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The Song of the Uplands.

Oh, better a glimpse of a star
That may never be reached but be hoped for,
Oh, better a grand life afar,
Than to have all the senses depressed,
And all that the passions require;
But no more, but no more.

Oh, better a faith that can cope
With the doubts of the world and can
quicken;
Oh, better a life that has hope
To illumine through poverty stricken,
Than to have all that riches can tire
Or buy, so to fast and not tire,
But no more, but no more.

Oh, better love that is blind,
That can see in the loved one no badness;
Oh, better a trust in one's kind,
Spite of all of its folly and madness,
Than to stand all alone mid earth's mire,
Having food and raiment and fire,
But no more, but no more.

—Edw. S. Cremer.

ADONIS, M. D.

"I forbid you my house, do you hear, sir?" screamed Mr. Chickjove, purple with rage and stamping like a door-wrangler.

"Well, but since Mrs. Chickjove sent for me," pleaded Jack Halliday.

"Mrs. Chickjove is a silly young woman, with whose feelings you have presumed to trifle," roared her husband, flourishing his umbrella from the door-step.

"Now, sir, be off; I've had enough of this. My patience has been driven to extremities by preserving a complete equanimity. A few minutes' pensive walk brought him to a side street of fashionable appearance, which he entered, and at the third house rang the bell.

"Is Mrs. Marrable at home?" asked he of the smart maid who answered his summons. "Yes, sir," said the damsel; but she put a forefinger to her lips, and with a mysterious look whispered: "Hush, sir, he's come!"

"Who's come?" inquired Halliday, astonished.

"Missus' brother, sir; and oh, my, what a row he's made! Yes, sir; please to step in. These last words were spoken aloud and with considerable flurry, for the maid had espied a tall, lumbering figure descending the end of the passage. The doctor started with all its might to the door. The doctor accented it blandly; but a wave of the hand motioned him to step into the parlor, and there he was confronted by a massive, square-jawed person, six feet tall and broad in proportion, who, in a deep bass voice that seemed to come up like a mine's from the shaft of a pit, said: "My name is Guekin, and I wish to know what is the matter with my sister."

"Really, Mr. Guekin, there is not much; a slight cold—vapors."

"Then why have you paid her fifty-six visits in the course of five weeks?"

"I can hardly tell," stammered Halliday, uneasily; "ladies are sometimes anxious about their nerves, you know. The least thing alarms them."

"Enough; I know your game, my man," interrupted Mr. Guekin, apprehending the doctor by the cuff as if he were a prisoner, and staring into his face with an evil glare. "You've heard of Palmer, the Rugeley poisoner, haven't you? and Smethurst, another doctor? and Castaign, Lapommerais, Frenchmen, doctors and poisoners, too? and that physician lately hanged at Edinburgh for poisoning his wife, eh? You'll swing, too, if you don't mind. You've laid your plans for marrying my sister; but as she's too old and ugly for you to love, you just think you'll undermine her health first, so that she may die as soon as possible after the marriage, and leave you her money. Well, well, just try it. Go up stairs and see Mr. Marrable now, if you like; but mind, my eye is on you."

"You can't think that, after what you have just said, I should consent ever to step into this house again?" ejaculated Jack Halliday, as he disengaged himself with a burning spot on either cheek.

"All right; that means that you are going, doesn't it? Or is it only a bit of show-off?"

"It means that I am going this minute, and—and I'm ashamed of you, Mr. Guekin. Good-night."

"Go to the deuce!" said Mr. Guekin; and he, too, having shown the young doctor into the street, slammed the door with quite unnecessary noise.

This time Jack Halliday did look a little upset. He bit the corners of his whiskers, pulled down his waistbands, and appeared anxious to do battle with somebody; but presently the humorous aspects of the situation broke abruptly upon him, and he laughed. His step was elastic and steady—by no means of a waltz-like character—as he trudged off to pay the last visit to his sister before going home to tea. It was seven o'clock of a winter evening, and the lamps of that suburban district of London where our scenes are laid had been flaring these two hours. Dr. Halliday made for a row of semi-detached villas, and knocking at the door of a house with a pretty garden in front, was admitted with a "Come in," and a "How do you do?"

