

## WHAT HAS COME OVER THE SUNSHINE?

What has come over the sunshine?  
It is like a dream of bliss.  
What has come over the pine-woods?  
Was ever a day like this?  
O white throat swallows, flitting  
The loch with long wing-pings,  
Hear you the low sweet laughter  
Comes rippling from hills?  
What has come over the waters?  
What has come over the trees?  
Never were rills and fountains  
So merrily voiced as these.  
O throats, so piping  
High on the topmost bough,  
I hear a new song singing;  
Is it my heart, or thine?

## UNCLE JERRY'S STORY

BY G. P. GREENE.

"Tell me about it, Uncle Jerry," I said, lying full length in the warm sand, letting my eyes alternately rest on the smiting water at my feet, or follow the motion of the branch in Uncle Jerry's horny hand as it splashed a vigorous coat of green over the worn sides of his old boat.

He was a character in his quiet way—the skipper par excellence of the little seaport of L—; an autocrat whose word was law in his native town, and who had been, since the days of our childhood, the epitome of all that was worth knowing in seashore.

We were great friends, he and I, and many a long summer day had I spent beside the bent old frame, watching his rough fingers mend nets or sails with the deftness grown from long practice, and listening to his tales with keen enjoyment; but there was one incident of his life on which he had never touched, nor could any amount of coaxing induce him to approach it. It had happened while I was in Europe. The horror of it roused the neighborhood, and they said, those who knew, that Uncle Jerry was never the same again. Whether that was so or not I found him greatly changed on my return after six years' absence. This afternoon, for the first time, he betrayed a willingness to confide in me, and I settled myself in the shade, by the bow of the boat, and waited. Presently Uncle Jerry began:

"It were nine five years ago, the year before the hotel was built. The cove was crowded. It seemed like we all had mor'n we could make comfortable, and the boarders was crowded into old Miss Holt's in a way that did seem wonderful when we heard how they lived in their big city homes—reg'lar palaces, the gals that come with 'em to take keer the' c'd's said."

"I had just bought a new sail-boat, a fifty-footer, an' a reg'lar gal; I calculated ter make a heap out o' pleasure parties an' such—an' I did. In the mornin' I went lobsterin', 'cause Miss Holt's folks had to her sea things, an' every afternoon I 'red' up in my blue coat with brass buttons an' sailed skipper of the sloop yacht Foam."

"I tuk the same crowd pretty reg'lar, an' in time I got to know 'em well. They was as nice a lot of young things as ever came in my path; but they was careless-like, an' they didn't always think. 'The girls was healthy an' hearty, an' my! but they did go it lively. There wasn't nothin' they didn't try. Tennis, an' ridin', an' rowin', an' shootin' at targets made o' white paper, an' sailin'. The sailin' bothered 'em. They was all over the boat at once, an' nothin' would do but I must larn 'em to sail. I hed to tell 'em I wouldn't take 'em if they wasn't quieter, an' after that they kinder settled down."

"I grew powerful fond o' 'em all, but there was one little girl I tuk a special shine to. She wasn't very shapely, I heard, tell she was jest gettin' over a fever. She had a sickly look, but you could see she'd been bonny."

"Her eyes was blue an' round, an' her teeth was little an' white—like Miss Holt's Sunday china. They'd cut off her hair when she was sick, an' it was all over her head in little short curls, like a 'Liz' when she was a babe."

"I remember a trick she had o' takin' off her cap an' lettin' the wind blow her hair, an' if the day was damp it would curl up tight, an' she'd run her fingers thro' it an' pull it out straight to see how it was growin'."

"As I said, she wasn't very strong, an' when they all got to larkin' it seemed like she couldn't stand it, for she'd leave the rest, an' with her little polite bow she'd come an' say, 'so gentle like.' 'Uncle Jerry, do you mind if I stay here with you?' I was mighty glad to have her, an' she seemed to know it, for she'd settle herself in a pile of cushions an' sit there quiet as a mouse."

