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MRS. A. J. DUNIWAY, Editor and Proprietor

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The New Northwest.

A Journal for the People.
Devoted to the Interests of Humanity.
Independent in Politics and Religion.
Alive to all Live Issues, and Thoroughly Radical in Opposing and Exposing the Wrongs of the Masses.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

[Written for the New Northwest.]

The Death of the Violet.

BY JOHN A. WOMACK.

At the vesper hour of twilight,
There fell a drop of dew,
That kiss'd a bud in the moonlight
With eyes of starry hue.

The winds of morning sifted
The dew at the sweet bud's feet;
The sun then wandering lifted
The bud so pure and sweet.

Pure and bright and sweet it grew
Beneath the amber sky;
Zephyrs kissed its lips of blue,
But heard the dew-drop sigh:
"There's not a bud but fades away
Beneath the Autumn sky;
There's not a frost at break of day
But down it falls to die."

TYGH VALLEY, Wasco county, Oregon.

ELLEN DOWD, THE FARMER'S WIFE.

PART SECOND.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1872 by Mrs. A. J. Duniway, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington City.]

CHAPTER X.

Dr. Goff was growing old. The weight of years had long sat lightly upon his brow, but his gray hair, failing eyes and stooping walk now bore evidence that he was rapidly ripening for the better world. Heavy incumbrances of this world's goods had never molested him. The benevolent habits acquired in his youth, and followed continually to the fullest extent of his limited income, had served to keep his finances remarkably low. And now, as he was nearing superannuation, he began to cast about for the best possible means of subsistence, when he should be no longer able to endure the fatigues of his profession. But there seemed no opening ahead for the arranging of such a plan. Indeed he had no plan. Accustomed for many years to his humble and recluse bachelor apartments in the woody suburbs of Mackinaw, from which he never emerged except upon missions of mercy, he seemed to have lost the art of looking ahead for himself. The rigors of approaching winter were to him a matter of deep concern. He had grown rheumatic and strangely feeble of late, and the first frosts of Autumn found him unable to leave his room. For two days he had endured his sufferings alone. No one knew of his illness, and as he lay upon his bed, watching through the window the falling maple leaves in the day-time, or listening at nightfall to the ceaseless chatter of the katy-dids, blissful dreams of days departed were born anew in his soul. Reaching for a crevice in the rude wall behind his bed, he took down an antique leather pocket-book, and selecting from a numerous assortment of odd-looking manuscripts a letter, yellow with age and broken in the folds by time and decay, he opened it cautiously, after having furtively glanced through the apartment, as if to satisfy himself that he was alone. The letter was dated "D'Arcy Homestead, July 19, 18—," and was penned in a quaint, cramped, school-girl hand. It read as follows:

"*Dear J. G.:*—I should like to go with you ever so much, but my father doesn't approve of so young a lady keeping gentlemen's company; so I cannot go. I live so much alone in this great house, and get so tired of it, that I have half a mind to run away and marry Peter Dowd. He's good-looking and good-natured, and wants me *awfully*. I don't know that I love him, but I'm going to try to. I hardly ever speak to him, for mamma is not willing that I should associate with men beneath me in the social scale. I could be happy with *you* always, but you'll think I'm a very bold, naughty girl for saying such a thing, so please forget that I said it. I shall dream of you to-day—and the nutting party. I am sure father might let me go in company like other girls.

"Good-bye. ELLEN D'ARCY."

Having read the faded missive over and over again, the Doctor fell into a reverie that soon found vent in audible soliloquy.

"The problem of life is one that humanity has scarcely yet begun to learn. Some progress has been made with the present generation, but the great mass of the people yet ignore their most vital interests. Had the young life of my Ellen been unconstrained and natural, as it should have been, instead of false and conventional, as it was—had she even been permitted to accompany that nutting party in the long ago—oh, I was a boy then, but I loved her more than all the world! But it's no use—I lost her."

A heavy knocking at the door aroused him. Hurriedly thrusting the letter beneath the bed-clothes, as though it were something too sacred for the profanation of other eyes, Dr. Goff responded with a faint "come in."

The visitor was Polly Dowd. Her heavy black hair, now streaked with gray, was combed back from a brow wrinkled with over-work and care. Her form had acquired a bent and shrunken outline, in striking contrast to its full vigor when first introduced to the reader, years ago. Dropping herself wearily in a chair, she exclaimed anxiously:

"What, Doctor? You sick, and nobody here to care for you? Some of God's angels must have sent me here. But if Pete should know it there would be an awful muss."

