East Oregon Herald.

BURNS, OREGON.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The boundaries of Scotland embrace 186 islands.

—London has a police army of 13,849 men. The chief has a salary of $10,500 a year.

—Speaking generally, the average length of life in England is forty-four years; the average length among the upper classes is fifty-three years.

—Steel-framed cabs are now being manufactured in England, with a view to lightness and greater durability than if wood were used for the purpose.

—Dr. Barnardo's Homes in London now hold no fewer than two thousand poor boys and girls wholly dependent upon him; the most of whom would, but for their admission to these homes, have probably grown up to evil lives. More than ten thousand other miserable children have also been trained in these homes—*Boston Transcript.*

TO MAKE CIDER VINEGAR.

A Quick Process of Producing a Pure and Wholesome Article.

Any farmer can easily change all the cider he is likely to have into vinegar by the following quick process: The requirements are, first, a cask; second, a box made of four wide boards, fifteen to eighteen feet long, with a bottom board "full of holes;" this is to be placed upright, above and leading into the cask; third, above and leading into this box there must be an automatic fountain. These provided, each person can determine where it will be most convenient to improvise the factory, whether in barn or wood-house. If he has no better place he can put the fountain in his house at a second-story window, the box and cask being outside under the window. Instead of the box, I used (with first-rate success) two headless salt barrels, one above another, the lower one with one head full of holes. It may be possible that the barrels are better than the box, because air is admitted where they join, and they do not allow the porous contents to settle readily and pack as a straight box would. Cross-pins through the box would be a remedy against the settling and packing. Next I put in a half bushel of cobs and filled to the top of the upper barrel with oak saw-dust. Then, from the fountain, I turned on a stream of cider nearly or quite as large as a common penholder, but reduced to a mere dripping through the night. The saw-dust absorbed more than a barrel before any began to run into the lower cask. The fountain was kept running with cider till the lower cask was nearly full. Then the fountain was supplied from the contents of this cask till the liquid had made three or four circuits through the saw-dust and corn cobs, and had become excellent vinegar.

Most of this was bottled, and the rest was used, alternately, as fast as needed to replenish the fountain with new cider. Sometimes I used twice as much of one as the other, but as fast as it became good vinegar I kept on barreling all except what was wanted to mix with new cider in continuation of the process. When there was no more cider to work up, the vinegar in the saw-dust was got up by putting water in the fountain, and as it descended in the saw-dust it "displaced" or pushed the vinegar downward. When the water began to come through tasting only a little of vinegar, it was turned off.

The last lot of vinegar may be mixed with that previously made, and the total measure will be fully equal to the original quantity of cider; and if the cider was pure and unwatered, the vinegar will be so intensely strong that it may be largely diluted.

During the process considerable heat is generated, the saw-dust and liquor becoming quite warm. It may be that this heat may be increased or diminished to advantage by turning on a large amount of cold cider at once, or by having the cider warm when it is turned on—more especially at the beginning when every thing is cold. However, without warming the cider, I succeeded as above. The original recipe prescribed mixing a small quantity of honey with the cider. This is not necessary. The recipe also called for beech-wood shavings, as though nothing else would answer. The fact perhaps is that the shavings and saw-dust of all kinds of wood that will not communicate taste or color, are about equally good. Dead ripe, cut straw, washed free from rust and smut, would probably answer. The theory of the quick process is based on the diffusion and exposure to the air of the cider (or of any other fluid that will make vinegar), so that all portions may absorb oxygen simultaneously. If the theory is correct, then it is almost a certain fact that crushed charcoal or coarse sand that will admit circulation of air would answer.

Some people object to the quick-process cider; but there is no reason why the simultaneous absorption of oxygen by all parts of the cider from the pure external air should make a vinegar less wholesome than that which is one or two years in "making itself" by absorbing oxygen through a bung-hole from the poor quality of air in a cellar where the cider is fermenting. Fresh-made, quick-process vinegar is free from animalculæ and will remain so for many years without "dying," becoming "mothery," or "ropy," if in full vessels tightly corked.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

--The Milledgeville (Ga.) *Union* accepts the following challenge of the Boston *Courier:* "If you can show us any thing prettier at this season than a girl of nineteen, with golden hair, rosy cheeks, ruby lips, and dressed in white tulle, with a blue ribbon around her neck, let us see it." Yes, we can. Her sister, sixteen months older, with raven hair, tumbled unkempt adown her dusky shoulders, her two eyes shining like ripe chinquapins, a coral necklace around her dusky throat, and a bunch of holly leaves and red berries stuck in her saffron corsage over her fluttering heart. There, now, sir.

