

Mrs. Barbauld's Childhood.

One can fancy the little amorous girl, industrious, impulsive, interested in everything—in all life and all nature—drinking in, on every side, learning, eagerly wondering, listening to all around with bright and ready wit. There is a pretty little story told by Mrs. Ellis in her book about Mrs. Barbauld, how one day, when Dr. Aiken and a friend "were conversing on the passions," the doctor observes that "joy cannot have place in a state of perfect felicity, since it supposes an accession of happiness." "I think you are mistaken, papa," says a little voice from the opposite side of the table. "Why so, my child?" says the doctor. "Because in the chapter I read to you this morning, in the Testament, it is said that 'there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repented than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.' Besides her English Testament and her early reading, the little girl was taught by her mother to do as little daughters did in those days—to obey a somewhat stern rule, to drop curtains in the right place, to make beds, to preserve fruits. The father, after demur, but surely not without some paternal pride in her precocity, taught the child Latin and French and Italian, and something of Greek, and gave her an acquaintance with English literature. One can imagine little Nancy, with her fair head bending over her lessons, or, when playing-time had come, perhaps a little lonely and listening to the distant voices of the schoolboys at their games. The mother, fearing she might acquire rough and boisterous manners, strictly forbade any communication with the schoolboys. Sometimes in after days, speaking of these early times and of the constraint of many by-gone rules and regulations, Mrs. Barbauld used to attribute to this early, formal training something of the hesitation and shyness which troubled her and never entirely wore off. She does not seem to have been in any great harmony with her mother. One could imagine a fanciful and high-spirited child, timid and dutiful, and yet strong-willed, secretly rebelling against the rigid order of her home, and feeling lonely for want of liberty and companionship. It was true she had birds and beasts and plants for her playfellow, but she was of a gregarious and sociable nature, and perhaps she was unconsciously longing for something more, and feeling a want in her early life which no silent company can supply.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

If it is our purpose in rearing pigs that they shall be fattened and sold on the market for pork, it will not be necessary that the dam is a pure-bred animal. Care in this regard is needed only in case of the sire. If he has come of a well-established pure-bred family of good feeding animals, his progeny from well-formed and vigorous common or grade sows are usually all that can be desired as rapid growers and good feeders. Such sows will generally prove quite as profitable for this purpose as the higher-priced pure-bred animals. In fact, common sows are, with a good show of reason, often deemed the better suited for rearing pigs to be fattened than are the pure-bred sows—first cost being left out of the question altogether. They are believed to be more hardy, from the supposition that their digestive and vital organs are better developed.

In reading your remarks on silos and other methods of curing corn fodder I was reminded of the way in which it is often cured in Maine. After the corn is husked (which is done as soon as the corn is cut) the fodder is put in a mow or on a scaffold—a layer of straw and then a layer of fodder three or four inches thick, or so as to cover the straw, and so on. Usually some salt is scattered over each layer. The cattle eat it readily in winter, straw and all. It is doubtful whether in this climate and with the corn fodder as green as it is usually cut, it could be kept in that way. But if fodder from corn planted for fodder only—to be cut before the corn is matured, or that from corn matured, is carefully cured and kept from the weather it makes an excellent food for cattle or horses. If cut and steamed I doubt not it would be equal if not superior to silo-fodder. When left out in the fields, exposed to the weather, mixed with dirt, dust and sand by the rains and winds, it is of little value.

—J. P. S., in *Philadelphia Record.*

A MAN cannot tell what the needs and rights of women and children are, because he is not one of them. He will remember well enough, however, that he did not run to his father but to his mother for comfort in his infancy; and this will be a sufficient argument, if he be a fair-minded man, to show him that in the management of women and children, women ought to have an authoritative say.—*Toronto Week.*

HOLD your hand in very cold weather and move a tight finger-ring.

Died of a fit.

Byron's good sayings have been in man's mouth—in the mouths of some who have claimed them as their own. Many were admirable puns, others had a better claim to remembrance. The last time I met him—a long time ago—I sat next him at dinner. "So Poole, the tailor, is dead!" remarked our host. "Indeed! What did he die of?" "Of a fit," said Byron, at once; "what else could a tailor die of?"—*London World.*

Loose's Red Clover Pile Remedy, is a positive specific for all forms of the disease. Blind, Bleeding, Itching, Ulcerated, and Protruding Piles: Price 50c. For sale by Long & Eger.

The Formal "Call."

