

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Polly Pansy.
Pretty Polly Pansy
Hasn't any hair—
Just a ruff of gold down
Fit for ducks to wear;
Merry, twinkling, blue eyes,
Noselet underneath,
And a pair of plump lips
Innocent of teeth!

Either side each soft cheek
A jolly little ear.
Painted like a conch-shell;
Isn't a dear!
Twice five little fingers,
Ten tiny toes;
Polly's always counting,
So of course she knows!

If you take a tea-cup,
Polly wants to drink;
If you write a letter,
What delicious ink!
Helps you read your paper,
News of half the town;
Holds it just as you do,
But, ah! it's upside down!

Polly, when she's sleepy,
Means to rub her eyes,
Thumps her nose so blindly,
Ten to one, she cries!
Niddle noddle numpkin,
Pretty lids shut fast,
Ring the bells, and fire the guns,
Polly's out at last!

Pop her in the cradle,
Draw the curtains round,
Frets are good for sucking—
Don't we know the sound?
Oh! my Polly Pansy,
Can it, can it be,
That we ugly old folk
Once resembled thee!

How Willie Fell Into the Cistern.

An old straw hat lying on the ground,
and right out of a hole in the straw hat
grew a little tuft of curly yellow hair!

How did it get there?
Two little shoes kicking in the air,
and right out from a hole in one of the
little shoes grew a wee dusty toe.

How did it get there?
Ask Willie's mother.

There were blue eyes under the straw
hat, too—blue eyes that were almost
black from looking way down in a dark
hole! And for all their looking, they
could just see the piece of white bone
with bits of red meat hanging to it, that
Willie had dropped into the cistern.

Poor old kitty was looking down, too,
and mewing for her dinner, for Willie's
mother had said:

"Now, Willie, take it right between
your thumb and finger, just so, and go
and call the old cat. Be quick, for
poor kitty is hungry."

And Willie meant to do it all right,
but kitty did mew so hard he thought
it would be a good plan to teach her
Johnny Clark's dog's trick.

"Now bark," said he, holding it
away off; "bark and oo s'all have it,
kitty."

But kitty couldn't bark, and so she
jumped, and Willie jumped, too, and
forgot to jump the bone, so down it
went with a thump that showed at least
there was a bottom to the cistern. It
wasn't much of a cistern, to be sure—
only a great "hogshend" sunk down in
the ground, and not a particle of water
in it.

Still it had that awful name, and
wasn't Henry Scheid's little brother
drowned in a cistern?

Poor kitty, how she did mew! What
a mean, mean boy to lose the old cat's
dinner! Willie thought he would
never dare to go into the house to eat
his own, for wouldn't she come in and
mew it out to everybody?

Willie got a long stick and poked,
but it only made the white bone go
whirling around. He wondered what made it
so dark down there. What an awful
giant hog it must have been to have such
a head! Perhaps they kept such pigs
at circuses. He meant to ask the show-
man.

Just then kitty mewed louder. Willie
gave a great push with his stick and
tumbled right down into it! Into the
darkness!—into the cistern!

The bugs all ran, but great worms
came crawling over his hands to see if
they knew him, and big black spiders
got on his head and shoulders to haul in
the lines he had broken through. Up
above kitty's two eyes shone like fire,
and Willie thought he was drowning,
and began to call, "Mamma, mamma."

And mamma way off in the kitchen
frying doughnuts; that sang very loud,
heard the call and ran to the back door.
"Mamma! mamma!"

She looked into the barn, she looked
into the shed, No Willie, but—
"Mamma! mamma!"

She ran up stairs, she opened all the
closet doors. No Willie, but—
"Mamma! mamma!"

She looked in the sugar bin and flour
barrel, she went down cellar. No Wil-
lie, but now it came plainer—
"Mamma! mamma! I'm drowning!"

"Willie, where are you?"
"In the cistern."

Poor mamma. She caught a new rope
and ran out to the real, new cistern; all
was fast screwed down, but she ham-
mered away until she got it open, and
looked in. No torn straw hat floating
on the water! No little fingers reach-
four legs kicking him on the head.

"O my! there's a horse tumbling
down here!"

