

PAINTING THE HOUSE.

My neighbor is an odd man, and when his new house was ready to paint he did the queerest thing. Instead of painting it white with green blinds, or an imitation of stone, like mine, he consulted "nature and the birds," and I write on his conclusions merely to show how odd a man he is. The swallow, with her nest of mud, I passed, and in a forked limb of the first apple tree I found a home built of the same material as my own—a neat built of bits of wood and sticks, so like the color of the bark that it might have grown there with the leaves. A house is always in the landscape, catching the eye; let us see now how Nature colors her permanent objects, quoth I. Trees are green, you say; but I see no green trees from my window, this day of October, save some lonely pines; nor will they be green again for almost six months. They will be the blossoming of spring, all yellow, white and red, deepening into green; but soon the leaves will put on gala dress, and dance and swirl merrily in the breeze of their days. But the bark of the tree that endures is a sober gray, darker around the knots and shading off into pearl tints in the smooth places.

There are evergreen trees, but who shall say that the greenness of their leaves upon the same as the fanny green which wreathe it in the spring, when every twig is tender tipped? The luxuriant undergrowth of open woods and bushes springing up in fence corners and about stone heaps—have many green branches, but they hardly live to see winter or die with the winter; and the grass, resplendent in its broad stretches of emerald, soon becomes a fading pillow for fading leaves. The sky is commonly called blue, but how many days in the year do we see an unshaded blue. The clouds troop over and break it into a thousand pieces. The sun looks upon it, and it reddens and glows with lifelike beauty. All that is lasting is quiet in color, while the gorgeous hues are piled upon the fleeting visions—a sunset cloud, a humming bird's wing. The roads stretching through our broad country, answering firm to tread of hoof and ring of wheel, are soft backgrounds for shining horses and parti-colored cattle; and fences of rail or stone are charming trellises for the climatic, or a ragged sea wall against which beat yellow waves of grain.

Happy is he who can shelter his household gods within warm stone walls, and there are exquisite colors in stone. But choose not the cold ones, I beg; and a house of white marble seems like profanation. We reverence the white walls of the temple, but for daily living we need to gather all the warmth in this sunny earth to keep the heart from chilling when the cold days come. We are glad of whiteness, which is seldom given lavishly; of the marble blocks, in which sleep lovely forms, hand held in hand, dreamlike of the chisel; of the cloud trifles and crest of ocean waves, and of piles on piles of snow, fair and fleeting as are all pure things of earth. But let us not comfort ourselves within white walls. There is a house across the road whose white paint dazzles the eye when the sun shines, and is cold and forbidding when the clouds lower. The fences are the same color, and with so much cleanliness without it is not strange that the flowers are fatter than the mistress's hands, and they're best rooms, which is seldom given lavishly; of the marble blocks, in which sleep lovely forms, hand held in hand, dreamlike of the chisel; of the cloud trifles and crest of ocean waves, and of piles on piles of snow, fair and fleeting as are all pure things of earth.

There is a house across the road whose white paint dazzles the eye when the sun shines, and is cold and forbidding when the clouds lower. The fences are the same color, and with so much cleanliness without it is not strange that the flowers are fatter than the mistress's hands, and they're best rooms, which is seldom given lavishly; of the marble blocks, in which sleep lovely forms, hand held in hand, dreamlike of the chisel; of the cloud trifles and crest of ocean waves, and of piles on piles of snow, fair and fleeting as are all pure things of earth. But let us not comfort ourselves within white walls. There is a house across the road whose white paint dazzles the eye when the sun shines, and is cold and forbidding when the clouds lower. The fences are the same color, and with so much cleanliness without it is not strange that the flowers are fatter than the mistress's hands, and they're best rooms, which is seldom given lavishly; of the marble blocks, in which sleep lovely forms, hand held in hand, dreamlike of the chisel; of the cloud trifles and crest of ocean waves, and of piles on piles of snow, fair and fleeting as are all pure things of earth.

