

The Rensselaer Union.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

WILLIAM OULLEN BRYANT.

No drum-beat rolls
In dim cadence, as they sadly bear
To his last rest the King who reigned o'er
souls:
No trumpet fanfare
Such as men see when accepted Princes die;
No funeral of state but, passing slow,
All heads uncovered as the dead goes by.
Mute, awe-struck, sorrowing, the mourners go
Through the hushed streets. "In that more prime
beast
Than in the laurel crown and harp of gold.

Honor and age
Death takes not from the ripened sheaves,
But takes not from the life that's left;
Three things he leaves:
A memory that shall live for countless years,
The years that he has lived for countless years,
The sorrow of good men, too deep for tears
That rise from shallow fountains; flowing
rhyme
Part of our language, to be said or sung
Wherever wanders forth our English tongue.

Death keeps no clutch
On one whose life ran when those around
Kept the strong with steady touch
And faintest sound.
The man may die, but the soul survives;
Live in the heart of the soul forevermore.
For works, not men, are measures of men's lives.
The years that he has lived for countless years,
The sorrow of good men, too deep for tears
That rise from shallow fountains; flowing
rhyme
All time can co-exist with such as he.

No let him rest;
Give him a quiet grave in some lone spot,
He needs no shaft of somber granite, lest
He be forgot.
His tomb is built high and founded deep;
His epitaph is the verse he gave
For all men's comfort. Let none living weep
For one whose life to glory from the grave;
But rather, by his life at foot and head,
The poet dies to live forevermore.
—Thomas Dunn English, in N. Y. Independent.

SUN-SONG.

What makes the birds so merry?
What makes the sun so bright?
It is the sun that makes the birds so merry;
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Why are the flowers growing,
With odors overflowing?
Because the sun and the dew loves
More than the honey-bee that roves.
For this the flowers are growing,
With odors overflowing.

—B. Robinson, in Scribner for July.

HOW MATCHES ARE MADE.

Our constant use of the indispensable
match has made it so familiar that
probably few have ever thought to ask
how our ancestors did without it, and
by what stages such a necessary article
was brought to its present perfection.
Yet matches did not come into common
use until within the present century,
and their history is marked by the same
stages of progress and improvement as
other inventions.

Among rude Nations fire was ob-
tained by rubbing together two pieces
of wood, and the first improvement
upon this troublesome plan was the use
of the flint and steel, one of the ear-
liest devices of civilization. Out of this
grew the tinder-box, an ingenious but
intricate arrangement familiar to the
past generation, but now relegated to
a place among the antiquities. As
such it is deserving of a short descrip-
tion. The tinder consisted of carbon
in a filmy form, usually procured by
burning an old rag. This and a
strip of hard iron, curved round at the
top and bottom so as to form a handle.
This was held in the left hand, and in
the right a flint wedge, the sharp edge
of which being struck against the steel,
chipped off minute fragments. The
heat developed by the percussion was
sufficient to ignite and even fuse these
metallic fragments, which, falling
down into the easily combustible car-
bon, ignited it very difficultly. The
operator then, blowing upon the tinder
to keep up combustion, applied a small
piece of wood, previously dipped in
sulphur, to the glowing carbon, and
with some little contrivance man-
aged to ignite the sulphur, which in its
turn ignited the wood. The operation
was not, however, always successful.
The tinder or the matches might be
damp, the flint blunt, and the steel
worn, or on a rainy day the opera-
tor would not infrequently strike his
or her knuckles instead of the steel.
That this occurred so frequently as to
cause common complaint is shown by
the following advertisement, which, cir-
culated extensively not so many years
ago: "Save your knuckles, time and
trouble: Use Huettner's Euphrasian;
price, one shilling." In the Euphrasian
was produced by bringing sulphur
acid into contact with an in-
flammable substance mixed with cal-
erate of potash. This device proved,
however, to be scarcely less expensive
and troublesome than the tinder-box.