"Gradually the rest o' 'em kinder forgot her, but by-an'-by she'd come right away from the shore, I bet, an' I'd havin' her stay at my right hand when she thered home I felt real lonesome."

"She begged me to larn her how to steer, an' when I saw she meant it I showed her one thing and another; an' somehow she never forgot what I told her. An' one day she says to me: 'Uncle Jerry, I believe I could sail a boat as well as any one if I were only stronger.' Bless her heart! I'd have trusted her sooner'n any young feller in the party if she'd had a little more muscle in her arm."

"When August come I begun to see she wasn't happy. She grew paler an' thinner, an' her eyes was so wat'ry-like it made my heart sick to see them."

"There was a young feller in the party named Grey. He was a likely chap, about twenty, I reckon. He had lots of money, an' I heard from some of the ladies' gals that he used to be a great friend o' Miss May's before she was sick; but he was a great sport, an' after she begun to go about, he found she couldn't do things he did, he jest naturally slipped away from her and tuk to goin' with Miss Julie Webb."

"Miss Julie was mighty pretty, with flowery light hair, a mouth big enough to swallow a doughnut hull, an' rows of teeth 'like pearls,' I heard Mr. Grey say. They looked strong enough to bite nails, 'an' she would sail a boat as well as any one, 'an' all the time. When she wasn't talkin' she was laughin', she had a voice like a steam whistle. There wasn't nothin' she couldn't do except keep still, an' bein' Mr. Hugh was always doin' himself, they spent most of their time together."

"Miss May used to watch 'em with that heart-breakin' look on her dear face, an' finally Miss Julie took to jokin' her, sayin', 'May don't you go to play tennis, or I'll run you a race on the ponies this afternoon, May, or 'Why don't you wake up, May? What are you dreamin' about?' But Miss May never answered Miss Julie a word, an' finally they stopped even that, an' left her altogether alone."

"The gettin' to my story now, I hadn't never told it before. It hurts even now, after all these years."

"I've given you an idea pretty much how things went on till the afternoon they ended—for me, anyway—for I never sailed that boat again."

"It was the 10th of August. The month had been very hot, and we hadn't had any sailin' breeze for four days, but that mornin' a nice stiff breeze begun to come in from the sea. It was a squally breeze, an' I didn't jest like it, but after a time it settled down, an' I concluded it would stay clear till next mornin'."

"Well, I was settin' in my door mendin' a sail for my cat-boat, when I heard the crowd comin'. I always knew 'em by Miss Julie's voice. I most generally could hear that by the time they left Miss Holt's door."

"They had a couple of city fellers down from the city for the day, an' nothin' would do but I must take 'em sailin'. I wouldn't have gone, but jest at the last minute little Miss May come up an' tuk my old brown hat in her two little white paws, an' sez she: 'Oh, Uncle Jerry, do go. I'm goin' home to-morrow, an' I want one more sail, an' this is my last chance.' An' so it was, poor lass! but not in the way she meant. Well, I couldn't say no. She made me think of the little one I lost twenty years ago, an' so we started."

"The tide was runnin' out, an' the wind was east, which made the whitecaps fly, but I put in a tack and started for the mouth of the bay. Jest about the time we got out from under the cliffs the squall struck us, an' I saw my mistake."

"The Foam heeled over till her stern-deck was two feet under water. I threw her head up into the wind, but as she came around a cross sea struck her bow, an' then I looked for Tom to take in sail, Tom was gone."

"Uncle Jerry laid down his paint-brush just here and gazed with dim eyes over the smiling bay, living over again the great tragedy of his simple life. And I sat upright, and burying my hands deep in the white sand about me, tried to absorb all my faculties in the act of listening, following Uncle Jerry's knotty forehead as it pointed to the distant horizon hill, and gave meaning to his words."

"Well, I didn't dare tell them young things what had happened. I saw they'd need all their courage before they got home, if the Lord ever let them get there at all."