R. D., in Christian Union.

WEIGHT OF COAL IN GREAT BRITAIN.—We see in the English discussions concerning loss of life in coal mining the following statements: The real cause of this yearly sacrifice of lives is the use of gunpowder in very seams. There is a want of precaution amongst miners in employing this explosive, and until they can be brought to understand what their negligence may bring about, "drilling out shots" and other forbidden acts will continue to be done when deputies are out of sight. Mr. Wynne, in his report for 1875, says that in his district falls of coal and roof have caused 14 accidents, by which 14 lives have been lost, and, compared with the loss of the previous year, 23 lives, this is a very clear proof that making managers responsible for the absolute safety of the working places of the mines has had a very salutary effect. In the year 1868, a death occurred for every 103,429 tons of coal raised in England. In 1875, 108,918 tons of coal were raised per life lost; in 1868, 104,566,950 tons of coal were raised in Great Britain, involving a total loss of 1,011 lives, and in 1875, 133,306,485 tons, with a total of 1,224 lives lost, but more men were employed and more mineral raised.

THE COST OF FEEDING PARIS.—The cost of the daily dinner of the Parisians has been calculated by one of the French papers as follows: Bread, about 275,000 francs; wine, 250,000 francs; beer and cider, 15,000 francs; water, for cooking and drinking purposes, 8,000 francs; sausages, pig's feet, etc., 8,000 francs; pates and crabs, 5,000 francs; oysters, 4,500 francs; eggs, 17,500 francs; butter, 11,000 francs; beef, 230,000 francs; pork, 35,000 francs; poultry, 24,000 francs; fresh water fish, 2,000 francs; sea fish, 16,000 francs; vegetables, 200,000 francs; extremes, fine and ordinary pastry, 50,000 francs; cheese, 4,000 francs; fruits and preserves, 12,000 francs; brandy, liqueurs, etc., 50,000 francs. This gives a total of 1,268,500 francs, or about \$253,000, with the addition of 5,000 francs, estimated cost of toothpicks, making altogether an average cost of 25 cents per head as the daily cost of the nourishment imbibed by the Parisians.

A JUDGE'S ADDRESS ON LIQUOR SELLING.

Three saloon keepers in Chicago were found guilty of selling liquor to minors. The address of the justice when they were sentenced, as reported in the Chicago Tribune, is original and eminently wholesome. The evils of the liquor traffic, and what a house involves, are rarely set out in a clearer light than in the following address by Judge Reading:

"By the law you may sell to men and women, if they will buy. You have given your bond, and paid your license to sell to them, and no one has a right to molest you in your legal business. No matter what the consequences may be, no matter what poverty and destitution are produced by your selling according to law, you have paid your money for this privilege, and you are licensed to pursue your calling. No matter what families are distracted and rendered miserable; no matter what wives are treated with violence; what children starve or mourn over the degradation of a parent, your business is legalized and no one may interfere with you in it. No matter what mother may agonize over the loss of a son, or sister blush at the shame of a brother, you have a right to disregard them all and pursue your legal calling—you are licensed! You may fit up your lawful place of business in the most enticing and captivating form; you may furnish it with the most costly and elegant equipments for your lawful trade; you may fill it with the allurements of amusement; you may use all your arts to induce visitors; you may skillfully arrange and expose to view your choicest wines and most captivating beverages; you may then induce thirst by all contrivances to produce a raving appetite for drink, and then you may supply that appetite to the full, because it is lawful, you have paid for it—you have a license.

"You may allow boys, almost children, to frequent your saloon; they may witness the apparent satisfaction with which their seniors quaff the sparkling glass; you may be schooling and training them for the period of twenty-one, when they, too, can participate, for all this is lawful. You may hold the cup to their lips, but you must not let them drink—that is unlawful. But while you have all these privileges for the money you pay, this same privilege of selling to children is denied you. Here your wife has the right to say 'leave my son to me until the law gives you a right to destroy him. Do not anticipate that terrible moment when I can assert for him no further rights of protection. That will be soon enough for me, for his mother, for his sister, for his friends and for the community to see him take his road to death. Give him to us in his childhood at least. Let us have a few years of his youth, in which we can enjoy his innocence, to repay us in some small degree for the care and love we have lavished upon him.' This is something you who now stand prisoners at the bar have not paid for; this is not embraced in your license.

