

## HOME AND FARM.

Turnovers. Roll out some puff paste and cut in oblong-shaped pieces just slightly over cheese on the pasty, turn over and pinch down the edges and tails.—*The Garter*.

The smaller the room, the lighter should be the furniture, and the decoration of the walls. A large room should have heavy furniture, and the walls may be dark.—*Circus Times*.

A bedroom should never be somber; the brighter the better. White serape curtains with antique lace bord and insertion are liked for chamber windows. The walls should be of a light tint, the pictures rustic and pleasing.—*Architect*.

Old clothing may be improved in appearance by rubbing it with a mixture of a half-ounce of borax in a saucer of turpentine. So this is a warm place until they can be thoroughly mixed. Apply with a flannel cloth and then rub with a dry flannel.—*Boston Budget*.

**Cheese Toast.** Make some slices of toast, cut off their crusts, then have them cut some cheese into thin slices and put them in a sandwich with a piece of butter, and a little mustard if desired. The last named ingredient must be left out if the cheese is to be used. Place the pin over the top, and strain the cheese so as to be well mixed and smooth, then pour the mixture on the toast.—*Good Housekeeping*.

The French, who export more pearl than any other nation, cover the inside of fine boxes with song paper or drapery, which absorbs the moisture. Each pearl is then wrapped in soft paper and placed in layers in the boxes, the largest and best arranged in the bottom, filling all interstices with the dry mass. Thus they will keep a month or more. They are so closely packed that though they can't fall such as to other adhesion is prevented. But usually the others are no longer.

## SHELTER FOR SHEEP.

How a Good Barn Should Be Constructed at a Trifling Expense.

If one may judge from what he sees in the flocks over the country, there are many owners of sheep who apparently think that docks do not require any special attention on the way of providing them with even humble quarters. An ordinary open shed is the only protection they have against storms and cold weather. Now, while sheep withstand exposure perhaps better than any other farm stock, such treatment can not be given without causing loss, and it is found that those who neglect their stock in this way are among the last to complain that disease is upon it. Keeping sheep. When sheep are wintered without providing them with comfortable quarters, there is a loss not only in the food, money being required to keep up the heat of the body, but also in the quality of the fleece. The effect of neglect on the growth and texture of the wool will be quite apparent when spring comes, as experience shows us an absence in the growth and a lack of fine quality which is found in the fleeces of those sheep which have been protected from the cold storms of winter. When sheep are wintered at a trifling cost, it is strange that any one will think of keeping sheep in the way I do, for it is easily shown that the loss sustained by such exposure will, in a short time, be sufficient to more than equal the expense of building countable quarters. These need not be of an elaborate character, but can be constructed quite simply by the use of staves and poles, enough of the former being used for a roof, so that water cannot get through it. In this way a good room can be constructed that will last for two or three seasons, or it may be newly covered each fall with fresh straw. One should be sure to secure proper ventilation where the sheep are sheltered, and where it is not. There is always more or less simulation. This says that there is a tendency to exaggerate symptoms of disease. It proceeds sometimes from an exaggerated sense of existing symptoms, and sometimes from a morbid desire to attract interest or sympathy. It is an important part of the knowledge and tact of the practitioner to make due allowance for this tendency. In some cases a meek person of the mind leads patients to undertake to practice gross frauds regardless of scruples. They pretend to have extraordinary knowledge, and resort to ingenious efforts at deception. Hysterical indulgence is not unfrequently mixed with hysterical self-delusion.

The explanation which most of the physicians consider gives of the case of Carrie Gilchrist was something like this. There had been several well-authenticated cases in which it was found that the patients could, at their will, throw themselves into fits of hysteria when she thought of a certain subject; another by eating certain foods; another seemed to have the ability to mesmerize herself, and throw herself into fits of hysteria; and keep herself in it. It is probable that Carrie Gilchrist is one of this class of malingerers. By thinking about some event in her life perhaps she can throw herself into hysteria. Once in she is in a state to keep up the deception, unless frightened out in some way.

