



### "MOTHER'S FOOL."

"'Tis plain to me," said the farmer's wife,  
 "These boys will make their mark in life.  
 They never were made to handle a hoe,  
 And at once to college they ought to go.  
 Yes, John and Henry, 'tis clear to me,  
 Great men in the world are sure to be;  
 But Ned, he's little above a fool,  
 So John and Henry must go to school."

"Now, really, wife," quoth Farmer Brown,  
 As he sat his mug of cider down,  
 "Ned does more work in one day for me  
 Than both his brothers do in three;  
 Book learnin' will never plant beans or corn,  
 Nor hoe potatoes, sure as you're born—  
 Nor mend a rod of broken fence;  
 For my part, give me common sense."

But his wife the roost was bound to rule,  
 And so "the boys" were sent to school;  
 While Ned, of course, was left behind,  
 For his mother said he had no mind,  
 Five years at school the students spent,  
 Then each one into business went

John learned to play the flute and fiddle,  
 And parted his hair, of course, in the middle;  
 Though his brother looked rather higher than he  
 And hung on his shingle—"H. Brown, M. D."

Meanwhile at home their brother Ned  
 Had taken a notion into his head,  
 Though he said not a word but trimmed his trees  
 And hoed his corn and sowed his peas.  
 But somehow, either by "hook or crook,"  
 He managed to read full many a book.

Well, the war broke out, and "Capt. Ned,"  
 To battle a hundred soldiers led;  
 And when the enemy's flag went down,  
 Came marching home as "Gen. Brown."

But he went to work on the farm again,  
 Planted his corn and sowed his grain,  
 Repaired the house and the broken fence,  
 And people said he had common sense.

Now common sense was rather rare,  
 And the state house needed a portion there,  
 So our "family dunce" moved into town,  
 And the people called him "Gov. Brown,"  
 And his brothers who were early sent to school  
 Came home to live with "mother's fool."

♦  
 "They talk about a woman's sphere  
 As though it had a limit;  
 There's not a place in earth or heaven,  
 There's not a task to mankind given,  
 There's not a blessing or a woe,  
 Th' re's not a whispered yes or no,  
 There's not a life, or death, or birth,  
 That has a feather's weight of worth,  
 Without a woman in it."

### ANCIENT GARDENS.

The first notice of a garden in the historical records of Rome, is that of Tarquinius Superbus, five hundred and thirty-four years before the birth of Christ. Livy and Dionysius allude to one which adjoined the royal palace, which was embellished with a profusion of flowers, in which the rose and poppy predominated. Among the paintings found at Herculaneum, are a few tracings of gardens; they are, we are told, small square inclosures formed by trellis work and espaliers, and regularly ornamented with vases, fountains and caryatides, elegantly symmetrical. The gardens of Athens were remarkable for their classic elegance. Adorned with temples, altar, statues and monuments, where some of their departed heroes reposed, it would appear that these gardens had some resemblance to our modern cemeteries. The points to which particular attention was paid, were shade, coolness, fragrance, and repose.

### The Medicinal Qualities of Honey.

Honey is one of the most valuable of medicines. On October 1st, I was taken with bilious and gastric fever, followed by a relapse in the shape of inflammation of the lungs and their surroundings; also congestion of a portion. Until within two or three weeks I was unconscious, and therefore not aware of my condition, at which time I commenced eating honey, and have taken it at all times of the day and night, until I have eaten five two-pound boxes of honey. My cough has subsided, and my lungs are healing much beyond the physician's expectations. I think the honey is doing the business. I am now able to walk about the house. — *Am. Bee-Journal.*