"No, only Willie's high-chair! Climb
up, little boy, and mamma will reach!"
In mamma's arms, with all the tears
kissed away! How bright the sun
shone! How green the grass looked!

"Here's oo bone, kitty. Needn't
never bark no more."
ing up to it! But still the—
"Mamma! mamma!"
"Willie, tell me where you are."
"In ee pig's head, mamma, drownin'
all dead!"

And when mamma poked her sun-
bonnet down there she could just see
little Willie all doubled up.

"Johnny Clark can have my top,"
wailed he, "and give kitty all my din-
ners. How long will it take to get
drowned, mamma? Will oo wait?"

No, mamma went away. It sounded
as if she was crying out loud; and a
great bug crawled up Willie's nose to
see if he was good to eat; then came

There was a great smoke in the
kitchen, for the doughnuts had sung
themselves black in the face; but Willie
sat upon the table and ate a great one
from off the pan. All dusty and dirty,
working the little brown toe that peeped
out from his shoe, thinking how scared
pap would be when he read in the
papers—

"How Willie fell in'o a cistern!"—
Little Corporal.

A Talk About Electricity.

"Do look here, Miss Horton! Isn't
it curious?" And a group of eager
children gathered around the desk
where their teacher was sitting. The
kind teacher laid down her book and
said: "Well, Eddy, what is it that is
so curious?"

"Why, I was rubbing this piece of
glass to make it bright, and when I put
it near some pieces of paper they came
right up to it, just as a piece of iron
to a magnet."

"It must be a magnet," said Phoebe.
"I thought, though, that they were al-
ways of iron, and would attract nothing
else. Isn't it the strangest thing you
ever saw?"

"No," said the teacher, "it is not a
magnet, nor is it any stranger than that
the magnet should attract iron."

"Then what makes it draw the paper
to it?"

"There are many other things be-
sides magnetism which tend to draw
bodies to each other. In this case it is
due to electricity."

"But all glass doesn't attract paper;
nor will this now," said Eddy, vainly
attempting to repeat the experiment.

"No; it is only when rubbed with
woolen silk or some such substance
that it will do so. Electricity is of two
kinds, called positive and negative,
which exist in all bodies, generally in a
neutral state, that is, as much of one
kind as another. When a piece of glass
is rubbed with a woolen cloth, the fric-
tion separates the two electricities; the
negative going to the cloth, while the
positive remains in the glass. Now,
because all bodies have a tendency to
become neutral, each kind attracts the
opposite and repels the same kind; and
it is the same with any body which is
charged with electricity. Such bodies
will also attract those which are
neutral."

"If," said Joseph, "all bodies con-
tain electricity, why do they not draw
the paper when rubbed? Iron or wood
will not."

"Because these bodies are conductors—
that is, they will allow the electric-
ity to pass through them freely, and
as fast as the electricity is separated
one kind flows off through the hand or
whatever it rests on, while the other
kind flows into it, keeping it neutral
all the time. But glass is a non-con-
ductor and will not allow the electric-
ity to escape readily. It is a partial
conductor, however, and if charged will
return slowly to a neutral state. This
was the case with the piece Eddy had,
when it would not pick up the bits of
paper."

"But I thought 'lectricity was fire,"
said little Jennie. "Father says light-
ning is 'lectricity, and it was lightning
that burnt Mr. Mead's barn."

"When the tension of electricity is so
great as to cause it to pass through a
non-conducting substance it has the
appearance of sparks; or, if the tension
is very great, or the resistance small, it
gases like a flame. When at rest or
passing through a conducting body, it
is invisible. If we were to rub a piece
of gutta-percha or sealing-wax it would
become charged with negative electric-
ity. Then if we should hold it near a
piece of glass, positively charged, the
tension would be so great that the
electricity would escape from one to
the other through the air, which is a
non-conductor, in the form of sparks."

"I should think you might light a
fire in that way," said Eddy.

