SLEEP.

While children sleep
They know not that their father toils;
They know not that their mother prays—
Bending in blessing o'er their beds,
Imploring grace for afterdays.

While children sleep
They never dream that others work
That they may have their daily bread;
When morning comes they rise and eat,
And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep
They do not see the shining sun—
They do not know the gracious dew,
In daily miracle of love,
Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep?
And know not that our Father works
With watchful care about our way.
He bends in blessing from above—
His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep?
And never dream that others work,
Reaping the sheaves that might be ours;
We see not how the shadows fall,
Which mark the swift departing hours.

Ah, still we sleep!
Our drowsy eyes see not the light,
See not the hands stretched out to bless,
See not that waiting for us stands
God's kingdom and His righteousness.

—*Good Words.*

THE HOME.

Truths to be Remembered.

Frugality may be termed the daughter of prudence, the sister of temperance and the parent of liberty. He that is extravagant will quickly become poor, and poverty will enforce dependence and corruption.

The management of a household is as much a matter of business as the management of a shop or a counting-house. It requires method, accuracy, organization, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge and capacity for adapting means to ends.

There is no slight danger from general ignorance; and the only choice which Providence has graciously left to a vicious government is either to fall by the people, if they are suffered to become enlightened, or with them, if they are kept enslaved and ignorant.

Activity, without overwork, healthful living, moderation, self-control, the due exercise of all the faculties, the cultivation of the reason, the judgment and the will, the nurture of all kindly feelings and the practice of doing good—all things, in fact, which tend to build up a noble manhood—also prepare the way to a long life and a happy and blessed old age.

A child's training must be begun without delay, while it is yet an infant in arms. As soon as it knows that crying will not conquer, that persistence in naughtiness will not be encouraged by its weak-minded nurse or mother, it learns the wisdom of submission. A victory once gained thus over a rebellious child, however much it may cost the tender-hearted mother at the time, is well won. Next time the fight will not last so long, and gradually the little child will learn the necessity of obedience.

A Little Let-Up.

BY ELLEN CONWAY.

It is a hot, dry, dusty, disagreeable day. But I—taking the advice our good doctors give us every summer, and "postponing all work not positively necessary, not perfectly congenial"—have contrived to secure myself a good deal of quiet comfort, notwithstanding. (John and the children, poor things! are off on a picnic). From my lazy hammock I can hear Martha's iron in the kitchen, travelling back and forth, back and forth, over I wonder how many furlongs of my tablecloths and towels. "Positively necessary work" I think it is, but I am afraid not "perfectly congenial" in this heat.

Martha will not have to keep at it so long as usual to-day; though. John and the children, by taking their dinner from the picnic basket, and I, by foraging for mine in the refrigerator, have saved her a solid two hours, right in the best part of the day. She will feel the benefit of it when she sits down to rest earlier by so much before tea. And we have all had a very satisfactory meal, so satisfactory that I question whether we ought not to try having such oftener—not the picnic part, perhaps, but the foraging.

Now I shouldn't naturally have thought that the fact of my dining on sandwiches and cold peas, with a cup of warmed-over chocolate and a bit of cake for desert, would be of interest to any one but myself and Martha. But as I sat at my flour-barrel table in our shady pantry, and watched the lilac leave blow before the window in the breeze, there floated through my idle mind some words an experienced housekeeper said to me years ago: "I always have my meals prepared and served with precisely the same formality when I am alone as when I have my house full of guests. I find it doesn't do to allow my servants *the least let-up.*" I listened at the time, I remember, with the respect with which a young housekeeper always listens to an older (and, presumably, wiser) one. I have weighed the *dictum* ever since—"weighed as one who dreads dissent, and fears a doubt as wrong"—and at last I have come to the conclusion that it is not only unsympathetic and hard-hearted, but foolish. (I am perhaps sustained in this bold belief by the knowledge that my friend "changes help" six times to my once. And I consider myself excellently well helped.)