The discovery of phosphorus in 1773
disclosed an entirely new method of
obtaining fire. In 1780 Godfrey Han-
k-witz, at his laboratory near the Strand,
London, manufactured and sold large
quantities of phosphorus for this pur-
pose, and so great was the fame of the
new method that he undertook a trav-
eling tour in order to exhibit and sell
the article. The costliness of phospho-
rus probably prevented its general in-
troduction, and it is remarkable that a
century and a half should have elapsed
before this substance was commonly
used in the manufacture of matches.
At first the phosphorus was ignited by
rubbing it between folds of brown pa-
per and applying the match dipped in
sulphur, later a small piece of custom-
ary partially burnt paper was used, the
phosphorus in the confined air of a small
vial, the effect of which was to line it
with oxide of phosphorus. The vial
was then corked, and when required
for use, a sulphur match was dipped
into it. The match was either ignited
by the chemical action produced, or by
afterward rubbing it upon a cork.

There is one difficulty attendant upon
the manufacture of matches which
makes it an employment to be shunned
by those who are able to find some
other means of subsistence. The acid
fumes thrown off by the phosphorus
during the various processes frequently
cause among the people employed a
terrible disease, which attacks the teeth
and jaws. To such an extent did it
prevail at one time in Germany that the
attention of the Government was called
to it. The dippers are most likely to
suffer in this way, in consequence of
having to stand for hours over the
heated slab upon which the phosphorus
is spread. Persons with decayed teeth
are the most susceptible to this disease,
and therefore they are carefully ex-
cluded from the factories. Indeed, the
principal employees are young people of
both sexes. No antidote has yet been
discovered, and the natural course of
the disease is to rot the entire jaw-bone
away. This generally occupies several
years, with a constant discharge of
matter inside and outside the mouth.
The pain is not very acute, but the
sufferer seldom survives the
natural course of the disease. Some-

times an operation is successful,
and must have been performed at the
New York Hospital. Sometimes it has
been found necessary to remove the
whole of the jaw-bone. Thorough ven-
tilation and careful attention to cleanli-
ness will do much toward preventing
the disease in the beginning, and these
points are sedulously regarded in the
better class of match-manufactories.

It is a fact worthy of notice that, in-
significant as matches appear, it is a
matter of importance, on account of
the immense numbers made, that man-
ufactories should be situated in locali-
ties where timber is cheap. Beside the
matches, splints are exported to the
West Indies and South America, where,
within a few years, match manufacto-
ries have been established. As for the
matches themselves, the United States
furnish, to a great extent, not only the
remote portions of our own continent,
but also, in large quantities, to the
East Indies, Australia and China.
—Harpur's Weekly.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Christian K. Ross, father of the
stolen child, has been appointed Har-
bor-Master of Philadelphia, out of sym-
pathy felt for him because of his losses
in business since little Charlie Ross
was taken from him.

—The husband of Mrs. Kate South-
ern, of Georgia, who was sentenced to
be hanged for the murder of her rival,
and who had her sentence commuted to
imprisonment for ten years, has been
appointed a guardsman at the Georgia
Penitentiary, that he may be near his
wife.

—Mr. Alexander H. Stephens' health
is now the best that it has been for
many years. It is said to be a
strange peculiarity of his case, and one
that in part accounts for his vitality,
that during his long sickness his stom-
ach has performed its functions with-
out the slightest change. —N. Y. Even-
ing Post.

—Gen. Fitz-Henry Warren died at
Springfield, Mass., a few days ago,
aged sixty-two years. He was ap-
pointed Second Assistant Postmaster-
General by President Fillmore in 1851
and was afterward a Presidential Elec-
tor. In 1861 he was appointed by
President Johnson Minister Resident to
Guatemala, where he remained till
1863.

—The Bible gotten out by the Smith
sisters, of Glastonbury, Conn., must be
an interesting work. "Happy the com-
passionate, for they shall be communi-
cated," is one of its beatitudes, and
in one of the parables occurs the re-
markable verse: "Friend, how camest
thou in hither, not having a garment?
The answer of the nuptial feast? And he
was muzzled!" —Chicago Tribune.

—Mr. Waters, the class poet, for the
class of 1878 at Harvard, who has just
died, was a young man of intense en-
ergy and ambition, and finally de-
veloped a mania for studying that
he might keep his place in the senior
class. He is said to have worked in
this way nineteen hours without ces-
sation, either for eating or sleep. This
brought on insanity, and he was sent to
the hospital at Worcester, Mass., where
he lived less than a week.

—Joe Hooker, at the reception of the
Army of the Potomac, occupied a big
arm-chair, having a beautiful little girl
of seven on his knee, whom he kissed
repeatedly. One of the company re-
marked to the child: "You must re-
member this. Ten or fifteen years
hence you will be very proud of having
been kissed by Fighting Joe Hooker." Whereupon the General wittily re-
plied: "I should not mind it either, my
dear, if you were ten or fifteen years
older now."