"I looked at little Miss May, an' there she sat, her head on her knees, her two little hands over her face—somehow I jest then I remembered her face—white, but then she always was that white—but I can tell you a cold child went down my back when I heard her give a great laugh. I thought she'd gone clean out of her mind with fear, but it was nothin' of the kind, for the next moment she says, still jokin' like: 'The idea o' Tom's bein' such a coward! Hugh, will you tell the boys just down the sail for the captain? Tom's below an' can't do anything.'"

"Then I knew she knew, an' that she saw our danger as plain as I did."

"The boys sprang for'ard, but they hadn't time to reef it, so they jest cut it away an' tried to reef the jib instead. Those boys meant well, but every minute was precious, an' it did seem to me they was losin' time to get it done."

"The mast bent like a fish-pole, an' every minute I thought to hear it crack. All this time the water was comin' over the sides, an' little Miss May stood there up to her knees in it, coaxin' those great healthy boys an' girls, an' scoldin' when she couldn't keep 'em quiet without it."

"There was no use makin' light of our danger now. It didn't need tellin'—they all knew it. Then, as the boys turned to come aft, the city feller lost his footing an' over he went after Tom."

"Mr. Hugh an' the other feller just looked at each other an' staggered to their places—an' then they ran in to Miss May. She didn't give 'em time to get more scared. She jest handed 'em two buckets and said, kinder stern: 'Here, don't be cowards. If we must die, let's die bravely; but in the meantime—work.'"

"I had given up then, an' kinder resigned myself to what was comin'. I had time to look around, for the tiller was lashed fast—no man could hold it in a sea like that—an' I can remember Miss May as plain as if it was yesterday."

"They told me afterward that her granddaddy was a famous sea captain that was down at the bridge of his ship; an' I guess she tuk after him, an' it come to the top when it was wanted, 'cause she was as cool as a cucumber. As fast as the others got scared, she grew quiet; an' her voice, that was so soft an' gentle when she used to sit beside me, rang like a bell as she told 'em what to do. It seemed queer to see her so different from among them great girls that had laughed at her 'cause she couldn't keep up to 'em, an' they cryin' an' screamin'—an' the men wasn't much better."

"She was wet to the skin now, standin' pretty far forward, as she was, every wave that come aboard splashed over her."

"The wind or aboard had brought the color to her cheeks, an' every now an' then she'd take her cap off an' shake the water from her hair. She seemed to grow taller, too, an' her voice, which the wind brought back to me, sounded for all the world like the last echo o' the fog-bell 'tother side the bar."

"Well, she was gettin' on now. With that wind at her back, an' the racin' cut of the Foam we couldn't help it. We were in past the lighthouse, an' I begun to think we'd weather it. Jest then there was a report like a pistol, an' I went heelin' to leeward with my arm in flinders. I remember thinkin' that was the end o' things, an' then I fainted."

"Uncle Jerry drew out a gorgeous red cotton handkerchief an' mopped his brow, from which the perspiration was rolling in streams; then he continued:

"When I come to, there was Miss May and Mr. Hugh holdin' the tiller with all their might. The doped rope I had used to lash the huddle had broke. They told me afterward that when it happened Mr. Hugh an' Miss May sprang to it, an' between 'em they managed to keep her head before the wind."

"My arm was painin' me jest awful, but I managed so put my well shoulder to the wheel, so to speak, an' found I could help considerable. The rope had got pushed about the painter of the dory, an' was trailin' in the water behind."

"The girls had kinder waked up, all but Miss Julie. She couldn't seem to get over her fear, but sat there as white as a ghost with her teeth chatterin'. Miss May looked at her a minute, then she got up and went over to her. I never knew, but thinkin' of it afterward, it seemed to me she must have felt something o' what she was doin'."

"Miss May, there so sweet an' tender, an' sez she: 'Never mind, Julie dear, the worst is over. I feel sure you'll reach home safely an' be happy.' Then sudden-like she stooped an' kissed Miss Julie, an' come back to Mr. Hugh an' me."

"I think Mr. Hugh's eyes begun to be opened then, for he gave her the

queerest look. She met his eyes, an' for a moment her bright new color went away; then she turned to me an' said, se pitiful: 'Poor Uncle Jerry! Hugh, help me to lash the rudder again; Uncle Jerry can't stand much more.'"