No doubt uncertain and spasmodic management, strict one day and lax the next, is demoralizing to servants, as it is to children—and it is to all of us, for that matter. But men and women are not machines that must not be allowed to run an instant off their track. If the girl who helps us in our kitchen cannot be trusted to enjoy a day or two of lightened work without lapsing into indolence and shiftlessness, best be looking for another girl. The girl worth keeping will do her work all the better for the little respite, and will appreciate the thought and planning that secured it for her.

For I would have thought and planning put forth actively in the matter. Don't imagine a dinner in the pantry now and then to be the high-water mark of consideration, I beg! Occasionally, with a smaller family than usual, the house does not really need its weekly sweeping. Do give the sweeper the benefit of the happy chance! Don't intercept all these pleasant little domestic providences before they get to her! *Don't* think up something else for her to do this week instead! Your extra hurries and worries, your dressmaking and your visiting, make themselves felt as far as the kitchen. Don't refuse to let your extra leisure find its way there too. We are slowly learning, we women-folk, that there is no virtue in our working merely for work's sake. Neither is there in our making others work.

—A young business man, with a family of three small children, came into possession of considerable property by the death of a relative. Months passed, and as no marked change appeared in his style of living, friends began to express their surprise. He replied, in substance, that during the formative years of his children's lives he did not take the responsibility of giving them luxurious surroundings; that, so far as his observation went, it was well nigh impossible for boys and girls who are brought up to be waited upon by servants, and with every wish gratified, to develop any real robustness of character; morever, he felt that it would be robbing them of their rightful happiness to take away all incentive to effort. A somewhat similar sentiment leads an earnest young mother to exclaim, "Oh for the simple living and honest thought which shall save ourselves to ourselves, and give immortality to the republic! the early hours, the plain food, the unadorned clothing, the hard, congenial toil—above all, the quiet trust in God—which shall make and keep us real men and women!"

THE FARM.

Our Garden.

What shall we plant in our garden? How shall we arrange our purchase of seeds and bulbs and shrubs so as to have a successive and perennial display of bloom? Some space we must leave for annuals—for asters and zinnias and phlox, for mignonette and sweet alyssum and petunias—but the rest we may fill with shrubs and perennials that shall require but little care, yet be sources of perpetual summer delight many and many a year.

We will have a lilac at the front door on the left-hand side—dear, old-fashioned flower—and its fragrant bloom shall keep fresh the memory of days when life was in its spring. There shall be sweet-scented honeysuckle twining around the pillars of the porch and perfuming the air when the lilacs have faded. We will have a spirea not far from the honeysuckle, and roses red and white and yellow to blush at our coming, to grow pale when we leave them, and to gladden the eyes of all passers-by. There shall be, too, a sweet-scented shrub, *calycanthus floridus*, that we may hide its tufted flowers in our handkerchief case and in bureau drawers. For the sake of "ye olden time" we will have two peonies, one red, the other white, and at quite a remove from these a half-dozen dylactras, beautiful in foliage and flower. We cannot do without a mock-orange, or syringa, with its wealth of snowy blossoms, and nestling near it shall be a flowering almond, to our childish eyes the most lovely of blossoms. In a shady nook on the north side of the piazza we will plant the lily of the valley, and above it shall climb a perennial pea, *lathyrus clifolius.* We will have a kalmia, too, and a rhododendron. Shall we ever forget the wooded pink of the rugged hill-side, where they grew in wild luxuriance, when hands now "parted from the wrist" gathered them for us? O for one bloom from that far-off laurel-tree! At the foot of the rhododendron we will have the blue-eyed forget-me-not, *myosotis palustris;* it loves the shade and blooms all the summer long.

One little plot in the garden shall be filled with hot-house plants. Surrounded by greensward it shall glow with all the hues of the rainbow. Geranium, heliotropia, salvia, violets, fuchsia, lemon and verbena shall here mingle their perfumes and their hues.

As our garden may be too small to hold all the floral treasures we covet, we may enlarge it if we choose. On the south windows we can put shelves, and on these shelves boxes filled with earth, and in the earth morning glories and Madeira vines and money wort and flax and creeping Charlie, and other trailing vines, some of which shall be trained to cover the window, and others permitted to hang down the sides of the box in showers of tendril and blossom.