—Charles C. Burleigh, the eminent
anti-slavery advocate, recently died at
Florence, Mass. He was also a strong
anti-Sabbatarian, was opposed to the
death-penalty, favored woman's rights
and preached temperance. He was one
of the speakers at the Convention held
in Philadelphia, when that edifice was
burned by the mob in 1838. When Mr.
Garrison was assailed by rioters in Bos-
ton, Mr. Burleigh it was who closed
the door of the office in the face of the
crowd, and confronting the assailants,
gave Mr. Garrison time to escape. A
kindly message from his old leader
cheered his last hours. For fifteen
years he was "resident speaker" of
the New England Congregational Society
in Florence, Mass.

A Toledo Romance.

Yesterday occurred the happy end-
ing of a long and weary waiting on the
part of a lady who was once the fairest
of the fair daughters of Toledo. Eleven
years ago she was betrothed, with her
parental consent, to a young man of
refined culture, and without what is con-
sidered the most desirable of posses-
sions next to that, namely, money.
Hesitating to take his beloved from her
pleasant home to subject her to the
trials that poverty entails, he bade her
farewell, to go West to seek his for-
tune. She had letters from him full of
hope and cheerful expectation until he
reached Omaha, when they suddenly
ceased. The days wore on, weeks,
the weeks into months, and then into
years, but still no word from the ab-
sent one to the expectant girl who
waited and watched all in vain. His
friends gave him up for dead, but she,
with woman's persistency, refused to
think so and declared her belief that he
would some time return to claim his
wife. Suitors came and went, the
light of her eyes became dim from
weeping, the roses faded from her
cheek, and gradually withdrawing from
the scenes she had graced with her
presence, her very existence was al-
most forgotten by society.

Two weeks since, while sitting alone
in her quiet parlor, the bell rang, and
in a moment more the door opened and
a gentleman entered the room. The
bronzed and bearded man had little re-
semblance to the slender youth to
whom she had pledged her troth so
many long years before, but the eye of
love could not be deceived, and in a
moment more she was clasped in the
arms of him for whom she had so long
watched and waited. His story was
soon told. Leaving Omaha with an
emigrant train for the Pacific coast, it
was attacked by the Indians, and he
was taken prisoner and carried away
into the far interior. Every effort to
escape was futile, and he was passed
from one tribe to another, getting
closer and closer away from civiliza-
tion as the months rolled on. At last,
by fortunate chance, he managed to
escape his jailers, and, after incredible
hardships, reached San Francisco three
years from the time he left Omaha.
Here he encountered an old acquaint-
ance from Toledo, who in answer to
his inquiries about the dear one there
told him that his betrothed was still
broken hearted, he made no attempt to
communicate with anyone here, and was

not undisturbed until a few weeks ago,
when on a visit to San Francisco from
his inland home, he had again received
tidings through an old neighbor that
sent him homeward as fast as the cars
could bring him hither.

The denouement was what might be
expected, and this morning the happy
pair started for their Western home,
whither the good wishes of their friends,
including those of the Blade, will fol-
low them. —Toledo Blade.

How a San Francisco Lady Routed a Burglar.

On Thursday last a lady residing on
California street, near Leavenworth,
whose husband is absent from the city,
collected by his request \$120 for rent,
She expended \$30 of it during the day,
and the remaining \$90 she intended
putting in the bank the following day.
She did not retire until eleven o'clock
on Thursday night, and was just drop-
ping off into a sleep when she was sud-
denly aroused to perfect wakefulness
by a slight clatter. She went through
a swift and startled mental calculation
to account for it, and concluded that it
was caused by the dropping of the key
of the front door on the hall floor, and
that it must have been pushed out by a
burglar in effecting an entrance to rob
her. Now was the time for the aver-
age lady to leap from her couch, turn on
a flood of gas, throw up the window and
scream, murder, fire and police. This
lady was not of the average, and slip-
ping noiselessly from the bed she found
her husband's loaded revolver without
striking a light, cocked it, and emerg-
ing from her room upon the landing of
the stairs leading to the hall, she peered
down. She had calculated correct, for
in the hall below making a very good
bull's-eye relieved against the half light
of the open door beyond she saw the
muffled figure of a burglar approach-
ing the stairs.