"It is true that I am disabled, madam, but I am sorry that you came if you must hide the knowledge of your visit from your husband."

"*I felt* that you'd got sick, and that somebody must see about you. You've done me too many favors for me to neglect you, even at the risk of a row."

The visitor opened a basket, well filled with choice viands, and proceeded to adjust them on a tray.

"I have eaten nothing for two days," said the Doctor, "and what I want now is not food, but water. Bring me a drink, please."

A refreshing draught was brought from the spring, and the patient quaffed it with eagerness.

"Now," said Polly cheerfully, "if you'll try a bit of this chicken—a little of the broth won't hurt you, I know. If you'll just show that you've appetite enough to build up on, I've something better than victuals to show you when you're through."

The broth soon disappeared, and Polly was compelled to prohibit her patient from eating more.

"Sick people have no sense; you know you've often said so," was her comment, as she placed the food beyond his reach.

"Why don't you ask what I've got to show you, Doctor?" holding aloft a letter and shaking it tantalizingly before him.

Dr. Goff was all impatience now. The post-mark, "San Francisco," had caught his attention, and with an exclamation of surprise, which the twinges of his rheumatism changed to sudden writhings and exclamations of pain, he clutched for it nervously. The letter was placed within his hands. Tremblingly he broke the seal. Instinctively he knew its author.

"Come to us, dear Dr. Goff," the letter said. "Often, when the shades of evening fall upon the city and myriad lights from the streets glance up to greet the hosts of stars, my mind runs back to the days of my childhood, and prominent among the few appreciative friends I had you stand, the impersonation of a noble, useful life.

"A strange lot has befallen me here. Fortune has smiled upon my speculations, riches almost limitless are mine, but best of all, the meridian of my eventful life is crowned with a reciprocal and pure affection, the brightest ideal of happiness. Providence inclined the footsteps of my love. You will remember Edgar Worth. He is my husband now, and oh, we are so happy!

"But my heart aches when I think of Peter and his wife. Are they doing well? I don't mean in worldly affairs, but are they walking in the light of a better life? Are they affectionate and forbearing with each other? Does Peter treat *her* well? Poor child! she was a great sinner, but more sinned against than sinning, after all.

"Now, Dr. Goff, I have a proposition to make, or rather a command. My husband's mother is with us, and is partially deranged. Enclosed is a check to defray your expenses in making her a professional visit. Come by the Isthmus route. I have pledged my husband that you will not disappoint us. I have a thousand things to tell you, but will wait until you come. Remember me to Polly. Before you start go to the grave of my mother and pick a boquet of the wild grass that grows above her head and bring it with you. Listen to the katy-dids for me. Bring pebbles from the Mackinaw and leaves from my favorite maple. Gather a boquet of chrysanthemums from Aunt Betsey Graham's dear old garden, and don't forget Uncle Jacob's cane.

"Yours in the fullest expectation of seeing you within a month, ELLEN."

Dr. Goff forgot his rheumatism in a whirl of new sensations.

Polly sat like one turned to stone.

"How did this letter get in your possession?" said the Doctor, as soon as he could say anything.

"*I stole it!*" was the hoarse reply. "Pete knew it was from *her*, 'cause the post-mark said 'San Francisco,' so he meant to lose it by accident. I beat him at his own game that time, didn't I? When he tries to find it, I'll say it's lost. Ellen was kind to me when I had no friend but her, and I h'an't forgot it, if my life *is* a hard one. But it won't do to let Peter know that I've been here. He's as jealous as Satan."

"He certainly has no good cause to be jealous of you, Polly."

"He knows I don't love him."

"Then you needn't wonder at his jealousy."

"But I know he never loved me."

"Then you are both to blame for your present unhappiness. My advice to you is to go and tell your husband that you have been here. Tell him that you brought me that letter. No matter who may try to trammel you, be honest with yourself. Men are very easily managed if women only know how to treat them."

"I'm sure I've always managed Pete. I couldn't get along at all unless I did."

"Yes, you've managed to deceive him; and often, when you've thought you had the wool well over his eyes, he's known everything you were doing. You have taught him to distrust you by your own trickery."

"Dr. Goff, do you accuse *me*, when I've been a nigger from the day I married that man, of not bein' a good and faithful wife?"