BESS.

W'en yer talkin' 'bout yer beauties,
With their purty eyes 'n' lashes,
An' their lips like cherry-fruit is
When the rain acrost it splashes,
With their cheeks like plumb-ripe peaches,
An' their locks whar sunbeams flashes—
Why, I listen at yer speeches,
Sayin' nothin'; but I jes'
Let my thinkin' loose on Bess.

I don't go much on beauty,
Cuz I've alwuz hed the feelin'
Thet a 'ligious man's first duty
Wuz ter keep its tr cks from stealin'
'Crost his jedgement—but I'm free ter
Say I never hed the dealin'
With the critter what could beat her;
Far ez looks go, I confess,
I'm a sorter stuck on Bess!

Now, her eyes—they're big, an' rollin'
'Gainst a wis'ful brownish yeller,
Like ez if a tear wuz hol'in'
Back ter paralyze a feller!
An' the lashes heftin' over
Whar the light hides soft an' meller,
Ain't the curlin' kind, but cover
Purty high the hull possess'
Roun', well-favored eyes o' Bess.

"Like ter see her?" Sartain—all yer
Hev ter do is wait a secon',
While I jes' turn in an' call her
From the medder whar she's peckin'
Clover-cuds an' juicy grasses
'Mongst the other cows, I reckon;
An' you'll see she 'bout surpasses
Common Jersey heifers, 'less
I'm consairned mist ok in Bess!

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson, in Puck.*

ONLY AN AMATEUR.

How He Played the Part of an Organ Grinder.

The organ man at the gate had been grinding away at the popular tunes which filled his music-box, and left room for a running accompaniment of grunt and groan, for full fifteen minutes. All the nurses, and all the children under their charge, had gaped over the fence, and thrown him plentiful largess of small change, and pitiful boarders of a larger growth had thrown sundry five-cent pieces from upper windows; now the head of the house, hard at work in the kitchen as she usually was, did the same.

"Some won't encourage 'em," she said to Sally, her assistant-in-general; "but I say they help boarders to keep lively; and if your summer boarder gets low-sperited you're apt to lose her; so take the beef the folks have left on their plates, warm it on the grid-iron, and put it on a clean plate, with hot potatoes and turnips—there's enough of that on the plates, too. What the eye don't see the heart don't grieve for, and I don't believe an Eye-talian furriner would care anyway ef he did know."

And Sally, obedient to the behest, called to the grinder to "Come in."

While he was feeding within young Mortimer came back from fishing. He was, in the city, as regularly fashionable as any one else, but out amongst the mountains he elected to live in a red shirt and knickerbockers, a great fisherman's hat, and a big leather belt, in which he presented some thing the appearance of a theatrical bandit, being dark, handsome, and romantic-looking. He put down his rod and the small string of brook trout he had brought home with him, within the gate, and went back again to look at the brown box the organ grinder had left outside.

"Why, it's an organ," he exclaimed; "and all my life I've desired to grind an organ. It seems such a comfortable, easy way of making music. I never had an opportunity before. Here goes."

And placing the instrument in the proper position, he began to turn the crank in excellent time, looking up at the house out of the corners of his eyes in the most professional manner, and carrying out the idea by his costume. He expected some of the more youthful boarders to appear, and to get a little fun out of his organ-playing, but the young ladies were gone up the mountains in their short dresses, and with their alpenstocks; the children were adoring the monkey in the kitchen, and the older people, thinking that the legitimate grinder had resumed his labors, took care not to look out lest they should awaken expectations of a second relay of five-cent pieces. Therefore Mr. Mortimer sauntered up and down the road, hitching his organ along, and singing the words of the popular songs without effect, until Miss Parker, from the house on the hill, turned the corner in her new red and gold "cart," and driving a very restive little horse.

