200 acres of beets, the product being necessary to supply material for the year's manufacture. Whether the farmers will give so much space to this crop for $5 per gross ton of 2,240 pounds, delivered at the nearest railroad station centering at Portland," remains to be seen. One speaking at the meeting of the Maine Board of Agriculture is reported in *The Bangor Whig* as expressing the belief that it "would pay better to feed the beets;" or, in other words, that "the crop sold should be well-fed cattle, rather than roots at that price."

Chicken Cholera.—Chicken cholera is one of those diseases which sometimes gives way to very simple remedies; then, again, it is persistent, and great care and powerful remedies are required to check it. Try feeding warm cooked Indian-meal, with a plentiful supply of red pepper mixed in; a tablespoonful of the latter is sufficient for a dozen fowls, and one feed of it daily; also give onions chopped up fine, and put one ounce of bisulphate of soda in a gallon of water, and place this where the fowls will drink it. Another and a good remedy is the leaves of the common garden rue, a bitter herb, which can generally be had in a dry state of druggists, if you do not happen to have it growing in your garden. Break up the leaves fine, and mix them in the cooked food. One or two cents' worth will be enough for a dozen fowls, but there is little danger in giving too much. Keep the hens in a warm, dry yard or hennery while under treatment.

One Grape Vine—Everybody.—Every family occupying a dwelling, in country or village, and nearly every city resident, can have and should have at least one grape vine growing, not only to "sit under," but to eat the fruit of. Wherever there is, within reach of some sunshine, a bit of ground a foot or two wide and three or more feet long, there a vine may be planted, and trained for a long distance, on a fence, up the dwelling, on a trellis, or up a post. Its abundant green foilage is always grateful to the eye, especially among city walls, and its clusters of cooling pleasant fruit need no advocate.—The grape vine is one of the most uncomplaining, unfastidious and care-rewarding of plants. Keep standing water away from its feet, give it something to eat to make stems, leaves and fruit of, with some sunlight for part of day, and it will go to work and keep at it as long as you live. No food suits it better than a lot of bones, coarsely or finely broken, or whole ones if there be enough of them, mixed in with the soil. It will fasten a net-work of roots or rootlets upon every bit of bone and extract nutriment as long as there is a particle of it left. All the training it will need you can give it in a few minutes before breakfast or after tea, once or twice a week. It will pay in pleasure, in foliage, in fruit.

Salt will curdle new milk; hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies, etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Sponge Gingerbread.—One cup sour milk, one cup molasses, half a cup butter, two eggs, one and a-half teaspoons soda, one quart flour; ginger and spice to taste.

Caraway Cookies.—One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin with sugar instead of flour on the board, and cut it in round shapes. Bake fifteen minutes.

Cracked Wheat.—Soak it the same as oatmeal, and as it is apt to burn, put it in a little tin pail, and set the pail into a kettle of boiling water; cover closely and let it boil half or three-quarters of an hour. Stir this into boiling water, the same as oatmeal.

Lemon Pie.—Two lemons, three eggs, two cups sugar, two tablespoonfuls melted butter; beat the yolks of the eggs and the sugar together; add the rind, grated, and the butter; pour into the crust and bake in quick oven; then beat the whites into a froth; add three tablespoonfuls pulverized sugar, spread over the top smoothly and let it brown slowly.

Coffee Cream.—Half an ounce of Cox's gelatine, one gill of strong coffee, one gill of sugar, three gills of cream; soak the gelatine half an hour in a gill of cold water, then place it over boiling water and add the hot coffee and sugar; when dissolved take it from the fire, stir in the cold cream and strain it in a mould that has been wet with cold water; when cold turn out.

Orange Pudding.—Grated rind of two and juice and soft pulp of three oranges, half a pint of sugar, half a pint of milk, four eggs, two Boston crackers rolled and sifted, or four and a half teaspoonfuls of rolled and sifted crackers, one ounce of butter. Cream the butter, stir in the grated rind, the juice and sugar, the well-beaten eggs and crackers; add the milk mix well and bake in a pudding-dish lined with paste.

Corned Beef.—To one hundred pounds of beef cut in pieces suitable for boiling, add four quarts of salt, four pounds of brown sugar, and four ounces saltpetre. Sprinkle the mixture over each piece as it is packed, and pound solid and weight heavily with stones. No water need be added, as there will be enough brine formed from the beef and other materials. The brine must constantly cover the beef, as the air would soon spoil it.

THE OLD SCHOOL-BOOK.

A PARODY ON THE OLD CANOE.