Whatever may betide, men have good cause to rejoice that they bear no part in that crowning bore of all bores known as the "formal call." That is a feminine institution. It is an invention of the sex, and the sex groans under its yoke. Man smokes his Durham in peaceful peace, while the wife and daughters pay tribute to the formal call. He hears the *sotto voce* prayer that parties will be out, and that the matter can be dispatched with a card. He quietly notes the sigh of relief when the exhausted women return after hours of social distress. He observes the tax of dress incident to the affair, the bad temper it invokes, and the hypocrisy and total absence of any equivalent in the way of pleasure for all this slavish adherence to custom, and then dimly realizes the miraculous felicity of his own escape from such torment, and it may take comfort in the thought that the whole business falls totally on those who have made him pay the piper for countless other freaks and whims of fashion and caprice. The elasticity of conscience with which the gentle creatures endeavor to mitigate the infliction of the formal call by convenient fibs, furnishes the masculine monster some amusing food for study, and it may be doubted whether he would budge an inch to abolish the formal call. It is diamond and diamond; woman annoying woman in such a transaction the wise man holds aloof and lets the dainty beligerents masquerading as friends manage the hollow and artificial show as suits themselves. It is not often that he has an opportunity of keeping out of a game in which women array their wits against one another instead of against the common *tyrant*, man. He is at liberty to be justly silent and hear the fair prattlers discuss each other in a style utterly unlike the fancy pictures of novelists and poets, and he doesn't get some wholesome and delightful he is hopelessly stupid.—*Plain Chivalric Truth.*

THE ARAB AND HIS HORSE.—The Arabians never beat their horses; they never cut their tails; they treat them gently; they speak to them and seem to hold a discourse; they use them as friends; they never attempt to increase their speed by the whip, or spur them, but in cases of great necessity. They never fix them to a stake in the fields, but suffer them to pasture at large around their habitations; and they come running the moment they hear the sound of their master's voice. In consequence of such treatment these animals become docile and tractable in the highest degree. They resort at night to their tents, and lie down in the midst of the children, without even hurting them in the slightest manner. The little boys and girls are often seen upon the body or neck of the mare, while the beasts continue inoffensive and harmless, permitting them to play with and caress them without injury.

CAVAN and effect are not well balanced. A man with a good cause often make little or no effect.

An Accident.

Mr. De Prig (of Boston in a Dakota Hotel)—"Waiter what caused the explosion just now at the other end of the dining-room? Was somebody shot?"

Waiter—"Oh, no, sir. We don't allow shooting in the dining-room. The cook was a little careless and let a cartridge from his revolver fall in the soup, and the gent who was just carried out happened to crush it between his teeth."

All desiring to move South are invited to investigate **FLOR- ENCE, ALABAMA.**

In the selection of a business location, a pleasant home is also desirable, and in no place will the intending settler meet with a more cordial welcome than is offered by the enterprising citizens of Florence, Alabama, and Lauderdale county. The soil is diversified and yields readily, as is shown by the variety and quick growth of crops, consisting of cotton, corn, tobacco, wheat, oats, sugar cane, also apples, peaches and grapes. Florence excels in beauty of location, being situated on the gently rolling plateau banks of the Tennessee River—navigable for the largest class of steamboats. The records show singular exemption from malarial diseases, and the mild temperature, pure air and water make it a desirable resort, both summer and winter, from the extreme heat of the South and the rigorous cold of the North. Aside from this it is on the basal line of the new iron and coal discoveries, and with abundant water-power supply, favorable transportation facilities, by rail and packet, and by virtue of close proximity to valuable ores not found in other localities, Florence is destined to become the metropolis of the State, and will necessarily concentrate the bulk of industries in this region. The country north of Florence is covered with a primeval growth of immense poplar, white oaks, maple, hickory, pine, and walnut trees, and within a few miles large quarries of beautiful marble are found. Building stone and limestone abounds all over the county. The erection of the finest college building in the South was commenced May 13th, and at this time there are over 250 houses in course of erection. For excursion rates and full particulars address,

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Mrs. Dart's Triplets.

President Cleveland's Prize for the three best babies at the Aurora County Fair in 1887, was given to these triplets, Mollie, Ida, and Bay, children of Mrs. A. J. Dart, Hamden, N. Y. See writes: "Last August the little ones became very sick, and I could not give food that would agree with them, so I commenced the use of Lauder's Food. It helped them immensely, and I consider it very largely due to the Food that they are now so well." Lauder's Food is the best Food for bottle-fed babies. It keeps them well, and is better than medicine when they are sick. Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00, at druggists. Cabinet photo of these triplets sent free to the mother of any baby born this year.

Address **WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.**

Wildly Improbable.
I had a delightful dream last night, Alfred.

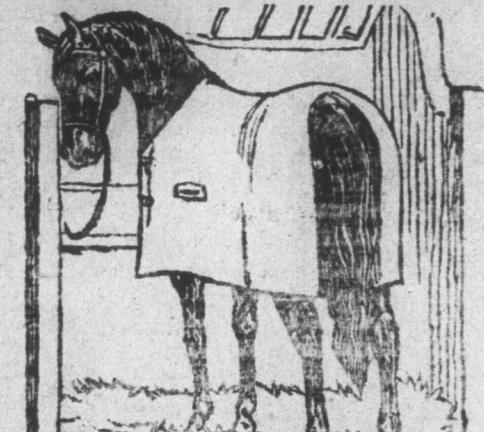
"What was it, my dear?"
"I dreamed that I had a directoire suit that cost \$150."

You ought to stop reading Rider Haggard."