The story is beautiful without any embellishment, and perhaps it is well that it was not written by a genius like Dickens or Hawthorne. Plain, honest, truthful Joseph Ballou did not care to speculate in history so late. He thought more of keeping his word than of being famous. He was astonished when he learned that his name appeared in print. He said that he had single-handedly destroyed the nest of the worm. He is a living example of how he poor have a quiet way of doing things; that the rich with their pride and love of ostentation could not imitate if they were to make the attempt.—*Chicago Times*.

## EXTRAORDINARY BURIAL.

**A Touching Incident Which Is Beautiful Without Ornamentation.**

Among all the short and simple annals of the poor there is nothing more touching and pathetic than the story of the burial of the body of a working girl in a country churchyard in Essex County, England, as given in a local newspaper. The name of the dead girl was Amy Carey Dansey, and she had reached the age of twenty-one at the time of her decease. She was born at Little Horsham, near Chelmsford, where she passed her childhood. Her father died when she was quite young and her mother married Joseph Ballou, cabinetmaker, and moved to London. Amy lived with her grandparents and went to the parish school till she was old enough to go out to service. Her stepfather found her a place in London and carefully looked after her. Last fall her health failed and physicians stated that her disease was consumption. She was moved to Brompton Hospital, where she was almost daily visited by her mother and stepfather. When she became conscious that death was rapidly approaching, she expressed an earnest wish that she might be buried in Little Horsham churchyard, and her stepfather promised that her desire should be complied with.

The poor man little knew how difficult it would be to fulfill his promise, but he kept his word.

He met with an accident that prevented him from doing any work for more than three months, during which time he found it hard to support his family. Almost as soon as he was able to go to his shop again, Amy died, and he seemed to know how he could fulfill his promise today. He found that it would cost about twenty-four dollars to remove the body by railroad car and horses from London to Little Horsham, and this was more money than he could procure. He accordingly resolved to take the body there on a handcart which he often used for moving furniture. He made a nice coffin, engraved an inscription on it, paid a funeral parson, packed up some food to be eaten on the way, and late that night when the streets were nearly deserted, with the little halfbrother of the dead girl as companion and moreover, still ill and weak set out on his journey of nearly sixty miles, which he accomplished in three days. On the fourth day the body was buried with the help of old friends, and the grave was decked with flowers obtained in the village. The story of the journey is thus told by Mr. Ballou:

I wheeled the body on the handcart, and I brought my second little boy with me aged about ten. He rode on the cart downhill and up the level road, but when we had to go uphill he helped to push a little, because I was so weak and ill. The next day I put my two miles short of Ingleside stone. On the night of the second day I reached Writtle, and put up at the Swan. Two men came to me and asked to know when I had got to the castle. One of them said he was a detective, and he said "I wanted to look inside." I said "Show me your warrant card," and he could not do so. I was a laborer, and he would have forced open the castle, but my Master is always stronger than the devils, and he gave me strength to struggle with the man and put him out of the house. I then sent my little boy for a policeman, and then the law was over. The inspector of police afterwards came and took my name and address, and I showed him the certificate of death, and answered all his inquiries satisfactorily and truthfully. Next morning I started about halfpast eight on my journey, and I arrived at Little Horsham just after six o'clock on Wednesday night.

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## Curing the Measles.

One of the most remarkable pathological cases on record has occurred at Liverpool. A patient in the hospital suffering from measles jumped out of one of the windows at four o'clock in the morning, and fell a distance of four or five yards into the garden. He was at the time at the period of the strongest eruption. Awakened by the pain caused by the fall, he walked about his nightshirt for some time, the thermometer standing at eight degrees below the freezing point, until he succeeded in walking the concierge, when he returned to bed. The next day his complaint had entirely disappeared. This mode of cure, however, is not generally recommended by the medical. *Galignani's Magazine*.

Negroes in Lincoln County, Ga., who have bought goods and mortgaged crops to pay for them, have got so far behind that they are said to have organized to resist the officials charged with collecting the debts. Of course they will get worsted in this, but, says the *Manufacturers' Gazette*, the lesson will be worth all its cost if it teaches these lately enfranchised citizens that no worse slavery ever existed in the country than that of debt.