"I moved a little over, an' they both reached for the rope. The next moment Miss May gave a horrid, groaning cry, an' Mr. Hugh was in the water holding on by the rope. Miss May's face was deathly pale, an' she was all bent over in the queerest way—telling Mr. Hugh to be patient. She didn't seem able to move, an' I remember I was sorter cross at the idea of her givin' out, jest when she was most needed. I called one of the boys, an' between us we got Mr. Hugh on board, Miss May all the time leanin' more an' more over the side, till I feared she'd be over, too. I warned her, but she only said: 'No fear of that, Uncle Jerry' an' laid her head down on the side of the boat. I might have known—dear lass, dear lass!"

"Uncle Jerry paused to control the quiver in his voice."

"As we pulled Mr. Hugh on board there was a sudden jerk, an' Miss May went over. I saw then what the trouble had been. The rope that held the dory was only partly out, an' the sudden pull Mr. Hugh had given it had hauled it tight an' drawn Miss May's arms tight across her chest."

"The pain must have been awful, for when we found her both arms were broken an' there was a great dent across her chest where the breath had been knocked out of her, almost."

"She knew if she said anything Mr. Hugh would let go, so after that first cry she never let a sound pass her lips."

"For a second or two the rope held her up, an' I thought I could save her, but she knew better. As I started to pull her in her dear watch came above the foam about it. She tried to shake the water from her eyes in the old way."

"Good-bye, Uncle Jerry," she says, her soft voice all hoarse and strained with the agony she was in—then she looked at Mr. Hugh, an' that look has haunted me ever since. It was so full of love! You could see all she cared for him, an' she'd suffered, kinder, in her eyes. Good-bye, Hugh, my dear, dear Hugh," she said, an' hit off as it left her lips, was the last sound she made, then the water closed over her an' she never rose again."

"Uncle Jerry didn't care to conceal the honest tears that rolled down his cheeks, and something in my own eyes blurred the sea from my vision. Neither spoke for a minute, then I said: 'Did you say that, Uncle Jerry?'"

"Uncle Jerry replied, gruffly: 'I found her myself, after the storm, lyin' on a bed of sea-weed, that same lovin' look on her face. I didn't tell no one, for I couldn't bear no one to tetch her. I got my wagon an' lined it with clover an' ferns that I cut on purpose, an' tuk her up to Miss Holt's, an' laid her on the little bed she'd slept in all summer. The next day her friends come and tuk her home.'"

"I closed the season at Miss Holt's. I sold the Foam for twenty dollars to get her out o' the bay, an' I hadn't never took a pleasure party since. Guess I won't paint any more ter-day."

"And gatherin' up his brushes, Uncle Jerry left me abruptly and started through the heavy sands for home, while comin' my seat out of reach of the incoming tide and watched his stooping figure till it vanished in the door of his cabin, and meditated on what I had heard.—[Frank Leslie's Weekly.]

## Quite Clever Birds.

Early one morning last summer, writes a correspondent to the London Spectator, I was called to the window by a great noise among the bird people of the garden, and saw the following scene:

A young blackbird was standing, fascinated by a cat, who was crouched under a bush, ready to spring on him. An old blackbird, on an elm close by, was uttering loud and agitated cries, and there was a general cocking of anger and sympathy from other birds all around."

After a few seconds the cat sprang on the young bird and held it down. At that instant the old bird came down on them. There was a moment's struggle, the bird beating her wings violently in the cat's face, and, I think, pecking at her eyes; then the cat jumped back to her bush, the young bird watched with long hops and the old one flew up the elm, amid a jubilant chorus of commendation, which lasted some minutes."

I never saw this before, though I have seen a robin come right close to a cat stalking another bird, and scold and flap his wings in her face."

The ways of birds are delightful, and in a small garden you can have many by keeping carefully the saucers full of water for them to bathe in."