"Stop there. What do you want?"
she asked. The man halted for a mo-
ment in evident surprise, but answered
with an oath:

"I want money, and I know you've
got some, and I'm going to have it!"
But the intrepid lady never faltered,
and retaining her place at the head of
the stairs and her hand on the bull's-
eye, she answered:

"You shall not have it. I have the
money and I will keep it, too."

"What's that you say? I can't hear
you. Hold on a minute till I come up
to you," said the fellow, starting to
again advance.

"Never mind," said the lady, "I'll
save you the trouble of climbing the
stairs," and she immediately started
down. The burglar stood astonished at
this suspicious civility until the lady
had descended to the street, when he
saw the glint of the leveled pistol.

He instantly made a bound for the door
with a muttered oath, leaped down the
porch steps, cleared the fence into the
street and escaped. The lady's nerve
is deserving of all praise, as one such
reception as hers goes further in check-
ing burglary than half a dozen halting
prosecutions in a Criminal Court, and
she would only have added to the ex-
cellence of the result by noting a
good-sized bullet into the felon's stom-
ach. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Beauty and Art.

It has been often said that beauty is
a mere question of taste, and the re-
mark is true, although only up to a
certain point. In matters relating to
art the taste most certainly has to be
cultivated. It is only in the privileged
few that it reaches the point where ex-
quisite pleasure is produced by gazing
upon a cracked Chinese Mandarin,
minus his nose, or an old oil painting
representing some of the saints, elab-
orately dressed in royal robes and
surrounded by innumerable gems, engaged in
earnest conversation with very substan-
tial-looking angels, ungraciously posed
upon clouds on the tops of their heads.
It is a most fortunate thing that there
are a few men and women endowed
with the taste to thoroughly appreciate
these magnificent creations of genius.
They form a sort of school in which
the more ignorant of the species may
learn what they should and what they
should not admire. The untrained
mind of a child shows from what a
state of dense ignorance the artistic
sense has to be lifted to attain those
sublime heights we have mentioned.

"It seems," said a little girl of ten to
her mother, after looking at some so-
called objects d'art, "that everything
that looks ugly is pretty." This re-
marks the ignorant of the advantage of
submitting one's ideas of what is art
to those who have made themselves, or
think they have made themselves, cap-
able of judging.

Of course it is very humiliating, after
having bought and paid for what you
think a very pretty water-color or
plaque, to be told by a high-art friend
that your money has been thrown
away—your water-color is by an un-
known artist, and your plaque, per-
haps, but modern. You feel ashamed
of your ignorance, and you resolve
never to buy another water-color
plaque, or express an opinion on the
subject. And yet you cannot help
thinking that nobody ever remarked
that your taste was bad either in dress,
equipage or amusements; and why
should you not have enough natural
taste to judge whether a picture is well
drawn and colored, even if it is by an
unknown artist, and a plate pleasing to
the eye, though not of old Nanking?

If these sticklers for art would acknowl-
edge frankly that they have formed a
school, and that successfully, in which
a fictitious value has been placed upon
certain antique articles, whether hand-
some or ugly, and that as long as that
value lasts it is the best policy to invest
one's money in these articles, their re-
marks would be reasonable; but to tell
people born amid refined surroundings,
though never having possessed a blue
and white plate that an ornament he
or she has chosen is ugly in itself be-
cause it is not old, and that a picture is
in bad taste because the artist is not an
K. A., is an affectation bordering on
the ridiculous. —London Week.

Two old Texas ranchers, who had
just helped bury a neighbor, were talk-
ing about religion, and one asked the
other how pious he thought it was pos-
sible for a man to get in this world, if
he was in real earnest. "Wal," said the
other, reflectively, "I think if a
man gets so 'he can sow steers or
trade horses without lyn'." At he'd bet-
ter pull out for the better land afore he
has a relapse."

PREJUDICE often rules in the physical
treatment of babies. They are allowed to
scream with Pain from Colic, Flatulence,
Bowel Disorders, etc., when some simple,
reliable and safe remedy, as Dr. Bull's Baby
Symploc, would give almost immediate relief
and perfect cure to the little sufferer.

HOME, FARM AND GARDEN.

—Corn-plowing and hay and wheat
harvest are going to get a closer crowd
on farmers than usual this year. Vi-
gilance, gentlemen. Up and at it.
—State Register.

