

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Once overheard a middle-aged man giving a young man a bit of advice. The latter was about to be married, and the former said: "If you begin right, Tom, you will have no trouble. Never let your wife appear to know as much as you do. What you don't know you must assume to know. Never take back anything you say, no matter how closely you are cornered."

Perhaps Mr. Bowser fell in with this same man just before we were married, for he certainly has stuck to the text ever since the wedding day. One day a friend brought us a cat to help make home happy. Mr. Bowser admired her very much, and while stroking her back he observed:

"She is indeed a fine specimen of the feline race."

"You mean feline, my dear," I answered. "I do, eh? Not if I know myself! It is well that you didn't use the word feline in company."

"Mr. Bowser, there is no such word as feline. It is feline. You don't mean purloine, do you?"

"What! Do you mean to tell me that I am a blockhead? While my word ought to be amply sufficient to settle any matter, I shall, in this case, back it up with the dictionary. Go fetch it, and then see where you stand."

"I told you so," I said, as I found the word and pointed to it. "It is feline, plain as day."

"Then it is a misprint," he hotly replied. "I've known of lots of such cases. The printer who set that up was probably tight, or half asleep."

"Well, ask Mr. Smith."

"Not much! A lawyer doesn't know any better than I do."

"Will you ask Mr. Carter?"

"No! What I know, I know, and that settles it!"

That evening our family physician happened to run in, being in the neighborhood, and I asked him, in the presence of Mr. Bowser:

"Doctor, did you ever hear of a feline?"

"Lands! No," he replied.

"Well, I have?" doggedly observed Mr. Bowser.

"What is it?"

"A cat."

"Oh oh—I see. You mean feline."

"No, I don't; I mean feline, and not feline, and I'll bet any man on this earth a million dollars to a cent that it is feline!"

The doctor saw how it was and had no more to say. I proved Mr. Bowser wrong by Webster, Worcester and all other dead and living authorities, but he has never given in. On another occasion I asked him what sort of a tree it was a neighbor was setting out for shade, and he replied:

"That shows how observing you were during the sixteen years you lived on a farm. It's a soft-maple, of course. Better go out and take a close look at it, so you will always remember."

"I thought it was an elm."

"Humph!"

"And now, when I come to look closer, I know it is an elm. Of course it is."

"Are you crazy, or do you call it an elm simply for the sake of disputing me?"

"I know it is an elm."

"Well, I know it isn't. It's a soft-maple, and that settles it."

"Dare you go out and ask the man at work?"

"Dare I! Come on, and see how you will take a back seat! The only way to cure some people of their egotism is to crush them."

We went out and stopped as if by accident, and I inquired of the man at work:

"Would you tell me whether that tree is soft maple, elm or chestnut?"

"It's an elm, ma'am. The whole row is to be of elms."

"Thank you."

"Look here, man!" put in Mr. Bowser, "do you know an elm from a soft maple?"

"I ought to, sir. I've been furnishing shade trees for the last twenty years."

"And you call that an elm?"

"Of course I do."

"Then you don't know one variety from another. It is a soft maple."

"Did you come out here to call me a fool or a liar?" demanded the man, getting very red in the face.

"If you don't know one tree from another you'd better quit the business."

I got Mr. Bowser away, and later on I proved by at least twenty people that the tree was an elm, and that there wasn't a soft maple on the whole square, but he crossed his hands under his coat-tails and lifted himself off his heels and replied:

"Mrs. Bowser, when I say it's a soft maple that settles the question forever."

Your calling it an elm simply betrays a disposition to carp and cavil."

A neighbor of ours built a barn and finished it with a cupola; we were looking at it one evening when Mr. Bowser observed:

"I don't think that cupola is such a great ornament after all."

"You mean cupalo, my dear."

That's exactly what he meant, and he got tangled a bit, but having once pronounced the word he was bound to stick. He therefore replied:

"I think I am old enough to know what I mean. When I say cupalo I mean cupalo, and not the ridge-pole nor the alley door."

"And you insist it is cupalo?"

"There is no insist about it. It is simply cupalo and that's all there is to it. If people want to show their ignorance by calling it cupolung, or cupaling, or cupa-something-else there is no law to prevent."

Just then the neighbor came out, and after a few remarks about the weather he said:

"Well, Bowser, I saw you looking at my cupola. I drew the design myself. How do you like it?"

"I don't see any," dryly replied Mr. Bowser.

"What's that up there?"

"It's a cupalo."

"Where did you come across that name? Going to run opposition to Webster?"

I tried to get Mr. Bowser away, knowing what would be the result, but he refused to budge an inch, and retorted:

"Any one who has ever been to school a week in his life ought to know what a cupalo is, and how to pronounce the word."

The word, Bowser, is cupola, the same as if divided cu-pu-la."