"I accuse you of nothing in a spirit of accusation. I merely tell you the truth. You've taken many a prescription from me. Now try this one—go home and tell your husband that you yielded to your conviction of duty and brought me my letter. Tell him you found me ill, and like a good Samaritan ministered to my needs. Be kind and firm and frank with him, standing up firmly for your own rights, and you'll manage him easy enough. I never yet saw a man who was able to cope with a woman who knew her duty and was strong enough to stand by it. The plague with women is, they endure injustice in the spirit of martyrdom, and then try to outwit their lords by strategy."

"Well, I'll try your advice and see what'll come of it. It's most dinner time. Seventeen men to cook for and two miles to walk. He'll miss me if I don't hurry."

"Let him miss you. If you intend to tell the truth about your visit to me, why need you fear that he will know that you have been absent?"

Polly had no reply to offer. Putting on her bonnet, she hurried home, and tired as she was, flew to preparing dinner.

"The simpleton won't have the moral courage to do as I advised," said Dr. Goff, and he was right.

Left alone with his reflections and his rheumatism, the Doctor read his letters over and over, first the old and then the new one. Nearly a half century had rolled away to join the ever-increasing scroll of distance between the writing of the mother's and daughter's thoughts, and here *he* lingered, on the shores of time, while one was in the land of souls and the other far away in the earth-life, working out her mortal destiny. The new impetus given to his thoughts infused new life into his decaying frame. In a few days he was able to reach the residence of Peter Dowd, and the news spread like wildfire that the Doctor was going to California. Maids and matrons shook their heads in suspicion. One "had never liked the intimacy of Dr. Goff with that hateful, sly Ellen Dowd. True, nobody could fasten any charge of anything bad upon her so as to prove it, but decent women that stayed at home and did their duty never did come to any such luck as she'd met with."

Another "pitied the poor creature's children. It was such a shame that a woman could be allowed to so disgrace her family."

Still another "felt deep sympathy with Peter Dowd. He'd a' been A No. 1 if he'd only had a good wife in the beginning."

In her luxurious home, hard by the Golden Gate, our heroine and her love-crowned household heeded not the cold aspersions of the suspicious world. Aided and counseled by her noble husband, she was preparing day by day for active public labor in the great, much-needed reformation, which can only come through equal rights before the law.

[To be continued.]

A Swedish Dairy.

Miss Claussen, of Point Reyes, conducts a dairy on what is known as the Swedish system, one which differs materially from that in vogue in California. Instead of ordinary pans, the milk is set in tin cans, holding 22 gallons each, being 22 inches deep by 20 inches in diameter. The cream rises to the depth of 3 to 4 inches. These cans are not set on shelves, but in large, vat-like receptacles, through which cold spring water is constantly running, the cans being sunk in the stream to the top of the milk.

Many would think the cream would not all rise from such a large body of milk, but this is an error. When the odor and warmth of the animal are all removed, the cream will all float. Uniformity of temperature, and that low, is the requisite. This method is much used in New York, where the lady named told us it originated, and that it was copied from the Empire State by dairymen of Sweden.

Mr. W. O. L. Crandell, who was present, thought it originated in Sweden, and was adopted in this country. Mr. H. Claussen runs two dairies; the one formerly occupied by his venerable father, at present the home of his mother and sister, and the other about two miles beyond, T. B. Crandell's laying between. On the two places 375 cows are milked.

On the dairy of which we have been speaking, Miss Claussen is the butter-maker, having full direction and performing the labor herself. She works the butter of 200 cows with her own hands. She thinks no butter-worker has ever been invented that is quite equal to the human hand, directed by an intelligent and experienced head. When she showed us her morning's work, a 135-pound roll of as nice butter as ever came from a dairy, our thoughts were divided between the butter and the butter queen.

Everything about the butter-room, and, indeed, all the dairy buildings, is as neat and sweet as water and scrubbing can make it. Miss C. is a rare specimen of her sex, a fine model for American girls to imitate. Above the medium size, her figure straight and graceful, neither full nor spare, her step quiet, but quick and springy; her whole physique denoting perfect health and freshness; her manner modest and self-forgetful, almost to a fault; and her conversation that of an intelligent and independent woman, familiar with the theories and practice of the best minds in her profession on both continents; pervading all an air of contentment and satisfaction with her lot, which we could wish was not so rare with her sex in this country. She is giving the Swedish (or New York) system a fair trial, and if it is found advantageous on the whole for this latitude, she will doubtless soon have many imitators.—*Marin Co. Journal.*

LETTER FROM MRS. VICTOR.