Thomas Meehan says the objection
against watering when the sun shines
on the plants is a purely theoretical
one, and appears only in the writings
of those who have had but little actual
experience. His advice is to water
whenever the plants need it.

—There is no occupation which is so
sure a return for labor as agricult-
ure. The risk of manufacturers and
middle-men is three-fold that of farm-
ers, but their enterprise is so great that
they seldom succumb to pressure till it
becomes crushing.

—Tea Ice-Cream. (A Massachusetts
Receipt).—Four over four tablespoons
of old Hysop tea a pint of cream;
scald in a cream kettle, or by placing
the dish containing the cream in a
kettle of boiling water; strain into a
pint of cold cream, scald again, and
when hot mix with it four eggs and
three-quarters of a pound of sugar, well
beaten together; let it cool and freeze.

—To Kill the Currant Worm.—I see
a number asking what will destroy the
gooseberry and currant worm. I will
give them a sure remedy, although a
little too late to save them this year.
Make a strong brine, strong enough to
keep meat, and sprinkle the bushes
well. The brine kills the worms al-
most instantly. This has been the re-
sult with mine, and others have tried
it and call it a sure cure. —Philadelphia
Practical Farmer.

—"Pocket-Books."—To one quart
of warm milk add a cup of butter, four
tablespoons of sugar, and two well-
beaten eggs; then stir in flour enough
to make a moderately stiff sponge; add
a small cupful of yeast, and let the
dough rise; afterward, mix in the
dough enough of soda to make it leav-
en, and then dissolve a lump of soda
the size of a bean in a spoon of milk,
work it in the dough, and roll into
sheets half an inch thick; spread with
thin layer of butter, cut into squares
and fold over pocket-book shape; let
them stand in the pans, to rise, a little
while before baking.

—Every piece of horse-radish grows;
if we take a piece of root about an inch
in length, about the size of a large
bean, and put it an inch below the sur-
face of the prepared ground, a short
piece will come to the surface in a
few days, and another and another por-
tion will descend and probably form
to form a root; but instead of this, if we
make a hole a foot or so deep in the
ground, with a dibble, and let the little
pieces of root drop to the bottom, a
clean, straight sprout will come up to
the surface, and this will in time make
as clean and thrifty a market piece as
could be desired. —Exchange.

About Hay.

A good supply of hay on every farm,
adequate to the wants of the live stock
which the farmer intends to keep, is in-
dispensable, if it is expected that the
stock is to prove profitable. There is
no doubt that many valuable animals
are annually sacrificed to a false econ-
omy in feeding in nutritious or poor hay
or straw. A man who follows such a
policy stands in his own light, and if he
should return home, the mother hen
for several years suffered from palpita-
tion of the heart. Mr. Dixon arrived
at Steeten Station by the evening mail
train, and was driven in an omnibus to
the foot of the hill where his mother
resided. On finding his parent out and
telling her he was a neighbor, Mrs.
Steel, went at once to the Bethesda
Chapel, where a prayer meeting was
being held, and where Mrs. Dixon was
one of the regular attendants. She
found, whereupon the mother immedi-
ately left the chapel and came home.

She appeared agitated, sat down in
chair, and was seized with illness. A
short conversation ensued between
mother and son, in which she asked if
"I really was her son Thomas," and
was told in reply that he was her son.
Almost immediately afterward she ex-
pired. —Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

Genitor Debility.

Read It!
Good May Come From It.

It is a common complaint among people of this age
that they are suffering from an unhealthy condition of
system, which is not, however, generally understood. If
they ask them to explain what they mean they will usually
say that they are not so strong as they used to be, that
their vitality is not what it once was, and they are not
powerful of enduring hard toil and fatigue which they for-
merly possessed. No mystery surrounds the origin of
such a condition as this, and although the patients
themselves may be content to sum up their feelings as
those of "general debility," a keen observer will at once
tell them they are rapidly approaching a disease of a most
serious nature. Almost always in such cases the blood,
in which the most valuable elements of life are con-
centrated, is in a very poverty-stricken condition, which
manifests itself by a feeling of constant languor, worse
in the morning than at any other time, nervousness,
tenderness of the muscles, loss of appetite and a gen-
eral disordered state of the bowels. Usually, also, the
liver is at fault and no longer performs its natural office
of filtering free from poisons and carrying off the bile
and the impurities that contaminate the blood. In very
many cases the kidneys are sluggish in their action, and
immediately become diseased, and the result is a
disease of the most serious nature, and which, if not
checked, will lead to a premature death.