"For this offense, the court sentences you to ten days imprisonment in the county jail, and that you pay a fine of \$75 and costs; and that you stand committed until the fine and costs of this prosecution are paid."

ARCHITECTURE.—Pursued with intelligent industry, agriculture affords a larger number of high advantages than any other occupation of human life; it strengthens the body, invigorates the mind; and while it refines the sentiments, it purifies the heart, by compelling it to look upward for reliance and help towards Him who giveth rain and fruitful seasons. It curbs immoderate ambitions, by yielding a moderate remuneration for toil, while at the same time it imparts a feeling of quiet confidence in the future, so that the sowing and reaping shall not cease. The young man brought up to till the soil, begins to feel gradually that the rewards of his toil are proportioned to his labor, and this imparts to degrees a spirit of self-reliance, which begets independence, and an amount of industrious activities, worth more to that young man, in his after conflicts with the world, than the inheritance of unearned thousands.

DON'T RUN AFTER A MEAL.—We do not mean that a man should not exercise due haste in pursuit of a meal, but he should be calm after he has caught it. A gentleman and his son the other morning went on the South Western, and had "to make a run for it." They were successful in their attempt, and caught the train. But the younger gentleman gasped for breath, made a few motions with his hand, and would have fallen if he had not been caught. Before the train arrived at the next station he was dead. The verdict of the coroner's jury, following the opinion of the medical witness, was to the effect: "That death arose from syncope of the heart, brought on by running, after a hearty meal." Such was the end of a gentleman only 30 years of age.

HOW A MOUSE WAS CAUGHT.—All mice are full of curiosity. They poke their noses into all sorts of places where there is a prospect of something to eat, and often meet the fate which ought to be the end of all poking of noses into other people's affairs—they get caught. When oysters are left out of water for any length of time, especially in hot weather, they always open their shells a little way, probably seeking a drink of water. A mouse hunting after for food found such an oyster in the barler, and put his head in to nibble at the oyster's beard; instantly the bivalve shut his shells, and held them together so tightly by his strong muscles, that the poor mouse could not pull his head out, and so died of suffocation.—St. Nicholas.

WAR.—General Sherman, who speaks understandingly, predicts a fearful and general conflict in Europe. He thinks we shall witness the greatest battles ever fought, so far as destruction of life goes, and believes that the struggle is going to cost at least a million of lives before it is ended; nor will they all be Russians and Turks, either. "I can hardly believe the Turks can withstand the shock," he says. "They may save Constantinople, but if they lose every other point, what use will it be to them?" He also says that neither Russia or Turkey were ever in such excellent fighting trim, both having all the improved arms of modern warfare.

A STORY OF A COW.

How excellent it is for our young people to learn ways of gentleness and kindness. These lessons will influence them as long as they live and will do much to make them truly gentlemen and gentle-women when they grow up. In farm life there is a splendid opportunity for inculcating gentleness in the care and treatment of domestic animals, and one beauty of the habit is, that when our boys become men they will find that the greater kindness and care and gentleness they give their animals, the faster they will grow and the greater profit they will derive from them. We find in the *American Cultivator* a nice story of a cow, which enforces the truth we have stated:

Among the Swiss mountains there lives a race of simple, pastoral people, whose tastes are primitive and pleasurable few, but whose hearts are large enough to take in not only their kindred and friends but their gentle domestic animals. There is much to admire in their conduct toward the pretty little cattle that graze on the scanty herbage of these mountain sides. We can learn from them that gentleness and consideration, rewards and caresses are much more profitable in the profitable management of their dumb animals than kicks and curses, punishment and revenge.

It is customary among the mountains to hang bells around the necks of the cattle, because, as they are allowed to roam among the steep hills and windings of the hills, the sound of the bells enables to keep them together, and also to inform the herders of their whereabouts. The bells are not the hideous-toned instruments of torture to the ear, so common in the back pastures of America, but really musical bells, varying in size and form from tinkling bits of metal to large, deep-toned bells, the latter worn by leaders of the herd.

To show how much of the instinct of pleasure and pain may be traced and developed in these domesticated pets, and how much of simple and commendable pleasure these Swiss mountaineers enjoy in their daily toil, we give a sketch made by one who has visited these mountain homes and who has compared their methods of treatment with our own.