A fox dog frisked out, barking a welcome and wagging his tail; some

children came romping down the passage to be kissed, and it was under the lead of these little people, the one pulling him by the hand, another holding on to his coat skirts, and a third climbing on to his back, that the doctor made his entrance into a parlor where a happy family party were mustered. The owner of the house was Mr. Daisop, a little, jovial business man, husband of a jolly wife, and father of a flock of children.

He sat near the fire reading a newspaper, with a couple of rosy brats crouching at his knees, and two more sprawling on the hearth-rug. Half-a-dozen boys and girls, between ten and sixteen, were gathered round the table playing loto, and the eldest daughter, a cheerful girl of twenty, was working beside her mother, and casting occasional glances toward a sofa, where lay the beauty of the family, a sweet, golden-haired girl of eighteen. Before the doctor's entry the beauty had been laughing at some joke of her brother's, but seeing Halliday, a gleam lit up her eyes, a faint blush overspread her cheeks, and she let her head sink on her pillow in an attitude of delicious languor. When the chorus of greetings had subsided, the doctor took a chair beside the sofa and shook hands with the beauty.

"Well, how do you feel to-day, Miss Emily?"

"So weak, doctor," murmured a soft voice, and a pair of blue eyes moistened as they looked into his.

"The poor darling has lost her appetite; she can't eat nothing at dinner," said Mrs. Daisop, a tall, florid and burly man.

"Oh, mamma! that was because she sent out Jane an hour before grub-time to buy her two sausage rolls, three raspberry puffs and a Bath bun," exclaimed one of the brothers at the table.

"Oh, those odious boys!" muttered Mrs. Daisop; but Dr. Halliday pretended not to hear. He felt Beauty's pulse, and the moment his hand touched her's the girl quivered from head to foot. Agitated by spasms, as if the shocks of an electric battery were running through her, she forced a handkerchief into her mouth; but at last she could contain herself no longer, and burst out into a terrible wail, followed by a torrent of tears.

"Ah! Nervous debility; outdoor exercise will cure that," remarked the doctor as he rose from his chair with professional composure; but he was surprised to notice that Mr. and Mrs. Daisop, instead of seeming alarmed at their daughter's state, were exchanging smiles. They beckoned to him to come out of the room, and he accompanied them into Mr. Daisop's study. There Mr. Daisop, having closed the door, gave Halliday a friendly pat on the waistcoat, and grinning from ear to ear, said:

"Now my dear fellow, we quite appreciate your delicacy in not having spoken out your sentiments till now; but we think, for your Emily's sake, that the time has come when you ought to declare yourself."

"Declare what?" answered the doctor.

"I assure you Miss Emily is in no danger."

"Come, come, you're making fun of us!" laughed Mr. Daisop, in whose mirth his wife joined. "Do you think we have been blind to the purpose of your constant visits to our daughter?"

"Professional visits, Mr. Daisop," said Jack Halliday, with some wonder.

"Well, well, we won't discuss that point," continued Emily's lively father.

"Look at yourself in the glass, man. Do you think a fellow of your handsome face and figure can make love to a girl long without setting her heart on fire?"

"I don't think so, doctor," said Dr. Halliday, calmly; "I'm sure I am only too glad for my dear Emily that she should find a husband like you. Go in now, and make the child happy by proposing to her. I will be on hand should she not remain long on the sofa after that."

Jack Halliday murmured a monosyllable, which let us hope, was a blessing; but instead of returning to the parlor he went down stairs, opened the street-door, and fled ignominiously from the house. When he had run twenty paces down the road he paused, breathless, to exclaim: "Now, I'll be hanged if I ever prescribe for wife, widow or girl again. I've had enough of it!"

He had indeed had enough of it. He was the handsomest doctor within a radius of twenty miles; but the gift of beauty, which should have proved glory and a source of wealth to him, had turned out to be an unmitigated curse. Certain it is that Mr. Chickjove, Mr. Guekin and Mr. Daisop had all some grounds for taxing him with having shot the darts of Cupid into their respective family circles; and they were not the only persons by many who were entitled to make the same complaint. The best of it was, however, that Jack Halliday was absolutely innocent of any purpose to circumvent his fair patients; for he was the discreetest of men, very earnest in his profession, and he would not for a great deal have got himself into any entanglement.

