

SCOTCH FISHER-FOLK.

Blights and Scenes in a Prosperous Fishing Village of Scotland.

Many fishermen with their bags were on their way to the station, for the fishing season was almost over. So they said. But when one thousand boats came in, and twenty thousand fisher-folk were that day in Fraserburgh, to us it looked little like the end. In all this busy place we heard no English. Only Gaelic was spoken, as if we were once more in the Western Islands.

It was the same in the streets. The day's work in the curing-houses was just about to begin. Girls and women in groups of threes and fours were walking toward them. In the morning light we could see that the greater number were young. All were neat and clean, with hair carefully parted and well brushed, little shawls over their shoulders, but nothing on their heads. They carried their working clothes under their arms, and kept knitting as they walked. Like the men, they all talked Gaelic.

When they got to work we found that those strange stuffs which had glistered in the torchlight were aprons and bibs smeared with scales and slime, that the white head-dresses were worn only for cleanliness, that the shining masses at their feet were but pieces of herring. I have never seen women work so hard or so fast. Their arms, as they seized the fish, gutted them, threw them in the buckets, moved with the regularity and the speed of machines. Indeed, there could not be a busier place than Fraserburgh. All day long the boats kept coming in, nets were emptied, fish carted away. The harbor, the streets, the fields beyond where nets were taken to dry, the curing-houses, were all scenes of industry. If the women put down their knives it was only to take up their knitting. And yet those men and women, working incessantly by day and night, were almost all Western-Islanders, the people who, we are told, are so slovenly and so lazy! None who comes with them to the east coast for the fishing season will ever again believe in the oft-repeated lies about their idleness.—*Elizabeth Robins Pennell in Harper's Magazine.*

NEEDLESS NOISES.

A Strain on the Nervous System Which Often Has Serious Results.

One of the injurious influences of a city life is the nervous derangement often caused by the incessant noises that a lax or cowardly municipal government tolerates, through ignorance of the effect or fear of offense to certain voters. It is a mischief operating so subtly and imperceptibly that it is not commonly suspected till its worst effects have become almost immovably fixed. It is doubtful if any nervous system ever becomes so used to this incessant strain upon it as to feel no harm, though it is a rare case that the victim of some undefined disorder, nothing serious, nothing certainly traceable to any specific cause, nothing to require medical treatment, and yet withal a condition different from that of a hearty country life, recognizes it as the never-ending, constantly-changing uproar of a city. The yelling of steam whistles, the hiss of steam pipes, the rattle and clash of wheels on stone covered streets, the clangor of bells, the howling of hucksters, keep up a condition in which a healthy nervous system of natural strength and sensitiveness is impossible. And there is not one of those agencies that is not suppressed more or less completely in most of the great cities of the world. In Berlin heavy wagons are not allowed on certain streets. In Paris any cart load of rattling material must be fastened till it can't rattle. Munich allows no bells on street cars. In Philadelphia church bells have been held a nuisance in certain neighborhoods by judicial ruling. Steam whistles are forbidden in nearly all the larger cities of this country and Europe. Milkmen and bakers are not allowed to use bells or horns in some cities; in others the abominable yelling and howling of hucksters, for which there is no excuse at all, are prohibited. Our city might make a trial of one or two cases as an experiment.—*Indianapolis News.*

The Latest in Tea-Gowns.

Cloth is used for new tea-gowns, and pale shade of green are the favorite choice, with white or Suede cloth for the fronts. The edges of the cloth are cut in deep leaves and pinked. The medieval tea-gowns, with corset waist and full skirt of six or seven breadths, are beautifully made of beaugaine, or of soft breccade in pale blue, old-rose, yellow and Russian green, with great puffed sleeves of white lace, and showing a petticoat of white lace where the skirt is lifted on the left side. Rose-colored or Suede camel-hair gowns are trimmed with black moire ribbons, and have large flower-like pieces of black lace underlet in the skirts and edged with purling. Round waists gathered behind and belted in front are newer than the pointed back and flowing front formerly used for these gowns. The full sleeves are made in most varied designs, but the mutton-leg sleeve pushed up full about the arm-hole are most liked.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Nothing Delicate About Him.

