

### Purty Happy, After All.

A druggist had put up a prescription of some kind or other about four times a day for a certain small boy, besides filling orders for a large variety of patent medicines and porous plasters. The sales were all cash, but the druggist's curiosity was at length aroused, and he said to the lad:

"Got sickness in the family?"

"Kinder," was the reply.

"Your father?"

"Yes—all but me. Ma is using the plasters for a lame side and taking the tonic for a rash that breaks out on her elbows. Pa takes the troches for tickling in the throat, and uses the arnica on his shin. Louisa uses that catarrh snuff and the cough medicine. Bill wants the brandy for a sprained ankle, and the squills are for the baby. That's all but grandma, and this prescription is to relieve the pain in her chest and make her sleep harder."

"Rather an unfortunate family," remarked the druggist.

"Well, kinder, but pa says its cheaper than going to Hemlock Lake, and so we plaster up and swallow down and feel pretty happy after all.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### "Don't Learn to Smoke."

"Well, boys, it's to be a lecture to night instead of a story."

"A lecture?—not much! What have we been doing?"

"Nothing bad, that I know of; but it's to be a lecture because of something I don't want you to do."

"I shan't hark."

"Oh, yes you will—and I'll tell you why: Because I'm just going to play lecture, and turn things around. We old folks always have to pay for going to lectures. Now, I'm going to pay you for hearing one. What do you say to this: You shall be the audience, and instead of having to buy a ticket to come in I'll pay you each twenty-five cents, in silver to listen to me, if you'll promise to try and remember what I say for—well, until you are twenty years old."

"No fooling?"

"Honor bright—here's the money."

"All right—the 'awjence' is ready,"—and the two young urchins straightened back in their chairs, folded their arms, and looked as chuck-full of fun as they were of supper.

"The audience will please preserve order. No peanut-chucking or monkey-shines will be permitted."

"—A-hem! Ladies and gentlemen, my subject this evening is tobacco."

Nobody smokes tobacco until they "learn"—and dreadfully sick it makes them then—though everybody eats and drinks without having to learn. And this is against smoking to begin with. If the Lord had known what use the weed would be put to, I don't believe he ever would have made it: He would have let the tobacco-worm starve to death first.

But, fellow-citizens,—my young friends I should say—I wish to give you some reason why you should let tobacco alone.

In the first place it costs too much to smoke. Unless you used poor cigars, or a nasty old pipe and cheap tobacco—as I know you wouldn't—two cigars a day for a year, at ten cents apiece, would cost you \$73. By gettin a little better cigars, and smoking as many of them as lots of young chaps I see, you would burn up one hundred and fifty dollars in a year!

Think of what that would buy. A pony, to start with, with saddle and bridle complete; more than a hundred books; a summer vacation for yourself and all the concert and opera tickets your mother would want for a whole season. In ten years your cigars would cost you enough to keep you two years in college, and give you a trip across the ocean. In twenty years it would buy you a beautiful home.

Well, what does money cost, young gentlemen? "Tassin'."

Just so—but in about ten years more you will find that teasing won't bring it. Money cost labor—work. A man who just works with his hands alone, earns now a little over a dollar a day. It takes ten hours' hard work, in the field, or on the railroad, or in the streets, to earn money enough to buy ten such cigars as your cousin John smokes, —and if he had to earn the money himself he wouldn't be apt to buy many of them!

What makes people smoke? That is the next question. Well, a great many foolish fellows learn when they are young, because they think it is manly, or smart, or "big," or something of that sort. A good many more smoke because other people do. And after they've smoked awhile, they give all sorts of reasons. Some say it "helps their digestion," or "settles their dinner;" some say it rests them and makes them sleepy; some say it keeps 'em awake; and most all say it is "good for their nerves."

I say, young gentlemen, that these reasons are all humbug—h-u-m-b-u-g—only that and nothing more. The real reason, with most of 'em, is because they like to smoke,—and if they can afford it, and it doesn't hurt 'em, that is the best reason I know of.

Digestion, of course you know, is the process by which the stomach changes food into blood and flesh, bone and muscle. Good digestion is at the bottom of good health. Remember that, and never abuse your stomachs. Now, if tobacco was needful to good digestion, God would most likely have made it grow where He started men, wouldn't He? Well, He didn't. The world got along without tobacco for ever so many thousand years—until after Columbus discovered America; for it is a native of this country. And they had a good deal better stomachs in those days than we have now—to say nothing of the bitter smells!

But, my hearers, I will give you another reason for saying that tobacco isn't necessary to good digestion.

Look at the ladies. See how fresh is their color!—how round and plump and handsome they are!—how well fed and nourished they seem! That couldn't be so unless their digestion was good. And yet none of them smoke! There are thin ones, of course, but take them together and the women look a good deal better than the men do—especially the smokers. Then the men that don't smoke have just as good stomachs, and a great deal more quiet nerves, than the men that do; and their mouths are cleaner to kiss; their clothes and breaths smell sweeter; and they don't have to be shut out of ladies' parlors, and drawing-room cars, and the nicest cabins on the boats, and lots of other places where ladies and gentlemen meet together.