He walked home, brooding in considerable disgust, and, as usual, found in his hall a number of maids and pages waiting with pressing notes that summoned him to go out and see divers ladies. He dismissed this cohort of messengers pretty roughly, telling them he should go out no more that night. They protested, but he bundled them all out into the street, saying that he wanted his tea, and should have it. He was not satisfied, however, to enjoy this cheerful meal just yet, for on walking into his study he was met by a dainty, tearful little woman, who rose from a chair near the fire, and lifting her veil, sighed: "Oh, doctor, I feel so ill. I've been waiting for you an hour."

"Mrs. Chickjove!" exclaimed Halliday.

"Why, I called at your house; didn't your husband tell you?"

"Oh, yes; the brute! He would let me die, for all he cared; but you must prescribe for me, doctor—dear doctor! Put you had here on my heart and feel the palpitation. See how ill I am."

"Really, I don't think there's anything the matter with you, Mrs. Chickjove," said Halliday, severely. "Any how, as I don't understand your case, I advise you to consult my neighbor, Dr. Podgie, whose long experience"—

"Ah, doctor, I shall die if you forsake me," screamed Mrs. Chickjove, and, letting herself glide off her seat, she had a fit of hysterics on the hearth-rug.

Jack, losing his head, caught up the first bottle of his medicine-shelf and forced the contents into the fair sufferer's mouth. He found out later—and so did the lady—that he had administered a strong dose of Epsom salts by mistake; but for the present his impulses were erratic, for he heard loud moans issuing from the next room, which was his parlor, and running in saw a corpulent, middle-aged lady, gasping on a sofa, with both hands pressed to her bosom.

"Why, Mrs. Marrable, what brings you here?" he cried.

"Oh, doctor," croaked the rich widow in a voice which would have done for a drill-sergeant's, "I have come to apologize for my brother's atrocious conduct. It has made me quite ill. The unmanly fellow wants my money—six thousand a year, doctor, in the three per cents—but he shall never have a penny; my money shall go to those whom I love and who love me. Oh, doctor, dear doctor, your prescriptions do me a world of good; I feel that I owe you my life. . . . Allow me to weep; oh! oh!"

The cathartic in the doctor's bottle was not all gone; he was about to impart what remained of it to soothe the widow's pangs; but at this moment the knocker on the street-door was banged with such a riot that he went out to see what was the matter. He opened the door, and in rushed Mr. Chickjove, Mr. Guekin, and Mr. Daisop, all three raving. "My wife is in your house," yelled one. "You've abducted my sister, you scoundrel!" sang out the second. "I'll have no more trifling with my daughter!" shouted the third. Their fists were clenched and their hair bristled.

Jack Halliday, though an even-tempered man, lost patience. He barred the entrance to the parlor with his outstretched arms; and keeping his visitors in the hall, said: "Now, one at a time. First, you, Mr. Guekin. You called me a scoundrel. If you don't instantly beg my pardon, I shall request you to take off your coat, and I'll have it on here instantly. Do you decline?" Mr. Guekin did decline to fight, and, reddening, muttered an apology. "Very well, off you go; and now, your turn, Mr. Chickjove."

"Ah, you shan't intimidate me, sir," shrieked the choleric little husband of the lady with palpitations, "if you lay a finger on me, sir, I'll have the law on you."

"Yes, I know you're a solicitor," said the doctor, calmly, "and that's why I am going to make an offer to you. I hear your influence will be paramount at the approaching election of a coroner for this district. Get me elected, and I promise to renounce my private practice. I'll never call upon your wife nor any other lady, except in a friendly way."

"You shan't call on us in a friendly way," howled Mr. Chickjove. "Yes, sir, I'll get you elected coroner; that's a good idea, for we shall be well rid of you. You'll go and live in London. Where's my wife? Let me pass, sir."

Mr. Chickjove went in to fetch his wife, and Jack remained alone with Mr. Daisop.

"Mr. Daisop," said he, "when I've had my tea, I'll go and propose to Emily; but conditionally, you know, on my getting that coronership. I don't want to have my wife's jealousy excited."

"You're right, then," said Mr. Daisop, laughing. "A good-looking husband with a large female practice wouldn't quite suit a tender-hearted creature like our Emily." And he left the doctor to his tea.

