

A NEW ENGLAND FARM BALLAD.

In an old New England town
Lives a farmer, Thomas Brown,
Hard his hand, but not his heart,
And in life a noble part
He has borne with purpose true;—
Let me tell his life to you.

Tom Brown's father was a man,
Had he lived as he began,
Would have prospered on his farm,
Bounded by the country's charm;
Meadows fair and acres broad,
Watered by the generous Lord,

Fruit and produce of the field,
Yearly in abundance yield;
O'er his hills fat cattle roam—
Peace and plenty in his home—
'Round his hearth are children fair—
Health is wealth beyond compare.

From Brown's farm, not far away,
In the store of Aaron Gray;
Here the farmer smokes his pipe,
Talking crops, till crops are ripe;
Here, in Aaron's dingy store,
Farmers count their profits o'er,
And by flick'ring candle light,
Hear the news on 'lection night.

In his cellar Aaron kept
Casks in which disaster slept;
For the liquors that he sold,
Swamped the farmer's hard-earned gold;
Aaron Gray, by greed impelled,
Soon Brown's farm through mortgage held;
From strong drink what power can save?
Brown soon filled a drunkard's grave.

'Midst her grief, the widow's joy
Was Tom Brown, her eldest boy;
From the farm-house forth they walked,
Poverty before them stalked;
But Tom vowed that his right arm,
Should redeem his father's farm;
He was young, yet well he knew
What in life he meant to do.

To his mother Tom had said,
'Lean on me your weary head,
And my first desire shall be
To provide a home for thee;
'Neath the roof we home shall call,
Water only used by all,
Till our old home be restored—
Water only on its board.'

Years have flown, and Thomas Brown
Leads the farmers of his town;
He has kept, with sacred truth,
All the promise of his youth;
Happy, with a manly pride,
For his mother to provide;
He who keeps his mother's trust,
Heaven has blessed, and always must.

She who was his choice in life,
Honored by the name of wife,
Lent a true and willing hand
To redeem the homestead land;
What with labor they could store,
Bought the farm he till'd of yore;
And the old home was restored—
Water only on its board.

Now the feast, to farmers dear,
Comes again, as once a year;
And, in those New England towns,
Is no brighter home than Brown's;
'Round his hearth, by health caressed,
Are the forms he loves the best;
Happy household, joys untold
Dwell within its cherished fold;
For the old home is restored—
Water only on its board.

—New England Homestead.

TREATMENT FOR A SPRAINED ANKLE.—Dr. Erasmus Wilson says: "We all know that there is nothing more painful than a sprain of an ankle; it will lay a man up longer than the fracture of a bone, and he may recover with a very weakened joint. Accompanying a country medical man in his rounds, he told me he had made a great discovery in the treat of sprains. 'The way I cure a sprain,' he said, 'is this: I take some lard; I warm it, and rub it into the sprain half or three quarters of an hour. I then take some cotton wool and wrap around the joint and put on a light bandage. The sprain, which would have taken many months to get well, gets well in a few days—certainly in a few weeks—without any ill effects or after consequences.'" Wilson adds: "I tried this treatment and found that it succeeded admirably."

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

[From the Pacific Rural Press.]

It is a common saying that every child thinks his father the wisest man in the world. This is very natural; as parents are their children's fountains of knowledge. To them their children come for anything they want to know, and by them they are generally satisfied. But every wise parent has occasion to say now and then, "I don't know my dear." The surprise of the child on first hearing that there is anything that his parents do not know, fixes the fact in his mind. When he has once discovered that his parents have something more to learn, he becomes aware, and this also ought to be fixed in his mind, that their education is not finished; and that it is their business, as it is his, to learn something more every day as long as they live.

So much for knowledge. The case ought to be as clear to him with regard to goodness. It is not enough that in church he hears that all men and women are sinners. These things may set him thinking; but here will be or ought to be more light every day to clean up his ideas. The same parents who honestly own to their child that they are ignorant of things about which he questions them, will own to him that they are not nearly so good as they wish to be. Thus is the truth opened to the feeblest and smallest mind that education has still to go on, even when people are so inconceivably old as children are apt to think their parents. Teach them to know they are never too old to learn.