Dear Mrs. Duniway:—If my name is not Peregrine Pickle, it ought to be; for to my peregrinations there is no end; and as for the pickle, I am pretty nearly always in one! When I left Portland-on-Wallamet two months ago, it was with the vaguest of ideas about what I should encounter east of the mountains. I had heard of the Modocs, and did not aspire to an encounter with them. There were rumors afloat of Indian Agents scarcely less formidable than their barbarian wards. It was understood that alkali and volcanic ash and scoria constituted most of the Territory known as the Lake Country. These several distinct impressions were all that I felt sure of—gained I hardly could tell how—from one and another reckless talker.

I set out therefore with a lagging sense of anticipation of what was to come—doubting if my summer wanderings in this direction would prove either pleasant or profitable. I wish it distinctly understood that I hadn't any passes, and therefore speak with entire freedom to say what I choose; and if I thank the officers of the O. & C. R. R. train for courteous treatment, and a ride on the locomotive through the most romantic portion of the railroad route, it is for actual politeness from them, and not an acknowledgment of deadhead privileges. The *Root* of the matter was the conductor; and its branches were baggage-master Anderson, and "Jimmy," the newsboy.

Having been over the road in old stage-coach times, I was delighted to find that the charm of novelty still remained; for of course the railroad does not follow the stage road grade altogether. The pass through the Calapooia mountains into the beautiful Umpqua country is especially fine, passing as it does through a forest of giant timber, and cool ferny nooks, moist with the trickling of mountain rills. Emerging from this, we came at once into Yoncalla Valley—a lovely region, and rendered famous from having so long been the residence of one of Oregon's most eminent men and famous pioneers, Jesse Applegate. The old mansion at the foot of Yoncalla mountain is abandoned by the "Sage" who erst gave dignity to its ready hospitality, and one must look for the proprietor on the borders of Clear Lake in Northern California.

At Roseburg we leave a comfortable car, and hasten to take a *not* very comfortable coach. As a tourist must grumble somewhere, I seize upon this opportunity. When one is about to commence a night ride, one wants three-quarters of an hour at the very least to prepare for it; but at Roseburg it is presumed that you can attend to your toilet, take supper, and get into your night wraps in fifteen minutes—all on account of the stage company's enthusiastic intention to make time, and deliver its passengers to the waiting train on the California end of the road at a stated moment. I left out the supper, having been fortified thereto by a private lunch on board the train. Stage-driving in Oregon is good—I find no fault with that. But the Stage Company probably could afford, if they thought of the sufferings of their passengers, to put in cushions that are a trifle less hard than a rock. On the whole, it would be cheaper than smoothing down the irregularities in the road which make the spring cushions desirable.

One gets through the night, to one's astonishment, without being reduced to jelly, and after a comfortable breakfast, resumes the journey feeling somewhat refreshed. But no! outraged nature resents the maltreatment the nervous system has undergone, and the digestive organs are undergoing, and insists upon an outside seat after a dose of camphor-and-water. That is a happy suggestion. The driver proves good company, besides being a philosopher; and the bright morning air becomes a tonic. We get on very amicably to the dinner station at Rock Point; and here our sense of justice is offended afresh. After the coach arrives, time is consumed getting dinner on the table, necessarily. By the time we are seated and have *swallowed* half a meal, the word is given to start again. Of course the horses and driver have had their meal before-hand without hurry. The miserable passenger, whose only business is to pay his fare, is not consulted. On the contrary, he is compelled to consent to be regarded as fast freight; faster when at the stations than when on the road. But it all conduces to make us glad to come to our journey's end, as well as to vow we never will—no, never! take coach through Oregon again. But we shall—of course we shall—and the Stage Company knows it.

