THE HOME.

Little Brown Toad.

"Hop out of the road, you little brown toad,
As ugly as ugly can be.
Oh, what use are you? and what can you do?
Say, little brown toad, answer me."

"O fair little girl, with sunshiny curl,
As pretty as pretty can be!
I'll answer you, dear. Now, prithee, give ear
A bit of a moment to me.

"Come, sweet little maid. Be never afraid,
Just take me, and hold me with care.
Look into my eye. There surely descry
A jewel magnificent, rare.
So much for my beauty. A word for my duty:
The thieves that your garden infest,
To capture them all, the great and the small,
I'm certainly striving my best.

"Were it not for me, the garden would be
Despoiled of its beauty and bloom.
The fruit and the flower to surely devour
The cunning marauders are come.
The worm and the bug, the mischievous slug,
Intent upon stealing a dinner,
Think never of ill befalling until
Whisked off is each pilfering sinner.

"Too smart am I to hop after the fly,
The bug or the angleworm, so
I patiently sit until he sees fit
To forage anear me, when, lo!
Before he can think, as quick as a wink—
Draw nearer, I'll whisper to you—
I swallow him, thus, without any fuss,
And this is the service I do.

"Farewell, little girl, with sunshiny curl.
A word, please, in parting, receive.
Think kindly of me. Ne'er judge hastily.
Appearances often deceive."

—*Golden Days.*

How Lottie Helped.

"Did you ever see such a looking room!"

The sharply accented exclamation sprang from the red lips of a young girl as she crossed the threshold of the old red farmhouse kitchen on her way to school.

Very pretty and wholesome Lottie Emery looked, as she came lightly tripping down stairs, across the shaded, orderly dining-room, in her airy suit of nun's veiling and graceful sun-hat knotted about with a wide blue sash.

Early risers were the inmates of this busy farm home; and not three fourths of an hour before Lottie had left this same wide, low ceiled kitchen in "apple pie" order, which was her favorite term for scrupulous neatness and orderly arrangement of a room.

"Cleaning up" after breakfast was always Lottie's work, and so, too, was the care of the dining-room and chambers. Very seldom did the old Townsend clock, perched on one end of the kitchen mantle, whirr for eight o'clock in the long summer mornings, but found Lottie's tasks neatly accomplished and she at liberty to commence her half-mile walk to school.

This morning it wasn't quite eight, yet beds had been aired and made, chambers and kitchen put to rights, the dining-room swept and dusted, fresh flowers picked for the parlor vases, and she, lunch-basket and bookstrap in hand, ready for school; but on the kitchen threshold she paused in dismay. "Such a looking room! Who did it?"

Well, that great stack of milk pans, smeared with bonny clapper inside and out, that Lottie's tired-faced mother had just brought from the milk cellar and piled into the sink till leisure—no, not leisure, whoever heard of leisure in a farmhouse kitchen in the summer time?—till she found a hurried opportunity to wash them—helped in the confusion; and that litter of ash shavings by the wood box, that father Emery had scattered there not ten minutes before, as he whittled an ox goad while he chatted with "mother" a moment, added to the chaos; and the unwashed churn, also from the milk cellar, with dasher and ladle and dripping butter paddles tilted across its top, waiting for those same tireless mother hand and hot water, added not a little to the disorderly state of affairs; and the overturned box of red bell-peppers in the open window, with dirt sifting along the ledge and across the floor—the combined work of a hungry, foraging hen and the June breeze—helped in the clutter; and a big slop pail by the sink, and a train of little slops across the floor leading from the well to the pail rest on the sink board told even big Rover, as he indignantly lifted his clumsy feet from the slops to track them across the bell-pepper's dirt-sifting over the floor, that careless Fred had for once brought his mother a pail of water.

But this patient, ever-busy mother, where was she?

A pile of pie-plates flanking the heaped pan of flour on the long kitchen table, another pan of prepared pumpkin and prepared "mixing" and cream, gave promise that pies were under way. The cellar door standing open, and the big dinner-pot jarring its iron cover with imprisoned steam, and a flank of corned beef over the hot stove, noisily testified that the house-mother was in the cellar foraging for vegetables.

"I should think mother would stifle working all the forenoon in this sweltering kitchen!" Lottie exclaimed, reaching for her sun umbrella that hung on the wall.