Crockshly (who is launching his out-of-town Uncle at Duimmo's) brings little neck claims for two, waitab. Uncle Peing—Hold on, Lemuel, it's all the same to you, I'll take big neck wasters. I'm hungry as a bear.—*Time.*

SECURE FOOD FIRST.

Some of the Bad Results of Obtaining Too Much Live-Stock.

The majority of persons who open up new farms invest most of their money in stock. They think that the animals will grow and multiply while they are improving their places and raising food for them. Many find at the end of their first year's operation that they have nothing to feed their animals except wild hay and a little sod corn. They have several litters of pigs, but next to nothing to feed to them. They can manage to keep their cows and steers on poor hay, but they will come through the winter in bad condition. Their horses will lose flesh if they do not have some grain, and they will need oats or corn to enable them to work in the spring. It seldom pays to purchase corn to feed to hogs, and a new farm is the poorest of all places to try the experiment with hogs of success. If a man has good buildings and lives where corn is plenty he may make money by buying it and feeding it to hogs. With poor buildings and a scarcity of corn the prospect is good for losing money.

All kinds of farm animals will depreciate in value if they have nothing but wild hay to eat. If they have been accustomed to better living they will not be likely to breed. Cows will fail to give much milk, and young cattle will gain very little. Horses must be well fed, especially when at work, or they will fall off in condition. Improved stock of any kind run down very quickly when taken from the comfortable quarters of a breeder to the place of a farmer who has poor buildings and no stock food but wild hay and a little sod corn. They are accustomed to warm barns, good care, and the best of food. If deprived of them they at once begin to lose flesh and vigor and in a year they begin to look like scrabs. No farmer should take fine animals to a place that is not prepared for them. Their superior condition when he buys them is partly owing to good blood and careful breeding, but more is due to good quarters, careful attention and excellent food. Like their former owners, they have been accustomed to good food.

The farmer who has warm shelter for animals, a small field of timothy and clover, a thousand bushels of corn in crib, and an equal amount in oats, is prepared to keep stock to advantage and with a good prospect for making money. He is prepared to bridge over an unfavorable season. He can stand one bad year for crops. He will not be obliged to buy food, to stint his animals, or to sell them at a sacrifice. He can buy young animals of his neighbors who have not food to keep them and can purchase improved males to cross with them. A farmer who collects a considerable number of animals and has not a sufficient amount of suitable food for them runs a great risk. He is likely to lose financially. He is also likely to inflict cruelty on his animals. No humane man will be guilty of attempting to keep stock over a winter on insufficient or unsuitable food. A farmer who wishes to raise stock should first provide food and shelter.—*Chicago Times.*

THE PENN STATUE.

The Figure That Is to Surmount Philadelphia's City Hall Tower.

Mr. Calder's model of the gigantic statue of William Penn which is to surmount the tower of the new City Hall is at length completed. Mr. Calder's original sketch model of the figure was made as long back as 1875, and was thus described in the report of a committee of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania: "It represents Penn in the full vigor of manhood and in physical proportions which would render possible the traditions of his outdoing the Indians themselves in some of their feats of activity. His face is taken from the original painting presented to the society by his grandson, Granville Penn, and his figure corresponds with Dixon's description: 'Erect in stature, every motion indicating honest pride; in every limb and feature the expression of a serene and manly beauty. His age is about thirty-eight and his costume that in vogue during the last years of the reign of Charles II., the date of his first visit to this country. The figure is in speaking attitude, and the left hand is represented as holding the original charter of the city of Philadelphia. The statue being intended to represent him in his relation to our city rather than to our State, this was deemed the more appropriate emblem.'

