

must be kept in good order ; no buttons off, and no dust and unbrushed look. It is not at all necessary or desirable to have more than two pairs of shoes, as children outgrow them very rapidly. Black stockings are universally worn by children as well as grown people, unless with brown shoes, when brown stockings are the correct thing. A good cotton stocking is by no means cheap, and in children's sizes is much more expensive than in ladies' sizes. It is a very good plan to have a pair or two of silk-finish stockings for dress. Woollen stockings are not very much worn because when there is any tendency to perspiration they induce it, and oftentimes in this way make the feet colder than a cotton stocking, which does not produce those results. Woollen underwear in our climate is necessary for the health of any child, but there is no need of buying very heavy weight ; half wool and half cotton is all that is required. A girl's underclothing should be as dainty as possible, and she should be taught that neatness and fine materials are particularly desirable. Embroidery is very reasonable at present, and little ruffles of embroidery on petticoats and drawers make an exceedingly nice finish. There is a great question as to whether money can not be saved by buying undergarments ready made, for they are now so well made, and sold at such low prices, that the argument advanced that they do not wear so long as those made at home avails nothing, for girls outgrow their clothes much faster than they wear them out. Of course more elaborate ones can be made at home for the same money, but one's time must be counted into the outlay to be absolutely just.—*From Harper's Bazar.*

TAKING FIRE AT THE MOUTH.

Th. a human being may become so completely supersaturated with alcohol as to take fire at the mouth as readily as a barrel of whiskey at the bung hole, seems to be an established fact. Dickens, who kills off the rag and bottle merchant in "Bleak House" in this way, claims to have investigated the subject thoroughly, and quoted many apparently well authenticated instances of what is called spontaneous combustion. Nevertheless, the possibility of the thing has been doubted by a considerable number of scientific men.

Many years ago, an inebriate of the name of Nolte, a German residing at Columbus, Ind., was found dead in a condition which warranted the belief that he had literally caught fire at the lips and been destroyed by internal combustion. His mouth had been burned to a shapeless hole, his tongue charred to a crisp, and all the respiratory organs partially consumed.

There is nothing incredible in this ; the only wonder is that cases of that kind are infrequent. There are thousands of habitual drunkards whose breath is simply an alcoholic fume, and it is surprising that it does not ignite when it comes in close contact with flame. There must be such a large percentage of inflammable gas in vapor smelling so strongly of spirits, that it would hardly surprise us to see any one of these liquor soaked individuals combust, as Nolte is supposed to have done, while lighting a cigar.

A VERY YOUNG DOCTOR

A physician owning a countryseat where his family were accustomed to spend the summer months, taught his boys to swim as soon as they were out of the nursery. His farm bordered upon a lake, where the greater part of the boys' time was taken up with boating, fishing and swimming. One was nine and the other six years old, and they were expected to take care of themselves.

One day the younger child was seized with a cramp while he was in the water, and after screaming for help, sank out of sight. The brother swam out boldly and got an arm under him before the third downward plunge.

The youngster was unconscious and helpless, but the older one contrived to keep him afloat with one arm while striking out with the other for the shore. He drew the little fellow out of the water, white, motionless, and apparently dead.

The rescuer had heard his father describe the treatment for resuscitating persons taken from the water when nearly drowned. He could not remember it in detail, but he was impressed with the necessity for prompt action.

He did not attempt to summon help from the house, which was a long way off. Placing the boy on his face with his wrist under the forehead, he paused a moment, and then turned the body on the side.

This crude attempt to restore respiration was repeated several times, until he was delighted to find the lips moving and the eyes opening. The young physician had not made a strictly scientific application of the rules for artificial respiration, but the little fellow's breath was restored.

Then two additional rules mentioned by the father were remembered. The body was briskly rubbed, and then bundled up with jackets and dry clothes which were on the bank.

With these measures for restoring circulation, recovery was well-nigh complete. Then taking the child on his back, the rescuer started for the house, where the mother received them with open arms and anxious face.