"Better help her by putting the kitchen to rights," whispered the little voice that sometimes gives an unpleasant jog to our thoughts. "You will have plenty of time before school, and only think of the surprise and pleasure it would give her!"

A little scowl came between Lottie's pretty blue eyes. "It's not my work to wash the milk dishes, nor is it my fault if the kitchen is all in a clutter. I am sure I put it in apple pie order not an hour ago"—the little foot poised over the plank doorstep.

"For even Christ pleased not himself."

Why should that Scripture passage flash in mind just then?—the day's verse on the little bright-colored calendar that hung just under the clock. Lottie had read it with a quick glance as she paused in her dusting to tear off yesterday's leaf.

"It is so stifling hot here, and I have hurried all morning to finish my work, that I might walk to school before the sun get's scorching high in the heavens; besides, mother doesn't expect me to help her."

"Then give her a pleasant surprise as well as rest, by setting the kitchen in order before she comes in," buzzed the little voice close at hand.

"Pleased not himself."

The red letters of the calendar seemed to glow before Lottie's eyes, but it wasn't that; it was only those red bell-peppers that had toppled on to the floor from the window-sill.

"I'll do it. Mother will have her hands full with the vegetables and pies and the dinner. It's a pity if I am not willing to give her a little extra lift in the work now and then."

The shade hat went up on a nail with a toss; off came the dainty cuff and tiny ruffled apron, and in place—broadly covering the neat school—went on her big checkered apron.

"I hope mother will dress the vegetables before she comes into the kitchen, and then I will have plenty of time to straighten things before she sees it," thought Lottie, softly locking the cellar door, that the clatter of pans and whisk of brooms might not reach her mother's ears.

A shadow fell across the kitchen window, and looking up Lottie saw her mother carrying from the roll-way a basket of vegetables carefully selected from last year's sand-packed supplies to the cool shade of lilac trees in the back yard, there to dress them for the dinner-pot.

Broom and dish cloth, wing and dust pan how they flew that next half hour!

The warped, fork hand of the old clock pointed the quarter to nine before the jaunty sun-hat came down, and Lottie lightly tripped through the red-framed doorway of the kitchen on her way to school.

A little later in the day, deep in the intricacies of geometry and the bewildering dates of history, in the cooler temperature of the breezy school room, out of mind went the remembrance of her morning's kindness. Only once she thought of it, and that was in the noon hour, when little Johnny Andrews confidentially whispered to a classmate that "ma is going to have a biled dish for supper."

Lottie smiled, thinking of the vegetables she had seen losing their rough coats in the shadows of the lilac trees that morning; and "I wonder what mother said when she came in and found the revolution in her kitchen!" was the thought that set her bright eyes dancing as she passed to her desk.

"Dear child! God bless the dear child!" was just what her mother said as she entered the kitchen, heated and tired, wearily thinking of the work that must be met before noon.

Oh, it was such a help, and so restful for that hurried discouraged mother to find her kitchen in order, and her sink cleared of its stack of milk pans.

"The dear, dear child!" Lottie little knew how often she was in her mother's thoughts that day, and how her living attempt to lift a burden from her mother set a little bird singing in that heart all day as she toiled; for love lightens labor, and these mothers never forget, never overlook or cease to hunger for expressions of love and sympathy from the dear ones of their household unto whom they minister unceasingly and uncomplainingly; but in many and many a home, all too late, this lovingly expressed sympathy and tender care comes.

When the tired feet are still, the hands crossed in strange whiteness and idleness, the sweet lips, that never before in all our lifetime refused to answer us or be dumb to our entreaties, mute and cold; then all too late, we wake to her worth, and bitterly regret we had not "made more of mother" when she was with us!—*Quiver.*

THE FARM.

Subsoil Manuring.