## SHAM HYSTERIA.

**Authoritative Opinions Bearing Upon the Curious Affliction.**

"Simulated hysteria" seems to be a predominant physician, repeating the question of a reporter, "Is such thing possible?" Why, yes. Hysteria is half sham, any way. Sometimes a hysterical subject will have hysteria and she can't help it, but usually half her symptoms she-shams; or at least exaggerates. And it is hard to tell what is sham and what isn't."

The inquiry was suggested by the hysterical exploits of the girl who fell down recently in an apparent fit of hysteria on a Pennsylvania railroad train and was taken to the Jersey City Hospital. It was understood that she was on her way to New York to see her sick mother. She lay at the hospital apparently unconscious from the effects of hysteria. Then an undertaker who knew Mary McNulty, who shammed hysteria at Wilmington, Del., about two years ago, and made \$165, some clothing and five weeks' board out of the act, called at the Jersey City Hospital and said that the mystic patient was none other than Mary McNulty. The same day she recovered consciousness enough to say that her name was Carrie Gilchrist, who, he was reason to believe was not true, who concluded that she was an impostor.

But could the girl have acted out a case of hysteria from beginning to end, without betraying herself submitted to the usual treatment of hysterical subjects, which is sometimes violent and generally painful? Could she have acted with such energy and skill, without a voice to betray her?

A physician who is considered authority on nervous diseases, when asked these questions, doubted very much the ability of any woman to deliberately deceive even an unbalanced surgeon by feigning hysteria. He knew of no such cases in medical literature, and if the so-called Carrie Gilchrist had not had hysterical fits, he should consider it a new phase in medical experience.

It is extremely difficult," said another physician, "to tell sometimes where hysteria is simulated and where it is not. There is always more or less simulation." This says that there is a tendency to exaggerate symptoms of disease. It proceeds sometimes from an exaggerated sense of existing symptoms and sometimes from a morbid desire to attract interest or sympathy. It is an important part of the knowledge and tact of the practitioner to make due allowance for this tendency. In some cases a meek person of the mind leads patients to undertake to practice gross frauds regardless of scruples. They pretend to have extraordinary knowledge, and resort to ingenious efforts at deception. Hysterical indulgence is not unfrequently mixed with hysterical self-delusion.

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There had been several well-authenticated cases in which it was found that the patients could, at their will, throw themselves into fits of hysteria when she thought of a certain subject; another by eating certain foods; another seemed to have the ability to mesmerize herself, and throw herself into fits of hysteria; and keep herself in it. It is probable that Carrie Gilchrist is one of this class of malingerers. By thinking about some event in her life perhaps she can throw herself into hysteria. Once in she is in a state to keep up the deception, unless frightened out in some way.

No long-ago woman in hysterics was brought into a Brooklyn hospital. She had lied on a cot, and she immediately dropped out onto the floor. The doctor set her up in a chair, and she crawled out again and again, bumping her head and scratching her arms on the floor as if nothing could hurt her. One of the doctors stepped up to her and began slapping her face on either side as hard as he could. After two or three slaps the girl jumped up and threatened to report the doctor for cruelty, picked up her hat and walked off with no more hysteria than there is in a clam. Hysteria is often a strike for sympathy. This girl got the reverse. To some extent she must have been simulating, yet it was a genuine case of hysteria.

While sympathy is always sweet to the hysterical person, the idea of going into fits for pecuniary benefit is decidedly new. For such cases the ability to throw one's self into hysterics at the proper time is of great value. —A. T. S.

## Marrow of the Modern Novel.

Given an active affinity (male) and a passive affinity (female). The active affinity has a positive value, but in presence of the passive affinity it loses all estimation of this value, and becomes the value of the passive affinity to be inseparable. The passive affinity has no value and knows it, but it is able to attract the active affinity by an ingenious display of vanity of value. When he is drawn within the limits of her attraction his condition is hopeless, and a fusion (marriage) is inevitable. Should another passive affinity of greater vanity be present, the active affinity is lost, quantity, for if one vanity does not absorb his value, another one will. —Charles H. Smith. —*A. E. Sun.*

Gideon Thompson, of Bridgeport, Conn., celebrated his ninety-third birthday recently, and over six hundred of his fellow townsmen called on him, among them twenty persons over ninety years old.

Three women have been hanged in Liverpool in the last two years.