TAME BUFFALOES.

Bringing Up Three that were Taken Young on the Plains.

Colonel Ezra Miller, of Malhawk, N. J., brought up three buffaloes that were sent to him from the plains of the West, and gives his experience with them as follows in an interview with a New York reporter:

"I have proved to my own satisfaction," the colonel said, "several important points. First, that buffaloes can be tamed. Second, that it doesn't cost one-half as much to keep a buffalo as to keep an ordinary cow. Third, they can be fattened as quickly as ordinary heaves, and on half the food, and their meat is just as good. Fourth, they are as good milkers as our Alderney and fifth, they are as good butter makers. The milk of the buffalo is a little yellower than that of the Alderney, but very sweet and rich, and there is more cream than in the Alderney milk. As to the quantity of milk given by buffalo cows, they will average with the average milker. The udder of the buffalo cow is very small indeed, but the milk veins are immense. This is a provision which nature enables them to run faster than that of a cow by a large udder. I am of the opinion that the most desirable cross is with the big Dutch cattle that have such big udders. I think that crossing them with our short-horns will give remarkably good beef. But the beef from our buffaloes more than met my expectations. It was sweet and juicy, and tender, not at all like the meat of the buffalo of the plains.

"Now, in drawing the balance between the buffalo and the ordinary cow, I find these facts: The buffalo can be kept at one-half the cost of the cow; that's one point for the buffalo. We will assume, to give the cow a fair show, that she yields more milk and butter. That balances the account so far. The buffalo is fully equal to our stock in the quality of meat. So they are still on even terms; but its hide is worth four times as much, so it comes out far ahead in the last heat, as horsemen say. The hide from my bull was a beautiful specimen. It was better than a \$25 robe I bought to compare with it. The hair was longer and finer, the result of good feed, I think."

The colonel led the way to the barnyard where the buffalo cow and heifer were kept. A savory smell was exhaled from the kitchen as he passed.

"Come in here a minute," he said, suddenly. Three or four farmhands were eating dinner, and a large platter of what seemed to be beefsteak stood on the table. The colonel seized a knife and cut into it. It was sweet, juicy, and tender, and well flavored. "That is from the round," the colonel said. "Not the best cut by any means, as you know; but our women say the buffalo meat is all tenderloin. The hump is very fine, being rich and juicy. The hump is, in size, and the liver beats any beef liver I ever tasted."

A good-looking colored man went to the cow stable, and from among a number of ordinary-looking animals turned out the buffalo cow. Her black horns curved upward and were tipped with brass knobs. Otherwise she was the ordinary buffalo. Her calf, the yearling, was his counterpart without the horns. Both were very gentle, and the heifer answered readily to the name of "Nancy."

"We have had no trouble in raising them," the colonel said, "and they herd with the other cattle on the best of terms. What surprises me is their weakness. I supposed they were very powerful; but they are not. I have seen a yearling buffalo bull, named Bill, the old, right up hill. They are fast, but they are not strong. They are also very cowardly, very playful and very cunning. I have studied their habits and have been greatly amused. If one of them sees you shut a gate, he'll go up and open it immediately after you; but if you don't shut the gate, he'll stand at that lot there, and notice that a length of the fence that separated the pasture from a field of rye was down. I sent a man to nail it up. Bill stood just behind him and watched him closely. The man had not got back to the house before Bill gravely walked up to the fence, put his horns under the lower board, and ripped the whole length down, and then he turned round and walked off. One day the men were working on that side hill with barrows. At noon, while they were eating dinner under that shed, they heard a rattle, and down came Bill, a handle of the wheelbarrow on each horn, wheeling it. He wheeled it to the foot of that hill there, when it turned over. Then he tried to get it back, but he couldn't. He was a barrel half way up the hill and then he rolled down, and every time the barrel bounced over a stone Bill grunted and jerked up his ridiculous tail. They don't bellow like our cattle; they grunt.

One day some girls who were visiting here from New York went on the hill for blackberries, carrying a small tin pail, such as the men use in carrying salt when they salt the cattle. Bill saw the girls, and though afraid of the girls, slowly walked toward them. They slowly edged away. Bill followed. The girls walked faster; so did Bill. They ran; Bill broke into a trot, and down the hill they came the girls still holding the pail, and frightened out of their wits, and Bill behind longing for salt. Hanged if those girls didn't climb that high fence there within three lengths of an open gate. They never saw it. Bill stopped with a grunt and a jerk of his tail.