The result of a series of experiments suggested by the Massachusetts board of agriculture for the purpose of determining the depth to place barnyard manures, was in favor of a depth not exceeding four inches. A further conclusion was reached, that for the potato and other shallow rooted crops the best method was to put the manure still nearer the surface. Undoubtedly the depth to which manure should be covered when incorporated with the soil depends largely upon the kind of soil, manure and crop grown. The more shallow the depth at which the manure is placed the finer should the soil be pulverized, in order to prevent the evaporation of moisture surrounding the manure, so that it will speedily become decomposed. When the surface soil is underlaid with a sandy or loose, gravelly subsoil, it is an absolute waste of manure to plow it deeply, there to decay, because the soluble parts would leach downward without being utilized. In soils of such a character the surface application of well decomposed manure is an almost indispensible requisite of success. Meadows or such lands can be manured to the best advantanage by hauling out the manure and top-dressing them, even if the land is not plowed for a year or two thereafter. In one case on such lands, where the hay crop had dwindled down to one-fourth of what it should have been, the manure was scattered as soon as it accumulated at the barn, on the most exposed and poorest places, and the result was an abundant yield. An instance is on record where the keeper of a livery stable, in which fifteen horses were kept, spread all the manure on one and a half acres of meadow land for several years in succession, and took off at three crops seven and a half tons of good hay in a year—as much as he would have gotten had the manure been spread on three or four acres.—*Practical Farmer.*

—Milk sold at three cents a quart pays about the same net, as butter sold at twenty-eight cents a pound, says an eastern expert.

—Dairy cows that have to be driven some distance to pasture should not be hurried, for if they are heated and excited, not only will the quality but the flow of milk be affected. Gentle treatment is of special importance in dealing with dairy cows.

—There is not much gain, if any, in starting the mowing machine before the dew is off. This extra water has got to be dried off, and will disappear sooner if the grass is left standing. When thus dried, and nothing but the juices of the grass are to be disposed of, the wilting begins at once, and if followed up by the hay tedder, a few hours of sunshine will put the hay into a condition fit to rake into windrows, as we have indicated.

—An Arab maxim is that in selecting a horse observe him at the brook. If in bringing his head to the water he remains square without bending his legs, he is said to possess sterling qualities. This, it is claimed, proves that all parts of his body are symmetrically built.

—The only wheat-eating countries which do not raise enough wheat for home consumption are Great Britain and Belgium. All other countries with an average harvest, can produce as much wheat as they consume. Great Britain has to buy about one hundred millions of bushels yearly, and Belgium has to buy a little—not very much—but a few millions of bushels.

—The right time to cut grass, like thistles, is when in full bloom.

—Rank clover and two years' early mowing clears a field of the Canadian thistle.

—A writer in the *Michigan Farmer* says that Scotch snuff is a sure remedy against sheep pests. His directions for applying it are the following:—Open the fleece in several places on each side, or all the way round them is better, and sift in a little of the snuff. A second application is seldom necessary. I have tried it and it proved satisfactory. It is cheap and harmless, and if you will try it you will be surprised at results, and would soon be willing to offer a prize for every tick foun i upon your sheep.

TEMPERANCE.

The First Glass.

In one of our colleges, several years ago, was a young man possessed of fine mind, excellent attainments, and pleasing manners—the life of the social circle and the favorite of all. He was not only a pleasant but a safe companion, for he was free from the vices with which some of the young men who frequent college halls are familiar. The inebriating cup had never passed his lips.

But there came a time when the snare of the tempter was thrown around him, and he had not the power to break away.

At an evening party wine formed a part of the entertainment, and the sparkling cup was offered him by a gay young lady. surely he could not refuse to drink just one glass with her? There could be no harm in that.

Thus the young lady pleaded, and thus the man reasoned. He had never tasted wine; but when once the cup passed his lips, a thirst was created, which clamored for indulgence. That first glass pressed to his lips by a young, thoughtless lady, and accepted through fear of appearing singular, was the beginning of a downward course. His studious habits were abandoned. He sought the company of revellers; rapidly, madly, he rushed to ruin, and in a few short months was laid in a drunkard's grave.

So young, so gifted! Another victim laid on the altar of intemperance. By his fall many fond hopes were blighted and hearts almost crushed.

His companions in college laid to heart the lessons taught by his fearful fall. Standing around his grave, they made a solemn pledge never to offer it to others, or in any way to encourage its use.

Some of this number still live, zealous advocates of the cause of temperance.

And the young lady through whose enticing words the first glass passed his lips, can she meet at the judgment the soul of her victim? She knew not what she did, or hand and tongue would have paled as she held before him the sparkling cup; but it is never safe to trifle with with a deadly poison.