So accustomed and attached do the animals become to these bells that the deprivation of them is felt as a punishment. The cow whose superior beauty, sagacity and good conduct fit her to be leader of the herd, is always on gala-days distinguished by the largest and finest-toned bell and the bravest ornamental collar, and so down, through the gradations of good, to the smallest appearance that marks the indifferently good animal, and the total absence of the self-worth and vicious cow. If any cow has been guilty of unruly or untimely behavior, breach of discipline or any vicious trait, the displeasure of the herdsman is not testified by blows, but by the temporary deprivation of her bell; and this seldom fails to reduce her to order and prevent a repetition of the offense. It is only necessary to see the cow on a gala-day, with her badge of distinction strapped round her neck, and then to see her deprived of it, for some offense or other, to be convinced that this is true.

A certain cow that had long worn the bell of honor round her neck, had recently given birth to a calf and was considered too weak to bear the weight of the large bell, or, indeed of either one. Her owner, however, turned her out to go with the herd to the upland meadows. The summer removal of quarters is always held as a holiday. The peasants were dressed in their best clothes, the cows had on their bells and ladles, and all went on gaily except the poor matron who was deprived of hers. After proceeding a few yards she began to show signs of great uneasiness, and which constantly increased. It was vainly attempted to coax her forward, and soon she lay down on her side and would not move. In this dilemma one of the old herdsmen came up, and, seeing how matters stood, deliberately went into the house and brought out the bell and collar, which the animal no longer felt about her neck than she rose, shook herself, and raising and throwing her tail over her hump in token of complete satisfaction, went off prancing and curvetting with every appearance of health and gaiety, and taking her place in the van, was from that moment as well as ever.

The lesson we would inculcate from this simple recital is that of the desirability of kindly treatment to the animals in our charge. Not only is pleasure to be derived from petting and caressing them, but vastly more profit can be secured by keeping them in a state of satisfaction and contentment.

KILLING SATAN.—A young girl from the country, being on a visit to a Quaker, was prevailed on to accompany him to the meeting. It happened to be a silent one, none of the brethren being moved to utter a syllable. When the Quaker left the meeting-house, with his young friend, he asked: "How didst thou like the meeting?" To which she pettishly replied: "Like it! Why, I can see no sense in it—to go and sit for whole hours together without speaking a word. It is enough to kill Satan himself!" "Yes, my dear," rejoined the Quaker: "that is just what we want."

FOR HER MOTHER.—An assistant of a druggist recently put up a prescription of a dose of castor oil for a young lady. She innocently inquired how it could be taken without tasting. He promised to explain to her, and in the meantime offered her, courteously, a glass of flavorful and scented seltzer water. After she had finished it, he said triumphantly: "You see, miss, you have taken your oil and you did not know it." The young lady screamed: "It was for my mother!"

RUSSIAN WOMEN.—A great number of Russian ladies in St. Petersburg have pledged themselves mutually neither to wear silk nor satin indulges in other luxuries during the present war; but to devote the money which they would otherwise have spent upon such objects to the nursing of the sick and wounded of their country. This is just what a good many women did in this country during our war, and what women have done in all countries under similar conditions.

PURE MILK FOR INFANTS.

The ill which the innocents have suffered through the drinking of impure milk form one of the most startling chapters of modern hygienic literature. It is wise when we know the evil exists to guard against its coming to our loved ones. Prof. James Law, of Cornell University, writes on the subject to the New York Tribune many useful suggestions:

The milk must be obtained from a sound, healthy cow, as it is unquestionably tainted in some cases before it leaves the udder.