"A curious thing," the colonel said, "is their dance. I call it their war-dance, and I believe the Indians got the idea of the war-dance from them, as well as the grunt. Those three buffaloes would go up among those cedars and Bill would stand up against one, put his forelegs around it, and bend it down to the ground. Then the others would join him, and they'd all stand over the bent sapling. Suddenly, at a given grunt, they'd jump away, and as the sapling sprang up with a switch, they'd start in a circle around it, one behind the other, jumping stiff-legged, coming down on all four feet at a time, and at each jump all grunting."

"I want to say that I think it will pay to breed buffaloes. I think a good idea

would be to have buffalo ranches in the buffalo country, where the calves could be collected and domesticated, and whence they could be shipped to the East. If something of this kind isn't done, the buffalo will be exterminated."

TRICHINA.

The Death of Four Persons from Eating Raw Ham.

The Chicago Times of a recent date says: A short time ago an alleged case of spasmodic trichina occurred in this city, and a number of people who thought they knew more about uncooked, diseased pork than the unfortunate deceased who ate it could not believe that such a thing as the real trichina that killed people did exist or could exist hereabouts. To prove that it could not, according to his own theory, a certain physician ate a piece of meat which was supposed to have contained the mischief, and after having duly announced the fact he calmly awaited results. He is yet calm as far as heard from, and has not as is known experienced any ill results from the piece of meat which he ate.

Whether the pork was diseased or not is an open question; but it is asserted that the doctor did not hesitate to boil it thoroughly before he ate it. This was a precaution which probably he did not deem necessary to make public, but scientists say it makes all the difference in the world about diseased pork from which trichina can be developed, and the general impression among those who heard of the experiment is that he ate the pork nearly raw or only par-boiled.

There has recently occurred a very distressing case which also does not set at rest the question of the tendency of diseased pork, not thoroughly cooked, to create trichina, and in such a serious form as to be fatal, should at least, it would seem, call for some very thorough and exhaustive inquiry.

Intelligence reached the city yesterday that a whole family had died from trichina caused by eating ham, which was presumably insufficiently cooked. In Gridley, Ill., resided until a few days since a very respectable German family, consisting of a man, his wife and three sons. They were in the habit of partaking of ham freely, and within the past week the boys sickened and died. The mother finally succumbed to illness and also died, when the news reached this city yesterday, the last member of the family was upon what was believed to be his deathbed.

The boys and their mother died in the greatest agony, and Dr. Taylor, a physician of Gridley, who attended the family, had no doubt about the cause of death being trichina of a malignant form. The father also was suffering from the same complaint, and betrayed all the symptoms of completely-developed trichina. Dr. Taylor dispatched specimens of the ham eaten by this unfortunate family, and also a piece of the body of one of the boys deceased, to Mr. Edward Mancher, the optician of this city, and the latter gentleman applied a number of crucial microscopic tests to these subjects. The results fully substantiated the theory of trichina as the cause of death, as the microscope clearly discovered thousands of these death-dealing parasites in small pieces of the ham.

So thick were they that Mr. Mancher said that evening that he could clearly distinguish no less than ten microscopic forms and large-sized trichina in a piece of the ham no bigger than a pin's head, and that in larger pieces they abounded by the hundred and by the thousand. They are so abundant that life in the smaller parasites cannot be discerned at all, as they have to be placed between the two pieces of glass, and the point of the finest microscopic lens scarcely defines them, and yet they caused the agonized death of a whole family. There is intense excitement in and around the locality where this melancholy fatality occurred.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Grain in Orchards.

In a recent issue of your paper I notice an article in which the writer is desirous of becoming familiar with the project as to whether sowing small grain (oats) in an orchard would prove satisfactory. I think not, should he be dealt with similarly to myself. Though the raising of such had once been engaged in, and its proving by far contrary to my expectations, I unhesitatingly abandoned the idea of raising small grain in an orchard of any age in the future. I now take pleasure in giving my experience to young farmers and any others of your numerous readers.