Whether the horse did not like popular tunes, or hated Italians, or thought the organ was about to attack him, did not appear; but as soon as he figure of Mortimer and the music-box attracted his attention, he made an instantaneous photograph of himself and pawed the air with his fore legs.

Miss Parker used her whip and lifted her voice, and Mortimer, casting the organ strap from his shoulder, did the best a man could do under the circumstances, so that before the animal reached the foot of the lane, she was safe once more.

"Saved," as she said to herself, "by his beautiful, graceful, elegant organ grinder, who certainly must be an Italian prince in disguise."

Now Miss Parker had not been at boarding school and had the advantages of modern travel for nothing; she knew Italian," and as soon as she caught her breath she aired it for the organ grinder's benefit.

"Signor," she said, politely, "how can I thank you for saving my life?"

"Ah, an Italian lady, I suppose," thought Mortimer—an Italian never would have supposed it for a moment, and he instantly replied in the same language:

"Signorina, that I have done something to spare you alarm makes me happy. If by chance I have saved your life, I am too much honored and favored."

"Never was such an organ grinder," thought pretty Miss Parker. Then, as she looked down from her perch, while Mortimer led her horse by the bridle, she saw the organ lying the road.

"Is it hurt—your organ?" she asked again in the Italian language as spoken at Miss Quimby's school. And Mr. Mortimer, all unconscious of her opinion of his social position, interrupted her in the same language as taught by Prof. Sprachemall.

"That is my affair, Signorina."

"How proud he is," thought Miss Parker, and her heart fluttered as she alighted at the gate and a servant hurried up.

"Thank you again and again," she repeated.

"Thank you for the thanks," sighed Mortimer, bending over her hand; and so they parted—Mortimer to meet the Italian and deliver up the organ.

At tea time Mortimer made many inquiries as to a young Italian lady who drove a spirited horse, but his landlady declared she didn't know any foreigners that had a horse, and she "didn't believe but them poor Eyetalians on the railroad was all bachelors, for she had seen 'em mending their own stockings outside the shanties many a time."

However, he could not forget the pretty face and gentle voice, and found himself singing "Some Day" with expression as he wandered about in the moonlight. And he got down his Italian books and brushed up his knowledge of that language, and looked often along the lane for the red and gold cart, but did not see it, for the good reason that Mr. Parker had informed his laughter that he thought she was only going to make a fool of herself in that joggle-box; but if she was going to risk her life, that was another thing, and had condemned her to the family carriage and the safe driving of old Casper Wumps, the family coachman, who never drove down the narrow side lane.

So, for many days, Mortimer saw no more of his charmer, while the pretty Miss Parker hardly knew whether she was wretched or happy when she thought what a wonderful romance had come into her life; for she owned to herself that she adored that "exquisite organ grinder," who certainly was a prince in reduced circumstances.

At last they met. It was in this way. Mortimer was fishing and Miss Parker was taking a walk. She bent her steps toward the little cove where he had established himself, and they met face to face. His fishing-rod dropped out of his hand; her book fell from hers.

"My gallant preserver!" she cried, in Italian. "Oh, Signor! is it possible?"

And he answered, in Italian also:

"Signorina, this is the happiest day of my life."

And so they began to meet and make love to each other in a foreign language. Miss Parker felt sure that her father would not welcome an organ grinder as a guest, and did not ask him to call. Mortimer, on his part, fished for an invitation as he had never fished for trout. He was a gentleman, and he felt that, having given his heart to a young lady, he ought to know her parents and pay his addresses properly. As for Miss Parker, she was quite ready to elope whenever he proposed it, and to hold the tamborine for pennies while he played the organ over the whole world; but she was not equal to introducing her papa. General Perrywinkle Parker, to an organ grinder, however charming.

"I wish she knew a little English. I could explain better," thought Mortimer. "I wonder why she don't say, 'Call.' I expect something unpleasant will come of this."

Something did.

One afternoon, about twilight, as the big tea bell was ringing violently on the boarding-house lawn for the benefit of wandering boarders, Mortimer and Miss Parker sat by the trout stream upon some rather damp but very mossy rocks.