"So you could," replied the teacher.
"Sufficient heat may be produced by a
electrical current not only to light fires,
but to melt metal and even turn it into
vapor, so that it will pass off into the
air like steam. The most brilliant arti-
ficial lights which can be produced are
made in the same way. In the case of
Mr. Mead's barn, a cloud charged per-
haps with negative electricity passed
over it. This would draw the positive
current to the surface of the ground,
and when the tension became great

enough the electricity would escape
from the cloud with a loud report, and
striking the barn would of course set
it on fire. Sometimes it passes from
the earth to the cloud."

"But can a spark be drawn from any-
thing that is electrified?" asked Joseph.

"Yes; and from anything through
which an electric current can be passed.
Wouldn't you think it strange to see
anyone touch off a gun with a piece of
ice?"

"How funny!" exclaimed Eddy;
while Phoebe said: "Could one do
that? I should think ice would put
out fire."

"I have seen it done," said Miss Hor-
ton. "The person who does it stands
on a piece of glass, and the gun is sus-
pended by silk cords. These substances
are non-conductors, and do not allow
the electricity to pass through them.
Then the cone of the gun is connected
by a wire to the negative pole of a gal-
vanic battery, an apparatus by which
electricity is produced. The person
who shoots the gun takes hold with one
hand of a wire attached to the positive
pole, and with the other hand brings a
piece of ice near the cone. A spark
will then pass between the ice and the
cone, which will ignite the powder and
shoot the gun. But as it is time for
school now, we cannot talk any longer
this time."—*Our Fireside Friend.*

Harry's Chickens.

Sammy Brent "lived way down
South," and was just as full of mischief
as a boy of thirteen could be. One
evening he came home after a ramble
through the woods and by the river, and
asked his brother Harry, who was eight
years younger than himself:

"Harry, wouldn't you like to have
some funny chickens?"

"I'm just sure I would," answered
Harry.

"Well, you take these three eggs and
put them in a box of sand and set it in
the sun, and after a while you'll have
three of the funniest chickens you ever
saw."

Harry followed his brother's direc-
tions, and morning, noon and night he
might be seen watching for his brood to
poke their bills up out of the sand. At
last, one hot day, just before noon, the
sand began to move, and the queerest
kind of a chicken came out. It had a
long, horny bill, a long, flat body, with-
out feathers or wings, four feet, and a
tail nearly as long as its body. As soon
as Harry's excited eyes could see clearly
he exclaimed: "Oh! oh! it's an allig-
ator! it's an alligator come out of an
egg."

If Harry had been a little older he
would have known that the alligators
bury their eggs in the sand and wait for
the sun to hatch them, and as soon as
the young alligators appear, the mother
conducts them to the water.—*Hearth
and Home.*

IT'S MIGHTY IMPROVIN'.

The Irish peasantry have tales of a
parabolic character—stories which, by
means of some striking action or cir-
cumstance, set forth a hearty moral.

On hearing such, their usual phrase is,
"Oh, it is mighty improvin'." And
that, too, is what Molly Malone, a
worthy washerwoman, used to say—and
say almost invariably—after hearing a
sermon on Sunday. One day, however,
her clergyman, who was not quite con-
tent with this generality, spoke to her
respecting his discourse, and Molly sud-
denly became what they call in Ireland
a little bothered. Nevertheless, she got
out of her difficulty with one of those
parabolic answers which are such fa-
vorites with her class, and which, while
it completely evaded the question, sat-
isfactorily replied to it.

Rev.—Well, Molly, you liked the ser-
mon, you say?

Mol.—Oh, yes, your riverence—it was
mighty improvin'.

Rev.—And what part of it did you
like best?

Mol.—Well, sure, sir, I liked every
part.

Rev.—But I suppose there were some
portions of it that you were more struck
with than you were with others.

Mol.—In troth, please your river-
ence, I don't remember any part ex-
actly, but altogether 'twas mighty im-
provin'.

Rev.—Now, Molly, how could it be
improving if you don't remember any
part of it?

Mol.—Well, your riverence sees that
linen I've been washing and drying on
the hedge there?

Rev.—Oh, certainly.

Mol.—Wasn't it the soap and wather
made the linen clane, sir?

Rev.—Of course they did.

Mol.—And isn't the linen all the bet-
ter for it?

Rev.—Oh, no doubt of that, Molly.