Some modifications have been made in the figure in working out the full-sized model, but the general design has not been changed. The figure is 36 feet high, and when cast in bronze will weigh about 80 tons. It is to stand upon the summit of the dome-like apex of the great tower at an elevation of 300 feet, making the total height to the top of the figure 337 feet 4 inches, thus overtopping the famous spire of Cologne Cathedral. The tower has now risen to a height something like 300 feet, the point where the masonry stops, the superstructure being designed of iron. Further work on the tower has been suspended for the present until the interior of the building shall be completed, and there is thus no immediate prospect that the great Penn will emerge from the dark precincts of the molding rooms where he is now to be seen.—*Philadelphia Times.*

—'I'm afraid it's not genuine,' said a lady to a shopman. 'Oh, yes, it is, madame,' replied the polite gentleman. 'All our camel's-hair shawls are made of pure silk, direct from the worm.'

MR. AND MRS. JONES.

The Deproved Family Broils, But Quarrelled About Their Wedding Day.

"It's very strange," remarked Jones to his spouse, as he laid aside the paper he had been reading, "that men and their wives will wrangle and fight in the manner they do."

"It is indeed," rejoined Mrs. Jones, putting up her knitting. "Thank goodness no one can point their finger at us and say we ever quarrelled; can they, love?"

"No dear; I trust that we love each other too well for that. Here we have been married nearly five years, and never yet have the waters of our conjugal sea been ruffled by a single ripple of contention or strife."

"It's nearly six years, darling," corrected Mrs. Jones, sweetly.

"Why, no, my dear, it is but five years. You are mistaken."

"Surely, you forget, Constantine! You know how uncertain your memory is sometimes."

"I know nothing of the kind," retorted Jones, getting red in the face. "You don't suppose I've been asleep for a year, do you?"

"I guess I ought to know when we were married!" replied she curtly, shifting about uneasily in her chair.

"It was in September, 1882—nearly six years ago."

"In September, 1883—nearly six years ago, you mean."

"I don't mean any such thing! I mean just what I said!"

"Why don't you call me a liar, and be done with it. I'm a confounded idiot, am I, and don't know whether I'm a bachelor or a hen-pecked husband, eh?"

"You don't suppose I've been asleep for a year, do you?"

"Don't tell me you're a hen-pecked husband, Constantine Jones!" exclaimed his better-half, bustling up to him bantam-fashion.

"I didn't say I was!"

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"Don't stand up there and lie to me in that way, you old serpent!"

"Don't you call me a liar again, you—you—vixen, or I'll maul you!"

"You dare to touch me, and I'll scratch your eyes out!"

"Hold your tongue, tormalant, or I'll—"

"You will, eh? You don't dare to! I'd just like to see you lay your hands on me, you murderous old beast!"

"Don't dare me, woman, or I'll beat the carpet with you!" snorted Jones, sparring around her like a Pawnee at a war-dance.

"Just try it, and I'll pull every hair out of that pumpkin head of yours!" retorted she, following him about the room.

"Keep away from me, you postiferous tarantula, or I'll mangle you so that your own mother wouldn't know you! There now take that, will you!" and Jones delivered a push that sent his wife sprawling over the rocking-chair.

"And you take that! an' that! an' that!" yelled she, scrambling up and flailing wildly with both hands.

During the hottest of the fight a policeman rushed in upon them and quelled the disturbance, dragging the combatants off to the police station, thus adding one more to the list of "disgraced affairs" which had so aroused the indignation of Mr. and Mrs. Constantine Jones.—*Yankee Blade.*

CURIOUS BELIEFS.

Superstitious Notions About Teeth Prevalent Among the Unsofisticated.

In Lower Canada and the Eastern States children are told when a tooth comes out that the new tooth will be a gold one if the tongue is kept out of the cavity.

An "old woman's" saying, handed down by many a fond mother, tells us that to lose a tooth or an eye is also to lose some friend or kinsman, or is, at least, attended by some ill luck.

To dream of teeth was considered a warning of some impending disaster, unless you happened to shape your dream so that the teeth would fall out, when you must gather from that omen of nightmare that you would soon meet your lover, who would propose.

There was a tradition that from the time Chosroes, the Persian, carried off a piece of the true cross from Constantinople, the number of teeth in the mouths of men was reduced from thirty-two to twenty-three. It is needless to say, however, that mankind is usually provided with a full complement of thirty-two.