Where the room is scanty, dark, and low,
And the rats and mice undisturbed may go;
Where the spider weaves with a wise design,
Her artful snare in a sunken line;
Where flies and bees through the summer day,
In and out the broken windows play;
Where no prying eyes ever wink to look,
There lies, unmolested, my old school-book.

Each well-worn page by the dust o'erspread,
Like the body lies when the soul is fled,
And, crossed on its covers, one o'er one,
Are the ruthless carvings of years agone,
While all around on the margin seen,
Are hints of the past and what might have been;
And the tears would fall as to-day I took
From its musty corner my old school-book.

The lessons that once such trouble gave,
Have long since vanished in mem'ry's grave,
And a yellow tinge grows day by day,
Unfailing symptoms of sure decay;
Like the yellow leaf in the autumn hour,
It plainly speaks of destruction's power,
And my heart was touched as I sadly shook
The dust of time from my old school-book.

The silent pages are dead and chill,
But familiar traces there greet me still;
And lazily up from the past again,
Come my boyhood's friends in a solemn train;
Like the weary march of the tide of time,
Or the drowsy flow of the poet's rhyme,
All thoughts of duty my mind forsook,
As I sat down and mused on that old school-book.

Oh, many a time in the years gone by,
To master its truths I would vainly try;
While the faithful clock with its silent tick,
Warned me that the moments were passing quick;
But my eyes would wander from side to side,
And my teacher's warning I oft defied;
Now regretful thoughts that I scarce can brook,
Rise up at the sight of that old school-book.

But now as I sit with that book aside,
And think of the friends who have lived and died,
I feel that I, too, have much older grown,
And mem'ry's voice has a soberer tone;
While the hands that once did the love-note fling
Have felt the pain of Care's bitter sting;
But I love to think of the hours that sped,
As with painful labor each page I read;
Now I'll put it back in that sacred nook,
And I'll think no more of my old school-book.

—A. VAN DYKE.

☞ People in a very sentimental state of mind are quite likely to give sentimental meanings to what you say to them.

A negro presented himself at the desk of the Cincinnati marriage license clerk of the Probate Court, the other day, and asked for a license to marry his Dulcinea. Among other problems propounded him was—

"Are you and the lady related?"

"Yes, sah," was the answer.

"What relation are you to each other?" was the next answer.

"Sah?" ejaculated the applicant for matrimonial honors.

"I mean what kin are you to each other?" explained the handsome clerk.

"We isn't any kin to each other—no kin at all, sah," responded the American citizen of Ethiopian descent.

"But you said you were related," answered the clerk.

"I thought you deluded to the tender relashuns of luv what prevails between us at de present moment," said Scipio; so he got his license.

THAT WICKED EGG.—A woman about fifty years of age stopped in a Detroit market to buy a dozen oranges of a fruit peddler. She counted as he picked them out and put them into a paper sack, and she counted only eleven for the dozen.

"Here, sir, you have cheated me out of one orange!" she called out.

"Oh, no I have'nt," he coolly answered.

"Yes, you have, sir! You shall count 'em over again."

He complied, and somehow or other there were fourteen instead of twelve, and he said:

"Ah, I must be getting careless, indeed. I make two oranges by recounting. Here's your dozen."

The woman received the package, looked longingly at the two he threw back, and whispered:

"I swan! but I wish I knew enough to keep my mouth shet!"—*Free Press.*

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.—Mr. Sanford, of Alabama, to illustrate a point in a recent speech in the House of Representatives, said he had heard of an incident which occurred on a battlefield in North Carolina. Two brothers, one wearing the blue and the other the gray, had by a strange coincidence shed their life-blood on the same battlefield. A tender father's hand gathered their remrins together and buried them in the same grave, over which he raised a shaft bearing on the northern face the name of him who had worn the blue and on its southern face the name of him who had worn the gray. On the western face was the inscription—"Erected by the loving hand of a father over two boys, equally loved"—and on the eastern face, the inscription—"Who was right and who was wrong shall be decided before the great tribunal to which both have gone. I, their father, will not decide who was right and who was wrong."

LET THEM STAND.—Boiled eggs are much nicer to let them stand in the water in which they are boiled until cold. The outside then does not turn black and dry up, as it does when taken from the water to cool; consequently, there is no waste in preparing them for table. But always remember to remove the lid of the kettle, that the steam may escape. This should be done after boiling anything of any kind.

A conscience-stricken pilgrim to Mount Vernon has sent one dollar to the Superintendent for a cane which he cut on the estate and did not pay for, saying it was the meanest thing he had done in five years.

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