His arm was about her waist, her head on his shoulder, and he had called her "Carissima," and "Bella Carissima" several times, when an avalanche rolled down the hill upon them. That was the effect. It was, however, only the portly person of General Jobkins Perrywinkle Parker, who had come upon them suddenly, and slipped in rushing down the slope. They broke his fall, and were not quite crushed flat, but when he was picked up and had become himself again he began to use language his favorite preacher would not have liked to hear him use, and inquired, in the pauses, "what his daughter meant by this, and who this rascal was."

Mortimer, quite conscious that he deserved this, was feeling his pockets for a card, and finding none; and wondering, too, at the ease with which his Italian angel's parent spoke English, when Miss Parker flung herself on her knees before her cruel parent, and to his astonishment, uttered these words, with no foreign accent whatever:

"Dear, dear papa, don't be angry. This is the noble organ grinder who saved my life. He don't know a word of English, but his name is Daniz Mortimer, and he's far above his station. And in saving me, he broke his organ, and has to support himself by fishing. Remember, papa, I shouldn't be here if he hadn't saved me. I love him. Be merciful."

"Hetty Parker," cried the old gentleman, "you're an idiot! Here, you, Mr. Organ Grinder, can you speaky any Englesy, you know?"

"Perfectly," said Mortimer. "In fact, I am an American. I thought your daughter an Italian lady until this moment. Allow me to explain. I have the most respectful admiration for Miss Parker, and wish to—"

"I can't have any explanations," interrupted the old gentleman. "What business have you to make love to my daughter, or she to let you? If you broke your organ saving her life, I'll buy you a new one. I'm deeply grateful; but, you see, organ grinding or fishing is not—that is—I—"

"Oh, as to organ grinding," cried Montimer, "I am only an amateur. I'm no more an organ grinder than I am an Italian. And perhaps you know Daniel Mortimer—white goods—rather extensive. I'm his only son. It was a mutual mistake."

He entered into an account of the manner in which he came to perform upon the barrel-organ in the public road, but during the recital Miss Parker vanished.

However, it so happened that the General knew Mortimer, senior, and that he quite understood what a good match Mortimer, junior, was. And so there will be a wedding in Grace Church shortly—Daniel Mortimer, Jr., to Hester, only daughter of General Jobkins Perrywinkle Parker.

SUNFLOWER CHORUS.

Something Entirely New in the Way of an Evening's Entertainment.

There was a church festival in Hensonvale, and this is the way in which Miss Belle Abbott introduced a new feature into the well-worn list of such entertainments.

A placard was prominently displayed at the festival reading:

SOMETHING NEW. DON'T FAIL TO SEE IT.

All were kept in mystery until the appointed time, when the manager, stepping before the curtain, spoke of the statue of Memnon in Egypt, which was accustomed to greet the rising sun with song.

"More obliging than Memnon," he said, "certain stately American sunflowers have been found ready and willing to sing whenever called upon. Ladies and gentlemen," he added, "I have been fortunate enough to secure for our festival a cluster of these remarkable additions to our native flora, and have the honor of presenting to you our Sunflower Chorus."

The slowly drawn curtain revealed upon a dark background thirteen large, yellow sunflowers, with leaves and stalks complete, and in the center of each a human face. Music came from the piano near the stage, and to its accompaniment the cluster of human sunflowers sang numerous selections from familiar operas, popular songs and melodies and college glees.

The Sunflower Chorus was voted a grand success, and those not in the secret begged Miss Abbott to tell them how it was done. And this was her explanation: One foot behind the stage curtain, hangs another curtain of dark brown cambric, ten feet square; attach this by rings to a wire stretched nine feet from the floor; tie cords to the first and last rings, and, drawing the curtain tightly, fastened these strings to the wall on each side. The top being now secured, let the curtain hang naturally; wrap the surplus cloth about a strip of wood twelve feet long, two inches wide, and one inch thick; fasten this to the floor by two large screws, and the flower screen will be tightly stretched.