"Not much! It is cu-pa-low."

"You don't mean it!"

"But I do. I am surprised at your ignorance!"

"And I wonder that you do not call a horse a cow."

"Oh, well, it is no use wasting time to argue with a bigot."

"Bigot! Bigot!" cried the neighbor.

"Why, you old dunderhead, you don't even know enough to be a bigot!"

I got Mr. Bowser away and into the house, and I tried to bring up some other subject to smooth the matter over, but he assumed his usual pose and broke out with:

"Let this be a great moral lesson to you, Mrs. Bowser! What you don't know don't pretend to know. Confound that infernal bigot—I wish I had put a cu-pa-low right between his two eyes and taken some of the pomposity and self-conceit out of him!"

Christening Gifts.

For christening gifts silver is the usual of fering. In lieu of the candle cup, which was the invariable present from the god-parent, fashion has decreed the presentation of silver spoons; on each anniversary another spoon is sent, so that when the recipient has attained a round dozen of years he or she is in possession of just as many spoons. After the teaspoons have been exhausted, tablespoons and forks may be given; if the girl remains unmarried beyond the usual marriageable period such a custom might become quite a tax upon the god-papa and god-mamma. As a boy is not supposed to have any use for such things it is usual to present him with a gold coin on each anniversary with which to commence a bank account. The fashion is an excellent one and will commend itself to common sense people.

My dear, you look beautiful in your Winter outfit!" "Oh, yes, I notice I always look well to you in the old Winter styles just about the time the Spring fashions are coming in."

Anxious mother—"As I passed the parlor-door last evening I saw Mr. Niccelfello's face very, very close to yours," Lovely Daughter—"Yes, ma, he's so awfully nearsighted."

Maiden—"It seems to me society is useful only to people who want to get married." Matron—"You mistake, my dear. It is equally useful to people who are married and want to forget it."

She—"I know he isn't a pedigreed dog, but no tramp or beggar can come near the house without his letting us know it." He—"What does he do? Bark?" She—"No he crawls under the sofa."

Bricktop—No, thank you, Budger. You really must excuse me. Fact is, I promised Mrs. Bricktop that I would never drink except in case of emergency.

Budger—Well, when we emerge from the saloon that'll be a case of emergency, won't it?

Bricktop—That's a fact, old man. That lets me out.

A Canadian Lady's Experience In Far-off China.

The following interesting letter was written from Ning-po by a Canadian lady traveller, to a friend in Ottawa:—

DEAR H.—Here we are safe at Ning-po, but how am I to describe my surroundings to you, or give you any lucid idea of the people, who seem to do everything in a manner exactly contrary to what we have been accustomed—verily the Chinese are our Antipodes in many things besides geographical position.

It is to be hoped that as years pass that my mouth and eyes may recover their natural (Canadian) shape and position. I present the former is generally half-closed, and the latter staring, with astonishment at the unexpected sights and sounds they encounter.

Picture to yourself, the first sight that greeted us on our arrival, was a military officer, attired in an embroidered petticoat, who had a string of beads round his neck, and a fan in his hand. He certainly had several scabbards hanging from his belt, but one held chop-sticks, another had a knife handle sticking out of it, and when he mounted his horse (which, by-the-by, he did from the right side) he shut up his fan, and pushed it into the third.

Later on, we came to a sort of garden, in which were a number of elderly men, some with bird cages in their hands, others were running about catching crickets for the birds, and others flying fantastic paper fans, whilst a group of boys were gravely looking on, and enjoying the innocent pastimes of their elders.

Shortly after that on looking into a shop, we saw a great stout fellow, making a bonnet for one of the foreign ladies.

Everything, as I said before, is unlike what we have and do at home. Instead of blacking the upper part of the boots and shoes, here men and boys whiten the soles. You pass a house, and hear moans, sobs and cries issuing forth, ask who is dead, and are told that it is a bride preparing for her marriage. You meet a procession of people in white: yes, headed by a gay band, and are told that that is a funeral. A son who wishes to show great honour to either parent, presents him, or her with a coffin.

As for the language, although we can both make ourselves understood by those with whom we come in contact, Jack and I, have come to the conclusion that anything further, is quite beyond the powers of the average "White Devil" or Barbarian, as they politely term us.

Well! "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We all have aches and pains, at one time or another, so I will begin by trying to describe the physician, and his mode of treatment of diseases.

I read somewhere a few days ago, that for the practice of medicine, you "did not require to know what was inside a man" which meant that the symptoms are of more importance to be known than the disease itself. For the sake of Chinese practitioners. I hope this is true, as they have very peculiar ideas, as to where the different organs are located. In their anatomical scheme, they place the heart in the middle of the body, and the other organs neatly round it; but still healing is with them, as with us, a science. Quacks abound here as at home, but a regular practitioner is one who treats disease according to certain rules, and never puts patients to torture or death save "selon les regles." The fact is, the Chinese practice of medicine is not easy for a foreigner to understand, for the system on which they found their modes of cure, has no parallel with that of our own country.

