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THE NUT-SHELL

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This miniature journal is printed from the smallest type ever manufactured, being cut and imported from Europe especially for this publication. It is a marvel of mechanical skill, and a fair index of the rapid advance of the art of typographical art. This, and future numbers, should be carefully preserved as they will prove not only a curiosity, but will furnish for reference a large amount of valuable information not to be obtained elsewhere.

HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Porcelain kettles and wooden spoons are best to use in preserving. To drive away winter bugs scatter beer and sugar mixed about their haunts.

Cheap goods are very often literally cheap in every sense except in economy to the purchaser.

A handful of pokcherry root put into a pint of sweet milk is said to be a sure cure for erysipels. A tablespoonful of soda added to the water in which linens are washed will facilitate the cleaning.

Always warm the plates and dishes on which you serve roasts and steaks, or any hot meat or vegetables. The white enameled that you can reduce to dust is what I clean my spoons and polish my tinware with.

Dishes browned by use may be cleaned by letting them remain half or three-quarters of an hour in boiling water.

As the table is the place where most waste occurs, guard it well and pay strict attention to the second serving of food.

Olive oil saturated with camphor makes an excellent application for inflammatory swellings, also for rubbing rheumatic joints.

The introduction of fresh and limpid cream from separators into towns and such markets has created a growing demand for the article.

To test jelly, drop a little into cold water, or on to a cold plate, stirring it should not be boiled over five minutes. Jelly can be made to look like new.

By washing with ammonia and water or alcohol, then rub dry, and polishing with prepared alkali applied with flannel or chamois skin.

LEADING THE CALF TO WATER.

"WHICH would you rather do," said my wife, "lead the calf to water or milk the cow?" With the alacrity of a man who sees a chance to drive a good bargain, I responded by starting for the calf shed, and began to untie the animal. Then for the first time I began to have misgivings. As time I came to look for signs of cyclones among the clouds, I surveyed the calf with an eye to his covering his head with his ears, and his eyes, and points. He had a very mild eye, and seemed to be well built, but there was an undefinable twist in his tail that looked ominous.

There was a party of young people

playing croquet in the yard, and I was imbued with the feverish hope that the calf would do nothing rash. I had always borne an excellent reputation for sobriety and decorum, and intended to impress the calf with the dignity that belittled the occasion. Tying with the knot in the rope awhile, to establish confidential relations, I untied the fastening and stepped quickly into the open air. Stepping on the softest spots of earth, to avoid attracting the attention of the croquet players, I endeavored to gain the shelter of the hay stack unobserved. No such false delicacy disturbed the calf: one glance at the croquet court gave him the key to the situation. He knew his time had come for going on a strike. The croak in his tail became more marked and a terrific howl escaped him. In vain I tried to look at ease and not to appear responsible for the actions of that calf. I found myself in the same position as the true laboring man did when the anarchists appeared on the scene—we were tied together: I was for law and order, but the calf waded the red flag, and the croquet players were pliable, but with stiffened legs he moved back and forth in a kind of hobble-jobbe polka, and bellowed his own accompaniment. I was not pleased, but I smiled a kind of senile smile, and carelessly held the rope in one hand. I examined the surrounding landscape very intently, and paid no attention to the calf, which I thought was the proper thing to do, and indicated that every thing was progressing finely.

But the Jersey would not be ignored. Hoisting his tail like a flag-staff on the top of an ancient tenonship, he bellowed the convention. I need not "be too," and followed in his wake. Foreseeing an approaching crisis I had marked the calf's position, and chose if worst came to worst. But I found I was not in tow of that kind of a steamer, neither was I the pilot on that excursion, and the calf seemed to have shipped his rider before we left the harbor. Without looking I became conscious that the croquet no longer possessed attractions for the players—the grand calf reverse wails eclipsed all other displays. I had lost my temper and several buttons, trying to keep at the head of the procession, when suddenly the calf stopped short. I went on the length of the rope, when I stopped too, my neck crackling like a whipcord. The calf had not intended to stay, so I began to pull him along. I pulled great rolls of skin up around his ears, and he bowed his spine like a cat in a back fence due. Then he became facetious and wagged his head from side to side, and ran out his tongue at me. The rope was cracking with the strain when he bellowed for me to get out of the way: I was then forced in the right direction, and when he started laid down on my back to rest. The calf, under the impression that I wasn't coming, jumped to me to wake me up, then started with his tongue at me, and the impressions were not correct. The rope was now firmly wrapped around my wrist and I was leading.

The calf didn't pay half as much attention to me as I did to him. He accepted the first two arches at one shot, while I was pulling up the stake; when I came around the "hooket," and when he made the turning stake I scurried up the remaining wickets with my legs. This made us both "rovers," and with the Jersey a rope's length in the lead. I still tried to appear unconcerned, and when I ploughed a furrow with my nose that would have done credit to a sixteen inch breaking plow, I actually

tried to whistle a strain of "Home, Sweet Home." Incidents of a lifetime might pass through the mind of a dreaming man, but I had no time for such fooleries. I couldn't form more than half a thought before I'd be jerked beyond it. I tied a calf to a dog at tail once, and a sympathetic fellow for the calf fitted across my brain we spel along. The path we made was no wider than that of an ordinary cyclone, and resembled the track of a steam plow at a country fair.