DANGER OF FLIES IN THE EAR.—Dr. A. J. Pedlor, of Truckee, Cal., writes to the *Pacific Medical and Surgical Reporter* a description of a case which fortunately is of rare occurrence. He says: "On the 11th of June, I was consulted by John R., a stock drover, who complained of excessive pain and violent noise in his left ear. He said, 'A fly entered my ear five days ago, but I got it out in two minutes.' Ten hours after removing the insect, pain set in and rapidly increased. The old-time remedies of filling the ear with warm water, oil, etc., failed to remove anything, and gave no relief. Inserting a speculum, and illuminating the ear with a Troeltsch mirror, the cause of his suffering was plainly visible. A number of moving worms, or maggots, were seen imbedded in the canal, close to the drum. Careful use of the syringe for one hour resulted in removing one maggot, about three lines in length. The ear was then filled with carbolyzed almond oil, containing morphia sulph. A cotton plug being inserted, the patient went to bed. During the night, four more maggots were dislodged, and the following morning I removed the sixth and last one by aid of the syringe. This last one was fully six lines in length. Three came away dead—the effect of the carbolyzed oil. These wriggling usurpers were evidently hatched from eggs deposited by the 'fly,' during its brief sojourn in the ear. The drum was intact, though intensely hyperemic. Daily use of astringent drops, and protection from the air, speedily restored the parts to health."

DAILY BATHS.—As a rule people doing hard physical labor do not bathe as much as they should. The daily bath is to them quite as important as to any class. It requires but a few moments to take it, and when followed by friction it fortifies the skin against colds and rheumatism more than almost anything else can do. A rubber mat which turns up at the edges to catch the water, a couple of quarts of pure water, a common sheet large enough to envelop the whole body, and plenty of friction are all that is necessary. One room in every farmhouse should be kept for a bath-room and supplied with heat and these simple conveniences. Proper bathing keeps the muscles supple and elastic.

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

Between the ages of 45 to 60 a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to an attack of disease, and experience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone over a year or two over 60 he arrives at a standstill. But athwart this is the viaduct called the turn of life, which, if crossed in safety, leads to the valley of "old age," round which the river winds, and then beyond, without boat or causeway, to effect his passage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile material, and it depends how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout and apoplexy are also in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitter staff, and he may trudge on in safety and with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, "the turn of life" is a turn either into a prolonged walk, or into the grave. The system and powers having reached the utmost expansion, now begin either to close like a flower at sunset or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, whilst a careful supply of props and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant will sustain it in beauty and vigor until night has entirely set in.

FRENCH IMITATION BRONZE.—Foreign journals contain accounts of a French invention for manufacturing articles in hollow hardened india-rubber, coppered by electro metallurgy, so as to imitate bronze, and capable of being gilded, nicked, silvered, bronzed, or otherwise decorated. They commence by molding the article of supple india-rubber to the desired form by ordinary means, and after that they harden it completely by any of the processes usually employed for the purpose. The article so molded and hardened is then fettled, polished, and even chiseled, if its nature allows it; it is then scraped, if needed, so as to give it an even surface, and then coated with black lead or other process, as is ordinarily done in electro-metallurgy, so as to render it a conductor, and consequently able to receive the galvanic deposit. The article is placed in the bath where it is galvanized, and a deposit of copper or brass more or less thick is obtained on its whole surface, or even in proceeding by fractions of its surface some parts may be obtained with a red deposit and some with a yellow deposit, according to the nature of the article. It can then be bronzed by the usual processes, and a perfect imitation of the articles in bronze will be thus obtained. It is also ornamented or decorated by any of the ordinary processes of nicking, silvering, gilding, bronzing, and the like. The articles so made have quite the appearance of bronze nicked, gilded, or silvered, and they have also the advantage of being very light and of a very low price. They are strong, and sufficiently elastic to support repeated shock without being bruised or dented.

ECONOMY IN WEALTH.—The French work people are saving, as everyone knows. Guizot gives the following as the cause of the prosperity of the nation: "Habits of prudence have penetrated all classes. There are very few families, even among the lower classes, that spend all their income. A single manufacturer in my town of Siseux puts by, and has long been doing so, 600,000 francs a year. The wealth of France has at least doubled during 50 years; and, as the population has augmented during that time by only one-tenth, it is obvious that the comfort of the people has increased enormously."