Few people have any idea of the perfect cleanliness necessary to the preservation of milk. An ordinary washing with water, though uncomforably warm for the hands, or even with soap, is utterly insufficient. There should first be, the thorough cleansing of the dish, and then a rinsing with water at a boiling temperature, which must be poured out, and the vessel dried by simply inverting it over a drawer or table, but without the possibility of contact of its interior with any solid body. If dried with a towel, or if hand or finger, or indeed, any solid body, is brought in contact with its interior after it has been scalded, organic matter, bacteria, and other germs may be deposited which will prevent decomposition in the milk placed in it. But if the vessel is first carefully cleaned from all organic matter that may cover and protect such germs, then rinsed out with boiling water, set aside to drip, and finally filled with milk, having had nothing touch its inner surface from the contact with the boiling water until now, such vessel will not communicate to the milk any decomposing element. Every vessel, from the pail which receives the milk as drawn from the udder, to the bottle from which the baby sucks its supply, must be treated in the same way. In the case of babies' bottles, it is best to keep two, to be used alternately, the one with its tubes and the teat being thoroughly washed with soda, and then immersed in a dish of pure water until wanted.

As regards temperature and antiseptics. None of the chemical antiseptics are entirely unobjectionable. Boiling of the milk renders it more indigestible, and tends to produce costiveness. The only unobjectionable method is to secure perfect purity of dishes and milk, and to keep the latter at a low temperature. A sufficient degree of cold may be obtained in any house, with no expense and little trouble, by simply enveloping the dish in which the milk is kept in a wet towel, from which evaporation will go on constantly. A tin can with cover, enveloped in a wet cloth, will not only be kept very cold, but will be protected against the access of germs which would speedily decay. I have in this way kept milk for the baby, perfectly sweet and good, in the warm rooms of a boarding house, in midsummer, while the land-lord failed to keep the same milk sweet for half the time, though in a cellar and abundantly surrounded with ice. The great superiority of the wet-cloth preservation consists in its filtration from the air of all germs of decomposition which would otherwise gain access to the milk.

DO NOT CHECK PERSPIRATION.

Nearly every one knows it is dangerous to check perspiration quickly, and yet many forget to practice the truth they know. The weather has been unusually hot, and the heat may return. Let the following be a hint for behavior. *Holt's Journal* says checked perspiration is the fruitful cause of sickness, disease and death to multitudes every year. If a tea-kettle of water is boiling on the fire, the steam is seen issuing from the spout, carrying the extra heat away with it, but if the lid be fastened down and the spout be plugged, a destructive explosion follows in a very short time.

Heat is constantly generated within the human body, by the chemical disorganization, the combustion of the food we eat. There are 7,000,000 of tubes or pores on the surface of the body, which in health are constantly open, conveying from the system by what is called insensible perspiration this internal heat, which, having answered its purpose, is passed off like the jets of steam which are thrown from the escape-pipe, in puffs, of any ordinary steam engine; but this insensible perspiration carries with it, in a dissolved form, very much of the waste matter of the system, to the extent of a pound or two or more every 24 hours. It must be apparent, then, that if the pores of the skin are closed, if the multitudes of valves, which are placed over the whole surface of the human body, are shut down, great harm results. The great practical lesson which we wish to impress upon the mind of the reader is this: When you are perspiring freely, keep in motion until you get to a good fire, or to some place where you are perfectly sheltered from any draft of air whatever.

Cooling off suddenly when heated sends many of our youth to an early tomb. It is often a matter of surprise that so many farmers' boys and girls die of consumption. It is thought that abundant exercise in the open air is directly opposed to that disease. So it is; but judgment and knowledge of the laws of health are essential to the preservation of health under any circumstances. When over-heated cool off slowly; never in a strong draft of air. Gentle fanning, especially if the face is wet with cold water, will soon produce a delightful coolness, which leaves no disagreeable results.

DIVISION OF LABOR.—Mrs. Mary Livermore speaking: "In Iowa I saw a law sign, 'Foster & Foster.' It meant Mr. and Mrs. Foster. They attended the same law school; became attached, became partners for life. The man looked up the cases; the woman pleaded them before the court and jury. In a certain difficult case where a woman was concerned he doubted his ability to do it justice and carried it to his wife, and she proved it to be a case of insanity."

NEATNESS.—One evening in Boston, just as Washington Alston, the painter, was approaching the door of a dwelling, where a splendid party had assembled, he suddenly stopped short and said to his friend, "I cannot go in." "Non-sense, why not?" "I have a hole in one of my stockings." "Bah, man, nobody knows it." "But I do," said the celebrated artist.