Group the singers in a picturesque cluster behind the screen, with their faces pressed against the cloth, and at distances from the floor varying from one to eight feet; mark the position of each face, and cut, in the screen a hole into which the face will closely fit. Going now to the front of the screen, arrange the flowers and leaves, which should be fully prepared beforehand. The rays of the sunflowers may be cut from yellow paper, and the leaves and stalks from green paper. Paste the rays around the openings, then arrange the stalks and leaves in proper position.

When the paste is dry, remove the strip of wood from the bottom of the screen, unfasten one of the cords at the top and slide it back until needed for use, when it may be easily put into position.

In summer the natural stalks and leaves of the sunflower may be used instead of those made from paper.—*St. Nicholas.*

HUMAN SACRIFICE.

Horrible Customs Prevailing in the Upper Congo Region.

The revolting custom of human sacrifice is carried on to a horrible extent on the upper Congo river, principally by the Ba-yanzi tribes. All slaves, both men and women, are liable to this barbarity. These people are under the impression that a man dying in this world is simply transferred to another, there to carry on exactly the same existence, requiring the same food and attendance. Upon the death of a chief his relatives or friends kill about half his slaves, men and women, to go with him, they say, to attend to his wants and to serve for his protection, it being very *infra dig* for a chief to make his entry into the next world without a certain following. The women are strangled; a rope is put around the neck of the victim, a man climbs a tree and ties the rope to a branch, the woman being held up, so that when they let her go she is swung in mid-air in her dying struggles. These cause great merriment among the spectators, not thinking that at least a great many of them will share the same fate sooner or later. The men are beheaded. The victim is seated on a log of wood; two stakes are then driven into the ground, one on each side of him, and as high as his shoulder; bands are then put around his body, inclosing it in these stakes, then two stakes are driven by his knees and two by his ankles, one at each side, and he is securely bound to them with a rope. A ring of cane is then put around the neck, with several leaders of string, which are drawn up and tied in a knot above his head; a pliable pole about eighteen feet long is then driven into the ground, nine feet from the man's seat. It is bent down just above the man's head; a small piece of rope is fastened to the top of the pole and the other end of the rope is made fast to the knot above the man's head. This being now at very strong tension, the whole body is quite immovable, and the neck is stretched to its full extent. The executioner then makes his appearance. He makes a chalk mark on the poor fellow's neck; then, with one blow, severs the head from the trunk. The spectators at this seem to lose control of themselves. They tear down the head from the pole and there is a ghastly scrimmage for it, often resulting in a free fight.—*Illustrated London News.*

--Never cast dirt into that fountain of which thou hast some time drank.—*Hebrew Proverb.*

—A doctor sent his bill to a widow for "doctoring your husband until he died."—*Harper's Magazine.*

—We complain that our life is short and yet we throw away much of it, and are weary of many of its parts.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

—You shall be none the worse tomorrow for having been happy to-day, if the day brings no action to shame it. —*Thackeray.*

—There is oneadmirable feature about wire fence. The patent-medicine man can't paint a legend on it in regard to his liver-cure.—*Puck.*

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—George Westinghouse, Jr., the inventor of the Westinghouse air-brake, is rated at seven million dollars.

—Mr. Powderly has received nearly eighteen thousand letters, and has answered ten thousand of them within the past year.

—M. Dibler, the executioner of Paris, is fond of birds and music. He has a large and well-stocked aviary, and is a capital performer on the violin.

—Wurtemburg, Germany, has a remarkable mind-reader in the person of a peasant girl nineteen years old, who, if asked a question in the day-time in a language unknown to her, will respond to it after dark in same language. She is said to shed her hair periodically.

—Joseph M. Douglas, of Nevada City, Cal., an eccentric miser whose wealth is estimated at five million dollars, was recently fined one hundred dollars and put in jail for twenty-four hours for contempt of court. He didn't mind the confinement, but the fine nearly broke his heart.

—It is definitely known that Vittoria Colonna was buried in a small and obscure church in Rome, now being demolished. Sant' Anna dei Falegnami and the archæologists and literary people of that city are anxiously expecting the discovery of the "cypress wood coffin, lined with embroidered velvet," placed in the grave.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—Lord Roseberry, speaking of "Volapuk," says that he regards with awe the scheme for elaborating a language for international correspondence; but he does firmly believe that within a century correspondence in the same tongue will be carried on in some form of shorthand, and that the stress and pressure of public life will make it a necessity.