The patient was put to bed, and the father was summoned from town, but other measures were hardly necessary. The nine-year old physician had done his work so successfully that nothing more was required.

The father was proud of the boy, as he had a right to be.

"I could not have done better myself," he said to the lad. "You must be a doctor when you grow up ; indeed you are one already."

"LET US QUARREL TO-MORROW."

My wife is one of the sweetest little women in the whole world, and I am not considered peculiarly cranky, but sometime differences would arise, beginning with the most trivial things, which, however, being duly nursed, became of monumental proportions and often threatened the peace of the family. Of course, I was commonly the one to blame ; in fact, as I look back on it now, I am sure I was always to blame, for I should have had the wisdom to give way on the non-essentials, and by a little restraint and gentle talk win my little wife over to my way of thinking. But instead of that, I feared I should sacrifice my dignity, (I) as head of the family, by yielding. So sometimes I went to business without my good-by kiss and two people were miserable all day.

But my little wife had an inspiration (most women have when things come to the breaking point), and the next time our argument was drifting near the danger line, she turned aside the collision by this womanly suggestion, "Howard, dear, let's quarrel to-morrow !" This was a proposal for an armistice. What husband could refuse. "All right," I said, "we will put it off till to-morrow," and we laughed and talked of other things. But to-morrow did not come. Indeed, to-morrow never comes ; it's always a day ahead ; and if we can only keep our quarrels till then, there will be no more heart-broken little wives at home and fewer "blue" husbands at the store or office. "Let's quarrel to-morrow !"—*N. H. Junior in the New York Evangelist.*

Bishop Potter, of New York, during the vacation of the clergyman in charge of a mission in the most crowded part of New York, takes his place and performs his duties. His object is in part to learn by personal experience the character and needs of that mission field in the midst of a population mainly composed of poor foreigners, 350,000 people to the square mile.

Our Young Folks.

JAPANESE LULLABY.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with velvet eyes ;
Sleep to the singing of mother bird swinging,
Swinging the nest where the little one lies.

Away out yonder I see a star,
Silvery star with a tinkling song ;
To the soft dew falling I hear it calling—
Calling and tinkling the night along.

In through the window a moonbeam comes—
Little gold moonbeam with misty wings,
All silently creeping, it asks, "Is he sleeping,
Sleeping and dreaming while mother sings?"

Up from the sea there floats the sob
Of the waves that are breaking upon the shore,
As though they were groaning in anguish and moaning—
Remoaning the ship that shall come no more.

But sleep little pigeon, and fold your wings—
Little blue pigeon with mournful eyes ;
Am I not singing? See, I am swinging—
Swinging the nest where my darling lies.

—*Eugene Field.*

INSECT STINGS.

All who go to the country in summer, and especially all campers-out, are more or less liable to be stung by insects. It is well, therefore, for every household and camp to have at hand two or three simple remedies and preventives, as much pain may be saved by their instant application.

There is a widespread impression that, of the insects which we are most likely to meet with in summer spiders are most to be dreaded. Entomologists tell us, however, that in this country but one species of spider—*Latrodectus mactans*—has been proved to be capable of inflicting a dangerous bite, and of the many reports of severe injury or even death from spider-bites, everyone that has been investigated has proved to be grossly exaggerated, if not absolutely false.

The genus *Latrodectus* has representatives everywhere, but they are not likely to give trouble unless they have an opportunity to sting where the skin is very thin ; upon the lip, for instance. Even under these circumstances the bite will not be fatal. The degree of pain experienced will depend largely upon the state of health. Infants and delicate persons may suffer severely ; robust and hardy people will generally escape more easily.

The spiders of the genus *Latrodectus* are not, as might be expected, among the largest of our spiders. Their abdomen is about the size of a pea, glossy black, and sometimes with a red spot on the under side. They live generally under logs or boards out-of-doors, and are but occasionally found in houses.