## ROUGHING IT OUT WEST.

**Sad Story of a Faithful Wife Who Tried Life on the Plains.**

After telling of a young couple brought up to luxury who thought they would rough it on the plains, a correspondent thus continues his story:

"To the reader who has been accustomed to dwelling in populous sections, no adequate idea of the utter loneliness of a residence in the Far West can be formed. The disconsolate wife, unable to obtain assistance in her hour of need, now remained faithfully watching by the bedside of the dying man, who appeared to entertain a peculiar dread of being buried alive. 'Promise me,' he said to his wife some hours before his death, 'that you will not see me buried for at least four days after I have breathed my last,' to which request the poor woman tearfully assented. All through the day and during the earlier portion of the night the woman sat alone with her dead, while without, and as though already scented their prey, a pack of hungry coyotes circled about the isolated abode, ever and anon giving vent to their peculiar and blood-curdling cries. At nine o'clock a small party of miners, including our guides, Wood and Armstrong, called on the way to Cheyenne.

The sad story was soon told and fully on the following morning one of the party was sent to Horse Creek for the purpose of obtaining the material for a coffin. During all this time the widow sat by the bedside of her dead husband, at times sympathizing the features of the latter and momentarily starting up as if she fancied she detected signs of returning animation. Kit Armstrong, from whom I received whatever information I have afforded concerning this sad episode, together with his companion, Wood, remained during the four days following the death of the man he served. On the last night of their vigil the woman, worn out from constant watching, consented to take some rest while, toward morning both of the miners also fell asleep.

She is not known at what hour the supposed sleeper became again animated with life, but it was found upon investigation that the body had at some time during the night partially turned in the coffin in which it had been placed, although the features still bore the same placid expression which they had worn the day previous. The discovery of this dreadful circumstance proved too much for the afflicted wife, who, overwhelmed with grief, lost her reason and when the next morning arrived in the vicinity of Cheyenne, being a stranger, obtained shelter by these attached miners. They pretend to have extraordinary knowledge, and resort to ingenious efforts at deception. Hysterical indulgence is not unfrequently mixed with hysterical self-delusion.

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## ARTIFICIAL SOCIETY.

**A Crowd of Egocentric Men and Women Devoted to Real Idleness.**

A correspondent who has been observing society in Washington, sets down a very conglomerate affair with none of the heart of hospitality in it. The people being literally there today and gone tomorrow, go through the hollow forms of social and receptions with little more than a profession of kindness, as a matter of business. You will, for instance, be invited to call upon some person on a reception day. She stands in a line with those who receive with her, some of them stupidly self-conscious, or impudently indifferent. You say "good-morning" at coming and going, as though it was along toward evening. Some of them have voices—worth mentioning in their dresses, and not at all whatever in their manner. You are invited to take chocolate, which you do solemnly as if it were hemlock tea. You sigh for some bright-spirited man or woman with whom to exchange an idea, but you sigh in vain. You see bare necks suggestive of promiscuity, gaudy dresses, gigantic false teeth and smiles equally artificial.

There is the slightest perceptible jolt in the social wheels when a man of women of high position dies, but the particularly disreputable, and the vulgar, garrulous moves on. People at the bottom of the social ladder are streaming and agonizing to get to the top. Those at the top are often eying each other with envy and suspicion. The press has held up to ridicule and well deserved contempt the impudent and ill-mannered people who attended the Chinese ball, minimized, and who disgraced themselves and their country as much by going as they did by their raid upon the dining-room. You have seen animals held out of a trough? Well, no matter. Who were these people? They are persons who aspire to be reckoned of the "upper crust" in the "society" in the "social circle" of America. —*Youth's Companion*.

**Business is Business.**

Two passengers on the train became involved in a very heated controversy, which finally waxed so hot that one of them called the other a liar.

"What's that, a liar?" said he who was on his feet.

"Yes, a liar," was the emphatic response, "or my name isn't John Smith, of Smithville."

"What's the hardware merchant?"

"The same."

"Mr. Smith, I'm delighted to know you. I represent Messrs. Sharpedge & Co., of New York, and can show you a line of samples that will make your hair curl." —A. E. Sun.

—*Evening Post*.

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