In the spring of 1876, having an extensive and superior selection of choice fruit trees, variously mixed, I concluded (the trees being widely set apart and planted in virgin soil) to experiment in raising oats. As the ground needed cultivation, I thought the oats would be beneficial instead of injurious. Sowed them in March, and gave the matter but little attention until June 1st, when, to my surprise and dissatisfaction, I observed the trees were very scaly, bark dry and in places scorched—caused, as I thought then and know now, by the reflection of heat or rays of the sun. The straw was fast maturing, and capable of reflection. But my neighbors frequently persisted in causing me to believe otherwise, but of no avail. I afterward confirmed my belief. Becoming dissatisfied at the turn things were taking, I had the oats harvested. But it was no improvement, for the stubbs seemed as forcible in returning heat as did their better half. Finding there was no chance of saving them except by hard work and diligent nursing, I resolved to adopt the two latter methods, thereby saving more than half of my trees.

"Young Farmer" will observe by the foregoing that the oats paid dear for themselves, and were worthless. If he should still feel inclined to raise a crop in his orchard, I would suggest the raising of corn or potatoes, or other crops with green foliage.—M. A. Stier, in Rural World.

Household Hints.

Clean oil-cloth with milk and water; a brush and soap will run it.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.

Musty bottles or jars may be sweetened with lye or dissolved soda. Let either remain in them a short time, then dry and scald out. Salt will keep off must, if placed in jars or bottles.

A tablespoonful of black pepper put into the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. There is no objection to it, and it softens the water like soda.

In damp weather, flat-irons, unless kept on the stove, are apt to gather moisture, get rough and become rusty; and it is not well to keep them hot all the time, for a good many reasons—they are liable to get knocked off and broken, and after a while do not retain the heat so well, and they are in the way. If you occasionally rub the smooth surface with a bit of beeswax, and then rub on a piece of cloth, they will always keep bright and smooth, if they do ever happen to get wet, and so rust, lay a little fine salt upon a smooth board and rub them over it quickly while hot.

Fowls in Orchards.

Last fall we visited an orchard in which fowls were kept, the owner of which told us that before the fowls were confined in it the trees made little or no growth, and only a corresponding amount of fruit was obtained. But what a change was evident now! The grass was kept down, the weeds killed, and the trees presented an appearance of thrift which the most enthusiastic horticulturist could not but admire and envy. The growth of the trees was most vigorous and the foliage remarkably luxuriant; the fruit was abundant, and of large size, and free from worms and other imperfections. The excellent was accounted for by the proprietor, who remarked that the "hens ate all the worms and curculion in their reach, even the canker-worm." He found less trouble with their roosting in trees than he expected, and that a picket fence six feet high kept them within bounds. His orchard was divided into three sections, and the fowls were placed in one to another, as the condition of the fowls or the orchard-sections seemed to require.

—Poultry World.

Fruit Trees.

Set a green hand to prune trees where limbs of any size are to be removed, and the chances are, ten to one, that he will commence at the top and saw through the limb until it falls of its own weight, tearing down the bark and wood, inflicting a great, ugly wound, which may require years to heal, and which, if not carefully protected from the weather, will cause such decay as to destroy the tree. The method commonly recommended to prevent injury is, to begin at the bottom and cut half way through, and then finish at the top; or with very large limbs, to have them supported by a crooked pole or pitchfork held by an assistant below; but we have found a better plan, and quite as easy, to be to make two cuts, the first at a convenient distance, say a foot, from the point where we wish the limb removed. This short stump can, except in the case of very large limbs, be easily held in one hand, while the final cut is made with the other.

—Fruit Recorder.

Francis Atkins was porter at the palace gate at Salisbury from the time of Bishop Burnet to the period of his death in 1761, at the age of 104 years. It was his office every night to wind up the clock, which he was capable of performing regularly till within a year of his decease, though on the summit of the palace. In ascending the lofty flight of stairs he usually made a halt at a particular place and said his evening prayers. He lived a regular and temperate life and took a great deal of exercise; he walked well, carried his frame upright and well balanced to the last.

Help.

My hands have often been weary hands, Too tired to do their daily task; And just to fold them for evermore Has seemed the boon that was best to ask.

My feet have often been weary feet, Too tired to walk another day; And I've thought, "To sit and calmly wait Is better far than the onward way."