Tooth have been worshipped, and, in fact, are venerated as relics in some religious shrines. Buddha's tooth is preserved in a temple in India, and Chinese worshiped the tooth of a monkey, while an elephant's tooth and a shark's tooth served a similar purpose among the Malabar Islanders and the Tonga Islanders respectively. The Siamese valued a monkey's tooth so highly that they are reported to have offered the Portuguese, into whose hands it had fallen by the fortunes of war, 7000,000 crowns for it.

The period of toothing being an anxious one in childhood, it is extremely important to have it over with. In the west of England a necklace of beads made from peony root, was placed on the child's neck to assist the operation, and one of amber beads was also thought to be powerful, either being considered a help, according to the complexion of the child, so were the different colored beads used. It was also said that the first tooth must not be thrown away when they fall out, for if any animal got such a trophy, the next tooth would be like that of the animal finding the old one.—*Philadelphia Dispatch.*

MEDICAL STUDENTS.

One of the Fraternity Tells About the Qualities of a Good Doctor.

"Medical education at present is in a state of transition," said a tall, blonde young man who stood near the Rush Medical College with a book on materia medica under his arm. The youth was a student at the college, and owing to the fact that he would graduate early the coming year had already assumed the air of a medical man. It was evident that he was in a mood to moralize, and by a series of questions he was led to talk about his chosen calling.

"There is no profession," he went on, "not even the profession of arms, where many qualities are so essential as in medicine. It is here that life and death hang in the balance and human hands adjust the weights. A doctor is subject to the greatest irregularities and must have the self-possession and decision to act in emergencies. Like a fireman, he is out at night in any kind of weather. He must have the brains of a man, the courage of a man and the strength of a man. He must also have natural talent that is complemented by a good education, and he must at least attend a college four years before he is capable of practicing medicine intelligently. The State law which goes into effect next year will have the effect to raise the profession, at least in the State of Illinois, for it fixes the college course at four years. There is a mistaken idea that a collegiate course of two years means two full years of study. This is wrong, for the years are simply a course of lectures which last about five months. Perhaps I am telling a secret when I say that a medical diploma is within the reach of any man who can scrape up a small amount of money. Of course this is wrong, but it is a positive truth.

"And you want to know something of the habits of students, do you? Well, Chicago has about one thousand students, and most of these come from the country. New men are inclined to talk very learnedly of medicine, but as the end of the college course draws near this inclination disappears. On the student's first introduction to the dissecting-room he is generally stimulated for the occasion by some alcoholic preparation so that he may habituate himself to the overpowering stench. With trembling limbs, but wearing a look of haggard bravery, he approaches the corpse for the first time, fully convinced that medicine is not his forte. His assumed air of indifference is easily penetrated by his older companions, who wink at each other and slyly slip pieces of amputated human anatomy into his pockets. The corpse which he has dissected follows him home, as a rule, and gets into bed with him to sit down upon his chest as soon as he drops asleep."

At this point in his conversation the young man seemed suddenly to recollect that he was telling too much about the secrets of a medical student's life. He looked suspiciously around him, and buttoning up his long overcoat in a professional way, soon vanished within the college doors.—*Chicago News.*

Mathematics for Smokers.

A young man who not long ago was an inveterate smoker, but who was recently induced to "swear off," came to me to-day and talked in this strain: "I have been doing some figuring lately, and the result astonishes me. When I was smoking my hardest my average was eight cigars a day. Sometimes it would run over eight and sometimes under, but eight was about the all-around figure. I rarely bought my cigars by the box, and, as I indulged in straight 10-cent goods, 80 cents a day was what smoking cost me. This, with 40 cents added for cigars which I gave away and lost shaking dice, made a total of about \$6 a week that I now save. It is just nine weeks and three days since I swore off, and by Saturday I shall have \$60 in bank, without an effort on my part save that required to control an unnecessary appetite. I must also regard as an asset the superabundance of animal spirits I enjoy as a direct result of my abstinence from a habit that every body knows is weakening, when indulged in to excess. Smoke yourself, do you? Well, try my scheme. Swear off and put your cigar money in bank. You might need it some day, even if you are a newspaper man."—*Chicago Journal.*

How to Bury a Rock.