## Exploring in Iceland.

Iceland is still a field for explorers. From a lecture delivered recently before the Berlin Geographical Society, by Herr Thoroddsen, the Icelandic explorer, it appears that a hitherto unexplored part of the west of the island, the glaciers Vatna Jokull has been discovered by him. Thoroddsen employed ten summers in making himself acquainted with the interior of Iceland, and during these ten journeys he was about 500 days in the saddle. It was necessary to be provided with food for himself and food for his horses, as he had no end to the sea, and was not with very few human dwellings. Before July there is no possibility of traveling, the ground being too soft with snow water. Even in summer there are often terrible storms, and the glacier rivers are difficult to pass. There are, by the way, five printing presses in Iceland; ten newspapers and eight magazines are published, and that the Icelanders have a great impulse to intellectual production is proved by the fact that the 13,000 Icelanders who emigrated to Manitoba have founded twelve newspapers in their new colony.—[Boston Commercial.]

## The French Peasant.

The steady field laborer is very orderly in his habits and has a good dose of common sense. Each province has marked characteristics of its own. The Bretons, for instance, are staunch, enthusiastic Catholics and Royalists, a stubborn race with a will of its own; excellent sailors, poor agriculturists and true patriots. The Provençal, on the other hand, has much of the Andalusian in his character, something too, of the Irishman; witty, poetical, improvident, grandiose, hot-headed, smelling of garlic and personated in Daudet's inimitable 'Tartarin de Tarascon.'"

The Norman peasant is suspicious, miserly, cautious, and a good beginner, who has never yet been known to commit himself by a decisive yes or no. The Northern man is clearheaded, a business matters and not overburdened with heart or imagination. He would let his house burn to the ground without caring to see the blaze provided it were insured.—[North American Review.]

## NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The typical plant of the new world is maize, or Indian corn, declares the Chicago Herald. The early adventurers and settlers both in North and South America found in it a delicious food, easily cultivated, apparently indifferent to soil or climate, yielding in abundance twice that of any other grain, with much less labor, and susceptible of preparation for the table in many forms. The white settlers found it the food of the Indians and made it their own, and for four centuries it has been the best known, as it is the cheapest and most nutritious, of the food supplies in the western hemisphere. And yet, after these centuries of knowledge, it has not obtained great favor in Europe. The potato, another plant indigenous to America, early became a popular European food, common to the tables of the rich and poor, and the chief support of the poor in Ireland, but corn, a much more nutritious food, and quite as easily cultivated, has never been widely adopted. Our most persistent missionary efforts have accomplished but little more than convincing Europeans that our corn is good food for animals, though Colonel Murphy's good results from his efforts of the past few years. We who are familiar from childhood with roasting ears, mush and milk, corn bread, johnny cake, and all the various forms of toothsome dishes that can be made out of Indian corn, wonder at the supineness, or rather obstinacy, with which people abroad meet our recommendations of it. The poorer people stick by their heavy and unpalatable black bread, while the wealthier classes look with disdain upon a grain they think only fit for hogs and hogs. The American aborigines regarded it as the best gift of the Great Spirit, and their folk lore abounds in stories and legends concerning it. In 'Hiawatha' Longfellow repeats one of the legends of this 'new gift of the Great Spirit.' One of the great results of the more sign which it has completely made this golden grain more familiar to the world and prove its value as one of the best of foods."

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY in England is about to institute an examination in agricultural science. The subjects of examination will be botany, chemistry, physiology and hygiene, entomology, geology, mechanics and engineering, bookkeeping and agriculture. The London Daily News, in commenting upon this decision, remarks: "This is the first time that the system of so-called practical teaching has been completely broken down in all the arts. Our rivals in industry, the Germans, train for everything, and with marked success. The French are not very far behind them. Their school of commerce is probably one of the best in the world; their school of forestry is admittedly the best. For a long time, if not actually at the present moment, the students who were working for appointments in Indian forestry had to complete their education in France. It would be difficult to name any single branch of a great industry which can now be cultivated with success without a knowledge of its principles. Through the want of such a knowledge British farming is where it is to-day."