At Ashland, a charming village in the foot-hills, my stage ride came to a close, and I was hospitably entertained over Sunday at the house of another of Oregon's pioneers, Lindsay Applegate, brother of Jesse, and father of Gen. E. L. Applegate, of Lane county. From this point I traveled in company with a private party across the mountains, making sixty-two miles in three days! But that was the fun of it. What occasion for hurry when the world was all before us where (and when) to choose?" It was the most genuine gypsying I ever did; and to my confusion I discovered that on a gypsying excursion I was lacking in some very needful accomplishments. For instance, I have permitted myself to become so effeminate and awkward as not to be able to ride a hard-trotting horse. Palace cars and carriage cushions *are* demoralizing. But then I could *walk*—that is something I have not yet given up; and I could laugh heartily at the graceful appearance of the young lady who did venture on the horse with an ugly gait. We had our choice of the hack, the saddle, or afoot; and to redeem my character from the charge of too great luxuriousness, I walked miles in the fragrant shadows of giant pines, conversing meanwhile with a companion of inexhaustible resources, and did not feel in the least punished by my self-imposed penance. But I did regret not being able to keep up with the hunters, who went ahead to choose camp and bring in game. However, I enjoyed the trout if I did not catch them; and enjoyed trying to find comfort in a camp bed. I am a child of Nature, and fond of my mother; but I do rather shrink from reposing on her broad bosom without the interposition of a French bedstead and a good spring mattress; that is to say, I *did* shrink from it just at first; but that weakness, I hope, is conquered. The second night we had venison for supper, and might have had bear meat, only our hunters had fallen behind to take care of their venison when the great "Cinnamon" came galloping out of the thicket ahead of us, and hurried off into the forest at our right. Perhaps he heard the rifle and guessed what it meant. I am mourning yet because I did not get that particular bear skin for a rug. As we camped for the night not far from the bear-walks, it was pleasantly exciting to surmise the possibility of an ursine visitor in camp; and terribly disturbing also to be wakened at three o'clock in the morning to see Venus!—just as if Venus was not likely to last one's life-time, and to be evening and morning star at intervals during the whole of that period. I know of people so insane as to invite you to look at the moon—as if the moon were a novelty!

Our party arrived at Linkville, the metropolis of Southern-Eastern Oregon, on the 3d of July, where preparations were being made for celebrating the Fourth. As the young ladies were interested in the festivities of that day, and as I was kindly invited to participate, I became patriotic, and went out to hear the young orator, I. C. Applegate, discourse of our Nation's history from first to last in a manner rather more original than anniversary orators are accustomed to do. The exercises of the day closed with a ball; and if any one is malicious enough to aver that the grave and reverend author of this letter danced, I should state uncompromisingly that they told the truth.

Linkville is well situated to catch the travel and business of the country, but in the least attractive spot of the whole Lake region. It lies at the base of the mountains on the east side, and at the foot of the Upper Klamath Lake, just where Link river, which connects the two lakes, runs out of it. The rolling land about it is destitute of timber, which want is so great a one in any landscape, especially one destitute of green grass. Hot springs and ashen soil attest the volcanic origin of its peculiar features. Yet Mr. Nourse has a fine garden on the river bottom; and near town I saw wheat being harvested.

Thirty-one miles to the north of Linkville is Klamath Agency. Six miles further north, Fort Klamath, both handsomely located among pine groves of great beauty, and furnished with the most delicious pure and cold water. About half that distance south, on Link river, is the place of Capt. Jack's camp, where the first fight occurred on the 29th of November; and an equal distance beyond takes one down to the scenes of those massacres of settlers which led to the war, and on to Tule Lake, now rendered forever historical, first by unprovoked murders of immigrants, and lastly by an unheard-of act of treachery on the part of the murderers toward a Commission which only dealt too leniently with them. The history of the events which led to the Modoc war will hardly be written in this generation; and the unwritten facts will be those possessing the intensest interest, even when something like a history shall be produced. It is not the fault of interviewers, be it understood, if no account of these things is furnished to the public in proper form. One of this uncanny tribe myself, I felt some compunctions of conscience when I beheld the rapacity of my kind. Be it known that Job's patience would scarcely have been sufficient to meet the exigencies of the qizzing which the officers of the Agency, particularly, had to undergo. The courtesy and kindness extended to us is, and always will remain, a wonder to my mind.