Mol.—But not a drop of the soap
and water stays in it. Well, sir, it's
the same thing wid me. Not a word o'
the sarmin't stays in me—I suppose it
all dhries out o' me—but I'm the bet-
ter and the cleaner for it, when it's
over, for all that.

Sax no more about Europe. She is
taking care of Joaquin Miller, Josie
Mansfield, Genet, and two American
base-ball clubs, and if that isn't kind-
ness what is?

FARM AND HOME.

The Bale of Clover.

BY MILTON NOTES.

The morning sun had canted
O'er the cornices and slanted,
And men and horses panted;
As they slowly plodded by;
And still the day grew hotter,
Till it seemed to reel and totter,
And never a sign of water
Was in the smoky sky.

And as I wondered whether
Would New York be rolled together
In one final burst of weather,
Like a scroll, and whirled away,
I was very near run over
By a Jerseyman or drover
On a bale of molly clover
That was perched upon a dray.

I had turned to talk it over
With the Jerseyman or drover,
When a single whiff of clover
Brought a transformation bright,
Straight I heard the cattle lowing
And the meadow breezes blowing;
I saw the grain-fields turning,
The spotted lilies burning,
The lusty robin braving
The catarract and laving.

And all the landscape waving
In a shifting sea of light,
Low drenched the gardens sunny
With the brown bees stealing honey;
And never a thought of money
Disturbed my vision blest.
But with marigold and tulip
Came, in fancy sweet, the cool lip
Of a Saratoga julep.

And every field my breast;
For I thought with pain and dolor,
As I sweltered in my collar,
Of the limp and ragged dollar
Within my rumpled vest.

And so I bann'd the breezes
That were born, like lands and leases,
For Dives' sons and Crescuses,
Till the sun was fairly down;
For though his darts he level
Across the cornice bevel,
He loves to stop and revel
Above the fainting town.

Where the summer solstice poises,
And the street sends forth its noises
In a hundred grating voices
Like a wall of agony;
Till it's oh, to be a-sailing
Like a finny trout or grayling,
Or a lazy cloudlet trailing
Its fleece along the sky.

—*Hearth and Home.*

Jottings.

RIBBONS should be washed in cold
suds and not rinsed.

TO CLEAN marble rub first with soda
and soft soap, then wash as usual with
water.

THE fumes of a brimstone match will
remove berry stains from a book, paper
or engraving.

A LITTLE black pepper in some cot-
ton dipped in sweet oil is one of the
quickest remedies known for earache.

TO REMOVE iron rust from linen apply
lemon juice and salt and expose to the
sun. Make two applications if neces-
sary.

As a simple remedy for surface
wounds, such as cuts and abrasions of
the skin, charcoal is highly recom-
mended. Take a coal from the stove,
pulverize it, apply it to the wound and
bind up with a cloth. The charcoal
absorbs the fluids secreted by the
wound, resists or corrects putrefaction,
and also prevents the bandage from ir-
ritating the flesh.

COFFEE STARCH.—This is an excel-
lent starch for black calicoes and col-
ored linens, much better than that made
with water, for it increases rather than
lessens the depth of the color. Take a
cup of strong coffee, boiling hot, and
turn it upon two tablespoonfuls of
starch mixed with just enough water to
make it into a thin, smooth paste. Let
it boil for fifteen or twenty minutes,
and stir it around two or three times
with a paraffine or spermaceti candle.
When nearly cold, starch dark-colored
calicoes, black muslins, and brown
linens with it.

BLACK ANTS.—A chalk mark, at least
half an inch in depth, around the upper
edge of sugar buckets, barrels, etc.,
will not admit one ant into their in-
terior. The same mark drawn on the
edges of shelves will also prevent the ap-
proach of an ant, as they are not able
to crawl over the chalk. But if they
are numerous among jam and jelly pots,
take a large sponge, wet it in cold
water, squeeze it nearly dry, and then
sprinkle fine white sugar over it. Place
it on the infested shelf, and next morn-
ing dip it quickly and carefully into a
bowl of boiling water. I tried the ex-
periment in my jelly closet recently,
and killed at least a hundred in a mor-
ning. Have set the trap again, and shall
continue to do so while one ant runs.
Red pepper dusted over their haunts
will also destroy them, but the sponge
is the surest method.