Along the walk that leads to where potatoes and onions grow, we will plant the coreopsis to gladden us with its bright golden flowers, the ragged robin, the mullein pink, the larkspur and the columbine. Somewhere we will find place for the chrysanthemum, latest of all blooms to bid us autumnal farewell, and there shall be a hollyhock or two along the fence, and a sunflower to watch us with its one eye; flowering beans may clamber over some old tree and cover its decay.

What rich returns in happiness will a small investment of time and money in seeds and plants secure. How far will such investment go to restore some of the sweetest joys of our lost paradise.

Improve the Potato Crop.

It is the general experience that the potato, after a few years' growing, "runs out," or fails to produce a paying yield, and what is grown is of small size. An experience of ten consecutive seasons, commencing with the season of 1880, demonstrates that proper selection of seed each season, with good care and culture, will not only overcome the habit of running out, but will greatly improve the size and quality of the tuber and the yield of the crop.

At digging time the largest, finest and most perfectly formed were taken for seed, and this plan was strictly followed each season, giving, in addition, the best care and cultivation that could be done, with the happy result of an actual improvement in the size, smoothness and general form of the tubers, with an increased yield of crop, when the soil and season were favorable. Samples of these have been almost every season placed on exhibition at fairs, and have invariably carried off first prize.

This result is valuable in more ways than one. First, the potato, for all uses, is improved. Second, the yield is much increased. Third, the great expense of obtaining seed of new varieties to take the place of those run out is altogether avoided. It is believed that if this course were pursued by all potato growers that there would be little need of new varieties; in fact, the best varieties taken at first and treated in the manner herein set forth, the improvement would outstrip all new varieties.

Close planting tends to deteriorate the potato. Small tubers result and the quality must be inferior. Hills wide apart will give better yields of large tubers and better quality for table use. An experiment this season shows that wide spaces produce large tubers, while close planting produces small ones. One acre was planted three feet by nine inches, and while the yield was very good, and the tubers of fine size and form, they were not near as large as another acre, same soil, planted three by one and one-half feet; these were very large and best suited to grow from.

To obtain the very best seed—that which will invariably improve the quality and yield of the general crop—it is an excellent plan, first, to select the largest, finest and best formed tubers, and cut these in large pieces; second, select the very best soil obtainable; prepare this by deep plowing and subsoiling, making the soil fine and deep. Plant the pieces in rows three and one-half feet apart both ways, one piece in a place, about four to five inches deep, covering with a plow or double cultivator, and in three or four days after planting go over with a harrow, making the surface smooth and fine. As soon as the sprouts begin to come through the ground, cultivate with double cultivator or an implement that will run deep and throw the soil into the row; then harrow this down level and make the soil fine, and soon as the sprouts are three or four inches high, then *cut to one stalk in a hill.* With one stalk in a hill, three and one-half feet apart both ways, an opportunity is given to make the best possible growth, both of stalk and tubers. This is the order of improvement for the potato, and the result will be most satisfactory.

If improved progeny may be expected from high-bred animals, may not improvement upon the general crop be expected from "high-bred" seed potatoes? Why should not farmers and gardeners pursue the same course to improve vegetables and grains that is adopted by live-stock breeders? Do not the principles of improvement apply with equal force to the growth of farm and garden products which have wrought such mighty changes in the live-stock department? With less labor and more care and thought, the same amount, with improved quality of products, might be realized by agriculturists.—*E. S. Teagarden, in Farm and Fireside.*

TEMPERANCE.

Alcohol as a Medicine.

BY MISS IDA CREIGHTON, PRINCIPAL COMPTON AVENUE SCHOOL.

In this case, truly, "wine is a mocker." In order to understand the effect of alcohol as a medicine, it is necessary to know something of this body of yours—so fearfully and wonderfully made. I hope there is no one present who would be made unhappy by referring to it.

Not long ago while conversing on this subject with a lady, I thought to answer her argument in favor of alcohol by explaining its action on the heart. Before I got very far, she said, "My dear child, I don't know anything about the body, and I don't want to know." Taking it for granted that this audience is of a different calibre from the class represented by that lady, I will lose no time in apologies.

