

SLOW POISON.

It is not, when we look into the matter, a surprising thing that so many people die yearly in the country villages of forms of disease more or less malarious, who, we might think, at first and superficial observation, were living under every condition of health, with exercise, sunshine, and fresh air in the greatest abundance. But a second glance and the conclusions drawn from the premises it affords, and the premises it surveys as well, give us plenty of reason for this illness and death, where there ought to be only robustness and long life. In many of the country houses of our acquaintance the house cellar is filled every autumn with a crop of promiscuous vegetables; if it is a good dry cellar, the immediate decay is small, although there is surely some decay; if it is a damp cellar, the decay is large, and the vapors of the fermenting stuff, seldom picked over and purified, are slowly accumulating, ready to rise and do a deadly work. This cellar, in the usual instance, is rarely or never whitewashed with a view to any disinfecting power of lime, nor is it ever ventilated, except as an open door now and then lets into it some air that never finds its way out, and does nothing, while becoming foul itself, but help push upward into the house the foul air already in the cellar, and even that air comes most frequently from the barn-yard, the outer cellar door or bulk-head opening generally on the barn-yard side of the house. Sometimes, too, although not very often, the cellar is used as a sort of wood-shed, where the sawdust and fine chips gather themselves together, and only wait for moisture to create their own poison. If, added to this, any of the hens and chickens are brought into the cellar for better protection in case of early hatching or illness, as has been done, there only needs one thing more, besides the absence of light, to complete its poisonous character—and that is the presence of a spring of water, a spring usually thought to be a treasure, and stoned in and curbed to preserve it. When now we remember that in the near neighborhood of the house, also, there is usually what is called the barn-yard heap, fostering the year round, a necessary thing, not to be reckoned as an evil in the long-run, except when near the house or the well, that this is always emitting a noxious breath of its own to load the neighboring air, and that with the chill of night succeeds the sun and warmth of every day this noxious breath of organic decay falls with all the other heavy particles of the air to the ground, and makes a stratum like that stratum of mist which one standing on a hill sees in almost any valley—if we remember all this, and recollect, too, that the room in which, as a rule, the master and mistress of this country house take their night's rest is on the ground-floor, we shall have no good cause for wondering that diphtheria and typhus and scarlet fevers and all the long train of zymotic diseases are generated in their system.

This bedroom, in most cases, we say, is a room on the ground floor, and generally opens out of the kitchen; it is usually small, and is so handily placed that it is a species of catch-all for old clothes and the odds and ends of family use; it is not often that the windows are left open at night; in a righteous dread of insects, thieves, marauders, and night air, they are generally so close that they might as well be battened; and there is a stout chimney-board lest any ventilation possibly occur and give colds and rheumatism by diluting the lukewarmness of the air already bottled up in the place; the door into the kitchen is perhaps left open, but as cooking has been going on there all day, perhaps woolen clothes steaming and drying, perhaps several pipes smoking, the air is hardly an open question.

Laborious, weary people sleep well, and the little malarious fiends do their deadly work as well. Are there any hereditary germs of disease in their system that might under other circumstances escape fostering and never come to light? The vitiated and weakened blood lets them loose in consumption and scrofula and cancer. While, be they the healthiest people born on earth, inheriting no taint, the air they breathe in these close nights above their collars can do no less than give them deadly dysenteries and burning fevers. Wars and famines and earthquakes, great plagues of cholera and the like, doubtless slay their thousands every year, but tens of thousands of people, who never learned the delights of airy upper-story sleeping-rooms, where the first ray of

morning comes like a gay awakening friend, are slain in quiet, unobtrusive ways every year by the ground-floor bedroom in the country farm-house over the unventilated cellar.—Harper's Bazar.

THE SNAKE STORE.

There was once a man who came into a certain town and opened a store. He sold a kind of goods different from what his neighbors sold. One of his neighbors kept a grocery; you all know what a grocery store is, where they sell sugar, coffee, tea, soap, and many other articles for family use. You know what dry goods stores are, and hardware stores, and clothing stores and milliner's shops, where they sell many things that are very good and useful. Some of you have seen bird stores in the large cities, where they sell canary birds, parrots and other birds whose sweet song or beautiful feathers make them desirable. Some of you have seen horse markets or cattle markets, where people might buy these animals for food or service. But this man did not have any such useful thing.