We passed through a field of buckwheat, and I noticed the owner's threshing bill half an acre. I at all times maintaining a respectful distance of a rope's length in the rear of the calf. I never was proud, and knew my place in this instance. My journey was now almost ended. I had had a stormy passage, and the sight of a heaven cheered my soul. We were fast approaching a clothes line that hung in graceful festoons from "pole to pole," adjusted at a proper distance from the ground. The calf, with systematic cautions, first dragged me through a half-dried slough, and then made straight for the line, which he cleared at one bound, leaving me hanging by the chin. When I was fully dry some friends came and carried me back home. At last accounts the calf was still going. I am now on my third bottle of arnica, and pass my time on a stretcher swung from the rafters, with my toes barely touching the floor. I have lost all my relish for veal pie.

CHAPTER ON BALD HEADS.

A bald-headed man is refined, and he always shows his skull sure. It has never been decided what causes bald heads, but most people think it is dan'd rough.

A good word for bald heads to read, "The Lost Heli." What does a bald-headed man say to his comb? We used to part no more. Motto for a bald head—Bare and forbare.

However high a position the bald-headed man holds he will never comb down in the world.

The bald-headed man never dyes. Advice to bald-headers—Join the Indians, who are the only successful hair-raisers.

What does every bald-headed man put on his head? His hat. You never saw a bald-headed man with long hair.

Shakespeare says—There is a divinity that shapes our ends. Bald men are the coolest-headed men in the world.

HOW TO GET A START IN LIFE.

As a general thing, the great majority of the thinking classes are in moderate circumstances, and are "live from hand to mouth," and are more wasteful and extravagant than those who have accumulated through denial by the first principle. They are strangers to the first principles of denial which leads to success, and are always "back up," and complain bitterly because they are not able to get diameter "a start in life." Because they are not able to invest or lay by the dollar, they refuse to beat on track, instead of making an effort to better their condition. They refuse to study the first principle. They refuse success, and save nothing and therefore have nothing, and cannot borrow money at the legal rate of interest to make the desired start in business life. They keep their "nose to the grind-

stone," and are at the mercy of the slaver and pawn-broker.

They will buy their furniture and goods on the instalment plan, and pay if they had saved up through denial the cents, they would have had the dollars to have paid ready cash and save 50 per cent. The working classes—the bone and sinew of the land—to a great extent have no one but themselves to blame for the immense amount of money locked up in corporations and investments in bonds, mortgages, etc. The great majority of the wealthiest are owned by those who were once poor and in moderate circumstances but who learned the lesson of accumulation through denial in order to get a start in life.

OLD WINE'S TRIUMPH.

The celebrated German artist, Martin Gsaw, while on a visit to this country, chanced one day to attend Dr. Roblin's church, in company with a friend and countryman who was a member of the choir. The character of the visitor, says the New York Letter, became known to those who were once were eager to hear the singers, and they the chorister whispered to the old organist, "Winder, that he must let Gsaw play the congregation into the old organ was simply a voluntary which the organist was in the habit of performing at the close of the services. The old organist turned up his nose in disdain and disapproved, but the pressure became so loud that he at length gave in, and the German good-naturedly consented to give a taste of his quality. The closing anthem had come to a nouncement, and Winder reluctantly arose from his seat and allowed Gsaw to take his place. The people had risen in the aisles on their way out. But bark! What new sound? was that? A new voice had burst from the organ. A throbbing air.

The throng stopped where they stood, and listened. Even the good old doctor half-way down the pulpit stairs, stood as one spell-bound. Old Winder saw the situation. The congregation had been seemingly petrified, and their powers of locomotion suspended. "Pooh!" he shouted, "that what comes of meddling! You can't play 'em out. Let me show ye how it's done."

And with an unceremonious push he outed Gsaw from his seat, seated himself before the keys and struck into one of his old voluntary numbers. Very quickly the people below dropped their heads and moved onward, and when the church was empty old Winder arose from the organ in triumph.

FACTS ABOUT THE PLANET EARTH

Diameter at the Equator, 7,925 miles; diameter at the poles, 7,889 miles; mean diameter, 7,907 miles; circumference at the Equator, 24,860; surface of the earth in round numbers: Land, 54,500,000 square miles; water, 122,000,000 square miles. Mean temperature of the globe, 50 degrees. Poles, 32 degrees; equator, 38 degrees; torrid zone, 45 degrees; equator, 52 degrees; fall, 36 inches. Specific gravity, 5.5 to 5.90. Weight, 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.