VALUE OF FODDER CORN.—At a meet-
ing of the Massachusetts Cheese Fac-
tory Association, Addison H. Holland,
a Barre farmer, read an essay on fodder
corn. With seventeen cows he experi-
mented to see what its value was in
producing milk; during the month of
July he turned his cows into a good
pasture, after having fed them with
fodder corn, and they showed a large
falling off in milk. He then, through
August, soiled them in the stable, feed-
ing fodder corn, and there was a gain
in the production of milk. In Septem-
ber they were again turned into the
mowing (full feed) and they fell off.
Mr. Holland cures his corn by spread-
ing it upon the stone walls, and regards
it as a valuable feed for milch cows,
when well cured. He thinks fodder
corn the best crop there is to bridge
over a dry time with; fed sixty or sev-

enty pounds per cow when they were
kept in a short pasture.—*Rural New
Yorker.*

How to Use a Bog Meadow.

Mr. John B. Sands, of Vails Gate, N.
Y., read a paper on the best method of
reclaiming a bog meadow, before the
New York Farmers' Club:

"A gentleman wants to know how to
reclaim or improve a bog meadow.
There are different kinds of soil on
which bogs grow, but they grow now-
where, except there is an excess of water.
They are a nuisance; they start grass
early on their hummocks, but it is soon
so coarse and tough that no cow or
horse will eat it. The first thing is,
drain it well, cut a main ditch; then if
there are springs on its border on the
outside, dig your drains so as to cut
them all off. If you have your outlet,
that is, the main drain, so low as to
carry all the surplus water off, your
bogs will die in a short time, making it
an easy matter to cut them off by using
a stout bog hoe made for the purpose.
Do not pile them up on the ground, but
draw them off, make a pile of old rub-
bish, wood and stumps that will make
or start a good fire in the heap; once
well on fire they will burn till they are
all consumed, making you a fine lot of
ashes. Make your ditches somewhat
in the shape of the letter V, slanting
on each side toward the bottom. Be sure
and not leave the bog dirt to remain on
the side of your ditches, but draw off
to some upland; it will pay you well
for so doing. The first year plow as
well as you can, harrow well some dry
hay, sow it with turnip seed in July,
using guano, about 400 pounds to the
acre. I have raised them to weigh 15
pounds each. If the ground on the
meadow is pure bog dirt, with marl un-
derneath, you can next year venture to
sow onion seed. They are the best crop
to raise on such ground, at least I find
they pay the best. Cabbage is the next
best, cucumbers are the next, but they
are apt to grow crooked if the ground
is not kept dry enough. Beets, carrots
and parsnips I have tried, but they will
not grow to any length, owing to the
continued moisture below. I am now
setting out a large piece with the colos-
sal asparagus, as I find it takes kindly
to the soil. Have tried potatoes, but
if the season is too wet the potatoes will
set on the vines above ground, and the
crop will be a failure. Fodder corn I
raise in large quantities, and with but
little labor.

"It requires deep drainage; the water
must be got off, or else your labor will
be lost. It also requires good judg-
ment, common sense, labor and indus-
try to keep it so. Your ditches must be
kept well, and at least once a year
cleaned out. The top of the water in
your ditches should always be two feet
from the top of the ground; and if the
soil is deep you can raise crops for
many years with but little manure or
other fertilizers."

A DUMB DIALOGUE.

It wrenches one badly to step on the
wrong stair, but few can help laughing
at the awful stride he makes. It is
equally funny to see a man meet the
wrong "customer," and go to talking
and gesticulating at him as if he was
somebody else.

Jones went to the deaf and dumb asy-
lum the other day to inspect the insti-
tution. Upon entering he encountered
a man, evidently an inmate, and he at
once endeavored to explain to the man
by making signs upon his fingers that
he wanted to look through the place.
The man also made signs, which Jones
could not comprehend. Then Jones
made other and more elaborate mo-
tions, which set the man at work with
great violence, and for the next ten
minutes they stood in the hall gesticu-
lating and twisting their fingers, with-
out being able to comprehend what the
other meant. Finally Jones became
angry, and in an outburst of wrath ex-
claimed:

"Oh! get out, you idiot! I'm tired
of bothering with you!"