—A bachelor in Frankfort, Germany, advertised for "a helpmate of agreeable exterior and good education; money a secondary consideration." He received 3,643 offers. Of these, 2,137 came from Germany and 237 from Frankfort. There were 1,827 who said nothing about their fortune, and 1,816 gave their wealth at various figures from $250 to $50,000. Photographs accompanied 3,112 of the offers and it cost the advertiser nearly $250 for return postage on them. He picked out a poor Hanoverian maiden and married her.

—German papers relate that the singer, Marie Fullo, who recently died in St. Petersburg, left diamonds valued at 150,000f. to the eldest son of the Czar. She stated in her will that she selected him as her heir because she had received the diamonds from a near relative of his, and knew of no one better entitled to them than the heir presumptive of the Russian crown. It is said that the young Grand Duke Nicholas intends to turn the diamonds over to several religious institutions.—*Boston Transcript.*

FASHIONS FOR AUTUMN.

Something About the New Styles in Jackets and Millinery.

A warm jacket is one of the first additions to the wardrobe when preparing for the cool autumn and winter days. Braided cloth coats are imported for autumn in dark shades that may be worn with various dresses, such as navy blue, gray-blue, brown, green and dark steel gray. The materials used for these tailor-made garments are fine corkscrews, diagonals and Meltons, and the braiding is done in the same color in very elaborate designs, or in mixed braid, with some tinsel added to the prevailing color, or else some gold braid or cord is used carefully to lighten up the vest or revers. There is a tendency to lengthen coats slightly, especially in the back, and many are of even length around the sides and back. Single-breasted coats will be more seen in fine, smooth cloths, the double-breasted fronts being reserved for garments of rough, Scotch tweeds. Vests remain in favor, some being very slender, and others genuine waistcoats set in the underarm seams of the coat. The backs are fitted by one or two forms on each side, the middle forms lap in the middle seam, and the waist line is defined by two buttons. Collars are very high, with buckram interlining. Sleeve are close coat shape, with buttons and buttonholes on the wrists. Pockets may be set outside along the hips in square shapes or braided, or be intermediate, with only a slit in the cloth for the opening. Small fancy buttons are used on vests, while plain lasting or bone buttons are used on the coats.

Openings of millinery at the wholesale houses show the various materials already noted made up into bonnets and round hats for the early autumn and for winter. Soft felt bonnets of the pliable felt made up in folds and plaits on a frame precisely as cloth would be used are shown for general wear. There are also stiff felt bonnets with rows of pinking all over them, or else merely pinked edges for those who prefer them. The square of felt which forms the soft folded crown sometimes furnishes the twist or corrugated folds that edge the front of the brim, also some pointed ends that are tied in a bow on top, or else made to stand erect. The embroidered felts showing small flowers done in the shade of the felt, or else with beaded wheat or leaf pattern in borders, are considered most dressy. A twist in front and pointed pinked ends of rich repped faille are sufficient trimming for full-crowned felt bonnets, though a tuft of quills or of curved cocks' plumes may be added.

The newest bonnets have longer crowns, not indented at the ends, and many have long pointed poke fronts filled in with a slight face trimming. The coronet fronts of beads, of feathers and of velvet are also largely imported. Trimmed bonnets of velvet from many of the best French millinery houses retain the same close shapes so long in vogue here, adding a trifle more breadth, and making the trimming slightly lower.—*Harper's Bazar*

—"What a lovely cow, Uncle James!" exclaimed a Boston girl the morning after her arrival, "and how comically she shakes her head." "Yes, but don't you get too near that cow," continued her uncle, "he's an ugly critter."—*Field and Farm.*

CARE OF CHILDREN.

The Necessity of Teaching Them System in the Daily Acts of Their Lives.

Children are apt to seek the society of other children at about the sixth year of their ages. This should be a watchful period of the parents, as friendships contracted at this time have a very decided influence on the mind, morals and manners of their child. Nearly every child is influenced for good or evil through early associations. If allowed to be constantly with the nurse, their language and manners, will, in nearly every case, be identical with those of the nurse. A mother should spend the greater portion of every day in the society of her children. If to rid herself of their noise she permits them to seek companions outside, she has no one to blame but herself if their manners and morals are corrupted. All children require companionship of those of their own age, but it is very essential that the parents should choose these companions.