My eyes with tears have been so dim That I have said, "I cannot mark The work I do or the way I take, For everywhere it is dark—so dark."

But oh, thank God! There never has come That hour that makes the bravest quail; No matter how weary my feet and hands, God never has suffered my heart to fail.

So the folded hands take up their work, And the weary feet pursue their way; And all is clear when the good heart cries "Be brave!—to-morrow's another day."

—Harper's Weekly.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A neat business.—The cattle trade. Chorus of the cider apples—"Just as we go to press."

There must be a nerve center somewhere in the nose.

A pistol is not half so dangerous when the owner is not loaded.

A cutting from a banana plant stuck in the ground will bear fruit in a year.

There are well authenticated cases of kittens having caught the mumps from children.

Siberia is beginning to loom up as a great agricultural country—especially wheat producing.

A patent-medicine advertiser says that fat is not conducive to long life. A fat hog rarely lives through the winter.

In the olden time when a man sailed across the seas to humble a rival's fame he brought his arms with him; now he brings his legs.

It is proposed to celebrate at Pompeii this summer the eighteen hundredth anniversary of the destruction of that city by an eruption from Vesuvius.

A South American has discovered a plant which gives milk, but we don't see where the fun is to come in, as it can't turn around and kick the pail over.

In Scotland and other northern countries, seaweed is used in winter for feeding horses, cattle and sheep, and is eaten by deer when other food is scarce.

A naturalist claims to have discovered that crows, when in flocks, have regularly organized courts, in which they sit around and try offenders—a sort of crow bar.

A native of Marseilles has purchased the right of extracting chloride of potash from the Dead Sea, and expects to net eight dollars a ton on an indefinite quantity of it delivered at London.

Winter is the time for planning, as the summer is the season for execution. Winter is the time for thought, as summer is the season for carrying thought into action. —Iowa State Register.

Robert Templeton, watchmaker and jeweler, of Ayr, Scotland, has bequeathed his whole estate of about \$50,000 to rebuild the old bridge of that town, popularly known as the "Auld Brig of Ayr," and rendered famous by Burns' poems.

A farmer in Ohio was annoyed by his sheep getting into a field of grain; each time he drove them out he was unsuccessful in finding an opening through which they got in, the fence being too high, he thought, for them to jump over, so he concluded to watch them, and to his astonishment he saw a large buck leaping the fence and placing himself by the side of the fence, then one after the other of his companions ran up to him, leaped upon his back and over the fence into the field; the buck was the only one in the flock that could get over without the assistance of a "footstool." Is this not more than instinct? Have not animals a language of their own?

A Cool Customer.

The Detroit Free Press says: J. R. Ham was one of a confederation of men, some of them holding high official and social positions, who, by means of forged deeds and other devices, perpetrated one of the most gigantic land swindles ever heard of. He is now serving a term of confinement on conviction of sending to Blanco county, Texas, for record, a forged deed for 640 acres of land, and has sent to the Free Press office two letters, one of which is given below, the extract with which it commences having been cut from our paper by him and attached to his letter as a sort of text.

"J. R. Ham, the man who came near stealing one-half of Texas, is anxious to get out of the Austin penitentiary. He thinks he can render valuable service in clearing up real estate titles; but he cleared too much when he was at liberty, and Texas will find him most useful where he is."

AUSTIN, TEXAS.—Have been looking over your valuable paper nearly all day, and to my great astonishment find my name in the paper. I desire to correct you, lest you might injure my reputation. You state that I am the man who came near stealing one-half of Texas. Now this is all a mistake. I only got away with 168,000 acres of land that there are no adverse claimants for. This land is worth on an average five dollars per acre, which would only make about \$800,000. This amount would hardly be the interest for one year on what Jim Fisk and Jay Gould gobbled on Black Friday, and yet they are not happy. You state that I think I could render valuable services in clearing up real estate titles. In this you are quite right. Yes, I can "raise my titles clear." You state that I am anxious to get out of the Austin penitentiary. In this you are mistaken. In the first place, there is no penitentiary in Austin; in the second place, I have never been in a penitentiary, and have no aspirations in that direction. If I could get out of the Austin jail it would be good enough for me. Yes, I would turn me over to the Lord I would be justified. Very respectfully,

J. R. HAM.