He had a snake store! Nothing but snakes, every one of them poisonous, was to be seen there. There were monstrous serpents coiled up in high barrels; there were the rattle-snakes and the cobras and theadders and the asps, of all sizes and colors. Many of them lived in long, narrow glass houses, with a hole in the top where they might crawl out. On the front of their glass house was printed a gorgeous label bearing the name of the snake within. There were beautiful labels, but behind every one of them were the gleaming eyes of the poisonous serpent, with the sharp fangs ready to bite. Bottled snakes stood in long rows on the shelves, or lay in their barrels and boxes and casks all about the store.

"But do you really mean to say, Mr. Lathrop, that the man really sold those horrid snakes to the people?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean. Every snake had its own price, and any one who chose could come in there and buy one, or as many as he wanted."

"But didn't they take out the poisonous fangs, before they were sold?"

"No, not a bit of it. People seemed to like their biting. Men and boys would take the snakes and play with them, even putting them into their mouths and let them run down their stomachs, where they would always bite. So they kept getting poisoned, and seemed to like it. They would get red and purple in the face, and their eyes would get glassy, and their speech thick, and they would become dizzy, and would stagger and reel all about, and sometimes fall down in a fit. Oh, how many were bitten! Old men and young boys, and sometimes even women, seemed to enjoy handling the smooth, slippery serpents, and they would always put them in their mouths. Many men died from the poison, and others would get terribly sick and thought they saw snakes in their boots, and on their beds, and in the air, writhing and twisting about them everywhere. Some were so fond of the snakes that they would sell their clothes, their Bibles, their food, and everything they had, so they might get bitten again by these reptiles. The people became poorer, and more miserable, while the snake stores flourished and multiplied. We have nearly one hundred of them in Macon."

"Oh, I know what they are! You mean liquor saloons!"

"That's it, my boy. Keep away from those evil places. All liquor has snakes in it. Alcohol is a poison. 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'—The Helping Hand.

GOOD WORK FOR CHILDREN.—Let your daughter, with a little advice, cut up a few yards of calico, and make aprons, dresses and bed-quilts, even if there be a little waste and poor fits. She will be likely to see her mistakes and profit by them. Let her make some cake and bread, and broil some meat and some corn, no matter if she does have to throw some of it into the swill-pail. It is better to make a few mistakes while young in acquiring an education, than to grow up without experience. They must learn some things or make great blunders during a portion of their lives, when left to rely on themselves. In many respects children are not trusted enough. They are "bossed" too much.—Woman's Journal.

HINTS TO TEACHERS ON THE CURRICULESSONS.

(From Pelouzel's Select Notes.)

Dec. 14—Eccles. 2: 1-13.

ILLUSTRATIVE.

L. "How was it," I at length said (to the poet Robert Ferguson, "that you were the gayer in the party last night?" "I do not know that I can better answer you," he replied, "than by telling you a singular dream I had. I dreamed that I had suddenly quitted the world, and was journeying, by a long and dreary passage, to the place of final punishment. A blue, dismal light glimmered along the lower wall of the vault, and from the darkness above, where there flickered a thousand undefined shapes, I could hear deeply-drawn sighs, and hollow groans, and convulsive sobbings, and the prolonged moans of an unceasing anguish. I was aware, however, though I knew not how, that these were but the expressions of a lesser misery. I went on and on, and the vault widened; and the light increased, and the sounds changed. There were loud laughers, and shouts of triumph and exultation; and in brief, all the thousand mingled tones of a gay and joyous revel. 'Can these,' I exclaimed, 'be the sounds of misery when at the deepest?' 'Behold them,' said a shadowy form beside me—'be thou, if it be so on earth.' And as I remembered that it was so, and bethought me of the mad revels of a shipwrecked seaman and of plague-stricken cities, I awoke."—Hugh Miller in Tales and Sketches, "Recollections of Robert Ferguson."

YOUR DUTY AS A TEACHER.

1. To be in your place every Sunday at least five minutes before the time for school to begin; or have an approved substitute there in case of necessary absence. If you cannot provide a substitute yourself, let the superintendent know of your intended absence.

2. To gather and keep a class about you—not merely to teach those who happen to be present. You can easily enough gather a class by a word of invitation to the boys and girls playing about your streets, who do not go to any school. You can only keep a class by making them feel, both in the school and out of school, that you are interested in them. Greet them with kind words whenever you meet them. Hunt them up as soon as they become irregular in attendance.

3. Keep your class in order by giving them something else to think about than the tricks and jokes to which they will naturally turn if left to themselves. An interested boy is always a good boy.