It is interesting to observe the progress of American education upon the Pacific coast. There are schools and seminaries in California which boast of pupils gathered from half the world. A list of the graduates of one of these institutions, published in a San Francisco paper, contains names not only from that state and adjacent territories, but also from Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Chile, the Philippines, Japan and Australia. The influence which such a collection of students must exert among their own people on their return to their homes must be wholly American in sentiment, democratic in politics and liberal in religion. The teachings thus received must enlighten and revolutionize the dead old world of the Pacific."

The inconvenience created in Italy by the scarcity of silver coins, will be removed by a measure just taken by Signor Grimaldi, the Finance Minister. He has decided upon the coining of nickel 'pieces' or coins of 20 centimes, or 4 cents, similar to those in use in Belgium and Switzerland. Meanwhile the clause relative to the internationalization or exchange of small divisionary coins between the countries belonging to the Latin Monetary League has been abrogated. Thanks to this, the exportation of such coin will become a free sale; and it is expected that the scarcity of silver money, which has caused lately great loss to Italian commerce, will promptly cease."

A PHYSICIAN has written an article to show that dyspepsia is due to a disorder of the head, and not to the stomach. He says: "The numbers of so-called dyspepsia that are cured by the disappearance of business, domestic or social annoyance are nearly unlimited. An overdue note in the possession of a beetle-nosed and beetle-eyed creditor is more productive of dyspepsia than a meal of second-hand carpet tacks. In fact, it may be a safe thing to assume that in dyspepsia we had better look in the garret, cellar or closet of the dyspeptic rather than among his business or social relations, which than to his stomach, for the solution of the difficulty."

The election of Miss Ella M. Grubb to be Superintendent of Schools for Adams County, Ill., has aroused great interest there, for next to Cook county, the head city of which is Chicago, Adams is the most populous county in the State, and this is the first time in its history that a woman has been elected to office. Miss Grubb is only twenty-eight years old. As an instance of her pluck and high character it may be said that she has already paid back from her earnings as a teacher the money she was compelled to borrow to secure a college education."

CARP WREY were liberally distributed to the waters of the lower Delaware and its branches several years ago, and the results of the distribution are now seen from time to time. A 17-pound German carp was killed the other day and workmen were blowing out the piles of an old bridge across the Appoquinimink, a tributary of the Delaware, emptying into the river twenty miles below Wilmington. A Hungarian lad hauled up with the aid of other boys at hand a 42-pound carp from the waters of Armstrong's creek, a small stream emptying into the Delaware near New Castle."

ARRANGEMENTS are being made for holding an exposition at Lyons, France, next year. The fair is to be opened on April 26, 1894. The principal building is to be polygonal in shape, with a lofty central dome which will rise to a height upon the interior of 180 feet. It rises in a graceful curve, the structure being strengthened by means of spiral supports. The building will be 700 feet in diameter and will cover a space of nearly 500,000 square feet. The total weight of the entire structure will be only about 2,480 tons."

ACCORDING to the Government statis-

tics, Canada imported from the British Isles no less than 886,000 immigrants during the ten years ending in 1891, but the recent Canadian census shows that only 36,159 are left in that country. The United States census gives much information as to what has become of them."

LI-HUNG-CHANG has intimated, according to a Daily News Shanghai correspondent, that a new treaty between China and the United States will be necessary in view of the present condition of the Chinese immigration question, and that the new Minister will probably be charged with the task of arranging one."

MME. TEL SENO, a Japanese lawyer, is said to be the only feminine member of the bar in the land of the Mikado. She was educated in this country. She takes a great interest in the welfare of her sex, and has founded a training school for women."

## JOURNALISM.

The First Printed Newspaper—The Oldest Newspaper in the United States.