With the appliances and facilities
now within the reach of the farmer,
saying the hay crop, this work can be
accomplished speedily at the right time
—provided always the weather will
permit—and the maximum of its nutri-
tive value secured. —Western Rural.

Why Chickens Die.

A subscriber writes to us asking why
his chickens die so rapidly, rarely liv-
ing more than two or three weeks. He
does not tell us the treatment they re-
ceive, but in the following from the
Massachusetts Ploughman, we prob-
ably find his answer. In our own poultry
yard we have been very successful
with young chicks, and have fed broken
rice alternately with the cracked corn,
giving an occasional feed of potatoes
by way of a treat. "The great point
in raising chickens is to keep them eat-
ing all the time, or at any rate, to keep
their digestive organs continually well
supplied. "Short commons" are not
economical in chicken raising."

The common custom is to keep a dish
of "Indian meal dough" mixed up, and
two or three times a day a lot is thrown
to the chickens. If they eat it, well
and good; if not, and the chances are
they will not, they have become
tired of one single article of diet set
before them day after day. It stands
and sours. If a quantity is thus found
uneaten the next feed is better, and
lighter, and, finally, the sickly, driven
by hunger, devour the sour stuff,
the result is cholera or some other fatal
disease sets in and their owner wonders

"why my chickens are all dying off."
In our own practice we find that small
quantities of varied food if given to the
chickens often produce vastly better re-
sults than any other method of feeding.
Indian meal dough we banished from our
poultry yards long ago, and on no
conditions would we permit young
chickens to be fed with it. For the
first morning meal we give all our
young poultry stock boiled potatoes
mashed up fine. We find nothing so
good and acceptable, and as we use
only the small potatoes, those which are
unmarketable and not large enough
for the table, they prove to be more
profitable than any other article of food.

When, in days gone by, we used to
feed the chickens with the traditional
Indian meal dough, we always counted
on using a large portion of it, and the
chickens, and the number died from chol-
era, diarrhoea and kindred diseases
were great. Now a sick chicken is un-
known to our yards and we lay our suc-
cess entirely to the disuse of Indian
meal dough. After the potatoes are
disposed of we give our chickens all the
fine cracked corn they will eat up
clean. We cannot find in the grain
stores corn cracked to the proper de-
gree of fineness, and we have as a re-
sult in our poultry house a large-sized
coffee mill, such as grocers use, and we
run the corn through that.

Of course large chickens, those which
are ten or twelve weeks old, do not
need such fine ground corn, but the
young birds do. In about two hours
after the cracked corn is eaten we give
all the wheat screenings that the chick-
ens will eat, and in another two hours
spread before them a fresh meal of
boiled potatoes. For supper they have
all the cracked corn and wheat they can
eat.

The best system of feeding, however,
will not avail if the young birds are
permitted to become overrun with ver-
min. They should be anaesthetized on their
heads and under their wings and on
their backs once a week with a mixture
of equal parts of lard and kerosene oil,
and another and another portion will
descend and probably form to form a
root; but instead of this, if we make a
hole a foot or so deep in the ground,
with a dibble, and let the little pieces
of root drop to the bottom, a clean,
straight sprout will come up to the sur-
face, and this will in time make as
clean and thrifty a market piece as
could be desired. —Exchange.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Judith Dix-
on, of Sillsden, dropped down dead, it
is generally thought, from excessive
joy at the return of her son, Thomas
Dixon, who had been nearly nine
years in America.

On hearing of the death of his father,
Mr. Abraham Dixon, on Aug. 1, 1877,
the son had informed his mother that
when he had settled in his new home
he should return home. The mother had
for several years suffered from palpita-
tion of the heart. Mr. Dixon arrived
at Steeten Station by the evening mail
train, and was driven in an omnibus to
the foot of the hill where his mother
resided. On finding his parent out and
telling her he was a neighbor, Mrs.
Steel, went at once to the Bethesda
Chapel, where a prayer meeting was
being held, and where Mrs. Dixon was
one of the regular attendants. She
found, whereupon the mother immedi-
ately left the chapel and came home.

She appeared agitated, sat down in
chair, and was seized with illness. A
short conversation ensued between
mother and son, in which she asked if
"I really was her son Thomas," and
was told in reply that he was her son.
Almost immediately afterward she ex-
pired. —Leeds (Eng.) Mercury.