Science is exploding the old-fashioned notion that alcohol is a panacea for almost every ill under the sun. In bygone days many a good mother, not having had the advantage of the present scientific light on this subject, turned invariably to king alcohol for assistance at even a sign of illness, whether for a cold or a fever, for a preventative or a cure; thus training sons and daughters to do likewise. Lessons received at this source are most difficult to dispel, and no radical change can be effected until mothers understand the effect of alcohol on the body. The present school girls are the future mothers; have them taught the science—physiology and chemistry, at least, and the strongest factor for total abstinence will be created.

Some become total abstainers because they do not approve of immoderate drinking, a few unselfish ones for the sake of example, but who would tamper with a poison when they know it will destroy their body?

You know that Dr. Richardson has divided the effects of alcohol into four stages: 1st. The feeling of warmth. 2nd. Exhaustion and cold. 3rd. Losing control of the limbs and the tongue, and 4th, dead drunk.

You know how rapidly the blood rushes through our blood-vessels carrying the results of what we eat or drink to every part of the body. In half minute a corpuscle in the blood will return to its starting point. The heart is a beautifully contrived machine for regulating rush. It is just a muscle contracting and expanding continually—a guardian of the peace, preventing more than a drop at a time to pass through its gates which open and close in health with the regularity of clock work. Its action is felt by what we call the beating of the heart or the pulse.

Now, the first thing alcohol does is to excite this guardian, or muscle, and its nerves and weakens the capillaries situated in the skin—the sense of touch or feeling. This causes the flush and sense of warmth, lasting but a few moments. The heart has been robbed from that which was stored up for future use and may be only on the surface. Very soon this loss is felt and the temperature falls two or three degrees. The heart feels weary after its imposed task, and the second stage is reached. Then comes the temptation to take another glass to warm up, again resulting in greater paralysis of the nerves and brain, as witnessed by the foolish talking, shaking limbs and unsteady walk of the third stage. During this stage the heart is made to do enormous work—17 extra strokes a minute. This extra work has been calculated to equal the lifting of seven tons one foot high, or the raising of a seven ounce weight 35,840 times one foot high. You know how fatiguing it is to lift our hand to dip a pen in ink placed on a shelf above the table on which we are writing. Think then of lifting a seven ounce weight one foot high 35,840 times and cease to wonder at the deadly exhaustion of a drinker in the fourth stage.

Paralyzed, exhausted, robbed of heat—this is the result of the *immoderate* use of alcohol. The results are precisely the same though in a less degree, when one drop of alcohol is used. So that when alcohol is used to relieve pain, it is really paralyzing the nerves for a few moments, and is followed by cold and exhaustion. It is indeed a stimulant—a lash for whipping on the heart till it breaks down helplessly exhausted. It is a serious question how many souls have been sent intoxicated into eternity often by the advice of a physician.

Is alcohol a digester? Digestion is a process of decomposition—the more quickly food is decomposed, the more easily it is said to digest. When we wish to preserve vegetables or animal specimens, it can be done by covering them with alcohol, because it prevents decomposition.

How then can it assist digestion?

Let us see how alcohol affects milk? If we pour even a very small portion on milk, we see the milk coagulating immediately, forming a hard, dense indigestible mass. The cause is easily understood when we know how greedily alcohol seizes water out of everything.

Now; watch the effect on albumen or white of egg, coagulation immediately follows.

I have experimented on the muscles of animals, that is flesh; and on blood, and I find that coagulation takes place in both cases. The blood is unfitted for absorbing the oxygen which is the vital element required for health.

The success of the late experiment in hospitals by non-alcoholic treatment is a proof that alcohol is not necessary as a medicine.

Let us pray that many temperance doctors may be raised up to rescue mankind from this subtle destroyer.

Not many physicians make great therapeutic discoveries. For the most part they content themselves with administering judiciously what is prescribed in the books. To Dr. J. C. Ayer, however, is due the credit of discovering that greatest of blood purifiers—Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

EXTENSION OF TIME

Is often asked for by persons becoming unable to pay when the debt is due. The debt of Nature has to be paid sooner or later, but we all would prefer an EXTENSION OF TIME.

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A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like the fretful porcupine should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta, Ga.

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