Whereupon the man said, "That's
just what I was going to say to you."

"Oh! you can speak, can you?
Then why didn't you do so, and not
keep me standing motioning to you? I
thought you were deaf and dumb."

"I came here to inspect the asylum,"
said Jones, "and I took you for a
patient."

"That's what I came here for, and I
thought you were an attendant," said
the man.

Here Jones and the man shook hands
and hunted up a genuine attendant and
went away happy. After this Jones will
always use his tongue, no matter where
he is.—*Youth's Companion.*

In one of the Indiana Congressional
nominating conventions, last week, the
final ballot was: Whole number of
votes, 162; necessary to a majority, 82;
A. B., 81½; C. D., 80½. It was de-
cided, after debate, that 81½ was a
"majority," and the nomination was
declared. So, again, in one of the
Iowa district conventions, this week,
the final ballot was: Whole number of
votes, 124; necessary to a majority, 63;
E. F., 62 80-266; G. H., 56
186-266; scattering, 4. It was decid-
ed again in this case that the fraction
(80 2/6) carried with it the nomination.

POTTERY OF THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

Prof. F. T. Cox read a paper upon the
above subject before the American
Association for the Advancement of
Science lately in session at Hartford. He
said that the so-called pottery of the
mound-builders resembles in many re-
spects that made by the Aztecs or Tol-
tecs of South America and Mexico, and
furnishes another link in the chain of
evidence which serves to trace these
remarkable people to a common origin.
The pottery from the mounds of In-
diana is represented by a great variety
of vessels, fashioned after quaint de-
signs and adapted to multitudinous
uses. Jugs with long necks, and necks
terminated by figures made to re-
present the heads of men, quadrupeds
and birds; pots with ears and shaped like
ordinary cast iron dinner-pot of to-day;
drinking cups; basins of great size, used
for making salt by solar evaporation;
smoking pipes, etc., etc.

A great many whole vessels and frag-
ments of this ware have been examined
by me from all parts of the Western
States, and I have been unable to find
any evidence of its having been hard-
ened by fire, nor do I believe that it
was sun-baked. It is composed of a
mixture of river mud and, most gener-
ally, pulverized fresh water shell,
united in such proportions as to make
a cement that hardens in the air, or when
exposed to moisture, like the concrete
of the ancient Romans, and may, con-
sequently, be classed as artificial stone.
In chemical composition it agrees very
closely with the concrete made of ordi-
nary cement stones.

These facts lead to the conclusion
that the art of manufacturing concrete
or artificial stone did not originate so-
ley with the ancient Romans, but that it
was alike understood by the earliest
aborigines of America. Though it is my
opinion that the so-called pottery of the
Mound-Builders was fashioned by hand
without the use of a lathe, yet I am
convinced that the ancient pottery of
Peru and other South American States
was largely made of pieces formed by
pressing the cement into molds, and
these pieces were subsequently united
together to form the entire vessel. The
lines of union are usually covered by a
band or some grotesque image. The
numerous tubercles and other raised
ornaments which cover the surfaces of
jugs, vases, etc., could only have been
formed in this way. I do not, however,
find any pottery of the Mound-Builders
that would lead to the belief that his
skill went so far as to enable him to
mold it in parts or to fashion it in any
other way than by the hands.

WHAT A YOUNG MAN MAY DO.

Mr. Thomas, in an address at Adrian,
Mich., said many good things, and
among them this: "Every person may
have a comfortable competence as he
advances in years. Suppose that a
young man at 21 begins merely as a day
laborer. If he can lay up only \$100
yearly, and add interest to interest at 7
per cent., he will at forty years, or at
the age of 61, have accumulated no less
than \$20,000. Many will, however, lay
aside \$200 a year, in which case they
would have, at 61 years, \$40,000. There
are some leaks which a prudent man
will stop and thus add to the accumula-
tions. Suppose, for example, he is
willing to forego the use of tobacco,
which may happen to cost him but \$20
yearly, this saving alone will amount to
\$4