How many plow-points have you broken, first and last, upon that fast stone? How many times has it been criss-crossed by the harrow? How much injury has been done to your horses by the shocks received when they were brought to a sudden standstill? How much less has the yield of your crops been on account of this numberer of the ground? Now is as good a time as any, perhaps, to dig it out and convert it into fence material or bury it. Having buried many large stones, I affirm that the danger incurred is very slight if the work is attempted in the right manner. Do not dig under it at all. Keep the excavation about six inches from the nearest side of the stone. Make it long enough, wide enough and deep enough to contain the stone with room to spare. When the hole is dug sufficiently large, then with long-handled tools carefully remove the six-inch shelf of earth as low as you can reach easily without taking any risk of being crushed. A plow laid along the further edge of the hole may give you some advantage in digging. Next dig a narrow trench along the opposite side of the stone from the excavation. Make this trench close to the stone and partly under it. Now pour water into the trench and keep on pouring until the earth underneath is softened into mud, when the stone can usually be slid without much trouble into the hole. A lever can be used to give it a start.—*Farm Life.*

—"Sir," said the Surgeon-General, "there's cholera in the part." "Well, sir," replied the Yeoman, "serve sherry, Mack."—*Burger's Bazaar.*

VALUE OF ENSILAGE.

Testimony in Favor of the Practice Furnished By An Ohio Farmer.

The following experience in regard to ensilage adds more testimony in favor of this practice. It is an Ohio farmer who thus relates what he knows about it:

"My farm is an experiment station for myself, on which items of interest are carefully noted, and any information I can render to visitors will be cheerfully given. I have no doubt that nine-tenths of the visitors who come here and see how ensilage is used on these farms, will go away 'almost persuaded' to try and get out of the old rut of feeding cattle. Several of my neighbors, within a few miles of my farm, who have seen for themselves how I have grown enough ensilage and bets on 14 1/2 acres of land—one acre of which was beans—to feed some 75 head of Jersey cattle and horses from November 9 to July 30, have become so enthusiastic in the matter of cheap food as to build a silo this year, and thus avoid in the future purchasing hay at market rates. Two men are erecting silos of 350 tons capacity, which will be filled from the product of 15 to 18 acres of land. Had these men depended upon a hay crop this season, that amount of land in meadow would have given them about 25 tons of hay, or sufficient to feed about 10 good sized cows six months, whereas the ensilage crop will sustain their 60 head of cattle and horses from November until June 1, when their pastures will get a good start, and after that date they can have enough to feed a half ration every morning until August."

A few farmers who have tried it for the first time, and have made mistakes for want of experience, have lost faith in it, but there has not been one failure in a hundred cases, which speaks well for the value of the silo.—*N. Y. Times.*

STORING POTATOES.

The Best Way and the Best Place to Keep the Tubers.

Potatoes can be stored in pits or in the cellar or out-house, but in either case should be free from dirt and dry. Concerning the former method it is said: Sometimes they are covered carelessly and in a slipshod manner, with first a thin layer of straw, and to compensate for this deficiency in straw, a foot of dirt is heaped upon them outside. The moisture and foul air which slowly accumulates in winter is held by this thick layer of earth, and it rises to the upper point of the conical heap and causes decay of the tubers, which is mistakenly ascribed to the freezing of this apparently most exposed part. A much better way is to use plenty of straw and less earth. A farmer who never lost one bushel in 50 in his winter-stored potatoes outdoors, made it a rule to put on the heap one foot of compact straw with only three or four inches of evenly laid earth to hold it in position. Ventilating holes were made with a crowbar at the apex, and filled with whisks of straw. He found it safe to place as many as seventy bushel in heaps thus treated. The thick mass of straw not only served as protection against frost, but acted as an excellent absorbent of bad moisture.