It is so much the fashion to berate Indian Agents that I shall most likely astonish a majority by taking their side against their maligners. Everybody knows of what they are accused—stealing, peculation, unfairness to the Indians, cruelty, lying, and the rest of the decalogue of sins. It is curious to me how the agents on the Klamath Reservation contrived to make anything out of a position where the appropriations were so small and so slowly remitted; so small, in fact, even now, that it is impossible to carry on the improvements stipulated in the treaty to any degree of perfection. And then the salaries behind, too. At this rate an Indian Agent may be looked upon as an underpaid and suffering rather than a money-making individual. The duties required of one are anything but agreeable, the servant of, rather than the master of his wards—attending to every want from a gun-lock to a baby's shroud. An Indian likes or dislikes, very much like any other ignorant and narrow-minded person. Everybody knows how much more difficult to deal with is ignorance than intelligence. Add bad propensities and savage ideas to a total lack of all valuable knowledge and you have the character of many of the Indians with whom an Agent has to deal. But the Government ignores the wrongs of its employes, and in its surpassing sympathy for the Indian forgets to "be just before being generous." I am satisfied that the affairs of the Klamath Agency would bear the strictest investigation, and that the tales afloat concerning the provocation given to Jack and his band are both false and foolish. Having an opportunity to observe the administration of the present Agent, and being acquainted with the man who formerly managed affairs on the Reservation, I feel competent to say that there was not only no ground of complaint against them, but that they seem to have acted with singular manhood and good faith towards the Indians and the Department. Yet in California, and even in Oregon, the contrary opinion is recklessly stated by people totally uninformed of the facts in the case.

I did not set out to defend anybody; that last paragraph slipped in unawares. What I meant to tell you of was the many pleasant excursions I enjoyed while stopping at Klamath Agency—from going to take notes of Jack's trial, to visiting the wonderful Crater Lake. But I cannot tell you everything in one number of your paper—I don't know that I want anybody to know the half I enjoyed on this summer voyage. Suffice it for the present that to travel in Eastern Oregon requires you to wear stout shoes, a linen duster, a dust-cap, an immense hat; to carry a field-glass and a carbine; to know how to make a hemlock bed, or sleep on a haystack, and to talk jargon. With these accoutrements and accomplishments, if you are a good and indefatigable rider, you will get along.

NOTE.—Eastern Oregon is settled by cattle-raisers, and for that purpose the country is first best—and good for little else than good beef, butter and cheese.

MORAL.—If you are well enough off, stay where you are. If you want to raise cattle, and can find two or three thousand acres of unclaimed land with a splendid spring on it, and a magnificent pine grove adjoining, why, go take it; there is nothing to hinder, except, perhaps, capital to stock it.

F. F. V.

P. S. I had nearly forgotten the postscript, the most important part of a true woman's letter—and I wish to be true womanly, of course. I will just say here that the only reason I do not put some real information about the country, etc., into my letter, is because I do not resemble Mark Twain, who cannot help being sensible and wise when he only means to be amusing. If I fail of being either sensible or amusing, so much the worse for me. V.

HOW TO MAKE A MUSTARD PLASTER.—How many people are there who really know how to make a mustard plaster? Not one in a hundred, at the most, perhaps, and yet mustard plasters are used in every family. Physicians prescribing their application never tell anybody how to make them, for the simple reason that doctors themselves do not know, as a rule. The ordinary way is to mix the mustard with water, tempering it with a little flour, but such a plaster as that makes is simply abominable. Before it has half done its work it begins to blister the patient, and leaves him finally with a painful, flayed spot, after having produced far less effect in a beneficial way than was intended. Now, a mustard plaster should not blister at all. If a blister is wanted, there are other plasters far better than mustard for the purpose. When you make a mustard plaster, then use no water whatever, but mix the mustard with the white of an egg, and the result will "draw" perfectly, but will not produce a blister even upon the skin of an infant, no matter how long it is allowed to remain upon the part. For this we have the word of an eminent physician, as well as our own experience.

A BOY'S IDEA OF HEADS.—"Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some persons can tell just what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow, that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he isn't quite so bright they call him soft-headed; if he won't be coaxed nor turned, they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. When your head is cut off you are beheaded. Our heads are all covered with hair except bald heads. There are other kinds of heads besides our heads. There are barrel heads, heads of sermons—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon; pin heads; heads of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen; head winds; drum heads; cabbage heads; at logger heads; come to a head; heads of chapters; head him off; head of the family, and go ahead—but first be sure you are right."

A Mother's Dream.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"I wish there were no children,"
The sighing mother said,
As o'er her fretful little ones
She bowed her weary head.

The house grew dark and silent,
Wee footsteps died away;
No trill of laughter woke the air,
Hushed were the sounds of play.

She looked abroad, the people
Moved slowly to and fro;
The sunlight seemed not half so bright,
Dead seemed the world below.

There were no hallowed memories,
No dimpled arms, so blest,
No good-night kiss: the mother's heart
Seemed like an empty nest.

