

CURE FOR AGUE.

We wish to give a very simple remedy for fever and ague, and wish to emphasize it by saying that it has, to our knowledge, proved very efficacious. It is simply common salt. A tea-spoonful taken in water and a tea-spoonful deposited in each stocking next the foot as the chill is coming on. That's all there is of it; but, knowing that it had been efficacious in "breaking" the chill and perfecting a cure we put it in our editorial columns, where no humbug remedy shall ever find a place, if we know it. —*Cleveland Herald.*

A GOOD INDIAN CAKE.—One pint of cream; one pine sour milk; one egg; four cups Indian meal; two cups flour; one tea-spoonful of saleratus; salt, and bake quickly.

CREAM CAKE.—One egg; one cup of sugar; one cup of sour cream; two cups of flour; and one-half tea-spoonful of saleratus; spice to taste, and bake slowly.

Poetry.

THE FARMER'S SPRING SONG.

The red buds are tinting the soft-maple trees;
The wood-peepers chirp where withered vines cling;
Full laden, to-day, is the breath of the breeze,
With the blackbird's ballad of welcome to spring;
The cowslip is blending her blossoms of gold,
With the violets blue, in shallow and swale,
And peew its are piping good-bye to the cold,
From brook-willow branches that swing in the gale.

Come farmer boys now,
With harrow and plow
Turn the brown turf in good cheer!
Old winter is gone—
There's dew on the lawn—
'Tis time to be sowing the seed of the year.

The rills so long silent 'neath deep forrest leaves,
Are learning to warble their gamut again;
And the purple-winged swallows are searching the caves
To find a retreat from the chilly spring rain;
Unrobed of the snow, earth beareth her breast;
Inviting the toil of the husbandman's hand;
And he that sows early reaps plenty and rest!
His certain reward from the generous land.

So farmer boys now,
With harrow and plow
Turn the brown turf in good cheer!
Old winter is gone—
There's dew on the lawn—
'Tis time to be sowing the seed of the year.

While savage December was lashing his team
Of tempest and snow storm, in turry along,
You stored and sang till rafter and beam
Shook down the light echoes of mirth and of song;
For your larders were loaded—bursting your ribs—
Your graneries glowing with autumn's ripe yield,
But now the new season of labor begins,
And April is calling her plowmen afield.

Ho, farmer boys now,
With harrow and plow
Turn the brown turf in good cheer!
Old winter is gone—
There's dew on the lawn—
'Tis time to be sowing the seed of the year,

SPRING—AN INVOCATION.

Up in the hawthorn in the dale,
The blackbird tells his loving tale,
With voice all blithe and free;
Bright sunshine on the willows gleams,
The perch moves softly in the streams—
Spring! Spring! we call for thee.

The torpid bee, with drooping wing,
Would fain pursue his ministering
In orchard crofts and bowers;
But ah! he waits thy cheering smile,
Whose truth would all his fears beguile,
And yield him pleasant flowers.

The violet half opens its eye,
As if it feared some fate was nigh
To end its early day;
The primrose leaves the mossy beds,
And wavering every petal spreads
With perfume for love's May.

The snow-flakes melt, the ice is gone,
Only the wind sounds drear and lone,
Life trembles in the reed;
Only the wind in forest trees
Awake sad echoes from the leas,
And chill the growing mead.

Only the winds; they seem to stay,
As if their part were meant alway
For recklessness and doom;
Come, fairest Spring, come, bid them cease,
And give the slumbrous earth release
From Winter's freezing gloom.

We call thee from those regions fair,
Where all thy sweet handmaidens are,
Love sighs where suitors weep.
Hark! hark! the notes of Time's old bells
Would charm thee with their wonted spells,
So waken from thy sleep.

—W. Brathrd.

"BEWARE OF THE WOLF!"

You never need fear, little children, to meet
A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the street;
Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable;
I'll give its moral as well as I'm able:
Bad Temper's the wolf which we meet everywhere—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise,
If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies;
If kept from his way, in a fury he flies—
Ah! Passion's the wolf with the *very large eyes*;
'Tis ready to snap and to trample and tear—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn
About things with which she should have no concern;
Such mean Curiosity really appears
To me like the wolf with the *very large ears*,
All pricked up to listen, each secret to share—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!

And Greediness, that's like the wolf in the wood
With the *very large mouth*, ever prowling for food,
That eats so much more than for health can be good,
That would clear a whole pastry cook's shop if it could;
That never a dainty to others will spare—
Beware of this wolf! little children, beware!