In the cellar or out-house—being clean and dry, they may be placed on a broad slated floor on the north or cool side of an out-house, so situated that the air can circulate freely from below and pass up through the potatoes. They should not be placed in too large masses so as to obstruct ventilation. Crops which would rot badly in wet ground, would not seriously suffer if properly treated in this way. In some unfavorable seasons, when more than half the crop was ruined by rotting when dug, the selected and sound remainder, thoroughly cleaned and placed on such slated floor, has nearly or entirely ceased to decay, so that not one bushel in thirty has suffered. It is very important, however, that the work be done thoroughly and in the best manner, for if carelessly performed, it would be of comparatively little use.—*Boston Globe.*

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A HUNTER'S MISTAKE.

A Faithful Dog Receives the Bullet That Would Have Killed its Master.

Some eight or nine years ago four of us were camping for a fortnight, and on the day when the incident I relate occurred, we had all gone out early, and had hunted until past noon without success. On our trip homeward we agreed to separate, two and two, as we have done to-day, spread out wide and surrounded an immense marsh, whose brushy borders were wont to be a favorite resort for the game we were in search of, and we accordingly departed on our respective routes. I had nearly reached the lower end of the marsh, which, by the way, was entirely open, when my companion, who was slightly in advance, beckoned to me, and, upon coming up, told me that he had seen a large deer slowly feeding along a strip of alders which reached to a tongue of high ground running out into the marsh, and that if I would wait for a few minutes, he would go around to the further end, and thus one of us would be sure to get a shot. A moment after my companion had left me, our separated friends, one of whom was accompanied by his dog, crossed a narrow lagoon in the marsh about a mile distant, giving no indication of having seen me; soon after I approached the place where the deer had been seen by my friend, and as nothing had occurred to disturb it, I counted confidently on getting a good shot. A low brushy point covered me until I was within one hundred and fifty yards of the mound, which was covered with scrub oaks of a very dense growth, with here and there open spots, where an animal in motion would have to show itself in ascending the ridge. I had approached very slowly and cautiously, and waited for some minutes for sound or motion, but in vain; and had about concluded that the deer had either escaped or laid down, when a slight rustling on top of the hill attracted my attention, and the next moment I saw faintly through the foliage the unmistakable whisk of a deer's tail; again, a little further on it was repeated, the same quivering shake of the flag so familiar to every deer stalker, and catching a quick sight, where I supposed the body was, I fired. My shot was answered by a yell of agony that told too truly its own story, and upon hurrying to the spot I found the dog of my friend lying dead at the feet of his master. The man's hand at the moment the fatal shot was fired had rested upon the head of the animal, whose joyful response to the caress of his master had been the cause of his death. It was the wag of the dog's tail and not the deer's that I saw. I was thunder-struck, not at the death of the dog, but at the thought of the consequences had my aim been ten inches further to the left.—*Forest and Stream.*

WHOLESAME STIMULANT.

Warm Milk More Efficacious Than Beer or Other Intoxicants.

Milk heated to much above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one who, fatigued by over-exertion of mind or body, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects. "There is many an ignorant, overworked woman who fancies she could not keep up without her beer; she mistakes its momentary exhilaration for strength and applies the whip instead of nourishment to her poor, exhausted frame. Any honest, intelligent physician will tell her that there is more real strength and nourishment in a slice of bread than in a quart of beer; but if she loves stimulants it would be a very useless piece of information. It is claimed that some of the lady clerks in our own city, and those, too, who are employed in respectable business houses, are in the habit of ordering ale or beer at the restaurants. They probably claim that they are 'tired,' and no one who sees their faithful devotion to customers all day will doubt their assertions. But they should not mistake beer for a blessing or stimulus for strength. A careful examination of statistics prove that men and women who do not drink can endure more hardships and do more work and live longer than those less temperate."—*N. Y. Medical Record.*

—"Will you have wine?" asked the waiter at the hotel of a young man who was evidently a bridegroom, as he sat in the dining room opposite the newly made partner of his joys and sorrows. "Well, I should say. Bring us the best you've got." "Champagne?" "Yes, sir; champagne." "Extra dry?" "Er—no—me an' Marthy's both mighty thirsty; better have it extra wet."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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