"Why ought I?"
"You would have no such wildly improbable dreams, my dear, if you did."

EUPEPSY.

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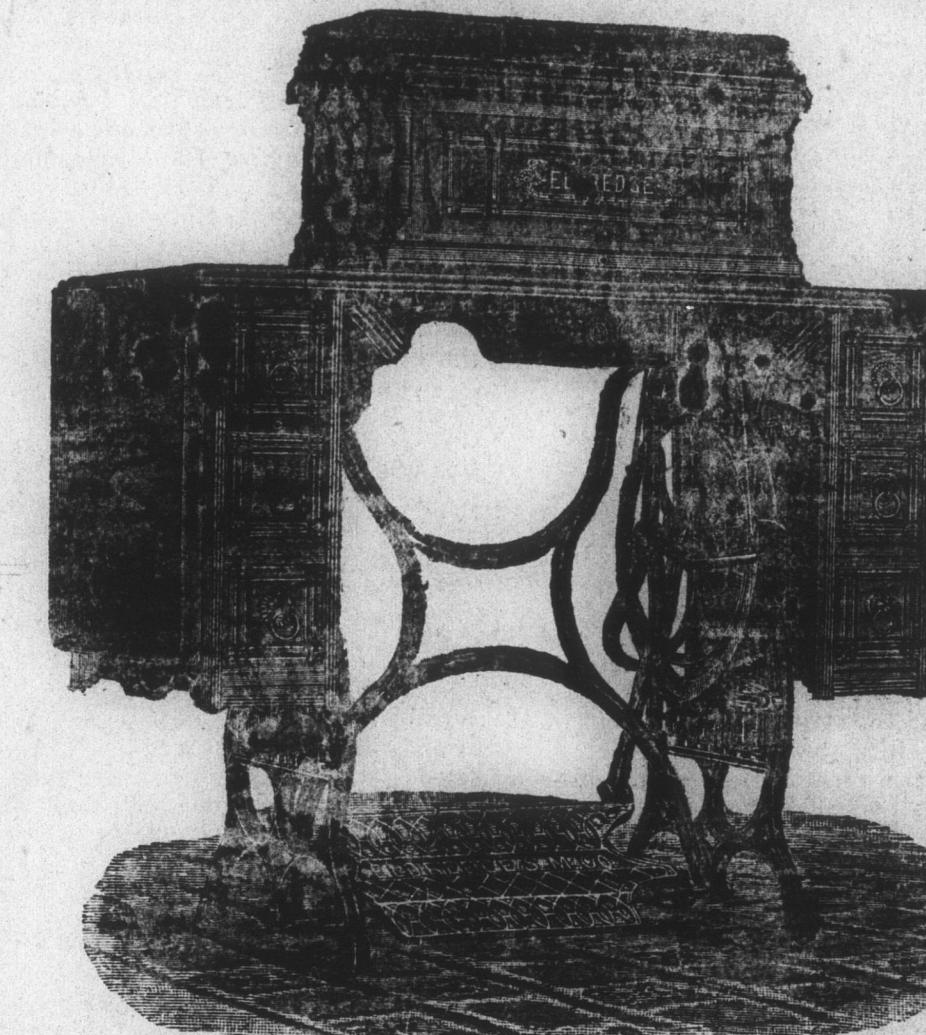
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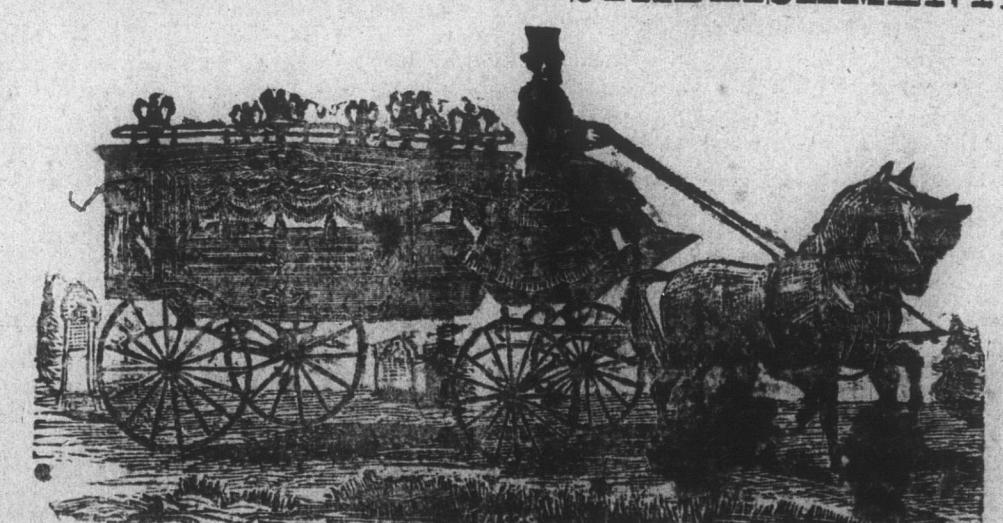
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