It is a common complaint among people of this age
that they are suffering from an unhealthy condition of
system, which is not, however, generally understood. If
they ask them to explain what they mean they will usually
say that they are not so strong as they used to be, that
their vitality is not what it once was, and they are not
powerful of enduring hard toil and fatigue which they for-
merly possessed. No mystery surrounds the origin of
such a condition as this, and although the patients
themselves may be content to sum up their feelings as
those of "general debility," a keen observer will at once
tell them they are rapidly approaching a disease of a most
serious nature. Almost always in such cases the blood,
in which the most valuable elements of life are con-
centrated, is in a very poverty-stricken condition, which
manifests itself by a feeling of constant languor, worse
in the morning than at any other time, nervousness,
tenderness of the muscles, loss of appetite and a gen-
eral disordered state of the bowels. Usually, also, the
liver is at fault and no longer performs its natural office
of filtering free from poisons and carrying off the bile
and the impurities that contaminate the blood. In very
many cases the kidneys are sluggish in their action, and
immediately become diseased, and the result is a
disease of the most serious nature, and which, if not
checked, will lead to a premature death.

With the appliances and facilities
now within the reach of the farmer,
saying the hay crop, this work can be
accomplished speedily at the right time
—provided always the weather will
permit—and the maximum of its nutri-
tive value secured. —Western Rural.

Why Chickens Die.
A subscriber writes to us asking why
his chickens die so rapidly, rarely liv-
ing more than two or three weeks. He
does not tell us the treatment they re-
ceive, but in the following from the
Massachusetts Ploughman, we prob-
ably find his answer. In our own poultry
yard we have been very successful
with young chicks, and have fed broken
rice alternately with the cracked corn,
giving an occasional feed of potatoes
by way of a treat. "The great point
in raising chickens is to keep them eat-
ing all the time, or at any rate, to keep
their digestive organs continually well
supplied. "Short commons" are not
economical in chicken raising."

The common custom is to keep a dish
of "Indian meal dough" mixed up, and
two or three times a day a lot is thrown
to the chickens. If they eat it, well
and good; if not, and the chances are
they will not, they have become
tired of one single article of diet set
before them day after day. It stands
and sours. If a quantity is thus found
uneaten the next feed is better, and
lighter, and, finally, the sickly, driven
by hunger, devour the sour stuff,
the result is cholera or some other fatal
disease sets in and their owner wonders

"why my chickens are all dying off."
In our own practice we find that small
quantities of varied food if given to the
chickens often produce vastly better re-
sults than any other method of feeding.
Indian meal dough we banished from our
poultry yards long ago, and on no
conditions would we permit young
chickens to be fed with it. For the
first morning meal we give all our
young poultry stock boiled potatoes
mashed up fine. We find nothing so
good and acceptable, and as we use
only the small potatoes, those which are
unmarketable and not large enough
for the table, they prove to be more
profitable than any other article of food.

When, in days gone by, we used to
feed the chickens with the traditional
Indian meal dough, we always counted
on using a large portion of it, and the
chickens, and the number died from chol-
era, diarrhoea and kindred diseases
were great. Now a sick chicken is un-
known to our yards and we lay our suc-
cess entirely to the disuse of Indian
meal dough. After the potatoes are
disposed of we give our chickens all the
fine cracked corn they will eat up
clean. We cannot find in the grain
stores corn cracked to the proper de-
gree of fineness, and we have as a re-
sult in our poultry house a large-sized
coffee mill, such as grocers use, and we
run the corn through that.

Of course large chickens, those which
are ten or twelve weeks old, do not
need such fine ground corn, but the
young birds do. In about two hours
after the cracked corn is eaten we give
all the wheat screenings that the chick-
ens will eat, and in another two hours
spread before them a fresh meal of
boiled potatoes. For supper they have
all the cracked corn and wheat they can
eat.

The best system of feeding, however,
will not avail if the young birds are
permitted to become overrun with ver-
min. They should be anaesthetized on their
heads and under their wings and on
their backs once a week with a mixture
of equal parts of lard and kerosene oil,
and another and another portion will
descend and probably form to form a
root; but instead of this, if we make a
hole a foot or so deep in the ground,
with a dibble, and let the little pieces
of root drop to the bottom, a clean,
straight sprout will come up to the sur-
face, and this will in time make as
clean and thr