Children can be readily taught to be neat and tidy in their habits, by example principally, for they imitate closely the actions of their elders. A closet or other convenient place should be given them exclusively for their toys, provided there is no play-room; then let it be understood that when play is ended, all toys are to be returned to their proper place. If this rule is disregarded, the withdrawal of a favorite toy for a time, as punishment, usually has the desired effect of causing them to be more careful in the future; this device may have to be resorted to more than once, but it usually is successful in the end.

Patience should be the watchword of every mother, for if she loses patience, she is herself, so to speak, lost for the time, and nothing is gained; she not only throws herself into a worried state of mind, but perplexes, saddens, and sometimes angers the child whom she so earnestly desires to guide and govern in the right way. If a mother is not naturally patient, she should by all means cultivate the virtue; by judicious use of it, much good will be gained in the end for mother and child.

It is a mistaken notion to coddle children, with the idea that they must be saved from all manner of care and trouble when at home, the mother often doing a great many things, endless errands, etc., thinking, "well, I will save them this now, let them enjoy home while they may." This is mistaken kindness. They will not think one bit less of home for being taught to take a little responsibility on themselves when there, and will be all the more fond of the mother whose cares they will thus learn to share.

Children should be taught system in the daily acts of their little lives and the habit will never forsake them in after life. A time for every thing—for playing, for eating, for sleeping. Punctuality in all things should be instilled upon them. To be truthful, punctual and well-mannered augers well for the future of any child. It has been well said, "the child is father to the man." Alas, how few mothers think of this adage during the early training of their children, thinking that when grown up all the faults will disappear, exclaiming, when they turn out contrary to expectations: "I can not understand why this is so, I always was a kind mother!" A mother should not only be kind but firm, correcting at once any fault the child may have committed, not postponing the punishment until some other time on account of its being an unpleasant duty.—*Mrs. Ella L. Mumma, in Good Housekeeping.*

GROWTH IN CHILDREN.

An Interesting Chapter on the Subject of Variations in Human Stature.

The rate of growth in children varies according to sex. Thus, at the age of eleven or twelve years, boys are larger and heavier than girls; but from that age on the evolution of the girls is more rapid, and they soon overtake the boys and pass them, till the age of fifteen years is reached, when the boys regain the ascendency, while the girls remain nearly stationary. A curious relation has been discovered between the growth of children in stature and in weight. M. Malling-Hansen, director of the deaf and dumb institution at Copenhagen, has for three years weighed and measured his pupils daily; and he has observed that their growth does not take place regularly and progressively but by stages separated by intervals of rest. Weight also increases by periods after intervals of equilibrium. While the weight is increasing, the stature remains nearly stationary, and vice versa. The maximum of increase of stature corresponds with a minimum period of augmentation of weight. The vital forces appear not to work on both sides at once. These variations are subject to the influence of the seasons. During autumn and early winter, according to M. Malling-Hansen, the child accumulates weight, while its stature increases slowly; but during spring, stature receives a veritable push, while weight increases but little. Some local habits have an influence on the stature. Stendhal remarked that many Roman girls had deformed vertebral columns, or were a little hump-backed, and found that it was the result of a popular belief prevailing in Rome that parents could promote the growth of their children by punching them in the back!—*Popular Science Monthly.*

—How to refuse a loan.—A young city clerk who felt inclined for a trip to the seaside, called upon a friend. "Hal, my dear boy," said he, "I'm off for my holiday, and I find I'm a trifle short Lend me a ten, will you?" Hal, after a pause, which apparently included a mental examination of his financial arrangements: "Well—Phil—to tell you the truth—I do not feel—disposed—at present—to make any—permanent investments."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—Late calculations from compared observations show that Alcyone—that one of the Pleiades around which the sun and the whole solar system were once thought to revolve—is about 954,000,000,000,000 miles from us, a distance that it would take light about 163 years to travel.

BEAUTY ON WHEELS.

Washington Ladies Who Are Passionately Fond of Tricycle Riding.