Young lady, as you value the souls of those whom you may influence, shun the social glass. Let no one be influenced by your example to take the first step in the downward way.—*A National Temperance Society Leaflet.*

—Temperance is more and more commanding the attention of the British churches. On the second Sunday in May temperance sermons were preached in hundreds of Episcopal pulpits. On the following Tuesday the annual meeting of the Church Society was held in Princess Hall, Piccadilly, under the presidency of the Bishop of Oxford. The income was reported to be about $30,000, and the expenditure only slightly over $15,000. The total membership was 692,785, being an increase over last year of 35,000. During the year articles of printed matter were sold to the the number of 1,500,000. Among the Wesleyans the cause is being assiduously pushed. The temperance committee of their conference, after some years of consideration, have come to the conclusion that the time has arrived for the appointment of a visiting and organizing secretary, who will give his whole time to temperance work.

A Proclamation Against Liquor Selling.

Governor Larrabee, of Iowa, is probably the first Governor of the United States who has issued a proclamation against liquor selling, and calling upon all "judges, attorneys, sheriffs and other officers, upon all priests, ministers and teachers," upon all temperance societies and other good citizens, to unite in enforcing the law against liquor selling throughout the State.

After calling attention to the prohibitory legislation of the State, the Governor says:

Now therefore, I, William Larrabee, Governor of the State of Iowa, relying with confidence upon the loyalty and true Christian spirit of our people to sustain all measures adopted for the promotion of the general welfare, do under the pains and penalties of the law, warn all persons engaged in the illegal sale of intoxicating liquors, to desist from such unlawful practice, and I do hereby give notice that willful violators will hereafter have no claim on executive clemency. And I call most earnestly upon all the good people of the State to aid, to the best of their ability, in the enforcement of the law. Especially do I call upon all temperance societies, and other bodies organized for kindred purposes, to realize the necessity for new energy in their labors. Let the priests, ministers, teachers and the press use their best efforts to enlist the moral forces of the State in this cause. Let the judges, attorneys and other officers of the courts be painstaking and persistent in enforcing the law, both in letter and in spirit. Let the sheriffs and peace officers be fearless and vigilant, and let the mayors and all other municipal officers awaken to new zeal in their efforts to secure its observance. I exhort all citizens to lay aside partisan differences, and by united and determined efforts banish the dram-shop from Iowa.

Acknowledge the Debt.

A venerable clergyman of Virginia said lately, "Men of my profession see much of the tragic side of life. Beside a death-bed the secret passions, the hidden evil as well as the good in human nature, are very often dragged to the light. I have seen men die in battle, children and young wives in their husbands' arms, but no death ever seemed so pathetic to me as that of an old woman, a member of my church. I knew her first as a young girl—beautiful, gay, full of spirit and vigor. She married and had four children; her husband died and left her penniless. She taught school, she painted, she sewed; she gave herself scarcely time to eat or sleep. Every thought was for her children, to educate them, to give them the same chance which their father would have done. She succeeded; sent the boys to college and the girls to school. When they came home, pretty, refined girls, and strong young men, abreast with all the new ideas and tastes of their time, she was a worn-out, commonplace old woman. They had their own pursuits and companions. She lingered among them for two or three years and then died of some sudden failure of the brain. The shock woke them to a consciousness of the truth. They hung over her, as she lay unconscious, in an agony of grief. The oldest son, as he held her in his arms, cried:

"'You have been a good mother to us!"

"Her face colored again, her eyes kindled into a smile, and she whispered:

"'You never said so before, John!'

"Then the light died out, and she was gone."

How many men and woman sacrifice their own hopes and ambitions, their strength, their life itself, to their children, who receive it as a matter of course, and begrudge a caress, a word of gratitude, in payment for all that has been given them.

Boys, when you come back from college don't consider that your only relation to father is to "get as much money as the governor will stand." Look at his gray hair, his uncertain step, his dim eyes, and remember in whose service he has grown old. You can never pay him the debt you owe, but at least acknowledge it before it is too late.

What Disease is this that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Curative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from gentlemen of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield:—I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe, 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommending the native Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it.

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The payment of this amount within Ten Days from the Date of proof of claim, is the best evidence of the ability of the Society to meet its obligations, and such prompt action deserves to be, and is by me, heartily appreciated.

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