4. To interest your class in the lesson of the hour, because you have first become interested in it yourself, because you have been planning beforehand, how you shall interest them.

5. To set your class an example, not only of punctual and regular attendance, but of interest in the general exercises of the school. Do you sing, then they'll sing. On the other hand, do you chat with a neighbor while the superintendent is reading the Scriptures, then they'll chat with a neighbor. Like teacher, like class.

6. To make yourself responsible, as far as possible, for the general interest of the school. To shift no duty upon the superintendent or his assistants which you can do yourself. To work, give, pray, make sacrifices, bear burdens for "our school."—Gospel Teacher.

TELEPHONING TO GOD.

A little girl who had never heard of a telephone was filled with wonder when she first saw one being used. She understood there was a conversation being carried on, but with whom, and where the person was, were both mysteries to her. Seeing her deep interest, the matter was explained. Some time afterwards she was visiting her grandpa, and family worship was a new thing to her. She asked many questions about it. Her grandpa told her of God, who made all things, and who gives us all the blessings we enjoy. "But, grandpa, I never saw him. Where is he?" She was told that he was everywhere, and could see and hear us, though we saw him

not. For some time she sat lost in thought. Then suddenly her eyes sparkled, and she exclaimed:

"I see; I know now. When we pray we telephone to God!"

When we pray, dear readers, do we always realize, as we do when we speak through the telephone, that our words will be heard and answered, "if we ask aright"? As a tender parent stoops down to listen to the request of the little one, so our Heavenly Father "inclines his ear" to hearken to us. He is the "hearer and answerer of prayer." Whatever gives us anxiety or trouble, even though it may be too small to tell our fellow-creatures, we may pour into his ear; with the assurance that if he does not see fit to remove it, he will give us strength to bear it. Let us in our prayers "become as little children."—Illum. Chris. Weekly.

PUZZLES.

ENIGMA.

In Africa once I delighted to roam, On the tail of my owner I fed. But now far away from my own native home, I, instead of a tail, dress a head.

CROSSWORD.

My first is in light, but not in dark; My second is in boat, but not in bark; My third is in gear, but not in far; My fourth is in gig, but not in car; My fifth is in first, but not in high; My sixth is in ear and also in eye; My seventh is in late, but not in soon; My eighth is in planet, but not in moon; My ninth is in love, but not in hate; My tenth is in fellow, but not in mate; My whole is a poet whose words have weight.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

58 letters.

My whole is a remark of Dr. Johnson's, which every one who would accomplish anything would do well to remember.

3, 14, 20, 44 is the prominent word in the sentence, and is personified as a supposed opponent in a race. This opponent always gains by the fact that he is never hindered by 45, 32, 9, 6, 19, 15, 12, 2, 26, 49, 56, 21, 10. Dr. Johnson shows how a poet, in making a famous 17, 7, 5, 28, 16, 54, 11, 18, 34, 38, 33 could not compete with this opponent. With this competitor it is wise to 42, 57, 31, 14, 37 in advance, and never 35, 8, 45, 49, 41, 20, 42 to 54, 19, 29, 39, 54, 44 hindrances. It is wiser not to 46, 7, 2, 13, 39 him as an 50, 33, 47, 53, 31, 48, 9, 14, 28, 55, but 52, 51, 21 him as a friend; and, 23, 54, 47, 1, 32, 41, 31, 4 beaten, rather note with 43, 21, 25, 54, 32, 8, 40 care how you run, 46, 22, 27, 9 how fast; 30, 24 this must be controlled by the lack of that advantage he 24, 32 aptly ascribes to this opponent.

RHOMBUS.

1. 0 0 0 0 0
0 0
0 0
0 0
2. 0 0 0 0 0

You will not find my number one Among the busy, toiling throng; 'Tis only found in kingly courts,— With royalty alone consorts.

My number two repeats my first, When duty it has been reversed; It names a beverage,—think thou not! 'Twill change a man into a sot!

Now read both ways—from east or west, Or up or down—this is no jest,— Each of those words then you will see Will quite four times repeated be.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

DOUBLE ANAGRAM.—Load of Arc. CHARADE.—Co-nun-drum. ANAGRAM.—Little Red-Ridinghood. ENIGMA.—Fractious (eat, not, car, fact, station.)

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Correct answers have been received from Alida Ferguson.

OATMEAL SNAPS.—One cup of butter, two of raw oatmeal, three of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder, and cut in round or square cakes. Bake brown in a quick oven.