One hundred women ride tricycles in Washington. The smoothness of the streets makes the work easier than it is anywhere else, and the encouragement given by their male relatives in the cycle clubs strengthens them to face the public. Most of the women have a special costume in the nature of a riding habit with the train cut off. Nevertheless it takes them a good while to get over their nervousness, and their self-consciousness, so as to really enjoy this ride. Very few of them ride in the day time, although the most proficient of them all—the Misses Gallaudet, the daughter of the president of the Columbia Institution for Deaf Mutes—never ride at any other time.

These young ladies ride with perfect ease and grace. They show the possibilities of the tricycles to perfection as they sweep through the streets on noiseless wings. I have never seen better or more beautiful riding. They are the envy and the despair of their less successful rivals. These latter worry along as best they can through the friendly darkness of the evening, happy if they come out of their adventures with a whole skin. Many of them own their own machines, but a large number of them patronize "cycleries." Of course, those who travel in the evening are always accompanied by gentlemen. But their escorts can not prevent their taking a tumble now and then—sometimes with serious results.

I met a party of women and two men coming down Fifteenth street the other night about midnight, who, I am certain, must have been delayed by an accident. Accidents will happen, you know, especially on dark nights. And it is a nightly sight to see a man pushing a tired-out woman up a hilly street or picking her up out of the grasp of the upset machine. In one case of the latter sort recently the woman's dress caught in one of the wheels, and when the machine turned over on the top of her, her dress had to be cut away with a penknife. Nevertheless, they all enjoyed it, good and bad riders alike. The steady work required is a delightful exercise, and the feeling of power and comfort combined is very grateful. —*Philadelphia Record.*

REDUCED NOBLEMEN.

The Pitiable Conditions Under Which Two Once Wealthy Men Died.

A remarkable case of destitution is reported from Lyons. For some days past a fine-looking, white-bearded old man in rags has stood at one of the entrances of the Guillotiere Bridge and extended his hands for alms. On his breast he wears a board on which are inscribed the words: "Petroviski, almost a centenarian, Count of Blanckenberg, born in Warsaw in January, 1789, now reduced to craving public charity." This really unhappy nobleman" had actually fought and bled for Polish independence, and the loss or confiscation of his fortune sent him down the easy slope to misery. After having battled for a long time against adversity, age and infirmity overtook him, and he had no resource left but to beg. Another reduced nobleman was buried here in Paris a few days ago, but he had worked hard for a living to the very last. He was the Vicomte Richard de Verney, commonly called in the poor neighborhood where he lived "Pere Ludovic." He had not suffered like the scions of many noble families in France from the effects of revolutions, but had lost a large fortune by imprudent speculations. Undaunted by adversity, he set bravely to work, and did any thing to turn an honest penny. He was a messenger in the office of the *Journal Officiel,* which paper he carried about to subscribers. In the afternoon he sold other journals on the boulevards, and from eight o'clock in the evening until midnight he performed the duties of dresser in a theater. He was fifty-three years old, and has left a wife and three children, who, it is needless to say, are utterly destitute.—*Paris Cor.*

—Why two pieces of wood sawn from the same section of tree should possess very varied characteristics when used in different positions, a scientific writer remarks, has often puzzled observers. For example, a gate-post is found to decay much faster if the butt end of the tree be uppermost than would be the case if the top be placed in this position, the reason being that the moisture of the atmosphere will permeate the pores of the wood much more rapidly the way the tree grew than it would in the opposite direction. Microscopical examination proves that the pores invite the ascent of the moisture, while they resist its descent.—*Public Opinion.*

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This purely vegetable preparation, new so celebrated as a Family Medicine, originated in the South in 1828. It acts gently on the Bowels and Kidneys and corrects the action of the Liver, and is, therefore, the best preparatory medicine, whatever the sickness may prove to be. In all common diseases it will, unassisted by any other medicine, effect a speedy cure.

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A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

I have been practicing medicine for twenty years, and have never been able to put up a vegetable compound that would, like Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the Liver to action, and at the same time aid (instead of weakening) the digestive and assimilative powers of the system. L. M. Hinton, M. D., Washington, Ark.

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