When stung by a spider, try to catch the offender and send it to an entomologist for identification. Do not be alarmed because of the sting, but nevertheless, if a physician is within reach, send for him. He will prescribe a stimulant, and if the pain is severe and increasing, a hypodermic injection of morphia. The cases where this is necessary are, however, rare. Above all, do not be alarmed.

Bees and wasps are far more numerous than stinging spiders, and therefore, are more to be dreaded, especially as many persons are extremely susceptible to the stings of these insects.

Especially to be dreaded is the sting of the large digger wasp, *Sphecius speciosus*, which is often seen during July flying along with a cicada in its clutches. This wasp is fully an inch long, black, with yellow bands across the abdomen, and is ferocious to the last degree when interfered with. Its sting is extremely painful.

The poison injected by bees and wasps is acid in character, and an alkaline remedy is to be applied. Common household ammonia is good ; and ordinary cooking soda, moistened and applied to the sting, is even better, as one application lasts longer. Ammonia is also commonly and effectively used to alleviate the pain of mosquito stings.

In the south and southwest "jiggers"

are a source of considerable annoyance. When walking through low-growing vegetation of any kind, one is tolerably sure to brush off some of these irritating little creatures. Here prevention is better than cure ; before leaving home for your walk, rub yourself with some aromatic oil—oil of cloves is good—and you will not be troubled. Kerosene has been used for this purpose, in an emergency when nothing else was available, but most people would prefer the jiggers.

If the jiggers get upon you, however, the first thing to do is to refrain from scratching. Scratching kills the jiggers, but their heads remain in the skin, and, aided by the scratching, make disagreeable little sores. Therefore do not scratch if you can possibly help it ; rather rub in some vaseline, or sweet oil, or the oil of cloves above mentioned. Sweet oil is perhaps the best, as it not only kills the jiggers but allays the irritation.

Centipedes or "thousand-legs" share with spiders the reputation of being dangerous. As a matter of fact, all the centipedes of the northern and eastern United States are perfectly harmless, and as those which live in our houses destroy cockroaches and flies, they may even be considered beneficial. Some of the tropical centipedes are poisonous, and these are occasionally, though rarely, brought north in bunches of bananas ; but no case of death from the sting of even these tropical species is authentically reported.

With oil of cloves, sweet oil, vaseline, and common soda or ammonia, therefore, one is tolerably well fortified against the stings of summer insects. In the rare cases where a spider of the genus *Latrodectus* succeeds in stinging it is wiser to send for a physician ; not to save the patient's life, which is in no danger, but in order that suffering may be relieved, if necessary, by a hypodermic injection of morphia.—*Youth's Companion.*

HE USED HIS BRAINS.

Two Coburg princes were visiting Ceylon. They wanted to see elephants at work. Sir William Gregory was the Governor of the island, and he applied to the guardian of the temple at Kandy for the loan of two elephants, as none were used in the department of public works. The elephants did everything they were ordered to do, carrying large stones wherever they were told to place them, fixing the chains to the stones and unfixing them.

"One of them, a tusker, apparently of his own accord, performed an act which greatly struck all of us.

"He was carrying a long and very heavy stone down a steep declivity. The stone was suspended from his neck by a chain, and as the chain was too long, the stone struck repeatedly against his knee. He stopped, made what sailors call a bight of the chain, gave it a roll round his tusk, and, having thus shortened it, carried the stone to its destination without further discomfort."

THE OLD HYMN.

A boy in Scotland learned to sing the old psalms that were as household words in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, and was taken captive by the Turks and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery in a strange land and among heathen people. But the captive never forgot the hymns he had sung in his old home, and often he would sit and sing over the words he had learned from his pious mother.

One evening some sailors on board an English man-of-war were surprised to hear the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" come floating to them over the moonlight waves.

At once they suspected that one of their countrymen was pining away in bondage. Quickly arming themselves they manned a boat, and pushed off to shore. They found the captive and succeeded in getting back with him to their vessel without creating an alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to home and friends.—*Ex.*