The first printed newspaper, according to Thorne, authority for the following statistics, was the Gazette, published in Nuremberg, in 1457, and the oldest paper extant is The Neue Zeitung aus Hapsanien und Italien, printed in the same city in 1534. Other countries followed Germany in issuing printed newspapers in the following order: England, in 1622; France, in 1631; Sweden, in 1644; Holland, in 1656; Russia, in 1703; Turkey, in 1827. The first American paper consisted of three pages of two columns each and a blank page, and was published in Boston Sept. 25, 1689, under the name of Publick Occurrences, Both Foreign and Domestic, but it was immediately suppressed. In 1704 the Boston News Letter appeared, printed on one sheet of foolscap paper. It flourished for 72 years. The oldest newspaper in the United States is the Weekly Massachusetts Spy, published at Worcester, Mass. This paper was established at Boston March 3, 1771, by Isaiah Thomas, the historian of American printing. It was removed to Worcester in 1775, where it has been issued continuously ever since."

The total number of newspapers published in the world at present is estimated at about 49,000 distributed as follows: United States, 17,000; Germany, 5,500; Great Britain, 6,000; France, 4,092; Japan, 2,000; Italy, 1,400; Austria-Hungary, 1,200; Asia, exclusive of Japan, 1,000; Spain, 850; Russia, 800; Australia, 700; Greece, 600; Switzerland, 450; Holland, 300; Belgium, 300; all others, 1,000. Of these about half are printed in English. The whole number of periodicals published in the United States in 1887 was 16,310. The whole number of copies printed during the year was 2,497,354,000. The first printing office in the United States was established in 1639, the first political newspaper was in 1733, the first daily paper in 1784, the first penny paper in 1833 and the first illustrated paper in 1853."

## The First Real Beau.

The first beau appears about when we are touching fourteen or sixteen. Thereafter he is, of course, many little boy admirers, but according to a writer the genuine gallant does not materialize until we put on long dresses and commence making ourselves up for young ladies, a comprehensive phrase that all girls will understand."

He is usually the brother of some special chum of ours, and in this way we are enabled to see him more often than if we had no reason for going to his house."

He is exceedingly bashful before people, but can talk a blue streak when we are alone. He squanders his allowances on ice cream, soda and caramels, and on rare occasions invites us to a church social or concert."

He is always one of the group of youths who wait outside the church or Sunday school door, and he is the one always to escort us to our homes on such occasions."

We are teased unmercifully about him and really enjoy it, though pretending to be feignly indignant and provoked about it."

This sort of thing goes on until something happens, as some things have a way of doing, and either he goes to college or we leave for boarding school, or perhaps a quarrel or change of residence occurs."

At any rate, years perhaps will roll away before we see a bearded man who can bear the slightest resemblance to the young, rasy-cheeked boy.—[Elmira Telegram.]

## AROUND THE HOUSE.

To clean the woodwork in your halls and rooms do not wash it. Soap destroys the looks of woodwork that is finished in natural colors. Wring a flannel cloth out of hot water and wipe off the dust. When all the woodwork has been dusted in this manner go over it with a woolen cloth made damp with cotton-seed or sweet oil and alcohol or turpentine. Rub hard and with the grain of the wood, then rub with clean flannel. It will revive the color and gloss. Light woods must be wiped with a damp flannel and polished with a dry piece of flannel. When cleaning paint it is a good rule not to have the cloth so wet that the water will run on the paint, as it will leave streaks. Wash only a small place at a time. Wash the blinds with clear water. When you come to the window ledges do not use so much water that it will run down on the outside of the house, marring the appearance of the walls. Always rub with the grain of the wood. To clean the railing of banisters wash off all the dirt with soap and water, and when dry rub with two parts of linseed oil and one of turpentine. If the odor of turpentine is objectionable use two parts of sweet or cotton seed oil and one part of alcohol; but the mixture of linseed oil and turpentine is more desirable."

## RELIABLE RECIPES.

BOUILLON.—Six pounds of beef and bone. Cut up the meat and break the bones, add two quarts of cold water; let it simmer slowly for five hours. Strain it through a fine sieve, removing every particle of fat. Season only with salt and pepper."

ASPARAGUS.—Asparagus is often served as a separate course, cold, as a salad, with a French dressing, or it may equally be so served hot, with the ordinary cream sauce or the following, which is better: Melt two ounces of butter in a saucepan and sift into it a level tablespoonful of flour, stirring all the time; add a gill of cold milk, salt and pepper; when the sauce is smooth and thick pour in a gill of cream and a teaspoonful of Tarragon vinegar or lemon juice; mix well and add one-half ounce of grated Parmesan cheese. Serve hot at once."

## THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

EAT SALT.—"Most people," a doctor is quoted as saying, "do not eat half enough salt. If salt be taken in moderate quantity regularly every day the general health of the user will be greatly improved. Nearly every time I take a glass of water I add to it a teaspoonful of common table salt. After being taken several times the taste will be found more agreeable than otherwise. All mineral waters should take salt added before being used, for scarcely any of the various kinds contain enough. Enthusiasm on the salt diet—claim that its free use prevents malarial troubles. Though I do not claim quite as much for it as that, I think it is a very valuable article of consumption, and should be used more than it is."

INJURIOUS TO THE NERVES OF SMOELL.—Every one does not know that aromatic salts and very strong pungent odors are injurious to the nerves of smell and often produce serious, if not incurable, difficulties. It is well understood that certain scents start the action of the secretory glands of the nose and throat; and often the eyes fill up with tears. Frequent indulgence in the use of such perfumes will soon overtax the secretory organs and weaken them. Some days the person observes that the hearing is less acute than usual and the sense of smell seems defective. This is, of course, accredited to a cold or some similar cause, and but little is thought of it. After a time the entire head becomes affected, hearing and smell are almost, if not altogether, lacking and there are throat and lung complications which are likely to end in chronic, if not fatal, illness."

INDIGESTION.—Indigestion seems to be the great American disorder, says a medical writer. It is one that is especially augmented by recklessness, yet equally amenable to prudence. It is a well-known fact that a proper diet is adhered to, and strictly persevered in, the most obstinate cases of indigestion will give place, without medicine. But for those who will gratify the appetite and those who will gratify the mind, the enjoyment of good things of the table, regardless of consequences, the following notes may aid in temporarily relieving the suffering attendant upon such indulgences, all the remedies given being simple, harmless and efficient. A simple tonic that prepares and strengthens the stomach, somewhat, for its coming work, is a glass of cold water, taken upon rising, in the morning. One has no idea of the value of this pure remedy of nature's own, until tried. Its effects are as noticeable as those of powerful drugs. Sensitive stomachs, very delicate constitutions, should begin with hot water, gradually lowering the temperature, till cold water is used. It is amazing how robust and able it will make one feel. The trouble is, it is tried a few mornings, and then omitted and forgotten. To feel in good health and spirits is ample compensation for the perseverance. This use of water is a tonic and preventive, but when food refuses to digest or the stomach is acid or "distressed," a small piece of dry magnesia will relieve the trouble. Some take carbonate of soda, and even become addicted to its use, as does the drunkard to his cup, but it is a most harmful habit, as the soda is quite too severe for the tender lining of the stomach. It unites with the acid of the indigested food, and really forms a soap that would extract the color from a delicate fabric, and hence unsafe and unfit for the human stomach. An excellent simple remedy for indigestion is the white of an egg, beaten to a stiff froth, and stirred into a wingless of cold water. It should be taken after each meal. Tincture of nux vomica, from the druggist, is the extract of the root of the foreign deadly nightshade, a rank poison, and akin to strychnine in its properties, yet when properly used, it is a wonderful stomach regulator. It is widely known and much used in medical practice. Two drops of the tincture added to a tumbler of cold water, and two teaspoonfuls of this taken several times a day, will usually set indigestion in order, if followed up. Another simple remedy that must be persevered in to get its benefits."

Abolition Among Animals.

A correspondent writing from Norwich, Conn., calls attention to several rather remarkable instances of albinism recently observed among the lower animals. This season, he says, an unusually large number of albino birds have been seen in eastern Connecticut. A day or two ago three milk-white young robins flitted about in the trees of the Congregational churchyard, at Stonington. Some persons who doubted at first that the birds were robins became convinced when a pair of mature, natural-hued robins, putting in an appearance, took charge of the fresks, and coaxed them away from the neighborhood of a curious crowd that had gathered there. The little fellows were