In the fourth moon, a great stir is visible in all Chinese cities, and shortly after we went to Ning-po, we were constantly meeting with men, women, and children clad in brick-red garments, with manacles on their arms. On enquiry, we found that this is the ordinary prison dress, and that these people call themselves, and teach their children to call themselves, "culprits." Gangs of them may be sometimes seen passing rapidly through the streets, wildly dangling their handcuffs and chains. On further enquiry we learn that these, young and old, are persons who have been visited with some sore sickness during the year, and they come in this "culprit" guise, to return their thanks to the five deities who have helped forward their cure, and, who are to be honoured with one of the grandest feasts during the year; a feast, on which thousands of pounds are annually expended. These five deities are named King, (Gold or Metal,) Mu, (Wood,) Shwuy, (Water,) Ho, (Fire,) Too, (Earth); the Chinese belief is, that man's constitution is composed of these five elements mixed up in him in different proportions, if all

remain in harmony, he is in perfect health, if one preponderates his system is deranged and he suffers.

The physician has to diagnose and discover which element preponderates, and counteract its influence by proper antidotes. Par-example: A friend of ours used to be distressed at seeing Jack eat so much roast meat—but one day said, "Ah, I see now why it does not injure you, you drink large draughts of cold water, so the fire is put out."

When you consult a physician, his mode of proceeding is this: He lays your hand on a soft cushion, feels your pulse at both wrists, asks your age, and theptoms of your indisposition, looks you attentively in the face, and then writes out the prescription you are to follow, and hands it to you, to take to your own chemist to make up. A dose of Chinese medicine is quite a curiosity, it is about the size of half a pound of moist sugar, and consists of twenty separate little packets, four or five kinds of bark, a little orange peel, some walnuts, some gentian, half a dozen other roots, and a black treacly mass, not unlike a cake of blacking; these are all boiled together, and a good half pint of the decoction taken quite hot.

Some of these physicians have great celebrity in the treatment of certain diseases, and are in possession of family secrets, which have been handed down from father to son for many generations. Their fees are not exorbitant, the lowest fee for a visit is 60 cash (5 cents). The fee of course, as elsewhere, advances according to celebrity to 240 cash, or even mightier, but 180 cash, is the usual charge.

Apocryphos of Chinese medicines, I must not forget to mention a peculiar fact. The root of the ginseng plant, the most highly prized plant in the Chinese pharmacopoeia when wild sells for from \$50 to \$60, an oz. on the average, whilst large roots fetch fancy prices, like diamonds, but when cultivated, it is only worth from \$1 to \$1.25 a pound. Another case of the same kind is deer horns,—also used in medicine. A pair of them, newly sprouted, about a foot long, all velvet and blood, fetches from \$250.00 to \$275.00. The same when fully matured, fetch only about \$2.00.

But you must be tired of this long letter. I had intended describing their novel mode of curing tooth-ache and treating the eyes, but will reserve that until I write again.

Yours affectionately,

JANIE.

Ning-Po, 12th August, 1890.

Rich and Poor Milk.

Any one who has attended a dairy convention or who carefully follows the dairy literature of the day, must have come to realize that milk testing is the leading question before our dairymen. The rank injustice of paying for milk or dividing money between patrons on the pounds delivered basis has been tolerated only because it could not be avoided. When the system of paying for milk upon weight is new in a community it works fairly well for a short time, but soon patrons learn to take advantage and the result is that as time goes on more and more milk is required to make a pound of butter or cheese. Of course there are always a few who water or skim; these are occasionally caught and fined or expelled, but the difficulty does not end here, for there are other ways of getting ahead. The greatest trouble has been through buying and breeding cows which produce the greatest number of pounds of milk without any regard whatever to the quality. Between the cows giving thin milk and the patrons who skim or water, dairymen producing good milk and factory men have a hard time of it. Factory men have come to realize that their best friends among the patrons are the poorest paid. Going from bad to worse, matters have come to a point where unless some more equitable system is adopted we must expect the factory system to drag out a miserable existence, if it is not driven to the wall. Is it any wonder, then, that intelligent factory men have come to the conclusion that milk must be paid for on merit only?—[Prof. Henry.

In running, the fastest mile made by a man was accomplished in 4 minutes 12½ seconds.

The King of Spain is a very strong boy ugly, but bright and good-tempered. Slight help there is for what is fixed by fate.

And much of danger to force the blow; If it must fall, defense is then too late And he who most forestalls does most fore-know.

Hard law. Stern rule. Dire fact to contemplate. —[Cold