And this brings me, my hearers, to the last reason I shall mention:—Tobacco-smoking will make men selfish, or careless of other peoples comfort and pleasure, if they aren't very careful. You have seen the signs up in the street cars, and station-rooms and lots of other places:—"No smoking"—"Smoking positively forbidden." Think what a habit is that makes it necessary to have such rules to keep men decent and polite! If the companies would let them, the majority of smokers would puff away in the cars, or hotel parlors, or public waiting-rooms—and I dare even say in lectures and concerts, if it wasn't forbidden. The habit is so strong, and they love it so, that they don't stop to think of anything but their own comfort—unless they are very great gentlemen indeed.

And this makes me think of another point:—A cigar is stronger than a man who loves it. Isn't that strange?—to be made a slave of by a little twisted bit of tobacco! He can't stop smoking if he wants to—and if he happens to be off somewhere without his tobacco he is as uneasy as a fish out of water. He will walk miles to beg or buy a cigar. Is that the kind of a habit to learn because other people have it?

I will now answer any question which the audience may wish to ask.

"Is it wicked to smoke?"

No, my lad—any more than all waste is wicked, or any habit that hurts the body or mind.

"Does it hurt men?"

The real question is, William, whether it does them any good—and I say it doesn't. But it does hurt many people, especially if they smoke a great deal. Any doctor who is stronger than his cigar will tell you that it causes trembling of the hands, dizziness, heart trouble, loss of flesh, weak eyes, sore mouth, and other disorders in many people.

The lecture is now closed. You have been a very well-behaved audience. And if you will remember all I have said, and read and think about it yourselves as you grow older, I don't believe you will ever learn to smoke. So you will save money make your mother glad—and your wives, when you get them!—keep from offending people who dislike smoke, and not have a bad habit get the upper-hand of you.

A correspondent notes the following description of what she calls the "Island of Juan Fernandez," near Paris.

One of the most attractive places for out-door amusements, just outside of Paris, is a spot fitted out to be a counterpart of the Island of Juan Fernandez, described by Daniel de Foe in his story of Robinson Crusoe.

After leaving the depot you enter an omnibus on which are painted the words "Robinson Crusoe." This leaves you at an arch-way bearing the curious inscription:—"A mimic island of Juan Fernandez, the abode of Robinson Crusoe, dear to the heart of childhood, and a reminder of our days of innocence." You pass under this with high hope, and are not disappointed.

Inside, you find a kind of gypsy camp. Groups of open "summer-houses," built of bark, unhewn wood, and moss, are clustered here and there. Some stand on the earth, others are in grottoes or by shady rocks, and some are even among the branches of the great trees. All these houses are meant for resting-places while you are being served with such delicacies as pleasure-seekers from Paris are wont to require. In each of these huts, which are in the trees, stands a waiter who draws up the luncheon, or creams, or ices, in a kind of basket, which has been filled by another waiter below. All is done deftly and silently, and you are as little disturbed as was Elijah by the ravens who waited on him.

The trees in which these houses are built are large old forest-trees, each strong enough in the fork to hold safely the foundation of a small cottage; and the winding stairs by which you get up into the tree are hidden by a leafy drapery of ivy, which covers the trunk also, and hangs in fluttering festoons from limb to limb.

From one of these comfortable perches you look down upon a lovely scene of foliage, flowers, greensward, gay costumes and frolicking children. The view is wide, and has many features that would be strange to dear old "Robinson Crusoe." His cabin is multiplied into a hamlet, and his hermit life is gone. But you still recognize the place as a modernized portrait of the island of De Foe's wonderful book. And, as if to furnish you with a fresh piece of evidence, yonder appears Robinson Crusoe himself, in his coat of skins, and bearing his musket and huge umbrella.

Instead of Man Friday, Will Atkins, and the rest, you see donkeys carrying laughing children and led by queer-looking old women. And you have a little sigh when you think:—"How few of these French boys and girls really know old Crusoe and his adventures!" To them this charming place has nothing whatever to do with running away to sea, shipwrecks, cannibals, mutinies, and such things. It is nothing but a new kind of pleasure-ground to them.

However, everybody feels at home here, and so everybody is happy; for, after all, looking for happiness is much like the old woman's search for her spectacles, which all the time are just above her nose.

O dear delightful island, how glad we were to chance upon you right here in gay, care-free Paris! And what an enchanted day we spent amid your thousand delights and thronging memories!

### Purify Your Premises.

The warm weather is here, and it behooves every citizen to cleanse his premises of all offensive matter in order that all may become pure and healthy. There is no doubt at all that a great deal of sickness visiting families proceeds from filthy cellars, sinks, yards, outhouses, styes, &c. These things are neglected by many, as are other duties from pure thoughtlessness, while others never dream of paying any attention to them. There are several remedies for this most unhealthy condition of things that can be fully applied. The first is to put one pint of the liquid of chloride of zinc in one bucketful of water, and one pound of chloride of lime in another bucketful of water, add and sprinkle over decayed vegetable matter. For this purpose nothing surpasses it; indeed, it is a perfect deodorizer. The second is to take four pounds of sulphate of iron or copperas and dissolve it in a bucketful of water. This will in most cases prove a sure remedy in destroying all offensive odors. The third is to take simple chloride of lime and sprinkle in damp cellars, over heaps of filth, dirty yards, etc. All these can be had at the druggist's, and as prices go are not dear.

The labor of cleansing one's premises by either one of these remedies is trifling, and the expense