To toil, no sweet incentive
Came with redoubled might;
The tranquil skies grew dark and dull,
The noon of day seemed night.

Where were the thousand pleasures
That little hands had given?
Where were the gentle, loving souls
To be taught the way to Heaven?

Two little feet were waiting
On the radiant shore afar;
No soft, wee hands now held for her
The pearly gates ajar.

On the mother's waking eyelids
The teardrops fondly beamed,
As she clasped her children and thanked God
That she had only dreamed!

Overwork and Want of Sleep.

Overwork causes a great deal of ill-health in farming communities. Very many farmers, in their efforts to avoid idleness, which they consider a sin and a shame, go to the other extreme and lose both health and happiness thereby. While industry tends to health, *overwork* breaks down the constitution and shortens life. It injures both the body and mind, and if long continued results either in death or premature old age. For this sin—and sin it is to overwork—there is not nearly the excuse on the part of farmers which there was twenty years ago. Now one has machines to take, in a great degree, the place of hand labor, and the farmer who will use them need not break down his health by working too hard. But if is not the farmer who is most likely to overwork. The farmer's wife is generally the greatest sufferer. Every day in the year, Sundays not excepted, she has much to do. Often there is as much required of her as two women ought to perform. As the result of her overwork, health is lost, and she either dies long before her time or lives only to suffer the penalties of the law she has transgressed. For this course there is no justification. No woman ought to work herself to death, and no man is justified in requiring or allowing his wife to do so. He ought to furnish her with household machines, and if her health is poor either help her himself or hire a girl to help her. This killing himself and his wife, which so many farmers do, for the sake of laying up a few dollars which they never expect to use, and which they cannot carry with them when they die, is a miserable speculation as far as profit and loss are concerned, and a sinful, shameful thing for any man to do.

Want of sleep is one of the chief causes of much of the physical and mental trouble of farmers and their families. During the busy season, when the farmer rises at four in the morning and works until six or seven in the evening, then eats his supper, does his chores, and sits up an hour or two later to read his paper or chat with a neighbor, he does not obtain sleep enough to keep either body or mind in perfect health and vigor. The evil consequences of his course may not be apparent for many years, but sooner or later they will come. The waste of the brain is not fully made up. Little by little it decays and insanity or incurable disease is the final result of using the hours which should be devoted to sleep for other purposes. Farmers' wives, who are often kept awake at night by the exhaustion caused by overwork or by the crying and fretting of children, are the greatest sufferers, and year by year a vast number of this class go to the insane asylum or the grave. It is slow but certain suicide to curtail the hours of sleep, and no man, woman or child need expect to long continue in good health without taking the fullest amount of quiet rest.—*Working Farmer.*

Use of Tobacco.

On this subject we give the following remarks from the *Popular Science Monthly.* We recommend them to the consideration of smokers:

"Tobacco belongs to the class of narcotic and exciting substances, and has no food value. Stimulation means abstracted, not added force. It involves the narcotic paralysis of a portion of the functions, the activity of which is essential to healthy life.

"It will be said that tobacco soothes and cheers the weary toiler, and solaces the overworked brain. Such may be its momentary effects, that the sequel cannot be ignored. All such expedients are fallacious. When a certain amount of brain-work or hand-work has been performed, nature must have space to recuperate, and all devices for escaping from this necessity will fail. It is bad policy to set the house on fire to warm our hands by the blaze. Let it, then, be clearly understood that the temporary excitement produced by tobacco is gained by the destruction of vital force, and that it contains absolutely nothing which can be of use to the tissues of the body.

"Tobacco adds no potential strength to the human frame. It may spur a weary brain or feeble arm to undue exertion for a short time, but its work is destructive, not constructive. It cannot add one molecule to the plasm out of which our bodies are daily built up. On the contrary, it exerts upon it a most deleterious influence. It does not supply, but diminishes vital force.

"It has been denied that tobacco leads to organic disease, but the evidence is very strong the other way, and it would be very remarable if continued functional derangement did not ultimately lead to chronic derangement of the organs; that it causes functional disturbance, no one dreams of denying; indeed, it has been remarked that no habitual smoker can be said to have a perfect day's health."

Excessive smoking is unquestionably bad. And even the smallest quantity of smoking is very bad for boys. To see an urchin ten years old sucking a cigar, which is nearly as big as himself, is an unpleasant spectacle, and it bodes little for the future energy of the premature smoker.